



First Time Fishing

Fei Yifei [China]

The first time I fished by the moat outside Qingchun Gate
Was during my first summer holiday
In the tides of summer surged joyful freshness
A newly-cut bamboo rod, a pin bent into an imagined hook
My first handmade tool, brimming with
The thrill and hope of catching a giant whale
The unfortunate earthworm struggled in the water—my only hope
Maybe one foolish fish
Would crash into a blind cat today
But all the fish were secretive, seasoned, like veteran guerrillas
How could they lose to a novice
Again and again, I cast, reeled in, changed baits
Only to catch water beads eager to slip away
The bobber stood stubbornly, the weeds posing like runners
The river kept flowing toward the setting sun
The reflection of a boy, lonely, slender
Carrying a clear river, was gently swayed by shimmering ripples

Gently Embraced by a Tranquil Autumn

A few birds fly past, then a few more
Autumn wind pulls the sky vast and empty
The trees begin shedding leaves, to cast off sorrows
After so many partings
We pick fallen pine cones in the woods
And copying squirrels, we pile them up for winter
We search for firewood, saving up kindling—
We must always leave a way out for an uncertain future
The lake lies calm, perfect for skipping stones
We watch them leap forward before sinking, believing at least one
Would swim back
We believe the trees are not surrendering but resetting their makeup
The ground was already blanketed with golden leaves, each one being clean
The whole twilight feels so clean
Slanting sunlight on our shoulders, wind brushing our cheeks—
For a moment, we felt gently embraced by tranquil autumn
At the closing hour, one must leave
Some warmth and tenderness to savor in this race against time
At that moment, we love peace like never before.

The Pet Cat

Its greatest magic, an innate superpower
Is making no sound at all
Whether running, leaping, pouncing
Whether stroked, cuddled, or driven away
Or just crouching on a chair, watching you
It is always quiet like a glass of warm water
At times, you think you have raised a schemer
Plotting each day, waiting
For some unknown moment in the house
This creature that sleeps by day and prowls by night
Can't help but stir suspicion
Having many enemies, much hating or being hated
It is cautious by nature, hiding its claws and fangs
But often it slips to your feet, meows softly
Looks up at you with innocent eyes
And suddenly all your vigilance seems unnecessary
That uncertainty of feeling
Only heightens your imagination and attention
But when you pause your pen, turn to look
You find it has disappeared again.

(Translated by Prof. Shi Yonghao)

About the Poet:



Fei Yifei, an outstanding contemporary Chinese poet, was born in Hangzhou, Zhejiang Province. In his early years, he served in the army and served as the head of the military training department in a certain Air Force unit, holding the rank of lieutenant colonel. After being transferred from the military, he entered the financial insurance industry, successively serving as the general manager of Sunshine Property Insurance Zhejiang Branch, the president of Sunshine Life Insurance Company, and the president of Sunshine Property Insurance Company.

Throughout his journey, he has traveled extensively, persisting in creating poetry to capture the scenery along the way and record his life insights. He is a member of the Zhejiang Writers Association and the Chinese Poetry Society. His works have been published in various domestic and international newspapers, platforms, and anthologies. He has published poetry collections such as *My River* and *Walking and Loving*, as well as several collections of prose and documentary literature. He has received awards including the 7th China Contemporary Poetry Award, the Excellent Work Award for Chinese Concise Prose, Best Poet of the Year in 2024, and Outstanding Award of the “Nekazano” literary magazine of the Republic of Montenegro. Some of his poems have been translated into multiple foreign languages.