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August

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主角在蒙蒙的雨中相遇了，他们撑着一把小伞走过咯吱直叫的木桥，然后就再也分不开了。等到这一系列的镜头在脑中放映的完毕，一丝嘲笑会偷偷爬上我的嘴角。这样的浪漫在现在就已经是所说的“过于天真”了。为什么人们还是对这样的肥皂剧津津乐道呢？可能是因为我们都嫉妒电视里的浪漫吧。可能只是我们已经太过现实去相信浪漫了。

我在慌慌乱乱的城市里度过了十八年，习惯了走路去超市，习惯了人群中的汗味，习惯了满地的果皮纸屑，习惯了三天两头的聚会K歌，习惯了自己一个人不知所措地走在城市中央。这里的生活过于简单轻闲了。除了平静，我找不出任何其它的东。我依旧在倒时差，每天晚上8点就困的不行，倒在床上就要睡，清早六点却就再也睡不着了。这里的清晨很安静，没有汽车轮胎与地面亲热的摩擦，只有风吹动树叶的絮絮声。我坐在过于软的床上，靠着我的新枕头，呆呆地盯着窗外。我有时候会喜欢这样的简单平静的感觉，我可以这样坐着，一个小时，两个小时都不用动，头脑里空空的，脸上被早上的风吹得凉凉的，身子软软地陷在软软的床里。直到了早餐的时间，才极不情愿地磨蹭下床。我总是会吃早餐的，我不愿意亏待我的肚子。

这几天真的是没什么正经的事情可以做，为了不过度消费，我决定少去购物，留在房里看点书。我拿着这本泰戈尔的飞鸟集，脑袋里全是回声：“夏日的飞鸟，来到我的窗前，唱着歌儿，然后翩然飞去。”一股躁动的情绪忽得升起，似乎我的脑袋再也承受不住这般的平静。长时间过分的平静让我不安，翻箱倒柜也找不出激情。我扔下书，在房里不停地踱着步。泰戈尔厌人的鸟还在我脑中回响。我跑出房间，奔向厕所。我需要洗一个热水澡。但愿热水在冲过我头顶的同时，能够冲掉我所有的狂躁。

路人甲

2006年12月13日

The sun was shining so brightly outside that I could hardly open my eyes to it. I tried to close my left eye and leave only my right open to peek at the road ahead. But soon enough, I discovered that people walking past were all looking at me as if I had only one arm or an extra nose on my face. I had to open my left eye unwillingly, and rested my tired eyeballs. But I still found people looking at me like I was a rare animal. Their eyes were full of sarcasm, peeping at me for one second or two and being retrieved immediately, as if I only existed for that one second. Perhaps something was going wrong inside me. After all, it was August already. But what was wrong?

I lost twenty pounds in two months, and people said I was self-harming; I probably was. However I really enjoyed the feeling of not having a little belly. I could walk freely in the broiling heat of the sun, dragging my slippers on the streets, narrowing my eyes. I didn't like sunglasses; they made me sick. I would rather burn my eyes than have a big black thing on my nose.

This August seemed somewhat different; I felt like something was missing from the breathing air. I knew what was missing: the sky here was simply too blue without dust. I felt uncomfortable with every single breath I took; I was afraid that the air was too clean to get accustomed to the environment in my lungs. I was too used to the grey sky and the dirty air which was filled with gas fumes at home. The clean air here made me nervous.

I looked at the sun shining on my fair skin; I was a little distressed, but had also had some unspeakable pleasure. I remembered clearly the feeling of sweaty cloth that could never dry out. But now my back was totally dry. I could have never imagined the extreme low humidity here, it made me desquamated. But this excited me at the same time, since I could use my Johnson's lotion. I could spend half an hour a day applying lotions and I was incurably in love with all Johnson's products. I insisted on making my whole body get the milky smell of the lotion; that smell made me unreasonably comfortable and happy. I have never used any cosmetics, and had no intention of trying. I just needed Johnson's lotions, and that's all.

This morning we had some unexpected mild rain. I didn't usually like the rain, it would get my shoes and socks wet, and I had to stay in those wet socks for the whole morning until classes ended. But today I was inexplicably glad about the rain. I did not even take my umbrella with me when I went out; I just put on thin clothes and ran out in my slippers. It was a pity that the squirrels aren't that lively on rainy days. I had

never seen a squirrel before I came here; however when I finally saw them here, they were not as cute as I had imagined. Perhaps things are just cutest in your imagination. I was wandering in my weird thoughts of the romantic stories that were shown on television: The guy met the girl in the misty rain, they walked over the wooden bridge under a small umbrella, and they were desperately in love. After all these dramas were finished in my brain, a jeer climbed on to my face. Those were the typical overly naïve scenes that only apply to stories. But why do people still enjoy watching those unrealistic dramas? It's probably because we are people in the dramas. Nowadays, we are just too realistic to believe in anything romantic.

I've spent my whole past life living in the chaotic city. I was so used to walking to the supermarket, used to the smell of the sweat of the crowd, used to the litter on the ground, used to the little gatherings and karaoke and used to wandering in the middle of the huge city. Life here was just simple. I couldn't find anything except for peacefulness. I still had jet lag and I had to be in bed at eight in the evening or I'd just fall asleep outside and wake up at exactly six o'clock in the morning. Mornings here were simply quiet, there were no sounds of tires squeezing the roads, there were only the sounds of the trees. I would sit in my overly soft bed, against my new pillow, dumbly looking out of the window. Sometimes I liked this simple and peaceful feeling; I could sit like this for an hour or two, absent minded, with face cooled by the morning breeze and my body comfortably framed in the soft bed. When it was time for breakfast I would unwillingly drag myself out of bed. I always eat breakfast; I wouldn't treat my stomach unfairly.

I didn't really have anything good to do those days. I decided to go shopping less to stay on a budget, so I stayed in my room to do some light reading. I was reading *Stray Birds* by Rabindranath Tagore, and my head echoed with his words: "Stray birds of summer come to my window to sing and fly away..." Suddenly this impetuous feeling arose; it seemed my head would no longer handle this extreme peace. I dropped my book and began to pace restlessly in my room. Tagore's *Stray Birds* was still in my head. I rushed out of the room and ran into the bathroom. I needed a shower. I wished by the time the water cleaned my head it would wash away my mania. I hoped so.

December 13, 2006