

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.