



Poetry

Group 4

Fuxi's Fish Trap

Canadian International School of Hong Kong, Chu, Alex – 15

Thickets of towering rattan trees line
the winding path towards the
secluded pond.

The damp forest floor is
scattered with remains of the
monsoon,
a trail of viscous mud.

Pangu's hooves sink deep into the soft
Earth.
She trudges along as I
gently stroke her lustrous mane.

Ginkgo leaves float past,
carried along by the fate of the
wind,
no resistance to their
destination.

Pangu whinnies to acknowledge the muddy water ahead
that hides the
once visible carp
which used to dart
through the crystalline pool.

I once selected the perfect moment
to propel my arm
into the pristine water
and emerge with the day's catch.
Now, the carp swim undetected
in a murky swamp
I cannot enter.

Pangu whimpers and
I too feel the pang
of hunger.

Across the lake
atop a towering Yunnan --

A spider, Ximu,
spins silk from her spinnerets.
weaving an intricate
series of strings that
band together in circular formation.

Motionless she sits in the center,
divesting all control to
Mother Nature
in full belief her
dedication merits reward.

Suddenly, a fly!

The silky contraption swallows
the twitching body and Ximu emerges
to retrieve the fluttering prize.

The flawless construction of the trap,
The inevitability of the catch,
The patient unfolding of
Mother Nature's will.

My eyes lock onto the web
entranced by the hyperconscious design
and my hands begin to
motion at the air,
entwining an invisible substance in front of me
as my mind conceives a prototype.

Leaping from off of Pangu's back
I locate the material for my web:
a gorgeous trove of
rattan sticks.

Selecting one, I attentively run my fingers over
the sturdy fibers of the plant.

Before I know it
a force takes over my body
a clear image of the web
guiding my design until a novel device
sits before me on the muddy soil.

The bottle
shaped trap
seems simple
but it is also an
enigma: a prison
with one entrance
and no exit, a maze
which only ends in
capture, the essence
of a flawless trap.

Gently
I place it beneath
murky water,
and sit in meditation at the water's edge
hoping fate
will acknowledge my efforts with a
glistening carp.

A Blessing or Curse?

Creative Secondary School, Ateeq, Arham – 16

Coloured, sparkly or designed,
Paper comes in all kinds.
Fold it, wrap it, crumple or tear it,
It serves as a purpose and finds a way to fit.

Paper here, paper there,
It surrounds us everywhere.
In houses, schools and offices,
The wastage of paper is quite dangerous.

Made as a protective barrier,
For mirror carriers.
It is now an assault,
That we ourselves have brought.

The landfills weep
When trying to sleep.
There is never a pause
Because pollution continues its loss.

Hand in hand,
Trees and our world stand.
Barely supported by the weight
Of the harmful waste we create.

So now I wonder
China, did you bless us?
Or did you end up making
A world that will turn to dust.

Fireworks

Creative Secondary School, Bigelow, Marasia – 15

China created the parade of celebration
The hues of color arranging to show,
a celebration into fleeting glow

Awe the sight of rejoicing lights,
that awaken these silent nights
Mark our salient stages of life

So let the dim lit stage marks this time,
within each burst of radiant light
Moments of our pass, present, future tense

Darling, etch these moments in commemoration
Intertwine their warmth in our embrace
Unite into celebration

For they, the lens into shared heart and soul,
and every celebration, our homage
Mark our salient stages of life

Stress of Paper

Creative Secondary School, Chan, Cayla – 15

Looking at the paper in front of me,
The invention of paper a poor thing.
Oh paper, causing me stress within thee,
Looking in front of me, troubling thoughts cling.
Hoping to rip it into tiny bits,
Causing myself trouble everywhere.
Too much pressure, just wanting enough bliss,
Can't seem to get enough air in my lungs.
Looking at the numbers in front of me,
Making me want to go super crazy.
The numbers causing me to want to flee,
Paper, causing me to feel quite dazey.
Oh paper, paper, how troubling you are,
Causing people to feel stress from afar.

Old Time Battles

Creative Secondary School, Chen, Gaspar – 15

As the clash gets louder
He walks on the field, the commander
With one breath he takes a deep breath
His thunderous roar suppressed the gloomy air
The archers, bows a standby
Fired their arrows, synchronized
A blanket of fire covered the horrified air
The enemy scuttles from the field
The deaths they yield,
A thousand scared souls scatter.
The freight of gunpowder
Truly turns people into black powder

Paper is a Gleam

Creative Secondary School, Cheung, Rachel – 15

In days of old, when treasure behold
An amazing thing, the paper we upfold
Birthed from nature, its brought safer
To write and say the words for greater

No more hefty scrolls, or parchment gold,
Paper came roll, a lighter thing to hold.
An empty canvas, awaiting to tell tales,
Where wonders would be told in details.

With a gentle pen, we carve upon the page,
Our thoughts, dreams and stories will age.
A tender touch, a kind and true,
Paper, we owe so much to you.

At home, at school or at work you have made it a dream,
Paper, you are a gleam.

Tea Cultivation

Creative Secondary School, Chinthu, Freya – 15

The Empress of China loved her tea
Especially because it gave her peace
A peaceful mind would help her think

Calming breeze she could feel
Under the wonderful cherry blossom tree
Loving the feeling of wind in her hair
Thick taste of tea on her tongue
Inspired her to make her own tea cultivation
Very excited about her idea
A lot came to her mind to inspire
Tea is delicious
Inspires you in many ways
Optimistic minds arise as tea refreshes the brain
Nice refreshing feeling of tea makes the Empress really happy

Connect

Creative Secondary School, Delfin, Josephine – 16

In the way you talked to me.
Shot the arrow to my heart,
Over the world, different never ending love.
Stroke a radical, though we can't talk no more.
Absentmindedly, craving for more.

The words are hitting—
on the windows of the house.
Held it up high like it was our pride.
Spread them around, grow them more alive.
And the color black, never grew us apart.

Drop the ink and wipe the tears away.
Capture the time, forever and always.
It's only four words, so what's so hard to say?
Our connections weaves like a labyrinthine maze.

Ignited Ashes of the Dead

Creative Secondary School, Doniparthi, Misha – 15

CLICK.

CLACK.

A spark advances up the cordage,
Approaching the bamboo chute's entrance,
Like a dragon, waiting to set the invaders ablaze.

Infiltrating the black abyss,
The growing fire sways amidst the toxic particles,
grasping death firmly by its hand,

GRIND. POUND. TRASH.

Its roar can't be stifled within prison walls,
The inferno breaks loose, untamed.

WOOSH.

The arrow gleams, slicing through the shroud of night,

Is it a star?

No, it moves.

Is it a meteor?

No, it's getting closer.

Is it a firework?

No...

It's death, knocking at our door.

BANG.

BOOM.

CRACKLE...

FIZZZZZZZ...

Silence reigns until,

A torrent of light shatters the stillness.

Arrows rain down like hail in a storm,
Flames spread swiftly, consuming the path it follows,
Unbridled and relentless.

Embers scorch the once-tranquil paths,
Roofs of huts hammered by merciless sparks ,

And the screams...

They echo, hauntingly.

Oh, the chills that slither up your spine,
The village now lies in ashes,
innocent spirits rising up from the debris.

THIS

is how gunpowder was wielded,
Not for the anticipation of sparkling skies above,
Or for bringing communities together,
As families and friends marvel in awe.
NO.

It was employed in battle,
To safeguard honor and glory,
By engraving destruction and eradication,
Deep within the fabric of our society.

Embers of Mortality

Creative Secondary School, Henderson, Kirsty – 16

There is so much creativity to an invention,
You can make good and bad.

When monks discovered gunpowder,
It was made for medicinal purposes.

“A life-extending elixir”,
It seems more like life-shortening.

The sound of gunfire,
The sound of bodies falling to the ground.

This is what it turned out to be,
Just another creation for man-made horrors.

Fireworks

Creative Secondary School, Ip, Faith – 15

With colours bright and spark that dance,
They fill the sky in a joyful trance,

Jolly memories of red, orange, yellow,
Bloom to the sky, fill it with joy

Sudden sparks of blue, purple, grey,
Shatter to the sky, fill it with pain,

And as the sparks fade away,
So was our friendship that's just a memory

The Bomb

Creative Secondary School, Lee, Daria – 15

The forces of good and evil clash and conflict.
In a world ruled by shadows,
The bomb, a sign of revenge,
Anger is a tool to make things right.

Venom builds in frightened hearts,
But what terrible strews may revenge heal?
Or does it continue the rule of the cycle—a never-ending dance of suffering?

Hold your power, the bomb of revenge, and
Find the light during the darkest hours.
Love must grow in an atmosphere of chaos.
To maintain hope and repair the scars.

Let compassion and love triumph in the struggle between good and evil rather than letting revenge consume the spirit.

Therefore, let's refuse the need for harm and resist the attraction of payback.
Accept your true goodness and allow love to triumph over evil.

This complex dance of shadow and light
May we make decisions that will not worsen.
For love must guide, even though revenge may tempt.
And we will overcome fear with kindness.

The blast of revenge, channel your might,
transformed into a force that upholds equity,
Let the good overcome the bad.
And may peace remain in connection.

Blotches of Pain

Creative Secondary School, Leung, Jeffrey – 15

Blotches of ink splattered on papers
Hours of pain wrung into words
Thousands of wrists aching with pain

But then a shining light
Appeared before the laborers
A yellow messiah, bringing an end to the dark plight

With a simple press, the words come to view
What costed hours, now take so few
From then on, history was written anew

The Day

Creative Secondary School, Lu, Ka Ue – 15

Bunch of monsters
running in my life
without a knock
shocked
but seems to be what it should be
Hoping
an umbrella
Covering these for me

make it clean and tidy
make it dry and cool

Falling drop by drop
please please be my
umbrella
Til the end of my life

A wind flash by
real
pick up the pen on the desk
words appear
Continuing

Couple of pearl lays on the window
looking on the view
more relaxing and chill
Yes or no
covering all over

Golden flash into the room
on the cat
on the fur
it turns yellow
on the book
it turns vitality
Yes
Covering all over

Beautiful Flowers

Creative Secondary School, Lui, Wing Kiu – 15

I once discovered a lovely powder
Which brought the sky some beautiful flowers
It gave and healed and nurtured the soul
As medicine which left the heart whole
I thought to myself “what a wonderful thing!”
But everything changed as quick as a blink
The skies turned dark, the black crows cawed
Devastation and anger was all that I saw
There it was, my amazing black powder
Used on a red field as a means to devour
I screamed and shouted “No please stop!
Don’t tell me you have left the past to rot!
How in the sky it was a sight to behold
And gave the patients a sign of hope!”
Yet it was too late, nobody listened
They continued to use it for mass destruction
Just the thought makes me somber
From now on, who will remember those beautiful flowers?

Chinese Ink and Wash Painting

Creative Secondary School, Ma, Christy – 15

It, a piece of white paper, white and spotless
lying pure on the desk
until they write
The ink drips from the tip of the brush and spreads in the whiteness
thick or pale, light or strong
with one stroke and another
a land of glories and gorgeous world
the ink in the frame never changes

It, a piece of white paper, white and spotless
lying pure on the podium
until they write
brutal and disorganized
The ink in the white spread, halo out black silk, woven into a net, gorging
It guards the white island solitary, curled up in corners
Why? The mischievous wind picked it up and threw it into the ink tank
struggle in silent, without billow
It floats quietly on the ink, looking at it in the frame
The ink swallowed up little by little
white disappear

A woman makes paper faraway
A gust of wind blew gently
another piece of white paper lay on the desk...

The Malevolent Navigator

Creative Secondary School, Qamar, Fatima – 15

To corner a land and its children deep,
You require a compass
A compass that guides you
Where the countless souls hide

From the hands of a scholar, a vessel was born
A gift to the world
A sinister guise
So cunningly received

To capture peoples' dreams and hopes,
You utilize the four directions
And enslave the East's mothers
To gas the North's children
To inflate the West's bread
Finally, to steal the South's jewels

To kill a man
You entail a magnetized needle
To pierce each vessel
And destroy him

Paper

Creative Secondary School, Shek, Mia – 15

This sheet so pure and white,
Its blankness is an invitation to write.
A canvas so versatile and free,
An eagerness for what it can be.

Folded or flat, it patiently awaits,
To carry messages connecting the human race,
A letter of love or a note of cheer,
Paper captures moments, year after year.

From classroom doodles to heartfelt notes,
It holds memories like cherished quotes.
It's a canvas for dreams, a poet's delight,
In its simplicity, it shines so bright.

Cars of China

Creative Secondary School, Shi, Cherry – 15

The Chinese culture, ancient and profound,
Countless inventions to astound.
In Xia dynasty, Xi Zhong made the cart,
That roamed the fields and roads, a work of art.
Visited friends and kin, admired
The beauty of the world, by nature sired.

The earliest of scripts, the oracle bone,
In Xia and Shang, the "car" was shown:
A pictograph of 2 wheels and 1 axle, with
A carriage in between, a yoke to lift.
The "car" evolved with time, in bronze and seal,
In clerical and regular, as cars grew real.

Archaeologists have found, in Anyang,
Eighteen remains of carts from Shang.
From fourteenth century BC, they date,
With spokes and wheels, already quite ornate.

The 'Han book' records, Duke Huan of Qi
Attended "conference of car" and "conference of riding" meets thrice and six times, then he unified
The feudal lords, and brought peace to the land.
The car was used for war, with force and speed,
And also for the nobles, for their need.
In Three Kingdoms, legend has it that
Zhuge Liang's wife,
Huang Yueying, smart and wise, helped him
Create the "wooden ox"
To transport grains, and also made the locks
For cars, a touch
Of brilliance to the field.

Yue Fei's "Full River Red" revealed
"Driving our chariots of war,
We'd go to break through our relentless foe."

The "long car", or "long hub", a kind of car
That climbed the mountains, fought the wars.
He drove the long car, broke the Helan Pass,
A hero of his time, unmatched in class.

In recent years, the Chinese trains have soared,
With wisdom from all sides, they have explored
The highest speed of operation, three-fifty
Kilometers per hour. Like lightning, swiftly
They shuttle through the land, with sun in sight,
And show the world another country's card of might.

Who would have thought, the ancient car of two
Slow wheels, would now become a dragon, who
With wind and thunder, races to the end.
The Chinese people's wit and skill transcend
The limits of the world, and create more
And more, the great miracles of yore.

The Right Direction

Creative Secondary School, Takano–Chong, Kenji – 15

Amidst the chaos, worlds apart,
Two minds collide, a work of art.
In harmony, their truths entwined.

A dance of thoughts, they intertwine,
A symphony of contrasts, refined.
Bound by fate, their paths combined.

In unity, they're redefined,
A tapestry of souls, entwined.
Together, they create their own design.

Compass

Creative Secondary School, Then, Jamie – 16

Compass
In you I feel secure
In you I feel clear
 with myself

Laugh
 in the west
Break
 in the east, invisible

Its magnetized needle aligns
 with myself

The Life of a Kite

Creative Secondary School, To, Marcus – 15

Rustle, Rustle, Clamp, Clamp, Whirl.

The rush of wind flowing below my silk skin.

I opened my eyes, I was in the light.

Soaring above the grounds, floating through the skies, I felt alive.

Green mountains, Blue Lakes, away from all, I was in space.

I soared higher, and higher, drifting in any direction the wind takes me. Swish, Swoosh.

Whiff, Whoosh. The Sky turned red. Gray clouds appeared. The end was near. I was a kite, a kite in war. The rust of the wind flowing below my silk skin. I didn't want to be here. I was forced to fit in. My companions soar high, loud and proud. Scaring men away with their horrific sounds. I was forced to fit in. Demanding my dreadful sounds, lifting men in the sky, to spy. All I want is to go back, drift me back, to peaceful times. Roar, Thunder.

Whiff, Whisper. It was bright, it had light, but it didn't feel right. Among everyone else, each unique with their own design. Some blue, some bright, some yellow, some delight. Some big, some small, some short and some tall. Everyone unique in their own ways. But I remained gray. Floating through the skies, I felt out of place. Questioning the world, why can't I fit in? In harmony, together, alone, within. The rust of the wind flowing below my silk skin. Letting life, drift me by.

SNAP.

I detached from my string,

from everyone else,

from the world.

The rust of the wind flowing below my silk skin.

Soaring above the grounds, floating through the skies,

I felt free.

Letting go of the world, I flew higher,

Higher,

HIGHER.

Above the mountains,

Above the skies,

Above the clouds.

The sky turned black. I changed from gray to yellow.

Swimming through the endless darkness, I started to glow.

I let go of the world,

floating in outer space, my space.

Free at last, alone.

Cai Lun's Paper

Creative Secondary School, Tsui, Yu Him – 15

When Cai Lun made his first sheet of paper,
he didn't know about all the birth certificates that'll be handed out
or all the copies of death certificates that'll be printed.

When Cai Lun made his first sheet of paper,
he didn't know about all the types of knowledge that'll be spread
or all the students that will suffer from school.

When Cai Lun made his first sheet of paper,
he didn't know about all the romantic love letters that'll be sent
or all the unequal treaties that'll be signed.

When Cai Lun made his first sheet of paper,
he didn't know about all the egg cartons that'll be used
or all the forests that will perish.

When Cai Lun made his first sheet of paper,
he didn't know about a lot of things,
but he did know some things,
like it'll probably be better than writing on bamboo.

Robbed by Papers and Knowledge

Creative Secondary School, Yam, Damian – 15

A classroom where laughter echoes,
a gentle breeze of stress tickles my skin,
realization of the reality settling in,
piles of work ahead,
crucifying my brain to my desk.

Four cold walls surround me,
as I pour my soul onto a thin sheet of wood torturing myself to be as good as them,
another damn wall sits between me and my paper.
Blinded and overshadowed by my thriving peers.
I've lost my mind,
my lucidity vanishes and disappears,
only motivated by sheer fear.

A hater of myself I've become,
Consumed by books and tests I'm numb.
Just a lifeless corpse,
Crawling and bawling.
Sound of muffled laughter on the other side.

Oh, to be a kid again,
the freedom I once had,
To have no worries and stress I beg.
Always with friends and playing tag,
only ever happy, sad, or mad,

But the bag of sweet joyous childhood I had was stolen from me.
Only to be replaced with papers and stationaries.

Porcelain Dreams

Creative Secondary School, Yeung, Tiffany – 15

tender and fair,
made with care.
a creation of god was born.

glowing with beauty and grace,
as delicate as lace.
alluring in the dark of night.

as charming as moonlit dreams,
detailed down to the seams.
the great invention of our descendants.

as elegant as the moon,
as graceful as a peacock's plume.
hail to the creation of god!

Compass of the Soul

Creative Secondary School, Zhou, Justin – 15

Great compassionate compass, guide me home!
I'm lost in the city, lost in the crowd!
Grant me direction, I don't want to roam!
Lead me back safely, Mom will be so proud!

Great compassionate compass, school is hard.
If school was a movie, she's the best part.
High school work has left me forever scarred.
Be my guiding light, lead me to her heart.

Great compassionate compass, life's unfair.
"Breaking up is normal, take a breather."
I am over that girl, now I don't care.
Can't be her love, she doesn't care either.

Great compassionate compass, guide me home.
To the afterlife with good things.

The Needle–Wielder’s Song

Diocesan Girls' School, Yiu, Hong Ching Katelyn – 15

Gossamer tendrils swirling in whispered waltz;
Smoky spirits beckoning travelers halt.
For a symphony of scents fascinating,
unearthly tranquility captivating.

Weary souls who the crimson corner lift,
Emerge ecstatic, their recovery swift.
Yet lips forbidden to preview
The secrets which the cave conceals.

Zephyrs spread rumors of divinity,
But Asclepius’ gift to humanity,
Though philanthropic, though altruistic,
This healer stands mortal without mistake.

The routes she trekked no esplanade:
Passage of Drake, Cliff Palisade.
From archaic inscriptions she heard the hum,
Concord with Nature, synthesis come.

Before barred gates of sages illustrious,
She earned her title as ingenious.
Delicate needles meridians lubricate;
Moxa fumes anatomical points stimulate.

On joss sticks protruding from tender flesh,
Patients beseech hope for vigor refreshed.
Chronic aches dissipate, stress alleviate;
lames prance, mutes chant, blinds glimpse changed fate.

Embered tongues set her fame ablaze:
Some relish the warmth, some plot her glow erased.
Gammons bitter, who fear talent untethered,
Labeled her monster, banished forever.

From city center, where rites, rituals faltered,
The emperor’s paroxysmal splutter
Unfurled anxiety, demanded remedy.
Nathless, archiaters failed incessantly.

Officials her cavern saw as last fanal,
To her door hurtled, begged her meteoric travel.
Such proved unneeded, sheer mention of illness
Had her astride, only query terminus.

Curtains gave way to resplendent light,
Wind against face, palace’s silhouette soon sight.
Before the moribund dragon reverently knelt,

Brows furrowed, his pulse cautiously felt.

On scalp and chest needles administered,
Redirecting Qi to astral rills mirror.
On soles smoldering mugwort circled,
Invoking response from inmost torso

Where scarlet tides via convulsions rise,
Iron blossoms from lips materialized.
Bloodcurdling shriek assassin hollered,
Still, she sat at bed end unbothered.

Purple-robed figures flooded into chamber,
Stared agape as their ruler's eyelids flickered,
Cheeks found color, aroused from slumber.
Cheers erupted, louder than ever.

Gentle eyes cognized this new art's healing power,
Tender smile grateful to its inventor.
Offered priceless treasures or vassal manor,
regardless she chose her true mission honor.

From village to village her journey embarked,
humanistic love recognized trademark.
To ardent apprentices her wisdom shared,
In esoteric scripture tonic skills bared.

Her curative legacy hereby deliver;
Revamped medic care lives ready to alter.
Inventions a wonder, this unnamed messiah
Undeniable pride and joy of China.

Peonies

ESF Island School, Chiu, Anson – 14

From crimson tea blooms,
from firework ash fumes,
from flushed lights illumine
silent peonies
that seek thoughts entombed.

Listen! Flowering
on goldfish roofs, sweet
peonies sing
dreams of soft pulp sheets,
gentle beads clicking
and fine silk paved streets.
Fatigued faces cling
to hopes on repeat.

Seeds from this harvest
burst from the soil,
an anthem that calls
young hands to come pick
them from their rest.

We clutch the tiny peach peonies
to our beating hearts. Our eyes meet,
shining with ambition, and with a breath,
we scatter the seeds
into the fields of our future.

Palace of Tranquility

ESF King George V School, Wong, Rachel – 15

Precious marble and wood,
And a sprinkle of sorrow,
Paved with gold,
Baked with clay from Suzhou.

Set fire to the city,
Centuries before it becomes pretty.

There sits the empress, dressed to impress,
Quiet the han; give her the mandate,
Let her choose the next worthy agnate.

Flee the court; cease the government.
The boxers rise,
Seeking for their prize.
Prove they're insolent; wait for the agreement.

Shhh... They listen.
Deep into the golden room,
Don't cry, it'll be over soon.
Quiet, dowager; Pui Yi has risen.

Mother Consort, when do I see you again?
Intertwine a bond, control and constrain,
Let me see my emperor's reign.
Court of the inside,
Make the child satisfied.
Make them truckle, avert their eyes,
Strike their backs if they do not comply.

Here come the Nihonjin,
With their customs and bullets.
Artefacts will flee,
Destined to routes of three.

The creation of a lifetime,
The imagination of history,
The chronicle of antiquity,
This is China's greatest victory.

The pivot of centrality,
Heaven of purity.
This is the palace of tranquillity,
We call it the Forbidden City

An Ode to Tea

ESF Sha Tin College, Chiu, Jennifer – 14

Noble lady, Camellia!
Before thy flowers came the hardy roots—
roots of life—liquor; solid in the gnarling jaws of the soil.
O blossom loving, two stars binary in their orbit
Are destined to shoot into a tree hesperidean.

Sinensis of her genus, of the thousand unfurling funeral skirts!
Thou art the crying concubine's remedy, the empress's confidant,
a liquid shadow in the guts of a general.
I laud thy trickery in each throw of the hexagram;
first a shape—shifting dignitary, diplomat in an old world anew,
yet a drunken melody pouring from a pot all the same.

O muse—leaf,
Thy verdant buds doth burn black
in the desperate fires of a weeping pine
Birthed of fame by sea—ports and the foreign tongues of florins and guineas
Thy name fired, cannon—like,
from celadon—stained waters to wildflower lands of milk.

How I adore thee so,
Warm creature blessed heaven—jade,
A hit truer than mercurial arsenic, twice immortal all over.
Thou art archaic spring through to the dim quiet
of the teahouse on a flooded neon ocean
Nestling in the palms of my soul!

The Gift of Paper

ESF South Island School, Wong, Brandon – 14

In the realm where ancient China's embers glow
Where wisdom and innovation intertwine and flow
A tale unfurls
A prophet's legacy to bestow

In the land where legends breathe life anew
Dragons dance
and phoenixes majestically pursue
Cai Lun, a man adroit
with profound ingenuity
He unveils a marvel

Mulberry bark, hemp
old rags and fishing nets too
With dexterous hands, he pulps
and presses

Paper is born

Ink pirouettes on parchment's pure expanse
Calligraphy —it is a sort of elegance
bewitching those who behold
Its dance

Scrolls of Confucius, sacred and copious
portray secrets of the past
Legends of warriors, poets, emperors
engraved on paper, a testament to China's name

By virtue of Cai Lun's wits
the written word ascends

The Great Wall's splendour, a guardian resolute
and terracotta warriors too, his honour they protect
Paper, a witness to
China's prestige —a phoenix rising with grace

*Let minds become dragons
and soar through
these boundless skies of
imagination.*

Whispers of Ingenuity

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Hao, Nicole – 16

In ancient land where legends dwell,
China's inventions, tales to tell.
An ancient past to present day,
The inventions shine in every way.

Compass, path to home,
Guiding us, we're free to roam.
Needles like the guiding light,
Leads us through the darkening night.

Saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal combined,
Gunpowder, the forces intertwined
Exploding power, fierce and bold
Hard to handle, the story told.

Tea leaves steeped into the fragile brew,
A moment of zen, your heart went through.
Peace and serenity, sip by sip,
As if I'm on a vacation trip.

The tales of China's inventions grand,
A heritage where all can understand.
From ancient stories to modern glories,
More praise we give to these inventories.

Lead the way

Heep Yunn School, Lo, Wing Kwan – 16

North, east, south or west, which way should I go?
I wondered and whispered to myself 'I do not know'
I sat down on the ground feeling helpless
This whole situation is endless
Suddenly a speck of gold dust caught my eye
In the mist of sand I can't deny
Digging desperately with my hopes held high
A golden object with hands like stars in the sky
Its hands started moving, rotating round and round
And I just know in my heart I'm no longer bound
It stopped after a while
Landed on the letter 'E' and I cracked a small smile
Started walking in the direction it was pointing to
I prayed that I would be able to see a better view
I walked with my head held high
And didn't even dare let out a sigh
With my bags dredged behind me
I just wished to finally be free
Felt my throat almost crack open
There was just so much pain left unspoken
My feet felt like they weighed a million pounds
But I did not want to fall to the ground
Out of the blue, I saw a speck of light
It was so pretty and bright
Ran over with all my might
Holding on to the hope to win the fight
When I arrived I was speechless
The view before me left me breathless
A huge waterfall stood before me
The golden object was the key
I grinned from ear to ear
And I just knew I did not have to fear
The golden object taught me there's always hope
You just needed to learn how to cope

The Canopy of Shelter

Heep Yunn School, Shing, Yee Isis – 16

He peeks out of his window,
And sees how the winds blow.
His brows soon furrow with frustration,
As he gets lost in his contemplation.

A thick blanket of clouds obscures the sun,
With their gloomy, heavy bodies that weigh a ton.
The man knew what was coming,
When he hears the sky rumbling.

Suddenly his son comes crashing through the door.
Holding a bowl above his head, he was already drenched at the shore.
Looking at his dear son, he thinks hard,
And a marvelous idea starts to burgeon from his heart.

The next day he rolled up his sleeves.
Determinedly, he went outside to pick some leaves.
The man broke some branches on the trees,
And picked them up amidst the breeze.

He sat on his little wooden bench,
With his crafty hands, he gave the leaves a drench.
In his expectations, the water flowed along the tip,
“Splish! Splash!” The surface below was dry without a drip.

Bent the sticks with a loud snap,
Connecting them with a strap.
He gasped at the gigantic bowl:
The turned it upside down and went for a stroll.

The notion that sparked within his creative brain,
Could indeed prevail the rain!
He glimpsed at his creation proudly,
And proclaimed its name loudly.

He figured his invention would help a lot of people
To escape from the drenching and feeling feeble.
Swiftly, his name flew through communities,
Amidst praises for all the opportunities.

Thanks to this man –
China’s carpenter Lu Ban,
From the solid framework to the sturdy rib,
Nature’s woes oppose when you give it a grip.

As the downpours get heavier over the days,
More and more bought an umbrella to embrace.
Even when the gloom outside seemed to persist,
Nothing can stop one from going out into the mist.

The umbrella remained precious for generations,
Together, we cherish Lu’s magnificent creations.

His delicate hands that weaved a sheltering art,
In thick and thin never shall one become apart.

When raindrops danced upon the earth,
We shall no longer fear but smile with mirth.
For Lu's umbrella would sustain,
Through good and bad it will guide you in the rain.

The Chinese Marvel

Heep Yunn School, Wan, Kit Yu – 17

An ancient kingdom of charm and superiority
where master weavers create the tapestry
of stories that come down to age

Hands of the Clock Tower echo through the night
delivering a cosmic chime Oh so light!
They measure the depths
from the dancing droplets of water
to the whispers of shimmering stars
Seconds twist and swirl in the timeless universe
while dreams are lit and sailors traverse
in the realm of the Yin and Yang

Guided by needles of the South Pointer
parting sons explore nature's untrodden wonder
As daring boats glide on the Yellow River
they unveil secrets of the wild uncharted water
'hoot! hoot!'
Leaping between the heights of bamboo wall
a playful partridge replies to nature's call

Delicate mulberries of the sweetest flavour
ripe and eager to savour
Harvested by tender hands
soothed by lukewarm water
shone by the Sun's embrace and
transformed into Canvas
inviting imaginations
Holding a brush
a painter strokes
a tale is told
Scholars speak of wisdom words
written on antique scrolls
Bygone days are preserved
and civilisation blossoms

Of elegance and grace
needles and twine interlace
Cocoons and larva
fibres then threads
Glistening Silk
hand woven on a loom
uncovers a pristine treasure chest
bridging a trail from the East to West
Fortunes sail and Legacies tell
From weavers to merchants
Tea to spices
A prized connection we found
the ancient marvels may never pound.

Azure Beyond Dust

HKUGA College, Ng, Chi Kuan Jane – 16

Dragon heads whistle, the airy song of dire.
Sing, “What a lovely day, painted deep azure.”
Gaping mouths spew, sly sparks of fire.
And how they crackle!
Like long–forgotten delights.

Watch! How the masts burn!
Hark the crumbling ships, the groaning as they plunge:
Into the raging black sea! Its frothing mouth bloody.
Can you not hear, the bitter sound,
Of resentment?

Is it the North Star in the sky,
Or the missile’s white eye?
Oh how cold its gaze, like riptide. Like riptide.
And how light I feel,
Floating through life.

Is there a crueller joke by kings than,
The pledge of mortal life?
We only know how, to walk a straight line,
Only a straight line,
Forward.

And golden warships crumble, scorched by dragon spit.
Squinted eyes search, for the strange, sweet sky,
But we are blinded: by light, and dust... dust... ..
A deathly thrill runs,
Thrumming through bodies.

Lift me above, the blinding black smoke.
Lift me by the arms, lift me wind of sea.
What a guttural cry, rising from the sunk:
Let me see,
Azure beyond dust.

If only I were born
a bird.

Kite: Brilliance by an Eye, Insights on the Sky

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Cen, Xinyan – 16

Glance up high–

Brilliance is up by an eye; insights are placed on the sky
Crafted in a scintillating and clever manner by Mozi and Lu Ban's philosophical mind
The brilliant construction, aimed with purpose, provides guidance as it flies
Fine silk, and resilient bamboo to sketch a framework they find

Follow the line–

Trace a deliberate intention of invention in China's early warring period
Civil unrest and foreign attacks call for a need in an accessible, yet handy–smart assistance
Sending a message, vividly lucid on the blues, for a rescue mission with this method
Intelligence to communication with a diligent measure for necessary resistance

Is the weather fine? –

Over the walls of the city, with its recorded length– Han Xin threw
To determine the extent of distance his army would attack with while pass defense
Sailors were tied to it–before sailing shores of possibilities–to deliver a clue
To interpret the voyage's temper–coarse or tender–for how successful the shipping may sense

Make it your best sign–

Combining fibrous fabric for the face and robust–sturdy bamboo for the line
Fitted and adjusted in multitude of vibrant circumstances it may function to aid
Decorated with colors, inspiring innovations, for religious ceremonies to shine
Supplied with hooks for fishing and attached to whistles for lively–authentic tunes to play

To spread and define through time–

Brilliance is up by an eye; insights are placed on the sky
Crafted in a scintillating and clever manner by Mozi and Lu Ban's philosophical mind
Through the Silk Road, it became exceedingly widespread and identified
Feng Zheng, or Kite, a splendid Chinese invention for us to have pride

Drink Me

International College, Hong Kong, Ho, Alyssa – 15

I am tea.
Simple but life-changing.
Unexpectedly bringing
Inevitable havoc
Wherever I please.
How?

Winds of
Yin and Yang,
Powerful and strong,
Blew me
Away from the tree
Where Emperor Shennong
Found my ancestors,
Into the provinces
Of China.

Uncertain,
I moved.
My aimless invasion
Into rural villages.

People's unquenched thirst
Executed in
Repeated sips
To satisfy their
Hungry souls
That craved for
Yin and Yang.

1839,
Eyes now south.
I soared with passion,
Flying into Guangzhou.

Foreigners,
Eyes on trade.
The merchant's hand
Reached into his pocket.
Silver coins
In exchange for
Me.
DEAL.

Souls poisoned by greed,
Foreigners conspired
Against China.
I tasted
Opium's pungence
That loomed above
Chinese ports.

I awoke to
My ceremony.
Aristocrats pointed their
Fine China upwards.
CHEERS.
Celebrations of their clever
Control of
My forms.

Journey back East,
Morning to night,
I smell opium everywhere.

Unknowingly addicted,
Gambling away,
Spiralling from reality,
Broken humans.

Lying lifeless,
Weak on the ground.
Limbs crossed,
Leaned towards

Their instruments.
Puffing,
Caressing,
Protecting,
And hiding
Their opium child.

Against the suspended
Nightmarish haze,
Segregated from consciousness.
Permanent masks of daze,
Daydreaming one's life away.

Fortunately,
Emperor Yongzheng
Ordered the army.

Fire and flame
Fell from burning skies.
Opium-laden ships
Erupted and unfurled
Into black smoke.

I swam from
The explosion
Of licking flames.
I saw tonnes after
Tonnes of opium
Disintegrate into ash.

Waters set on fire.
Chilling screams sunk with opium.
The declaration signed.

Tea-trees lived on.
I found myself in a cup of
Lai cha in a
Local *Cha Chaan Teng*.

Mixed

Between Yin and Yang,
Between the East and West,
Subconsciously together.

When you drink me,
You are reminded.

My unusual happening,
A record of
Hong Kong's
History.

The Invention of Ice-cream

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Bui, Lang Hei – 16

There once was a man named Qing,
Who lived most of his life in Beijing.
He has big, sparkly eyes,
And a pair of roughed-up hands.
Qing didn't have privilege, nor did he have time
He was just an old man with little to no dime.
Though he was not young enough to dream,
He was destined to make ice cream.

Qing started by mixing different ingredients,
Goat, Buffalo, Cow milk.
Adding salt, sugar, water
Mixing, boiling, fermenting
But it all ended up winding up in a huge mess.
He kept on trying but he kept on failing.
To the point where his family told him to stop preserving
He never listened

Qing restarted his progress and reversed his steps,
He tried mixing goat, buffalo, and cow milk in different reps,
Carefully ferment the solution till it checks.
He prepared some other ingredients which he never tried,
There was flour, and camphor which were all dried.
He slowly added the flour to the yogurt,
And added camphor to enhance its taste.
At last, he took the yogurt and placed it in a stone.
He surrounded it with ice and kept spinning,
Till ice cream was formed.

It was perfection, the ice cream was finally made.
The silky texture with a sweet taste
People began to notice and paid to try,
They all kept buying and buying till storage ran dry.
Qing has successfully created a business,
Which allowed him to put food on his table
But also provided youth with happiness,
For generations and generations.

The Legend of the Ten Rings

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Chan, Yeung Yat – 15

In a world of the future, a tale unfolds,
Where power clashed and stories were told.
China, a land rich in ancient lore,
Faced an invader on its sacred shore.

A superpower emerged with force untamed,
Their military might, equally famed.
Devastation reigned, damage was wrought,
As battles ensued, the war never sought.

In this future, nuke shields stood tall,
Protecting the land from a deadly fall.
But peace remained elusive, the war endured,
For no weapon could pierce shields assured.

Yet in China's ancient tales of old,
Whispers of a weapon, a story untold.
The Ten Rings, a legend of power and might,
An ancient general's dominion, a swift and fearsome fight.

China's military sought to unveil,
The secrets of the Ten Rings, without fail.
Through ancient texts, they delved deep,
Hoping to awaken a weapon from its sleep.

With knowledge acquired, they built anew,
A weapon so mighty, its purpose true.
To shatter the shields, to break the hold,
And bring an end to battles untold.

Crafted with precision, a ring-shaped cannon bold,
The Ten Rings unleashed a surge, a power yet untold.
Alien energy surged, pulsating with an otherworldly glow,
A formidable force, striking fear in every foe.

The war did cease, the conflict did wane,
As the weapon unleashed its deadly reign.
But China, wise and cautious to the core,
Destroyed the weapon, their secret lore.

For world peace they wished to preserve,
No more destruction, no more to disturb.
They erased the texts, the ancient scrolls,
To prevent mankind from dangerous tolls.

For in the shadows, danger could lurk,
If such power fell into hands berserk.
They chose a path of peace and restraint,
To protect the world from a deadly taint.

So let the tale be a cautionary verse,
Of choices made and history's curse.
In the quest for power, tread with care,
Lest destruction and chaos fill the air.

For in unity lies strength and grace,
A future where love and understanding embrace.

China's Legacy of Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,
Chau, Ying On Daisy – 16*

In ancient China where legends dwell,
Their genius shines, the world extols.
Tales of Chinese inventors I shall tell,
Stories inked on books and scrolls.

Perfecting the paper-making process,
Cai Lun, a renowned court official.
With his innovative mind, he gained success,
In history books, he is deemed special,

A seismoscope with remarkable precision,
Serving as a warning to mankind.
Zhang Heng with his amazing vision,
He was surely a clever mastermind.

The father of alchemy, Wei Boyang,
A writer with knowledge so profound.
Unlocked secrets with his alchemist gang,
Gunpowder's birth, a thunderous sound.

The compass, a creation of ingenuity,
Paving the way for global exploration.
Allowing cultural exchange and prosperity,
The pride of the Chinese nation.

Numerous modern inventions thrive,
Bringing a world of endless possibilities.
The Chinese continues to strive,
Pushing boundaries, reaching new capacities.

Numerous modern inventions flourish,
Innovative ideas and boundless potential.
The Chinese continues to nourish,
a new generation, talented and influential..

WeChat, a killer app so fine,
Communications, e-commerce, effortless and smooth.
A platform where applications intertwine,
It is A hit amongst the old and the youth.

Connecting the nation with seamless grace,
The high-speed trains, saving hours.
A modern success story setting the pace,
proof of China's economic and technological powers.

With burning passion as their fuel,
Inventors transforming the world as ideas ignite.
Using their creativity as their greatest tool,
Reaching new heights as the world shines bright.

New Tales of China's Inventions

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Eze, Chinwe Lynn – 16

In the realm of history, behold the rise,
China's four greatest inventions emerge, a wondrous prize.

The compass, a needle pointing true,
Paper, a medium for dreams to brew.
Silk, a testament to craftsmanship, divine.
Gunpowder, a symphony of sparks, lighting up the sky.

From ancient wisdom to modern-day grace,
A tapestry of ingenuity, filling every space.
And now, as the digital age unfolds,
Technological marvels, new tales untold,

WeChat's vibrant presence, it expands,
Binding lives together, a digital symphony in our hands.
Messaging, social networks, payments too,
Bringing the world closer, uniting me and you.

TikTok's creative spark, it sets the stage,
Short videos ignite our screens, engaging every age.
A place to create and resonate, transcending cultural walls,
China's gift of entertainment fuels the internet's calls.

Huawei's 5G technology, a digital revolution,
Unleashing speeds and possibilities with resolution.
Streaming, gaming, virtual realities come alive,
The digital future, reaching new skies.

China's inventions, a testament so true,
Inspiring generations, with possibilities anew.
A legacy of brilliance, forever alive,
Shaping our world, as they strive.

In the realm of innovation, bold and bright,
New tales of China's inventions emerge, a wondrous sight.

New Tales of China's Inventions

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Lee, Yin Wai – 16

Cai Lun was a clever inventor, really smart,
He made paper, just like a special piece of art.

Using bamboo and silk, he blended with care,
Creating a material beyond compare.

No more heavy stones to write upon,
With his invention, paper's lightness shone.

Paper changed how we communicate,
It's power, we really appreciate.

His gift let ideas and stories flow,
Thanks to him, our knowledge would grow.

Cai Lun's name will forever be remembered,
His gift of paper, a legacy tendered.

A Tribute to the Pioneers

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Miranda, Kathleen – 15

In the heart of the East, where wisdom took flight,
Inventors of old, in the still of the night.
Crafted with hands, born of the earth,
Ideas took form, given new birth.

Paper to record, the tales of time,
Gunpowder to signal, the bells' chime.
A compass to navigate, the vast unknown,
In the face of darkness, hope was sown.

Natural gas harnessed, a flame in the night,
A beacon of progress, burning bright.
Toilet paper, a humble invention,
Echoes of practicality, worth a mention.

Inventors of old, their legacy remains,
In every creation, their spirit sustains.
A tribute to those, who dared to dream,
In every invention, their brilliance gleams.

So here's to the inventors, their hearts ablaze,
In every creation, their passion plays.
For in the dance of invention, one thing is clear,
It's the courage to create, that we hold dear.

New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,
Ong, Oi Ching Aurora – 14*

The thin sheets of paper we take for granted,
Cai Lun, the man behind, was wise and celebrated.
From pounding bark to forming sheets,
A literary house that inspires or a card that greets.

With skilled hands and a meticulous mind,
He refined the process that benefited mankind,
The method was initially highly classified,
Eventually, it spread far and wide.

Zhang Heng was a man of profound insight,
His mind soared to a great height,
A Chinese polymath, his knowledge was wide,
His seismoscope was there to guide.

The urn-shaped bowl listened for quakes hundred miles away,
North, south, east, west, it pointed to calls for help faraway,
A testament to human curiosity and skill,
Understanding Earth's movements takes creativity and will.

From cartography to horology, Su Song had great expertise,
Xinyi Xiangfayao was Su's best-known treatise.
At 70, Su created a clock tower powered by water,
Very similar to European clocks hundred years later.

At 12-metre-high, Su Song's astronomical clock was a sight,
A beautiful tower with an armillary sphere, it told time right.
Su's time-telling machine was a true innovation,
Sadly, it was stolen after the Tatars' invasion.

From Then to Now, Always Around

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Xie, Pui In Candy – 16

Ancient China, with its Four Great Inventions,
Wisdom encapsulated in its innovations.
Paper and printing, testaments of the past,
Compass, a handy navigator of the vast,
And gunpowder, a source of dazzling ignition.
Archaic, yet a truly revolutionary mission.

Porcelain bowls, serving delightful meals,
Along with tea, a classic chill that appeals.
Shiny silk, when worn, smooth and reeled,
Umbrella, in downpour, a mighty shield,
Toothbrush for oral health, all China's entitled.
Ubiquitous, yet unseen, essentially vital.

Modern China, excels in scientific quests,
From discovering seismometer that detects quakes,
Brilliant abacus for mathematics,
To the finding of rockets for space stakes.
Acupuncture, astragalus, and artemisinin,
China's breakthroughs in medicine.

Influx research in AI, an aim of the future gaze,
with smart devices, emerging amaze,
Owning 5G stations, China takes the lead,
Wechat, Alipay, Tencent, achieving our needs.
Chinese technologies, convenient, ever-true,
Developing, yet rapidly in the global tech milieu.

Exemplary gifts from the history,
Future unveiling the mystery.
Full of inquisitive minds, always striving,
Where ideas spark, all empowering.
China's inventions—from then to now,

Original, and around, for the apex to be reached.

Wine (Let Us Raise A Glass To History)

St. Paul's Convent School, Ho, Yan Kiu Antares – 15

when thine graced my lips
i passed away into a
fairy realm
where people walked on skies
and the land towered above us
where history came alive
and doomsday was but a myth

and in my inebriation
i wrote:

today
i heard the teacher ask
boys and girls, what's a thing
of chinese descent
history would not exist
without?
xia said paper
fang said the compass
wu said printing
ah—wei, the rebellious one
he said gunpowder
(i'm not one to judge but hey
he's actin' like a warmonger)

but...
it's the littlest of things that
thaw into our day and night
of each century and decade that
tell tales as old as time;
they fuel our daydreams as we
sketch poetry and
create dynasties that
break us and fix us and

(i cleared my throat)
guys, you're not wrong but
what about,
what about *you*?

you, with your
iridescent waters you
flood the land and
drown the strong and the

mighty; but you
give life to the parched and the
afraid
oh, what a paradox
but it's true (so true)

you, that day at the
feast at swan goose gate
were you not the one who
served courage
to a little man (fan zeng, his name was)
who defended his master's honour
in the face of a beast?
when he plunged his sword into
the flesh of the tyrant's offering
and downed his glass in one go
were you,
were you not trembling with
pride and glee?

"i do not fear death" fan zeng said
and in those couple of minutes
with you on his side
he was the strongest man alive

oh you spirit
oh you liquid fire and
molten lava stone
you make the world
psychedelic, truly; where
they dream, and they dream, and they dream
of ones they shouldn't see
(ones their souls call for
but are not here physically)
and don't you make them
leave ghosts of touches
kissing their bare skin?

and you could make a grown man cry
when his mama comes to
kiss him good night
(good Lord he's almost eighty-three
and he lost his mama at twenty!)

and don't you remember?
one autumn eventide when
li bai raised the barrel to his lips
and together you

sang love sonnets to the moon;
the shadow was his friend
but you
you saved his solitude
you became his salvation
(and his ruin)

and you, who forgave our sins and
burnt love down our throats
(no matter what we did wrong
you were omnibenevolent)

don't you reminisce how
you sat in a jug lovingly held by
Jesus Christ
as he poured you and broke bread
for all twelve of his disciples?
when you witnessed the
betrayal of judas
did you not shed a tear
and trickle down a drunken face
or two?

and
are you not aware of the thousands of
thousands of
thousands of years that were poured into
your making?
blessed was your modest firstborn found in
yellow river valley more than
nine-thousand years ago
(almost a decamillennium!)
to luxurious beverages hidden in
wine cellars and favelas at
present;
are you not aware of the tears and
sweat and
blood that dripped as you thrived
from a simple grape vine?

and don't you know that
when i taste you i taste
centuries of rich, rich history?
our dark and our gritty;
our lustre and our virtue
and
i see
great men who drank themselves

into nothingness
as they wept and wept and wept
for God's forgiveness

and don't you recall?
the day the conqueror xiang yu
bid farewell to
his beloved concubine
(and his will to live)
he drank and drank
until he was lost in a trance and
he had slurred "you look like
an angel, my dear"
and so she smiled and
took her life before him with
his own sword; and for days he
griefed and pleaded for mercy as he was
incompetent; before he met his own
end

and thus was the rise of
the han dynasty
(oh, how great you are indeed
to cause such great falls and rises)

but don't you realise?
you are a blunt needle
whose purpose served but to heal
and the flesh that was punctured;
how could it
bleed more than the tear?
(that's funny but again it's true)
and so fools seek you, praise you
and they
beg with their grubby lips
and their plump little fingers:

please
i just want to feel again!

(and unknowingly drown
in their feral greed)

and you see, those
failed scholars and half-dead knights
with their broken ambitions
and deceased families and such;
they were

wallowing in purdah and fear;
and they just wanted eternal peace
(but there's no such thing innit)
and ha! you were their escape indeed
so you sent them to sleep
(and stole their hope
when they awoke)

but now

what about now?
what about you in the present?
indeed you were history
you were the convex and the concave of
those little puzzle pieces
that stuck together and formed us:
a wall; whole
or perhaps you were more like
the twinkle of the evening star
that was there like a
lurking presence or maybe

well
you were just there

but what about today, loved one,
where history proves to be but a ladder
to worth and flair? today
do you stand with the sober
or the weak?
(without you the ladder
would crumble, wouldn't it?
without you we'd all

fall
 fall
 fall)

well, whatever
(i closed my journal)

i raise my glass and
greet nirvana
to tales you've ruined and
tales you've written
and under the glow of the silver moon
you were the colour of
blood

but i did not drink like
yue fei did when he drank
the blood of his enemies

i drank like
i was drinking history

The Lantern in The Dark

St. Paul's Convent School, Mok, Mok Hei Hayley – 15

At the beginning, there was dark.
And the earth was without form, and void;
And darkness was upon the face of the deep,
like a black, endless abyss.
The darkness engulfed you whole
throttling you with its tight grip and suffocating hold.

Before, there was only night.
Then, there was light.

Down the dirty, twisted paths and up the lanky, ghastly mountains of Huangshan
there laid a tiny village where he lived
in a small thatched cottage
with vines clinging to the walls
and mould crawling across the ground.
He was an inventor
and those who knew him would chime,
“He is the greatest creator of all time.”
For he had invented
The Lantern.
Not just any,
but the brightest lantern
one wishes to yearn.

They came from near and far
just to witness with their naked eyes,
How gleaming,
How dazzling,
O how brilliant it was!

And he
who spotted the dreamy eyes
and the tattered hemp
of the children on the streets
with their face smothered with grime and slime,
never ceased to grant them
the tinkling and the jingling sounds of joy
as the holy lantern beamed back,
caressing their sunken yellow faces
with hymns and praises.

And he
who spotted the dreary eyes
and the dull bland hanfu
of the men and women
with their faces coated with gloom,
never ceased to grant them
the peaceful and calm noise of bliss
as the silent lantern grinned back,

stroking their weary bleary faces
with serenity's gentle kiss.

The man's son beheld the scene with
his eyes and deepest longing keen.
O, how he yearned to be like his father!
To him, his father was a fangshi
granting wishes and brewing special potions
that brought a smile even
to the king of hell.
He dreamt a dream, vivid and grand,
that he was wooving rice paper and bamboo by hand
to fashion the world's brightest lantern.
One that kindled hearts with its radiant glow and
dispeled darkness in rooms shadowed low.
There, by the window, a figure he'd see
wearing a grey worn-out changpao
a silhouette whose hands, rugged and free,
wove enchantment with each gentle touch,
transforming the ordinary into magic, as such.
The boy watched his father day and night
but the answer was still far from sight.
His father never unveiled the mystery ahead,
until he was lying on his deathbed.

By the time the boy had grown up,
his father had shrivelled and withered
to become a mere husk of the man he used to be,
like the withered lily, so hauntingly frail to see
and casts a sombre shadow upon the living souls.
His son stayed by his bed from dusk till dawn
and listened to his blurry babbling
with tears glossing over his sober eyes.
O, what a shame!
Soon his father shall join the earth's eternal light,
And return embraced by the side of the earth god's might.
Memories flooded his heart's core
recalling the cherished times of childhood
when he was young, innocent, and small
in the tender embrace of his father's care, above all.

His gaze fixated on the radiant lantern's glow
nested in the heart of the tiny hut.
Through countless years, its light persevered,
dispelling shadows where darkness leered
“People deem my lantern the greatest creation.
But I always shake my head. Do you know why?”
The son shook his head.
His father smiled, with warmth in his eyes.
“My dear son, the answer lies in love's ties.”

Echoes of Ingenuity: A God's Legacy

St. Paul's Convent School (Secondary Section), Liu, Yan Kiu Tianna – 16

In the land of dragons and ancient lore,
Where whispers of tales echo evermore,
Beneath the moon's celestial delight,
The God of Inventions works through the night.
Creating Four Great Inventions, intelligent and bright,
now a legacy of wonder, as wisdom unites.

Four noble treasures, gifts to mankind.
The God's brilliance, it enshrines.
Paper, compass, gunpowder and printing,
His intellect infinitely worth preserving!

Paper, a fragile canvas for His art
Became a vessel for His wit to impart.
A delicate tapestry of knowledge unfurls,
He wraps the world in inky swirls.

The compass, His guiding light in sailor's hand,
Uncovering mysteries of distant lands.
He leads to navigate seas and conquer tides,
Exploring the oceans far and wide.

Gunpowder, the third, with its fiery flame,
Transformed warfare to be never the same.
The God created such potent force,
He feared its might, a destructing source.

Lastly comes printing, once a laborious craft,
Woodblock words on paper amassed,
Wisdom weaved on pages in stack,
The tales untold and stories unmasked.

Now, new tales of mankind's innovation bloom,
The God of Inventions senses the changing tune.
With humble grace, he steps aside,
For humans have grown in colossal strides.

Now from scrolls to screen, technology preens,
In a digital scene, where worlds convene.
We peer at Earth through satellite's eyes,
The era of compasses, in smartphones, confined.
Gunpowder created fireworks of flamboyant display,
But too made missiles fire in vicious array.
Old ways of printing have too ceased,
Now bytes and pixels, a virtual feast.

He sees the world of tradition and progress blend,
Embracing its fast pace hand in hand.
“The symphony of progress”, He gently pleas,
“Should bridge the old and new to be.”
For the harmony of old and new, ancient and fresh
Lies the tapestry of time’s finesse.

And thus, dear reader, heed this tale
Of The God of Invention, grand and hale.
China’s Four Great Inventions, forever enshrined,
May they flourish, bloom and shine!



Creative Writing
Poetry
Group 4

China's Great Inventions – A Timeline

GT (Ellen Yeung) College, Leung, Christie – 15

Have you heard of China's four inventions?
Do you know of China's new innovations?
Let me tell you of our inventors' wonderful contributions.
Let me tell you of our beloved country's creations.

We first transport to somewhere old in history,
A tale as old as time, in the age of Qin Dynasty.
When banknotes were made to replace strings of coins that were so hefty,
And a powerful crossbow was developed, outstripping the armour made for the enemy's infantry.

Then we fly to the grand dynasties with the birth of the four inventions,
There's a compass! There's papermaking, gunpowder, and printing!
These are the popular objects that the Chinese have established,
The sign that China has bright inventors in the making to be flourished!

And now we arrive at the beautiful present,
An impressive array of fabrications and originations looking so magnificent.
Our love and passion for inventions never ceased,
Bringing us to create glory for the world, knowing they'd be pleased.

Ooh look, there's a Maglev train above us!
Being on a railway with permanent magnets, almost floating, making its passengers feel marvellous.
If you say you cannot witness it,
Here is a pair of Smart Glasses for clear sightings in every bit.
Except enhanced vision, there are so many things inside,
Temperatures, cameras, and voice assistants, developed to become one's reliable little guide.

Here I have produced a small timeline,
There are so many more objects within, this is just an outline.
From majestic and wild to small and useful,
No matter if it's ancient or novel, our inventions are always so enormously splendid.

After being introduced to these spectacular designs,
We must continue walking this wonderful, astounding, and awe-inspiring road.
Look into the past, dive deep and explore.
Gaze into the future, invent, and open some brand-new doors!

Shadow is The Queen Of Colours

GT (Ellen Yeung) College, Tam, Arnold – 18

pure ink is the defiance of
white; trying to be hypocritical inside a tuxedo suit
too many shades of grey are there
for the widower, the man to choose

blurring and fading strokes are flowers
blossoming within a monochrome, nostalgic film
“do you recognise me?” said the melancholic man
with a sorrowful voice of grim

feud between the black and the white
like the excerpts in a fugue, hard to disguise
which, at last, had to compromise

as the silhouette of mankind hides
within the margins of the paper and brush
is where the poets and artists lie

Improvements of Chinese Technology

HDBJ School Jinzhan Campus, Sui, Julie – 14

As time change
We start to innovate
What did we find?
I'll tell you right now

The pandemic's bad
Everyone knows that
What makes our life easier
is we have WeChat

Online chatting
Online laughing
Online studying
Online reading

Shopping online
Paying online
Isn't it grand?
To have something you want right in your hands

China has been improving its technology in recent years
I hope we can achieve more to be heard
From all of us
To all of you

Traces in Paper

Ling Liang Church E Wun Secondary School, Dumptit, Jasmin Maridel Dela Rosa – 16

Morning casts and memories come
Silk blankets slide off my skin
To the sheets, I snatch and then I seize
For yesterday, where and who I've been

My fear continues to hold me near,
The inability to remember;
Blushing skies and playful laughs
And savour of the peaches down the river.

A road of silk is not enough,
To record and log my days.
But a roll of mulberry bark has its grasp,
This paper and juice will surely stain.

Vibrant Past and Disdainful Echo

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Chi, Ryan – 16

Long before time, when wisdom still thrived,
In an age when sages strived,
Seeds of progress, inventions graced the earth,
In the land of the dragon, China – the hearth.

Boom! Whoosh! Bursting to be free –
Firecrackers dance with vibrant glee.
Intricate designs and a snow white sheen,
Silk – the canvas for a weaver's dream.
The first soothing balm, a tranquil potion,
Tea soothes the mind, a wellknown notion.
Needle pointing north, never wavering,
The compass gives direction, never quavering.

But even dynasties crash, burn. Now skulking
Husks of Chinese eat their McDonalds,
Drink their coke, devoured by bland black and white.

Even silk recedes, firecrackers fizz with disdain
Compasses askew, tea tastes like pain.

The land once had ten suns. Yet arrogant
Steel titans sneer upon history, obscuring
The fading sun that resided in my heart.

The Inventor's Curse

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Leung, Josh – 16

A missile whistles through serene skies.
The air bristles with a fissile prize.
A noble guise, outcries, advice, ignored,
abyssal in nature, a squall pursues.
It's incandescence disappearing before eyes.
Furtively, they hide nebulous, insidious intentions.
Surreptitiously, opposition goes dispatched, resistance detached.

Gunpowder!
A simple, chemical mixture,
when in known fixtures, ignites rapidly,
which, for Chinese pioneers in the year 142 AD,
certainly seemed alchemically miraculous:
An exothermic reaction, propelling inventions
developed polemically,
meant, to bring benefit to humanity.

Its inventors called it "fire medicine".
An eldritch substance. Eerie, fearsome.
Taoists, perhaps divinatory, performing augury,
persisted, attempting creation wildly, elongation of longevity,
baseless, unscientific medicine, nevertheless effective,
barring the original intention of anti-aging, this portentous substance,
phantasmagorical, seemingly arcane, capable of thaumaturgy, held unknown wonders.

Alas, the wonders that came to light,
were not the bright beacons of hope in one's dying nights,
for to extend one's life were the inventors foremost sight,
yet this promethean light served only to stifle lights,
in desperate plights, frights, and flights from home,
like a moth to flame, combatants flocked in droves to tomes
detailing gunpowder's creation, its formulaic collation,
which gave these specks of dust, light in foundation,
the ability to cause heavy damnation.

Across the globe, icarus flew too close to the sun;
back at home, belligerents grew too close to becoming undone.
Theseus too led the charge, slayed the minotaur, and yet was snubbed;
caught in the crossfire, innocents devastated, destroyed, leaving the inventors shunned,
stunned that no refund could be found, while their men sank, gunned.
As the butterfly's gust turns into a storm,
history repeats, and towards war, nations swarm.

The missile encroaches on its targets without care.
Troops in tumultuous terror clash, unaware.
Barbed wire, sprawled across the quagmire,
snag and snare unsuspecting soldiers,
rending into flesh and bone indiscriminately.

Artillery shells batter relentlessly,
a persistent barrage plaguing persevering trenchers,
entrenched in sludge, yet undeterred.
Rife with furor, disorder reigns,
a tempest of shouts, screams, and shots,
gun barrels barrelling towards death,
mind clouded in bloodthirsty mists,
an incurable addiction,
defly defying death
with a brazen charge.

Yet no chaos compares to the missile's flare.

A warning siren blares, too late
the missile crashing to Earth, resigned to fate,
the gunshots abate. Shelling stagnates.
Heavy, the weight of one's death,
lies on shoulders already weighed down by death.
And suddenly, a cacophony erupts.
Explosion upon impact, implodes,
a persistent pestilence severing limbs,
rending bodies asunder,
pangs of pain unfelt by shredded nerves.
Death feels light in the blistering bliss within a fireball.

From serene skies a squall erupts,
from quiet squalls a storm emerges,
from harmless storms a tempest rages;
gunpowder was just the first.
In all their wisdom, in their thirst
for knowledge, caution was at its worst.
The Chinese inventors, unknowingly, left the Earth cursed.
So a warning for creators plunging into the storm
into gales, forlorn,
with intent to transform,
don't stray to far, that thirst, abate,
lest you irrevocably seal humanity's fate.

Wilting Exploration

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Ma, Eugenia – 15

blackly gleaming
iridescent as ink
twenty feet high and tall as a toddler

chopstick–point sharp
thick as a brush
innocently warm like freshly brewed tea

two, four, six, eight
jade–tongued, pink–cheeked
china–fine like golden dew —

to, for, silk, age
long–eared, red–eyed,
porcelain fur like white yew

round; ringed;
wonderful; beautiful;
heartbeat fast, ambitions tall

are we meant to reach for our stars?
to weave fate between our fingers
yet lose sight of the looming future

an ant amongst the scurrying leaves
a giant amongst ants
foreseen and foretold
disbelieved and discordant

golden bells tolling endlessly,
summer sun shining,
souls touching under the umbrella of hop

Flying Cash

Shanghai High School International Division, Huang, Yi Ting – 15

So the story goes –
to end suffering is to end desire.

But as I look within
inky irises
I see temptation drawing its roots
tendons slipping surrounding me
what if? just a little
because if I were to be trusted,
does that mean I am to be trusted?

Because wealth is fleeting
but so is life; I supposed I
didn't want to waste my life away without
basking in its glory and so
bartering – what I do best, a
twist of words here and there lands me with
fleeting paper

(a touch would bestow to it
what I bestowed to them
a breath of wind sighing down would
disregard the sweat of labor and the blood
that churns)

Because I assigned them meaning –
mere pieces of scrap before I birthed it
new life – and suddenly
cash flowed
and flew up in midst the gods
golden hues reflected across my irises
whilst I reaped the fields
of endless golden.