

春天的花在校门口集合

春天的花，在校门口集合，排成一排一排，冲我挥手。/ 迎春花是最小的村姑，穿一条黄裙子，贴着墙根踮脚张望。/ 她小声喊我：今天暖和，快来跟我赛跑。

桃花是害羞的伴娘，红着脸，躲在枝条后头往外偷看。/ 我一打招呼，她们就晃，晃得粉彩纸落我一身。/ 她们说：别声张，我们才穿上新的衣裳。

蜜蜂是跑腿的小哥，穿着黄黑条纹的衣裳，嗡嗡嗡地跑。/ 他在迎春花的裙边停一停，又钻进桃花的袖口里说话。/ 他扯着嗓子喊：花们发糖啦，谁来都尝一口！

我站在花中间，书包在背上一颠一颠。/ 花问我在几年级，我说二年级，刚放完寒假。/ 花们一齐笑，笑得旁边的柳条乱晃。

我陪花走到教学楼脚下，花停下，我上楼。/ 迎春花挥她的小黄手，桃花挥她们的粉红手帕。/ 蜜蜂也挥手，一路挥到我们的窗户上。

早读的时候，我们开窗，花在窗外跟我们念课文。/ 迎春花念一句高的，桃花念一句低的，蜜蜂嗡嗡地给我们配低音。/ 我们班把春天念得最响，念得全校都听见。

放学我回头看，花又长高了一点点。/ 她们约我：明早早点来，记得把太阳也带来。/ 我点头，踩着满地的花香，跑回家。

晚上我趴在桌上画花，迎春花涂黄，桃花涂粉。/ 再画一只蜜蜂，圆滚滚，手里提着两桶蜜。

星期天我回校门口看花，迎春花又叫来了伙伴，一墙的金黄。/ 桃花变成了小青果，躲在叶子后头，小得更害羞。/ 蜜蜂还是忙，嗡嗡嗡，从这头跑到那头，一刻也不停。

我和花拉过钩，每天早上在校门口准时见面。/ 谁迟到，谁就多背一课；谁来得早，谁多看一眼花。/ 我从来没迟到过，因为春天的花，比我还要急。

Spring Flowers Fall in at the School Gate

Spring flowers fall in at the school gate, standing row after row, waving at me.
/ Winter jasmine is the smallest village girl, in one yellow skirt, tiptoeing along
the wall, looking out. / She whispers to me: today is warm, come race me.

Peach blossoms are shy bridesmaids, blushing, hiding behind the branches, peeking
out. / The moment I greet them, they sway, and pink confetti rains all over me. /
They say: do not tell, we only just put on our new dresses.

Bees are errand boys in yellow and black striped coats, running with a buzz. / He
stops at the skirt edge of winter jasmine, then ducks into the sleeve of a peach
blossom to talk. / He shouts at the top of his voice: the flowers are handing out

candy, everyone get a taste!

I stand in the middle of the flowers, my schoolbag bouncing on my back. / The flowers ask my grade. I say second grade, winter vacation just ended. / The flowers all laugh at once, laughing the willow branches into a swing.

I walk with the flowers to the foot of the teaching building. The flowers stop; I go upstairs. / Winter jasmine waves her little yellow hand, peach blossoms wave their pink handkerchiefs. / The bees wave too, waving all the way onto our window.

During morning reading we open the window, and the flowers recite the lesson with us outside. / Winter jasmine reads one high line, peach blossoms one low, and the bees hum the bass for us. / Our class reads spring the loudest, so loud the whole school hears.

After school I look back, and the flowers have grown a little taller again. / They make an appointment with me: come earlier tomorrow morning, and remember to bring the sun too. / I nod and run home, stepping on a ground full of flower scent.

At night I lie on the desk drawing flowers, painting winter jasmine yellow, peach blossoms pink. / Then I draw a bee, round and plump, carrying two buckets of honey in its hands.

On Sunday I go back to the school gate. Winter jasmine has called her cousins, a whole wall of gold. / The peach blossoms have turned into small green fruits, hiding behind leaves, shy and smaller than ever. / The bees are still busy, buzzing from this end to that end, never stopping for a moment.

The flowers and I once hooked little fingers: every morning, same place, same time. / Whoever is late recites one extra lesson; whoever comes early gets one more look at the flowers. / I have never been late, because the spring flowers are even more in a hurry than I am.

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.

小蜜蜂的跑腿清单

我是一只小蜜蜂，今天替春天跑腿儿。 / 任务单钉在蜂房门口：先去看迎春花，再喊桃花起床，最后给校门口的苹果树捎个信儿。 / 妈妈往我小书包里塞了两块花粉饼， / 又叮嘱我：见了花要有礼貌，不许冒失。

迎春花起得最早，校墙边排着一溜儿小黄花儿。 / 她探出小脑袋问我：冬天过去了没有？ / 我摆摆翅膀说：过去了过去了，春天已经走到镇口啦！ / 她高兴得花瓣直抖，塞给我一口甜露水，算是跑腿的工钱。 / 我咕咚喝掉，翅膀乐得嗡嗡响。

桃花还害羞呢，粉红的脸蛋躲在枝条后头。 / 我嗡嗡两声喊：快出来换衣裳，春天点名啦！ / 她们红着脸，一朵一朵打开，打开成一片粉红的云，盖住了半个山坡。 / 她们每人塞给我一张小卡片，托我转交给隔壁山坡的蜜蜂姐妹。

最后一件事最要紧，是替校门口那棵苹果树办的。 / 它去年冬天才栽下，枝头一朵花也没有，急得直掉叶子。 / 我落在枝尖上悄悄说：迎春花开了，桃花也开了，很快就轮到你。 / 苹果树的芽苞听了，好像鼓了一点点，在风里朝我点头，像跟整个春天拉了勾。

回家的路上要飞过操场，孩子们正在上体育课。 / 他们仰起脸冲我喊：小蜜蜂，小蜜蜂，去哪儿呀？ / 我绕着他们飞了一圈，大声说：去给春天送信儿！ / 一个小女孩踮起脚，朝我挥了挥手， / 手心亮晶晶的，像捧着一小片阳光。

回到家，我的任务单上沾满了花香。 / 妈妈问：都送到了吗？ / 我挺起小胸脯说：都送到

了，一个没落下！ / 那天夜里我做了个梦， / 梦见校门口的苹果树挂满了红苹果， / 孩子们仰着头笑，我藏在最大的那个苹果里，也偷偷地笑。

The Little Bee Errand List

I am a little bee, and today I run errands for spring. / The task list is pinned to the door of the hive: first go see the winter jasmine, then call the peach blossoms out of bed, and last carry a message to the apple tree by the school gate. / Mama stuffed two pollen cakes into my little backpack, / and reminded me: be polite when you meet flowers, no rough manners.

The winter jasmine wakes the earliest, a row of little yellow flowers along the school wall. / She pokes out her little head and asks me: has winter gone away? / I flap my wings and say: it has gone, it has gone, spring has already walked to the town gate! / She is so glad her petals shake, and presses a mouthful of sweet dew into my hands, counting it as the pay for the errand. / I gulp it down, and my wings hum with joy.

The peach blossoms are still shy, their pink faces hiding behind the branches. / I buzz twice and shout: come out and change your clothes, spring is calling the roll! / Blushing, they open one by one, opening into a pink cloud that covers half the hillside. / Each one presses a small card into my wing, asking me to pass it to the bee sisters on the next hill.

The last errand matters most, and it is for the apple tree by the school gate. / It was planted just last winter, with not a single flower on its branches, so worried it kept dropping leaves. / I land on the tip of a branch and whisper: the winter jasmine has opened, the peach blossoms have opened too, and soon it will be your turn. / The buds of the apple tree seem to swell a little when they hear this, nodding at me in the wind, as if making a promise with the whole of spring.

On the way home I fly over the playground, where the children are having PE class. / They lift their faces and shout at me: little bee, little bee, where are you going? / I circle around them once and answer loudly: to carry messages for spring! / A little girl rises on her toes and waves at me, / her palm shining bright, as if holding a small piece of sunshine.

When I get home, my task list is covered with the scent of flowers. / Mama asks: did you deliver everything? / I puff out my little chest and say: every one delivered, not a single one missed! / That night I had a dream, / dreaming the apple tree by the school gate hung full of red apples, / the children looked up and laughed, and I hid inside the biggest apple, laughing quietly too.

