# 跳绳歌

一，二，三，四，绳子甩起来，你跳。

五，六，七，八，小鸟从你头顶飞过去。

我数数，你跳绳，绳子把风抽成一首歌。

你绊倒，我停绳；你站好，我再甩。

这是我们的跳绳歌，从一年级唱到现在。

下雨天不能下楼，我们在走廊里跳，绳影在墙上甩上甩下。

数错了我们重数，绊倒了我们一起笑。

起初你不会跳，绳子老打脚踝，脚踝都红了。

你撅着嘴，嘴巴翘得能挂一个小水壶。

我把半块橡皮递给你，说，在你手心画一个笑容，疼痛就会跑掉。

你真的画了，一个小小的笑容，画得像一条小船。

你举手给我看，手心的小船还没开口，你的眼睛先笑了。

我们笑起来，笑声比绳子甩得还高。

一，二，三，四，绳子甩起来，换我跳。

这次你数数，你的声音像一面小鼓，咚咚咚，又稳又亮。

我跳砸了，你不催我，只说，慢一点，再来一次。

这句话你说了十遍，我跳了十次。

第十一次，绳子忽然变乖了，从头顶画到脚边，像它学会了我们的歌。

我们并排跳，两个影子踩着同一个节拍起落。

你甩我跳，我甩你跳，谁也不许嫌谁慢。

操场上的同学围过来，拍手的声音让歌变得更快。

五，六，七，八，我们跳到夕阳把我们的脸照得通红。

回教室的哨声响了，我们还赖着，再要一次，就一次。

那一次我们跳到路灯都亮起来。

回到座位上，心还在咚咚地跳，像有一根绳子在心里继续甩。

你凑过来问，明天中午，老地方？我说，老地方。

你从铅笔盒里掏出那半块橡皮，给我看你的手心。

小船一样的笑容画得有点花了，可它还在笑。

我掏出我那半，两半合在一起，拼成一块完整的橡皮。

然后又分开，因为友谊一人一半才分得匀。

一，二，三，四，这是我们的数字。

橡皮、跳绳、笑容，这是我们的歌。

明天中午，带上你的绳子，带上你的笑容。

我们把这首歌，一直唱到长大。

长大以后接着唱，声音变了，节拍不会变。

一，二，三，四，你跳，我数，永远不换。

## The Jump Rope Song

One, two, three, four, the rope starts swinging, you jump.

Five, six, seven, eight, the little bird flies over your head.

I count, you jump, and the rope whips the wind into a song.

When you trip, I stop the rope; when you stand ready, I swing again.

This is our jump rope song, sung from first grade until now.

On rainy days we cannot go downstairs, so we jump in the corridor, and the shadow of the rope flickers up and down on the wall.

When the counting goes wrong we start over, and when someone trips we laugh together.

At the start you could not jump; the rope kept hitting your ankles, and your ankles turned red.

You pouted, your mouth lifted high enough to hang a little water jug.

I handed you half an eraser and said, draw a smile on your palm, and the pain will run away.

You really drew one, a small smile, shaped like a little boat.

You raised your hand to show me; the little boat on your palm had not spoken yet,

but your eyes were already laughing.

We laughed, and our laughter swung higher than the rope.

One, two, three, four, the rope starts swinging, now it is my turn.

This time you count, and your voice is like a little drum, thump thump thump, steady and bright.

When I mess up the jumps, you do not hurry me, you only say, slower, one more time.

You said that sentence ten times, and I jumped ten times.

On the eleventh time the rope suddenly turned obedient, drawing from my head to my feet, as if it had learned our song.

We jumped side by side, two shadows rising and falling on the same beat.

You swing and I jump, I swing and you jump, and nobody may complain that the other is slow.

The children on the playground gathered around, and their clapping made the song faster.

Five, six, seven, eight, we jumped until the sunset turned our faces red.

The whistle for class rang, and we still lingered, one more time, just one.

That one time we jumped until the street lamps all came on.

Back at our seats, our hearts were still thumping, as if a rope were still swinging inside.

You leaned over and asked, tomorrow noon, the usual place? I said, the usual place.

You took the half eraser out of your pencil case and showed me your palm.

The boat-shaped smile had smudged a little, yet it was still smiling.

I took out my half, and the two halves joined into one whole eraser.

Then we parted them again, because friendship shared evenly means one half each.

One, two, three, four, these are our numbers.

Eraser, jump rope, smile, this is our song.

Tomorrow noon, bring your rope, and bring your smile.

We will sing this song all the way until we grow up.

And keep singing after we grow up; our voices will change, but the beat will not.

One, two, three, four, you jump, I count, and we never switch.