灯亮了，电影跟我回家

散场的铃，叮铃铃地响了，

银幕上的大海，一下子变浅了，

白鲸游回了白色的布里，

浪花留在了我的眼睛里。

灯亮了，一盏一盏像小太阳，

照见我的座位，照见我的书包，

照见邻座的那个小男孩，

还在歪着头，等白鲸回头。

银幕静静地挂着，变回一块白布，

它吞下了一整个下午的故事，

把它们藏得好好的，谁也不告诉，

等着明天下午再讲一遍。

放映机停下了转动的大脑袋，

轻轻吹出一口气，像在说再见，

椅子排着队，一排一排休息，

爆米花屑在我鞋底沙沙说话。

花蝴蝶飞回了花丛里面，

小猴子回到了香蕉林，

白鲸游回了蓝色的电影里，

我的影子回到了路灯下。

检票的闪光灯，一束一束，

轻轻地照着我们脚下的台阶，

我捏紧手里的电影票根，

小角折起来，像收藏一座桥。

妈妈在门口等着我，

笑容像影厅里的灯一样暖，

我跑过去贴在她的耳朵边，

说白鲸，说花蝴蝶，说大浪花。

回家的路上，路灯一盏一盏，

像一排小小的放映机，

把光投在柏油的马路上，

把我的影子投得好长好长。

我的脚步一响一响，

踩着电影里面的鼓点，

影子在身前身后跑来跑去，

像电影里那个小英雄。

风一吹，白布上的故事飘过来，

飘进我的耳朵，飘进我的口袋，

我把电影揣在心口上，

走路轻得像一片羽毛。

路过包子铺，热气白白的，

像银幕上那朵会飞的云，

路过小卖部，霓虹闪闪，

像银幕上掉下来的星星。

妈妈的手很暖，牵着我，

我们的影子在路灯下拉得好长，

一个一个大，一个一个小，

并排走，像电影里的好朋友。

夜风翻着路边的树叶，哗啦啦，

像在翻一本会发光的故事书，

我把电影小心地装进心里，

拉上拉链，不让它跑掉。

到家了，楼道的灯一格一格亮，

像电影在等我，一级一级往上走，

放下书包，洗了手，喝了水，

那部电影还在心里悄悄放映。

躺在床上，闭上眼睛，

银幕又亮了，

这一次没有灯亮，也没有散场，

我的电影，在梦里继续放映。

The Lights Came On and the Movie Came Home With Me

The bell of the ending rings, ding-ling-ling,

the sea on the screen grows shallow all at once,

the white whale swims back into the white cloth,

and the waves stay behind in my eyes.

The lights come on, one by one, like little suns,

they find my seat, they find my schoolbag,

they find the little boy in the next seat,

still tilting his head, waiting for the whale to turn around.

The screen hangs quietly, turned back into a white cloth,

it has swallowed the whole afternoon of stories,

it hides them well and tells no one,

waiting to tell them again tomorrow afternoon.

The projector stops turning its big head,

and blows out a soft breath, as if to say goodbye,

the chairs stand in line, resting row by row,

the popcorn crumbs whisper under my shoes.

The butterfly flies back into the flowers,

the little monkey returns to the banana trees,

the white whale swims back into the blue movie,

and my shadow returns to the street lamp.

The ticket light flashes, beam after beam,

softly lighting the steps under our feet,

I hold my ticket stub tight in my hand,

folding the small corner like a bridge I keep.

Mom is waiting for me at the door,

her smile as warm as the lights in the hall,

I run to her and stay close to her ear,

telling her about the whale, the butterfly, the big waves.

On the road home, the street lamps, one by one,

look like a row of tiny projectors,

throwing light on the asphalt road,

and throwing my shadow long, so long.

My steps go tap, tap, tap,

keeping the drum beat inside the movie,

my shadow runs in front of me and behind me,

like the little hero inside the movie.

When the wind blows, the story on the white cloth drifts over,

into my ears, into my pocket,

I carry the movie in front of my heart,

and walk as light as a feather.

Past the steamed bun shop, the hot air white and soft,

like the flying cloud on the screen,

past the corner store, the neon shining,

like the stars that fell off the screen.

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The hand of Mom is warm and holds my hand,

our shadows stretch long under the street lamps,

one big and one small,

walking side by side, like good friends in the movie.

The night wind turns the leaves of the roadside trees, swish swish,

like turning the pages of a glowing storybook,

I put the movie carefully inside my heart,

and zip it up, so it cannot run away.

Home at last, the hall lights come on step by step,

as if the movie is waiting for me, climbing stair by stair,

I put down my schoolbag, wash my hands, drink some water,

and that movie is still playing quietly inside me.

I lie in bed and close my eyes,

and the screen lights up again,

this time no lights come on, no ending comes,

my movie keeps playing inside my dream.

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