

异邦节序长歌

波士顿的雨漫过六月信箱
仰望天空，星辰日月晚风入梦，
魂牵梦绕草原青城，天边蓝色哈达
粽叶裹着糯米 飘出唐人街橱窗
教韩国同学折艾草的形状
巴西女孩系错的五彩绳 晃成铃铛

建军节的勋章在云端闪光
我们举起手机 向军旗敬个无声的礼
历史课本里的弹孔 与此刻心跳同频
异乡的星 坠入长江黄河的潮汐

儿童节气球掠过图书馆穹顶
彩色蜡笔涂满留言板："我家在长城脚底"
当各国童谣在宿舍走廊相遇
不同肤色的手掌 叠成中秋的满月

文化的经纬在餐盘交错
粽子与火鸡 碰响跨洋的碰杯声
我们是游走的桥梁 驮着五千年月光
在异国的土壤 种下永不褪色的节令

A Long Song of Festive Sequences in a Foreign Land

The rain in Boston floods the June mailbox.

Looking up at the sky, the stars, the sun, the moon, and the evening breeze enter my dreams.

I'm deeply haunted by Hohhot in the grassland.

The blue hada in the distance

The glutinous rice wrapped in zongzi leaves drifts out of the Chinatown storefront.

I teach a Korean classmate how to fold the shape of mugwort.

The multicolored string that a Brazilian girl ties wrongly jingles like a bell.

The medals of the Army Day flash in the clouds.

We raise our mobile phones and give a silent salute to the military flag.

The bullet holes in the history textbook resonate with my current heartbeat.

The stars in a foreign land fall into the tides of the Yangtze River and the Yellow River.

The Children's Day balloons skim over the dome of the library.

The message board is covered with colorful crayon drawings: "My home is at the foot of the Great Wall."

When the nursery rhymes of various countries meet in the dormitory corridor.

Hands of different skin colors stack up like a full moon of the Mid-Autumn Festival.

The threads of cultures crisscross on the dining plate.

Zongzi and turkey clink like a transoceanic toast.

We are wandering bridges, carrying the moonlight of five thousand years.

In the soil of a foreign land, we plant the festive seasons that will never fade.