六月的第一颗糖

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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.