六月的第一颗糖

六月的第一颗糖

爸爸问我，六月是什么味道的。

我剥开六月的第一颗糖，

是橘子味的，我举到爸爸嘴边。

爸爸咬了一小口，说，有点酸。

我说是呀，可是再嚼两下就甜了。

爸爸把剩下的半颗还给我，说，

那爸爸负责酸，你负责甜。

我说，不行，糖要一人一半，

酸也要一人一半，这才叫过节。

妈妈在旁边笑，说，

好，那我们家的六一，就是半颗糖那么大，

刚好够三个人分。

校门口的牵手账本

妈妈，我来跟你算一笔账。

早上你在校门口牵我，左手一次，右手一次，

放学你在校门口等我，我跑过去，再牵一次。

六年下来，校门口那根柱子都认得我了，

它数过我们一千多次牵手。

妈妈说，那这笔账记在哪儿呢。

我拍拍口袋，说，记在这儿，

每天攒两次，攒满了就拿出来走一遍，

从校门口，一直走到家里的楼道口。

妈妈说，那要是哪天攒满了呢。

我说，攒满了我就长大了，

可是长大的那天，我还想跟你再牵一次，

就在校门口，换我牵你。

糖果纸里的纸条

奶奶说，她小时候过六一，

一颗水果糖要从年头留到年尾，

糖吃完了，糖纸还夹在书里。

我把我的糖纸也摊开，

里面有一行小字，是昨天塞进去的：

妈妈，今天校门口人那么多，

你还是第一眼就找到我，

牵住我的手，再问今天开不开心。

妈妈看完，把糖纸抚平，

说，这张糖纸我也要夹进书里，

夹在那本写着六月的那一页。

奶奶笑了，说，你们家呀，

一颗糖传两代人，甜的都是同一句话。

校门口的那只手

校门口有一百只手，

举着伞的，举着水杯的，举着手机拍照的。

可我一眼就认出妈妈那只，

它的虎口有个小茧，是常年牵我磨的。

我跑过去，把手放上去，

茧碰到我的掌心，像对暗号。

妈妈问，对上了吗。

我说，对上了，暗号是，

回家路上买一颗糖，你一颗我一颗。

我们牵着手往家走，

一百只手都成了背景，

只有两只手，走在六月的正中间。

The First Candy of June

The First Candy of June

Dad asks me, what does June taste like.

I unwrap the first candy of June,

it is tangerine flavored, and I hold it up to Dad's mouth.

Dad takes a tiny bite and says, a little sour.

I say, yes, but chew two more times and it turns sweet.

Dad hands the remaining half back to me and says,

then Dad takes the sour, you take the sweet.

I say, no way, a candy must be shared equally,

the sour must be shared equally too, that is what makes it a holiday.

Mom laughs beside us and says,

okay, then our family's June 1st is exactly half a candy big,

just enough for three people to share.

The Hand-Holding Ledger at the School Gate

Mom, let me keep an account with you.

In the morning you hold my hand at the school gate, left hand once, right hand once,

after school you wait at the school gate, I run over, and we hold hands once more.

Over six years, that pillar at the school gate has come to know me,

it has counted our hand-holding more than a thousand times.

Mom asks, and where is this account written down.

I pat my pocket and say, written right here,

saving up twice a day, and when it fills up I take it out and walk it once,

from the school gate all the way to our stairway door at home.

Mom asks, and what if one day it finally fills up.

I say, when it fills up I will have grown up,

but on that day I still want to hold your hand one more time,

right at the school gate, only this time I will hold you.

The Note Inside the Candy Wrapper

Grandma says that when she was little, a single fruit candy for June 1st

was kept from the start of the year to the end,

the candy eaten, the wrapper still pressed inside a book.

I spread out my own candy wrapper too,

inside is a line of small writing I slipped in yesterday:

Mom, the crowd at the school gate was so big today,

yet you still found me at first glance,

took my hand, and asked if today was fun.

Mom finishes reading, smooths the wrapper flat,

and says, I will press this wrapper into a book too,

into the page where June is written.

Grandma laughs and says, in your family,

one candy passes through two generations, and the sweet part is always the same sentence.

That One Hand at the School Gate

There are a hundred hands at the school gate,

holding umbrellas, holding water bottles, holding up phones to take pictures.

Yet I recognize Mom's hand at a glance,

it has a small callus by the thumb web, worn by years of holding mine.

I run over and place my hand in it,

the callus touches my palm like a secret handshake.

Mom asks, did the code match.

I say, it matched, and the code is,

on the way home we buy candy, one for you and one for me.

We walk home hand in hand,

the hundred hands all fade into the background,

and only two hands walk right down the middle of June.

牵你走过六月的校门口

第一次送你到校门口

孩子，你还记得吗，

你上一年级第一天，

是我第一次送你到校门口。

你的书包比你的背还宽，

你的手在我的手心里，只有一小团。

校门口人山人海，你回头看我，

我把你往前轻轻一推，你回头跑回来，

往我手里塞了一颗糖，说，放学你来接我，

这颗糖是押金。

孩子，那颗糖我到现在都没舍得吃，

它就放在你的奖状旁边，

橘子味的，早就硬了，

可它是我们家最早的六一。

妈妈的糖果罐

孩子，妈妈有一个看不见的糖果罐，

每天早上校门口跟你拉一下手，

罐子里就多一颗。

你磨磨蹭蹭那天，只算半颗，

你跑进校门又回头挥手那天，算两颗。

六年了，罐子满了，

妈妈把它倒出来数，数也数不清，

每一颗上面都写着同一行字，

今天也要开开心心的。

孩子，你问罐子满了怎么办，

妈妈告诉你，满了就分给你，

你带着它们长大，

一颗糖走一步路，甜一段路。

换我牵你

爸爸，我数过了，

校门口那盏路灯，照过我们一千多次牵手。

以前是你牵我，我的影子小，你的影子大，

两个影子在地上叠成一棵树。

现在我的影子长高了，跟你的并排，

像两棵挨着的树。

爸爸，再过六年，

你把手伸给我，换我牵你，

还是从校门口出发，

还是走那条有糖纸味道的路。

爸爸说，好，

不过牵手之前，先一人一颗糖，

这是规矩，从你一年级那天就定下的规矩。

糖纸小船

妈妈，今天校门口你牵我的时候，

我兜里那颗糖硌了我一下。

我把糖纸剥开折成一只小船，

糖塞进你嘴里，说，奖励你的，

奖励你六年都站在同一个校门口。

妈妈含着糖说话，含含糊糊的，

像嘴里含着一整个六月。

她说，那这只糖纸小船呢。

我说，放进窗台的水碗里，

它替我们俩，继续往校门口的方向划。

Holding Your Hand Through the School Gate of June

The First Time I Walked You to the School Gate

Child, do you still remember,

on your first day of first grade,

it was I who first walked you to the school gate.

Your backpack was wider than your back,

and your hand inside my palm was only a small warm lump.

The school gate was a sea of people, you turned to look at me,

I gently nudged you forward, and you turned and ran back,

pressing a candy into my hand, saying, come pick me up after school,

this candy is the deposit.

Child, I still cannot bear to eat that candy,

it sits beside your certificates of merit,

tangerine flavored, long since gone hard,

yet it is the earliest June 1st our family ever had.

Mom's Candy Jar

Child, Mom has a candy jar you cannot see,

and every morning when we squeeze hands at the school gate,

one more candy drops into it.

On the days you dawdled it counted as half,

on the days you ran in then turned back to wave it counted as two.

Six years on, the jar is full,

Mom pours it out to count and cannot finish counting,

and every candy has the same line written on it,

be happy today too.

Child, you ask what to do when the jar is full,

Mom tells you, when it is full I give it all to you,

you carry them as you grow up,

one candy per step of the road, sweetening one stretch of the road.

Now It Is My Turn to Hold Your Hand

Dad, I have counted,

that streetlamp at the school gate has lit our hand-holding more than a thousand times.

Before, you held me, my shadow small, your shadow big,

the two shadows overlapping on the ground into one tree.

Now my shadow has grown tall and stands beside yours,

like two trees leaning on each other.

Dad, six more years from now,

you reach out your hand to me, and I will hold yours,

still starting from the school gate,

still walking that road that smells of candy wrappers.

Dad says, okay,

but before holding hands, one candy each first,

that is the rule, set ever since the day you started first grade.

The Candy Wrapper Boat

Mom, when you held my hand at the school gate today,

the candy in my pocket pressed against me once.

I unwrapped it and folded the wrapper into a little boat,

and put the candy into your mouth, saying, a reward for you,

a reward for standing at the same school gate for six years.

Mom speaks with the candy in her mouth, all muffled,

as if her mouth holds a whole June inside.

She asks, and what about this candy wrapper boat.

I say, put it in the water bowl on the windowsill,

so it keeps rowing, for the two of us, toward the school gate.

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.

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