PSG

Resonance:
Journal of Global Music Studies
panorama-sg.com

ISSN 3053-4410
Publisher: Panorama Scholarly Group

Vol. 2, No.1, 17-23, 2026
DOI:10.63802/rjgms.V2.I1.310



潮声中的自由

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收稿日期： 2026 年 03 月 25 日
录用日期： 2026 年 04 月 23 日
在线发布： 2026 年 04 月 26 日

摘要

本诗以”潮声中的自由”为题，通过对海边现场经验的细致描摹，探讨”自由”作为一种可被身体感知、被耳朵听见的具体经验，而非一种抽象观念。诗作以风、潮汐、沙地、海鸟与天光变化为意象线索，将海潮往复的物理节律与人内在情绪的松动、舒展相联系，呈现个体在面对自然辽阔与力量时所获得的边界感消解与心理释放。诗中特别强调海的力量感与不驯顺的一面——浪花的冲击、风中的凉意、礁石边的白沫，借此说明诗中的辽阔与自由并非平静抚慰的幻象，而是带有真实重量与震动的身体经验。全诗以反复出现、由远及近的潮声为节律支点，串联从身体感知到精神感悟的递进过程，并尝试与音乐及声音研究中关于节律、环境聆听、回声与情感空间的讨论建立跨学科呼应。

关键词： 大海；自由；环境聆听；潮汐节律；身体感知

作者前言

本诗以海边的现场感受为起点，通过风、潮声、沙地、海鸟和天光变化，尝试把”自由”写成一种可被身体感知、可被耳朵听见的经验，而不仅是抽象观念。作品将海潮的反复、海风的穿行与人的内在回响联系起来，借由聆听和在场，呈现个体对辽阔、松动与解放的想象。这首诗也希望与音乐和声音研究中关于节律、环境聆听、回声与情感空间的讨论形成微妙呼应。

人是走到海边，
才真正明白什么叫辽阔的。

天还没有完全亮，
海面浮着灰蓝，
风先来了。
带着潮湿的咸味，
贴着额头、耳侧、脖颈吹过去，
像一只看不见的手，
把身体里积压太久的东西
一层层掀开。

脚下的沙还是凉的。
有些松软，
有些被夜潮压实。
鞋底陷进去，
又慢慢拔出来。
人站在那里，
先听见浪。

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一阵，一阵，
从远处推来，
白色的边沿在天光里渐渐显出来，
到岸边忽然碎开，
发出低低的、漫长的响声。
那声音并不急，
却一下子压低了四周。
城市里细碎逼人的噪音
仿佛退远了，
只剩海水反复拍岸，
像这世界终于肯用一种更大的节奏
和人说话。

风更大了一些。
衣角被吹起，
头发掠过眼睛。
呼吸里都是盐，
嘴唇上也有微微的涩。
再抬头时，
海天之间已经亮了一线，
光落在浪尖上，
一闪，一闪，
像有什么东西
正在无边的水面上醒来。

人站久了，
胸口会渐渐空下来。
不是悲伤，
也不是欢喜，
而是那些平日被压得太紧的话，
太重的沉默，
太久没有舒展过的心思，
都被这风、这水、这不断逼近又退去的潮声
慢慢带松了。

这时才会明白，
人向往大海，
并不只是因为它好看。
不是因为它蓝，
不是因为它远，
也不是因为诗里
总把它说成自由。

是因为人真的站在这里时，
会感觉到自己身上的边界
正在一点一点变轻。
耳边没有命令，
没有催促，
没有谁急着规定
你该往哪里去，
该成为什么样的人。
只有浪，一遍遍涌来；
只有风，从开阔处穿过来；
只有海鸟的叫声
短促地划过上空，
又被更远的潮声带走。

海并不温柔。
浪花会打湿裤脚，
深处的水色发暗，
礁石旁翻起的白沫
带着直接的力量。

风里也有凉意，
吹久了，手指会发冷。
可正因为如此，
眼前的辽阔才不是假的。
它不是一张平静的画，
不是谁安慰人的幻觉，
它有冲击，有重量，
有碰上身体时
真实的寒意与震动。

而自由，
也该是这样的。
不是轻飘飘的词，
不是挂在天边
供人想象的东西。
它应该像海风一样
真的吹到脸上；
像潮水一样
真的漫过脚背；
像这无边的涛声一样
一下一下撞进胸口，
让人忽然听见
自己身体深处
也有某种东西
在跟着起伏。

于是人久久站着。
看浪退下去，
又看新的浪涌上来；
看天色从灰蓝转亮，
看光在海面上铺开，
一直铺到目光尽头。
那一刻，人会觉得
自己并不是来观看大海的，
而是来把某种失落太久的东西
重新领回去。

也许是呼吸。
也许是勇气。
也许就是那种
不愿在狭窄中
把一生过完的心。

潮声还在继续。
一阵接着一阵，
仿佛永远不会停。
人站在风里听着它，
忽然觉得所谓自由，
并不是从此离开人间，
而是在这无边的水声之中，
重新感觉到：

自己的心
原来也可以像海一样，
容得下风，
容得下浪，
容得下远方，
也容得下
一个人终于愿意
向更开阔处去的愿望。

作者贡献

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致谢

无。

Freedom in the Sound of Tides

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Abstract:

Taking the title ”Freedom in the Sound of Tides,” this poem closely depicts an embodied experience by the sea to explore freedom as a concrete experience that can be sensed through the body and heard through sound, rather than as an abstract idea. Drawing on the imagery of wind, tides, sand, seabirds, and shifting light, the poem connects the physical rhythm of the recurring tide with the loosening and unfolding of inner emotion, presenting how an individual's sense of boundary dissolves and gives way to psychological release when confronted with the vastness and force of nature. The poem places particular emphasis on the sea's untamed power—the impact of breaking waves, the chill carried in the wind, the foam churning by the rocks—thereby suggesting that the vastness and freedom evoked here are not a tranquil illusion of comfort, but a bodily experience carrying real weight and tremor. Structurally, the poem uses the recurring, gradually approaching sound of the tide as a rhythmic anchor, linking a progression from bodily perception to spiritual realization, and seeks to establish a cross-disciplinary resonance with discussions in music and sound studies concerning rhythm, environmental listening, echo, and affective space.

Keywords: sea; freedom; environmental listening; tidal rhythm; embodied perception

Author's Note:

This poem begins from an embodied experience of standing by the sea and explores freedom as something sensed through the body and heard through sound, rather than treated as an abstract ideal. Through wind, tides, sand, seabirds, and changing light, it connects the repetition of the sea with inner resonance and human longing for openness and release. In this way, the poem seeks to engage broader conversations in music and sound studies on rhythm, environmental listening, echo, and affective space.

One understands what vastness is
only after walking to the sea.

The sky is not yet fully lit.
The surface of the water is grey-blue.
The wind arrives first.
Carrying the damp taste of salt,
it brushes across the forehead, the ear, the neck,
like an invisible hand
lifting, layer by layer,
what has been pressed too long
inside the body.

The sand underfoot is still cold.
Some of it loose,
some packed firm by the night tide.
The sole sinks in
and slowly pulls free again.
Standing there,
one hears the waves first.

One after another,
they push in from the distance.
Their white edges gradually appear in the growing light,
then suddenly break at the shore,
making a low and lingering sound.
That sound is not hurried,
yet at once it lowers everything around it.
The sharp, crowded noises of the city
seem to withdraw far away.
Only seawater remains, striking the shore again and again,
as if the world had finally agreed

to speak in a larger rhythm.

The wind grows stronger.
The hem of clothing lifts.
Hair brushes across the eyes.
Breath is full of salt,
and there is a faint bitterness on the lips.
When one looks up again,
a line of brightness has opened
between sea and sky.
Light falls on the crests of the waves,
flashing, flashing,
as though something
were waking
across the boundless water.

Stand there long enough,
and the chest slowly empties.
It is not sorrow,
nor joy.
Rather, those words long held too tightly,
that heavy silence,
those thoughts denied room to stretch,
are all loosened little by little
by this wind, this water,
this tide-sound advancing and retreating without end.

Only then does one understand
why people long for the sea.
Not only because it is beautiful.
Not because it is blue.
Not because it is far away.
Not because poetry
so often calls it freedom.

It is because when one truly stands here,
one feels the borders upon oneself
growing lighter, little by little.
There are no commands beside the ear,
no urging,
no one eager to decide
where one should go
or what kind of person one must become.
There are only waves, arriving again and again;
only wind, passing in from openness;
only the cry of a seabird,
briefly cutting across the sky
before being carried off
by a farther tide-sound.

The sea is not gentle.
Spray wets the cuffs of the trousers.
The water darkens farther out.
The foam turning over by the rocks
holds a direct force.
There is coolness in the wind as well;
stand in it too long,
and the fingers begin to chill.
Yet for that very reason,
the vastness before the eyes does not feel false.
It is not a tranquil picture,
not a consoling illusion.

It has impact, it has weight,
it has the real cold and tremor
of something that meets the body.

Freedom, too,
ought to be like this.
Not a weightless word,
not something hung at the horizon
for people merely to imagine.
It should be like sea wind,
truly touching the face;
like the tide,
truly washing over the feet;
like this boundless surf-sound,
striking the chest again and again
until one suddenly hears
that something deep within the body
is rising and falling with it.

So one remains there for a long time.
Watching the waves withdraw,
then watching new ones come in.
Watching the sky turn
from grey-blue into brightness.
Watching light spread across the sea
all the way to the edge of sight.
At that moment, one feels
one has not come merely to look at the sea,
but to reclaim
something lost too long ago.

Perhaps it is breath.
Perhaps it is courage.
Perhaps it is simply
that heart unwilling
to spend a whole life
inside narrowness.

The tide-sound continues,
one wave after another,
as though it will never cease.
Standing in the wind and listening,
one suddenly feels
that freedom does not mean
leaving the human world behind,
but in this boundless sound of water,
feeling once more that

the heart, too,
can be like the sea—
able to hold wind,
able to hold waves,
able to hold distance,
and able to hold
a person's finally awakened wish
to move toward a wider place.