

Spare Time English Reading

有空就读点英文

美国专业英语讲师MP3教你地道美语

中英双语精美选文、短句品读

Inseperatable 无处安放的 美丽哀愁

丁香◎主编

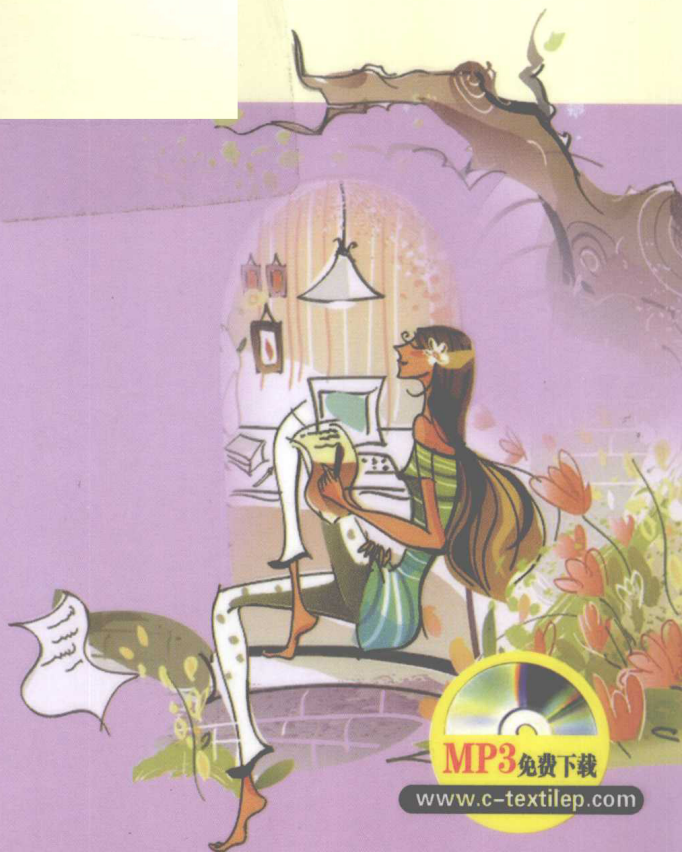
心灵吟唱的咏叹调永远不会离
我们而去，走过春夏，走过秋冬，
却摆脱不了凌乱的心愁。

对昨日悠长的回忆，是对
美好未来的向往。

将它藏在心底深处，听风时，让哀愁成为廊下的风铃，
看雨时，让哀愁成为绿色的雨滴；望月时，让哀愁成
为月下的风尾竹。



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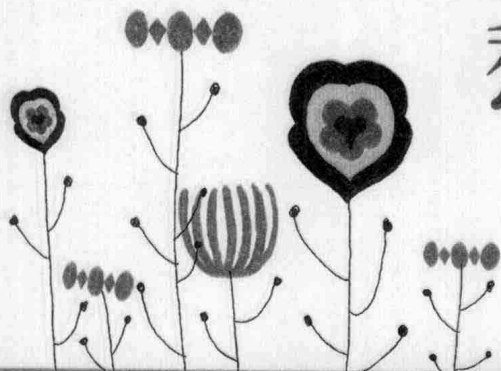
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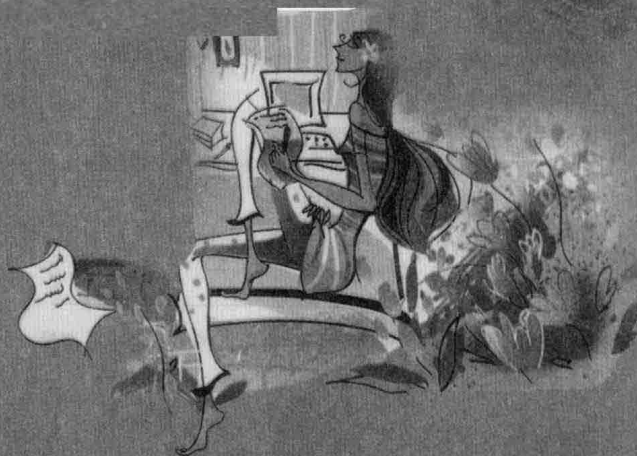
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SPARE TIME ENGLISH READING

— 前 言 —

“少年不识愁滋味，爱上层楼。爱上层楼，为赋新词强说愁。而今识尽愁滋味，欲说还休。欲说还休，却道天凉好个秋。”

走过岁月，沐过烽烟，再怎样坚强的人都会有无处安放的伤。经年累月，那些悲伤和哀愁，就积压成不可言说的痛，小心地隐藏，不敢轻易触碰。当白日的喧嚣与骚动渐渐平息，伴着明月清风，和着舒缓的旋律，心中的那些哀愁，一幕幕飘荡在眼前，混合着烟草的味道，袅袅升空……那些无处安放的美丽哀愁啊，总是在寂静的时候无尽地缠绕。心灵吟唱的咏叹调永远不会离我们而去，走过春夏，走过秋冬，却摆脱不了凌乱的心愁。

在那些无处安放的美丽哀愁中，包含了成长路上的酸甜苦辣，也包含了生活中的悲欢离合。它们有的是夹在课本里的精美书签，有的是那张刻满了羞涩话语的书桌，有的是几封没有寄出的情书，有的是一本没有写完的日记，有的是父亲临终前的嘱托，有的是慈母的白发和颤抖的双手，有的是写满乡愁的枫叶，有的是落满夕阳的影子，还有的是……这些谁也无法改变，也无从改变。于是，我们只能怀着宗教般的意志和初恋般的热情继续赶路。在未知的人生路途上，我们的哀



愁，将安放于何处？那行囊中满满的哀愁，都是不能舍弃的记忆，还是，让我们带着它上路吧。将它藏在心底深处，听风时，让哀愁成为廊下的风铃；看雨时，让哀愁成为绿色的雨滴；望月时，让哀愁成为月下的凤尾竹。

本书将与你分享这些无处安放的情感，每个人都有属于自己的伤，不愿向别人诉说，因为痛始终是自己的。《无处安放的美丽哀愁》共有五章，分为“青春是本太仓促的书”、“爱情就像传染病”、“亲情，永不凋谢的花”、“走过那些莫名的惆怅”和“从困惑中一点点突围”，每章为一个主题，精选的文章优美隽永，发人深省，它们像一只只灵动的手拨动你的心弦，又像一曲曲优美的旋律道出你的心声。

当我们被现实的圆滑世故、交际应酬所累的时候，打开那形影不离的行囊，你会发现里面装的是幸福的忧伤，是甜蜜的惆怅，是温馨的痛苦，是对昨日悠长的回忆，是对美好未来的向往。

编者

2010年6月



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—— 一杯茶，一本书 ——

这里有成长路上的忧伤与快乐，
有生活中的悲欢离合，
有写满乡愁的枫叶，
有夕阳拖得好长的影子，
有夹在书本里的秘密，
有藏在抽屉里的情书，
有没来得及写完的日记，
还有……

One cup of tea, one book

Here is the sorrow and joy of growth,
The tears and laughter of life,
The maple leaves carved with nostalgia,
The long shadows lengthened by the setting sun,
The secrets folded in the books,
The love letters hidden in the drawer,
The diary unfinished,
And...



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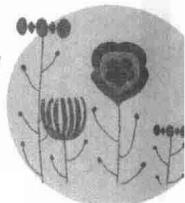
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Youth Is like a Book Read Hastily

青春是本太仓促的书



青春绚丽如花，美在吐露芬芳的瞬间；青春优美如诗，美在那平平仄仄的韵律；青春浓墨如画，美在那或明朗或朦胧的意境；青春动听如歌，美在那浅吟低唱间的旋律。青春，美，太美，也太匆匆。

也许就是因为没有前世也没有来生，所以我们不得不倍加珍惜。也许因为青春太过仓促，所以我不想轻易放手，因为我知道，一旦放手我就再也不能回头。



Rush

匆匆

Swallows may have gone, but there is a time of return; willow trees may have died back, but there is a time of regreening; peach blossoms may have fallen, but they will bloom again. Now, you the wise, tell me, why should our days leave us, never to return? — If they had been stolen by someone, who could it be? Where could he hide them? If they had made the escape themselves, then where could they stay at the moment?



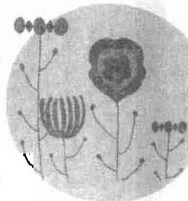
I don't know how many days I have been given to spend, but I do feel my hands are getting empty. **Taking stock** silently, I find that more than eight thousand days have already **slid** away from me. Like a drop of water from the point of a needle disappearing into the ocean, my days are dripping into the stream of time, soundless, traceless. Already sweat is starting on my forehead, and tears welling up in my eyes.

Those that have gone have gone for good, those to come keep coming; yet in between, how swift is the **shift**, in such a rush? When I get up in the morning, the slanting sun marks its presence in my small room in two or three oblongs. The sun has feet, look, he is treading on, lightly and **furtively**; and I am caught, blankly, in his revolution. Thus — the day flows away through the sink when I wash my hands, wears off in the bowl when I eat my meal, and passes away before my day-dreaming gaze as reflect in silence. I can feel his haste now, so I reach out my hands to hold him back, but he keeps flowing past my withholding hands. In the evening, as I lie in bed, he strides over my body, glides past my feet, in his agile way. The moment I open my eyes and meet the sun again, one whole day has gone. I bury my face in my hands and **heave** a sigh. But the new day begins to flash past in the sigh.

What can I do, in this **bustling** world, with my days flying in their escape? Nothing but to hesitate, to rush. What have I been doing in that eight-thousand-day rush, apart from hesitating? Those bygone days have been dispersed as smoke by a light wind, or **evaporated** as mist by the morning sun. What traces have I left behind me? Have I ever left behind any **gossamer** traces at all? I have come to the world, stark naked; am I to go back, in a blink, in the same stark nakedness? It is not fair though: why should I have made such a trip for nothing!

You the wise, tell me, why should our days leave us, never to return?

燕子去了,有再来的时候;杨柳枯了,有再青的时候;桃花谢了,有再开的时候。但是,聪明的,你告诉我,我们的日子为什么一去不复返呢? ——是有人偷



了他们罢;那是谁?又藏在何处呢?是他们自己逃走了罢:现在又到了哪里呢?

我不知道他们给了我多少日子;但我的手确乎是渐渐空虚了。在默默里算着,八千多日子已经从我手中溜去;像针尖上一滴水滴在大海里,我的日子滴在时间的流里,没有声音,也没有影子。我不禁头涔涔而泪潸潸了。

去的尽管去了,来的尽管来着;去来的中间,又怎样地匆匆呢?早上我起来的时候,小屋里射进两三方斜斜的太阳。太阳他有脚啊,轻轻悄悄地挪移了;我也茫茫然跟着旋转。于是——洗手的时候,日子从水盆里过去;吃饭的时候,日子从饭碗里过去;默默时,便从凝然的双眼前过去。我觉察他去的匆匆了,伸出手遮挽时,他又从遮挽着的手边过去,天黑时,我躺在床上,他便伶伶俐俐地从我身上跨过,从我脚边飞去了。等我睁开眼和太阳再见,这算又溜走了一日。我掩着面叹息。但是新来的日子的影儿又开始在叹息里闪过了。

在逃去如飞的日子里,在千门万户的世界里的我能做些什么呢?只有徘徊罢了,只有匆匆罢了;在八千多日的匆匆里,除徘徊外,又剩些什么呢?过去的日子如轻烟,被微风吹散了,如薄雾,被初阳蒸融了;我留着些什么痕迹呢?我何曾留着像游丝样的痕迹呢?我赤裸裸来到这世界,转眼间也将赤裸裸地回去罢?但不能平的,为什么偏要白白走这一遭啊?

你聪明的,告诉我,我们的日子为什么一去不复返呢?



taking stock 清点存货,盘货;估价,评价,鉴定

Take stock of our elderships, we would know the true happy life.

看看我们的长辈,就知道什么是幸福的生活了。

slide [slaid] *vi.* 滑;滑落;不知不觉地陷入(过去式及过去分词为 slid)

The glasses slid off the table onto the floor.

玻璃杯子全都从桌上滑落到了地板上。

shift [ʃɪft] *n.* 转移, 转换; 改变; 更换, 替换; 交替

A sudden shift in wind suggests a coming storm.

风向的突然改变暗示着一场暴风雨将要来临。

furtively [ˈfɜːtɪvli] *adv.* 偷偷地; 暗中地

My friend's cat furtively went into the kitchen and stole a piece of my sandwich.

我朋友的猫悄悄溜进厨房, 偷了我的一块三明治。

heave [hiːv] *vt.* (出力地) 发出(叹息, 呻吟声等)

He said he agreed, heaving a sigh.

他叹息一声说可以。

bustling [ˈbʌslɪŋ] *adj.* 忙乱的; 熙熙攘攘的

We live in a bustling city, and every day to make a living in the noisy, busy running tension among.

我们生活在繁华的都市之中, 每天为了生活, 在喧嚣、紧张之中奔波忙碌。

evaporate [iˈvæpəreɪt] *vi.* 消失, 失踪; 蒸发, 挥发

The puddle evaporated rapidly in the sun.

水坑里的水在阳光下迅速蒸发。

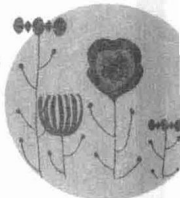
gossamer [ˈɡɒsəmə] *adj.* 如游丝(般)的, 蛛丝(似)的; 极轻而薄的; 虚无缥缈的

They wear sneakers with gossamer wings.

他们的球鞋上缀着轻薄的羽翼。



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我赤裸裸来到这世界,转眼间也将赤裸裸地回去罢?但不能平的,为什么偏要白白走这一遭啊?

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