

我蹲下来看花开

清晨我早早来到花坛边，蹲下来的时候，蹲得比刚冒头的小草还要矮 / 那枚花苞一眼就认出了我，把脸红得更紧了一些，连手也攥得更紧了 / 露珠挂在它的睫毛上，一颗、两颗、三颗，亮得我不敢眨一下眼睛 / 我屏住呼吸替它数着，怕自己呼出的一口气，把露珠轻轻吹跑 / 草叶上的露珠比我起得还早，一颗一颗排着队，等着看这场开放

花瓣先松开了一只手，怯生生地朝我摆了摆，像打招呼 / 接着松开第二只手、第三只手，一只手比一只手张得更开 / 那样子像极了我们班同学举手回答问题，一个比一个举得高 / 我在心里悄悄给它加油，声音小得只有我自己一个人听得见

最后一片花瓣终于翻了过来，把藏了一整个冬天的话都说给太阳听 / 花心里小小的，像一间刚打扫干净的小房子，等着客人上门 / 露珠从花瓣上跳下来，落进松软的泥土里，去叫醒下一朵还在睡的花 / 蜜蜂闻讯赶来，一头钻进花心里，过了半天才探出头来，满脸都是黄粉 / 小黄粉像一枚小小的奖章，别在它的背上，它挺着肚子得意地飞走了

我站起来，膝盖上沾了两块泥，裤脚也湿了一大片，可我一点也不在意 / 我跑回家，把这件事认认真真写进了当天的日记，字写得比平时都大 / 我把它念给奶奶听，奶奶笑得眼睛弯成了月牙，说第二天带我去看第二朵 / 日记里那朵花一直开着，颜色一点也没有变 / 每天翻开日记，它就在眼前重新开一次，连露珠都还在 / 花坛里的花一朵接着一朵地开，像一排高高举起来的手 / 我心里清楚，其中有一朵，是专门开给蹲下来的我的

I Crouched Down to Watch a Flower Bloom

Early in the morning I came to the flower bed, and when I crouched I was lower than the young grass just poking out / The bud recognized me at once, blushed a little tighter, and clenched its hands tighter too / Dewdrops hung on its eyelashes, one, two, three, so bright I did not dare blink / I held my breath and counted them for it, afraid my own breath would blow the dewdrops away / The dewdrops on the grass blades woke earlier than I did, lining up one by one, waiting to watch this opening

A petal loosened one hand first, waving at me shyly like a greeting / Then a second hand and a third opened, each wider than the one before / It looked just like my classmates raising hands to answer questions, each one higher than the last / I quietly cheered for it inside my heart, so softly that only I could hear

The last petal finally turned over and told the sun everything it had hidden all winter / The center of the flower was small, like a little room just cleaned, waiting for guests / A dewdrop jumped off the petal, landed in the soft soil, and went to wake the next sleeping flower / The bee came at once, dived into the flower heart, and poked its head out only after a long while, its face covered in yellow pollen / The yellow pollen sat on its back like a small medal, and it flew away proudly with its chest puffed out

I stood up with two patches of mud on my knees and wet trouser cuffs, and I did not mind at all / I ran home and wrote the whole thing carefully in my diary that day, in letters bigger than usual / I read it aloud to my grandma, and she smiled until her eyes curved like crescents, saying she would take me to see the second flower the next day / The flower in the diary has been blooming ever since, its color unchanged / Every day when I open the diary, it blooms again before my eyes, dewdrops and all / The flowers in the bed bloomed one after another, like a row of hands raised high / I know in my heart that one of them bloomed just for me, the one who crouched down