

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.