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.