

花开不慌张，我等你的花期

《春天的花》是一本讲花的书。书里写春天的花一朵接一朵地开：迎春花打头，在柳芽还没红的时候就在河边开出一排黄色；桃花杏花跟着上，粉的和白的挤在枝头；牡丹却一点都不急，等别的花早就谢了、结了果，它才在四月下旬慢慢张开自己的大花。作者说，这些花从来不是同时开的，每一朵都在安静地等自己的时间，不看别人，也不催自己。我读到这一段，就想起了我去年养的那颗风信子。

那颗球茎是妈妈秋天买回来的。它像个胖乎乎的小洋葱，外面包着褐色的薄皮，怎么看都不像能开花的样子。我们把它架在一个白玻璃瓶上，让水刚刚碰到它的底，放在窗台上。头两个星期，它一点动静都没有，我天天蹲下去看，担心它是不是烂掉了。十二月，它的底部才长出白色的根，短短的、粗粗的，像几枚小白钉子。还是没有花。一月，它抽出几片厚厚的绿叶，我天天问妈妈：它怎么还不开花？书里的花是不是都开了？

二月，叶子越长越高，中间冒出一串挤在一起的绿色花苞，硬硬的，像一个睡着的小松塔。我急得伸手想去掰开花苞，看看里面到底是什么颜色。妈妈把我的手打开，说掰了它就再也打不开了，要等它自己开。我心里直嘀咕：它怎么这么慢。三月初的一个早上，我是被一阵淡淡的香味弄醒的。那串花苞从下往上一朵一朵全开了，紫蓝色，挤得满满的，香味装满了整个屋子。我站在窗台前面，看了它好久。

现在我懂了书里说的话。风信子不是开得晚，它只是按着自己的时间走：秋天长根，冬天长叶子，春天开花，一步都没有跳过去。是我只看见书里开着的、热闹的花，就想让它把等待的那一段全部省掉。花自己是不着急的，它们安安静静做着眼前的事，时间一到就开。书里的牡丹等到谷雨前后才开，照样开得比很多花都大，因为它不觉得晚开丢人，它的时间就是那个时候。

这本书教会我等待。背不下课文、学不会一样东西的时候，我总觉得自己太慢。可也许我就像那颗风信子球茎，这会儿正在长根。花开有自己的时间，人长大也有自己的时间。我不必拿自己的春天去比别人的迎春花。等我的时间到了，我的花自然会开。

Flowers Are Not in a Hurry, and I Will Wait for My Season

"Flowers of Spring" is a book about flowers. The author writes about the flowers that open one after another in spring: winter jasmine goes first and lights up yellow along the riverbank before the willow buds turn red; peach blossoms and apricot blossoms follow, pink and white crowded on the branches; and the peony takes no hurry at all, slowly opening its big flowers in late April when other flowers have long fallen and borne fruit. The author says these flowers never bloom all at once. Each one quietly waits for its own time, never looking at the others and never rushing itself. I read this passage and thought of the hyacinth bulb I raised last year.

My mother bought that bulb in autumn. It looked like a fat little onion wrapped in brown paper-like skin, and nothing about it suggested that it could bloom. We set it on top of a white glass bottle, let the water just touch its bottom, and placed it on the windowsill. For two weeks it did nothing. I crouched down to check it every day and worried it had rotted. In December, white roots finally came out from the bottom, short and thick like little white nails. Still no flower. In January, thick green leaves grew up, and I asked my mother every day why it had not bloomed yet, whether the flowers in the book were already blooming.

In February, the leaves grew taller, and a spike of tight green buds rose from the middle of them, hard like a sleeping pine cone. I wanted to pry the buds open with my fingers to see their color. My mother slapped my hand away and said that if I pried them, the flower would never open, and I should wait for it to open by itself. I complained in my heart that it was too slow. One morning in early March, a soft smell woke me up. The whole spike had opened from bottom to top, purple-blue and crowded together, and the smell filled the room. I stood by the windowsill and looked at it for a long time.

Now I understand the book. The hyacinth did not bloom late; it was simply keeping to its own time. It grew roots in autumn, leaves in winter, and flowers in spring, one step after another, with no step skipped. I had only looked at the blooming flowers in the book and wanted it to skip all the waiting. The flowers are not anxious. They quietly do the work in front of them and open when their time comes. In the book the peony waits until late April and still blooms grander than most flowers, because it is not ashamed of being late; its time is simply that time.

This book taught me to wait. When I cannot recite a text or learn something quickly, I often think I am too slow. But maybe I am like that hyacinth bulb, growing roots right now. Flowers have their own time to bloom, and people have their own time to grow. I do not need to compare my spring with someone else's winter jasmine. When my time comes, my flowers will open on their own.

阳台上的向日葵

《春天的花》里我忘不了的一段，是写等待的那段。作者写：梅花在早春的寒气里开，桃花等风暖了才开，荷花要等到夏天才露面。书里的花好像都知道一个秘密，不挤，不抢，该什么时候开就什么时候开。连一朵看起来误了春天的花，到书的后面也在悄悄准备自己的花苞。我读这段的时候有点脸红，因为我去年对我的向日葵干过一件傻事。

四年级三月，我在阳台的空花盆里种下两粒向日葵种子。种子上写着向日葵夏天开花。我天

天浇水，天天蹲在盆边看。一个星期过去，两个星期过去，土面平平的，一点动静都没有。我急了，断定种子死了。一个周末，趁妈妈不在，我拿筷子往土里挖，把其中一粒种子刨了出来。种子已经发了芽，白色的芽短短的，只有一厘米左右，还埋在土里。我赶紧把它按回去，拍好土，整个下午心里都沉沉的：我可能把它弄伤了。

幸好种子活了。过了几天，两瓣圆圆的子叶顶出土来，另一粒也一起出了土。我再也没挖过，只是浇水，把花盆搬到阳台最亮的角落。向日葵长得慢，但是稳，一周一周往上蹿，叶子粗粗的，摸上去扎手。七月，每根的顶上出现一个绿色的圆盘，一圈黄色的花瓣一朵一朵张开。它们没有公园里那些向日葵大，只有我的手掌那么大，可是开的时候真的会把脸转向太阳。

《春天的花》说，花有自己的发芽时间，也有自己的开花时间。埋在土里的种子不是什么都没做，它在土里长根。去年的我不懂这个，以为地面上看不见，就是没有发生，还差点把那颗正在使劲的白芽挖了出来。作者写书里的花都在安静地等，我终于知道它们在等什么，它们在忙你看不见的事。

现在每次急着要一个结果，我都会想起那颗顶着白芽的种子。看不见，不等于没在长。春天的花不是一起开的，所以整个春天才好看。我想做一株向日葵：该扎根的时候扎根，该开的时候开。

The Sunflowers on Our Balcony

The passage I cannot forget in "Flowers of Spring" is the one about waiting. The author writes: plum blossoms open in the cold of early spring, peach blossoms wait until the wind turns warm, and the lotus does not show its face until summer. The flowers in the book all seem to know a secret. They do not crowd and do not compete; they bloom when they should bloom. Even a flower that seems to have missed spring is quietly getting its buds ready by the end of the book. I read this passage feeling a little ashamed, because last year I did something silly to my sunflower.

In March of fourth grade, I planted two sunflower seeds in an empty flower pot on the balcony. The packet said sunflowers bloom in summer. I watered the pot every day and crouched beside it to watch. A week passed, then two, and the soil stayed flat and empty. I decided the seeds were dead. One weekend, while my mother was away, I dug into the soil with a chopstick and pulled one seed out. It had already sprouted, with a short white shoot about one centimeter long, still buried in the dirt. I pushed it back in a hurry, patted the soil closed, and felt heavy all afternoon: I might have hurt it.

Luckily the seed survived. A few days later, two round seed leaves pushed out of the soil, and the other one came up at the same time. I never dug again. I only watered them and moved the pot to the sunniest corner of the balcony. The sunflowers grew slowly but steadily, taller every week, their leaves rough and prickly. In July,

a green plate appeared at the top of each stalk, and a ring of yellow petals opened one by one. They were smaller than the sunflowers in the park, about the size of my palm, but when they bloomed they truly turned their faces to the sun.

“Flowers of Spring” says that flowers have their own time to sprout and their own time to bloom. A seed buried in soil is not doing nothing; it is growing roots where no one can see. Last year I did not know that. I thought that if nothing showed above ground, nothing was happening, and I almost dug up the little shoot that was working hard. The author writes that the flowers in the book wait quietly, and I finally know what they are waiting for: they are busy with work you cannot see.

Now, whenever I rush for a result, I think of that seed with its white shoot. Not being seen does not mean not growing. The flowers of spring do not all bloom at once, and that is what makes a whole spring beautiful. I want to be like a sunflower: root when it is time to root, and bloom when it is time to bloom.

爷爷的兰花两年没开

读《春天的花》的时候，我总忍不住翻回写花开等待的那几段。书里有的花被春风一吹就开，有的花要等很久，等雨、等暖、等自己攒够了力气。作者说，等待的花不是懒，是在攒劲。我觉得这一段像是写给我爷爷那盆兰花的。

爷爷爱养花，小院子的矮墙上摆着十几盆。去年春天，爸爸给爷爷带回一盆兰花，几片窄叶子，跟草没什么两样。爷爷把它放在光软和的地方，也不怎么浇水。我问爷爷它什么时候开花。爷爷说兰花慢，今年可能不开。果然，一年过去，它一朵花也没开。墙上的石榴花开过又落，落过又开，那盆兰花还是老样子，只是多了几片新叶子。

我替爷爷难过，甚至觉得这盆兰花根本不会开花。爷爷照旧侍候它：松土，开窗透气，冬天把它搬进屋里。第二年开春，我去爷爷家，他把我叫到墙边，指着兰花叶子的根部。那里有一个米粒大的花苞，尖上带一点红。爷爷说，你看，它开始了。到了四月，那个花苞长高，开出两朵淡粉色的花，不大，但是很干净，凑近了才闻得到一点香。

《春天的花》里写，每朵花有自己的节奏，不能拿快花的标准去量慢花。爷爷的兰花等了快两年，等的日子里它在长叶子、长根、攒力气。第一年不开，不是它不好，是它还没攒够。爷爷懂这个，所以他不催。我以前一段钢琴曲子练不会就发火，数学跟不上就掉眼泪，现在想想，那些时候我也在长叶子。

书里说，等待的花开得也好看。那两朵兰花开的时候，爷爷笑着拍了很多照片。我明白了，等待不是白等，等待是花在长的时候。读这本书，我想起了自己的风信子、自己的向日葵，还有爷爷的兰花。我们都像小苗，安安静静地长，等自己的时间到。

Grandpa's Orchid Waited Two Years

While reading "Flowers of Spring", I kept returning to the passages where the author writes about flowers that wait. Some flowers open as soon as the spring wind arrives, and some wait much longer, waiting for rain, for warm weather, for themselves to grow strong. The author says a waiting flower is not lazy; it is gathering strength. I felt this passage was written about my grandpa's orchid.

My grandpa loves flowers, and a dozen pots line the low wall of his small yard. Last spring my father brought him an orchid. It had a few narrow leaves and looked no different from grass. Grandpa set it where the light came through softly and hardly watered it. I asked when it would bloom. Grandpa said orchids are slow, and this one might not bloom this year. Sure enough, through a whole year it opened nothing. The pomegranate flowers on the wall bloomed and fell and bloomed again, while the orchid stayed as it was, only adding a few new leaves.

I felt sorry for grandpa and even thought this orchid would never bloom. He kept caring for it anyway: loosening the soil, opening the window for air, carrying it indoors in winter. One day in early spring of the second year, he called me to the wall and pointed at the foot of the orchid leaves. There was a bud the size of a grain of rice, its tip tinged red. Grandpa said, see, it is starting. By April the bud grew tall and opened two pale pink flowers. They were small but clean and elegant, with a light smell you could only catch when you bent close.

"Flowers of Spring" writes that every flower has its own pace, and a slow flower should not be measured by the standard of a fast one. My grandpa's orchid waited nearly two years, and during that waiting it grew leaves, grew roots and stored strength. It did not bloom in the first year not because it was bad but because it had not gathered enough. Grandpa understood, so he never rushed it. I used to get angry when a piano piece would not come to my hands, and cried over slow math. Now I think those were my days of growing leaves.

The book says the flowers that wait bloom beautifully too. When those two orchid flowers opened, grandpa smiled and took many photos. I understand now: waiting is not wasted time; waiting is the time a flower spends growing. This book made me think of my hyacinth, my sunflower and grandpa's orchid. We are all small plants, growing quietly, waiting for our own time to come.