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.

排练那晚，诗自己长出了手

班主任在群里通知，下周的亲子朗诵节目要交名单。我在报名表上填了名字，回头看见女儿趴在饭桌上，面前摊着一张作文纸，标题写了又划，划了又写。

她说：妈，我们朗诵西瓜，可是切瓜那一段怎么念都不像诗。我坐下来看她写的：西瓜圆圆，刀切两半，一人一半，甜在心间。她自己也觉得干巴，笔杆顶着下巴。

我说别写了，去把冰箱里那只瓜抱来。她抱着瓜回来，我拿刀，她说念到哪儿切到哪儿。西瓜圆圆，她念，刀尖搭上去。刀切两半，咔嚓一声，瓜自己裂开，比她念的还响。她眼睛亮了：妈，它自己会响！

于是那一段改成了她现编的：刀还没用力，瓜先笑了，笑声是咔嚓，甜是回声。她念这句的时候手还按在瓜上，像按着一件刚醒的东西。

排练分角色。她念孩子的句子，我念大人的句子。她那句咬一口，夏天在嘴里化开，念得太快，像赶作业。我让她咬真的瓜，慢慢咬，汁水顺着下巴滴，她抬头念，声音自己就慢了，软了。我那句留最甜的一块给你，起头太硬，她嫌我像念通知。我重来，把声音放低，像夜里给她掖被角那样念，她点头。

分瓜那段，我们排到一半卡住了。她突然说：妈，最后一句别用你写的，用我们刚才吃饭时说的。上午她给爷爷送瓜，回来跟我说，爷爷那块最甜，因为爷爷先想着我。我把这句添进诗里：最甜的一块，先递给心里有别人的人。念完这句，她补了一句自己的：比如先递给妈妈。我的鼻子有点热，没让她看见。

正式演出那晚，她穿白裙子，我穿蓝的。报幕员念到我们的题目，她的小提琴伴奏没响——音响师忘了。她看了我一眼，我们干脆清诵，瓜裂开那声咔嚓，她用嘴学出来，全场笑，接着鼓掌。下台她问我：诗里那句先递给妈妈，是真的吗？我说真的。她说那就好，诗不能骗人。

回家路上她牵着我的手，手心还出汗。她说下次还要写，写秋天的橘子，剥皮要慢慢剥那种。我说好。路灯把我们的影子拉长，她一边走一边小声背那句：笑声是咔嚓，甜是回声。诗在自己长出手，牵着她往前走。

That Rehearsal Night, the Poem Grew Its Own Hands

Our homeroom teacher posted in the class group that the parent-child recitation list was due. I signed us up, then saw my daughter at the dining table, a composition sheet spread out before her, the title written, crossed out, written again.

She said: Mom, we are reciting about watermelon, but the cutting part never sounds like a poem no matter how I read it. I sat down and looked at her lines: Watermelon round, cut in two with a knife, one half each, sweetness in the heart. She thought it dry herself, the pen against her chin.

I said, stop writing, go fetch the melon from the fridge. She came back holding it. I took the knife, and she said to cut exactly where the poem reaches. Watermelon round, she read, and the knife tip rested on the skin. Cut in two with a knife, and with a crack the melon opened by itself, louder than her reading. Her eyes lit up: Mom, it makes its own sound!

So that part became something she made up on the spot: The knife had not yet pushed, the melon laughed first, its laugh is a crack, its sweetness is the echo. She read this with her hand still on the melon, as if pressing something that had just woken up.

We split the roles. She read the child lines, I read the adult lines. Her line, One bite, and summer melts in the mouth, came out too fast, like hurrying through homework. I made her bite real melon, slowly, juice dripping to her chin, and when

she looked up to read it, her voice slowed and softened by itself. My line, I keep the sweetest piece for you, began too stiff, and she said I sounded like reading a notice. I started over, lowering my voice the way I say goodnight when I tuck her blanket, and she nodded.

The dividing part stalled halfway. She suddenly said: Mom, do not use your last line, use what we said at breakfast. That morning she had taken melon to her grandfather, and came back telling me his piece was the sweetest, because he had thought of me first. I added it to the poem: The sweetest piece goes first to whoever carries someone else in the heart. After that line she added one of her own: For instance, it goes to mom first. My nose stung, and I made sure she did not see.

On the performance night she wore a white dress, I wore blue. When the announcer read our title, her violin accompaniment did not sound, the technician had forgotten. She glanced at me, and we simply recited a cappella. For the crack of the melon she used her own mouth, the hall laughed, then applauded. Off stage she asked: Was that line about giving it to mom first true? I said yes. She said good, a poem must not lie.

On the way home she held my hand, her palm still damp. She said we would write again, about autumn oranges, the kind you peel slowly. I said all right. The street lamps stretched our shadows, and she walked murmuring that line: its laugh is a crack, its sweetness is the echo. The poem had grown hands of its own, and led her forward.

隔壁院子的西瓜诗

老周把竹床搬到院里，蒲扇搁在肚子上。六月的夜风从巷子那头过来，带着谁家晒的皂角香。隔壁小院亮着灯，那家人在瓜架底下乘凉，他听得见他们摆碗筷的动静。

忽然隔壁传来一个童声，一字一顿：绿瓜躺桌上，怀里抱个夏。老周的扇子停了。接着是女人的声音，伴着咔嚓一声脆响，瓜开了：刀进轻轻，瓜笑开怀。童声笑成一串，数瓜籽，数到十几就乱了。

老周听得出，那是孩子在念诗，念给大人听，也念给瓜听。他想起四十年前自家的瓜地。父亲蹲在地头，挑瓜拍着听声，拍这个，太生，拍那个，正好。母亲把挑好的瓜吊进井里，说晚上捞上来冰着吃。那时候没人念诗，可父亲把瓜从井里吊上来、水珠往下滴的那一下，老周觉得比什么诗都好。原来诗是这么回事——好日子过到头上，人就忍不住一句一句往外说。

隔壁的声音没停。女人说：大块给爷爷。男人接：小块给我吃。童声拔得高高的：最甜的那块，给心里想着别人的人。然后是抢着挑块的嬉闹，碗碰了盆，盆碰了桌。老周想象那个场面，

嘴角自己往上走。他小时候也是这么分瓜的，奶奶总说她不爱吃甜的，把中间那芯让出来，让了四十年。

童声忽然背错了句，卡住了，安静两秒，大人没催。孩子自己接上：咬一口，夏天甜；再咬一口，全家人都甜。接得又快又响，像从井里捞上来的瓜，稳稳落在盆里。老周鼓起掌来，隔壁听见了，童声隔着墙喊：周爷爷，你也听我们的诗呀！他扬声答：听见了，好诗，比戏文还好。

那晚老周睡得香，梦里是井水镇过的瓜，一刀下去，凉气冒上来。第二天一早，他让孙女小禾抱一只自家院里的瓜过去——他今年也种了一只，就为这个。小禾回来学：那家的姐姐说，谢谢周爷爷，我们的诗下一首写你，写一个听诗的爷爷。老周背着手在院里转了两圈，没说话，扇子摇得比平时快。

打那以后，一到夏夜，隔壁念诗，老周就在竹床上坐着听，像听一档固定的节目。有一晚孩子念：井里的瓜，滴着凉；隔壁的爷爷，摇着扇。老周的扇子停了半拍。他不知道这句诗里有他，只觉得那晚的夜风，比往常又甜了一点。

The Watermelon Poem from the Yard Next Door

Old Zhou moved his bamboo cot into the yard and laid the palm fan on his belly. The June night wind came down from the end of the lane, carrying the scent of soap pods drying at someone else’s door. The small yard next door was lit up; that family was cooling off under the melon trellis, and he could hear them setting out bowls and chopsticks.

Suddenly a child’s voice rose from next door, word by word: A green melon lies on the table, holding a whole summer inside. Old Zhou’s fan stopped. Then a woman’s voice, followed by a crisp crack as the melon opened: The knife goes in softly, the melon opens with a laugh. The child’s voice broke into a string of laughter, counting the seeds, losing count somewhere past ten.

Old Zhou could tell the child was reciting a poem, to the grown-ups and to the melon. It reminded him of his own family’s melon field forty years ago. His father crouched at the head of the field, tapping melons and listening, this one too green, that one just right. His mother lowered the chosen melon into the well on a rope, saying they would fish it out at night, chilled. Nobody recited poems in those days, yet the moment his father lifted the melon from the well, water dripping off it, old Zhou felt it was better than any poem. So that is what a poem is, he thought. When a good day lands on a person, the lines come out of the mouth by themselves.

The voices next door went on. The woman said: The big piece goes to grandpa. The man took up: The small piece to me. The child’s voice climbed high: The sweetest piece goes to whoever thinks of someone else. Then the scuffle of choosing pieces,

bowls bumping basins, basins bumping the table. Old Zhou pictured the scene, the corners of his mouth lifting on their own. He had divided melons this way as a boy too. His grandmother always claimed she did not care for sweet things, and gave away the heart of the melon, for forty years.

The child's voice suddenly mixed up a line and stalled. Two seconds of quiet, and the grown-ups did not hurry her. The child picked it up herself: One bite, and summer is sweet; another bite, and the whole family is sweet. She picked it up fast and clear, like a melon hauled from the well, landing steady in the basin. Old Zhou applauded. Next door heard him, and the child's voice called through the wall: Grandpa Zhou, you are listening to our poem too! He answered loudly: I heard it, good poem, better than the opera.

That night old Zhou slept well, dreaming of melon chilled in well water, opened with one stroke of the knife, coolness rising off the cut. Early the next morning he had his granddaughter Xiao He carry a melon over to them, one he had grown in his own yard this year, grown for just this. Xiao He came back reporting: The big sister next door said thank you Grandpa Zhou, and our next poem will be about you, about a grandpa who listens to poems. Old Zhou walked two slow circles in the yard with his hands behind his back, said nothing, and waved his fan faster than usual.

After that, on summer nights when the neighbors recited, old Zhou sat on his bamboo cot and listened, like a favorite radio program. One night the child recited: Melon in the well, dripping cool; grandpa next door, fanning slow. Old Zhou's fan missed a beat. He did not know there was a line about him in that poem; he only felt that night's wind was a little sweeter than before.