在田野里朗诵

语文老师说：明天的课，搬到外面去上。

朗诵会那天早上，天很蓝，学校外的田野金黄金黄的，像铺到天涯的地毯。我们沿着田埂站成一排。老师说：今天谁想念自己写的秋天的诗，就走到田中间去念。

我的手心出汗。我写了一晚上《金色的田野》，越想越觉得不好。小雨第一个上去，她的声音亮，麻雀都飞近了一点听。同学一个接一个上去。轮到我，腿像灌了铅，一步只能挪半步。

田那头，收割机在干活，轰隆隆的声音一阵一阵滚过来。老师看我一眼说：别怕，念得比那台机器响一点。我吸了口气，张开嘴。

秋风吹，稻穗摇，/ 一摇一层金浪。/ 风跑过，风跑远，/ 把稻香捎到庄上。

收割机，轰隆隆，/ 收走金浪一山又一山。/ 爷爷装满一筐，奶奶装满一筐，/ 整个院子金光闪闪。

我爱秋天的田野，/ 爱它胜过口袋里的金币。

开头几行我的声音还在抖，念到中间忽然不怕了。稻穗跟着风摇，像整片田都在跟着我念。念完，全班鼓掌，老师鼓得最响。

小雨念的是玉米地。她说玉米粒是一排金牙齿，玉米须是田野系的红头绳。念到最后一句，全班都笑了，老师也笑。我坐在田埂上听，紧张少了一点。原来诗不是吓人的东西，把看见的说出来，就是诗。

回学校的路上，耳朵里还是收割机的声音。我想：下次写诗，我要先到田边坐一坐。诗是从田野里长出来的，要念好它，就得站在它长出来的地方。

放学回家，我把朗诵会讲给妈妈听，讲到收割机伴奏那段，妈妈笑得直摇头。爸爸却认真地说：下次带上本子，田里的东西每天都在变，昨天稻子还站着，今天就只剩稻茬了。我点点头，把本子塞进书包最外层。第二天一早，我特意绕到田埂上看了一眼。稻茬上挂着露水，一颗一颗，像田野昨晚写了一整夜的信，还没晾干。

Reciting in the Fields

Our Chinese teacher said: tomorrow we move our class outside.

On the morning of the reciting day, the sky was very blue, and the field outside the school was golden yellow, like a carpet spread to the end of the world. We stood in a line along the ridge. The teacher said: today, anyone who wants to recite a poem about autumn that you wrote yourself, walk into the middle of the field and recite it there.

My palms were wet. I had written Golden Fields all night long, and the more I

thought about it, the worse it seemed. Xiao Yu went first. Her voice was bright, and even the sparrows flew closer to listen. Classmate after classmate went up. When my turn came, my legs felt like lead, and I could only move half a step at a time.

At the far end of the field, the harvester was working, and its rumbling rolled toward us wave after wave. The teacher looked at me and said: do not be afraid. Recite a little louder than that machine. I took a breath and opened my mouth.

The autumn wind blows, the rice ears sway, / one sway, one wave of gold. / The wind runs past, the wind runs far, / carrying the rice scent back to the village.

The harvester, rumbling, / gathers wave after wave of gold into mountains. / Grandfather fills one basket, Grandmother fills another, / and the whole courtyard shines with golden light.

I love the fields of autumn, / more than the gold coins in my pocket.

My voice still shook in the first lines. In the middle of the poem, suddenly I was not afraid. The rice ears swayed with the wind, as if the whole field were reciting along with me. When I finished, the whole class clapped, and the teacher clapped the loudest.

Xiao Yu recited a poem about the cornfield. She said the corn kernels are a row of golden teeth, and the corn silk is the red ribbon the fields tie in their hair. When she reached the last line, the whole class laughed, and the teacher laughed too. I sat on the ridge and listened, and my nervousness grew a little smaller. So a poem is not a scary thing. Say what you see, and it is already a poem.

On the way back to school, the sound of the harvester was still in my ears. I thought: next time I write a poem, I will go and sit by a field first. Poems grow out of the fields, and to recite one well, you have to stand where it grew.

After school I told Mom about the reciting day, and when I reached the part about the harvester keeping the beat, she laughed and shook her head. Dad, however, said seriously: bring your notebook next time. Things in the field change every day. Yesterday the rice was still standing; today there is only stubble. I nodded and put the notebook in the outermost pocket of my schoolbag. Early the next morning, I made a special detour to the ridge. The stubble was hung with dew, drop after drop, as if the field had been writing letters all night long and had not yet dried the ink.