

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.