两片田：福贵的田和爷爷的田

读《活着》片段那几天，我脑子里总是出现两片田。一片是书里福贵的田，一片是我爷爷的田。它们隔着几十年，却像一对双胞胎。

先说书里的田。福贵输光田产以后，挑着担子去城里，攒了钱买回几亩地。他重新下田那天，先把旧犁修好，犁头在磨石上蹭得雪亮。春天他扶犁，牛在前面走，他跟在后面，肩膀一高一低。夏天他薅草，裤腿卷到膝盖，脚在泥水里拔一下就是一个响。到了秋天，稻子弯下腰，他夜里睡不着，起来到田边转一圈，摸一摸穗子，才回去睡。书里写他做这些的时候没有一点委屈，好像种地是他这辈子最该做的事。

再说我爷爷的田。爷爷那几亩田在村东头，一块一块像补丁。爷爷种了一辈子，牛都换了两头。每年四月他育秧，夜里两点起来放水，怕倒春寒冻了秧苗。六月他打药，背着药桶在田里走，影子被太阳晒得贴在脚边。九月割稻，他镰刀磨了三遍才下田，割完直腰，用镰刀把儿敲敲腿。两片田，两个人，动作一模一样。

书里福贵说土地不哄人。我爷爷没读过书，说不出这句话，可他做了一辈子。爷爷常跟我说：你对田好，田就对你好；你糊弄田，田就糊弄你的饭碗。原来福贵和爷爷说的是同一句话，一个写在书里，一个长在土里。

收成那天，福贵站在田埂上看了很久。我爷爷收了稻子，也蹲在晒场边看谷子，一看就是半天。我以前不明白他们看什么。现在我知道，他们看的是自己弯下去又直起来的腰，是一整个春天的水和汗。土地把这一切都记着，秋天一并还给你。

合上书，我在扉页上写了一句话：愿天下种地的人，都能看见自己的收成。

Two Fields: The Field of Fugui and the Field of Grandfather

In the days I read the excerpt from To Live, two fields kept appearing in my head. One is the field of Fugui in the book, and the other is the field of my grandfather. They are decades apart, yet they look like twins.

First, the field in the book. After Fugui lost the land of his family, he carried a shoulder pole to the town and saved money to buy back a few mu of land. On the day he returned to farming, he first repaired the old plough and ground the ploughshare bright on a whetstone. In spring he held the plough, the ox walked ahead, and he followed with one shoulder higher than the other. In summer he pulled weeds, his trouser legs rolled to the knees, and every step he lifted from the mud made a sound. When autumn came and the rice bowed its head, he could not sleep at night, got up, walked a round by the field, touched the ears, and then went back to bed. The book shows him doing all this without a trace of grievance, as if farming were the one thing he was born to do.

Now the field of my grandfather. His few mu of land lie at the east end of the village, patch after patch. He has farmed them all his life and changed two oxen. Every April he raises seedlings and gets up at two in the morning to manage the water, afraid of the late cold snap. In June he sprays medicine, carrying the tank through the field, his shadow glued to his feet by the sun. In September he cuts the rice, sharpening his sickle three times before entering, and when he finishes he straightens his back and taps his legs with the handle. Two fields, two men, exactly the same movements.

In the book Fugui says the land does not cheat people. My grandfather never went to school and cannot say such a sentence, yet he lived it his whole life. He often told me: treat the field well and the field treats you well; fool the field and it fools your rice bowl. So Fugui and my grandfather were saying the same thing. One wrote it in a book, and one grew it in the soil.

On the day of harvest, Fugui stood on the ridge and looked for a long time. When my grandfather gathers the rice, he also squats by the drying ground and watches the grain for half a day. I used to wonder what they were looking at. Now I know. They were looking at their own backs that bent and rose again, at all the water and sweat of a whole spring. The land keeps all of it and returns it to you in autumn.

When I closed the book, I wrote one line on the title page: may everyone who farms live to see their own harvest.

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