操场上的风铃组诗

操场上的风铃

风铃挂在操场那棵老柳树上，

风一过，它就响一声。

六一的早晨，它比升旗的鼓点醒得还早，

叮铃铃，把操场上的影子都摇醒了。

我手里的红气球踮起脚尖听，

黄气球伸长脖子想去接那个声音，

蓝气球悄悄浮高半格，

想把风铃的话捎给天上的云。

风铃笑了，摇得更欢，

叮铃铃，叮铃铃，

把我们从这头跑到那头的快乐，全都摇出了声。

气球飘在操场上方

彩色气球飘在操场上方，

红、橙、黄、绿，一排一排，

像天空给自己挂上了节日的彩灯。

柳树上的风铃仰起头看，

以为是它从没见过开花的花。

气球低下头来跟风铃打招呼，

风铃送给每个气球一首叮当的小曲。

我们仰着头一起数，

一个、两个、三个，数过了四十，

整个操场就变成了彩色的海。

我们把风铃排成一排

散会以后我们不肯回教室，

每人捡一片落下的柳叶，

穿过风铃的小铃铛，

挂到操场边那一排栏杆上。

彩色气球系在栏杆柱子上，

风一来，它们就一起晃。

风铃叮铃铃响成一条小河，

气球点着头晃成一条彩虹，

操场小声跟老柳树说话，

六一呀，你走慢一点。

风铃替我们说晚安

放学了，操场空下来，

彩色气球被我们带回家，

风铃一个人留在柳树上。

晚风轻轻碰它一下，

它就很小声地响，

像怕吵醒白天跑累了的跑道。

叮铃，叮铃，

那是风铃替我们全班，

跟六一说了一声，晚安。

风铃和我们的约定

老柳树上的风铃，

是我们全班凑零花钱买的。

铃铛一个一块钱，

我们数了三十一个硬币，

硬币在讲台上排成一排，

阳光照过去，亮成一小片操场。

风铃挂上去那天，

老师帮我们系了三道结，

说这样风再大也吹不掉，

就像我们的六一，一年一年吹不掉。

现在每个课间我们都去数它，

三十一个铃，一个不少，

就像我们班四十个人，

谁也没有走丢。

风铃听见了，摇出最大的一声，

叮铃铃，像在说，

放心，我都替你们记着呢。

Four Poems of Wind Chimes on the Playground

Four Poems of Wind Chimes on the Playground

Wind Chimes on the Playground

A wind chime hangs on the old willow by the playground,

whenever the wind passes it rings once.

On the morning of June 1st it wakes earlier than the drumbeat of the flag-raising,

jing-ling-ling, shaking awake every shadow on the playground.

The red balloon in my hand tiptoes to listen,

the yellow balloon stretches its neck to catch the sound,

the blue balloon quietly floats half a notch higher,

wanting to carry the chime's words up to the clouds.

The wind chime laughs and swings more gladly,

jing-ling-ling, jing-ling-ling,

ringing out loud all the joy of us running from one end to the other.

Balloons Floating over the Playground

Colored balloons float above the playground,

red, orange, yellow, green, row after row,

like the sky hanging its own festival lanterns.

The wind chime on the willow looks up,

thinking they are flowers it has never seen bloom.

The balloons come down to greet the chime,

and the chime gives each balloon a tiny tinkling tune.

We tilt our heads and count together,

one, two, three, past forty,

and the whole playground turns into a colored sea.

We Line the Wind Chimes Up

After the assembly we refuse to go back to class,

each of us picks up a fallen willow leaf,

threads it through the little bells of a wind chime,

and hangs it along the fence of the playground.

Colored balloons are tied to the fence posts,

and when the wind comes they sway together.

The wind chimes ring into a little river,

the balloons nod into a rainbow,

and the playground whispers to the old willow,

dear June 1st, walk a little slower.

The Wind Chime Says Good Night for Us

School is over and the playground empties,

we take the colored balloons home,

and the wind chime stays alone on the willow.

The evening wind touches it gently,

and it rings very softly,

afraid to wake the track that ran itself tired during the day.

Jing-ling, jing-ling,

that is the wind chime, on behalf of our whole class,

saying good night to June 1st.

The Promise Between the Chime and Us

The wind chime on the old willow

was bought with coins saved up by our whole class.

Each bell cost one yuan,

and we counted out thirty-one coins,

lined up in a row on the podium,

glittering in the sunlight like a small bright playground.

The day we hung the chime up,

our teacher tied three knots in the string,

saying no wind could blow it down now,

just like our June 1st, year after year, cannot be blown away.

Now every break we go and count it,

thirty-one bells, not one missing,

just like the forty children in our class,

nobody lost.

The wind chime hears us and rings its loudest,

jing-ling-ling, as if to say,

don't worry, I am keeping them all for you.

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我是操场上的风铃

我是操场上的风铃

我是挂在操场老柳树上的风铃，

我有一串小小的铃，

每一个铃都装着一个声音。

这个铃装过跳绳甩起来的风，

这个铃装过接力赛的加油，

这个铃装过谁在树下背课文，

背错了，自己笑自己的那一声。

六一到了，我把铃全部摇开，

叮铃铃，叮铃铃，

我把攒了一年的操场，全部还给你们。

我和彩色气球是朋友

彩色气球飘上来的时候，

我认得它们，

它们是我呼出去的那些叮当声，

染上了颜色，又飘回来了。

红气球是我最响的那一声，

黄气球是我最亮的那一声，

绿气球是春天运动会那天，

我藏在叶子后面的那一声。

它们在操场上空绕着我转，

我在柳树上摇着身子回答，

一个叮当，一个摇晃，

整个操场都在替我们点头。

请再摇我一次

六一的最后一个节目，

老师让大家排着队，

从老柳树下面一个一个走过。

每个人经过的时候，

都伸手轻轻摇我一下。

小小的手，黑黑的手，沾着颜料的手，

每摇一下，我就还他一个声音。

叮铃铃，那是你春天埋在我铃里的笑，

叮铃铃，那是你夏天丢在跑道上的喊。

走到队尾的那个小朋友说，

明年六一，我还来摇你。

我晃了晃满树的铃，

好，我替你把这些声音，再攒一年。

我的铃名单

别以为所有的风都一样的，

我的铃认得每一种风。

早读的风最轻，

它摇我的时候怕吵到读书声，

只让最小的那个铃出声。

下课的风最急，

它一把抓住我全部的铃，

叮铃铃全响，像替孩子们跑在最前面。

六一的风最郑重，

它排着队，一个铃一个铃地敲，

像点名，像发礼物，

每个铃都念到了自己的名字。

所以今天，操场上的孩子仰起头，

听见的是四十个铃在报数，

一、二、三，报到四十，

正好是我们全班，一个不多，一个不少。

I Am the Wind Chime of the Playground

I Am the Wind Chime of the Playground

I am the wind chime hanging on the old willow by the playground,

I wear a string of little bells,

and every bell holds one sound.

This bell keeps the wind whipped up by jump ropes,

this bell keeps the cheers of the relay race,

this bell keeps the sound of someone reciting lessons under the tree,

getting it wrong, and laughing at himself.

June 1st has come, and I shake every bell open,

jing-ling-ling, jing-ling-ling,

I give the whole year of playground back to you.

Colored Balloons and I Are Friends

When the colored balloons drift up,

I recognize them,

they are the tinkles I once breathed out,

dipped in color, floating back to me.

The red balloon is my loudest tinkle,

the yellow balloon is my brightest tinkle,

the green balloon is the one

I hid behind the leaves on spring sports-day.

They circle above the playground around me,

and I sway on the willow to answer,

one tinkle, one sway,

and the whole playground nods for us.

Please Ring Me One More Time

For the last program of June 1st,

the teacher lines everyone up

to walk past the old willow one by one.

As each child passes,

they reach out and gently shake me once.

Small hands, ink-stained hands, paint-sticky hands,

and each shake, I hand back one sound.

Jing-ling-ling, that is the laugh you buried in my bell this spring,

jing-ling-ling, that is the shout you dropped on the track this summer.

The child at the end of the line says,

next June 1st, I will come shake you again.

I shake my whole tree of bells,

Okay, and I will save these sounds up for you, one more year.

My List of Bells

Do not think all winds are the same,

my bells know every kind of wind.

The morning-reading wind is the gentlest,

when it shakes me it fears disturbing the reading voices,

and lets only the smallest bell sound.

The recess wind is the most impatient,

it grabs hold of all my bells at once,

jing-ling-ling all ringing, running ahead of the children.

The wind of June 1st is the most solemn,

it lines up and taps bell by bell,

like roll call, like handing out gifts,

every bell hears its own name read out.

So today the children on the playground tilt their heads up

and hear forty bells counting off,

one, two, three, up to forty,

exactly our whole class, not one more, not one less.

风铃摇，气球飘

风铃摇，气球飘

风铃摇，叮铃铃，

操场今天上了镜，

跑道亮，草坪青，

老柳树挂满小风铃。

气球飘，红黄蓝，

一根线牵一片天，

四十只气球排成串，

操场变成大花园。

你听，叮铃铃，

那是六一在敲门，

你听，哗啦啦，

那是我们在回答。

操场开会啦

操场开会啦，

请风铃当鼓手，

站在柳树上打拍子，

叮铃铃，叮铃铃。

请气球当灯笼，

飘在半空照场子，

晃一晃，晃一晃。

请我们当什么？

当一群小鸟，

从这棵树飞到那棵树，

从这声叮当飞到那声叮当，

飞得比气球还高，

笑得比风铃还响。

散会的时候，

我们把掌声留给操场，

把叮铃铃带回教室，

把彩色气球带回家。

六一的约定

风铃说，我挂在老地方，

天天数你们跑过的圈。

气球说，我飘在老地方，

天天看你们排的队伍。

操场说，我站在老地方，

天天等你们的铃声。

我们说，好，

拉过勾了，

谁也不许反悔。

风铃叮铃一响，是盖章，

气球晃一晃头，是签字，

我们的约定就这样成了：

每个六一，操场上见，

一个都不少。

风铃里的颜色

风铃摇出叮铃铃，

叮铃铃里有什么？

我仰起头仔细听，

听见一种红，

是气球撞在一起那一声，

听见一种黄，

是接力棒递过来那一声，

听见一种蓝，

是气球脱手飞上天那一声，

谁也没哭，它越飞越高，

变成风铃里最远的一声叮。

原来风铃会调色，

它把操场上的颜色，

全部摇成了声音，

又把声音，摇回我们耳朵里，

于是六一一整天，

我们走路都带着叮当，

说话都带着颜色。

把风铃摇给明天

六一的傍晚，操场安静，

风铃累了，铃口朝下打盹。

我们踮起脚，

把最后一只彩色气球，

系在风铃最下面那根线上。

气球轻轻托着风铃，

风铃轻轻吻一下气球，

叮，只响了一声，

像说了一句很短的悄悄话。

第二天早上我们跑进操场，

气球瘪了一点，贴在风铃上，

风铃却比昨天多了一个铃，

是昨天那只气球留下的纽扣。

从此风铃多一种声音，

叮铃铃，叮铃铃，

最响的那一声，是六一留下的，

我们叫它，明天的声音。

The Chime Rings, the Balloons Float Up

The Chime Rings, the Balloons Float Up

The chime rings, jing-ling-ling,

today the playground has been polished bright,

the track shines, the lawn is green,

the old willow hangs full of little wind chimes.

The balloons float up, red, yellow, blue,

each string leads a piece of the sky,

forty balloons strung in a row,

and the playground turns into a great garden.

Listen, jing-ling-ling,

that is June 1st knocking at the door,

listen, hurrah-hurrah,

that is us answering.

The Playground Holds Its Meeting

The playground is holding its meeting,

let the wind chime be the drummer,

standing on the willow keeping the beat,

jing-ling-ling, jing-ling-ling.

Let the balloons be the lanterns,

floating mid-air lighting the hall,

swaying once, swaying twice.

And what shall we be?

A flock of little birds,

flying from this tree to that tree,

from one tinkle to the next tinkle,

flying higher than the balloons,

laughing louder than the chimes.

When the meeting ends,

we leave our applause for the playground,

carry the jing-ling-ling back to the classroom,

and take the colored balloons home.

The Promise of June 1st

The wind chime says, I hang at our old place,

counting the laps you run every day.

The balloon says, I float at our old place,

watching your lines form every day.

The playground says, I stand at our old place,

waiting for your bell every day.

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We say, okay,

pinky promises made,

nobody is allowed to take it back.

One jing-ling of the chime is the stamp,

one nod of the balloon is the signature,

and just like that our promise stands:

every June 1st, meet at the playground,

not one of us missing.

Colors Inside the Wind Chime

The wind chime rings out jing-ling-ling,

what is inside the jing-ling-ling?

I tilt my head and listen hard,

I hear a kind of red,

the sound of two balloons bumping together,

I hear a kind of yellow,

the sound of a relay baton being passed,

I hear a kind of blue,

the sound of a balloon slipping from a hand and flying up,

nobody cried, it just flew higher and higher,

until it became the farthest tinkle in the chime.

So the wind chime can mix colors,

it rings all the colors of the playground into sound,

then rings the sounds back into our ears,

and so the whole day of June 1st,

we walk with a tinkle in our step,

and speak with color in our words.

Ring the Wind Chime Toward Tomorrow

On the evening of June 1st the playground is quiet,

the wind chime is tired, its bells hanging down dozing.

We rise on our tiptoes

and tie the last colored balloon

onto the lowest string of the wind chime.

The balloon gently holds the chime up,

the chime gently kisses the balloon,

ding, it rings only once,

like a very short whispered secret.

Next morning we run into the playground,

the balloon is a little deflated, leaning on the chime,

but the chime has one more bell than yesterday,

the button that balloon left behind.

From then on the wind chime has one more sound,

jing-ling-ling, jing-ling-ling,

and the loudest one is the one June 1st left behind,

we call it, the sound of tomorrow.

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