

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

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，它就在我眼前重新开一次，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

花苞的请柬

花苞给春天写了一张请柬，写得很慢很慢，整整写了一个冬天 / 请柬上没有一个字，只有一点粉、一点黄，和一点点淡淡的香气 / 露珠特意赶过来，替它贴上一枚亮晶晶的邮票 / 风一吹，请柬就出发了，第一站去找住得最近的那只小蜜蜂

蜜蜂认得路，一看请柬就笑了，提起空篮子立刻动身出发 / 蝴蝶收到请柬，挑了最花哨的那件衣裳，飞了半个山坡赶来赴约 / 太阳也收到了请柬，它来得最晚，却把最亮的位置留给了花心 / 连路过的蒲公英都停下来，撑着小白伞站了好一会儿

花瓣一片一片打开的样子，就是请柬被人拆开的那个瞬间 / 一片花瓣是椅子，一片花瓣是桌子，还有一片花瓣是灯 / 露珠摆在盘子中间，亮晶晶的，谁看了都想凑近尝一小口 / 谁来都请坐，谁都欢迎，花说，今天不分大小，全是客人 / 蚂蚁也收到了，它来得最早，坐在最小的那片花瓣上，一声不吭地听 / 连最小的蚜虫也赶来了，站在花瓣的最边上，害羞得不敢往里走一步，只把小脑袋探进来一点点

我也收到过一张这样的请柬，那天放学我正好路过那个花坛 / 那朵花开得很用力，花瓣张得大大的，像正在大声念我的名字 / 我蹲下来，轻轻跟它说了声你好，声音小得怕打扰旁边的同学 / 它点点头，把一阵香轻轻送进了我敞开的书包，和我的课本放在一起 / 那张请柬我一直留着，夹在文具盒的盖子里，每个春天都重新寄一次，收件人一直是我 / 我把这件事告诉同桌，同桌说，我昨天也收到了 / 我们约好，明年春天，一起在花坛边等那张请柬

An Invitation from a Flower Bud

The flower bud wrote an invitation to spring, writing very slowly, taking the whole winter to finish it / The invitation had no words on it, only a little pink, a little yellow, and a faint soft fragrance / The dewdrop came on purpose to stick on a shiny little stamp / One blow of wind and the invitation set off, its first stop the nearest little bee

The bee knew the way, laughed the moment it saw the invitation, picked up its empty basket and left at once / The butterfly got its invitation, picked out its most fancy dress, and flew across half the hillside to arrive on time / The sun got one too; it came the latest but left the brightest seat for the heart of the flower / Even a passing dandelion stopped, holding its little white umbrella, standing nearby for a while

Petals opening one by one are the very moment the invitation is unwrapped / One petal is a chair, one petal is a table, and one petal is a lamp / The dewdrop sits in the middle of the plate, sparkling, so everyone who sees it wants to lean close and taste a little / Whoever comes, please sit; everyone is welcome, says the flower; today no one is big or small, all are guests / The ant got one too, arriving earliest, sitting on the smallest petal, listening without a sound / Even the tiniest aphid hurried over, standing at the very edge of a petal, too shy to step inside, poking just its little head in

I once received such an invitation, when I passed that flower bed on my way home from school / That flower bloomed with all its strength, petals spread wide, as if reading my name out loud / I crouched down and softly said hello, my voice small enough not to disturb the classmates nearby / It nodded and sent a wave of fragrance into my open schoolbag, placing it next to my textbooks / I have kept that invitation all along, tucked inside the lid of my pencil box; every spring it mails it again, and the addressee has always been me / I told my deskmate about it, and my deskmate said, I got one yesterday too / We made a promise: next spring, we will wait by the flower bed together for that invitation

