我也能写一首雪诗：从看雪到落笔的三步

常有老师和家长问我同一个问题：孩子会念诗了，可他们会写诗吗？带过许多孩子写出人生第一首诗之后，我的回答是：会，而且写雪诗比写别的题材更容易上手，因为雪就在窗外，去看它一分钱不花。

第一步是去看雪，但要带着任务去看。不要站在窗前喊真好看。看三个地方：屋顶上的雪落在哪儿，屋顶边的雪是齐的还是缺口的，屋顶像穿了外套还是戴了帽子；再看树枝，枝上的雪像白花、像棉球，还是像一只不动的鸟；最后让孩子伸手心接一片雪花，看它什么时候不见的。这三个观察正好对应雪诗需要的三个意象：雪花、屋顶、手心。一个字还没写，诗的材料已经齐了。

第二步，是让这些东西开口说话。我们读过的诗里，屋顶会做梦，树枝会伸手，雪花会说别握别握。你也可以问孩子自己的问题：屋顶穿上白外套，它想说什么？雪花把风当雪橇坐，它最想去哪儿？孩子怎么回答，诗就怎么写。大人总以为孩子不会写诗，其实孩子比大人会想象，他们只是还不知道自己说的话可以算诗。

第三步，是把写出来的东西念出声，用耳朵修节奏。让孩子自己念，舌头在哪儿打结，就改哪儿。一般五到七个字的句子孩子念着舒服，句尾可以押韵，但押不上就不押，千万别硬凑。唯一要紧的规则是：孩子自己念的时候要觉得顺、觉得跳。儿童诗不是写给纸的，是写给嗓子的。

举一个二年级孩子照着这三步写的例子：夜里，雪踮着脚走进来，给院子穿上白鞋。早上我踩上去，一步一个小水印。太阳出来，鞋子回云里去了。这首小诗里也有雪花、屋顶下的院子、孩子走出来的水印，而且每一个词都是孩子自己的。

请注意这首诗没有做什么。它没说雪真美，没说雪真纯洁，也没想讲任何道理。它只给了白鞋、水印、回云里的鞋子。这就是全部秘密：一首好的儿童雪诗只需要三样东西，眼睛真看到的东西，一句老实的想象，一个念起来顺的节奏。缺一样都不算，多一样也都不用。

所以别催孩子写深刻。让他们去描述屋顶上雪边的样子，让雪花说一句话，再大声念一遍，就够了。写上面那首诗的孩子后来问我：老师，雪花真的能穿鞋吗？我说当然能，它们现在正穿着呢，就在你的诗里。孩子变成小诗人，就是发生在这一刻：她自己的想象在诗里活了下来，而不是被大人改掉了。

在教室里，这三步可以排进下雪的一个下午：外面看二十分钟，同桌互相说句子十五分钟，写十分钟。这样写出来的诗很短，有的只有四行，这完全没关系。孩子自己的眼睛写出的四行，比从书里借来的完美长诗值钱得多，因为前者她会护着，后者周五之前就忘了。

I Can Write a Snow Poem Too: Three Steps from Watching Snow to Writing It

Teachers and parents often ask me the same question: children can recite poems, but can they actually write one? Having guided many children through their first poems, my answer is yes, and a snow poem is one of the easiest poems to start with,

because the subject is standing right outside the window and costs nothing to visit.

Step one is to go and look at the snow, but to look with a task. Do not stand at the window saying how beautiful. Look at three places instead. First the rooftop: where has the snow landed, is the edge of the snow on the roof neat or ragged, does the roof look like it is wearing a coat or a hat. Then the branches: is the snow on them like white flowers, like cotton balls, or like a bird sitting perfectly still. Finally, let the child catch one snowflake in the palm and watch when it disappears. These three observations are exactly the three images a snow poem needs: the snowflake, the rooftop, and the child's palm. The material of the poem is complete before a single word is written.

Step two is to let these things talk. The poems we read earlier asked the rooftop to dream and the snowflake to say do not squeeze. You can ask the child your own questions: if the rooftop had just put on a new white coat, what would it want to say? If a snowflake rode the wind like a sled, where would it want to go? Whatever the child answers is already the poem. Adults often believe children cannot write poetry, but children are better at imagining than adults; they only do not yet know that their own sentences are allowed to be poems.

Step three is to read the draft aloud and fix the rhythm by ear. Let the child read their own lines out loud, and wherever the tongue stumbles, change that spot. Lines of five to seven syllables are comfortable for young mouths, and endings may rhyme, but a rhyme should never be forced; if two lines do not rhyme, leave them free. The one rule that matters is that the child should feel the bounce while reading. A children's poem is not written for paper, it is written for a voice.

Here is a real example written by a second grader after these three steps: In the night the snow tiptoes in, and puts white shoes on the yard. In the morning I step into them, and leave one little wet mark. When the sun comes out, the shoes go back to the clouds. This small poem has the snowflake, the yard under the rooftop, and the marks made by a child walking, and every word of it belongs to the child.

Notice what the poem does not do. It does not say snow is beautiful, it does not say snow is pure, and it does not try to teach a lesson. It only shows white shoes, wet marks, and shoes returning to the clouds. This is the whole secret: a good children's snow poem needs only three things, something truly seen, one line of honest imagination, and a rhythm that reads aloud bouncily. Nothing less will do, and nothing more should be added.

So please do not rush children toward profound poems. Ask them instead to describe the edge of the snow on the roof, to give the snowflake one sentence of speech, and to read the result out loud once. After a child wrote the poem above, she asked me: can snowflakes really wear shoes? I told her: of course they can, they are

wearing them right now, inside your poem. That is the moment a child becomes a poet, and it happens the first time her own image survives a poem instead of being corrected out of it.

For classrooms, the three steps fit into a single snowy afternoon: twenty minutes of looking outside, fifteen minutes of speaking sentences aloud in pairs, and ten minutes of writing. The poems produced this way are short, sometimes only four lines, and that is fine. A four line poem written by a child's own eyes is worth more than a perfect poem borrowed from a book, because the child will defend the first one and forget the second one by Friday.