## 瓦砾中的手 --悼念北川的一位学生 戴耘

## The Hand in the Debris --To a Student in Beichuan David Yun Dai



你的手, 矗立在废墟之上, 捏紧的拳头, 在风雨中凝固

你如花的生命, 在山崩地裂之间 就这样被掩埋,声息全无; 可是,你的手 分明想抓住生命, 让灵魂救赎

也许,那一刻, 你正在教室里复习迎考, 也许,那一刻, 你正在读一本让你痴迷的小说,如火如荼, Your hand, Rises above the debris; Your fist holding fast Frozen in the wind.

Your flourishing life,
Buried
at the moment of the catastrophe,
turned silent;
But your hand was trying to grab life
Letting your soul breathe

Maybe, at the time You were preparing for an exam, Maybe, at the time you were reading a fascinating novel 也许,那一刻,你的手正在实验课上摆弄试管 梦才刚刚开始, 就匆匆结束。

我看着你的手, 充满无助。 我的心 和你父母一样伤痛: 让我牵着你的手吧, 我的孩子; 让我牵着你的手, 让我牵着你的手,

我想握住你的手,不再让它挣扎, 在祈祷中,慢慢松开, 当风雨停息时,找到归宿。 活着的人们, 在哀痛,思念,和感恩中 迎接又一个 日落,日出。

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Maybe, you were in the lab, The test tube in hand; The dream of life just began, only to end so quickly.

I looked at your hand, helpless; I felt the same grief as your parents: Let me hold your hand my baby, Let me hold your hand, go on for another mile

I want to hold your hand, resigning in pray
As the nightmare fades away you find your peace.
Lives of survivors will go on with sorrow, longing, and gratitude in another day of sunset and sunrise.

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