

## 光荣的死亡

病毒夺走他们的生命后，仅仅几分钟，受害者就开始长出最初的羽毛了。每片羽毛金黄而半透亮，中间有紫罗兰色和三叶草色的渲染。很快，变形开始了：受害者的瞳孔开始呈螺旋状，最后变成深不见底的螺纹，一缕缕头发炸裂开来，如雄狮的鬃毛一般，血液都褪了色，直到跟雨水一样透明。

我们从未想象过僵尸会比人更美。当我们听见它们边走边唱，以一种只能用多重的声音说出的语言，唱着令人愉快又奇特的赞美诗，我们发现这是最难反击它们的时候。每个僵尸简直就是一个天使合唱团。如果死亡看上去是这样的，很难相信生命有何价值，然而我们仍坚持自己的生命立场。

羡慕僵尸的人是首先阵亡的。至于幸存者，我们拿出枪、箭和剑来，把僵尸肢解。它们从内到外都完美无瑕，甚至连骨头都可以当棱镜。一切都结束之后，有的收藏家们开始在市场买卖僵尸的羽毛。不过，像我这样的人看到这些东西会充满羞耻。

那些再也听不到的歌仍然纠缠着我。在我梦里让它们那水晶般的牙齿插进我的肉体，与其终将腐朽，不如接受完美。

戈雷 和 朱丁译

### **The Glorious Dead, by Uel Aramchek**

Mere minutes after the virus took their lives, the victims began to grow their first feathers. Each plume was golden and translucent, centered by accents of violet and clover. The metamorphosis took place in moments thereafter; their pupils spiraled outward until abyssal whorls, their locks erupted into leonine manes, and all color faded from their blood until it was as clear as rainwater.

We never imagined that the zombies would be more beautiful than ourselves. The hardest part about fighting back was the way they sang as they approached, lovely and alien hymns in a language that could only be spoken with multiple voices at once. Each was a choir of angels to themselves. It was hard to believe that there was any value to life if death could look like this, but we stood our ground just the same.

Those who looked upon them with jealousy were the first to fall. As for the survivors, we took up our guns, our arrows, and our swords, and we took them apart. They were immaculate inside and out—the bones we recovered could even be used as prisms. Now that it's over, there are collectors who buy and sell their feathers at the marketplace. For someone like me, however, to look upon them fills me with shame.

I am haunted by the songs that I will never hear again. In my dreams, I let their crystalline teeth sink into my mortal skin, and I accept perfection over putrefaction.