

花开的声音

你听说过花开的声音吗？ / 那不是响动，是花苞把攥了一整个冬天的拳头，一寸一寸松开。
/ 晨光翻过矮墙，落在还带着寒意的枝头， / 像谁隔着很远念了一个名字，念得露水都晃了一下。

花苞是最懂得忍耐的东西。它在北风里数日子， / 把雷声、雪水、候鸟的迁徙，统统收进一间小小的库房。 / 它表面一声不响，像什么心事也没有， / 内部却在悄悄赶一场春天的工期。

晨光一天比一天长，花苞的外壳一天比一天薄。 / 直到某个清晨，薄到再也兜不住一腔心事，它就开了—— / 没有锣鼓，没有宣布， / 只有一声极轻极轻的脆响，像冰面在三月裂开的第一道纹。

那声音小得只有大地听见。 / 可大地一笔一笔都记下了：记进年轮，记进根须，记进明年春天可靠的日程。 / 从此风有了方向，蜜蜂有了地址， / 荒了一冬的山坡，重新有了颜色。

书桌前的我，常常也在听花开的声音。 / 我想，我自己也是一枚花苞： / 解不开的题、跑不完的圈、咽下去的委屈，都收进库房，慢慢酿。 / 晨光每天准时来敲窗，像提醒，也像陪伴。

花开的时候我抬起头，看见远方在花瓣上展开很小的一片： / 原来每一次安静的绽放，都朝着一个更远的地方用力。 / 花把根深深扎进泥土，把开过的消息交给风， / 风替它翻过山岭，走我暂时还走不到的路。

所以我不再急着出声，也不再怕暂时的沉默。 / 我愿意做一枚听得见自己的花苞， / 在晨光里一寸一寸松开拳头，把攥了一冬的力气，开成一小片春天。 / 那一声脆响很小， / 却是我朝着远方，迈出的第一步。

The Sound a Flower Makes When It Opens

Have you ever heard the sound a flower makes when it opens? / It is not a noise; it is the flower bud unclenching, inch by inch, the fist it gripped all winter. / Morning light climbs over the low wall and falls on branches still carrying the cold, / as if someone from far away reads out a name, and the dew shakes at the reading.

The flower bud is the patientest of things. It counts the days in the north wind, / storing thunder, melted snow, and the migration of birds into one small storeroom. / On the surface it says nothing, as if it carries no worries, / while inside it quietly works to meet the deadline of spring.

The morning light grows longer day by day, and the shell of the bud grows thinner day by day. / Until one morning, too thin to hold a chestful of feelings, it opens — / no drums, no announcement, / only one very light, very soft crack, like the first fissure splitting the ice in March.

That sound is too small for anyone but the earth to hear. / Yet the earth writes it all down: into tree rings, into root hairs, into the dependable schedule of next spring. / From then on the wind has a direction, the bees have an address, / and the hillside idle all winter has color again.

Sitting at my desk, I too often listen for the sound of flowers opening. / I think I myself am also one flower bud: / unsolved problems, endless running laps, swallowed disappointments, all stored away and slowly brewed. / Morning light knocks on my window on time every day, like a reminder and like company.

When the flower opens I look up, and see the far distance unrolling a small piece on the petals: / so every quiet blooming pushes toward one farther place. / The flower drives its roots deep into the soil and hands the news of its opening to the wind, / and the wind crosses the ridges for it, walking roads I cannot yet reach.

So I no longer rush to make a sound, and I no longer fear a season of silence. / I am willing to be one flower bud that can hear itself, / unclenching its fist inch by inch in the morning light, opening the strength gripped all winter into a small piece of spring. / That single crack is small, / yet it is the first step I take toward the distance.

花苞与远方的约定

花苞和远方之间，有一纸看不见的约定： / 用一整个冬天的沉默，换一次不问归期的绽放。 / 见证人只有晨光—— / 它每天准时到场，把光按在花苞肩上，像按住一个发抖的承诺。

约定是难守的。冻土压在头顶，霜花贴着窗纸冷笑， / 连最亲近的枝条都劝：再等一等，春天年年都来。 / 花苞攥紧自己，把回答压得很低： / 等来的春天不是我的，开出来的才是。

于是它开始顶。用一层薄得透光的壳，顶开整个倒春寒。 / 晨光每天来量一次进度，拿小刀似的记录： / 今天高了一毫米，昨天鼓了一毫米。 / 毫米很小，可毫米是远方最小的零钱，攒够了就能买通通往春天的路。

最难顶开的是自己。 / 壳里住着一个爱说丧气话的房客：你太小，风太大，开了也没人看。 / 花苞不跟它辩论，只把晨光请进来一点，再请进来一点， / 亮到房客睁不开眼，声音就哑了。

绽放那天没有仪式。壳裂开一道缝，光整条灌进来， / 花瓣伸懒腰似的展开，像一个人终于把背了很多天的行李放下。 / 远方在很远处鼓掌——鼓成满山的回声，鼓成蜜蜂一路赶来的脚步声。

我在花下站了很久，读懂了那纸约定。 / 我的花苞是没说出口的梦想，我的冻土是一次次考砸的黄昏， / 我的房客总在深夜劝我算了吧。 / 可我见过花苞怎么赢的：不辩论，只攒晨光。

从今天起，我也跟远方立约： / 每天多背的单词、多跑的一圈、多解的一道题，都是我的一毫米。 / 远方不会自己走过来， / 它只站在原地，等一个人一步一步，把自己走成一树春天。

The Promise Between the Bud and the Distance

Between the flower bud and the distance there is an invisible contract: / one whole winter of silence, traded for one blooming that asks nothing about the return. / The only witness is the morning light — / it arrives on time every day and presses its hand on the shoulder of the bud, like holding down a trembling promise.

Such promises are hard to keep. Frozen soil presses on the crown, frost flowers sneer on the window paper, / and even the closest branch advises: wait a little longer, spring comes every year. / The bud grips itself tight and keeps its answer very low: / a spring that merely arrives is not mine; only what I open is mine.

So it begins to push. With a shell thin enough to let light through, it pushes open the whole late cold. / The morning light comes daily to measure the progress, recording like a small knife: / one millimeter higher today, one millimeter swelled yesterday. / Millimeters are small, but millimeters are the smallest coins of the distance, and saved enough, they buy the road through to spring.

The hardest thing to push open is oneself. / Inside the shell lives a pessimistic tenant: you are too small, the wind too strong, no one will look even if you open. / The bud does not argue with it, it only invites the morning light in a little, then a little more, / until it is bright enough that the tenant cannot open its eyes, and its voice goes hoarse into silence.

There was no ceremony on the day it bloomed. The shell split one seam, and light poured in whole, / the petals stretched open like someone finally setting down luggage carried many days. / The distance applauded from far away — applauding into an echo across the hills, applauding into the footsteps of bees hurrying all the way.

I stood long beneath the flower and understood that contract. / My flower bud is the dream I never spoke aloud, my frozen soil is dusk after dusk of failed exams, / and my tenant always advises at midnight: just give up. / But I have seen how the bud wins: no arguing, only saving morning light.

From today I too make a pact with the distance: / every extra word memorized, every extra lap run, every extra problem solved, is my one millimeter. / The distance will never walk over by itself; / it only stands in place, waiting for a person to walk, step by step, himself into a tree full of spring.

花瓣落地不是结束

一片花瓣落下来的时候，没有一个人听见。 / 它没有喊疼，也没有回头， / 只是把在枝头攒了一整个春天的光， / 轻轻放进泥土的手心。

你以为那是结束。其实它是接力赛里交出的那一棒。 / 枝头还有三枚花苞没有开， / 夜寒一来，花瓣就躺在根部上方，替它们挡住第一阵冷风—— / 像姐姐把自己的外套，盖在弟弟睡着的肩上。

晨光照常来赴约，却找不到那片花瓣， / 花瓣从土里小声回答：我搬到了下面， / 从这里往上，一条路已经修好， / 你们只管开，剩下的黑路我来走。

于是第二年的花苞开得更大声。 / 它们不知道自己的根下埋着谁的旧衣裳， / 只知道风一吹，全身都是力气， / 力气大得像替两个人一起活着。

我也见过这样的落下。 / 同桌毕业去了很远的城，走前把笔记留给我，页边写满小字； / 老教师退休那天，把最后一摞作文本抱到讲台，说你们替我改下去。 / 他们落下来的样子，像花瓣， / 轻，却把一整条春天的路铺到了我脚下。

所以我开始重新打量远方。 / 远方不是空出来的地方，是有人先落下去、再托起来的地方。 / 晨光每天照在花瓣上，也照在我摊开的书页上， / 两边都是同一束光，同样的耐心，同样的不慌。

如果有一天我也要从小枝头落下， / 我希望落得干净，像花瓣一样不喊疼、不回头， / 把攒下的光全部交出去：交给花苞，交给晨光，交给走不完的路。 / 那时风会替我数着： / 一瓣落下，一苞鼓起，远方又近了一寸。

A Petal Landing Is Not the End

When a petal landed, no one heard it. / It did not cry out in pain, and it did not look back; / it only set down, gently into the palm of the soil, / all the light it had saved on the branch through the whole of spring.

You thought that was the end. It was really the baton passed in a relay. / Three buds were still unopened on the branch above, / and when the night cold came, the petal lay over the roots, shielding them from the first wave of wind — / like an older sister putting her own coat over the shoulders of a sleeping younger brother.

The morning light kept its appointment as usual, but could not find the petal. / The petal answered softly from inside the soil: I have moved downstairs; / from here upward, a road is already built, / you only need to bloom — I will walk whatever dark is left.

So the buds of the second year opened even louder. / They did not know whose old coat lay buried beneath their roots; / they only knew that when the wind blew, their whole bodies were full of strength, / strength great enough to live for two together.

I have seen such landings too. / My deskmate moved to a far city after graduation, leaving me her notebook, its margins crowded with small writing; / the old teacher, on the day he retired, carried one last stack of essay books to the podium and said: you correct them for me now. / The way they came down was like petals — / light, yet paving a whole spring road beneath my feet.

So I began to look at the distance differently. / The distance is not an empty place; it is a place where someone landed first and then lifted others up. / Morning light falls on petals daily, and also on my opened book pages; / both hold the same beam, the same patience, the same unhurried calm.

If one day I too must fall from the branch, / I hope to fall cleanly, like a petal: no cry of pain, no backward glance, / handing over every saved light — to the buds, to the morning light, to the road that never ends. / The wind will count for me then: / one petal lands, one bud swells, and the distance comes one inch nearer.