

水的心思（任诗涵）

别问我为什么总往低处流

那是我在亲吻每一寸干渴的喉咙

别问我为什么柔软无形

那是我在拥抱每一个倔强的骨头

我是河畔垂柳弯腰的弧度

是孩童歌谣里最清亮的那一句嘟噜

是母亲淘米时指尖的温柔

是父亲茶壶里翻滚的日出

可你们总在无人的角落

听见什么？

那是水龙头在墙角抽泣

拧不紧的叹息

滴滴答答

像走不动的时钟

把耐心一点一点漏空

直到一只手——也许是你的

轻轻一转

止住了这场漫长的疼痛

水龙头破涕为笑

溅起的水花比烟花还亮

所以记住我的心思很简单：

用我时痛快地流

不用时让我歇口气  
别让我在深夜里独自流泪  
别让我在干涸的土地上  
空喊自己的名字

当每一滴水都找到归途  
当干渴的唇都尝到甘甜  
当荒芜的岸都长出花——  
我们的渴望  
就会长成一片会呼吸的  
蔚蓝的海洋

The Whisper of Water

By Ren Shihan

Ask not why I always flow downward —  
It is to kiss every parched throat.  
Ask not why I am soft and formless —  
It is to embrace every unyielding bone.

I am the curve of the willow bowing by the riverbank,  
The clearest gurgle in a child's nursery rhyme,  
The tenderness in a mother's fingertips as she rinses rice,  
The sunrise churning within a father's teapot.

Yet in the unguarded corner,

What do you hear?

It is the faucet sobbing against the wall,

A sigh that can never be screwed tight —

Drip, drop, drip, drop,

Like a clock that can no longer tick forward,

Draining patience away, drop by drop.

Until a hand — perhaps yours —

With a gentle twist

Stops this endless ache.

The faucet laughs through tears,

Its spray sparkling brighter than fireworks.

So remember, my heart' s desire is simple:

Let me flow freely when you need me,

Let me catch my breath when you do not.

Do not let me weep alone in the deep of night,

Do not let me cry out my own name in vain

On the parched earth.

When every drop of water finds its way home,

When every parched lip tastes sweetness,

When flowers bloom on every barren shore —

Our longing

Will grow into a breathing,

azure ocean.