电影里那句：到日子，花就开了

影院里那部片子，讲一个老园丁把荒了的园子一年一年侍活。有一场戏，年轻人心急，问什么时候才能开花，老园丁蹲在地里，捏碎一块土，说了句：到日子，花就开了。电影院灯一亮，我觉得这话没什么道理。花什么时候开，谁说得准？我等一样东西的时候，从来等得辛苦。

三月，科学老师布置种蒜苗，比谁长得快。我把最壮的一瓣蒜按进阳台的花盆，从那天起我有了一个新毛病：每天早上量它。尺子立起来，一毫米一毫米地记，记在一张纸上，纸贴在花盆边。第一天，什么也没有。第二天，土皮鼓了一点点。我浇水浇得勤，恨不得把土扒开看看它到底长没长。妈妈说，你这不是种蒜，是看着蒜过日子。我忍不住，我想让它当天就冒芽，好长到同学们前面去。

到第五天，纸上记的还是零和一个小数点。我赌气，两天没浇水，甚至想过把它挖出来扔掉。结果那个早上，我上学前去阳台瞟了一眼，土里拱出一个嫩绿的尖，小得像一粒米，却直直地立着。我蹲在花盆前看了很久，忽然想起电影里那句：到日子，花就开了。蒜苗从来不急，急的一直是我。

后来我还是记，但不天天量了。土干了浇水，出太阳就把盆挪到太阳底下，日子照旧过。蒜苗一天一个样，从一根长到三根，嫩绿慢慢转深绿，风一吹就一起点头。班里交观察日记那天，我的不算最高，老师却说我的记得最完整，因为我写下了它破土那一刻。

现在我等什么，都会想起那句话。等一封远方的信，等画画比赛的结果，等闹过别扭的朋友先开口。心里发急的时候，我就去阳台给蒜苗浇水。那些绿叶子不说话，却像老园丁一样，替那句话回答我：到日子，花就开了。那句台词从银幕上走出来，在我阳台上扎了根，从此等待这件事，不那么难熬了。

That Line in the Film: When the Day Comes, the Flower Will Open

The film in the cinema told of an old gardener bringing a neglected garden back to life year by year. In one scene, the young man grew impatient and asked when the flowers would come. The old gardener crouched in the soil, crushed a lump of earth between his fingers, and said: when the day comes, the flower will open. When the lights came on, I thought these words made no sense. Who can say when a flower will open? When I wait for something, I have always waited in pain.

In March our science teacher asked us to grow garlic sprouts and see whose grew fastest. I pressed the strongest clove into the flowerpot on the balcony, and from that day I had a new bad habit: measuring it every morning. I stood a ruler beside it and wrote down each millimeter on a paper taped to the pot. The first day showed nothing. The second day the crust of soil rose a little. I watered it often and wanted to open the soil to see whether it was growing at all. My mother said I was

not planting garlic but watching a clock. I could not help it. I wanted it to sprout that very day and grow ahead of my classmates.

By the fifth day the paper held nothing but zeros and a decimal point. I grew angry, skipped watering for two days, and thought about digging the clove out and throwing it away. That morning, before school, I glanced at the pot and saw a pale green tip pushing through the soil, small as a grain of rice, standing straight up. I crouched before the pot and looked for a long time, and suddenly heard that line from the film: when the day comes, the flower will open. The garlic sprout never hurried. The one in a hurry was always me.

After that I still kept records, but I stopped measuring each day. I watered when the soil was dry and moved the pot into the sun when the sun was good, and my days went on as usual. The sprouts changed day by day, from one to three, pale green deepening into green, and they nodded together when wind passed. On the day we handed in our observation diaries, mine was not the tallest, but the teacher said my record was the most complete, because I had written down the moment it broke the soil.

Now, when I wait for anything, I hear that line. I wait for a letter from far away, for the result of a drawing contest, for a quarreled friend to speak first. When my heart gets hot, I go water the sprouts on the balcony. Those green leaves do not speak, yet like the old gardener they answer for the line: when the day comes, the flower will open. That line walked out of the silver screen and took root on my balcony, and waiting has not been so hard since.