三代人的校门口

爷爷的校门口

爷爷说，他小时候的校门口，

没有彩旗，也没有气球，

只有一条土路，和路两边喊卖糖的担子。

六一那天，爷爷攒了三天的早饭钱，

买了一颗水果糖，含了一整天，

糖在嘴里变小，甜在嘴里变大。

放学他牵着他妹妹的手回家，

妹妹问，糖甜不甜。

爷爷说，甜，所以我留了半颗给你。

爷爷从口袋里摸出一颗今天的糖，

说，现在校门口有超市了，

可这颗糖，还是要一人一半。

爸爸的校门口

爸爸说，他小时候的校门口，

有彩旗了，放学铃一响，

他奶奶就站在老槐树底下等他。

他跑过去，他奶奶牵住他的手，

第一句话总是，饿不饿。

那时候爸爸兜里也有一颗糖，

是攒着回家给奶奶的，

奶奶总是推回来，说，孙子吃。

爸爸说，现在轮到他站在校门口等我了，

我跑过去，他牵住我的手，

第一句话也是，饿不饿。

我的校门口

我说，我们现在的校门口，

有彩旗，有气球，有卖糖的小车，

有爷爷、爸爸，还有我。

今天六一，我把糖分成三瓣，

爷爷一瓣，爸爸一瓣，我一瓣。

爷爷的牙不好，含化，

爸爸的牙好，嚼着吃，

我的牙最好，一口气吃完，

然后我牵起爷爷和爸爸的手，

三个人一起往家走。

校门口的老槐树还在，

它见过爷爷牵手，见过爸爸牵手，

今年，它看见三双手牵在一起。

它摇了一树叶子，像鼓掌。

传糖的规矩

我们家有传糖的规矩，

从爷爷的担子上来，从爸爸的槐树下来，

传到我这里，变成三瓣。

爷爷说，从前一颗糖是奢侈品，

爸爸说，后来一颗糖是零花钱，

我说，现在一颗糖是心意，

不贵，可是要分给爱的人才算甜。

牵手也一样，

从前是怕走丢，后来是怕迟到，

现在是我主动伸出手，

因为校门口的路再宽，

牵着手走，就永远不会走丢。

The School Gate of Three Generations

Grandpa's School Gate

Grandpa says that at his school gate when he was little,

there were no colored flags and no balloons,

only a dirt road and candy peddlers calling from both sides.

On June 1st he saved up three days of breakfast money

and bought one fruit candy, letting it melt in his mouth all day,

the candy shrinking, the sweetness growing.

After school he walked home holding his little sister's hand,

and she asked, is the candy sweet.

Grandpa said, sweet, that is why I saved half for you.

Grandpa takes a candy out of his pocket now,

and says, there is a supermarket at the school gate these days,

but this candy still gets split in half, one for each.

Dad's School Gate

Dad says that at his school gate when he was little,

there were colored flags already, and when the dismissal bell rang,

his grandmother waited for him under the old locust tree.

He ran over, his grandmother took his hand,

and her first words were always, are you hungry.

Dad also carried a candy in his pocket back then,

saved to bring home to his grandmother,

and she always pushed it back, saying, you eat it, grandson.

Dad says, now it is his turn to wait for me at the school gate,

I run over, he takes my hand,

and his first words are also, are you hungry.

My School Gate

I say, at our school gate today,

there are colored flags, balloons, a little candy cart,

and Grandpa, and Dad, and me.

Today is June 1st, and I break the candy into three pieces,

one for Grandpa, one for Dad, one for me.

Grandpa's teeth are weak, so he lets it melt,

Dad's teeth are good, so he chews,

my teeth are the best, so I finish mine in one gulp,

then I take Grandpa's hand and Dad's hand,

and three of us walk home together.

The old locust tree at the school gate is still there,

it saw Grandpa hold hands, it saw Dad hold hands,

and this year it sees three hands joined together.

It shakes a whole tree of leaves, like applause.

The Rule of Passing Candy

Our family has a rule of passing candy,

it came from Grandpa's carrying pole, and from Dad's locust tree,

and reaching me it became three pieces.

Grandpa says, once a candy was a luxury,

Dad says, later a candy was pocket money,

I say, now a candy is a token of love,

not expensive, but it only turns sweet when shared with someone you love.

Hand-holding is the same,

once it was for fear of getting lost, later for fear of being late,

now it is me reaching out my hand on purpose,

because no matter how wide the road at the school gate,

walking hand in hand, nobody ever gets lost.