

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.