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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