

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.