

那首终于弹完的曲子

春季汇报会上，我把那首曲子从头到尾弹完，站起来谢幕的时候，我忽然想起《春天的花》里的句子：「等待的花开得最好看。」去年冬天我在书页上画下这句话的时候，还不懂它。现在我懂了。

要讲清楚这件事，得回到去年冬天。十二月，我卡在《茉莉花》的左手段落。每次弹到那里，两只手就打架，声音乱得不成样子。我弹十遍、二十遍，还是错。有天晚上我把琴盖砰地合上，坐在琴凳上哭，说再也不碰钢琴了。妈妈没骂我，把一本书放在合上的琴盖上：《春天的花》。她说，先读完，读完还想放弃，就放弃。

我就着琴灯的灯光读完了那本书。书里写迎春花等到最冷的时候才开黄花，牡丹等到四月下旬才张开大花，没有一朵在赶别人。我想起小区门口那棵桃树，三月里别的花都闹完了，它才把花苞一个一个举起来，开得安安静静的，可蜜蜂都往它那里跑。我想起自己的左手，它是不是一朵还没到時候的花？第二天，我把琴盖重新打开。我不再整首整首地弹，只练出错的那四小节，慢速，分手，每天二十分钟。四小节，练了一个星期，两个星期。一月，那四小节顺了。二月，我能把整首连下来。

所以汇报会那天，我的手指跑到那四小节的时候，稳得像走一条走熟的路。台下没有人知道这四小节曾经让我哭过。他们听到的只是一首完整的《茉莉花》。只有我知道，我等过的那朵花开开了。

现在我给自己做了打算：下一首曲子再遇到难的地方，先慢练那几小节，不再动不动说放弃。我还想学会等别人：同学学东西慢的时候，我不催他。每一朵花都有自己的时间，这件事我已经替自己验证过一次了。

The Piece I Finally Finished Playing

At the spring recital, I played that piece from the first note to the last. When I stood up to take my bow, the line from "Flowers of Spring" suddenly came back to me: the flowers that wait bloom the most beautifully. Last winter, when I underlined that sentence, I did not understand it. Now I do.

To explain this, I have to go back to last December. I was stuck on the left-hand part of the folk song Jasmine Flower. Every time I reached that spot, my two hands fought each other, and the sound went in a mess. I played it ten times, twenty times, and it stayed wrong. One night I slammed the piano lid shut and sat on the bench crying, saying I would never touch the piano again. My mother did not scold me. She placed a book on the closed lid: "Flowers of Spring". She said, read it first; if you still want to quit afterward, then quit.

I finished the book by the light of the piano lamp. It says that winter jasmine waits until the coldest days to open its yellow flowers, and the peony waits until

late April to spread its big blooms, and not one of them is racing anyone. I thought of the peach tree by our gate: in March, after the other flowers had finished their noise, it raised its buds one by one and bloomed quietly, yet all the bees flew to it. I thought of my own left hand: was it a flower whose time had not come yet? The next day I opened the piano lid again. I stopped playing the whole piece over and over. I practiced only the four measures that went wrong, slowly, hands separately, twenty minutes a day. Four measures took one week, then two. In January they finally flowed smoothly. In February I could play the whole piece through.

So on the day of the recital, when my fingers reached those four measures, they were as steady as walking a familiar road. No one in the audience knew that these four measures had once made me cry. All they heard was a complete, unbroken song. Only I knew that the flower I had waited for had opened.

Now I have made plans for myself: when the next piece has a hard passage, I will practice those few measures slowly first, and I will not say I quit at the drop of a hat. I also want to learn to wait for others. When a classmate learns something slowly, I will not rush them. Every flower has its own time, and I have already proven that once for myself.