

赏花那天，我学会了看

以前我赏完花，被问起感觉，永远只会说两个字：好看。好看，真好看，特别好看——三个词轮着用，像把同一杯水倒来倒去。这个春天在公园赏花，我第一次知道，原来「看」和「看见」是两回事。

那天我们沿着公园的小路往里走，路边一大片桃花开得正热闹。妈妈让我挑一朵最好看的，我随手扯了一枝，她问我，这朵花到底有几层颜色。我愣住了，凑近了看，才看出来它不是单纯的粉色：花瓣尖上是深粉，往中间慢慢变浅，最里面几乎白了，花心那里又冒出一点点鹅黄，托着密密的小蕊，蕊尖上还顶着橘色的小圆点。我数了数，花瓣一共五片，边缘不是圆的，是带着小小的尖，像谁用剪刀剪出来的花边。

妈妈递给我一个本子，让我把看到的都记下来。我蹲在花树下写：桃花，五片花瓣，尖边，外深内浅，花心鹅黄，蕊是橘点的。写到最后我加了一句，风一吹，花瓣会轻轻抖，抖掉的花瓣落在地上，还是完整的。写完抬头，我发现自己已经在那棵树下待了快四十分钟，腿都蹲麻了，可我一点也没觉得无聊。

回家的路上我一直在想这件事。同样一棵桃花树，我从前也看过，看过就算看过了，脑子里只剩一片粉。可那天我看见了颜色的层次，看见了花瓣的形状，看见了花蕊上细小的橘点，还看见了花瓣落下来的样子。花还是那些花，是我这双眼睛变了，从粗粗地扫一眼，变成了慢慢地看。

从公园回来，我给自己准备了一个真正的观察日记本，封面是蓝色的。我们在学校花坛边也选了目标，一株刚开的玉兰，我每隔两天去看一次，记下它哪天是花苞、哪天开第一朵、哪天开满。写观察日记以后，我发现自己变得特别容易发现新东西：昨天花坛边只有三朵花开，今天变成七朵，我能立刻数出来。这种发现新东西的快乐，比只看一眼「好看」要大得多。

现在我还是会说花好看，但后面跟着一长串：它怎么好看，哪里好看，昨天和今天有什么不一样。赏花让我明白，用心看过一朵花的人，心里会多装下一整个春天。

The Day I Learned to Really Look

Before, after admiring flowers, if anyone asked how I felt, I could only say two words: beautiful. Beautiful, really beautiful, especially beautiful — I rotated the same three phrases like pouring the same cup of water back and forth. This spring, viewing flowers in the park, I learned for the first time that looking and seeing are two different things.

That day we walked along the park path, and a big stretch of peach blossoms was in full bustle by the road. My mom asked me to pick the prettiest one. I grabbed a branch at random, and she asked how many layers of color this flower actually has. I froze, leaned in close, and only then saw it was not simply pink: the tips of the petals were deep pink, fading lighter toward the middle, almost white at the

innermost part, with a touch of goose yellow rising at the heart, holding dense little stamens whose tips carried tiny orange dots. I counted five petals, their edges not round but with small points, like lace cut out with scissors.

My mom handed me a notebook and told me to write down everything I saw. I crouched under the tree and wrote: peach blossom, five petals, pointed edges, darker outside and lighter inside, yellow heart, orange-tipped stamens. At the end I added one line: when the wind blows, the petals tremble gently, and the fallen petals land on the ground still whole. When I looked up, I found I had been under that tree for nearly forty minutes. My legs had gone numb from crouching, yet I did not feel bored at all.

On the way home I kept thinking about it. I had seen the same peach tree before, but seeing it was over and done with, leaving only a blur of pink in my head. That day I saw the layers of color, the shape of the petals, the tiny orange dots on the stamens, and the way the petals fell. The flowers were the same flowers; my eyes had changed, from a quick sweep to a slow, careful look.

After returning from the park, I prepared a real observation diary with a blue cover. We also picked a target by the school flower bed, a magnolia just beginning to bloom, and I went to see it every other day, recording which day it was still a bud, which day the first flower opened, which day it was fully open. Since keeping the observation diary, I have found myself quick to notice new things: yesterday only three flowers were open by the bed, today there are seven, and I can count them out at once. The joy of noticing something new is far bigger than a single glance of beautiful.

I still say flowers are beautiful, but now a long list follows: how they are beautiful, where they are beautiful, what is different today from yesterday. Flower viewing taught me that a person who has truly looked at one flower carries a whole spring inside.

我的观察日记里住着一座公园

我的书桌抽屉里有一个绿格子的本子，里面没有作文，也没有笔记，全是我从春天里捡回来的东西。三月初学校组织去公园赏花，老师布置了一个特别的作业：不写作文，只记录。从那天起，我的观察日记就再没停过。

第一次记录是在公园的长廊边。那里有一排迎春花，金黄金黄地垂下来。我蹲下来数花瓣，本来想写四瓣，结果数到第三朵就傻眼了：这一朵是六瓣，那一朵是五瓣，同一根枝条上就没有两朵一模一样的。我赶紧把它们都画下来，五瓣的画在左边，六瓣的画在右边，中间写了一行大

字：迎春花的花瓣会吵架。旁边我又补了花色：花瓣正面是亮黄，背面偏橙，花心那里颜色最深，像谁滴了一滴橘子汁。

玉兰是第二个住进我本子的。我特意挑了不同颜色的三棵，白的一棵，紫的一棵，一棵外白内紫。我把花瓣摘下来放在手心描形状——不行，老师说过只许看和记，不许摘。我就隔着距离描，描完发现玉兰的花瓣像一把把小勺子，还是那种厚实的、能舀起一点光的小勺子。我在形状旁边写：白花瓣的勺子边有一点波浪，紫花瓣的勺子背面发暗，像烧过的糖。

记录到第三十个本子页的时候，奇怪的事情发生了。我不再去公园才能观察，观察自己长腿跑进了我的日常。排队打饭的时候，我发现食堂窗台上的绿萝新抽了一片叶子，叶尖是卷的，像没睡醒伸的手。放学路上，我发现墙缝里那株不知名的草开了米粒大的白花，六朵，排成一串。我的眼睛像被公园里的花训练过一样，专门发现别人看不见的小事。

观察日记还改掉了我一个毛病：下结论太快。以前看到一朵花蔫了，我就说这花死了。现在我会多看两天，发现它只是中午晒蔫了，傍晚又站直了。先看清，再说话，这个习惯是我从花那里学来的，后来连数学老师都说，我检查试卷的速度慢了下来，错误却少了。

现在那个绿格子本子已经写满了大半。翻开它，迎春花的五瓣和六瓣还在吵架，玉兰花的小勺子还盛着光。我忽然明白，赏花最大的收获不是看了多少花，而是那座公园顺着我的笔，整个搬进了本子里，又从我本子搬进了我的眼睛里。带着这双眼睛往前走，后面的每个春天都不会白过。

A Park Lives in My Observation Diary

In my desk drawer there is a green checkered notebook. It holds no essays and no class notes, only things I picked up from spring. In early March our school took us to the park to view flowers, and the teacher assigned a strange task: do not write essays, just record. From that day on, my observation diary has never stopped.

The first entry was by the park gallery, where a row of winter jujube flowers hung down in pure gold. I crouched to count petals, planning to write four, but by the third flower I was stunned: this one had six, that one five, and no two on the same branch were alike. I hurriedly drew them, five-petaled ones on the left, six-petaled on the right, with big words in between: the petals of these flowers are quarreling. Beside them I added the colors: the front of the petals is bright yellow, the back leans orange, and the color is deepest at the heart, as if someone dropped a dot of orange juice there.

The magnolia was the second to move into my notebook. I deliberately chose three trees of different colors, one white, one purple, one white outside and purple inside. I wanted to pick a petal and trace its shape in my palm — no, the teacher said look and record only, no picking. So I traced from a distance, and found

magnolia petals look like little spoons, the thick kind that could scoop up a little light. Beside the shape I wrote: the rim of the white petal spoon has a slight wave, and the back of the purple spoon is dark, like burnt sugar.

By the thirtieth page, something strange happened. I no longer needed a park to observe; observation grew legs and ran into my daily life. While lining up for lunch, I noticed the pothos on the cafeteria windowsill had sprouted a new leaf, its tip curled like a hand stretching awake. On the way home, I found a nameless grass in a wall crack blooming rice-sized white flowers, six of them in a string. My eyes, trained by the park flowers, now specialize in finding small things others cannot see.

The diary also cured one of my bad habits: concluding too fast. Before, seeing a wilted flower, I would say it was dead. Now I watch two more days and find it merely drooped at noon and stood straight again by evening. Look clearly first, speak second — that habit I learned from the flowers, and later even my math teacher said my test-checking slowed down while my mistakes dropped.

The green checkered notebook is now more than half full. Open it, and the five-petal and six-petal flowers are still quarreling, the magnolia spoons still holding light. I suddenly understand that the greatest harvest of flower viewing is not how many flowers I saw, but that the whole park followed my pen into the notebook, and from the notebook into my eyes. Walking forward with these eyes, no spring ahead will be wasted.

同桌的花瓣标本册

公园赏花回来那几天，我觉得同桌变了。他从一个本子撕下几张纸，缝成一个粗糙的小册子，封面写着四个字：花瓣记录。我笑他，花瓣有什么好记录的，不就是粉色白色黄色吗。他不辩解，只把册子翻开给我看了一秒，就那一秒，我没笑出声。

册子里全是落花。他在公园赏花那天，专门蹲在树下捡被风吹下来的完整花瓣，一片一片夹进书里压平，再按颜色排开。桃花的粉分了三档：最外面晒过太阳的深粉，中间的正粉，贴着花心的浅粉，每片旁边都用小字标着从哪棵树捡的、哪天捡的。玉兰的白更夸张，他写白的旁边注着奶油白和青白，说青白的是刚开的，奶油白的是开了一天的，开过两天的会透出一點黃。

形状他也较真。同样五瓣的桃花，他挑出边缘尖的和边缘圆的各一片并排贴好，中间写：同一棵树，两种边。海棠的花瓣他画了大小两圈，小圈是花心的瓣，大圈是最外层的瓣，旁边标着数出来的数字，外层的瓣平均比里层宽两毫米。两毫米这种小事，我以前连想都不会想到。

真正拉我下水的是一个周三。他说他的记录册缺一种黄色，迎春花的花瓣，我帮他在花坛边

找。找的时候他教我，要捡完整不卷边的，顺手把花心的位置也记住。我蹲下去才发现，迎春花瓣的背面有一条极细的橙线，不凑近根本看不见。我捏着那片花瓣喊他，他跑过来，两个人头碰头看那条线，像发现了什么宝藏。那天放学，我自己也撕了两张纸，学着缝了个小册子。

记录了一段时间，我承认他的册子改变了我看东西的方式。以前我看一棵树，看到的是「一棵开花的树」，一整团，糊的。现在我会先看到颜色分几层、花瓣是什么形状、哪朵新开哪朵快谢。世界还是那个世界，只是分辨率变高了。

期末那天，他的花瓣记录册在班里传了一圈，传回来时多了好几页别人的页码，有人补了花色，有人补了形状。他把它举起来，说这个册子是我们班的。我忽然有点骄傲，因为里面也有我捡的那片带橙线的迎春花瓣。赏花这件事让我明白，用心记录的人能把春天留住，哪怕只是一片两毫米宽的差别，认真看过，春天就记得你。

My Deskmate's Petal Album

For a few days after our flower viewing trip to the park, I felt my deskmate had changed. He tore several sheets from a notebook, stitched them into a rough little album, and wrote four characters on the cover: petal records. I teased him, what is there to record about petals, they are just pink, white, yellow. He did not argue, only opened the album and showed me for one second. In that one second, my laugh died.

The album was full of fallen petals. That day in the park he had crouched under the trees picking complete petals blown down by the wind, pressing them flat inside books, then arranging them by color. Peach pink came in three grades: the deep pink that had faced the sun outside, the true pink in the middle, the pale pink that had hugged the flower heart, each labeled in tiny writing with which tree and which day it came from. The magnolia whites were even wilder: beside the word white he noted cream white and greenish white, saying the greenish ones had just opened, the cream ones had bloomed for a day, and after two days a petal shows a hint of yellow.

He was just as serious about shapes. From the same five-petaled peach blossoms he selected one with pointed edges and one with round edges, pasted them side by side, and wrote between them: same tree, two kinds of edges. For crabapple petals he drew two rings, big and small, the inner ring for heart petals, the outer for the outermost layer, with counted numbers beside them: outer petals average two millimeters wider than inner ones. Two millimeters — a small thing I would never have thought to notice.

What really pulled me in was a Wednesday. He said his album lacked one yellow, a winter jujube petal, and I helped him look by the flower bed. While searching he taught me: pick complete ones with uncurled edges, and remember where the flower

heart was. Only when I crouched did I find an extremely thin orange line on the back of a jujube petal, invisible unless you leaned close. I held up the petal and called him; he ran over, and we bent our heads together over that line like treasure hunters. That day after school, I tore two sheets myself and stitched a little album.

After recording for a while, I admit his album changed the way I look at things. Before, I saw a tree as one blooming mass, blurry and whole. Now I first see how many layers of color, what shape the petals are, which flower just opened and which is about to fade. The world is the same world; only the resolution went up.

On the last day of term, his petal album made a round of the classroom and came back with several extra pages from other people, some adding colors, some adding shapes. He held it up and said this album belongs to our class. I felt a little proud, because inside it was the jujube petal with the orange line that I had picked. Flower viewing taught me that a careful recorder can keep spring, and that even a difference two millimeters wide, once truly seen, means spring remembers you.