公园西边的风

公园西边的风，六月初最好。儿子攥着线轴站在风口，我站在几步开外，两只手插在兜里。他已经不用我了，举风筝、放线、跑，全是他自己一个人的事。

风筝升得很稳。他一点一点放线，动作平静，没有小时候那种非要喊一嗓子飞起来了的兴奋。我记得头一年放风筝，他刚上二年级，跑起来歪歪扭扭，风筝跟着他歪歪扭扭地升，他回头看我，满脸都是笑。今天他只回了一次头，看见我站着，又把头转了回去。

我坐在长椅上看。他比从前高了，肩膀也打开了，攥着线轴站在那里，像个小大人。风大些，线嗡嗡地响，他把线轴的角度调了调，风筝又往上窜了一截。我掏出手机想拍照，想了想又收起来，觉得拍照有点像打扰。

过一会儿他回来了，风筝落在身后的草地上，他也不管。爸，我想吃棉花糖。他自己掏钱买的，掏的是奶奶给他的硬币，一把摆在摊台上数。摊主给做了个蓝色的，他捧着走回来，还没走近就把一半举到我面前，你尝尝，蓝莓味的。我咬一口，就是糖水。他看我吃瘪的样子，笑得眼睛弯起来，不是蓝莓味吧，骗你的。

我就是那时候看见他笑的。他在家里话不多，笑得更少，房门一关写作业，出来也戴着耳机。那天在公园正当中，风筝落在他身后，棉花糖的糖沾在手指上，他笑得直不起腰。长椅边几个老人看过来，他一点没察觉。

我们在公园待到太阳偏西。他收风筝，把骨架一根一根抽出来叠好，叠得比叠课本仔细。回家的路上他走在前头看手机，我走在后头。他忽然回头说，爸，明年六一还来放风筝吧。我说好。他把手机收起来，加快两步赶上我，旁边并着走，别的什么也没再说。

上车他摇下一半车窗，风把袋子里剩的棉花糖吹得动。他望着窗外忽然说，其实我不是很爱吃棉花糖了。我没接话。风从车窗灌进来，带着一点糖的甜味。我明白他的意思，也明白他还是肯买一个给我。

The Wind on the West Side of the Park

The wind on the west side of the park is the best in early June. My son stood facing it with the spool in his hands, and I stood a few steps behind, both hands in my pockets. He no longer needed me. Holding the kite, letting out line, and running were all his own business now.

The kite climbed steadily. He paid out line little by little, his movements calm, without the excitement of when he was small, when he had to shout that it was flying. I remembered the first year we flew a kite. He had just started second grade, running crookedly, the kite climbing crookedly after him, and he turned back to look at me with a face full of smile. Today he looked back only once, saw me standing there, and turned his head away again.

I sat on a bench and watched. He was taller than before, his shoulders opened out, standing there with the spool like a small adult. The wind freshened and the string hummed. He adjusted the angle of the spool, and the kite climbed another notch. I took out my phone, thought about a photo, and put it away. It felt as if taking one would be an interruption.

After a while he came back, the kite dropped onto the grass behind him, and he did not mind it at all. Dad, I want cotton candy, he said. He paid for it himself, taking out the coins his grandmother had given him and laying them on the stall counter one by one. The vendor made a blue one. He carried it back and, before he was even close, held half of it up to me. Try it, he said, blueberry flavor. I took a bite. It was only sugar water. He laughed at my face, his eyes crinkling. Not blueberry, right, I tricked you.

That was when I saw him smile. At home he does not talk much and laughs even less, shutting his door over his homework, coming out with his earphones in. That day, in the middle of the park, with the kite fallen behind him and candy sugar on his fingers, he laughed so hard he bent over. A few old people by the bench looked over, and he never noticed.

We stayed until the sun tilted west. He took the kite apart, pulling out the frame sticks one by one and folding them, more carefully than he folds his textbooks. On the way home he walked in front looking at his phone, and I walked behind. Suddenly he turned and said, Dad, let us come fly kites again next Children's Day. I said all right. He put the phone away, quickened his pace to catch up, walked shoulder to shoulder with me, and said nothing else.

In the car he rolled the window halfway down, and the wind stirred the leftover cotton candy in the bag. Looking out the window he said suddenly, actually, I am not really into cotton candy anymore. I did not answer. The wind blew in from the window with a faint sweetness of sugar. I understood what he meant, and I understood that he had still been willing to buy one for me.