

# 交融灵魂的书信 Letters That Mingle Souls

Winnie Mo

英国著名诗人约翰·多恩曾说：“书信，比亲吻更能交融灵魂。”一封封书信，悄然在阿碧的生命中铺开，成为她心底最静默、最深邃的风景。

林教授回到广州后，开始给阿碧写信。起初，信件内容带着父亲般的关怀，只是一些温馨的提示、鼓励的话语，以及生活中该注意的事项。那些信件字迹工整，宛如精美的书法字帖。阿碧每次读完，都会一字一句抄写下来，仿佛在抄经练字，心中充满敬意。查看信箱和抄写信件，成了她每天最期待的时刻。

后来，教授的信件越来越频繁，内容不仅有嘱咐，还夹杂着他的日常生活细节。阿碧对教授丰富的世界愈发好奇，抄信不再只是练习书法，而是一场隐秘的情感体验。她一遍又一遍地阅读，一次又一次地抄写，心中渐渐感受到细微的情感波动。从最初的尊敬，慢慢滑向迷恋，甚至在梦中也时常出现他的身影。她觉得他像一片“大森林”，深邃而神秘，藏着探索不完的宝藏。

几星期后，林教授再次回到龙岗。他不再是课堂上严肃的学者，而像一个温和、体贴的朋友。饭桌上，没有过多的礼仪，只是静静地共享那片沉默的时光。偶尔，他会夹些鱼肉放到她们的碗里，这些细微的关心，让阿碧感到一阵温柔的幸福悄然笼罩。

教授常说，饭后散步的好处多，正如谚语：“饭后百步走，活到九十九。”每次晚饭后，他都会提议去散步，熟悉周围的环境。于是，阿碧带着他漫步在大街小巷。走到商店时，他常停下脚步，笑着让阿碧试试那些裙子、衣

服。当她穿着连衣裙走出试衣间，亭亭玉立，宛如美少女，他立刻赞叹：“好看，好看！”随即毫不犹豫地掏出钱包，一件又一件地买下裙子和套装。

可以想象，一个年轻女孩穿上漂亮衣服时的心情。饭后散步成了他最期待的时刻，而阿碧也时常提醒自己，不要贪心，有几件就够了。然而，他似乎更喜欢看到那眼前一亮的美丽身影，仿佛被深深吸引。每天，他早早起床，与阿碧们共进早餐，然后目送她走出大门。下午，他也提前坐在门口，等候她们下班，期待那共餐与散步的时光。连老板都察觉到这两人之间的不寻常。

不久，教授要再次回广州。在依依不舍的告别中，那对视的眼神仿佛流淌着不祥的预感——这一去，或许再也不会回来。阿碧像往常一样，每天去查看信箱，期待奇迹出现。果然，每天都有一封从广州寄来的信。此时的信，她不再抄写，只在被窝里一遍又一遍地默读。信中写道：“我每晚躺在床上，那一幕幕散步的情景都在脑海缭绕，难以入眠，只得半夜偷偷起身写信……”

然而，信终究有停下的一天。信箱空空如也，失望如晴天霹雳，刺痛那颗等待的心。在漫长的等待中，一个周末，老板回来了，他告诉阿碧：林教授不会再来了，他的太太不允许他再回龙岗。

情感不分年龄与地位，却无法跨越现实的界限。它像风，曾轻轻吹过，却终究会消散得无影无踪。阿碧终于明白，爱不是占有，而是铭记。那片无法探索的‘大森林’，终究只能在心中生长，成为生命里最静默的风景。

## Letters That Mingle Souls

*By Winnie Mo*

The English poet John Donne once wrote: “Letters mingle souls more than kisses.” Each letter quietly unfolded in Abi’s life, becoming the most silent and profound landscape of her heart.

After returning to Guangzhou, Professor Lin began writing to Abi. At first, his letters carried a fatherly warmth—gentle reminders, words of encouragement, and notes on everyday matters. His handwriting was elegant, like a page from a calligraphy manual. Each time Abi finished reading, she would copy every word as if transcribing scripture, her heart filled with reverence. Checking the mailbox and copying his letters soon became the most anticipated moments of her day.

As time passed, his letters grew more frequent, filled not only with advice but also glimpses of his daily life. Abi grew increasingly curious about his rich world. Copying his letters was no longer just a practice in calligraphy—it became a secret emotional ritual. She read them over and over, wrote them out again and again, feeling subtle ripples in her heart. Respect slowly gave way to fascination, and even in her dreams, fragments of his life appeared. To her, he was like a vast forest—his surname Lin, meaning “forest,” seemed fitting—deep and mysterious, hiding treasures beyond reach.

Weeks later, Professor Lin returned to Longgang. He was no longer the stern scholar from the classroom, but a gentle, considerate friend. At the dinner table, there was no rigid formality—only quiet moments shared in silence. Occasionally, he would place a piece of fish in their bowls, small gestures that wrapped Abi in a tender sense of happiness.

He often spoke of the benefits of an after-dinner walk, quoting the old saying: “*Walk a hundred steps after a meal and live to ninety-nine.*” Each evening, he suggested a stroll to explore the neighbourhood, and Abi would lead him through the winding streets. When they passed a shop, he would pause, smile, and urge her to try on a dress. When she stepped out looking graceful, he nodded approvingly, “Beautiful, beautiful!” Then, without hesitation, he pulled out his wallet and bought one outfit after another.

You can imagine the joy of a young woman slipping into beautiful clothes. Evening walks soon became his favourite time of day, while Abi kept reminding herself not to be greedy—just a few dresses would be enough. Yet he seemed utterly captivated by her transformation, his eyes lighting up with delight. Each morning, he rose early to share breakfast with them, then watched her leave for work. In the afternoons, he would sit by the door, waiting for their return, eager for dinner and their strolls. Even the boss noticed that something unusual was unfolding between them.

Soon, Professor Lin had to return to Guangzhou. In their reluctant farewell, their eyes met with an unspoken foreboding—this time, he might never come back. Abi continued her daily ritual of checking the mailbox, hoping for a miracle. And indeed, letters arrived from Guangzhou every day. Now, she no longer copied them; instead, she read them silently in her bed. One letter said: “*Every night as I lie in bed, scenes of our walks replay in my mind. Sleep eludes me, and so I rise in the dark to write to you...*”

But the letters eventually stopped. The mailbox stood empty, and disappointment struck like a thunderbolt, piercing the heart that had waited so long.

One weekend, the boss returned and told Abi: Professor Lin would not be coming back—his wife had forbidden him to return to Longgang.

Feelings know no age or status, yet they cannot cross the boundaries of reality. They are like the wind—softly passing, only to vanish without a trace. Abi finally understood love is not possession, but remembrance. That vast, unexplored “forest” could only grow in her heart, becoming the quietest landscape of her life.