雪落无声

爸爸，你看窗外，雪在下。

是啊，一下子就白了，整个世界都白了。

爸爸，雪为什么没有声音？

因为它踮着脚呢，怕吵醒睡着的世界。

那我也踮起脚，不去惊动窗台上的雪。

好孩子，你也变成一片小雪花了。

妈妈，你看外面的路灯，戴上了白帽子。

是啊，一盏一盏，像一排温暖的小房子。

灯光是给谁点的？

给雪照回家的路，也给我们照回家的路。

爸爸，屋顶上的雪越积越厚，像一封没人拆的信。

等太阳出来，它会一点一点地读。

宝贝，你听，雪落在松树的叶子上。

松树会不会冷？我们把红围巾给它挂上去吧。

雪花停在你的睫毛上，像两只小白蝴蝶。

别吹，让它歇一会儿再走。

宝贝，把耳朵贴在窗上，听见了吗？

听见了，雪在给房子讲悄悄话。

讲的什么？

讲明年春天的事。

妈妈，牵我的手，我们出去迎迎雪。

好，我的手心热，让雪闻闻我们的热气。

我们手拉手站在路灯下，影子拉得好长好长。

一条长影子，两条长影子，三条影子挨在一起。

雪下了一整夜，一声也不吭。

我们的脚印里，全是笑声。

爸爸，雪化了会去哪儿？

去土里，去叫醒睡着的种子。

种子醒了会说什么？

会说：谢谢你们的白被子，还有你们的灯。

妈妈，窗台上的雪越来越厚了。

那是我们写给冬天的一封信。

信上写什么？

写：我们在家，灯开着，茶还热。

爸爸，明年冬天雪再落的时候，我们还一起听。

好。雪落无声，爱也落无声。

妈妈，雪把院子铺成一张白纸了。

那你在上面画点什么吧。

我画一个小人，牵着一大一小两只手。

画得真像。雪会替你保管这幅画。

保管到什么时候？

保管到小草钻出来的那天。

爸爸，我的手套里装满了雪，手心却暖暖的。

因为你的手在我手心里呀。

灯光把我们的哈气照成一小团一小团的云。

我们就站在自己的云里，谁也不肯先进屋。

雪还在落，落在我们的头发上，像提前长大的样子。

没关系，抖一抖，我们又变小了。

宝贝，最后数一遍：一、二、三，三个人，三双手。

数对了。手牵好，回家，汤还坐在灶上。

门一开，屋里的灯一下子扑到我们身上。

窗外，雪接着下，一个字也不说。

Snow Falls Without Sound

Daddy, look out of the window, the snow is falling.

Yes, all at once the whole world has turned white.

Daddy, why does the snow make no sound?

Because it walks on tiptoe, afraid to wake the sleeping world.

Then I will tiptoe too, so I do not startle the snow on the windowsill.

Good girl, you have become a little snowflake as well.

Mama, look, the street lamps outside are wearing white hats.

Yes, one after another, like a row of warm little houses.

Who are the lights lit for?

For the snow to find its way home, and for us to find ours.

Daddy, the snow on the roof keeps piling up, like a letter nobody opens.

When the sun comes out, it will read it little by little.

Sweetheart, listen, the snow is landing on the pine leaves.

Is the pine tree cold? Let us hang our red scarf on it.

Snowflakes rest on your eyelashes, like two little white butterflies.

Do not blow them away, let them rest a while.

Sweetheart, put your ear to the window, can you hear it?

I can. The snow is telling the house quiet stories.

What stories?

Stories about next spring.

Mama, hold my hand, let us go out and greet the snow.

Okay, my palm is warm, let the snow smell our warmth.

We stand under the lamp hand in hand, our shadows stretched long, so long.

One long shadow, two long shadows, three shadows leaning together.

The snow fell all night without a single sound.

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Our footprints are full of laughter.

Daddy, where does the snow go when it melts?

Into the soil, to wake the sleeping seeds.

What will the seeds say when they wake?

They will say: thank you for the white quilt, and for your light.

Mama, the snow on the windowsill grows thicker and thicker.

That is the letter we write to winter.

What does the letter say?

It says: we are home, the lamp is on, the tea is still hot.

Daddy, next winter when the snow falls again, we will listen together.

Yes. Snow falls without sound, and love falls without sound too.

Mama, the snow has spread the yard out like a sheet of white paper.

Then draw something on it.

I will draw a little person holding one big hand and one small hand.

That looks just like you. The snow will keep this picture safe for you.

Keep it until when?

Until the day the little grass pushes through.

Daddy, my gloves are full of snow, yet my palms are warm.

Because your hands are inside mine.

The lamplight turns our breath into little clouds, one after another.

We stand inside our own clouds, nobody willing to go in first.

The snow keeps falling on our hair, like a grown-up look too early.

It does not matter, shake it off and we are small again.

Sweetheart, count one last time: one, two, three, three people, three pairs of hands.

Counted right. Hold hands tight, go home, the soup is still sitting on the stove.

The door opens and the light inside jumps all over us.

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Outside the window, the snow goes on falling, not saying a single word.

雪夜的灯

妈妈，灯还没关，外面就在下雪了。

嗯，妈妈看见了，雪正贴着玻璃走呢。

它是不是也想进屋来，看看我们的灯？

我们的灯就是给它留的，它站在窗外看够了，就会走。

妈妈，台灯小小的，光也小小的。

光小不要紧，够照着你的故事书，够照着你的睡脸，就够了。

雪把外面照得亮亮的，屋里还要点灯吗？

要呀。外面的光是雪的光，屋里这盏，是家里的光。

妈妈，你的手好暖，我的脚好凉。

把脚伸过来，妈妈捂着。手呢，手要牵着，一晚上都不要松开。

牵着的手，是不是就不怕黑了？

是。黑是外面的，暖是被窝里的，你在这头，雪在那头。

妈妈，你给我留这盏小灯到什么时候？

留到你梦见雪停为止。

要是我梦见雪一直下呢？

那就留到你梦见雪化成春天为止。

妈妈，雪落在院子里的自行车上，会不会压坏它？

不会，雪是给自行车盖被子呢，它明年春天一伸懒腰就抖掉了。

雪落在电线上，电线会不会冷？

不会，电线上落满了雪，像一串白色的音符，风一吹就弹起无声的歌。

妈妈，你听见了吗，雪真的没有声音。

听见了，最响的东西常常没有声音，比如雪，比如长大。

那我闭上眼睛，是不是就听不见雪了？

不，闭上眼睛才听得见。雪落在你的梦里，也是轻轻的。

妈妈，我的手握着你，你的手握着谁？

妈妈的手握着这盏灯，灯握着这屋子，屋子握着咱们全家。

原来灯也要被人握着呀。

是呀，所以冬天里每家每户的灯才那么亮，都是被人握紧了。

妈妈，灯罩上落了一小片雪，从窗缝钻进来的。

别擦，让它待着，它是咱们家收下的第一片今年的雪。

那我在被窝里跟它说晚安。

说呀，声音小一点，别吵到它睡觉。

妈妈，雪夜、灯光、还有你的手心，三样我都记住了。

妈妈也记住了：记住你睡着的样子，像一片落在暖处的雪。

灯还亮着。雪还在下。我们的手，牵得紧紧的。

The Light on a Snowy Night

Mama, the lamp is still on, and outside it is already snowing.

Yes, mama sees it, the snow is walking along the window glass.

Does it want to come inside and see our light?

Our light is left on for it. It will watch from outside until it has seen enough, then go.

Mama, the desk lamp is small, and its light is small too.

A small light is fine. It is enough to light your storybook, enough to light your sleeping face, that is enough.

The snow makes the outside bright, do we still need the lamp?

We do. The light outside belongs to the snow, this one inside belongs to our home.

Mama, your hand is so warm and my feet are so cold.

Put your feet here, mama will warm them. And your hand, your hand stays in mine all night.

Does a hand held like this stop being afraid of the dark?

It does. The dark is outside, the warmth is in the quilt, you are on this side, the snow is on that side.

Mama, how long will you keep this little lamp on for me?

Until you dream that the snow has stopped.

And if I dream the snow keeps falling?

Then until you dream the snow has melted into spring.

Mama, the snow is landing on the bicycle in the yard, will it crush it?

No, the snow is tucking a quilt around the bicycle. Next spring it will stretch and shake it all off.

The snow is landing on the power lines, will the wires be cold?

No, the wires are covered with snow, like a string of white notes, and the wind plays a soundless song.

Mama, can you hear it, the snow really makes no sound.

I hear it. The loudest things often make no sound, like snow, like growing up.

If I close my eyes, will I stop hearing the snow?

No, only with closed eyes can you hear it. When snow lands in your dreams, it is gentle too.

Mama, my hand is holding you, and who is holding your hand?

Mama holds this lamp, the lamp holds this room, the room holds our whole family.

So even a lamp needs to be held.

Yes, that is why every window glows so bright in winter, because someone is holding it tight.

Mama, a little flake of snow came through the window crack and landed on the lamp shade.

Do not wipe it away, let it stay. It is the first snowflake of this year our family has received.

Then I will say good night to it from under the quilt.

Say it, but softly, do not wake it.

Mama, I have remembered all three things: the snowy night, the light, and the palm of your hand.

Mama has remembered too: the way you fall asleep, like a snowflake landing somewhere warm.

The lamp is still on. The snow is still falling. Our hands are held tight.

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.