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。

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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.