

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.