

战争的阴影 The Shadow of War

Winnie Mo

1979 年的中越战争夺走了我哥哥的生命，让我们一家陷入深深的悲痛之中，母亲也因此过度悲伤多次病倒。从那时起，“越南”这个名字在我们心中留下了一块难以抹去的阴影。长期以来，所有的负面情绪让我对这个国家怀恨在心，毫无兴趣前往旅游。直到机缘巧合，近半个世纪后，我终于踏上越南的土地，走进它最具代表性的两座城市——胡志明市和河内，试图了解这里的社会历史，感受当地的生活文化。

一星期的行程，两座城市给我的印象各异，却都充满活力。胡志明市和河内街头，西方元素随处可见：教堂的尖顶、法式建筑的拱廊、酒吧的喧嚣。最奇特的景象，是满街的电单车，像潮水般涌向每个角落，街道上人群熙攘。夜幕降临，灯光璀璨，湖边欢歌笑语，画人像的、演奏的、舞蹈的，构成一幅热闹而温暖的画面。大街小巷琳琅满目的商品让游客尽情购物，按摩与桑拿也扫去一天的疲惫。



在越南的文化底蕴中，依然流淌着浓厚的中国文化印记。走进河内的文庙，仿佛穿越时空，感受到儒家思想对这片土地的深远影响——它不仅塑造了越南的统治理念，更深刻地影响了社会价值观与教育制度。至今，当我目睹毕业生在“万世师表”前虔诚宣誓，那一刻，传统的力量跨越千年，依然鲜活。



在还剑湖的玉山祠，笔塔、砚台、门柱，以及那些极富哲理的汉字对联，



无不诉说着越南人民对中华文化的传播与敬仰。这里不仅是一座祠堂，更是一段文化交融的见证，一种历史的回声，静静回荡在湖水与红桥之间。



越南，这片土地的文化，仿佛是一幅中西交织的画卷，古老与现代在这里并肩而行。走在河内的街头，穿过熙攘的小店，店主们用越语热情地向我打招呼，而我只能微笑回应，却听不懂他们的言语。那一刻，我忽然意识到，我们同是华人的后裔，同是儒学的传承者，血脉与文化曾经如此接近。

然而，历史却曾让我们彼此疏离。越战的硝烟中，武力成为解决分歧的方式，无数无辜者的鲜血洒在这片土地，只为证明所谓的对错。站在今日的和平之中，我不禁追问：那些牺牲，究竟换来了什么？如今，我走在这座城市，感受它的温柔与坚韧，试图在文化的交融中，寻找答案。

越南，这片曾经饱受战火的土地，如今在近半个世纪的和平中，努力重建与发展。走在河内的街头，望着熙攘的市集和微笑的面孔，我深切感受到和平的力量。

与此形成鲜明对比的是，我在暹粒看到的景象。泰国与柬埔寨的冲突，让战火再次吞噬人们的家园。街头的眼神，透着恐慌与不安，仿佛随时准备逃离。生活被严重影响，市场冷清，笑容稀少。人们用各种方式表达，试图唤醒那些执迷于战争的灵魂：**停止战争，才有未来。**



独步在灯光闪烁的还剑湖畔，我渐渐明白，战争在家人心中留下的阴影，终会在岁月的长河中慢慢淡去。然而，和平不仅是一种静谧的状态，更是一份沉重的责任。它需要每一个人去守护，去珍惜，因为唯有和平，生命才能绽放希望，世界才能延续温柔。

The Shadow of War

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The 1979 Sino-Vietnamese War claimed my brother's life, plunging our family into deep grief. My mother, overwhelmed by sorrow, fell ill several times. From that moment, the name "Vietnam" became an indelible shadow in our hearts. For decades, resentment kept me from even considering visiting this country. Until, by chance, nearly half a century later, I finally set foot in Vietnam—exploring its two most iconic cities, Ho Chi Minh City and Hanoi—to understand its social history and experience its living culture.

A week of travel left vivid impressions. Both cities brim with energy and Western influences—church spires, French-style arcades, neon-lit bars. The most striking sight- Endless streams of motorbikes flooding every street like waves. At night, the city glows: laughter by the lakeside, street artists sketching portraits, music and dance filling the air—a lively, warm tableau. Bustling markets tempt shoppers, while massages and saunas soothe the day's fatigue.

Vietnam's cultural roots still carry deep Chinese imprints. At Hanoi's Temple of Literature, time seems to stand still. Confucian ideals once shaped Vietnam's governance, social values, and education system—and their legacy endures. Even today, graduates bow before the stele inscribed "The Eternal Teacher," a tradition alive across centuries.

On Hoan Kiem Lake's Ngoc Son Temple, ink-brush towers, stone ink slabs, and pillars adorned with philosophical Chinese couplets speak of reverence for Chinese culture. This temple is more than a shrine—it is a testament to cultural exchange, a quiet echo of history lingering between the lake and the crimson bridge.

Vietnam feels like a canvas where East and West intertwine, ancient and modern walking side by side. Strolling Hanoi's streets, passing small shops, I smile back at warm greetings in Vietnamese—words I cannot understand. In that moment, I realize: we share roots, heirs to Confucian traditions, bound by culture and blood. Yet history drove us apart. In the smoke of war, force became the answer, and countless innocents shed blood to prove who was right. Standing in today's peace, I wonder: what did those sacrifices truly bring? Now, as I walk through this city, I sense its resilience and grace, searching for answers in the harmony of cultures.

Vietnam, a land once scarred by war, has spent nearly half a century rebuilding and striving for progress in peace. Walking through the streets of Hanoi, gazing at bustling markets and smiling faces, I deeply feel the quiet strength of peace.

The contrast struck me in Siem Reap. Conflict between Thailand and Cambodia has once again uprooted lives. Fear and anxiety linger in the eyes of those on the streets, as if they are ready to flee at any moment. Daily life is severely disrupted markets are deserted, smiles are rare. People express themselves in every possible way, trying to awaken those obsessed with war: *Stop the fighting—only then can there be a future.*

Walking alone by the shimmering lights of Hoan Kiem Lake, I came to understand that the shadows of war etched in my family's heart will, in time, slowly fade away. Yet peace is not merely a quiet state—it is a profound responsibility. It must be guarded and cherished by each of us, for only in peace can life blossom with hope and the world continue to embrace its gentle grace.