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.

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.