小蚂蚁，把太阳搬回家

清早，我蹲在墙角，看见一条线从墙洞里出来。是小蚂蚁，出门了。露水还没干，它已经走了一段路。

线是直的，比我文具盒里的尺子还直。线是快的，比钟上的秒针还快。没有人喊一二一，可没有一只掉队。没有人举旗子，可没有一只走错。

它搬一粒米，比它的身子还重。它搬一片蝉的翅膀，比它的身子还宽。它抬一块饼干渣，比糖还甜。它抬着走，六条腿一步一步，从不肯停。它的触角朝前，一路探路，遇到缝就绕，遇到坑就跨。

路上碰见了，触角碰触角。碰一下，就懂了：粮食在前面，朝这边走。碰一下，就懂了：洞口在后面，家在那边。触角是两根小小的问句，也是两根小小的回答。

搬东西的时候，它的身子往前倾，像给路面鞠躬。转身的时候，队伍跟着拐弯，可不断。遇上小石子，队伍绕过去，绕完又直了。

一只蚂蚁搬，搬不动。两只蚂蚁抬着走。十只蚂蚁排成排，饼干自己上了墙。一百只蚂蚁连成线，把太阳也搬回了家。

我蹲在墙角读小蚂蚁。线短，我一口气读完。线长，我读了一上午。读到墙洞那里，最后一只蚂蚁刚好进去，露水在草叶上晒干了。

小蚂蚁，你别急。我把脚挪开，让你的队伍过去。小蚂蚁，你把太阳搬回家，明早还要早早出门，把那条细黑线，一直画到我的脚边。

我回家告诉妈妈，蚂蚁把太阳搬走了。妈妈问，太阳在哪儿。我说，在墙洞里，它们留着阴天用。妈妈没有笑，蹲下来，和我一起看那条线。

小蚂蚁，小蚂蚁，你这么小，小得像句号。你这么多，多得像一本书里的字。我读小蚂蚁，一上午读完了。我想接着读，明天清早再来。

Little Ant Carrying the Sun Home

Early in the morning, I squat by the wall corner and see a line coming out of the hole in the wall. It is the little ant, setting off. The dew is not yet dry, and it has already walked a stretch of road.

The line is straight, straighter than the ruler in my pencil case. The line is fast, faster than the second hand on the clock. No one shouts a marching count, yet no ant falls behind. No one carries a flag, yet no ant takes a wrong step.

It carries a grain of rice, heavier than its own body. It carries a piece of cicada wing, wider than its own body. It lifts a crumb of biscuit, sweeter than candy. It lifts and walks, six legs one step at a time, never willing to stop. Its

antennae point forward, feeling out the road, going around cracks and striding over hollows.

When they meet on the road, antennae touch antennae. One touch, and it is understood: the food is ahead, this way. One touch, and it is understood: the hole is behind, home is that way. The antennae are two small questions, and also two small answers.

When carrying, its body leans forward, as if bowing to the road. When turning, the line bends with it, but never breaks. When it meets a small pebble, the line goes around, and straightens again after passing.

One ant tries to carry, and cannot. Two ants carry it together. Ten ants line up, and the biscuit climbs the wall by itself. A hundred ants join into one line, and carry even the sun home.

I squat by the wall corner and read the little ant. When the line is short, I read it in one breath. When the line is long, I read it all morning. When I reach the hole in the wall, the last ant is just going in, and the dew has dried on the grass leaves.

Little ant, do not rush. I move my foot aside and let your line pass. Little ant, carry the sun home, and tomorrow morning set off early again, drawing that thin black line all the way to my feet.

I go home and tell my mother that the ants have carried the sun away. She asks where the sun is. I say it is in the hole in the wall, saved for cloudy days. She does not laugh; she squats down and looks at the line with me.

Little ant, little ant, you are so small, small as a full stop. You are so many, many as the characters in a book. I read the little ant, and finished it in one morning. I want to go on reading, so I will come back early tomorrow.