

我问花，花问我

我问迎春花：你的小黄裙子是谁做的，天天在校墙边飘呀飘？ / 迎春花摆摆小手说：南风裁的布，春雨缝的边，阳光还缀了一排金纽扣。 / 我问迎春花：风还冷冰冰，你为什么开在最前头？ / 迎春花踮踮脚尖说：我给山上的桃花报春信，叫她们抹粉妆别迟到。

我问桃花：你的脸蛋是谁涂粉的，涂到树梢上去了？ / 桃花捂捂脸说：太阳给我讲了个秘密，我没忍住就红了。 / 我问桃花：你们怎么一夜之间全开了，像约好了一样？ / 桃花笑哈哈说：真的约好啦，根叫枝，枝叫芽，一个一个叫醒才开的。

我问小蜜蜂：小蜜蜂小蜜蜂，你在忙什么，从这个枝飞到那个枝？ / 蜜蜂揉揉眼睛说：我去上花的课，一朵花一节课，一节都不能迟到。 / 我问小蜜蜂：你怎么不守在一朵花上？ / 蜜蜂摇摇头说：每朵花都有东西给我，我哪一朵也不能落下。

我问小燕子：你从南方回来，捎了什么礼物？ / 小燕子剪剪尾巴说：捎了一身雨，还捎了一嗓子南方的歌，一路唱给花听。 / 我问小树苗：你什么时候长到窗户那么高？ / 小树苗晃晃叶子说：你每天量一次，就会长得快一点。

迎春花问我：小朋友，你给春天带了什么？ / 我拍拍小书包说：带来歌本和小树苗，歌是给花唱的，苗是给校墙边种的。 / 桃花问我：一冬天你学会了什么？ / 我拢拢手朝山上喊：我长高了，还学会了不偷懒。 / 蜜蜂问我：明天中午来不来给花浇水？ / 我把手举得高高的说：早就报上名啦，校门口花坛归我！

我问花，花问我， / 一问一答，春天就热闹起来了。 / 迎春花点头，桃花红了脸， / 蜜蜂嗡嗡地记下来，像记一份约定。 / 风一吹，满墙的花一起点头， / 像在说：明年春天，还是这里见，谁也不许迟到。

I Ask the Flowers and the Flowers Ask Me

I ask the winter jasmine: who made your little yellow dress, fluttering by the school wall day after day? / The winter jasmine waves its small hands and says: the south wind cut the cloth, the spring rain sewed the edges, and the sunshine added a row of golden buttons. / I ask the winter jasmine: the wind is still cold, why do you bloom in the very front? / The winter jasmine tiptoes and says: I carry the news of spring to the peach blossoms on the hill, so they can put on pink makeup and not be late.

I ask the peach blossoms: who painted your cheeks pink, painted them all the way to the treetops? / The peach blossoms cover their faces and say: the sun told me a secret, and I could not help turning red. / I ask the peach blossoms: how did you all open in one single night, as if by appointment? / The peach blossoms laugh out loud and say: we really did make an appointment, root calls to branch, branch calls to bud, waking one another before opening.

I ask the little bee: little bee, little bee, what are you busy with, flying from this branch to that branch? / The bee rubs its eyes and says: I go to the classes of flowers, one flower one class, and not one class may I miss. / I ask the little bee: why do you not stay on one single flower? / The bee shakes its head and says: every flower has something to give me, so I cannot leave any one out.

I ask the little swallow: you came back from the south, what gift did you carry? / The little swallow flicks its tail and says: I carried a bodyful of rain, and also a throatful of southern songs, singing them to the flowers all the way. / I ask the little sapling: when will you grow as tall as the window? / The little sapling shakes its leaves and says: measure yourself once every day, and you will grow a little faster.

The winter jasmine asks me: little child, what did you bring to spring? / I pat my small schoolbag and say: I brought a songbook and a little tree, the song is for singing to the flowers, the tree is for planting beside the school wall. / The peach blossoms ask me: what did you learn through the whole of winter? / I cup my hands and shout toward the hill: I grew taller, and I learned not to be lazy. / The bee asks me: will you come to water the flowers tomorrow at noon? / I raise my hand high and say: I signed up long ago, the flowerbed by the school gate belongs to me!

I ask the flowers, and the flowers ask me, / one question and one answer, and spring becomes lively. / The winter jasmine nods, the peach blossoms turn red, / the bee hums as it writes it all down, like writing down a promise. / When the wind blows, the whole wall of flowers nods together, / as if saying: next spring, same place, and nobody may be late.