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,

www.vv99.net

like the stars that fell off the screen.

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.

一块银幕的散场独白

我是影厅前面的那块银幕，

白白的，大大的，像一面安静的湖。

今天下午，我的湖里游过一条白鲸，

游过一片会发光的珊瑚。

散场的铃，叮铃铃响了，

放映机闭上了它亮亮的一只眼睛，

灯光一盏一盏升起来，

我的湖面上，故事退潮了。

别急，别急，让我慢慢收，

白鲸，回到我的左边折起来，

花蝴蝶，停在我的右边褶子里，

那个举着旗子的小英雄，

藏进我正中间最深的一层。

孩子们站起来了，一排一排，

有的揉着眼睛，有的还在回头，

一个小女孩踮着脚，

想跟我说一声再见。

我当然会答应她，

只是我的再见，要等到明天，

等到放映机再睁开眼，

等到灯灭，鼓点再响。

椅子空了，爆米花屑亮晶晶，

像我的湖底留下了小星星，

清洁的扫帚沙沙地走过，

把笑声扫进簸箕里。

我从门上的玻璃望出去，

看他们走进傍晚的街，

路灯一盏一盏亮起来，

那是他们回家的路。

那个揉眼睛的小男孩，

踩着路灯的影子往前走，

他不知道，他的白鲸

就藏在我这里，等他再来。

那个踮脚的小女孩，

在门口回头看了我一眼，

她的再见我听见了，

我把它夹在最上面的一层。

妈妈牵着手，爸爸背着包，

回家的路上叽叽喳喳，

他们把白鲸讲给路灯听，

路灯听得一亮一亮。

风把他们的声音送回来，

送给我这个安静的听众，

我把每一个字都收好，

叠整齐，压平，放好。

影厅空了，灯还亮着，

我白白的，像一张睡前的床，

白鲸在我左边轻轻呼吸，

花蝴蝶在我右边做梦。

清洁的阿姨关了大灯，

留下一盏小小的工作灯，

像给故事留了一粒星星，

好让它们晚上不害怕。

我也打了个大大的哈欠，

把四个角抖一抖，站直，

明天下午三点半，

铃一响，我又会亮起来。

到那时，灯一灭，鼓点一响，

白鲸第一个游出来，

它记得那个揉眼睛的男孩，

他也会记得，回家的路上，

路灯替他保管过一场梦。

A Monologue of the Screen After the Movie Ends

I am the screen at the front of the hall,

white and big, like a quiet lake.

This afternoon, a white whale swam through my lake,

and a glowing coral reef floated past.

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

the projector closes its one bright eye,

the lights rise up, one by one,

and on my lake, the story goes out with the tide.

Wait, wait, let me put things away slowly,

white whale, go back and fold into my left side,

butterfly, rest in the folds on my right,

and the little hero holding the flag,

hide in the deepest layer right in my middle.

The children stand up, row by row,

some rub their eyes, some keep looking back,

a little girl rises on her toes,

wanting to whisper goodbye to me.

Of course I will answer her,

only my goodbye has to wait until tomorrow,

until the projector opens its eye again,

until the lights go out and the drums start again.

The chairs are empty, the popcorn crumbs sparkle,

like little stars left on the bottom of my lake,

the cleaning broom walks past, swish swish,

sweeping the laughter into the dustpan.

I look out through the glass of the door,

watching them walk into the evening street,

the street lamps light up, one by one,

that is their road home.

That little boy who rubbed his eyes,

is stepping forward on the shadows of the lamps,

he does not know that his white whale

is hidden here with me, waiting for him to come back.

That little girl on her toes,

looked back at me once at the door,

I heard her goodbye,

and I pressed it into my topmost layer.

Mom holds a hand, Dad carries the bag,

chattering all along the road home,

they tell the white whale to the street lamps,

and the lamps listen, blinking brighter.

The wind carries their voices back to me,

to me, the quiet listener,

I keep every word safe,

folding them neat, pressing them flat, putting them away.

The hall is empty, one light still on,

I am white, like a bed before sleep,

the white whale breathes softly on my left,

the butterfly dreams on my right.

www.vv99.net

The cleaning aunt turns off the big lights,

and leaves one small working lamp,

like keeping a tiny star for the stories,

so they will not be afraid at night.

I also give a big yawn,

shake my four corners, and stand straight,

tomorrow at half past three,

when the bell rings, I will light up again.

Then, when the lights go out and the drums begin,

the white whale will swim out first,

it remembers the boy who rubbed his eyes,

and he will remember, on the road home,

the street lamps kept a dream safe for him.

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.

www.vv99.net

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.