

# 花田醒得比我早

花田醒得比我早。我六点到的时候，蜜蜂已经在里头忙了，嗡嗡的声音不响，像一层薄雾垫在脚下。我是被这声音叫醒的。屋里还黑着，我披了外套出门，顺着田埂往村后走，露水打湿了鞋面，也没回去换。

蹲下来看那一朵油菜花。露水在花瓣上聚成一颗，滚来滚去，就是不落，花瓣托着它，微微往下弯，弯到一个角度，水珠滑进花心，花瓣轻轻弹了一下，像松了一口气。这样的动作我看了十几遍，每一遍都一样，每一遍都新鲜。花瓣上的露水凉，风一过，整片田的叶子翻出背面，银了一下又绿回去。

蜜蜂比我想象中忙。它钻进花里，后腿已经挂了两团黄，还要再挤进去，身子一耸一耸。有两只撞在一起，也不打架，各自歪开，各找各的花。它们不挑，这一朵开了就采这一朵，采完就飞下一朵，从不回头看。我跟着它们的路线走，才发现这片田里花有先后，靠沟的那一排先开，坡上的还含着，蜜蜂把先开的这几排来回梳了三遍，梳出一条看不见的路线。

走到田埂尽头，我看见了远处。河对岸的坡上，一整片黄从水边烧到坡顶，中间夹着几行白的，是梨树。那个黄不是颜色，是声音，是几万朵花一起在那里开着，风过去，它们就一起晃。我站在那里，忽然想不起自己是为什么走出来的。作业、考试、昨天没说完的话，都退到很远的地方，像对岸的坡，看得见，但不吵我。

回去的时候太阳刚出来，露水开始一颗一颗不见。蜜蜂没停，花也没停。它们天亮前就把该做的事做完了大半，人还在梦里。我走在回去的村路上，鞋上的泥干了，心里那种胀的东西平了。春天不解释什么，它只是开，露水和蜜蜂都替它作证。我空着手回去，又好像领了什么。

## The Flower Field Woke Up Before I Did

The flower field woke up before I did. When I arrived at six, the bees were already busy inside, their humming not loud, like a thin mist laid under my feet. I had been woken by that sound. The house was still dark. I threw on a jacket and walked out along the ridge path behind the village. Dew soaked my shoes, and I did not go back to change.

I squatted to look at one rapeseed flower. Dew gathered into a single bead on the petal, rolling back and forth, refusing to fall. The petal held it, bending slightly down, and at a certain angle the bead slid into the heart of the flower and the petal flickered softly, like a sigh of relief. I watched this happen more than a dozen times. Every time it was the same, and every time it was new. The dew on the petals was cold. When wind passed, the whole field turned its leaves over, flashed silver, then went green again.

The bees were busier than I had imagined. One dove into a flower, two balls of

yellow already hanging on its hind legs, squeezing in anyway, its body heaving up and down. Two bumped into each other, did not fight, each veered off to its own flower. They do not choose sides. This one open, they take this one, then fly to the next, never looking back. Following their route, I realized the flowers in this field open in shifts. The row along the ditch opened first; the ones on the slope still held closed. The bees combing back and forth over the first few rows had drawn an invisible map.

At the end of the ridge path, I saw the distance. On the slope across the river, a whole sheet of yellow burned from the water up to the top, with a few rows of white in the middle, the pear trees. That yellow was not a color. It was a sound, tens of thousands of flowers opening there together, swaying as one when the wind passed. I stood there and suddenly could not remember why I had walked out. Homework, exams, the words left unfinished yesterday, all retreated far away, like the slope across the river, visible but not disturbing me.

On the way back the sun had just risen, and the dew was disappearing bead by bead. The bees had not stopped, and neither had the flowers. They had finished most of their work before daylight while people were still dreaming. Walking home on the village road, the mud on my shoes drying, the swollen thing inside me settled. Spring explains nothing. It simply blooms, and the dew and the bees stand witness. I went back empty-handed, yet as if I had received something.

## 养蜂人的春天是数出来的

父亲放蜂的地方在河湾那片油菜花田边。跟他去的那天，天刚蒙蒙亮，露水把草尖压弯了。蜂箱一排摆在田埂内侧，箱口的小板上已经挤满了蜜蜂，一层踩着一层，往外爬。它们出工比人还早，天一亮就排队，像村口等车的人。

父亲掀开一个箱盖一角，让我看里面的巢脾。蜜蜂爬成一片，中间留出空路，一条一条，整整齐齐。他说蜂不认人，只认花，哪片田先开，它们就往哪片去，拦是拦不住的。说话间他手上全是蜂，也不慌，把盖子放回去。我蹲在箱口看它们起飞，后腿带着一团黄，起飞前先抖两下身子，露水从绒毛上飞出去，在低处亮了一下。

田里的花上全是露水。蜜蜂钻进一朵，花瓣被压得往下弯，出来时头上顶着一颗水珠，它也不管，接着钻下一朵。有的花露太重，蜜蜂站在边上等，等风把那颗水吹走，再进去。父亲说这样的早晨蜂采得慢，但蜜干净。他不催它们。他坐在田埂的石头上抽烟，看蜂进出，一坐一上午。我以前觉得他闲，现在才知道，他的安静是另一种忙，替几万只蜂看着路。

中午太阳上来了，露水没了，蜂一下子多起来，嗡嗡声盖过了河水的声音。我顺着他的目光往远处看，河对岸的坡上，花从水边一直开到坡顶，黄的中间夹着白的梨树，再远处是灰蓝的山。

那片花海大得没有边，风过去，颜色就起一层一层浪。父亲说今年这片够蜂吃半个月。他说这话的时候语气很平，像在说一件早就知道的事。

回去的路上我问父亲，花谢了怎么办。他说花谢了还有别处开，蜂跟着花走，人跟着蜂走，一年到头都在路上。我忽然觉得，春天在父亲那里不是风景，是一箱一箱数出来的日子。那天晚上我梦见自己站在花海中间，四周全是嗡嗡声，不吵，反而静。醒来天没亮，窗外也有蜂在叫，比闹钟早。

## The Beekeeper Counts His Spring

My father keeps his hives beside the rapeseed field at the river bend. The day I went with him, the sky was barely light. Dew bent the tips of the grass. The hives stood in a row inside the ridge path, their entrance boards already crowded with bees climbing out, one layer on another. They clock in earlier than people, lining up at first light like villagers waiting for the bus at the village entrance.

Father lifted one corner of a hive lid and showed me the combs inside. Bees covered the surface in a living sheet, leaving neat empty lanes between them. He said bees recognize flowers, not people. Whichever field opens first is where they go, and no one can stop them. As he spoke, his hands were covered with bees, and he was not flustered. He set the lid back. I crouched at the entrance and watched them take off, balls of yellow on their hind legs, shaking their bodies twice before lifting. Dew flew off their fuzz and sparkled once at a low point.

Every flower in the field held dew. A bee dove into one, the petal bending down under its weight, and came out with a bead of water on its head, ignoring it, diving into the next. Some flowers carried too much dew, and bees waited at the edge until the wind blew the bead away, then went in. Father said bees gather slowly on mornings like this, but the honey is clean. He does not hurry them. He sits on a stone by the field smoking, watching bees come and go, a whole morning through. I used to think he was idle. Now I know his stillness is another kind of busy, standing watch over the roads of tens of thousands of bees.

By noon the sun was up, the dew gone, and the bees multiplied in an instant, their humming drowning out the river. Following his gaze, I looked into the distance. On the slope across the river, flowers ran from the water all the way to the top, white pear trees set among the yellow, gray-blue mountains beyond. That sea of flowers had no edge. When wind crossed it, the color rose in wave after wave. Father said this field would feed the bees for half a month this year. He said it in a flat voice, like something he had known long in advance.

On the way home I asked him what happens when the flowers fade. He said when

these fade, others are opening somewhere else. Bees follow the flowers, people follow the bees, and everyone is on the road all year. It struck me then that spring, for my father, is not scenery. It is days counted hive by hive. That night I dreamed I stood in the middle of a sea of flowers, humming on every side, not noisy but quiet. I woke before dawn. Outside the window bees were already calling, earlier than the alarm.

## 阳台上的春天和远处的春天

阳台上的天竺葵开了第一朵，是在一个清晨。我推开门透气，先看见的是露水，花瓣上一颗一颗，比米粒小，比米粒圆。那朵粉的花瓣边缘有一道深色的纹，露水正好停在纹的凹陷里，像嵌了一颗玻璃珠。我凑近看，水珠里有一点反光，是阳台栏杆的影子。

看花的时候我听见了嗡嗡声。在这十七楼，不该有蜜蜂。它真的来了，一只，绕着天竺葵转了两圈，落在最高的那朵上，钻进去，后腿动了动，出来时带了一点黄。它从哪儿飞来的呢。小区外三公里有一片河滩，春天开满油菜花。它一定是从那里来的，飞过了马路、红绿灯、早高峰的车流，只为这一盆花。它落在花盆沿上歇了一会儿，翅膀还在抖，然后朝远处飞走了。我目送它，忽然意识到，它背后是整个春天。

我把手撑在栏杆上往那个方向看。城市挡住了视线，只看见楼顶和塔吊。可我知道三公里外是什么样子。去年春天我去过一次那片河滩，花从堤脚一直铺到看不见的地方，中间夹着几株白的柳树，风一来，整片花低头又抬头，像呼吸。那天我在花海的边上站了很久，耳边全是蜂声，密得像下雨。人站在那种大里，心里反而静下来，像被什么东西盖住了所有的吵。

阳台上的春天很小，一盆花，一只蜂，一颗露水。远处的春天很大，大到装不下眼睛。可是它们是一样的开法，一样的露水，一样的蜂。蜜蜂不觉得阳台上的花小，它采得和河滩上一样认真。那我呢。我在这十七楼，离花海三公里，离这盆花三十厘米。我总说等周末去看花海，可今天这只蜂已经替花海来看我了。

我给它留了一杯水在花盆边，没浇花。第二天去看，水没少，花又开了一朵，露水还在。楼下的马路上车开始响了，远处那片海看不见，但它在那儿开着，和这盆花一起。想明白这一点的那个早晨，我在阳台上站了很久，比上学上班的任何一天都久。

## Spring on the Balcony and Spring in the Distance

The geranium on our balcony had its first bloom one morning. I opened the door for air and saw the dew first, bead after bead on the petals, smaller than grains of rice, rounder too. The pink petal had a dark line along its edge, and a dew bead sat exactly in the groove of that line, like a glass bead set into it. I leaned close.

Inside the bead there was a point of reflection, the shadow of the balcony railing.

While I was looking, I heard a hum. On the seventeenth floor, there should be no bees. But one came. It circled the geranium twice, landed on the highest bloom, dove in, moved its hind legs, and came out with a trace of yellow. Where had it flown from? Three kilometers outside our compound there is a river flat that fills with rapeseed flowers in spring. It must have come from there, across roads, traffic lights, and the morning rush, for this one pot. It rested a while on the rim of the pot, wings still trembling, then flew off toward the distance. Watching it go, I suddenly realized the whole of spring was behind it.

I leaned on the railing and looked that way. The city blocked the view, only rooftops and tower cranes. But I know what lies three kilometers out. Last spring I visited that river flat once. Flowers spread from the foot of the levee to where the eye loses them, with a few white willows standing in between. When wind came, the whole field lowered its head and rose again, like breathing. I stood at the edge of that sea of flowers for a long time, the sound of bees so thick it was like rain. Standing inside that bigness, the mind went quiet, as if something had covered up all the noise.

Spring on the balcony is small. One pot, one bee, one dew bead. Spring in the distance is large, too large for the eye to hold. Yet they bloom the same way, with the same dew, the same bees. The bee did not think the balcony flower was small. It gathered from it as earnestly as from the river flat. And me? I am on the seventeenth floor, three kilometers from the sea of flowers, thirty centimeters from this pot. I always say I will go see the flowers on the weekend. But this morning, that bee has already come to see me on behalf of the flowers.

I left a cup of water by the pot, not for watering. The next day the water had not gone down, another bloom had opened, and the dew was still there. Traffic began to rumble on the street below. The distant sea was out of sight, but it was there, blooming, together with this pot. On the morning I understood that, I stood on the balcony longer than on any day of school or work.