

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.