回家路上，我数路灯

灯一亮，电影就散了，

我的心还坐在座位上，

人已经跟着人流，

一步一步挪出了影厅。

银幕在身后挂着，白白的，

像把刚才的一切都忘了，

我可没忘，

我把它一路带在身上。

推开大门，傍晚的风扑过来，

天是青色的，云是橘色的，

世界像一张大大的银幕，

挂在我的头顶上。

第一盏路灯亮了，

我把白鲸讲给妈妈听，

它跳出水面的时候，

整个影厅都哗地响了。

第二盏路灯亮了，

我把小猴子讲给妈妈听，

它把香蕉皮扣在头上，

我笑得肚子都疼了。

第三盏路灯亮了，

我把大反派讲给妈妈听，

他的影子长长的，黑黑的，

吓得我躲进了爸爸的大衣。

第四盏，第五盏，第六盏，

路灯一盏一盏往后退，

我的影子在前边跑，

一会儿长，一会儿短。

路灯是地上的放映机，

把我和影子放映在马路上，

一个我走路，一个我跳舞，

看得斑马线哈哈大笑。

第七盏路灯底下，

我学电影里的英雄敬礼，

敬礼给卖红薯的老爷爷，

老爷爷笑着多给我一个。

第八盏路灯底下，

我听见自己的脚步声，

嗒，嗒，嗒，

和电影里的鼓点一模一样。

第九盏路灯亮了，

妈妈的手在我口袋里，

我的手在妈妈口袋里，

我们像两颗暖烘烘的栗子。

第十盏路灯亮了，

我们到家了，

我数过的九盏灯，

一盏一盏在我身后亮着，像鼓掌。

洗了手，吃了红薯，

电影还在我的脑袋里转，

像放映机，不慌，不忙，

把刚才的一幕再放一遍。

躺在被窝里，闭上眼睛，

眼皮后面黑黑的，像影厅，

白鲸又跳出来了，

这一次，水花溅到了我的枕头边。

窗外，第十盏路灯还亮着，

替我照着回家的路，

等我明天醒来，

电影和路灯，都还在老地方等我。

On the Way Home, I Count the Street Lamps

When the lights come on, the movie ends,

but my heart is still sitting in my seat,

while I have already followed the crowd,

step by step, out of the hall.

Behind me the screen hangs white,

as if it has forgotten everything that just happened,

but I have not forgotten,

I carry it with me all the way.

I push the big door open, the evening wind rushes in,

the sky is blue-green, the clouds are orange,

the world is like a giant screen

hanging above my head.

The first street lamp lights up,

and I tell Mom about the white whale,

when it jumped out of the water,

the whole hall went hush, then wow.

The second street lamp lights up,

and I tell Mom about the little monkey,

it put a banana peel on its head,

and I laughed until my tummy hurt.

The third street lamp lights up,

and I tell Mom about the big villain,

his shadow was long and black,

and I hid inside the big coat of Dad.

The fourth, the fifth, the sixth,

the street lamps step back one by one,

my shadow runs ahead of me,

now long, now short.

The street lamps are projectors on the ground,

projecting me and my shadow onto the road,

one me walks, one me dances,

and the zebra crossings laugh out loud.

Under the seventh street lamp,

I salute like the hero in the movie,

saluting the old grandpa who sells roasted sweet potatoes,

and he smiles and gives me one more.

Under the eighth street lamp,

I hear the sound of my own steps,

ta, ta, ta,

exactly like the drum beat in the movie.

The ninth street lamp lights up,

the hand of Mom is in my pocket,

my hand is in the pocket of Mom,

we are like two warm chestnuts.

The tenth street lamp lights up,

and we are home,

the nine lamps I counted

stay lit behind me, one by one, like applause.

I wash my hands, I eat the sweet potato,

and the movie keeps turning inside my head,

like a projector, unhurried, calm,

playing the scenes from today once more.

I lie under the quilt and close my eyes,

behind my eyelids it is dark, like the hall,

the white whale jumps out again,

and this time the water splashes onto my pillow.

Outside the window, the tenth street lamp is still on,

keeping the road home bright for me,

and when I wake up tomorrow,

the movie and the street lamp will both be waiting for me, right where they are.

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