

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。妈妈连按了好几张。

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.