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What day is it today?
I ask myself.

What day is it today?
Standing here, I feel like a heavy rock
sinking into a dark cave.
With voice choked in the narrow tunnel,
I make my requests.

I ask Buddha,
God and Science to wave
a magic wand
and reverse Today's calamities.
I ask the Sky Goddess
to heal our Earth's wounds
and allow Jade Tree city
to enter her peaceful dreams.

I ask wild volcanic mountains
and rivers to be tamed, for Spring
to bring her greenness
to each trail, to allow damaged cities
to recover their resilience.

I pray for a reversal of Time,
to ensure all buildings are sound,
for children to return safely
to their homes and parents.

I pray that there be no sadness
Today, only happiness, for harmony
to echo everywhere, no cries
from the burial grounds.

I pray that all tragedies
transform into mere nightmares,
for the word Disaster to disappear
from our lives.

I make these requests
solemnly, humbly.
Yet neither shouting nor silence could alter history.

So I command myself to live
an honorable life, to live
responsibly, to stop exploiting
my only home; to make our earth
a better place to be!

写在 5.12 纪念日



今天是什么日子？
从凌晨醒来，我一直问着自己。
此时此刻，站在这里，
我无法描述我的悲痛。
从凌晨到现在，我重复着
一个请求。

我请求东方的佛祖，西方的上帝，
现代的科技能有一只神奇的手
来扭转历史的今天。
我请求这只手像女娲补天一样
一点点修补地球的伤口。
让每一年的今天，秀美宁静的汶川
依然在它甜美的梦乡中。

让山川河流停止躁动，驯服地
围绕着深爱它们的父老乡亲。
让春风染绿每一个小径，
让倾陷的城市恢复往日的生机。

我请求时间倒流回去，
让所有的校舍建设得坚固无比，
让每一个孩子背着心爱的书包
被父母接回家园。
我请求这一天没有悲伤，只有快乐。
我请求到处是朗朗的读书声，
而不是埋在地底下的哭喊。
我请求所有的悲剧只是噩梦，
灾难在字典里，历史上消失。

今天我站在这里，无力地请求。
悲痛地请求。呐喊和静默
都改变不了历史。
事实已然事实。
我站在这里，
问着自己，
今天过去之后，
我们还能做些什么？

站在这里，我唯有告诉自己，
除了请求，我们更要活着，
活着是一种延续，
活着是一种责任。
让明天，历史不再重复，
让人间悲剧不再上演！