

一朵花的早晨

夜里，风也停了，虫子也睡了，花苞把门关得紧紧的，连一条细细的缝也没有留 / 它把自己裹成一只小小的拳头，怀里紧紧攥着一个梦，谁也不肯告诉 / 梦里有红，有黄，还有一点说不清也道不明的香气 / 它不敢说出来，怕刚一开口，那个梦就轻轻地破了一个角

天还没有亮，露珠就赶来了，它一步一步爬上花苞，滴答滴答地敲门 / 露珠在耳边说，快醒醒呀快醒醒呀，太阳马上就要翻过那边的小山岗 / 露珠在耳边说，快醒醒呀快醒醒呀，蜜蜂们已经在花田里排好了长长的队伍 / 花苞揉了揉眼睛，憋了一整夜的笑意，差点从门缝里漏出来

花苞先伸了一个长长的懒腰，再小心翼翼地把门开出一条细细的缝 / 缝里露出一点点花瓣的颜色，像谁在黑暗里悄悄点亮了一盏小灯 / 花瓣一片一片地张开，像张开的小小手掌，接住了刚刚落下来的阳光 / 每一片花瓣都举着一小片阳光，举得高高的，生怕别人看不见 / 露珠顺着花瓣的边缘滑下来，一路滑一路笑，坐上了世界上最好的滑梯

风也赶过来数花瓣，一片、两片、三片，数到一半自己先笑了 / 风说，我数了一百年，也数不清一朵小花里到底藏着多少个春天 / 蝴蝶抄近路赶来，收拢彩色的翅膀，稳稳停在了最上面的那一片上 / 蜜蜂提着篮子来了，进进出出忙个不停，连招呼都来不及打一声 / 一朵花开了，春天就多了一封已经打开的信 / 读到这封信的人，都会停下脚步蹲下来，看一看，再笑一笑 / 那封信寄到了每一个蹲下来的人手里，人人读着都舍不得合上

The Morning of a Flower

All night the wind stopped and the insects slept, and the flower bud shut its door tight, not even leaving a thin crack / It wrapped itself into a little fist, holding a dream close to its chest, telling no one / The dream had red in it, and yellow, and a faint fragrance hard to name / It did not dare speak it out, afraid the dream would tear open at the first word

Before dawn the dewdrop hurried over, climbing step by step onto the bud, knocking tick-tick-tick / The dewdrop whispered by its ear, wake up, wake up, the sun is about to cross the little hill / The dewdrop whispered, wake up, wake up, the bees have already lined up long queues in the flower field / The bud rubbed its eyes, and the smile it had held all night nearly leaked through the door crack

The bud stretched a long lazy stretch, then carefully opened the door a thin crack / A hint of petal color showed through, like someone lighting a tiny lamp in the dark / Petal by petal they opened, like small hands opening, catching the sunlight that had just fallen / Every petal held up a small piece of sunlight, holding it high, afraid no one would see / The dewdrop slid down the edge of a petal, sliding and laughing, riding the best slide in the world

The wind came to count the petals, one, two, three, and laughed halfway through /

The wind said, I have counted for a hundred years and still cannot count how many
springs hide in one small flower / The butterfly flew in by a shortcut, folded its
colorful wings, and landed on the topmost petal / The bee arrived with its basket,
busy going in and out, too rushed to even say hello / One flower opened, and spring
gained one letter already opened / Everyone who reads this letter stops, crouches
down, takes a look, and smiles / That letter reaches the hands of everyone who
crouches down, and no one wants to close it