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.