金色的田野

国庆第一天，爸爸带我回爷爷家。东西还没放下，爷爷就指着门外的田埂说：去看看，田里黄透了。

我跑到田边。稻子真的黄了，不是彩纸那种黄，是太阳一照会发亮的黄。秋风从北边吹过来，稻穗一齐弯腰，像有人轻轻翻开一本很厚很厚的金皮书。远处，收割机正开过去，一边吃一边往前走，身后吐出一堆堆稻草，轰隆隆的声音滚过整片田野，惊起几只麻雀。

我站在田埂上，把一路编好的诗念给爷爷听。诗的名字叫《金色的田野》：

秋风翻开田野的书页，/ 一页一页翻到金黄。/ 稻穗低着头，交头接耳，/ 把一季的话说得又重又香。

秋风翻开田野的书页，/ 麻雀在下面跟着读。/ 收割机开来翻页，/ 留下一地短短的书签。

丰收是这首诗的最后一行，/ 爷爷笑着，替它句号。

念完，爷爷靠在田埂上一句话也没说。过了好一会儿，他拍了拍手里的稻穗说：稻子也听见了，你看，它在点头。我再看，风正第二次吹过，稻穗一排一排弯腰，真的在点头。

爷爷下田割了几捆稻子，捆好立在田中央，说这样才晒得透。我蹲在他旁边捡散落的稻穗，稻芒扎手心，有点痒，有点好玩。爷爷说一根稻穗上有两百多粒谷子，从春天到秋天，要喝多少水、晒多少太阳。

中午我们在田边的树荫下吃饭。奶奶把饭盒摆在田埂上，米饭盛在碗里，粒粒发亮。爷爷夹了一筷子菜说：新米还没下来，这碗是去年的陈米，可闻着香。我扒了一大口，忽然觉得碗里的饭和田里的稻子连成了一条线：春天爷爷插秧，夏天灌水打虫，秋天收割机收，脱壳、装袋，最后才到我的碗里。我以前吃饭快，掉在桌上的米粒懒得捡，从今天起不这样了。

回去的路上我又看了一眼田野。收割机走远了，身后留下一片整齐的稻茬。夕阳把半边天染红，剩下的稻子在夕光里发亮，比中午更金。我心想：这片金色的田野我要记住，等下个假期，再来把这本金皮书读完。

Golden Fields

On the first day of the national holiday, Dad took me back to the house of my grandfather. Before we put our bags down, Grandfather pointed to the ridge outside the door and said: go and look, the fields have turned fully gold.

I ran to the edge of the field. The rice really had turned yellow, not the yellow of colored paper, but a yellow that glows when the sun shines through it. The autumn wind blew from the north, and the rice ears bent all at once, like someone gently opening a very, very thick golden book. Far away, a harvester was moving forward, eating as it went and spitting out piles of straw behind it. Its rumbling rolled

across the whole field and scared up a few sparrows.

I stood on the ridge and recited to Grandfather the poem I had composed along the way. It was called Golden Fields:

The autumn wind opens the pages of the fields, / page after page, turning them gold. / The rice ears hang their heads and whisper, / saying the words of a whole season, heavy and sweet.

The autumn wind opens the pages of the fields, / and the sparrows below read along. / The harvester comes to turn the page, / leaving short bookmarks all over the ground.

The harvest is the last line of this poem, / and Grandfather smiles as he closes it.

When I finished, Grandfather leaned on the ridge and said nothing for a long time. Then he patted the rice ear in his hand and said: the rice heard you too. Look, it is nodding. I looked again. The wind was passing for the second time, and row after row of rice ears were bending down, nodding for real.

Grandfather walked into the field and cut a few bundles of rice, tying them and standing them upright in the middle of the field, saying that way they dry properly. I squatted beside him and picked up the fallen rice ears. The awns pricked my palm, a little itchy, a little fun. Grandfather said one rice ear carries more than two hundred grains, and from spring to autumn it takes a great deal of water and sunshine to grow.

At noon we ate under the shade of a tree by the field. Grandmother set the lunch boxes on the ridge, and the rice in the bowls shone grain by grain. Grandfather picked up a chopstick of vegetables and said: the new rice is not ready yet, so this bowl is old rice from last year, but it still smells good. I took a big mouthful, and suddenly the rice in my bowl and the rice in the field felt connected by one line. In spring Grandfather transplants the seedlings, in summer he floods the fields and fights the pests, in autumn the harvester gathers the crop, then it is hulled, bagged, and only then does it reach my bowl. I used to eat fast and never bothered to pick up the grains that fell on the table. From today I will not do that anymore.

On the way back I looked at the fields one more time. The harvester had moved far away, leaving neat stubble behind. The setting sun dyed half the sky red, and the rice still standing there shone in the evening light, more golden than at noon. I made up my mind: I will remember this golden field, and on the next holiday I will come back and read this golden book to the end.