

各族的口耳相传中长出了新的枝丫。

在中原，周王室将“龙—凤—花”刻在青铜礼器上，写入《周礼》典章。

在楚国，诗人屈原在《离骚》中驾着龙车、使着凤鸟、佩戴着香草百花，完成了他上天入地的求索。

在高原，藏王松赞干布迎娶文成公主时，唐皇赐下的礼物中有一面“三象镜”，背面同时刻着汉地的龙、吐蕃的琼鸟和雪莲。

在西南，彝族毕摩在祭祖经中唱道：“东方青龙吐雨水，南方赤凤催花开，中央魂归花不谢，三象护我子孙昌。”

而每当朝代更迭、战乱四起，总有人想起那个古老的隐喻：

——当草原的铁骑南下，马鞍上刻着狼头，却也渐渐绣上了牡丹。——当中原的将士戍边，盔甲上铸着龙纹，却也学会了在戈壁种下红柳。——当海上的帆船扬帆，船头雕着妈祖，桅杆上却总飘着“一帆风顺”的彩旗。

那些图腾从未固定，它们迁徙、变形、杂交，就像风带着种子翻山越岭，落在哪片土地，就长出哪片土地的模样。

二十一世纪初，一次联合考古发现了一座奇特的三国时期墓葬。墓主是一位嫁到中原的羌族女性，她的棺槨上同时刻着：

青龙盘绕的镇墓兽（中原礼制）金翅鸟纹的铜镜（羌族嫁妆）刺绣着魂归花的绢衣（个人记忆）

考古队长——一位藏族学者，在发掘报告中写道：

“这不是文化的混合，而是深度的融合。墓主没有放弃自己的根，也没有抗拒新的土壤。她的一生，就是‘三象归元’最鲜活的注解：龙给了她秩序的庇护，凤（金翅鸟）给了她精神的飞翔，花给了她生命最终的慰藉。”

“我们常争论何为‘华夏’。或许，华夏从来不是一个完成的答案，而是一种永远在进行的姿态——如何在差异中共存，在流动中传承，在苦难中绽放。”

报告的最后，他引用了墓中一块木牍上的话，字迹已被岁月模

糊，但仍可辨认：

“父葬雪山巅，母葬黄河边。我今葬中原，魂归三者间。雪莲化云雨，黄河育稻田。但见新月出，同照三座山。”

窗外，新一轮朝阳正升起。光，一如既往地，平等地照在每一片叶子上——无论那叶子，曾经被称作龙、凤、花，还是千千万万个不同的名字。

因为所有叶子都记得：我们来自同一棵大树。

那棵树的名字，叫作生生不息。

Chapter 16 Djargron and Dragon

New Year's Eve in Guangzhou was a feast for the senses. The air was thick with the sulphurous bite of exploded firecrackers, swirling together with the scent of night-blooming jasmine from the humid flower markets. John stood on the rooftop of an old Xiguan house, the warmth of the reunion dinner still lingering behind him.

“A-John! Come down and light the crackers!”

A-Jan's shout shattered his reverie. Several “Sky-Rockets” whistled into the curtain of rain, exploding abruptly in the high reaches of the night. In that instant, John's pupils contracted. The bursting gold and red fire did not scatter; instead, resisted by the damp, cold air and shaped by a coincidence of gravity and wind, it traced a perfect golden ring in the sky—the Ouroboros. That “O” shape suspended itself for three seconds, looking like an ancient totem piercing through time, gazing down at the bustling southern city.



“A-John, why the daze?” A distant aunt walked up the stairs, laughing in her soft, syrupy Shanghainese. “When your grandmother spent New Year’s in Shanghai, her favorite was always this ‘Snake Coiling Nine Pearls’ firework. Snake—we Shanghainese call it Dzo(dzo²). It sounds just like the rustle of silk.”

This sentence struck John’s professional intuition like a high-frequency current. As a linguist, he keenly caught the coldness in that voiced fricative. He suddenly remembered a Teochew uncle by the Pearl River telling him: “In Hokkien and Teochew, ‘snake’ is Tsua(tsua⁵), and the elders sometimes say Dua—it has a certain ferocity to it.”

John pulled out his notebook, recording by the fading light of the fireworks:

Wu(Shanghai): *Dzo* — An elegant friction, a winding silk.

Min(Teochew): *Tsua/Dua* — A sharp alveolar action, like a blade breaking through the grass.

“No, there’s still a piece missing.” John muttered to himself. The word for “snake” in modern Chinese dialects felt too light, too thin. They were sufficient to describe a reptile crawling in the weeds, but they could not carry the weight of a giant being that could shatter the Pillars of Heaven or encircle the World Tree. Where was that lost “thickness” buried in the geological layers of history?

In October of that same year, in search of that lost syllable, John applied for a visiting scholar program at Tibet University. He intuitively felt that as the “cold storage” of the Sino-Tibetan language family, Tibetan might have preserved the consonant clusters worn away by time.

Inside a sweet tea house on Barkhor Street, rain lashed against the windows. The Himalayas loomed in the thick clouds, their silhouettes resembling the spine of a gargantuan beast rolling in the deep sky.

“Young man, what are you writing?” An old woman walked by with a copper kettle, glancing at the twisted Tibetan script in John’s notebook: ལྷུལ(sbrul). The old woman read: “Drü.”

John felt a jolt. In modern Lhasa Tibetan, it is pronounced *drü*, but in Old Tibetan reconstructions, it possessed a heavy consonant cluster

prefix: s-brul. To pronounce it, the tip of the tongue must first press against the palate, undergo a suppressed explosion, and then snap back violently.



“Is this... snake?” John asked. The old woman shook her head and pointed to the deafening thunder in the sky: “That is ‘Brug(druk) — the Thunder Dragon.”

In that moment, the phonetic map in John’s mind completely detonated. He frantically sketched the ultimate, evolutionary formula on his paper:

1.Low Frequency of the Earth: Old Tibetan snake s-brul, carrying the vibration of br-.

2.High Frequency of the Sky: Tibetan dragon ‘Brug, evolving into a plosive.

3.The Western Echo: The Proto-Indo-European *derk-*(to gaze) evolved into the Greek *Drakōn*, finally forming the English Dragon.

“They are cognates!” John’s hands were shaking. The Western translation of *Dragon* as *Long* was not just a coincidence of free translation; it was a homecoming of the collective subconscious. The so-called “Metamorphosis of the Snake into the Dragon” was, in linguistic

terms, a life-cycle leap from the “lingual fricative(S-)” to the “guttural plosive(Br/Gr-).”

John opened his copies of the *Classic of Mountains and Seas*(*Shanhaijing*) and the *Handbook of Old Chinese Reconstructions*, attempting a “sonic restoration” of mythology.

He stared at the two characters for “Gonggong”(共 工). According to Zhengzhang Shangfang’s reconstruction, the Old Chinese pronunciation was roughly *goŋs koŋ*. “No, if we consider the lost Medial—” John calculated frantically. “In many characters containing the ‘Gong’(工) radical, like ‘Jiang’(江, Old Chinese k-roŋ) and ‘Hong’(虹, Old Chinese g-loŋ), there is a hidden liquid r or l.”

This meant the true name of Gonggong was Gron.

This discovery sent a shiver through him. In Western mythology, Gorgon refers to the snake-haired gorgons, meaning “the roarers”. In the East, Gonggong was a water god with a “human face and a snake’s body”.



Gonggong(Gron): Represented the most primal, untamed chaotic frequency of nature. When he struck Mount Buzhou, he emitted the same earth-shattering low frequency as ‘Brug.

Dragon: In Western history, this Gron power was seen as demonic. From Saint George to Beowulf, Western civilization’s history was an epic of “Killing the Gron”. They sought to sever this low-frequency vibration, and thus the Dragon became a fire-breathing monster, imprisoned beneath the earth.

“So, why is the Eastern Dragon an auspicious omen?”

John found historical records regarding Yinglong(the Responding Dragon). The *Guangya* states: “A dragon with wings and scales is called Yinglong.” The word “Ying”(应) in ancient phonetics carries the meaning of "response" or "resonance". He formed a daring hypothesis: Great Yu’s taming of the floods was not merely a civil engineering project, but a grand “acoustic transformation”.

Gonggong represented out-of-control floods and chaotic noise(Gron); Yinglong represented the “Sound of Resonance”. Yinglong “drawing the rivers on the earth” was essentially using a specific frequency(Resonance) to channel the violent Gron into the rhythmic, rain-bringing Loong.

“The Easterners did not kill the dragon; they tuned it.” John wrote in his notebook.

Late at night, the patrons of the tea house had all departed. John opened his spectral analysis software and input all the fragments he had gathered:

1.Dra-: From Min/Teochew tones and even Proto-Indo-European roots, representing the hiss of the snake and the sharpness of the heights.

2.Dzo-: From the Wu dialect, representing the lingering of water and the friction of scales.

3.-Gron-: From Gonggong, representing the roar of the earth and the weight of thunder.

He attempted to mimic that “Primal Dragon Tone” that had vanished five thousand years ago. He straightened his back, let the air rise from his diaphragm, passed it through the intense vibration of his

throat, and combined it with the snap of his tongue: “Djar-gron...”

In an instant, the low boom of a ritual horn(Dungchen) echoed from the distant Jokhang Temple. The 80Hz bass emitted by that meters-long copper tube resonated perfectly with the suffix John had just uttered. The rain outside seemed to stop for a heartbeat, and then it became even more torrential.

The first morning after his return to Guangzhou, the rain had cleared. John received a video from A-Shan: “A-John Ge, look! There’s such a thick mist over the Pearl River!”

In the video, the surface of the river after the rain was misty and ethereal. Due to the convergence of tides and currents, a massive vortex had formed in the center of the river, rotating slowly and powerfully—just like the Ouroboros traced by the fireworks that night.

John closed his notebook. He was no longer looking for a mythical beast, for he knew the beast had never left. Dragon/Loong/’Brug/Snake/Gonggong—these words were merely human attempts, in different fragments of time and space, to replicate the breath of the world with their own frail vocal organs.

The Western Dragon was exiled to hell, becoming a synonym for fear; the Eastern Loong was enshrined in the clouds, becoming a symbol of imperial power. Only in his reconstructed word, Djargron, did that primal power—full of divinity and demonology, vitality and destruction—remain whole.

“As long as someone remembers—” To vibrate the defiance of Dra with the tip of the tongue, To rub the tenderness of Dzo with the surface of the tongue, To roll the fury of Gron in the depths of the throat.

That giant serpent connecting East and West, spanning thousands of years, still lives in our every breath and vibration. The rain will surely come again. And in the depths of every local accent, there lurks a dragon beginning to wake.

第十六章 Djargron(蛇龙) 与 Dragon(龙)

广州的除夕夜，是一场嗅觉与听觉的盛宴。空气里满是硫磺炸裂后的焦灼气味，与湿润花市里的素馨花香缠绕在一起。John 站在西关老屋的天台上，身后的年夜饭余温未散。

“阿 John，落街放烟花啦！”

阿珍妹的一声呼喊打破了沉思。几束“穿天猴”呼啸着冲入雨幕，在高空骤然炸裂。那一瞬间，John 的瞳孔骤然收缩。炸开的金红色火光并未四散，而是在湿冷的空气中受阻，竟在重力与风向的巧合下，勾勒出一个完美的金色光环——衔尾蛇（Ouroboros）。那个“O”形悬浮了三秒，像极了某种穿越时空的远古图腾，俯瞰着这座喧嚣的南方城市。



“阿 John，侬发啥呆呢？”远房表姑走上台阶，用一口糯湿的老派上海话笑道，“外婆老早勒上海过年，最喜欢看这种‘蛇盘

九颗珠’。蛇嘛，阿拉上海人叫 Dzo(dzo²)，听起来就像是衣料擦过的声音。”

这句话像一道高频电流击穿了 John 的职业敏感。作为语言学研究者，他敏锐地捕捉到了那个浊擦音中的冷冽。他猛然想起，曾有一位潮汕阿叔在珠江边对他说过：“闽南和潮汕讲‘蛇’是 Tsua(tsuas)，老辈人也有念 Dua 的，带点狠劲。”

John 掏出随身笔记本，在烟火的余光下记录着：

吴语（上海）：Dzo——优雅的摩擦，蜿蜒的丝绸。

闽语（潮汕）：Tsua/Dua——尖锐的齿龈动作，像草丛中破土而出的利刃。

“不对，还差了一块。” John 喃喃自语。现代汉语里的“蛇”字，无论在哪种方言里都显得太轻、太薄了。它们足以形容穿行于草间的爬虫，却无法承载那个撞断不周山、环绕世界之树的巨型存在。那个消失的“厚度”，究竟被埋在了哪一层历史地质里？

同年十月，为了寻找那个丢失的音节，John 申请了西藏大学的访学项目。他直觉地认为，作为汉藏语系的“冷冻库”，藏语可能保留了那个被时间磨损的复辅音（Consonant Clusters）。

八廓街的甜茶馆里，窗外暴雨如注，喜马拉雅山脉在浓云中若隐现，其轮廓如同一条横亘天地的巨兽脊背。

“小伙子，你在写什么？”一位老阿妈凑过来，看着 John 笔记本上扭曲的藏文：ལྷུག་(sbrul)。老阿妈念道：“Drü。”

John 浑身一震。在现代拉萨口语中，它念 drü，但在古藏语构拟中，它拥有一个沉重的复辅音前缀：s-brul。发音时，舌尖必须先顶住上颚，经历一个压抑的爆破，然后再猛烈弹开。

“这是蛇？” John 问。老阿妈摇摇头，指着天空那震耳欲聋的雷声：“那是 'Brug(druk)——雷龙。”



那一刻，John 脑海中的语音图谱彻底炸裂。他迅速在纸上画出了那个终极演变公式：

1. 地表的低频：古藏语的蛇 *s-brul*，带有 *br-* 的震动。
2. 天空的高频：藏语的龙 *'Brug*，演变为爆破音。
3. 西方的回响：印欧语系的 *derk-*（凝视）演化为希腊语的 *Drakōn*，最终形成英语的 *Dragon*。

“它们是同源的！”John 的手在颤抖。西方人把 *Dragon* 翻译成龙，这不仅是意译的巧合，更是某种集体潜意识的归巢。所谓的“蛇龙之变”，在语言学上，本质上是从“舌面摩擦音（*S-*）”向“喉部爆破音（*Br/Gr-*）”的生命跃迁。

John 翻开带来的《山海经》与《上古汉语构拟手册》，试图进行一次神话学的“声学复原”。

他盯着“共工”两个字。根据郑张尚芳的构拟，共工的上古音约为 *goŋs koŋ*。“不，如果考虑到消失的中介音（*Medial*）——”John 疯狂计算着，“在许多带‘工’部首的字里，比如‘江’（上古音 *k-roŋ*）和‘虹’（上古音 *g-loŋ*），都有一个隐藏的流音 *r* 或 *l*。”

这意味着，共工的真名发音是 Gron。

这个发现让 John 感到一阵战栗。在西方神话中，Gorgon（戈耳工）指的是蛇发女妖，意为“咆哮者”。而在东方，共工是“人面蛇身”的水神。

共工（Gron）：代表了大自然中最原始、未经驯化的混乱频率。他撞击不周山，发出的正是 'Brug 那样地裂山崩的低频。

Dragon：在西方历史中，这种 Gron 的力量被视为恶魔。从圣乔治到贝奥武甫，西方的文明史就是一部“杀死共工（Kill the Gron）”的史诗。他们试图切断这种低频震动，于是 Dragon 成了喷火的怪物，被囚禁在地底。



“那么，东方的龙为什么是祥瑞？”

John 找到了关于应龙的历史资料。《广雅》记载：“有翅若鳞曰应龙。”而“应”在古音中有着“感应、共鸣”的含义。他产生了一个大胆的假设：大禹治水，并非单纯的土木工程，而是一场伟大的“声学转化”。

共工代表的是失控的洪水与杂乱的噪声（Gron）；而应龙代表的是“感应之音”。应龙“画地成河”，本质上是利用一种特定的频率（Resonance），将狂暴的 Gron 疏导为有节律、能降雨的 Loong（龙）。

“东方人没有杀死龙，而是调谐了龙。” John 在笔记本上写下这一行字。

深夜，甜茶馆的客人都已散去。John 打开频谱分析软件，录入了他能搜集到的所有碎片：

1.Dra-：来自闽南潮汕音，甚至古印欧语根，代表蛇的嘶嘶声与高空的凌厉。

2.Dzo-：来自吴语，代表水流的缠绵与鳞片的摩擦。

3.-Gron-：来自共工，代表大地的轰鸣与雷霆的厚重。

他试图模仿那个消失了五千年的“原始龙音”。他挺直脊背，让气流从丹田升起，经过喉咙的强烈震动，结合舌尖的弹击：“Djar-gron...”

刹那间，远处大昭寺传来了低沉的法号声。那长达数米的铜管发出的 80Hz 低音，竟然与 John 发出的词尾完美地共振在一起。窗外的雨似乎停了一瞬，又似乎变得更加狂暴。

回到广州后的第一个清晨，雨过天晴。John 收到阿珊发来的视频：“阿 John 哥，你看！珠江上有好大的雾！”

视频里，雨后的珠江江面水汽氤氲。江心因为潮汐的交汇，形成了一个巨大的漩涡，缓慢而有力地旋转着，正像那晚烟火构成的衔尾蛇。



John 合上了笔记本。他不再寻找神兽，因为他知道，神兽从未离开。Dragon/Loong/Brug/ 蛇 / 共工，这些词汇只是人类在不同时空碎片里，试图用自己简陋的发音器官，去复刻天地的呼吸。

西方的 Dragon 被放逐到了地狱，成了恐惧的代名词；东方的龙被供奉在云端，成了皇权的象征。唯有在这个被他构拟出的词汇 Djargron 里，那个原始的、充满神性与魔性、生机与毁灭并存的力量才得以完整。

“只要还有人记得——”用舌尖颤响 Dra 的不羁，用舌面摩擦 Dzo 的温存，用喉咙滚动 Gron 的愤怒。

那条连接东西方、横跨数千年的巨蛇，就依然活在我们的每一次呼吸与震动里。雨终究会再来的。而每一句乡音的深处，都潜伏着一条正在苏醒的龙。

Chapter 17 The Sound of Phoenix

Tshun was bestowed a wondrous gift after the Great Flood. As the Sun God, he was blessed with ten sons, each replicating the sun's radiance. These sons were unique; they were the first sunbirds, ten avatars of solar power.

Each sunbird was a marvel to behold. They had the strength of fire and the grace of flight. They would soar high above the Kunlun Mountains, taking turns to bring light and warmth to the land. As they grew, these ten brothers married into different tribes, multiplying their numbers and spreading their influence across the vast expanse of the earth.



Each tribe was as unique as the next, their people sharing the firebird's traits of flight and flame. They were singers, their melodies enchanting and beautiful. But none could match the allure of the phoenix, the king of birds.