

宇宙低語

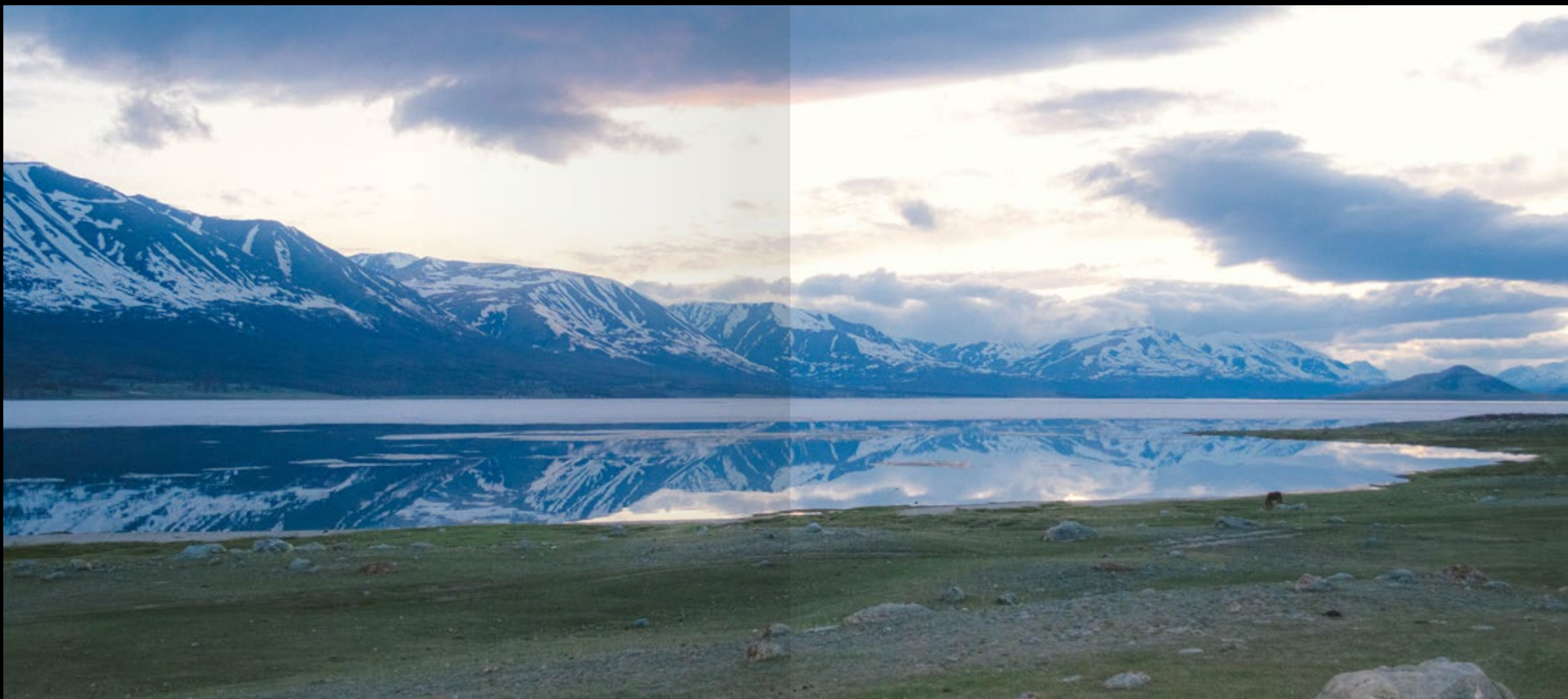
THE WHISPERS OF OUR SOUL

/ SIYUAN AW



新加坡的一個傍晚，夕陽緩緩西沉。我在臨時搭建的畫室裏，往新畫布上落下第一筆。此刻，一陣神秘的振翅聲打破了沉寂。我閉上雙眼，心神隨之翩飛。腦海中出現一隻翱翔的金鷹。在深邃如夢的夜色中，逐漸浮現兩個小小的身影——一個男孩和一匹馬——佇立在山巒柔和的線條之間。當我的意識與天際星辰融為一體時，母親的聲音又響起：“我無處不在。”閉上雙眼，敞開心扉，我再度踏上那段教我聆聽心聲的旅程。

It is early evening in Singapore, and the sun is beginning to set. I lay the first brushstrokes to a new canvas in my makeshift studio. The quiet is broken by the uncanny flutter of wings. I close my eyes, and my mind takes flight. In my vision, a golden eagle soars. Emerging from the deep, dreamlike hues are the beginnings of two small figures — a boy and a horse — set against the soft contours of a mountain range under the night sky. As my mind merges with the stars above, I am reminded of my mother's voice: *"I am everywhere."* Eyes closed, heart opened, I am transported back to a journey that helped me hear the heart speak.



SEARCH FOR SILENCE

The year was 2018. My world was getting louder, noisier. Screens were screaming for attention. My phone was a prison with golden edges. I lived inside it – small, pixelated, trapped. Everyone seemed to have something to say about everything. Yet, the more I listened, the more I felt lost. I couldn't hear my heart speak. Even my paintings – my quiet refuge – could not escape the clamour. In those moments, I found myself haunted by a question George Lucas once posed: "Why are we living in cages, with the door wide open?"

The quick death of my mother from lung cancer has marked a profound rupture inside me. Despite my profession as a brand strategist,

I never successfully strategised myself out of my grief. The loss of my mum had been a silent burden I carried in my heart throughout my working years in London and Shanghai. Eventually, exhaustion set in, and I was burnt out. It reached a critical juncture – I needed silence and renewal.

On one hand, my phone was luring me deeper into the dopamine-driven world of doom-scrolling distractions. On the other hand, my mind was taking flight – I 'saw' mountains rising above the clouds. I decided to leave the high-octane city of Shanghai and head towards the high-altitude wilderness of West Mongolia. Not for escape. But to listen again. To remember the language of silence.

找尋寧靜

那是 2018 年。我的世界變得愈發喧囂。屏幕不斷搶奪我的注意力。手機如同鑲着金邊的囚籠——狹小、像素化，而我困於其中。似乎每個人對每件事都有話要說。然而，我聽得越多，心越迷失。我聽不見自己的心聲。就連繪畫——我一直以來的寧靜避風港——也無法逃脫這片喧囂。那段時間，GEORGE LUCAS 曾提出的一個問題常常糾纏着我：“明明門大開着，我們為什麼還活在樊籠裏？”

肺癌驟然奪去母親的生命，在我心中刻下深深的傷口。作為一名專業的品牌策劃師，我卻始終無法為自己的悲傷謀劃一條出路。失去母親的痛成為我內心默默承

受的重負，在倫敦和上海的職業生涯中如影隨形。最終，我精疲力盡，心身耗竭。一切來到了臨界點——我需要安靜，需要新生。

一方面，手機誘使我陷入那個由多巴胺驅動的無盡刷屏地獄；另一方面，我的心卻在飛翔，我“看見”群山聳立雲霄之上。於是，我決定離開高速運轉的上海，前往蒙古西部高海拔的曠野。不是為了逃避，而是為了再次傾聽，重新學會那無聲的語言。



無言的羈絆

抵達阿爾泰山的那一刻，我彷彿聽見了太陽的鼓聲。“來吧！”它的聲音直抵我心。在那裡，在世界的盡頭，我遇到了獵鷹人——他們與曠野亙古的節奏和諧共生。他們的溝通方式不限於語言，還有風的低語、山巒的呼吸和天空的呢喃。他們與自然的關係並非主宰與征服，而是一種深邃的精神共鳴。

在蒙古荒原粗獷而壯麗的景色中，我遇到了 17 歲的 BEKKU。他正站在自家的屋頂上，高高舉著手機，試圖捕捉斷斷續續的信號，好給姐姐打電話。但是，當他呼喚自己的鷹時，它總是應聲而至，從不失約——自雲層深處現身，穩穩降落在他的胳膊上。儘管朋友不多，但他與這隻鷹親密無間。我被他們之間無言而無垠的聯結迷住了。

在 BEKKU 七歲時，他的父親帶回了這隻金鷹，告訴他：“她會是你的守護者，你的導師，你最好的朋友。”金鷹為 BEKKU 打開了新世界的大門，傳授他作為獵人的技巧與力量。他們一起探索山巒的奇妙，發現天空的神祕。

A WORDLESS BOND

Arriving in the Altai Mountains, I heard the drum of the sun. “Come,” it said, speaking directly into my heart. There, at the edge of the world, I met the eagle hunters who lived in harmony with the ancient rhythms of the wild. Their language wasn’t just spoken in words — it was woven from the wind, the mountains, and the sky. Their relationship with nature was not a thing of domination, but of a deep, spiritual communion.

In the rugged beauty of the Mongolian wilderness, I met Bekku who was 17 at the time. Standing atop his family’s hut, phone raised skywards, trying to catch the choppy phone signal to call his sister. But when he called his eagle, it responded unfailingly — emerging from the clouds, and landing on his arm. Although he didn’t have many friends, he was closely bonded with his golden eagle. I was mesmerized by the boundless, wordless bond between them.

When he was about 7, his father brought home the golden eagle, telling him: “She shall be your guardian, your teacher, your best friend.” The eagle opened up a new world for Bekku, imparting the skills and strength as a hunter. Together, they explored the magic of the mountains and discovered the mystery of the sky.



A NEW FRIENDSHIP

My first interactions with Bekku were initially awkward. But he was intrigued by my Canon 5D camera, and we slowly bonded over photography. He enjoyed showing off his hunting skills and taking me on adventures with his eagle. His knowledge of the land and wildlife was deep and instinctive. He is deeply attuned to the language of the sky. He told me: "My eagle guides me everywhere I go. When I call my eagle, I connect with her spirit. When we fly in the sky, we fly as one." Through our adventures in the wild, I witnessed their boundless, unbreakable bond.

Over time, we became companions of the wild. Chasers of twilight. Dreamers on rooftops. We would lie beneath the clouds, and let our imagination run free. We would chase sunsets not to catch them, but to remember they existed. And when they dissolved into the horizon, we felt wholeness. A feeling that we, too, were part of that fading light. In those moments — sky, wind, boy, eagle, and I — we were not separate, we were in oneness.

Although Bekku was a young boy, he would casually impart 'wild wisdoms' in conversations such as this:

Siyuan: "Why do you close your eyes when you're connecting with your eagle in the sky?"
Bekku: "Because the language of our heart needs silence."
Siyuan: "I see."
Bekku: "When we close our eyes, we amplify the inaudible whispers of our soul."

新的友誼

我和 BEKKU 最初的相處生疏笨拙。但他對我的佳能 5D 相機頗感興趣，於是我們通過攝影慢慢熟絡起來。他喜歡展示自己的狩獵技藝，帶著我和他的鷹一起冒險。

他對這片土地與野生動物的理解深刻，直覺敏銳，還能夠感應天空的語言。他告訴我：“不管走到哪裡，我的鷹都會指引我。當我呼喚她時，我們的靈魂彼此相通。在空中飛翔時，我們合而為一。”在荒野冒險的日子裏，我親眼見證了他們之間的情感羈絆——無邊無際，牢不可破。

漸漸地，我們成為了曠野中的夥伴。暮光的追逐者，屋頂上的夢想家。我們躺在雲下，讓想象自由馳騁。我們追逐日落，不是為了留住它，而是為了記住它曾經存在過。當落日消融在地平線上時，我們感到完滿，彷彿自己也是那逝去光芒的一部分。在那些時刻，我們——天空、風、少年、鷹和我——彼此之間不再有界限，我們是一體的存在。

儘管 BEKKU 還是個少年，卻常常在聊天時教給我“野性的智慧”。比如：

思遠：“你和你的鷹連接時，為什麼要閉上眼睛？”
BEKKU：“因為心的語言需要安靜。”
思遠：“我懂了。”
BEKKU：“當我們閉上眼時，原本聽不見的靈魂輕語就被放大了。”







天空中的訊號

一天清晨，BEKKU 發現金鷹在空中發出一個信號，正好與雲層中的特殊圖案相呼應。訊息明確——時機已到，是時候讓她迴歸自然了。起先 BEKKU 一言不發，只是伸手拿過我的相機。“拍張照吧，”他說，“就一張，為了紀念。”

他的腳步越來越沉重，彷彿大地也感受到了這份悲傷。那是沉痛的一天。他的父親輕聲提醒：“鷹並不屬於你，也不屬於我，她屬於天空。”他又補充道：“我們是鷹獵人，但即便是最強大的鷹獵人，也必須學會放手，並擁有這份勇氣。”

當夕陽開始西沉，BEKKU 與金鷹登上山頂。低垂的雲層模糊了天與地的邊界。最後一次，他們張開“翅膀”，在風中感受與彼此的合一。那一刻，時間彷彿為他們停駐，我用相機捕捉了那個溫柔的瞬間。

就在太陽沒入地平線前，金鷹緩緩騰空而去。沒有熱鬧的送別。只有優雅，只有沉默，只有天意。BEKKU 輕聲道別，獻上祈禱，目送金鷹消失在天際：“再見，我親愛的，謝謝你，一路順風。”沒有儀式，只有一個男孩，安靜地站着，凝望着她留下的空寂。

SIGN IN THE SKY

One morning, Bekku spotted the eagle making a sign in the sky that coincided with a distinct pattern in the clouds. The sign was clear. It was time. Time to return her back into nature. Bekku said nothing at first. Only reached for my camera. “A photo,” he said. “Just one. For remembering.”

His steps grew heavier, as if gravity itself had learned of his sorrow. It was a dreadful day. His father, understanding Bekku's sadness, gently reminded him: “The eagle does not belong to you, she does not belong to me. She belongs to the sky.” He added that, “We are eagle hunters. But even the strongest eagle hunters must find the strength to let go.”

As the evening sun began to set, Bekku and the eagle ascend to the mountain's peak. Low-hanging clouds seemed to blur the boundaries between heaven and earth. For one last time, they spread their ‘wings’ to feel their oneness in the wind. It felt like time stood still for them. In that in-stant, I caught that tender moment on camera.

Just before the sun disappeared into the horizon, the eagle gently took off. Not with fanfare. Not with farewell. But with grace. With silence. With heaven's timing. Bekku whispered his farewell, and offered a prayer as he saw his eagle merged into the sky. “Goodbye, my dear one,” he said. “Thank you, and have a great journey.” There was no ceremony. Only a boy, standing still. Eyes locked on the emptiness she left behind.





與星辰對話

不久，最後一縷陽光也消失了。BEKKU 騎馬回家，而我獨自留在山頂。暮色四合，萬籟俱寂。我輕聲喊了句“你好”，但我的聲音，在群山間無處安放，漸次迴盪，迴盪，迴盪……終於湮滅在遠處。那一刻，我感到自己內心的哀傷緩緩沉澱。我與 BEKKU 之間，那些關於失去的故事，交織纏繞在一起。

就在這時，一陣微風忽然拂過我的額頭，引我抬頭仰望。天空中星辰浮現，起初零星幾點，隨着夜色漸濃，逐漸聚集成形。很快，星群組成一對展翼的星座。星輝之中，我聽見一個熟悉的聲音，那是我母親的聲音：“我無處不在，即便你看不到我，也要記得，我一直在你心中。”

那仿佛是一通珍貴的宇宙來電，跨越星河，不循邏輯，直抵靈魂。我向她訴說了此前未曾說出口的話。曾經空無的蒼穹，如今盈滿她的存在。我開始懂得：分離從來不是故事的終點。我們所愛之人的聲音，依然在我們心中迴響。即使在他們離去之後，依然低語着那些尚未書寫的章節。後來，我將這一切告訴了 BEKKU。他靜靜聆聽，目不轉睛，然後輕輕點了點頭：“這很好。”說罷，他潸然淚下。

SPEAKING WITH THE STARS

Soon, the last rays of sunlight vanished. Bekku went home on his horse, while I stayed on at the mountain top. In that darkness, there was nothing but silence. I tried calling out a little “hello”. But my voice, fugitive within the mountains, echoed back, and back, and back... until it died in the distance. In that moment, I felt the weight of my own grief set in. Our stories of loss intertwined.

Then, out of nowhere, a gentle breeze touched my forehead. It beckoned me to look up into the sky. Stars emerged. Scattered at first. But as it got darker, more stars merged to form a shape. Soon, a large pair of wings appeared in the form of constellations. From within, I heard a familiar voice. It's the voice of my mother: *“I’m everywhere. Even if you can’t see me now, know that I’m always with you. In your heart.”*

It was like a precious cosmic phone call, dialed across galaxies. The kind that bypasses logic and travels straight to the soul. I told her things I never got the chance to. The sky, once a dome of absence, was full of presence. And I began to understand: that separation is never the end of the story. That the voices of our loved ones, long after their departure, continue to linger within us, echoing the chapters yet to be written. Later, I told Bekku what I experienced. He listened without blinking. And he nodded. Just once. *“That helps,”* he said. And with that, he teared.

我睜開眼睛。畫室中松節油的氣味喚醒了我的感官。顏料滴落，如同時光流淌。我為夜空一層層地暈染色彩。不是黑色，從來都不是黑色。是靛藍，是紫羅蘭，是秘密。一種無聲的指引順著我的手腕輕輕傳來，跳動著神秘的脈息。接著，BEKKU 的鷹出現在畫布上。不是停棲，不是飛翔，而是成為——一片在宇宙中伸展雙翼的星辰。“讓他看到這幅畫吧，”我心想，“讓 BEKKU 看見我曾經看見的。”接著，一道幾不可聞的聲音輕輕響起，比畫筆落色還輕——是母親的聲音：“我無處不在，我一直在你身邊。”每當我將顏色按上畫布，她便輕聲應和。我們一起，把黑暗轉成光亮，把躁亂化為溫柔。一幅畫，化作了無數幅畫。多年之後，我決定將這些作品彙編成書。不只是為了 BEKKU，更是獻給每一個曾在失落長夜中踽踽獨行的人，願他們看見一絲微光。願他們將所愛之人的名字珍藏於心，如同夜空中永恆不滅的星辰。

My eyes blink open. The smell of turpentine in my studio awakens my senses. Paint drips like time. I layer the night sky. Not black, never black. Indigo, violet, secrets. A guidance whisper through my wrist. It pulsed with mystery. And then Bekku's eagle emerged on the canvas. Not perched, not flying, but becoming — a constellation unfurling its wings across the cosmos. "Let him see this," I thought. "Let Bekku see what I saw." But then — there's another sound, softer than paint. My mother's voice. "I'm everywhere. I'm always with you." Every time I pressed colour to canvas, she answered. Together, we turned darkness into light, turmoil into tenderness. One painting becomes many. Years pass, and I decided to turn the paintings into a book. Not just for Bekku. For anyone who has wandered through the long night of loss, and needed a little light. And to hold the names of their lost loved ones in their hearts, like the everlasting stars in the sky.

Siyuan Aw once lived where plans made sense — Shanghai, London, Singapore. Then he wandered under the boundless, wordless sky of Western Mongolia. The map folded away. Today, he writes and draws picture books. *Oneness With Your Wings*, a picture book by Siyuan from Les Éditions du Pacifique, gently comforts children facing loss. In his world, nothing disappears. It transforms — like a feather carried softly by the wind, a quiet oneness that stays. Find out more about Siyuan's paintings and books at www.onenesswithwings.co.

歐思遠曾在上海、倫敦和新加坡過著按部就班的生活。後來，他在蒙古國西部無邊、靜默的天空下漫遊，從此收起人生的地圖。如今，他從事寫作與繪本創作。他的繪本作品《ONENESS WITH YOUR WINGS》由 LES ÉDITIONS DU PACIFIQUE 出版，溫柔地撫慰經歷過失去的孩子們。在他的世界裡，我們所珍視的一切並未消失，而是悄然轉化，與我們恆久合一，如同一枚風中輕舞的羽毛。更多關於他的畫作與書籍，請見：WWW.ONENESSWITHWINGS.CO

