

The Catch

My river grows dark and still at night in the fall;
The waves are calm, ready for sleep.
I drop in my line,
But the fish, too, are sleeping.

My empty boat and I turn to the shore
Filled with our catch
of moonlight.

Yi Jung, 16th Century Korea

Recast by AA Burrows 2005
based on a translation by
V. O. Baron and Chung Seuk Park
Copyright © A A Burrows 2005