拉钩，走过课间

课间铃一响，教室变成嗡嗡的蜂巢，我慌忙合上作业本，你已经站在前门朝我招手。

我们跑下楼梯，脚步声踩在同一个节拍上，嗒嗒嗒，像两面小鼓一起敲。

操场那么大，我们那么小，影子在地上跑在我们前面，比我们矮，却比我们勇敢。

你忽然伸出手，我赶快把手放进去，十根手指互相勾住，勾得紧紧的。

你的手心是热的，有点汗，像一颗刚睡醒的小太阳，还带着梦里的温度。

拉钩，我们跳绳，你甩绳，我跳，绳子把风抽成一首歌。

拉钩，我们踢毽子，羽毛飞起来又落下，我们的笑声飞得比它高。

我摔倒了，你先把我拉起来，再蹲下去给我的膝盖吹气。

你输了，吐一下舌头，我假装没看见，再给你一次机会。

风刮过来的时候，你替我站在上风口，你的衣角啪啪地响，像一面护着我的旗。

太阳出来的时候，你站在我前面挡光，你的睫毛在我的作业本上投下一片小小的影子。

你的笑脸是小的，两个小月牙，藏在眼睛角上，只有我找得到。

我的笑脸是大的，缺了一颗门牙，我用手捂住嘴巴，还是咯咯地笑出了声。

两个笑脸碰在一起，课间变得更亮了，连操场边的杨树叶都转过头来看。

上课铃响了，我们不想回去，拉着手走三步，回三次头。

回到座位上，手心还记得对方的温度，偷偷握一下，还是热的。

下一个课间，你还是站在前门朝我招手，像一面插在门口的小旗。

等我写完作业本上最后一个字，等我把铅笔盒塞进书包。

好朋友不是大事，是课间你伸给我的那只手。

好朋友不是远事，是你留在我的眼睛里的笑脸。

拉钩，一步，两步，课间总是不够长。

拉钩，一步，两步，一直走到暑假。

暑假真的来了，把你的笑脸放进我的口袋，把我的笑脸放进你的口袋。

等秋天的铃再响，拿出来一看，我们还是拉着手。

Hand in Hand Through the Break

The break bell rings, the classroom turns into a buzzing beehive, I hurriedly close my exercise book, and you are already standing at the front door waving at me.

We run down the stairs, our footsteps falling on the same beat, tap-tap-tap, like two small drums beaten together.

The playground is so big, we are so small, our shadows run ahead of us on the ground, shorter than us yet braver than us.

You suddenly reach out your hand, I quickly put mine into it, ten fingers hooking onto each other, hooked tight.

Your palm is warm, a little sweaty, like a small sun just awake from sleep, still carrying the warmth of a dream.

Hand in hand, we jump rope, you swing the rope, I jump, and the rope whips the wind into a song.

Hand in hand, we kick the shuttlecock, the feathers fly up and fall down, and our laughter flies higher than they do.

When I fall, you pull me up first, then squat down and blow air on my knee.

When you lose, you stick out your tongue, and I pretend not to see it, and give you one more chance.

When the wind blows, you stand upwind for me, the hem of your coat snapping, like a flag guarding me.

When the sun comes out, you stand in front of me to block the light, and your eyelashes cast a small shadow on my exercise book.

Your smile is small, two little crescents, hidden at the corners of your eyes, where only I can find them.

My smile is big, with one front tooth missing, I cover my mouth with my hand and still giggle out loud.

When the two smiles meet, the break grows brighter, and even the poplar leaves by the playground turn their heads to look.

The class bell rings, we do not want to go back, hand in hand we walk three steps and look back three times.

Back at our seats, the palm still remembers the warmth of the other, I secretly clench it, and it is still warm.

At the next break, you still stand at the front door waving at me, like a small

flag planted at the door.

Waiting for me to finish the last character in my exercise book, waiting for me to push my pencil case into my bag.

A good friend is not a big thing, it is the hand you stretch out to me at break time.

A good friend is not a far thing, it is the smile you leave in my eyes.

Hand in hand, one step, two steps, the break is never long enough.

Hand in hand, one step, two steps, all the way to the summer vacation.

When the summer vacation really comes, put your smile into my pocket, and put my smile into your pocket.

When the bell rings again in autumn, take them out and look, and we are still hand in hand.