操场角上的两个笑脸

操场角上有两个小孩，一个高，一个矮，一个话多，一个安静。

高的是你，矮的是他，铃声一响，两个人一起跑过来。

你带跳绳，他也带跳绳，两根绳子把风抽成一首歌。

课间是一只大篮子，你们俩是篮子里最亮的两个苹果。

你们拉钩转圈，转到衣角被风掀起来，转到头晕，一起笑倒。

你松手的时候他假装摔倒，你赶紧跑过去，把他拉起来。

他的笑脸先炸开，像阳光下爆开的一锅爆米花。

你的笑脸跟上来，像池塘里被石子推出去的波纹。

两个笑脸叠在一起，一层压一层，操场的水泥地都变软了。

有同学摔倒，你们俩第一个跑过去，一个捡书包，一个拍土。

有转学生找不到厕所，你们俩自告奋勇带路，一左一右走在他旁边。

安静的话不多，可他记得你吃面不放香菜。

唠叨的说个没完，可你难过的时候，他不说话，只递过来一颗糖。

糖剥开放在你手心，糖纸展平了扔进垃圾桶。

上课铃响，你们排队排在最后，头凑着头，小声说话。

老师一回头，你们立刻站直，老师一转头，你们又笑。

笑什么呢？不知道。

也许笑刚才那朵云，长得像一头熊。

也许笑体育老师把球踢到了树上，挂在枝丫间下不来。

也许笑值日生追着一只迟到的蜻蜓，扫帚都扔了。

也许笑昨天晚上约好的事，星期六早上在老槐树底下见面，一人带一本课外书，换着看。

好朋友就是排在你后面的那个人，拉着手，小声说话。

好朋友就是在人群里能找到你的那个笑脸，一笑，彼此都懂。

操场角上还是那两个小孩，一个高，一个矮，一个话多，一个安静。

高的挥手，矮的挥手，两个笑脸，比太阳还亮。

课间结束，他们走回教室，影子叠在一起，像一个小孩。

Two Smiles at the Corner of the Playground

At the corner of the playground stand two children, one tall, one short, one talkative, one quiet.

The tall one is you, the short one is him, and when the bell rings, both come running over together.

You bring a jump rope, he brings a jump rope too, and the two ropes whip the wind into a song.

The break is a big basket, and the two of you are the two brightest apples in it.

You hook fingers and spin, spinning until your hems are lifted by the wind, spinning until you are dizzy, then laughing as you fall over together.

When you let go, he pretends to fall, and you hurry over and pull him up.

His smile bursts open first, like a pot of popcorn popping in the sunlight.

Your smile follows, like the ripples pushed out by a stone in a pond.

The two smiles overlap, one pressing on one, and even the concrete ground of the playground turns soft.

When a classmate falls, the two of you are the first to run over, one picking up the schoolbag, one dusting it off.

When a new student cannot find the washroom, the two of you volunteer to guide him, walking on his left and on his right.

The quiet one says little, yet he remembers that you take no cilantro in your noodles.

The talkative one never stops talking, yet when you are sad, he says nothing and only hands over a candy.

The candy is unwrapped and placed in your palm, and the wrapper is smoothed flat and thrown into the trash bin.

When the class bell rings, the two of you stand at the back of the line, heads together, whispering.

When the teacher turns around, you straighten at once; when the teacher looks away, you laugh again.

What are you laughing at? Who knows.

Maybe at that cloud just now, which looked like a bear.

Maybe at the P.E. teacher kicking the ball up into a tree, where it hangs among the branches and will not come down.

Maybe at the student on duty chasing a late dragonfly and dropping his broom.

Maybe at the promise made last night, to meet under the old locust tree on Saturday morning, each bringing one extracurricular book to swap and read.

A good friend is the person standing behind you in line, hand in hand, whispering.

A good friend is the smile that can find you in a crowd, one smile, and both understand.

At the corner of the playground are still those two children, one tall, one short, one talkative, one quiet.

The tall one waves, the short one waves, two smiles, brighter than the sun.

The break ends, they walk back to the classroom, their shadows overlapping, like one child.