# 菜园是爷爷的一页诗

爷爷的菜园，是一页绿色的诗。我在早上读它，风一翻，一页是黄瓜，一页是豆角。

黄瓜是藤上的小孩，穿着绿衣裳，踮着脚往上长。长啊，长啊，忽然垂下来，像一个竖起来的感叹号，惊动了整个夏天。

豆角是一串逗号，挂在架子上，又细又长。风一来，它们就晃，嗒，嗒，嗒，敲着夏天的小鼓。

南瓜花举着大喇叭，趴在地上读，读得满院子打滚。它的叶子又大又圆，是诗里最宽的那一行，青蛙蹲在上面，当一个绿色的逗号。

菜园的小路是诗的行缝，两边站满小石子，像一字一字排队的字。爷爷的鞋走过，行缝就深一点，我走过，行缝就浅一点。

爷爷是这首诗里的标点。他蹲下，菜园就安静；他咳嗽一声，叶子就哗啦啦，全部读出声来。

清晨，爷爷读给菜园听。他提着水壶，水就是韵脚，滴，答，滴，答，落在黄瓜叶和豆角叶上，一页比一页绿。

中午，爷爷读给菜园听。他弯下腰拔草，直起来，再弯下去。他的背，是一行弯进土里的诗，弯向根，弯向种子睡觉的地方。

傍晚，换成我读给爷爷听。我坐在菜园门口的长凳上，大声读，把黄瓜读得直挺挺，把豆角读得晃悠悠。爷爷听着，笑着，顺手摘一根豆角，夹住我的书页。

我问爷爷，这首诗是谁写的呀？爷爷说，土地写头一行，雨添了几行，我呀，只是天天守着它，不让虫子插嘴。

我说，那我要朗诵它。用黄瓜当我的声音，用豆角当我的节拍，让爷爷站在诗的第一行，风一吹，就领着我们，一行一行往下走。

风又翻页了。菜园的诗，读一天，就新一天。爷爷的白头发，也落在这一页上，亮亮的，像给这首诗，加了一个发光的句号。

# The Garden Is a Page of Poem by Grandpa

The garden of my grandpa is a green page of poem. I read it in the morning. The wind turns it over, one half is cucumbers, one half is green beans.

The cucumber is a child of the vine, wearing a green coat, standing on tiptoe to grow up. Growing, growing, it suddenly hangs down, like an exclamation mark stood upright, startling the whole summer.

The green beans are a string of commas, hanging on the trellis, thin and long. When the wind comes, they swing, tap, tap, tap, beating the little drum of summer.

The pumpkin flowers hold big trumpets and read while lying on the ground, rolling all over the yard. Their leaves are big and round, the widest line in the poem, and a frog squats on one of them, playing the part of a green comma.

The little path of the garden is the seam between lines, with small pebbles standing on both sides, like characters queued up word by word. When the shoes of grandpa pass, the seam grows a little deeper; when my shoes pass, it grows a little shallower.

Grandpa is the punctuation inside this poem. When he crouches, the garden goes quiet; when he clears his throat once, the leaves rustle aloud, and every one of them starts reading.

At dawn, grandpa reads to the garden. He carries the watering can, and the water is the rhyme, drip, dot, drip, dot, falling on cucumber leaves and bean leaves, each page greener than the last.

At noon, grandpa reads to the garden. He bends down to pull weeds, rises, bends again. His back is a line of poem bent into the soil, bending toward the roots, toward the place where the seeds sleep.

At dusk, it is my turn to read to grandpa. I sit on the bench at the garden gate and read aloud, making the cucumbers stand straight, making the beans swing. Grandpa listens, smiling, picks a green bean on the way, and uses it to hold my page.

I ask grandpa, who wrote this poem? Grandpa says, the soil wrote the first line, the rain added a few more, and I only watch over it every day, keeping the bugs from interrupting.

I say, then I will recite it. I will use the cucumbers for my voice, the beans for my beat, and let grandpa stand on the first line of the poem, so the wind can lead us onward, line by line.

The wind turns the page again. The poem of the garden grows new every day it is read. The white hair of my grandpa falls also on this page, shining, like a glowing full stop added to the poem.