我朗诵水果歌的那一天

班会课变成了朗诵会，老师说要朗诵一首自己写的诗。我举手了，因为我写了一首水果歌，昨晚在厨房里对着果盘练了八遍。可是轮到我走上讲台的时候，我的心跳得像有人在里面敲小鼓，咚咚咚，比苹果的红鼓还响。

我挺起小胸脯，第一句是：水果醒了，水果唱歌，排着队站在太阳底下。声音有点抖，可是全班安安静静地听，我就放心了一点。我接着唱苹果这一段：苹果苹果圆圆的，红红脸蛋像小灯笼，咬一口，咔嚓咔嚓脆。念到咔嚓咔嚓的时候，前排的小美真的伸手做了一个咬的动作，全班都笑了，我也不抖了。

第二段是香蕉：香蕉香蕉弯弯的，像一只小黄船漂在河上。我把手弯起来，比了一条小船给同学们看。念到软软甜甜，像一朵云落进嘴巴里，我自己都咽了一下口水。放学回家我老惦记那瓣云，晚上妈妈真给我剥了一根香蕉，我吃了两截，甜得像诗里写的那样。

第三段是葡萄：葡萄葡萄圆圆的，一串紫珍珠挂在藤架上。这一段我念得最响，因为葡萄是我们家阳台上那盆藤结的，夏天我亲手摘过。念到一把塞进嘴里，整个夏天都叮当响，我好像又听见了葡萄从藤上掉进小碗里的声音，啪嗒，啪嗒。

最后一句是：吃下去，唱出来，我又长高了一岁。我念完，教室里安静了一秒钟，然后掌声哗地响起来。老师说，这就是一首好诗，因为它闻起来有水果的味道。小美跑过来问我，咔嚓咔嚓那句能不能教她，她也要写一首。

晚上我把水果歌又念给妈妈听，念完妈妈问，明天还念吗？我说念。我把苹果、香蕉、葡萄摆在桌上，对着它们念，像对着三个老朋友。它们不会说话，可是我知道它们喜欢听，因为念到叮铃铃的时候，葡萄在盘子里轻轻滚了一下。

后来那首水果歌在班里传开了，好几个同学都有自己的水果诗，有人写西瓜，有人写橘子。朗诵会结束的时候，老师把我们的诗订成一本小册子，封面画着一只果篮。我的水果歌排在第一页，苹果的红鼓、香蕉的黄船、葡萄的紫铃铛，每天都从那一页里叮叮咚咚地响出来。

The Day I Recited the Fruit Song

Our class meeting turned into a recitation party, and the teacher said everyone should recite a poem they wrote themselves. I raised my hand, because I had written a Fruit Song, and last night I had practiced it eight times in the kitchen facing the fruit plate. But when my turn came and I walked up to the platform, my heart beat as if someone inside were drumming a little drum, dong dong dong, louder than the red drum of the apple.

I lifted my chest and began with the first line: Fruits wake up, fruits sing, standing in a line under the sun. My voice shook a little, but the whole class listened quietly, so I felt easier. I went on with the apple part: Apples, apples, round and round, your blushing faces are like little lanterns; bite down, crunch

crunch crunch. When I said crunch crunch crunch, Xiao Mei in the front row really made a biting motion with her hand, and the whole class laughed, and I stopped shaking.

The second stanza was about bananas: Bananas, bananas, long and curved, like little yellow boats floating on a river. I bent my hand and showed the classmates a little boat. When I reached soft and sweet, like a cloud falling into my mouth, I swallowed saliva myself. After school I kept thinking about that slice of cloud, and in the evening my mother really peeled a banana for me. I ate two pieces, as sweet as the poem said.

The third stanza was about grapes: Grapes, grapes, round and round, a cluster of purple pearls hanging on the trellis. I recited this part the loudest, because the grapes were grown on the vine on our balcony, and I picked them with my own hands in summer. When I reached a whole handful into the mouth, and the whole summer rings, I seemed to hear again the sound of grapes falling from the vine into the little bowl, pat, pat.

The last line was: Eat them up, sing them out, and I have grown one year taller. After I finished, the classroom was silent for one second, and then the applause burst out like rain. The teacher said this is a good poem, because it smells like fruit. Xiao Mei ran over and asked me to teach her the crunch crunch crunch line, because she wanted to write a poem too.

In the evening I recited the Fruit Song to my mother again, and when I finished she asked, will you recite it tomorrow? I said yes. I placed the apple, the banana, and the grapes on the table and recited to them, as if to three old friends. They cannot talk, but I know they like listening, because when I reached ling ling ling, a grape rolled gently in the plate.

Later the Fruit Song spread through the class, and several classmates wrote their own fruit poems, one about watermelon, one about tangerines. When the recitation party ended, the teacher bound our poems into a little booklet, with a fruit basket drawn on the cover. My Fruit Song is on the first page, and the red drum of the apple, the yellow boat of the banana, and the purple bells of the grapes still ring dong dong ling ling out of that page every day.