

那天我离家出走了，以下是我蹲在一家陌生的酒店大厅里写的寥寥念想。夜已经很深了，隔着宽大的落地窗望向街道，已经很少有灯火了。这时候，有人在我身后用着纯熟的粤语煲电话粥，话语之际是柔和的停顿。我不敢转过头去，那粤语的声音很是好听，让我想到深夜的一些安静的电台，温柔的播音员。我只是静静地侧耳聆听着，过了良久，最后，她用普通话轻轻地念道：“晚安，老公。”不知道为什么，我的心一下子变柔和了，我的目光开始移向遥远的树林中，思绪从沉闷的黑夜翩翩起舞：

I would say, what a day!

That one hundred years of solitude.

OH,

是因为刚才的粤语吗？

我的心灵是平静的，我不在这里了

此刻我已经到了那个地方。

how do I know whether my heart is open or not?

how do I know if I am a coward,

the incomplete running

the half curse

the broken things inside

but not painful.

One-hundred-years is such a prompt time for solitude, for solitude exist far beyond that. The solitude of you might not come from you, but from other people—from your dad and your grandpa and your grand-grandfather. It was like insomnia but more unbreakable and cursing. For if one has it, the only way to resolve this deepest hidden sadness of human race would be to love. But love is so an precious thing, none of the people, not when they had escaped from time, would be satisfied enough to as lean on the rope of love that is their only salvation but the sign of evil to their own eyes. Our people had given tries, to resolve the nature of solitude of human. They, human too, were very close to the tip of the truth, that solitude is an inner driving thing and that no further action could entangle such a complex code of human philosophy other than to stop seeking for it and embrace the final grace of life when you realized finally without any genius and effort but only time that whispers that one should just regret about it in his memories and sucking his own life out from them until the moment where the cyclopes quietly come and wipe out the entire race from Earth. It has been confirmed again that time does not go forward but runs on a loop. There are no ways to tell whether this day is any different than the last Friday or Saturday or Tuesday. Nor are there ways to tell whether the same action taken place yesterday at the same time did not present itself uninvited today. In the end time stopped flowing completely and left one last breeze of its magical wind fragmented in this little place, the one I am sitting right now, where the sun and the artificial light always illuminate and never rest nor move. Nor if I can tell whether I am in my insomnia world or out in a more real one just a little bit, for the planet simply spins and spins and the light always travels straight and untouchable. The dream would work out the same in the end because you don't need cards or fortune to tell the future of a Burendia, or just me. It was like a plot already written in one of my books on my infinitely large shelf that the last moment when I read it would be the last second in my life to exist here, if that is the case, I would rather not read it. Oh, the convenient store next to the street shut down, now the street is all empty and quiet, I am in such a lonely place, just myself and nothing else living that can be heard. But I will never feel it nor think of it, isn't that silly? For I am a human.

This was on Feb 26, 2023, 22:24. Edited on April 1, night.

from Xiaoyu Wang, a work of scrambled thoughts

That day, I ran away from home and ended up squatting in a stranger's hotel lobby, where I wrote down some scattered thoughts. It was already very late at night, as I looked out through the wide French windows, there were few lights on the streets. Then, without me noticing someone stood behind me speaking Cantonese softly over the phone, with gentle pauses between words. I dared not turn my head, as the Cantonese voice was soothing and pleasant, reminding me of those quiet late-night radio programs with gentle broadcasters. I listened intently, and after a long time, she softly said "Goodnight, husband..." to the phone. For some reason, my heart suddenly tendered. My gaze shifted toward the distant woods, and my thoughts flitted away from the night:

I would say, what a day!
That one hundred years of solitude.
OH, how do I know whether my heart is open or not?
How do I know if I am a coward, or the exile one.
The incomplete running,
the half curse.

One-hundred-years is such a prompt time for solitude, for solitude exist far beyond that. The solitude of you might not come from you, but from other people—from your dad and your grandpa and your grand-grandfather. It was like insomnia but more unbreakable and cursing. For if one has it, the only way to resolve this deepest hidden sadness of human race would be to love. But love is so an precious thing, none of the people, not when they had escaped from time, would be satisfied enough to as lean on the rope of love that is their only salvation but the sign of evil to their own eyes. Our people, the very brave one, the adventurers, the modernists, and most of all, the poets and the writers who stood up for a noble purpose, had been given tries, to resolve the nature of solitude of human. They were very close to the tip of the truth, that solitude is an inner driving thing and that no further action could entangle such a complex code of human philosophy other than to stop seeking for it and embrace the final grace of life when you realized finally without any genius and effort but only time that whispers that one should just regret about it in his memories and sucking his own life out from them until the moment where the cyclopes quietly come and wipe out the entire race from Earth.

It has been confirmed again that time does not go forward but runs on a loop. There are no ways to tell whether this day is any different than the last Friday or Saturday or Tuesday. Nor are there ways to tell whether the same action taken place yesterday at the same time did not present itself uninvited today. In the end time stopped flowing completely and left one last breeze of its magical wind fragmented in this little place, the one I am sitting right now, where the sun and the artificial light always illuminate and never rest nor move. Nor if I can tell whether I am in my insomnia world or out in a more real one just a little bit, for the planet simply spins and spins and the light always travels straight and untouchable. The dream would work out the same in the end "because you don't need cards or fortune to tell the future of a Burendia," or just me. It was like a plot already written in one of my books on my infinitely large shelf that the last moment when I read it would be the last second in my life to exist here, if that is the case, I would rather not read it.

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Oh, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, the selected few, the writer who has wisdom kissed by the angels; it is a blessing that he brought a book forever, into this world, into the world of mine.

Finally, at last...