

When was the last time that we actually did something from the beginning to the end? Unfortunately, it appears to be difficult for us to concentrate and focus; our attention is being ceaselessly distracted. Life in the modern age only consists of fragmented pieces, continuity is a rare occurrence — However, during the process of writing, I am able to fully immerse myself into the brand new world that is miraculously created for me.

There is inherently a certain degree of absurdity in the world we live in. As humans, despite the fact that we communicate, it is still hard for us to understand and to empathise. In most situations, we are both within and without. So through words, I become a collector who collects the fragmented pieces of life. For me, writing is not merely about expressing known opinions and thoughts — it is also an intriguing process of exploring the unknown. Through words, we link ourselves to others and we imagine what it is to be another human being.

Frankly, I was never confident in my writing. I thought I was still young and green, and I did not read much. In the past, I was too humiliated to share my work with others since I thought they were superficial and contrived. However, as I grow older, my understanding of things becomes more diverse and holistic, and my desire for expression thus expands. I am no longer afraid of expressing my thoughts through words.

Undeniably, when it comes to writing, “play it safe” is always the safest option which gives you a sense of security, but in order to excel, we should never succumb to ordinary. I started to try out different formats, from prose to novels and poems, I eventually found what suited me best. For me, the “breakthrough” did not occur to me as a sudden realization or enlightenment but as a gradual process of accumulation. I wrote myriads of poems on my phone, but to be candid, they are really unimpressive. Nevertheless, I embraced the imperfections and eventually found room for improvement. I constantly remind myself that when it comes to writing or life itself, they are all “work in progress”.

I participated in the Youth Literary Award last summer. It did not really surprise me a lot when I received the competition result. Indeed, it was an achievement, but it was already a past one. What is more important is that it serves an ultimate reminder for me that I should continue to write. Through words, I could turn both happiness and sadness into stanzas, letting them perpetuate, like our souls.



我們多久沒有由頭到尾地做過一件完整的事了？看完一本完整的書，聽完一張完整的專輯。這個時代的生活失去了完整性，連專心致志地做某一件事

都變得困難，所有東西都是由零星的碎片組成的，甚至心也變得分裂——但是創作卻能奇妙地讓我這個三分鐘熱度的人靜下心來，坐在書桌前，完整地探索出一套對這世界的反思。

世間一切的發生具有一定的荒謬程度，我們互不了解，行走不同的頻率之上，置身其間的同時也置身事外，而我所有的情緒和感受都禁錮在自身的軀殼裏。通過文字，我是一個發聲者，同時也變成一位收集者，而人生則變成片段被我收集。寫作不再是抒發已知的想法，而是演變成探索未知的經過，想像生而為人的無限可能，將他人看似遙遠的經歷與自己連結起來。

然而，在文字的創作上，我並不是一個有自信的人。我認為我仍尚年輕，看過的書不多。在過去，除了平日的作文功課，我甚少將自己的文字分享給他人，覺得它們過於輕浮。但隨著年紀增長，對事物的理解變得多樣化，表達欲也隨之增長，我因而在這「不完美」之中越挫越勇。

千篇一律的流水帳的確討人歡喜，但想要脫穎而出，就必須承擔標新立異的風險。我開始探索新的媒介，尋找更適合自己的表達方式，從散文，到小說，再到新詩。而所謂「突破」的歷程是漫長的，「突破」實際是一個循序漸進的結果。在手機的備忘錄裏，我寫過很多首詩，它們很粗糙很爛，我讓它們靜靜地塵封在文件夾裏。學會接受每個作品中的不完美，因為無論是任何形式的藝術創作還是人生，本就是個 **work in progress** 的過程。

而在去年夏天，我抱著試一試的心態參加了青年文學獎，半年後收到賽果時早已沒有當時預想中的那般驚喜。它是一個成就，但也只是一個僅僅代表著過去的成就。更重要的是，它提醒著我仍要用更多的力量，去書寫未來。也提醒著我用文字把我們的快樂和苦難變成詩句，變成永恆，變成我們的靈魂。