

Ars Literica



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Cigar this life and light it with the sun.

— Oladejo Abdullah Feranmi

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Ars Literica is a Beijing student creative writing initiative, cofounded by BNDS, ICC, EHS-BNU, BHSFIC, 21st CS, BAID, Keystone Academy, CNUHS, and SHS-BNU.

Mission Statement

“Your identity is your own prison.”

There is a popular myth that holds back our creativity: a writer should always remain within the safe bounds of their native language. In response, Lebanese author Etel Adnan writes, *Reality is made of paper, so to speak, or is the skin of an egg, an onion to be peeled, till you reach another layer, itself made of layers, with no center, you also reach a mirror mirroring, a sailboat drifting*. Through multilingual writings, we peel those layers, rediscovering language as where linguistic tendencies clash to give shape to the unexpected. At Ars Literica, we believe that Chinese writers have much to offer the entire literary community, vocalizing our eccentric and beautiful presence to inspire social change.

Summer Birds Fall into the Sea

LUCAS WANG, TRANSLATED BY XINTONG QIN

七月暮，求学于芝加哥。偶见夕阳西落，便结四五伴友骑行至密歇根湖西畔。行至，见青草成片，白花点缀其中；浪花拍石滩，湖水不见尽头，真似到了海。虽背着日落，却有几缕霞云，更添诗意。站在石滩，再张双手，闭眼听海声伴着欢笑，又有微风拂面，顿时心中苦闷便消解大半。便逢此刻，耳机中音乐偏至万能青年旅店《洋鸟消夏录》，再品湖景，只觉得海天一色，落日残晖映薄云，恰似展翅巨鸟坠汪洋。心中豁然开朗，遂念头挥舞，作诗一首，草舒杂情：

If you are tired, go and see the sea.
Behold the waves,
as dusk drinks in its rosy hue.

With sunset on your back, turning east,
you'll see buoys drifting on blue waters,
fireflies flower from the green.

Maroon sketches,
with faint light on incandescent shore.
Go and see it:
in the frame of a Polaroid,
summer birds falling into the sea.

Go and listen:
how hard it is to slip away from earth's grasp.
Listen to the soft whistle of waves,
stand upon the wind.

Go and listen:
leave one ear for yourself,
and another for ocean's shelf.

Wintering

LUCAS WANG, TRANSLATED BY XINTONG QIN

As winter sets in,
chilies dry on the tabletop.
A gongle glow glides in,
dappled with pieces of sun.

Two silken doves land
on a parasol's bud.
Fumbling, I reach for my phone.
When I turn back, they've vanished
into drifting branches.

They fly back to the treetops —
a touch of orange, a paint of sage.
Hush,
along with falling leaves
and the wind that passes through.

Chasing a Fly

LUCAS WANG, TRANSLATED BY XINTONG QIN

At dusk, I mount my bike,
chasing down a single fly,
breaking through street after street of trees.

In the far distance, there was a streetlamp.
Above my grey-black head
blossomed a tuft of clouds.

The fly moved toward the lamp,
and I, too, moved toward the lamp.

When I reached it, I stopped and looked,
streetlights sinking through
an inverted sea.

Inside, a great fish
drifted swiftly,
as though chasing something.

Untitled (or Where Jiuhan Meets Ganlin¹)

LUCAS WANG

It was a realm called Regret.

Jiuhan didn't know where he was.

He felt the rain but could see no raindrops.

He felt the song but could hear no singing.

In Regret, senses blurred their boundaries;
in Regret, logic can no longer constrain the real;
in Regret, language and thought tangled themselves into one;
in Regret, only feelings.

So Jiuhan wandered in Regret.

He couldn't sense the ground but felt the earth's solidness;

he couldn't take a step, but he felt his freedom.

He felt that from somewhere came a person.

He didn't see, nor hear —

He just felt. Jiuhan knew she had come.

Her name is Ganlin.

So, in Regret, they chatted.

So, in Regret, they drank, they composed.

They sang under the stars of their own feeling —

so that's the most beautiful voice ever heard.

They drew on the canvas of their own imagination —

so that's the most vivid and poetic drawing ever seen.

On their feelings, they skied, they ran —

so that's the most adorable, unsurpassable, eternal instants.

In Regret, with feelings —

only in Regret, when language lost its function, did they speak freely;

only in Regret, when all senses are gone, did they sense with their hearts.

But just in a sudden, Jiuhan knew, Ganlin had disappeared.

He didn't know why, but he felt it.

¹ Jiuhan (久旱) in Chinese means long drought, while Ganlin (甘霖) means rain. Jiuhan feng ganlin (久旱逢甘霖) is a traditional saying, translated to “experiencing rain after a long drought”.

That feeling is so real, so carved into the bones —
that even he never saw her, never heard her —
he knew so clearly and certainly that Ganlin was no longer there.
So suddenly Jiuhan realized there were so many he didn't tell Ganlin.
So many stars they've never seen, so many mountains never run on.
So many things they wanted to do but haven't gotten a chance.

Jiuhan wanted Ganlin back.
So badly, so badly, so badly:
there he stood in the realm of sentiment, feeling the purest regret.
He can do nothing but feel — but feel that vast, boundless regret in Regret.

Suddenly, Jiuhan understood the secret of Regret:
turns out, in Regret, only when all senses melt into regrets, can he contemplate the essence of regret —
only when he falls into the realm of Regret can he understand not to leave regrets.

Aii... (a sigh)

So gradually Jiuhan heard the singing.
He gradually saw the rain.
And Jiuhan felt he opened his eyes.
Jiuhan really opened his eyes.

And Jiuhan felt he left Regret.
So Jiuhan really left Regret.
Jiuhan truly left "Regret."

Jade

JINYUAN YAN

Clear as the lake in a twilight shade,
Still as a sky where the storms have stayed.

Darling,
I wish to kiss their glow,
So strange, so deep — like moonlit snow...

They burn with love both wild and bright,
They blaze with green, enchanted light.

No tears —
Don't let them fall today,
They'll blur your eyes, they'll drift astray...

Like shards of ice that split straight through —
And still I lost
that emerald hue...

Oyster

JINYUAN YAN

Why are you here,
Young friend so near?

What do you crave?
A precious pearl?
A blossom fair, a gleaming swirl?

Oh no—
That's ill, you know.
You're trapped inside your shell below.

Be still,
My friend, be still.
Such fleeting turns are life's own will.

Look there —
At love, at fame, at gold so bright —
A vine that grips your throat at night.

They're filth,
All dust, all air.
So close your shell with patient care.

Keep your shape,
Your secret hue,
Your rough disguise, your shadowed view.

And now —
Young friend, so dear...
Did you come for the silence here?

Cosmicomics

MO

In my room, I look beyond the still oranges
in my ceramic ivy bowl, zoom into
Italo Calvino's *Cosmicomics* on the shelf,
dusted by a few hundred midnights like this.

I think of the daisy-soft bed,
the yellow glassed glow of father's storypen.
He used to write about hens
living in a lighthouse. Now & then
they leap into my dream. Still rainy,

I want to stroke and taste the wet mud
in their feathers. He told me, *that's how*
you feel your inner grassland,
the palm trees & the lemons.

I don't dream
his dreams anymore, been to
Hulun, Algar, Denali,
skypieces fallen from Nüwa's reach.

He rests like a tired prey-bird,
while I live our second life.
I tell him stories he can't see.
how Oirates and their cattle
actually sing.
We lie together,
soaking in the blue dew
of this dripping sky.

The Life-and-Death Cycle of Salmon

JINYI ZHU

Although my body has already begun to rot, before it completely turns into a puddle of rotten meat, I would still try my best to return to the place where I was born. The blood is flowing, the meat is breaking. I am rotting yet still moving forward. This is called migration, and it is also called fate. The ending is waiting from the moment I am born. I can't escape, and I don't want to either. I just swim toward that fated end.

I am salmon. My life began at a clear stream; the pebbles on the riverbed were once the cradle that nurtured my life. Back then, I was a tiny follicle. Until the egg layer surrounding me breaks, the light gives me the eyes to open. The scene in front of me gradually becomes clear. It's also here that I meet countless translucent little lives like me. I join them, swimming in the light, wandering in pursuit of my own shadows. This is an overture, a peaceful overture to the countless times I brush past death in the years to come. Time passes. The spring of the third year comes, once the waster moves, all lives move with it. I merge with my siblings into a mighty current, and we are pushed toward the unknown downstream. We are drawn by fate to leave our home, head for the sea. When the salty breath washes over every scale, I know I have already come to the battlefield called the Pacific Ocean.

This blue wildness feels familiar yet strange. In this place, we chase krill and evade predators. While chasing and evading, I shed my tender green coat and don silver armor. I have transferred from a palm-sized mullet into a salmon with firm muscles in four years. I learn to kill, to escape. The ocean gives me power, also plants the reins of fate within me. When the seventh late autumn comes, that rein begins to draw tight. Fate takes my freedom. We start a migration called "returning home". We don't need the compass

and stars either; we can find the route to our home accurately in 180 million square kilometers, because fate already engraved the route into our bodies.

In order to adapt to different living environments, we no longer drink or eat from the moment we enter the freshwater, completely relying on the energy stored in the body to finish this journey of up to thousands of kilometers. The shallows at the river mouth are the first threshold on the way home. The sharp reefs tear through the skin on the abdomen. The playful seagulls peck at the still-warm eyes. Many companions stop here, sink to the riverbed, and become part of it. The roar of the waterfall ahead is calling — it is a more severe test. The waterfall with a drop of meters is the boundary between life and death, and only the strongest and bravest warriors can survive. That thread of life — we know every step of this journey back could be the end of our lives, yet we also know that swimming against the current is the only way forward.

Four weeks after embarking on the journey, little red spots appeared on both sides of our bodies. This is our unique breeding color; the redder it is, the stronger our ability. Half a month later, we were almost unrecognizable: our backs swelled into humps, our chins twisted into grooves, and the organs in our bodies gradually withered away, leaving only the gonads thriving. All the energy of life has been drained away, and all directions have been guided. We no longer belong to ourselves, but only to that ultimate homeward journey called "reproduction." There are still over a hundred kilometers to go before spawning, yet predators have long laid numerous ambushes ahead. The white-headed gulls, like reapers in the sky, dive down from high above, their sharp claws sinking into our backs. However, the most terrifying threat comes from the

riverbank — that is, the brown bear. Our bodies are torn apart in their paws and offered as sacrifices in their bellies, yet we still move forward.

Finally, in autumn, I returned to that stretch of water, familiar yet unfamiliar. The water and pebbles were waiting for the wanderers' return as I swam slowly past. When wandering in the ocean, I was a stranger in a foreign land. On the migration route, I was a prisoner of nature. Only when returning to this stream did my decaying flesh finally find its resting place. Here, all my longing and pain turned into gentle silence, and all my tears and blood found their belonging. My body has reached its limit, leaving only a shell gnawed by fate and time. Even so, the deepest instinct in my life still burns. With my tail, I carve a shallow hollow in the gravel — it is my final form, and also the cradle for new lives. The eggs fall into it one by one, and with their descent slips the last spark of warmth in my soul. I float weakly in the shallows, my consciousness drifting in the water, fading inch by inch. Before darkness fully descends, I

feel a faint throbbing — new lives are awakening in the eggs. Their heartbeats interweave with my remaining breaths, blending into the same rhythm. They peck ignorantly, growing little by little. We take our broken bodies as the altar and ourselves as the feast, accompanying the new wanderers to grow up slowly. The young never see their parents, and the parents never see their young. Through endless lifetimes, parents and children pass each other by, never meeting.

In the end, our flesh and blood will turn into nutrients to nourish all living things on this land. We do not die; we merely disperse — into the river, into the wind, into all the lives that will swim against the current once again. Then I understand: the end is not a homecoming, but the start of another journey. I am nameless, I am silent, I am formless, yet I am eternity.

From this moment on, they return to the cycle, completing their lives.

Pollinated by the First Meaning

BONING YU

Ingeborg Bachmann once stated, “We are invaded by the rain of all life, we bloom, we are pollinated by the first meaning.”

That rain has never truly stopped. Thus, I think, as I sit cozily in the old rattan chair on the terrace, waiting for dusk in the sky to replace the brilliance of the evening. We always take rain to be the business of the sky — it’s the burden of the clouds, a useless node of atmospheric circulation. We never realize that rain comes from all of life, as Bachmann suggests.

I try to remember. Memory acts like a special kind of rain, though its temperature varies. Some are tropical, carrying the fragrance of afternoons in my childhood. I see my mother cooking in the kitchen, and I see a distant pinhole from a misted double-pane window that blurs over the passage of time. Spring was my first perception of “home,” as countless raindrops preserved my unspoken apprehension of safety. That was the past. And the seed inside flitting about, like a baby at school, somewhere dark, quiet, and ready to break the soil.

Other raindrops are cool, like the stimulation of metal at the savage fringes, icy like a ray speared into a slice of blood. It’s a silhouette of my father’s perspective, dripping during an encounter or violent as a door slammed shut after a family fight. That kind of unexpected and wrenching rainfall came down with such power that, at once, it tore out my origin. I cried alone, powerless like a leaf in a torrential wind, with nowhere to go. And it did leave a shell. Now it was solid, more of a layered look of light. We always complain of pain, but we never tell of the cold. It helps solidify our fragile appearances.

Some come by great artists. On the Beijing subway, a girl absentmindedly removes an imaginary flake of dust from my shoulder. Dozens of raindrops,

cool and ultramarine, fall inside every arm of her light touch. Others, scattered in the corners of books, travel on the crooked strings of wind, intersecting between untamed cravings, lit glances, and fried flashes, books, or films that you will never examine yourself when you get them: poor shriek. They are all rain, each with its own temperature, density, and scent. They travel through time, through space, to fall on me with unerring precision. Because they absolutely never created it to anyone else, elsewhere, and I have nowhere to commit my crimes. Or perhaps I never wanted to flee, either, because it created our true shape.

And, like you, I bloom.

This “blossoming” is not a brilliant moment, but a long, hesitant, even clumsy process. The flower isn’t necessarily a concrete achievement, a worldly success. It might be a way of seeing the world, a gentleness in dealing with others, a stubborn insistence on choosing to believe even in hardship. My flower, I think, is a kind of silent observation. I sit among people, watching the rain fall on them, watching them blossom into a myriad of forms. Some are fervent, some elegant, some thorny, and some exude a bitter fragrance. We are each other’s rain, and each other’s soil.

The crucial moment is pollination.

“Pollinated by the first meaning.” This “first” fascinates and unsettles me. There are countless others that follow, but the first is unique. It is the key that turns a lock within me I never knew existed.

What was my “first meaning”? I search hard through the rainy seasons of memory. Was it the sentence “You have a mind of your own” that a teacher wrote on my homework? Was it the tremor, like an electric current, when someone held my hand for the first time? Or was it the shock of having my

entire worldview overturned after finishing a book late one night? I don't know. Meaning, like pollen, is often scattered by the wind, landing on our hearts by chance. It is less a deliberate search and more a fated encounter.

In that instant, our flower is no longer blooming just for the sake of blooming. It is given a purpose, a direction. It begins to yearn to bear fruit, to produce its own fruit. That fruit might be a story, a poem, a choice, a belief we would spend a lifetime to protect. After pollination, our existence shifts from passive endurance to active creation. We begin to understand our own journey through the rain, to understand the form of our own flower.

The night is dark. The air on the terrace is thick with the scent of earth and plants. The city

lights in the distance, like another constellation, flicker in silence. Maybe we are all insignificant existences in this universe, assailed by countless rains from the past, present, and future. We are drenched, we sprout, we blossom into flowers of different shapes. And then, we wait, waiting for a wind of meaning to connect us with another life.

Perhaps the entire meaning of life lies in experiencing this magnificent rainfall, in striving to blossom into our own flower, and then waiting devoutly for that first, and perhaps only, pollination. In truth, they get one thing wrong. I'm not blind. Before this, all we can do is stand in quiet acceptance and believe that no rain is ever in vain.

The One and Only Violet-Blue Rose

HEHE ZHAO

The purple-blue rose, a flower that unites deep purple and serene blue, signifies the world's peculiarity. Each petal appears to softly utter, telling of its desire to be extraordinary and showing an attitude of being different from the rest.

I

Well, golly, you're not really attempting to study hard, are you? Benjamin was seated in the first row of the classroom, having seven or eight boys around. The books on his desk were turned over and wrinkled like bits of waste paper. It's a fact that Benjamin wanted to study well to leave this middle school and gain entry to Harvard Law School.

He hurried out of the room. A gang of boys ran behind him in chase. At their front was Malcom. He had a triangular head and a fleshy face, and lived each day for pranks and cruel deeds, using mockery and violence to hide his inner void and fear. To his way of thinking, Benjamin's oddity was a sin, and his dream a far-fetched luxury. Benjamin was both afraid of and hated him at the same time.

After getting away from the turmoil, Benjamin hid in a desolate corner of the campus, so out of the way that the cleaning lady never went there. He got a Criminal Law textbook out of his pocket and leaned against a rusty railing, reading in a hushed way. His face was of a sickly pale shade, with a bit of blue. In a loud, chaotic world, he looked like a single violet-blue rose blooming in an out-of-sight corner. His presence was an out-of-place smear of color that cut through the dullness there.

He found joy in this corner full of violet-blue roses. It had him feel different, a slender comfort. Benjamin loved the law. He yearned to be a student at Harvard Law School, with the hope of changing the world by legal power. However, in a setting full of ignorance and violence, the dream felt out of

reach. The roses were like realizations of that dream, quietly by his side and instilling in him the will to keep going on.

The prep bell rang. Benjamin went to the classroom again. Malcolm took a look at him and laughed loudly. Their smiles were like the features of demons. They were obedient in the company of teachers and seemed harmless superficially, but when the cover of falsehood was peeled off, hideousness came into view.

II

The slender Dylan was taking part in the team captain selection that was on the east basketball court of Texas English Middle School. His black jersey had a small badge that was fixed, and it showed a basketball surrounded by several violet-blue roses. It was his mother who left it to him. She said that it was going to bring him luck.

Dylan flexed his knees, leaned ahead, his palms clutching the ball, fingertips sensing its coarse surface. His eyes zeroed in on the rim, as if he could bore through the backboard with his look. All of a sudden, he jumped up as if a spring had been set free, raising the ball high as all his force went into that moment. The ball made a lovely arc from beyond the three-point line and, with a soft whoosh, went right through the net.

"I'll make the announcement of the captain and vice-captain names immediately," the coach uttered. "Vice-captain — Jasper."

A murmur went through the group.

"Captain — Dylan."

Even louder murmurs.

Well, well. The small and weak runt's the captain now, right? Look at him! He's wearing a flower badge too."

Jasper yanked at the badge on Dylan's jersey, put it in his pocket, and then whispered into his ear:

"I propose that you go and tell Coach to give me the position of captain. Otherwise, the chance of getting that badge back is nil."

Jasper strode off with his mates.

As the other players saw Dylan getting closer, not a single person dared move, like wooden stakes fixed to the ground.

The next day, when Dylan was changing shoes in preparation for training, he found water filling them.

He said nothing.

Out of a sense of humiliation, he bit his lips bloody.

He delivered a hard slam of his fist into his backpack.

III

Students were having fun, laughing, and playing in the hallway. At the far end, Benjamin confronted a far more trying situation. He tried to hide his fear; still, helplessness twinkled in his eyes. Memories came back in a rush, causing his whole body to quake.

Malcom gave him a hard shove, took his phone, and growled:

"You should stay right here today. You're not going anywhere."

"You — you're committing unlawful detention!"

"Oh? And so what?"

Malcolm folded his arms and gave a sneer. Benjamin appeared to be a lamb waiting for the knife — the smartest-thinking lamb in the flock, possibly, but still doomed to be consumed.

By virtue of Article 238 of the Criminal Law of the PRC, Benjamin recited, "Anyone who detains another unlawfully or robs another of personal freedom shall be sentenced to up to three years of fixed-term imprisonment, criminal detention, public surveillance, or deprivation of political rights —"

Malcom's triangular eyes widened.

"I am going to detain you. Feel at liberty to call the police. My uncle's a policeman."

Benjamin's heart was filled with pent-up resentment, but he couldn't release it. He felt as if he were a wet rag in a dark corner, unable to talk, curse, or put up a fight.

Bang!

He was shut in the little room at the end of the stairwell.

Crack!

His phone was smashed to the floor. The echoes of Malcolm's voice came from the hallway:

"We're not intending to return tonight, so... you'll just have to cope, good boy—!"

Benjamin suffered cold and thirst that night. In the meantime, on the basis of Jasper's various "stratagems," Dylan was demoted from captain to a non-playing reserve. His hope of getting into college by means of basketball was dashed. He held that he'd done no wrong. All the energy he put into his efforts was wasted. His future was destroyed because of that boy. No hope left.

He hated Jasper.

Hated the school.

Hated basketball.

Hated everything.

A terrible thought began to come into being in him.

IV

The morning that followed, the first-getting-there cleaning lady found Benjamin locked inside. The destroyed phone lay on the floor. Benjamin picked it up; there was still some battery life. He wiped the screen and, to his shock, found a yellow microphone icon blinking in the top-right corner.

He unlocked the phone and gave it a little tap.

The voice memo showed that the recording was already in excess of 12 hours long.

V

Benjamin and two officers listened to the recording at the police station. The arrogant and vicious voice of Malcom echoed many times. There

was a time when that voice made Benjamin quake. But here in the station, he got rid of his fear.

They were waiting for the officers to print the official statement, and several policemen walked past them. One said:

What a pity! This kid's life has been put into disorder. It's said that he was bullied on account of playing basketball. He ought to have just made us a call. Or, well then, grabbed a knife and stabbed the chap. At sixteen, one wouldn't remain in for that long an amount of time. ”

VI

Four years later.

Benjamin was found standing on the stage at the Harvard Law School auditorium. His way of standing was tall and firm. His expression was steady, eyes full of intelligence. Being the freshman representative, he had a blooming violet-blue rose in his hand.

Today, my speech starts off with this violet-blue rose. The flower is full of character, one-of-a-kind and precious, just like every single person among us. In the course of growing up, we all come

across injustice. Our petals may wither. I did too. We make choices that differ, and thus our fates diverge. ”

He recounted the story, which was of himself and Dylan. The audience fell silent.

Teachers and classmates, I have decided on law as my future profession. I want the law's spirit to guide each unique and precious life to protect rights using law, not violence. I want to help those entrapped in injustice so they can protect their dignity just as I did. The violet-blue rose is a never-before-seen type of rose. It shouldn't die off because of evil, nor self-destroy out of impulse. The essence of law becomes the soul of every particular and precious life. ”

VII

For kids, basketball is a contact sport. What ought you to do in case someone bumps you? Right — no fighting. You follow the rules.”

When Dylan left prison, he opened a center for training children in basketball.

He gave it the name “Violet-Blue Club” because he fancied that good fortune would come back.

About the Contributors

LUCAS WANG is a poet and essayist who currently studies in Beijing. He enjoys capturing the poetic sense hidden in the mundane. In his works, contemplations and often concealed under abstract imagery. Traveling and baseball are two of Lucas' hobbies.

XINTONG QIN (she/her) is an avid gothic fiction writing enthusiast who now daydreams about being the main character of her own movie. She once unpublished her 40,000-word fanfiction — an unsung masterpiece.

BONING YU is a 15-year-old writer from Beijing. Her love for logic and order shines through in her passion for sudoku and jigsaw puzzles. Boning's essays are inspired by the likes of Jeanette Winterson, Oscar Wilde, and Kazuo Ishiguro. Her favorite snack? A lemon, plain and simple.

JINYI ZHU is a student at the International Department of High School affiliated to Capital Normal University. She loves writing and music; both are excellent ways to convey positive emotions. She has recently been trying to create some music. She also wants to start trying to write some novels in English.

HEHE ZHAO is a high school student at Beijing No.4 International High School who discovered her passion for writing after enrollment, maintaining a diary every two days. When she's not crafting stories, Scarlett enjoys dancing, reading, and engaging in debate, finding inspiration in the rhythm of words and movement.

Next submission window:

Issue No.4, Spring 2026

At Ars Literica, we do not limit your writing to any form, topic, or genre. In general, we are looking for works that show meditation/passion for life, society, and/or literature.

For publication in Ars Literica, we consider:

- Fiction
- Personal Essay & Memoir
- Poetry (1 – 3 poems are considered 1 submission)
- Dramatic Script
- Excerpt from larger works
- Literary Criticism
- Poetry Translation
- Artworks

Word Limit: 2,500 words for prose, 80 lines for poetry.

Please 12-point-type, double-spaced (except for poetry), and submit your work as a Microsoft Word or PDF file to our portal.

Next Reading Period: January 15th – March 1st

We do not accept submissions outside the reading period. Do not send new drafts unless requested to do so by an editor.

We read every submission, and you will receive a response from our editors within 1 – 4 weeks of your submission. Feel free to contact us should you have any questions regarding submission or publication.

Authors whose works are accepted for publication in Ars Literica will receive payment of 20 – 500 RMB, depending on the volume and quality of works submitted.

Visit arsliterica.org or follow Ars Literica on WeChat for submission information.

To seek publication in Ars Literica, submit your work (including a 50-word bio and cover letter) to our editor at cadenchisaw@gmail.com.

