一片雪的自述

我是一片雪，从云里出发的时候，天已经黑了。

我落得很慢，因为我不想吵醒谁。

底下是一条街，街上有雪夜，雪夜里安静得能听见我自己的脚步。

其实我没有脚步。可我落了一路，还是觉得自己走了一路。

前面有一盏灯。整条街的灯都睡了，只有这一盏还醒着。

我落在灯罩上歇了一会儿。灯是橘色的，暖的，像谁把手心摊开给我看。

灯下面是一扇窗，窗里有一张桌子，桌上摆着汤，还摆着没写完的作业。

我看见一个小女孩趴在窗上往外看，她喊：妈妈，下雪啦！

她的妈妈走过来，她的爸爸也走过来，三个人并排站在窗前。

他们的手牵在一起。一大一小，再加一个更大的。

我顺着玻璃滑下去，想看得更清楚些。他们的手没有松开过。

小女孩把手贴在玻璃上，正好贴在我待过的地方。

玻璃是凉的，她的手心是热的，我在中间，两边都记下了。

门开了一条缝，他们出来了，手还是牵着的。

小女孩仰着脸接雪，我跳进她的手心。

她的手心比灯还暖。我还没来得及说一句话，就化成了一滴水。

可我不后悔。一整条街的雪里，只有我落进了一个人的手心。

她的爸爸说：进屋吧，汤要凉了。

她的妈妈说：手牵好，别踩滑了。

小女孩把我变成的那滴水举到灯下看：妈妈你看，我带回来一片雪。

灯把他们三个的影子投在雪地上，短短的，挨在一起。

我在窗台上冻成了一小片冰，守着那扇窗。

后半夜，灯关了。可屋里传出三个人的呼吸声，一长两短，像一首很轻的歌。

雪还在下，落在屋顶上，落在院子里，落在所有没睡和已睡的东西上。

我守着窗台，替这一家人数着雪落的声音。

数着数着，天边亮了。灯光、牵手、雪夜，我都替他们记着。

太阳出来那天，我会变成一小滩水，从窗台滴下去。

滴下去之前，我要再看一眼那盏明晚还会亮起来的灯。

如果你也是雪，落在这样的窗前，你也会化成水的。

化成水也不冷。因为那一夜，我见过灯光，也见过牵手。

Confession of a Snowflake

I am a snowflake, and when I left the cloud, the sky had already gone dark.

I fall very slowly, because I do not want to wake anyone.

Below me is a street, the street holds a snowy night, and the night is quiet enough to hear my own footsteps.

Actually I have no footsteps. Still, falling the whole way, I feel I have walked the whole way.

Ahead there is one lamp. Every lamp on the street has gone to sleep except this one.

I land on the lamp shade to rest a while. The light is orange and warm, like someone opening a palm for me to see.

Under the lamp is a window, inside the window a table, on the table soup, and homework not yet finished.

I see a little girl pressed against the glass looking out, and she calls: Mama, it is snowing!

Her mother walks over, her father walks over too, and the three of them stand side by side at the window.

Their hands are joined. One big, one small, and one bigger still.

I slide down the glass to see better. Their hands never let go.

The little girl presses her hand to the glass, right where I had been sitting.

The glass is cold, her palm is hot, and I am in the middle, remembering both sides.

The door opens a crack and they come out, hands still joined.

The girl tilts her face up to catch the snow, and I jump into her palm.

Her palm is warmer than the lamp. Before I can say a single word, I melt into a drop of water.

But I do not regret it. Of all the snow on the whole street, only I landed in someone's palm.

Her father says: come inside, the soup is getting cold.

Her mother says: hold hands tight, do not slip.

The girl lifts the drop of water that used to be me under the lamp: Mama look, I brought back a piece of snow.

The lamp throws their three shadows onto the snow, short and leaning together.

I freeze into a small piece of ice on the windowsill, guarding that window.

After midnight the lamp goes off. But inside, three people's breathing comes through the wall, one long and two short, like a very light song.

The snow keeps falling, on the roof, in the yard, on everything awake and everything asleep.

I stay on the windowsill and count the sound of falling snow for this family.

Counting and counting, the sky turns bright. The lamplight, the joined hands, the snowy night, I keep them all for this family.

On the day the sun comes out, I will become a little pool of water and drip off the sill.

Before I drip, I will take one more look at that lamp, which will light up again tomorrow night.

If you are a snowflake too, and you land at such a window, you will melt as well.

Melting is not cold. Because that night, I saw lamplight, and I saw hands held together.