# 墙角的小小队伍

我在墙角蹲下来，看见一条小小的队伍。队伍是蚂蚁排的吗？是。队伍是从墙洞里出来的吗？是。队伍要去哪儿？去有粮食的地方。

队伍排得直，像老师画的横线。队伍走得快，像下课的铃声。我伸手指想拦一拦，手还没落下，队伍从我指缝里过去了，没有乱。

蚂蚁的触角在头上，像两根小天线。它们碰一碰，就说了话。说什么？我猜：前面有米粒。我猜：大家快来。我猜：小心那只脚。我猜的话，它们没有听见，它们继续走。

一只蚂蚁顶着一粒米，米比它的头还大。它的腿一步一步，走得很用力，像背着书包上坡。走到墙根，米不见了，墙洞把它收走了。洞口边守着一只大蚂蚁，一动不动，像门口的小卫兵，谁经过都不拦，就是站着。

后来我看见两只蚂蚁抬一片虫翅膀，四只蚂蚁顶一块饼干渣。再后来，一队蚂蚁连成一串，把一块大饼干抬了起来。饼干走路的样子，我笑出了声，又赶紧捂住嘴，怕吓着它们。

我问蚂蚁：你们不累吗？蚂蚁不回答，触角碰触角，继续走。我问蚂蚁：你们家在哪里？触角朝墙洞一指。我再问：明天还来吗？队伍没有停，可我觉得它们点了头。

太阳升高了，队伍还在走。影子变短了，队伍还在走。我蹲得腿麻了，站起来，队伍从我脚边绕过去，绕完又直了。

我回家写了一首诗，写在作业本的背面。诗里有排队，有触角，有搬米粒。妈妈看见了，说这首诗没有难词。我说，是蚂蚁写的，我只是蹲在旁边听。

第二天清早，我又到墙角。队伍还在，比昨天更长。我把诗念给它们听，念到触角那一句，正好有两只蚂蚁碰了碰触角。我想，它们听见了。

# The Little Line by the Wall Corner

I squat down by the wall corner and see a little line. Is the line formed by ants? Yes. Does the line come out of the hole in the wall? Yes. Where is the line going? To where the food is.

The line is straight, like the horizontal line the teacher draws. The line walks fast, like the bell at the end of class. I stretch out my finger to block it, but before my hand comes down, the line has passed between my fingers, still unbroken.

The antennae of the ants are on their heads, like two little radio antennas. They touch, and they are speaking. Saying what? I guess: there is rice ahead. I guess: everyone come quickly. I guess: mind that foot. The words I guess, they do not hear; they keep walking.

One ant holds a grain of rice on its back, and the rice is bigger than its head.

Its legs step one by one, walking with effort, like carrying a schoolbag uphill. When it reaches the wall, the rice disappears, and the hole in the wall has taken it in. By the hole sits a big ant, motionless, like a small guard at the gate, who stops no one passing by and simply stands there.

Later I see two ants lifting a piece of insect wing, four ants holding up a crumb of biscuit. Later still, a line of ants joins into a chain and lifts a big biscuit up. The way the biscuit walks makes me laugh out loud, and I quickly cover my mouth, afraid of frightening them.

I ask the ants: are you not tired? The ants do not answer; antennae touch antennae, and they keep walking. I ask the ants: where is your home? An antenna points toward the hole in the wall. I ask again: will you come tomorrow? The line does not stop, but I feel they nodded.

The sun rises higher, and the line keeps walking. The shadows grow shorter, and the line keeps walking. My legs go numb from squatting, and I stand up; the line goes around my foot and straightens again after passing.

I go home and write a poem, on the back of my homework book. The poem has the line, the antennae, and the carrying of rice. My mother sees it and says this poem has no hard words. I say the ants wrote it; I only squatted beside them and listened.

Early the next morning I go back to the wall corner. The line is still there, longer than yesterday. I read the poem aloud to them, and at the line about antennae, exactly two ants touched their antennae. I think they heard me.