

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.