暑假在哪里（快板诗）

甲：暑假在哪里？ 乙：暑假在树上。 你听，知了扯着嗓子唱， 一个音高，一个音亮， 唱得太阳挪不动脚步， 唱得老槐树直摇晃。 甲：知了知了唱什么？ 乙：唱夏天长，唱日头长，唱一个小孩爬树忙。

甲：暑假在哪里？ 乙：暑假在手里。 你看，一根冰棍举得高， 白气冒，糖水流， 咬一口，从头顶凉到脚后跟， 舔一舔，甜味能记一整个夏季。 甲：冰棍吃完怎么办？ 乙：签子别扔，攥在手里， 它就是暑假的小旗子。

甲：暑假在哪里？ 乙：暑假在河里。 你看，水花一朵追一朵， 溅上脸，凉丝丝， 溅上天，亮晶晶， 溅得满河都是碎星星。 甲：水花最怕什么？ 乙：最怕回家挨说， 裤腿湿透，藏也藏不住。

甲：一天暑假怎么过？ 乙：早上听蝉，晌午吃冰棍， 下午玩水花，中间不写作业。 甲：下过雨呢？ 乙：雨后蝉再唱， 屋檐的水花变成小鼓， 化了的冰棍淌成一条甜甜的小河， 顺着指头，滴答滴答，流到地上。

甲：这么说，暑假有脚印了？ 乙：有哇，你数—— 蝉蜕挂在树干上，那是暑假的空房子；冰棍签子插在墙根，那是暑假的小栅栏； 河滩上湿脚印一串，那是暑假的省略号。 甲：还有吗？乙：还有，还有房梁上晾着的草帽， 还有表哥和他那把漏水的旧枪。

甲：暑假会跑吗？ 乙：会，它跑得快着呢。 清早它还骑在蝉声上， 晌午它躲在冰棍的凉气里， 下午它扎进水花打个滚， 傍晚它坐上晚霞回家吃饭。 甲：那它晚上去哪儿？ 乙：它钻进你的梦里， 梦见它，第二天它就又长高一寸。

甲：我盼着它来，又盼着它慢点走。 乙：那就把它找齐吧—— 找一只知了，找一根冰棍，找一片水花，找一身太阳晒出的黑。 甲：找齐了干什么？ 乙：找齐了你就明白， 暑假不在别处，暑假就在日子里， 过得越欢，它就越长。

甲：竹板一打开口难， 乙：我说暑假你听完。 甲：蝉声阵阵树梢颠， 乙：冰棍甜甜手里攥。甲：水花溅溅小河闹， 乙：晚霞红红炊烟暖。 合：知了冰棍和水花， 串成暑假一串铃， 走到哪里响到哪里， 叮铃叮铃，叮铃叮铃， 响得夏天亮堂堂！

Where Is Summer Vacation (A Clapping Rhyme)

A: Where is summer vacation? B: Summer vacation is up in the trees. Listen, the cicadas stretch their voices and sing, one note high, one note bright, singing the sun to a standstill, singing the old locust tree into swaying. A: What do the cicadas sing? B: They sing that summer is long, that the daylight is long, that a child is busy climbing trees.

A: Where is summer vacation? B: Summer vacation is in the hand. Look, a popsicle held up high, white breath rising, sugar water dripping, one bite and the cool runs

from the head to the heels, one lick and the sweetness lasts the whole season. A: What when the popsicle is eaten? B: Keep the stick, grip it in your hand, it is the little flag of summer vacation.

A: Where is summer vacation? B: Summer vacation is in the river. Look, one splash chasing another, splashing on the face, pleasantly cool, splashing up to the sky, sparkling bright, splashing the whole river into broken stars. A: What are splashes most afraid of? B: Going home to a scolding, pant legs soaked through, impossible to hide.

A: How does one day of vacation go? B: Hear cicadas in the morning, eat a popsicle at noon, play with splashes in the afternoon, and no homework in between. A: And after the rain? B: After the rain the cicadas sing again, the splashes under the eaves turn into little drums, and the melted popsicle trickles into a sweet little river, running down between the fingers, drip drip, onto the ground.

A: So summer vacation leaves footprints? B: Of course, count them. A cicada shell hung on the trunk is the empty house of vacation; popsicle sticks planted at the wall are the little fence of vacation; a string of wet footprints on the riverbank is the ellipsis of vacation. A: Anything else? B: Yes, the straw hat drying on the roof beam, and cousin with his old leaking water gun.

A: Does summer vacation run away? B: It does, and it runs fast. Early morning it rides on the cicada song, at noon it hides in the cool air of a popsicle, in the afternoon it dives into the splashes and rolls over, at dusk it rides the sunset glow home to supper. A: Where does it go at night? B: It slips into your dreams; dream of it, and the next day it grows one inch taller.

A: I wish it would come, and I also wish it would go slowly. B: Then gather all of it. Find one cicada, find one popsicle, find one patch of splashes, find one coat of sun-tanned brown. A: What for? B: Once gathered you will understand that summer vacation is nowhere else; summer vacation lives inside the days, and the more joyfully you live them, the longer it grows.

A: The clappers click and I start to speak. B: I tell you about vacation, listen through. A: Cicada songs shake the treetops. B: Popsicles sweet are gripped in hand. A: Splashes splash and the creek makes a noise. B: Sunset glows red and cooking smoke is warm. Together: cicadas, popsicles, and splashes string together like bells of summer vacation, ringing wherever we go, jingle jingle, jingle jingle, ringing the summer bright and clear.