

梦

Dream

2021年3月27日-28日，是一场恍惚又真实的梦。

这个记录，是一个梦的记录。

March 27 -28, 2021, a phantasmal and real dream.

This is a record of the dream.



这个梦的温度是慢慢的品尝的茶的温度，不烫嘴，不凉胃，刚刚好。

The temperature of this dream is that of a slow brewing tea, it won't scald your lips, not too cold, just right.



是久违的线下见面了，疫情这场梦里我们呆了蛮久，现在投奔另一场脚踏实地的拥抱。

久违的茶点和零食，久违的鲜花和光线，久违的没有口罩的微笑，久违的肢体接触。

It occurred during a long-awaited in-person meeting, taking place after a long period of pandemic induced hibernation. At last we're able to offer each other a bodily hug.

Long-lost refreshments and snacks, long-lost flowers and light, long-lost smiles without a mask, long-lost physical contact.



魔法校长没长长的胡子,有柔软的舞姿,爽朗穿透的笑声,常常让屋顶战栗。他说,谁不想当明星呢。他说,我最爱问天真的问题,派个外星人来。提问,请回答。

A Hogwarts headmaster, without a long beard, loves to dance with a hearty roof raising guffaw.

'Who wouldn't want to be a star,' he'd ask. I love to ask naïve questions, "Please explain it to me as if I were an alien."



艺术家的小仙女知道你的潜能。

The artistic fairy knows your potential.



王子和剑

The Prince and His Sword

女巫说，我很久没有照着配方配药了，感觉还不错。

王子说，很久以前我一直是一匹白龙马，差点忘记了仗剑天涯。

那是一座桥，我已经不在断崖。

"I haven't concocted medicine for a long time," said the witch. "Yet I feel good."

The prince said, once upon a time, I was a White Dragon Horse, and I barely remember my swordplay.

That is a bridge, I am no longer on the cliff.



大地女神的恐惧

The Terror of the Goddess

女神一边颤抖着，一边战斗着，盖亚知道如何保护自己的孩子。魔法校长递了一杯茶，在一条长长的溪流边，他们慢慢的走着走着。直到面朝大海，维纳斯的泡沫绽放光华。

With fear and trembling, yet Gaia knew how to protect her children.

The Hogwarts Headmaster brewed a cup of tea, and they ambled slowly along a winding stream till they arrived at the sea, whereupon the spirit of Venus blossomed forth.



一群疯小孩

A Group of Zany Kids

飞行教母说，拿起你们的魔法棒，要学会挥舞时间和色彩。小巫师们是最好的淘气包。把那绿色的红色的紫色的黄色的黑色的，全部填进诗歌里面，流淌出来，孩子的眼睛里全部闪着光。黑色的瞳孔，看见存在的意义。

The hovering godmother said, take up your magic wand, and learn how to wield rhythm and color.

Little wizards are the most creative troublemakers, transforming flowing greens, reds, purples, yellows and blacks into poetry. The children's eyes sparkle.

A gloomy pupil, gazing into the meaning of existence.



大手牵小手

Hand=In=Hand, Big and Small

倒着的冒烟的是什么，奔跑着要抓住的是什么，墙角处瑟缩的是什么，冬天怎么那么冷，手手要抓紧。长高了长高了，什么话，说了又说，你听懂了么，你听懂了么。小辫子变了，没有变。

What's going up in smoke? What is it that you are running to grasp? What's hiding in the conner? Why is winter so cold? Grasp my hand tightly, growing taller, and taller. What was said, over and over again, understand, do you understand? The little braid changed and it did not change.



红苹果和车厘子

Red Apples and Cherries

苹果专卖店里不是白色桌子，工作人员带着帽子，带来一个箱子，散落了红苹果和车厘子，规则是把尺子，我不要你的泡沫和袋子，悲桑是面镜子，解决不了的影子。

你说，完美的不完美还有难懂的完美，世界都可以包容，交换交换，信任信任，把肆无忌惮放出来，你要爱你，老天和我都爱你。语言那么浓，又那么淡，怎么都冲调不出心里最爱的咖啡味。唯有香气，已经满溢。

A white table not in place of an apple store, the store clerk wearing a hat, brought out a box and scattered the red apples and cherries. The rule of law became a ruler. I do not want your Styrofoam and bag. Sadness is a mirror. It is a shadow without solution.

You say, you are imperfectly perfect. Your perfection is difficult to understand, but the world will accept you nonetheless. Interchange, trust, the unbridled set free. You need to love you. God and I love you.

Words so strong and so light. I'm unable to brew that favorite cup of coffee entrenched in my heart, with only its fragrance, already overflowing.



动次打次

Beats and Beating

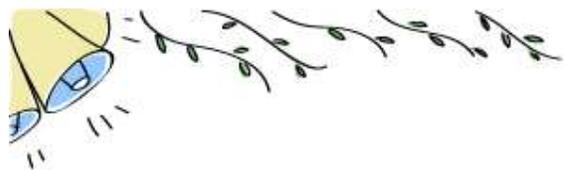
扭动身体，是会笑哈哈的，你知道么。站成圈圈，是会浪的，你知道么。手里的脉搏是可以传染的，你知道么。拥抱完了，是会忘记相机的，你知道么。

Wiggling your body will make you laugh, you know that, right?

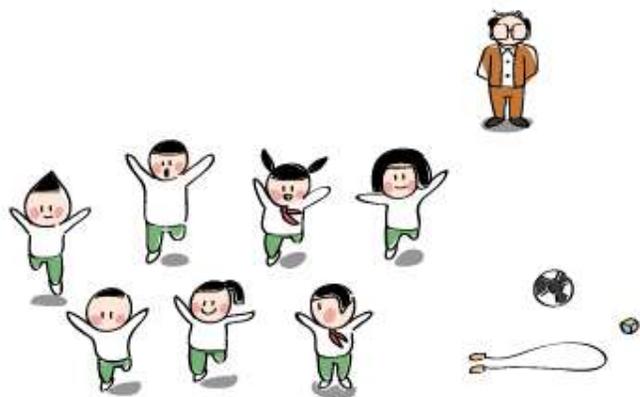
Standing in a circle makes a wave, right?

Do you know a squeeze of your hand can be passed onto the other?

A hug makes you forget about cameras, you know that, right?



操
练
起
来



向内看，有微光

Look inside you. There is light.

谢谢你，我爱你

大君君

Thank you. I love you.

Junjun