

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.