

公园入口的那片郁金香

周六早上，我的一碗面刚吃完，妈妈就从门后的挂钩上取下布袋，说：走，去城市公园，郁金香开了。我把两瓶水塞进书包，抢在她前面出了门。

公园东门一进去，我就看见了那片郁金香田。它铺在湖边的小坡上，一块红、一块黄、一块紫，像谁把三张大地毯一块一块铺开，中间隔着一一条窄窄的小路。小路上人不少，大家都走得很慢。

我跑到最近的那块紫色跟前蹲下。郁金香的花像一只收着口的长杯子，花瓣很光滑，边上还描了一道细细的浅色线。紫色的那几株颜色最深，深得像墨，可太阳斜着照过来的时候，花瓣边缘透亮透亮，像彩色的玻璃。

妈妈，为什么有三种颜色呀？我问。妈妈走过来，蹲在我旁边说：品种不一样，就像人穿的衣服颜色不一样。我又去看红的那块，红得最亮，远远看过去，像坡上烧着一堆小火。黄的那块最轻，风一吹，整片一起晃，像一群黄蝴蝶要飞起来。

站这儿，黄郁金香前面。妈妈把我安置在黄色花田边上。我站得笔直，手贴着裤缝，有点不好意思。妈妈说：别盯镜头，看最大那朵花。我扭头去找，找到最大的一朵，就在这时候，一只蜜蜂从我耳边嗡嗡飞过去，我缩了缩脖子，抬手挥了一下，妈妈正好在这一下按下了拍照键。

我们在草坪的垫子上坐了一会儿，一边剥橘子一边看照片。那张照片里，我抬着手，歪着头，眼睛笑成一条缝，身后的黄郁金香被风吹得往一边倒。我觉得它比摆出来的姿势好看，非要妈妈把它设成相册的封面。

回家的公交车上，我捧着手机把照片翻来翻去。照片里的花田亮堂堂的，亮得我想再进去站一回。春天真好，到处都是开着的。我喜欢春天，也喜欢城市公园的郁金香。

The Tulip Field at the Park Entrance

On Saturday morning, I had barely finished my bowl of noodles when mom took a cloth bag off the hook by the door and said, let us go to the city park, the tulips are in full bloom. I threw two bottles of water into my backpack and rushed out the door ahead of her.

The moment we entered the east gate, I saw the tulip field. It spread over the gentle slope by the lake, one block red, one block yellow, one block purple, like three big carpets laid out one by one, with a narrow path running between them. There were quite a few people on the path, and everyone walked slowly.

I ran to the nearest purple block and crouched down. A tulip looks like a tall cup with its mouth half closed. The petals are very smooth, and each edge has a thin line of a lighter color drawn on it. The purple ones were the darkest, almost like

ink, but when sunlight slanted in, the edges of the petals glowed translucent, like colored glass.

Mom, why are there three colors? I asked. Mom walked over and squatted beside me. They are different kinds, just like people wearing different colors of clothes. I looked toward the red block. The red was the brightest, and from far away it looked like small fires burning on the slope. The yellow ones were the lightest. When the wind blew, they swayed all at once, like a flock of yellow butterflies about to fly up.

Stand here, in front of the yellow ones. Mom placed me at the edge of the yellow field. I stood straight with my hands at my sides, feeling a little shy. Mom said, do not look at the camera, look at the biggest flower. I turned my head and found the biggest tulip. Just then a bee buzzed past my ear, I flinched and waved my hand, and mom pressed the shutter at that very moment.

We sat on a mat on the lawn for a while. While eating tangerines, we looked through the photos. In one photo, my hand was raised halfway, my head was tilted, my eyes were closed in laughter, and the yellow tulips behind me were blown sideways by the wind. I thought it was better than any posed photo, and I asked mom to set it as the cover of the album.

On the bus home, I held the phone and looked at the photos again and again. The tulip field in them was so bright that I wanted to stand inside it once more. Spring is truly wonderful, full of blooming flowers. I love spring, and I love the tulips in the city park.

贴在冰箱上的那张照片

我家冰箱上贴着一张照片，照片里我站在郁金香前面，门牙刚掉了一颗，笑起来漏风。每次妈妈打开冰箱拿牛奶，都会指它一下，说：看，你那天多高兴。

那是上个月最后一个周日。妈妈带我去城市公园，说迟一天，郁金香就要谢了。公园东门进去往左，走过一座小木桥，湖边的小坡上就是花田。我站在桥头愣了一下。花是一大片一大片种的，红色的一大片，黄色的一大片，紫色的一大片，中间夹着绿色长长的叶子。风从湖面上过来，花就一起点头。

妈妈在长椅上坐下歇脚，我自己蹲到花田边的石沿上数。我数紫色那一块，一朵、两朵、三朵，数到十九朵的时候被一朵半开的花打断了，它的花瓣还拢在一起，像攥紧的小拳头。旁边一朵全开了，杯子里落着一小片花瓣，是前面那朵掉的。我抬头看整片花田，红的、黄的、紫的，一块挨一块，比美术课上调出来的颜色还要齐。

喂，过来拍照啦。妈妈朝我招手。我跑到黄色那块前面站好，把两只手背在身后。妈妈喊：一二三。我刚咧开嘴，一群白鸽从花田后头的广场上扑棱棱飞起来，有几只从我们头顶掠过，影子落在花上。妈妈连接了好几张。

回去的路上，妈妈把照片挑出来，在公园门口的打印机上打印，一张一块钱。她选出那张有鸽子的，鸽子的翅膀只拍到一小截，我的门牙缺着，笑得眼睛都没了。

照片贴到冰箱上那天，妈妈用两块小磁铁压住角。后来磁铁换过一次，照片的角也卷起来了，可它一直在那儿。写作业写累的时候，我抬头看它一眼，就想起湖面的风、花田的三种颜色，还有扑棱棱飞起来的那群鸽子。

春天原来可以贴在冰箱上。我喜欢春天，下次郁金香开的时候，我还要让妈妈给我拍一张。

The Photo on the Refrigerator

There is a photo on our refrigerator at home. In it I am standing in front of tulips, one front tooth just gone, my smile showing the gap. Every time mom opens the fridge to get milk, she points at it and says, look, how happy you were that day.

That was the last Sunday of last month. Mom took me to the city park, saying that if we waited one more day, the tulips would already be fading. Enter through the east gate, turn left, cross a small wooden bridge, and the flower field lies on the slope by the lake. I stood at the bridge for a moment and froze. The flowers were planted in big blocks, a big block of red, a big block of yellow, a big block of purple, with long green leaves mixed in between. The wind came across the lake, and all the flowers nodded together.

Mom sat down on a bench to rest, and I squatted on the stone edge by the field and started counting. I counted the purple block, one flower, two flowers, three flowers, and stopped at nineteen because a half-opened flower broke my count. Its petals were still pressed together like a tight little fist. Next to it one flower was fully open, and a small petal had fallen inside its cup, dropped from the flower before it. I looked up at the whole field, red, yellow, and purple, block beside block, neater than any colors mixed in art class.

Hey, come here for the photo. Mom waved at me. I ran and stood in front of the yellow block with both hands behind my back. Mom counted, one, two, three. The moment I grinned, a flock of white pigeons took off from the square behind the field, flapping loudly, and a few of them swept over our heads, their shadows falling on the flowers. Mom pressed the shutter several times in a row.

On the way back, mom picked out a photo and printed it at the machine by the park gate, one yuan a piece. She chose the one with the pigeons, whose wings were only

half captured, my missing tooth showing, my eyes squeezed shut with laughter.

The day the photo went up on the fridge, mom pinned the corners with two small magnets. The magnets were replaced once since then, and the corners of the photo have curled up, but it has stayed there. When I get tired of homework, I look up at it, and I remember the wind off the lake, the three colors of the field, and that flock of pigeons taking flight.

Spring, it turns out, can be pasted on a refrigerator. I love spring, and next time the tulips bloom, I will ask mom to take another one for me.

花田边的一对母女

公园的郁金香开满湖坡那个周末，花田中间的小路上走来走去都是人。有个穿蓝校服的女孩，跟着她的妈妈从东门进来。妈妈手里拎着一个折叠小凳，女孩背着一个水壶，两个人走得不快，一过木桥就都停下了。

坡上的郁金香分三块种着，红的一块，黄的一块，紫的一块，绿叶子把它们一圈一圈托着。女孩松开妈妈的手，跑到紫色那块前面的石沿上蹲下。她没有马上看花，她在看一只蚂蚁。那只蚂蚁顺着郁金香的花茎往上爬，爬到花瓣底下，停了一下，又往下走。女孩的头跟着蚂蚁一上一下，鼻尖几乎碰到叶子。

她的妈妈在身后不远处站着，举着手机。别动，看这边。妈妈喊。女孩抬起头，但没有看镜头，她指着花茎说：妈妈你看，蚂蚁爬到花上面去了。妈妈没有把手机放下，镜头转过去对准花茎，拍了一张蚂蚁，又拍了一张蹲着的她。

看够了，女孩站起来，拍拍裤子，跑到妈妈跟前，两个人沿着小路往红的那块走。红的颜色最重，太阳照着，花瓣像上了釉。女孩踮起脚闻了一下，马上皱起鼻子退开，说：没有香味。妈妈笑：郁金香本来就没有什么香味，好看就行了呀。

走到黄的那块，妈妈把折叠小凳打开，让女孩站在凳子上，这样她的脸正好和花一样高。妈妈喊：一、二、三，笑一个。女孩刚笑开，一阵风过来，她的头发吹到脸上，她抬手去拢头发，妈妈在这时候按了快门。两个人凑在一起看，谁也没有说不满意。

公园门口的打印机嗡嗡响了几声，照片吐出来，还热着。女孩把照片塞进课本里，夹在语文书的中间。妈妈收起小凳，女孩拧开水壶喝了一大口。回去的公交上，女孩靠着车窗睡着了，课本角上露出照片的一小边，黄色的花露出一小条。

后来有人问那个旁观过她们的人，那个周末公园里有什么好看的。那人想了想说：花田是好看，不过最好看的是春天本身——它就站在花田边上，一个蹲着看蚂蚁，一个举着手机等，笑得比郁金香还亮。喜欢春天的人，那天全在湖坡上了。

The Mother and Daughter by the Tulip Field

On the weekend when the park tulips covered the lakeside slope, the narrow path between the flower blocks was full of people walking slowly. A girl in a blue school uniform came in through the east gate with her mother. The mother carried a folding stool, the girl carried a water bottle, and the two of them walked unhurriedly. The moment they crossed the wooden bridge, they both stopped.

The tulips on the slope were planted in three blocks, one red, one yellow, one purple, with green leaves holding each of them in rings. The girl let go of her mother's hand and squatted on the stone edge in front of the purple block. She did not look at the flowers right away. She was watching an ant. The ant climbed up the tulip stem, reached the underside of the petal, paused for a moment, then turned back down. The girl's head went up and down following the ant, her nose almost touching the leaf.

Her mother stood a short distance behind, holding up her phone. Do not move, look this way, she called. The girl looked up, but she did not look at the camera. She pointed at the stem and said, Mom, look, the ant climbed onto the flower. Her mother did not put the phone down. She turned the lens toward the stem, took one photo of the ant, then one of her daughter squatting there.

When she had seen enough, the girl stood up, patted off her trousers, ran to her mother, and the two of them walked along the path toward the red block. The red was the deepest color, and in the sunlight its petals looked glazed. The girl rose on her toes and took a sniff, then immediately wrinkled her nose and backed away, saying, it has no smell. Her mother laughed. Tulips never have much scent. They only need to look good.

At the yellow block, her mother opened the folding stool and had the girl stand on it, so her face was exactly as high as the flowers. One, two, three, smile, the mother counted. The moment the girl smiled, a gust of wind blew her hair across her face, and she raised her hand to smooth it down, and her mother pressed the shutter right then. The two of them bent their heads together to look, and neither one said they were unhappy with it.

The printer by the park gate buzzed a few times and spat out the photo, still warm. The girl slipped it into her textbook, in the middle of her Chinese book. Her mother folded up the stool, and the girl twisted open her bottle and took a big drink. On the bus home, the girl fell asleep against the window, and a corner of the photo peeked out of the textbook, showing a small strip of yellow flowers.

Later someone asked the bystander who had watched them what was so worth seeing in the park that weekend. The person thought for a moment and said: the flower field

was beautiful, yes, but the best sight was spring itself, standing at the edge of the field. One squatting to watch an ant, one holding up a phone and waiting, smiling brighter than the tulips. Everyone who loves spring was on that lakeside slope that day.