

巷子尽头的那棵樱花树

巷子尽头有一棵樱花树，不归谁所有，也不归我所有。每天早上上学我都从它旁边过，可是真正看见它，是这周二早晨。

那天早晨我离它还有半条街，就先看见了它。天才亮透，巷子口悬着一大团粉色的云，浮在瓦房顶上，软得像不真。我停下脚步。这条路我走了三年，从没发现树可以有这么大。原来离得太近的东西反而看不见，要离远了才看得见。

走到树下，云变成了一朵一朵的花。每朵花有五个花瓣，白里透着粉，花瓣边上有一圈淡淡的红，像谁用彩铅描过又抹开了。中间的花蕊密密地挤在一起，顶着一粒一粒小黄点。我凑近去看，一只蜜蜂撞了一下我的鼻子，吓了我一跳。有的花开足了，花瓣平平地张开，像小盘子；有的半开，像不好意思；有的还是花骨朵，圆圆的，粉粉的，挂在枝头像一排小铃铛，风一吹，好像马上就要响。

从前爷爷陪我走这条路。三年级的时候，他老远指给我看：快看，樱花开啦。我跑过去把脸凑到一朵花跟前，他在后面喊我：先看远的，再看近的。那时我不懂，觉得凑近了看就是看得仔细。后来我才知道，这棵樱花树是爷爷年轻时栽的，树比咱家的房子岁数还大。如今爷爷进城去住了，我一个人走这条路，才看懂了——巷子口那一大团粉色的云，要离远了才看得见；花蕊上的小黄点，要凑近了才看得见。两种看法，都得有。

那天早晨我在树下站了很久，差点迟到。风一过，花瓣像下雪一样落，落在我的肩上、书包顶上。我没有拍掉。邻门的陈曦路过，说你摘樱花呀。我说我没摘，是它自己落下来的。去学校的路上，我觉得巷子口那团粉色的云跟着我走了一路，一直落到我的肩膀上。

The Cherry Tree at the End of the Alley

At the end of our alley stands a cherry tree that belongs to no one. I walk past it every morning on my way to school, but I did not truly see it until Tuesday morning.

That morning I first spotted it from half a street away. The sky had just brightened, and a big pink cloud hung at the mouth of the alley, floating above the tile roofs, soft and almost unreal. I stopped. I have walked this road for three years and never noticed the tree could be so big. It seems that when you are too close to something, you cannot see it at all; you can only see it from far away.

Under the tree, the cloud turned into one flower after another. Each flower has five petals, white touched with pink, with a faint reddish line along the edge, as if someone drew it with a colored pencil and then wiped it. The stamens in the middle crowd together tightly, each topped with a tiny yellow anther. I leaned in to look, and a bee bumped my nose and startled me half to death. Some flowers are fully open with their petals spread flat like little plates; some are half open, as if shy; some

are still buds, round and pink, hanging from the branch like a row of small bells that seem about to ring when the wind blows.

Grandpa used to walk this road with me. In third grade he would point from far away and say, look, the cherry blossoms are out. I would run over and press my face close to one, and he would call me back: look from far away first, then come closer. I did not understand then; I thought looking close up was looking well enough. Later I learned that Grandpa planted this cherry tree when he was young, and the tree is older than our house. Now he has moved to the city, and I walk the road alone, and I finally understand: the pink cloud at the mouth of the alley can only be seen from far away, and the tiny yellow anthers can only be seen up close. Both ways of looking are needed.

That morning I stood under the tree so long I was almost late for school. A gust of wind passed, and petals fell like snow, landing on my shoulder and on top of my schoolbag. I did not brush them off. Chen Xi from next door walked by and said, picking cherry blossoms? I said I did not pick any, they fell by themselves. On the way to school I felt that the pink cloud at the end of the alley had followed me all the way and settled on my shoulder.