

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.