

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.