我们一起朗诵的西瓜诗

今年的第一只西瓜被爸爸抱进门，瓜蒂上还带着田里的泥，墨绿的条纹在门廊的灯下发亮。

妈妈拿出菜刀，在瓜边上停了一下，转头看我：切瓜前先诵一首诗，你先来。我清了清嗓子，把回家路上想好的第一节诵出来：绿瓜躺桌上，怀里抱个夏。爸爸把扇子放下了，认真听。

刀尖碰到瓜皮，清脆的一声咔嚓，瓜沿着切口裂开，汁水溅到妈妈手腕上。她也不擦，边切边诵：刀进轻轻，瓜笑开怀，红瓤亮堂堂，黑籽睡正香。我数着籽，噗嗤笑出声。

瓜切好，妈妈把块子码在盘里，大的垫底，小的搁上头，端出来。爸爸先递给躺椅上摇扇子的爷爷，爷爷又推回我手里。妈妈诵第三节：大块给爷爷，小块给我吃，最甜的那块，给心里想着别人的人。轮到我，我声音拔高：咬一口，夏天甜；再咬一口，全家人都甜。

分瓜时妈妈定了个好玩的规矩：谁诵出一句诗，谁就先挑块。爸爸想用红瓤绿皮、切开好吃蒙过去，妈妈说这不算句子，他只好认真想，想出籽儿是黑点点，把夏天画在盘子里。这句不错，他挑到了籽最少的那块。

爷爷也忍不住掺了一句，乡音把诗句咬得七零八落，没人笑他。窗外的蝉接了我们的班，一声接一声，替我们的诗打拍子。盘里的瓜皮越堆越小，汁水顺着我嘴角流，我舔了舔，黏的。

诵完，妈妈问我：最后一句该诵什么？我想了想：西瓜吃完了，诗没完，明天接着诵。大家都笑，爷爷说这句最好，他记得住。妈妈真把这句记进一个小本子，还写了日期。

后来那个本子一直立在书架上，翻到它，就能闻见那个夏夜——瓜裂开的声响，妈妈手腕上的汁水，爷爷掺进来的乡音。我们家的诗不需要写得好，只要一家人围在瓜盘边，句子自己就会来。

The Watermelon Poem We Recite Together

The first watermelon of the year was carried in by my father, field mud still on its stem, its dark green stripes shining under the porch light.

My mother brought out the knife and paused at the edge of the melon, then turned to me: Let us recite a poem before we cut it. You start. I cleared my throat and spoke the first stanza I had made up on the way home: A green melon lies on the table, holding a whole summer inside. My father put down the fan and listened.

The knife tip touched the skin, and with a crisp crack the melon opened along the cut, juice splashing onto the wrist of my mother. She did not wipe it off and recited as she cut: The knife goes in softly, the melon opens with a laugh, red flesh shining, black seeds sleeping. I counted the seeds and laughed.

When the melon was cut, my mother arranged the pieces on a plate, big ones below, small ones on top, and carried it out. My father handed the largest piece to my

grandfather in the chair, and my grandfather pushed it back into my hand. My mother recited the third stanza: The big piece goes to grandpa, the small piece to me, the sweetest piece goes to whoever thinks of someone else. When my turn came, I raised my voice: One bite, and summer is sweet; another bite, and the whole family is sweet.

While dividing the melon, my mother set a fun rule: whoever recites one line of the poem may pick a piece first. My father tried to pass with Red flesh, green skin, tasty after cutting, but my mother said that was not a line, so he thought hard and came up with The seeds are little black dots, drawing summer onto the plate. That line was good, and he got to pick the piece with the fewest seeds.

My grandfather could not help joining in, reciting in his village accent, the lines all broken up, and nobody laughed at him. The cicadas outside took over from us, crying one after another, keeping time with our poem. The rinds on the plate grew smaller and smaller, juice ran to the corners of my mouth, and I licked it away.

When the reciting ended, my mother asked me: What should the last line be? I thought for a moment and said: The watermelon is finished, the poem is not, we go on tomorrow. Everyone laughed, and my grandfather said that line was the best, he would remember it. My mother really wrote that line into a small notebook, with the date.

Later the notebook stood on the bookshelf, and every time I turn to it, I can smell that summer evening, the sound of the melon opening, the juice on the wrist of my mother, the mixed-in lines in the accent of my grandfather. A poem of our family does not need to be written well. As long as everyone sits around the plate of melon, the lines will come by themselves.