

赏花那天，我把作文的窗户擦亮了

上个星期，我的作文在学校的春天主题比赛里得了一张奖状。同学问我作文写的什么，我说写的是三月份那次去郊外看花。其实在那之前，我从没想过自己有一天会因为看花得到奖状。

那天早晨出发得早，车开到郊外，路边一大片一大片的油菜花和紫云英。我下车拍了几张照片，就说好看好看。走在前面的父亲忽然停下来，让我别说话，闻一闻。我站在田边吸了一口气，空气里是又甜又潮的味道，混着一点青草的腥。父亲说：这就是花田的味道，照片里没有这个。他又让我听，嗡嗡声一层近一层远，还有鸟叫，藏在看不见的地方。

中午太阳大，母亲蹲在花田边上，让我看影子。油菜花自己的影子落在下一朵的花瓣上，黄的瓣上落着一小片灰蓝，一闪一闪。我那天下午坐在田埂上写了半页纸，写的全是气味、声音和影子。回家路上我迷迷糊糊睡着了，梦里没有颜色，全是嗡嗡声。

那半页纸后来变成了我的参赛作文。评委老师在评语里写：这篇闻得到味道。我把这句话抄在了观察小本的第一页。从那以后，赏花、路过花坛、甚至等公交车看见墙缝里的草，我都会多停半分钟，问自己三个问题：它什么味道，什么声音，影子落在哪。这三个问题是我那次郊外赏花带回来的宝贝。有时候停下半分钟，还能问出第四个问题，那就更好。

这个学期我最大的心得是：眼睛不是生下来就管用的，它得擦，天天擦。以前我看春天，像隔着一层毛玻璃，只知道好看；现在玻璃擦亮了，好看的东西一件一件露出来。奖状只是那张作文的结尾，真正的收获在我书包里那个越写越厚的小本子里。

The Day I Watched the Flowers, I Cleaned the Window of My Writing

Last week my essay won a certificate in the spring-themed contest of my school. Classmates asked what I had written about, and I said it was about that trip to the countryside to see flowers in March. Before that day, I had never imagined I would one day win a prize because of looking at flowers.

We set off early that morning. Driving out to the countryside, the roadsides were field after field of rapeseed flowers and milk vetch. I got out, took a few photos, and kept saying how beautiful it was. My father, walking ahead, suddenly stopped and told me not to speak but to breathe in. I stood at the edge of the field and took a breath: the air smelled sweet and damp at once, mixed with a hint of the green rawness of grass. Father said: this is the smell of a flower field, and your photos do not have this. Then he asked me to listen. The buzzing came in layers, one near, one far, and there was birdsong too, hidden somewhere out of sight.

At noon the sun was strong. My mother squatted at the edge of the flower field and asked me to look at the shadows. The shadow of one rapeseed flower fell on the petals of the next one, a small patch of grey-blue resting on the yellow petals,

flickering as the flowers moved. That afternoon I sat on the ridge between the fields and wrote half a page, all of it about smell, sound and shadow. On the way home I fell into a drowsy sleep, and my dream had no colors in it at all, only buzzing.

That half page later became my contest essay. The teacher who judged it wrote in her comment: this piece has a smell you can breathe in. I copied that sentence onto the first page of my observation notebook. Since then, whether I am watching flowers, passing a flower bed, or even waiting for a bus and noticing grass in a crack of the wall, I stop for an extra half minute and ask myself three questions: what does it smell like, what does it sound like, and where does its shadow fall. These three questions are the treasure I brought back from that flower-watching trip. Sometimes in that half minute I even come up with a fourth question, and that is better still.

The biggest lesson of this term is this: eyes are not useful just because you were born with them; they must be cleaned, every single day. Before, when I looked at spring, it was as if a sheet of frosted glass stood between me and it, and I only knew it was pretty. Now the glass has been wiped clean, and beautiful things appear one by one. The certificate is only the ending of that essay. The real harvest is inside my schoolbag, in the little notebook that grows thicker every week.