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.