

Poetry

Group 4



Winter Mountains

Creative Secondary School, Barcelona, Lance Lucas Perez – 15

Reaching the mountaintop before sunset.
Watching the yolk dip right before my eyes.
The views up there are vastly breathtaking
As if you were in your own paradise.
The mountaintops there are super high up
That it feels like you could reach the heavens.
The cool breeze I sense that revolves around
Feels like the countryside in the winter.
The stratus clouds below like pillows
As if you can simply fall into them.

Thoughts

Creative Secondary School, Bibi, Kiren – 15

Walking through the forest,
Surrounded by the beauty of nature,
Far away from my destination,
Which is the top of the mountain,

There is no one around,
Just me and my admirations,
Of the beauty of nature,
And the secrets below

With all this silence,
Here comes my thoughts,
The realizations of life,
I never realised the loss.

Starting to see the darkness,
That lies below my eyes,
In all these lights and beauty,
Comes with the darkness of my thoughts.

Out of Control

Creative Secondary School, Chan, Chun Wing – 15

The moment I opened my eyes,
I see myself in a village,
but there is no one around,
the place was abandoned.
I am alone.
I began to walk around the village,
Walking down the hill.
And then I saw another village by the valley,
soon I had arrived.
I wandered around in the village,
But the only thing waiting for me is some dreadful stares,
they seem to know me,
But also hated me.
Until I saw someone picking up some weapons,
They started rushing at me.
With fear I started to run
Rain hit me in the face,
Slowly I am back in this green sea.
Back in the place I woke up,
I looked at the mountainous view.
The view is beautiful to watch,
But painful to watch alone.
I gently closed my eyes.
I opened my eyes,
noticing I'm inside a dark room,
there is a beam of light far in front of me,
with a couple of people standing there,
Silence.
I suddenly heard some screams,
Until I notice I'm back in the village with people,
I am yelling at them,
I didn't do that intentionally,
I wanted it to stop,
but I found myself unable to control my body.
I struggled,
still not able to take control.
Not soon after I fainted.
When I woke up again I was tied up.
A man emerged from the dark,
he told me he will help me,
and began my "Salvation".

The Rest of a Volcano

Creative Secondary School, Chan, Ki Lam Kevin

The heart no longer races when the music of earth plates plays
Seems like the time has stopped
The atmosphere no longer resonate
Is this how I die my first death?
Used to be a deadly rose and blooming
The petals now start wilting and turn grey
Heartbeat pulsing slowly in my ears
Try to flee but back into the vent
I hold my tears and walk into the ocean
Don't hear any sounds, I'm only roaming around
There goes the death of a glorious volcano

Hiking on a Mountain

Creative Secondary School, Chan, Kwan Ho

Wind brushes by me
Sweat dripping down on my knee
Legs start to feel sore
Insects buzzing in my ears
Hiking my way to the peak

The Mountain

Creative Secondary School, Chan, Yee Lam

Take me to the place
where phones and computers are forbidden
Take me to the place where
people do not vandalize
I like the aroma of the green grasses
I like the flavour of clean water
I like the melodies from the mother nature
Gazing up the deep blue sky gives me a space of imaginations
Maybe the virtual world is not right for me
Maybe the grey sky is not suitable for me
Maybe busy lives and pressures is not what I am looking forward to
What I am capable of is the sense of peaceful, silence and freedom
Nothing bothers me
Nothing intimidates me
Nothing restraints me
Yes you are right
This is the place I am talking about

A Walk Through Huangshan

Creative Secondary School, Chan, Yin Yin Yoland – 15

Pine trees sway with the song of wind
Sunset colours the sky with red
Everyone is going down, tired
He is going up, instead.

Step by step, up he goes
Fresh air dances around his skin, trembling—
The weight on his shoulders are eased
This journey is beginning.

Thirty six summits in the view
Emerging through the sea of clouds
Nine Dragon Waterfall from the mountain
Capturing his attention with its sounds.

Looking at the endless road ahead
Where the stories of immortal stay
Elixir made out of Jade?
Ascending to heaven is the way.

Leaves nothing clear in sight
Darkness covers the rising sky
Standing on the top admiring
He lets out a sigh.

The freedom this mountain gives
Cannot be found in any other place
Seeing this beauty everyday
None of his troubles would leave a trace.

Looking down
Everything seems so small
They are not as big as he thought
He and the mountain are the ones standing tall.

Alone
Passes through hot spring and winter snow
He can finally free himself from his nightmare.
Where he finds his missing soul.

Just like Huangshan
Once a “Black Mountain”, now the “loveliest mountain of China”.

Leaves

Creative Secondary School, Chen, Dee Zion – 15

They're quite peculiar, aren't they?
Those dangling green things
But then after time passes?
They wither and die.

So this is how our story begins.

Along the vast expanse of eastern China,
At the peak of Huangshan,
Li Bai went to pray.
At that big pine plant.

He got down on his feet
Safe from any aggression
And then,
he prayed

He prayed to the gods of heaven
He prayed to the earth below
He prayed to the eight immortals
On that lush green mountain
He prayed.

I've always wondered about that man,
It seems like he's always there.
It seems like he's been through a lot
It just doesn't seem fair.

This is the story of Li Bai the poet
On his quest to rise to fame
He succeeded slightly
Then nothing was ever the same

Li Bai was a politician.
He was calm as a tree,
As still as a leaf,
Though one thing you should know, that he never admitted defeat.

No matter what
No matter the enemies
No matter the trials
He stands on the mountain for centuries.

Li Bai had a dream
The dream of immortality.
That the immortal will stand.
He stands there for eternity

He stands for justice
He stands for the weak.
He stands against tyranny
He stands for the meek.

He achieved what he wanted,
Though the world may never know.
He's gathered all the ingredients
The elixir of life. His end goal.

But then... All of a sudden? Everything changed.
He no longer stood for equity.
He no longer stood for the right.
He no longer stood for the needy.

Perpetuity changes people.
Power corrupts.
Life isn't fair, he said,
Life is unjust.

Life doesn't discriminate
It takes and it takes and it takes and it takes and it takes
But we keep living anyways
We laugh and we cry and we break, and we make our mistakes

So it doesn't matter in the end.
No need for justice,
No need for virtuousness,
No need to play nice

It's every man for himself.
Everyone is alone,
no matter the relationship.
I was stupid to not have known.

Like a leaf, Li Bai was,
A bright and wonderful plant.
Though his ideals withered and died
On the mountain of Huang Shan

Winter Mountain

Creative Secondary School, Cheuk, Shue Kai Nathan – 15

With the icy mountain in front of me,
With thick layers of snow piled high on top,
I figured out this is my destiny,
I climbed up halfway and I couldn't stop.

As the fears began to grow inside me,
With picks and spikes I start to climb,
My trivial life left far behind me,
I realised I'm losing my precious time.

I must aim higher and achieve my goal,
Each step leads to success and improvement,
I must try harder and embrace my soul,
I must learn to be more independent.

The clouds cleared from the mountain and my mind,
This journey helped me leave my stress behind.

Alpina

Creative Secondary School, Chiu, Zen Haan Percival – 15

Mountainous wilds,
Occasionally, peak rises above the blues,
Untamed nature flourishes,
Novel sight to behold.
Tangled wilds, together with
Alpine ranges,
Isolated, yet imposing,
Northerly breeze,
Snow-capped giants

A Million Stories

Creative Secondary School, De'eb, Chiara – 15

To stand on top of the mountain
and reach the sky,
instead I touch
Heaven
Dead souls, dance around you—
Alive
Standing between worlds—
motionless

I see a man on the peak
Sprinkling:
Twigs, stones, dirt, sweat
Brew
A million years of hard work
Infinite amount of life
To sit, to admire
HuangShan

I see a man on the peak
On his own
In his mind
Blank
In his heart
Red

I see red
In the clouds
Between the mist
Beauty
It is red
A dragon
Dances
The man
Sits
A million years of age
A million years away

On the other side
A monkey sits —
or a rock
on the hill
Longing for what was once lost
Broken stone
Broken heart

A million stories
Trapped within these peaks
A million burdens
crumbling away

Infinite whispers
By infinite souls
Infinite stories told

Why He's Gone

Creative Secondary School, Fung, Wing Laam Alyssa – 15

The wrinkles down his back,
can only be carved by a crafty bandit,
Who steals the sun and replaces it with the moon,
Who chases the violent winds into the blues,
And sings a hypnotising serenade.

They turned him into folklore,
He carried the 8 immortals on his broad shoulders.
They lived forevermore,
And so did he.

As it gets colder and colder,
The only blanket that kept him warm,
Is a layer of snow,
and an incandescent glow.

When the silk like floss swirled around his head,
He cried tears of emptiness,
Taking away pieces of him,
Bit by bit.

As close as he is to heaven,
He knows that he is stuck in this faith forgotten land,
Where tourists exchanged the view for shiny pennies,
Then walk away with a picture and nothing more,
His Midas touch on his tarnished soul.

China's Magical Mountains

Creative Secondary School, Girvan, Mackenzie – 15

Two score leagues stand between you Xi'an and HuaYin
Would be less if for me as the crow flies
Insurmountable sides and a peak that inspires
Yet no more than a pimple on mother.

I'm as tall for as long as I've been here,
You heap praise when you speak of my wonders,
See my peak as a view and my sides as a yard,
Then you scar me with measures of progress.

You lyric poetic adoring your conquests,
Narcissistically blow your own horn,
Then you mourn for the ghosts of your lost by my sides
Blaming I, an unwelcoming host.

You shine light on me, blight on me
Good days and bad, all days
Cursing with shame from the heart,
When I think on your words,
When I ponder your deeds,
Am I worthy of Goddess or God?

Huangshan and Me

Creative Secondary School, Hung, Audrey – 15

Finding a place to go
Why not a wonderland
Feeling the nature
And Yishan is the place

Cloud views, the clouds are welcoming you
Sunrise, see the sun is waving
Twisted pine trees, twisting their bodies just to find you
Giant peeks, caring about your safety

Think this place looks familiar
Check out those poet paintings and movies
Li bai would be one of them
Falling in love with this mountain

Yishan doesn't sound good to you
Well the empire is here for you
Changing the name of Yishan
Into the Huangshan we now know

Summit's Silence

Creative Secondary School, Kang, Su In Elizabeth – 15

Stretched ahead, a pathway leading to
Fairies that float about
Wild horses running off the bridle
Mountain peaks rise a thousand feet above the ground
Then,
dangerous peaks stand tall
strange rocks and boulders
a huge cliff stands upright
a dragon, its head high
pointing in the direction of

Mist, mysterious and unpredictable
Fog, sea of dark clouds grasping the mountainside

Heavy rain fell frantically
the dark sky seemed to collapse
Wind chased the rain, rain drove the wind
the two combined to chase the dark clouds
Rumbling thunders, crackling lightning
Cascading waterfall responded with roars through cracking ground
Blaring pine waves is the mountain's protest against the raging wind
the mountains rumbled,
Earth slid down against the faces of the ridge

In an attempt to escape the chaos,
was another step.

Reaching the top of the summit
Pause,
Seat,
Look Down beneath,
Mist, mysterious and unpredictable
Fog, white butterflies, dancing around the towers
Patches of green surrounded by soft waters
A golden palace in the sky, hidden
Orange rays filtered through
Hues of pink and purple blend in the painting
Blasts of colors make their way across the canvas

The explosion of dangers silenced,
by the mountain's moving artwork.

Sea of Clouds

Creative Secondary School, Kong, Natalie – 15

A Sea of the clouds floats in the mountains.
A lion overlooks the entire hill
The Pines wave and say hi to the tourist
The beautiful scenery of the Yellow Mountain will never change.

Sun Delighted

Creative Secondary School, Kuo, Shing Long – 15

Sun delighted,
Cloud quietly walking over.
The flying birds staying with the peak,
Drive away loneliness,
Avoiding night to approach.
You and me are separated by two places,
But we communicate through the mountains.
Maybe the power of the mountain,
Maybe the power of the bird,
Maybe the power of the cloud.
Has connected us together,

Heading Northward

Creative Secondary School, Lam, Chan Hang – 15

Heading northward,
the weather is exhausted, laying on top of it,
just as a blanket on a human,
all the way to the northern south,
just as the great wall of China.
Rocks piercing through the sky
harvesting feasts out of it,
trees thriving on sharpened swords,
insulation of the enormous souls,
elegant but not very beautiful.
A moment of picturesque, of a glance of many heroes.
Such a pathetic magic mountain.

Immortal Showing the Way

Creative Secondary School, Lam, Lok Yan Helena – 15

Rises the sun,
Awaken from the night.
Life in Huangshan has just begun,
The ancient city hidden out of sight.

Eight immortals are on their way.
Pure the mountains they might seem,
Yet Han is held captive in a dream...
While seven wait in dismay.

Hear the calling from this view,
Not even an immortal can refuse.
Lost his breath in this terrain,
Body tied by a chain.

Rolling down streams of tears.
The wind whistle through,
Hear the voices of a thousand years.
Peace fell; from the sky.

Zhang fly high to retrieve the missing,
Indeed, hooked by the view,
Majestic is it not?
Mold a stone to give his way,
Immortal Showing the Way.

Walking in the Mountains

Creative Secondary School, Lam, Sean – 15

- a. Walking in the mountains
Unattended
Chopping the woods,
Pointlessly
Until he chops the wrong thing,
Painfully
He can finally live for eternity
- a. Life is like the magic mountains,
Mystical
And grey
Until you add colours on it
Otherwise it will always be grey.

Hang Shan

Creative Secondary School, Lee, Tsz Shang – 15

There is a majestic mountain, In the east of China.

The world's first strange mountain, you Straight into the sky cover your face with mist, no one can see your true face

Here is a rich treasure trove of art. Since ancient times, people have visited Huangshan, built Huangshan, and praise Huangshan, leaving behind a rich cultural heritage.

Once upon a time the famous poets were conquered by the charm of the mountain and gained a lot of creative inspiration.

The poet visited here, a hermit in County, and lost his arm on the banks of the river, and later built a taibai building in Li Bai's drinking place in memory of the matter.

Feeling the mountain stands for thousands of years, bringing life and leaving a lot of cultural heritage.

Mountain and Sky

Creative Secondary School, Leung, Carlos – 15

Mountains don't die but the sky is high,
You can't hear a bellow but The Huangshan is Yellow,
Stood tall above others but down below clouds,
Surrounded by old pines, green tea leaves growing endless times.

Suit up and get ready
to climb this mountain steady,
the climb may be perilous
but the views and sun rises are gorgeous.

You may be wondering why
this poem is shortening,
like the distance between you and
clouds when you're climbing.

But all we know is that Yellow Emperor
has walked all the way up
to the end
of his life

The Past

Creative Secondary School, Leung, Tsz Cheung – 15

Have you ever heard
The sign of beauty,
The symbol of grace,
living in a market.
A fragrant market inner
brimming with colour,
red, blue, yellow, green.
All precious fragile,
revealed in full bloom
by time passed.
They are no longer with us.
Withered, scattered,
left us alone.
Start picking up memories,
the time they expressed fullest.
However, it is already time.

Phil's Journey

Creative Secondary School, Liu, Sze Yu – 15

There once was an adventurer named Phil
Who loves to dance on a hill
Then he went on a mountain
And found a fountain
Then he tripped in and then he got ill.

Thousand Year Old Man

Creative Secondary School, Ma, Nicky – 15

Always a white scarf on his shoulder
Hidden the strapping body
Only left a blurry hair at the top
Make him more mysterious

Sometimes, the scarf is gone
When we look up to him
granite peaks is his hair
twist pine trees are used to adorn himself
Little squirrels and birds climbing up and down
Crowded crowd around his head
Stone steps along his spine

Rising sun in the sky
His whole body is showing out
It's wonderful and magnificent!

Sunset
the Old man swished his cape around his shoulders
concealed himself behind
He used to watch the sun rises and set
In the past thousand years
And in the future

Gold

Creative Secondary School, Maksud, Mumtahina – 15

Chapter: Summer

Journey

Up the mountain I rise
Rivers flow by my side
The wind stinging my eyes
The sun sets, I arrive

Tribute to a Sun

The sun colours me gold
The light never grows old
Goodbye my dear sunlight
I'll see you tomorrow

Golden

We met on the golden bridge
Your eyes filled with twinkling stars
Gold specks littered 'round your eyes
Fate brought us to each other
You are my dazzling gold star
Majestic, beautiful prize
You are mine, the stars are ours
The red strings though they disguise
They connect us from afar
You know I always love you
Do not be mad as I leave
This sickness though I despise
Might take you away from me
You gave me a haste warning
"Do not harm for you'll be hurt"
Strange warning, I criticize
But I digress, still bizarre
For whatever you advise
As long as you are alive
I shall succeed and arrive
And some tell me to beware
To not even go derive
I shall sin, I shall deceive
But you shall stay, you shall survive
My precious little gold love
Don't be mad at what I have done
Afterall, since all is true
Fate still flies, like a free dove

Chapter: Autumn

Change

Leaves start gathering dust
Blades developing rust
A new season has arrived
The cold starting to come in
A song bird sings a sweet melody
The loneliness growing large within

Cure

They say to help you survive
An elixir is a must
They say to help you survive
I must find it and set you free
They say to help you survive
To release you from your captor
An elixir is a must
For it's the only way, to keep you with me

To get the elixir
Travel to the mountains
To get the elixir
Retrieve it from the caverns
For you to be fine
You must drink it
Drink it devoid of disgust
For it's the only way, to keep you with me

Curse

A curse
A curse it was
Why you?
Who cursed you?
When'd they curse you?

No matter what the reason
I shall retrieve it for you
No matter what must be done
It's still for you

A Journey Within

Creative Secondary School, Nath, Kayna – 15

Close your eyes and look within,
Get under your skin.
Your mind is a mirror,
Where only you control it.

It is looked as a weakness,
If only they knew it's uniqueness.

It can be as calm as the night,
You just need to find it's beauty right.
Look at it as your canvas,
And you will not be held back.

Don't be afraid to explore,
As if it was your only goal.
They look at it as a weakness,
If only they knew it's uniqueness.

My Yellow Mountain

Creative Secondary School, Ng, Xi Yi Janvier – 15

In a world of possibilities
A kite sets off
As it sees the orange sun dripping a ribbon of gold
Between the mountains
Inspired to be its goal

Hovering through the shadowy clouds
Fighting to catch up with the phoenix
While hiking up higher
Steps get scarier
Feared of falling into its dark shadow

Though seeing a flower blooming into its fullest
Meeting in a memory that once was beautiful
Hikes up higher again
Steps get brighter
Open doors to its magic shop

Believing in its happily ever after
It seems too fake
Landing on its destination
To its own yellow mountain

Beautiful Mountain

Creative Secondary School, Tong, Jack Kellogg – 15

One evening, something moves behind me
Is that thing hiding behind me cautiously
Bouncing up and down in a bushy tree
Shrieking and dancing very happily

When I look up in the hilly place
I can hear some noise that sounds funny
Then out comes a turtle to join the race
Thinking that he can walk and run quickly

I then walk closely to see the beauty
Lots of different colourful birds singing
Suddenly a rainbow appears before me
Jumping into the branches like dreaming

Everywhere there are beautiful mountains
Hiding secretly behind the fountain

The Mountain Stays, the Smoke Fades

Creative Secondary School, Wong, Audrey – 15

The mountain stays the smoke fades
She grew up in up in a white neighbourhood
Surrounded by white people
She speaks English to her teachers and classmates
And Chinese to her family and relatives
She stands out
she has a dream
No one believes
Only the blondes can be on the stages they said
The smoke fades away
She is holding onto her pointe shoes so tight
Flattening her tutu
The curtains are slowly revealing
The mountain starts to crack
but she glues the mountain together
Wind is blowing
Water is hitting
But she stands still
keeping her left feet on the tip of the world
She extends her hands
Keeping her neck up
She smiles at the judges
Keeping her eyes bright

Glistening eyes
linen land
Silvery fog
She wished she was there
She wished she was anyone anywhere
'Can I escape?' She questioned herself
She drags her soul
Still standing on her pointe shoes
She picks up the movements of the dragon
Find the exit
Find the exit
Exit exit exit
The dragons are roaring
She wondered did her pointe shoes woke them up
The anxiety the fear
'It's awakened' she murmured
Sense of direction is gone
Heavy breathing is here
She hopes she's ok
The trees are trembling
the dragons are sniffing their way out
They could see the tracks of the pointe shoes has left
The gate couldn't hold onto the streams of water anymore
She was panicking
The fog was swirling

Snow

Creative Secondary School, Wong, Morris – 15

Snow that's falling, you inspire me to write,
How I love the way you sing, sleep and cry.
Invading my mind throughout day and night,
Always dreaming about where you reside.

Let me compare you with a sunflower,
You are more fluffy, beautiful and naive.
Like fairies running across December,
In wintertime, just before Christmas Eve.

How do I love you? Let me count the ways,
I love the white glow you left in my eyes.
Playing with you is what fulfills my days,
Why do you still end with a wet demise?

Now I must away with a depressed heart,
Remember the cold words while we're apart.

Dissect the Mountains, Observe, Life is There!

Creative Secondary School, Yam, Sze Wai Yannick – 15

The temple sits — sequestered
Precinct of pause
Jay — The quietude contradicts
Dulce euphony

Lethe in the mists
Correct — Conceal
Cordial — Invite
“Come in, Come in”

Fuchsia — Azalea — twine
Allure my marauding hand
I smell — My foreign nose
It's the smell of welcome here!

Below lies a bourn
It asked if I would stay
I answered — and merged
With infinity

A Day of Hiking

Creative Secondary School, Yuen, Kumi – 15

A sunny blue sky
It is the early morning
walking through the woods
Listen to the river sound
and the birds singing a song

He, a Dreamer

Creative Secondary School, Zhao, Zixi – 15

The beauty had redefined in one's mind
In the very place
A Nature can find.
He, a dreamer, woke up from bed
Still immersed by the dream
With his new view on the pretty word.
With a camera and a package
The dreamer travelled and travelled
The place is still a mystery in his head
But his motivation
Is as hard as diamonds
At one day, he finally saw something he wants to saw
It is as same as one's dream
In this dream, the beauty had redefined in one's mind
In the very nature, a place can be found.

Lavishing Landmark

Delia School of Canada, Aditya, Aryan – 14

1864m high, reaching to the tip of the sky.
The wind howling and whistling.
Oh! The stairway to heaven with 60,000 steps
I started to wonder, was this a misstep?
The grass stroking against my feet
If I fail to reach the top, my life would be incomplete.

I wander like a cloud
Thinking to myself,
How shall I accomplish this impossible feat?
Was it time for me to retreat?
I decided to dig in deep
And climbed the Huang Shan, barely able to move my feet.

This journey was a treacherous one
But it was worth it from the second it begun.
My life is complete as I have finished this feat.
One day I shall revisit Huang Shan
with my children climbing up this beautiful terrain.

Ode to Huangshan

Delia School of Canada, Chakravarty, Shrivatsa – 14

The rough, wild grass whipping my feet,
As I climbed through what seemed like an endless step—sea.
Thinking in my mind, what a feat it will be,
To reach to the top and be set free.

The grand, antediluvian trees with their antiquated brown sienna branches,
Remind me of my old ranches.
As it was time to set up camp,
I thought to myself "Hmm, my thoughts are quite damp".

"Do I have to climb this mountain?"
"Or is this height enough?"
The winds continued to become a bane,
As my sleeping bag grew rough.

When I climbed the next day,
My safety cords began to fray.
At the sight of the dark, damp and dusky caves,
Which could be a maze and scare a dragon far, far away.

"What can be in those caves?" I asked myself,
"A couple of monkeys and tree frogs?"
But that would deviate me from my objective and I had no help,
My objective, to climb to the top and move on.

For days and weeks, I kept pushing,
For I knew, I had to keep going.
To achieve that one final moment of salvation,
That one fine moment, MY fine moment of inner filtration.

The moment when I was filtered by the mountain Huangshan himself,
That moment when I gained a new sense of self.
A reason to be alive, to forget all positives and negatives,
A reason to be alive, to forget all superlatives.

On the Gusty Twin Peaks

Delia School of Canada, De Bona Bottegai, Matteo – 14

The Twinpeaks of China
A Prominence so high
The pierce the Clouds
Almost touching the sky

To reach the peaks
A great dream of
Many obstacles to face
Many steps to climb

The mountains cry out to me
I dare you to try
I must do it now
Even if I die

The journey is hard
A long way to the top
Thought I stumble and fall
I must not stop

I reach the summit
And take in the view
The beauty is unmatched
What people said was true

Gazing down at the clouds
I feel short of breath
For now is the time
I must face the heath

A final step
to end my life
to reach closer
to my departed wife.

Majestic Place

Delia School of Canada, Gao, Xiyuan – 14

Wow! What a majestic place

A Holy place

The mountains of Huangshan are the peak of my life

Ups and downs, continuous and continuous...

Connecting my life

A Legendary place

The cloud of Huangshan is the philosophy of my life

Changeable, white as snow...

Connecting phenomena with my dream

A historical place

The trees of Huangshan are the spiritual pillar of my life

Unrelenting, persevering

Connecting my heart with God

Wow! What a majestic place

Wow! What a majestic place...

My One and Only Home

Delia School of Canada, Gurung, Jaysan – 14

A shy mountain covering herself with mist.

I wish I was tall enough to give you a kiss.

But I'm just a Swallow, and you're the great Yellow Mountain.

But how can I help it, when you're as dazzling as a grand water fountain?

You give me food, you give me water, and everything else that I desire.

60,000 steps are nothing to me, if that's what it takes to see your majesty.

You need a crown as you seem like royalty, oh great Yellow Mountain, you have all of my loyalty.

The nostalgic scent of fresh greenery travelling through the pure air.

Gives me life, oh, what a great breath of fresh air.

Before I met you I felt like I had no purpose.

As if I was blowing through the gusty wind like a lost strand of hair.

Without you I'd feel overwhelmed, like a panda bear living in a horrid circus.

But now you're in my life, and I feel safe and sound.

As my feet touch the soft cotton ground, I am grateful and not lost around.

You are the best Yellow Mountain and I do not lie, so stick with me, and I will not fly

Her Wish

Delia School of Canada, Huan, Erika Yi-Jen – 15

A girl wishes to go to the Yellow Mountain
But she also wants to see the fountain
She wishes a visit with her dad
But if it was a rainy day it will be bad
She wants to take a photo there
If her dad took photos she hopes he shares
The next day she asked her dad
But her dad had work that day so she was sad
She still wants to go to the Yellow Mountain
So she chose to go by herself
A few hours later she was there at the bottom of the Yellow Mountain
She walks through the mountain and she was on the top of the mountain
She saw a great view through there
A nice wind blowing through her
The sunlight brightened her day
It was her best day.

60,000 Steps to the Top of the World

Delia School of Canada, Hui, Yin Nam Brendon – 14

Oh my mysterious magical mountain,
what a beautiful sight to look upon,
truly a gift from God.
The odds that I have the chance to experience this beauty will make me very grateful.

As I watch the captivating clouds dancing across the sky.
As the gust of wind swifts by,
at the same time, you smell the faintly greening trees,
when the relaxing breezy wind whisking through the land and whispers “hoo hoooo”
the whispering captures nature’s peace.
The true colours of the view of the magic mountain grow,
As I go higher and higher the view explodes and blinds my eyes.

It’s one challenge to climb the 60,000 steps to reach the top of the world.
Every step you take is a small piece of a puzzle completed step by step,
to the end which I feel the accomplishment that I have been working so hard for.
Comparable to our lives which is like a rollercoaster,
I have times in our lives that we experience highs and lows,
Peaks and valleys in achieving our dreams and goals.

Another World

Delia School of Canada, Lee, Sum Yi – 15

Yellow Mountain is amazing
It makes people feel surprising

Many monkeys jumping up and down
Pines trees are on the side of the road
and they are dancing to welcome us

Yellow Mountain is high up to the space
People can see a sunset on the mountain
Everyone wishes to go there
On the mountain has a lot of fresh air
and many awesome views

Forrest is in front of us
The leaves are waving across the Forest
Finally we can take a rest.

The Old Monk

Delia School of Canada, Neelakantan Sankar, Gautam – 14

As I climbed the stairway to heaven
A golden ray of sunlight fell upon my eyes
With each step I felt closer to god
For Huang Shan is heaven is disguise

I can finally see the peak
There sat a monk
Under a Tree Meditating
I sat beside him meditating too

As I closed my eyes
I found the peace
And silence gushing through me
It felt like a rebirth for me

The Magic of the Mountain

Delia School of Canada, Sahoo, Saransh – 14

I sat on the seat beside my grandfather.
Meant to be as strong and steady as a rock, I was neither.
My grandfather was on his deathbed telling me
what was to be his last tale.
I listened to his trembling voice
telling me a story of a mountain trail.

I was full of uncertainty
For I had never heard of an elixir
that granted immortality.
I was destined to fulfill his dream.
He had taken his last breath holding my hand
and he laid still while his eyes seemed to gleam.

Journeying to Huang Shan, I held onto hope,
For I had only a single sliver
The frigid winter wind made me shiver
as though I was haunted by a ghost
The feeling of fulfillment
that was awaiting me kept me grounded.

The vivid sights of the distant mountains,
The overflowing greenery,
The golden sunlight shining on the leaves,
The colourful birds flying freely,
The foggy mist encompassing Huang Shan,
Kept me going forward.

As I climbed higher, my ears started to ring.
And every step I took, I started to stumble,
for each step brought me closer to the truth
that I knew would make me fumble.

Drawing close to sunset,
The cacophony of the birds seemed to vanish,
The gold light shining on the leaves started to diminish
The full moon illuminated the earthy granite steps
The darkness of the night made me feel desolate
The silence was deafening

Suddenly, I fell to the ground.

I woke to find myself in a cave with an elixir in front of me
The choice of endless life was right before me

To the Top

Delia School of Canada, Sekimoto, Hideaki – 14

Climbing up the mysterious mountain
Which is as challenging to remember what I dreamed about.

I can hear the Red Crowned Crane shouting
“Don’t climb up”
The mule says
“I can’t go”
Even the animals know what a challenge this is.

60,000 steps to the top
Wind howling throughout the trip
Leaves dancing in the air
Clouds floating upon the sky
The lovely green smell of nature
Grasses stroking my feet
Oh, what a long journey it will be.

I will be a hero if I climb up
Using this as a motivation
Moving my feet even though it is sore
Just thinking about the view it will be.

To the top, I go
Feels as if I am standing on top of the world
What a feeling this is
I recognized how great an achievement this was.

The Journey of the Magic Mountain

Delia School of Canada, Siu, Chun Kiu Justin – 14

Oh, what a beautiful place! it is
To give me the power
to climb up

For bringing me the power
When I was tired (like My legs gave out on me.)
And bringing me beautiful view (river, mountain)
when I didn't have the power to move on

Oh, What an alluring place! it is
To make me climb up every day

For bringing me Furry friends (Huangshan Macaque)
When I was boring

Thanks for being here
to let me share this place
And this is a perfect place.

Reaching High

Delia School of Canada, Soong, Sze Ching Katrin – 17

What aweing power, what hand
Could paint such art as nature?
Seas of mists upon the land,
Stretch beyond the eye can reach.

Two swallows chirp about,
Flying close side by side,
Revelling in the fact,
That they have each other.

Oh, how people shift,
Like the ever-changing clouds,
The graying leaves,
A dying breeze.

Through times of peace,
And delve in the pleasures
Of gold and booze,
Relenting the teachings of virtue.

Solitary upon the summit,
I longed for a kindred spirit,
staring into the sea of fog,
Hoping for another me.

Almost like it heard my wish,
The winds chase the haze away.
The smallness of man in such vast lands,
I know there's nothing to fear.

My Purpose

Delia School of Canada, Tam, Cheuk Nam – 15

Through the sky, the clouds fly by
So elegant like a phoenix, so bright like the beauty of the sun
“My life my purpose, it’s right above the top of yellow mountain.”
Higher and higher the challenges will be tough
but soon it will all set free
Free like a pair of swallow

Awoken by the swallows as the light shines on my face
Getting myself ready as I begin my journey
The leaves rattle in the wind
The sound of the waterfall slowly rain
Dripping slowly beneath sat a monk
I kept shaking my head but the sound wouldn’t leave
I finally given up and decided to sat close to the monk

Our relationship became close from strangers to friends
The journey seems tough but together we’re stronger
I can see how strong our friendship slowly grew
But can I not finally see? That my purpose isn’t only the mountain
It's the memories of our friendship
How the mountain brought us here
But how I wish I could realise it sooner
But we’re already halfway

Days passed as I wish our moments would last long
“I’m sorry I can’t! I want this to last
Once our journey ends, our friendship will break.”
The monk gave a smile “Our friendship won’t break,
the mountain brought us here.
Once we are done, that’s just the beginning of our friendship.”

The Stories of the Guest—Greeting Pine

ESF Island School, Lam, Ady – 16

500 CE

the sharp peaks penetrate
the Sea of Clouds almost apologetically
as they don the shroud of mist upon their shoulders—
delicately diverting the vast ocean of floating
water droplets around their busts—
so the few
who journey laboriously, heaving and gasping to
the pinnacle
 where if you squint and reach out trustingly
 you can feel the blazing warmth of the
 field of stars that dance in the night sky

are met with but a virtuous sight;
pointed protrusions covered with cotton fluff that
hides the flourishing verdant ferns
 they say beauty lies in modesty—
 and the Sea of Clouds truly adorns the mountains
 magnificently, making for a mystical view

one of which:
a slim sapling, easily overlooked
begins to lean forward ever so slightly,
to look out at the world
watching the people
absorbing their stories
getting ready to tell its own

1000 CE

two men sit
at a table meticulously carved
from the lifeless body of her friend
 Xiangzhi wood—
 lifeless—
 yet surprisingly luminous
as all children of Mother Nature are

 the first man
 wrinkles knitted tightly on his face
 each a different yarn to spin for
the captivation of his eager descendants—
takes an unassuming sip of fragrant tea

She laughs; though the susurrant of her leaves
 in the breeze sound to the people
 nothing more than secretive whispers

Tea—
really just leaf water
yet the people revere it so

 the second man
 veins in a doomed battle to break free
 from the shackles of his hands like
 banyan roots engulfing the very soil that gives it life—
stares fiercely below at the flourishing tea farms; unblinking

She follows his gaze; his cataracts could be mistaken for time-faded eyes
yet her keen vision, no one would have guessed,
belonged to one
of a humble
five hundred years

She looks beyond the terraced hills,
greens of jade and jungle,
beyond the bobbing heads
which pointed caps adorn,
beyond the well-trodden path
where cows bask in the sun—
and there

A girl
eyes shining brightly with vitality
the same radiant ones as Veiny Hands Man—

She does not make assumptions
They might not be related in any sense at all;
Living several hundred years has taught her
that you never know anything when it comes to
humans and their relationships

lays on the grass and stares at the dark sky
never glancing away from the steady waltz of the stars
her fingers dancing along with them as she
points constellations out to the boy next to her

The boy
wearing a grin too wide for adult emotions like scepticism
beaming instead with youthful adoration and affection—
lays on the grass and stares at the girl
never glancing away from her sparkling eyes
his fingers dancing along with hers

She smiles

She may not be one for assumptions
but it would be a well-educated guess
which, mind you, is very different
from an assumption
that this was love
Parental, romantic— unconditional

The beating heart she lacks
But love she too feels
Love for the beauty of it all
and for the beauty of love itself

1500 CE

the day breaks
black ceramic shatters as the sun
unfurls its petals; it blooms on the horizon
with a golden glow; rosebud of clementine and apricot
rising in the sky, with it the aroma of a new beginning

Branches cramped permanently in a misleading position;
It is so hard to remain
The hospitable hostess
When she never gets a chance to learn their names

"Inside every cynical person there is a disappointed idealist"

2020 CE

the rain falls
a curtain of silver is drawn bitterly across
the mountains; the soft rumbling crescendos to
battlecries from an army of
unabating soldiers; clouds weeping a
dull muted gloom; the country
colonised by grey

the paths are mostly empty today
the first time for centuries

even Xiaochun is elsewhere— bless
her Guardian and friend:
she used to be acquaintances with Death —
the curvature of his scythe still imprinted on
her heart; his crafty Cheshire cat smile haunted
her night and day; soulless eyes of cold steel that
searched for her when blizzards choked her blind;
when Mother Nature hurled typhoons during her tantrums

not every woman ages well

but her Guardians
prised her out of Death's tight grip
Nineteen Florence Nightingales all taking
their turns to nurse her
back to health—
What a treasure humans can be at times!

the heavens pelt the hills with raindrops but
a burden is still lifted off the land's shoulders;
the ever present thrum of man silent for once
without the chatter the air fills with
sweet tune— the feathered reclaiming their
soundscape, chirps harmonizing with the
euphonious whistling of the wind

She stretches upwards; the rain today her nourisher,
comforter, liberator from the
throngs of travellers all but save

a man and a woman
arms gripping each other's so
tightly it was hard to tell where one
ended and the other began—
are the only ones left in the torrential downpour

they seem to not notice the raging tempest;
instead speaking in a strange way
mouths moving to string syllables carelessly
together in tuneless discordance

She wishes they would come a bit closer
so she could peer inside their mouths,
tell them to open wide, examine the

insides because
What an incomprehensible tongue!

then
their tongue shifts
relentlessly beating back the new
following them around the world back to
the language of their past
singing the tones slightly off-key but
the same song nonetheless

We are back
her threadbare cardigan of a facade falls apart
mascara streaked by the streams on her face
tears escaping the crumbling constraints of her eyes
she trips over her reborn tongue; long ago
abandoned as a hindrance; plants left to wither and
die; roots shed hastily out of necessity

We have come home
the mountains sing along with his triumphant yell
a choir of thrushes praise his reclamation
the rediscovered tongue still a shock; believed to have
rot from negligence, a blind eye, fear of being
ostracised; life abroad of conformity rather than
unwanted attention

You find love where you least expect it
The people too
Love her homeland

The clouds part
Spools of grey yarn unravel to uncloak the
summer sun; amber rays donated from
heaven; cast in the colour of ripe
wheat, Her body shines so brilliantly—
you'd think she has luminous light bulbs for leaves
an ineffable incandescence

And in this moment she realises
too late given her age – that
everybody has their own stories
All the shadows from years of yore were
just people who chose to tell theirs elsewhere
To know a person's tale is a privilege earned.
But five hundred years ago she'd mistaken it for a birthright
O how at times the affluent are the least appreciative!

Love flows back into her vessels
Branches outstretched with
endearment once again
The tears of heaven still falling but she
stands tall and strong,
Hoping that her warmth will be enough
For the people to confide in her again
To tell their stories
And for her to listen

The Hut on the Mountain

ESF Island School, Tachino, Airi – 14

A coal-tinted stone, and half of a living conifer
Rainfall on the valley, thunder to the peaks
Gentle slopes and snake pathways
The raindrops shining in the waterfalls

The roads crumble, only to tremble and straighten
Hands become feet, feet become hands
Rocks tumble down from the shadows of the house,
The pines become walls, the trunks become pillars

The fog pierces through, but the leaves fight back
The ground clears from sand and rock
The cloud becomes mist, as they form a shelter

Vines grow from cracks, moss expands on stone,
Rotten leaves are swept away, and souls disappear from the ground
White leaves form black warriors

The heat brings dryness, wisping away the fog
Bark peels astray, and the insects scurry away
Drops of sweat fall, breaking through the rocks
Slopes on the valleys fade away, and the trees tear away

Leaves collapse to sand and wind,
Mist becomes clouds, and the clouds turn to wind
Leaves curl to the shapes of souls and dry to sheets of steel
Roots peak out from the dirt and grind down decaying leaves

The conifers begin to rot, and the grass collapses with road
Raindrops slide off of the blades of grass, and seeds spill from flowers
The buds are black and white warriors

Branches are stuck with treasures, twigs are tangled with pleasures
The heat stirs up sand and dust
Revealing necks of plants, and the lost prayer chants

Branches of heavyweight, and plump fruits of wealth
The juice in the berries echo within their barriers
Red liquor trickle down and the fruit becomes empty
Snarled climbers and twisted paths

Scarce light shines from the depths of the shadows
The shadowy figures turn rich with light
Branches which support the shadows fall
The shadowy figures turn rich with light

Pine branches break and pierce through the ground
Seeds find homes on the footprints left in the soft dirt
They hold water, and the water is drunk

The roots slurp the water greedily
The body gets torn into half, and the arms which support it tremble
The pines shoot above the hollow sky, swallowing the roof of my home

The Pine Tree of the Yellow Mountain

ESF Sha Tin College, Kok, Sophie – 15

FALLING

Where am I from,
Where will I go?
I,
Helpless, stolen by a stalwart bird.
Over the crashing white waves of a blue sea,
Over the blur of the greens of great forests,
Over the gaping expanses of rice paddy fields,
Over the sharp, sky cutting mountains.
Falling, falling
Darkness surrounds me,
I have fallen to the ground.

GROWING

The sun has disappeared,
The rain has refused to fall.
I,
Alone, lie in the silence.
Stretching into the crevices of the rock,
Searching for that bit of soil.
Craning up into the blinding curtain of mist,
Gulping down the water.
Growing, growing
Warmth and light envelopes me,
I have grown a little taller.

HURTING

The wind serves to strengthen my limbs,
The snow pushes me further towards the sun.
I,
Miraculously, have become a great essence.
Suddenly, a lightning bolt was thrown from the sky,
And tears down my body,
My bones are broken,
My remains are burning,
Hurting, hurting
A great terror seizes me,
I have collapsed.

RISING

I cannot retreat,
I cannot give up.
I,
Bravely, claw out of the fire.
Lifting my chin,
Puffing out my chest,
Taking in a deep breath,
Pulling up my arms,
Rising, rising
Power flows through me,
I have stood up again.

UNYIELDING

The sun and moon are my friends,
The clouds and wind have become my confidants.

I,
Dignified, standing straight amongst the ragged cliffs.

After the strike of lightning,
After the rain that beats me down,
After the water that tries to wash me away.

While I live,
I will never yield, never!
Afterall,
I am a pine tree of Yellow Mountain.

HuangDi

ESF South Island School, Yan, Jasmine

Pitter patter, chitter chatter;
The mountain hears.

Lyrics and verses, legends and curses;
The mountain listens.

Stories of old, history untold;
The mountain observes.

Jagged rocks, weathered stones;
The mountain learns.

High above the clouds
the emperor stands
Strong and true, tall and regal;
He's watching, watching,
Growing, growing.

Trees sway, leaves rustle.
With words only he knows;
The mountain answers.

Mountain Reflections

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Chan, Jacko – 15

Take me away from the crowds
Where all is quiet
Take me away from all the stress
Where it is all calm

Just the trees and flowers
And the birds and animals
And the wind and leaves
And the silence

Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Rethink every moment
Every decision you've made
And think forward

Gone by the Mountains

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Luk, Caitlin – 14

Looking up at the mountain nearby,
Reminded me of a girl gone north
Gone.
Was the laughter of voices.
Gone.
Was the feeling of home.

There was a time when I was not clueless,
And there were no bruises.
Sitting on a rock looking out from the summit,
Knowing that I would not gain from it.

Looking out once more,
Clinging on to my last fascination.
Grasping to the realisation,
That I won't be here anymore.

Not only am I alone,
But far from civilisation.
Never to be known,
For the bravery or determination.

Treasured memories fading,
From my mind.
Life long bonds and energy,
Disappearing.

Tales that warn of a magical past,
That steals the warmth I hope would last.
Without warning, without a trace,
Just an empty feeling to embrace.

The sunset that once was there,
Gone.

If only
I
Understood.
That life would never be the same
At the summit
Of the mountain.

That I would never be the same
At the summit
Of the mountain.

A City Above the Clouds

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Young, Jamie – 15

the screeching of the winds,
the weeping of the rivers
barely a sound ;
lost in the hazy mist

the sea of air below
settles gently above humanity
featherlike
a pearlescent sheen resting tenderly
the silvery gleam of life glinting knowingly

far up high
jagged mountains emerge
huts nestled into each nook and cranny
the swirling mist weaving in and out
lovingly infiltrating
delicately invading
an ethereal beauty
the city above the clouds

in the distance
the lonely sun appears
breaking through these clouds
like a songbirds cry
cutting through the cold crisp air
of a silent morning

the yellow flower in the sky
dominating harmoniously

faint rays of liquid gold
glimmer across
the city above the clouds

The Lost Treasure

Heep Yunn School, Chen, Man Chin – 16

Amidst
this mountain
thousands feet above,
lies a valuable possession
long lost in the city.

Intangible, but consoling.
Not discerned, yet felt.

Bizarre.
What luxury a city like such can't render?
A metropolis with skyscrapers squeezing one another,
an advanced place where machinery predominates feelings,
an expeditious economy where money is spent without tracking!

Along the steep stairs I walk,
attempting to conquer the mountaintop,
and claim the treasure mine,
before the others can find.
“A magical mountain” –
more like an object to fulfill temptation!
First battling with walking corpses beside,
next avoiding the snare of squirming serpent,
I struggle to climb to higher grounds.
Yet
“still millions of miles before the peak!”
I heard from someone,
completely crushing my enthusiasm.
‘Onerous journey...’
Watching their figures from behind,
exhaustion surges deep inside.

Listen!
Long, lyrical tune lingers around,
up and down it goes
like soft, smooth, flowing water,
with a graceful swan babbling and pattering.

Two roads diverge in front of me:
One paved with shimmering golden bricks,
Another leads to rocks, pines, springs and clouds.
Between them sits an old man playing jade flute –
Mellifluous the melody is,
the song of the magical mountain.

‘Excuse me sir,
does this road lead to the exquisite treasure?’

Thoughtfully,
he eyes the people on the road of gold,
then twinkles at me but never confirms.

“Just let your heart rule.”

I step on the road that contains no gold.
Encircling me are peculiar rocks,
akin to an immortal pointing the way,
and a lonely monkey watching the sea.
Spectacular and mesmerizing those odd rocks are,
whose stories can only be felt with soul.

As I advance on this narrow road,
trees with strong, stout trunks appears,
as if dragons and phoenixes chasing and gambolling
along the way, invigorating me with continuous exuberance.
Filling the air with refreshing scent,
the pines trees grow unfaltering,
their cordial branches stretching out,
greeting every passer-by.

Misty steam swirl about from
milky, bubbling hot springs.
Babbling, fizzling they whisper
softly, secretly they seep
deep into the ground.

Seas of clouds are
flowing and drifting:
Mystical and delicate,
like soft whipped cream
on the gateau of heaven.

“Contentment is never something luxury,
mere can it be
detaching from the rowdy city,
and listen to the song of nature,
where consolation is found,
and one’s deepest desire is answered.

Tranquility has long faded in our city,
not eyes can see or palms can touch.
They come with rapacious, expecting to gain more,
yet leaving in disappointment, eventually losing more.
Those living puppet has long lost their lives,
yet they are still climbing,
ignoring the initial will of their hearts.”

Turning back,
there lies a big grin on his face.

“But you have found it.”

The treasure in the trace.

Castaway

Heep Yunn School, Fu, Tsz Tung – 15

*Rising from the ashes, the fire in me shall be awoken.
Seeking in the shadows, the light within me shall be unbroken.*

*But the world dimmed the lustre inside me
now bent all over and shrunken
now bent all over and broken
I'm no longer golden:*

Reality bestows–
Unmitigated desertion on my spirit and soul,
Running dry like a barren field, but still longing to feel whole.
Bashed by judgements, struck by obscenity,
Encased by enigma and enveloped in insanity.
Blustering beats as my tattered shoes pound on the cold, concrete lane,
Finally– gone.
To that far–off place away from the bane.

Wreathed in the clouds, boundless and empty to townsfolk,
Blanketed by the swirling white fog as my senses awoke.
My shoes littered the mountain path with their own bark trail,
Transmuted by the mist into formless bliss in the vale.
Across the borderline between the known and the unknown,
The lilting breeze hushed the ghastly infinite cries as it smoothly flown.

Here the immortals dance among magisterial pines,
Indomitable like living antiques, laughing at the world's impermanence. Everything declines.
The golden rays peek through the bouquet of foliage as woven strands,
Illuminating them into virescent bloom and lances of gold beams on the lands.
Light and life are their ageless quests, never shall they diminish and impair,
While I, the mere mortal, so blessed to hear my heartbeat dance among theirs.

The clear river waters flow amid the mountainside, quenching earth and soul,
Flickering like the fresh alpine air, untainted and whole.
Livened by crescents of white arcing towards the sapphire sky,
Swerving through trees and ravines as a sacred melody rippling by.
The lifeblood of the mountain thrummed and brimmed,
Like the velvety whirl of a flock as they stirred and skimmed.

I got lost in my quiet reflection,
Seeking answers for the timeless question,
How did it all arise from just asteroid grime,
Into the dire expansion of humanity in the fullness of time?
For I am just a speck of dust in the cornucopia of humanity,
Made dull and lustreless, reduced to banality.

A single leaf pirouetted down an invisible spiral of breeze,
The sun's effulgence cascaded onto the mountain, the lull I yearn to seize.
The alchemy, of the sky warming up the blues to a radiant gold,
Golden petals stretching outwards to the horizons as silence enfolds.
In the solacing solitude lies me and nature alone,
With no criticisms, judgements or hearts of stone.

The mountain's solemn silence deafened the air for the worlds around,
The truth untold in swirling circumvents brought unmuffled and resounds,
The blaring bellow of society's verdict veiled my hushed voice of revelation,
The gleaming light within me, awaiting for liberation.
And in the mountains I now mightily stand,
Gave me the freedom to be who I am.

The mountains speak a voice of verity,
Beyond oppression, beyond struggles, beyond reality:
Within me is the golden light of a thousand suns,
Telling me to stay gold, never dull my shine for anyone.
Bygone is the girl bounded by the labyrinth of her mind,
No longer lost in the seam of her life, no longer blind.

I opened my eyes anew,
the light within me dawns and emboldens,
I opened my eyes anew:
Everything around me has too turned golden.

Huangshan on Canvas

Heep Yunn School, Zhu, Yidan – 16

Glide and dip, the softened bristles, in broad, commanding strokes,
spread its midnight ink, like extended talons of the night,
the shadow of a crook-necked crane.

Beating its wings, in flight, o'er a plane of unpigmented white, a cavernous sky,
and let spills a bundle of tinted grey, an indelible rolling cascade,
shaping a steepening side, untrodden by mortal eyes.

Where summits shall dwarf the Tower of Babel, granite columns fortify,
splice and splinter thinning clouds, curves jut and drop like ocean tides.
Tower and soar, altars for myths untold, sweetly sit where heaven resides.
Whilst gentle currents of lunar-white, like fabled dragons of olden times,
meander through sculpted lofty pines, scales coruscating silver light.
From whence could such pure streams flow forth, forebye from heaven's very eyes?

Foam and froth, the river's mouth, sweep and send drift
mounds of snow where banks of vapour, billowing, dense, shall overflow
and spill o'er jagged cliffs, pooling in swirls of inky white, churns
and seethes the lulling waves of restless flowing clouds.
Should mist unfurl, from hazy depths, a shiver of the dragon's breath, and coil
dense and arcane, vaporous serpent 'round ethereal heights.

O' profound, luring depths, what secrets do you hold?

An emperor from the ancient tribes, from whom the name these rocks derive,
fertile fields his rule bestowed the land, like fresh saplings in wake of rain,
his nation flourished and thrived.
Such prosperity sought to preserve, the scythe of death he must fend,
And so scaled the treacherous, forbidding, peaks, and at the journey's end
sat in the palms of his hand, the secret to life everlasting.

Such was that the legends said, through soft lips and hushed tones, whispered beside a child's bed.

Dear child, spirited and young, when many a time endeavour and ache,
To draw back the gauzy veils of nature, and conquer spiraling crowns
where the emperor hath once ascent. But the human heart grows weary and eyes once bright grow dim,
As soles are scraped and gashed, desolated by uneven trails and perilous paths.
When ends this ceaseless plight of men, to etch their name in ledgers of stone,
or in need to feed a growing, gnawing, pride, cry out in triumph from pulpits imposed in an austere sky?

But high on precipitous peaks, human voices fade and die,
while crashing waves brutally assail, chip and wash away, the most unyielding boulders.
When even mountains are liable to crumble and disappear, and without remorse,
buries beneath, crushes, and wipes clean, the imprints of humanity, reduced to muted rustles in the wind.
And many poets hath once come and denounced, the short-winded elations and futile struggles of men,
For what are the feeble cries of humankind against the deafening roar of nature?

Let us sit below extended branches, interweaving and entwined,
and lay easy below the consoling shade, of friendly, pavilion-like pines.
And let us blithely feast and gaze, as the sinking eye of the day, stains and strew the sky
with flickering flames, o'er the hazy horizon it broods, deluging the remnants of daylight.

And let us linger as the ocean of mist swells and releases to the rhythm of our breaths,
as the scores of our sorrow are washed away by the tender caress of running water,
and soon forgot, beyond cloaks of mist and sturdy frames of stone, the keen and bitter world,
where fits of incoherent zeal shall provoke us no more.

And let us be still as nature raises its hand and streaks 'cross textured granules, the muted silver of dusk,
And as ink seeps and bleeds into the flattened spread, let our figures fade,
into dotted bushes of green and grey, minute and unassuming,
while the hues of our thoughts, blend in and become one, with that of the mystical mountains.

A Pleasurable Journey to Huangshan

Holy Family Canossian College, Hsu, Chin Wai Queenie – 15

How heavy do I journey on the way?
What iridescent mist, what Red-billed Blue Magpie I see!
Which for a UNESCO world heritage thee shall stay.
Where in Anhui Province, one of the ten famous mountains in China, we all agree.
Have I dwelt in the greenish scenery and admire?
On these seventy-two peaks, how many footsteps have passed? How many young and old?
Huangshan, wonders of the sea of clouds, 470 species of animals treat it as a luire.
Huangshan, the most fascinating mountain under heaven, Xu Xiake had told.
The magnificent clouds, meretricious rocks, myriad hot springs are out of sight.
The sun rises through the mist which gives light to all the creatures.
The mountains or the pine trees, the day or night.
The flora or fauna, shapes to my pleasure:
If my sight of view do please these days,
The pain is worthless, the breathtaking Huangshan shall be the praise.

The Sea of Silent Secrets

Holy Family Canossian College, Kwan, Lok Yiu Jasmine – 15

Above the highest vagrant white cloud,
Floats the picturesquely precipitous Mount,
that could make the matchless Olympus cowed,
for its tales are enthralling and hard to count.

Shush! Let the secrets resound!
Hear the soft susurrus and sighs,
for the haven's wisdom will surely astound,
as its beauty does in the poets' eyes.

Hear the stones in the mist!
Whispering the name 'Yellow Emperor',
who gave some herbs a bit of a twist,
and brewed the elixir of his endeavor.

Hear the pines in the mist!
Confabulating the gathering of immortals,
Where one of the eight could not resist,
Whose replica now guides the mortals.

Hear the stump-tail monkeys in the mist!
Crying out to their friend with a heart of stone,
whose secret ended its lover's tryst,
who watches the sea forever alone.

Hidden behind the mask of whiteout,
Stands the kingdom in the clouds,
where pilgrims must never shout,
lest you disturb those the mist enshrouds!

I am From

International School of Beijing, Maki, Mea – 14

I am from Chile
although my bloodline is Canadian
I am from my families smiles
and my friends' laughs
From musica and fiesta huaso
I am from empanadas sold on the streets
and traveling in the air

I am from Belgian waffles
made with great care
passed down in my family
since my great grandma had grey hair
From nature, Native to my land
From the sea, Pisces and free
thanks to my relatives
that sailed here for me

I am from friendly faces
around the world
teaching me about life
From a summer breeze in the air
as sandcastles are built everywhere
I am from a snowflake falling from the sky,
one of a kind, hitting the frozen ground

I am from Autumn nights
as I sit with my hot coco
watching the stars in the heavens
I am from Spring flowers,
blooming everyday
Trying my best to stand out
in my own way

I am from memories
that have been passed around
as we share stories on the campground
From all over the world
making me a TCK
But most of all I am
my mother's splitting image
with my father's personality,
I am my grandparents joy
and my friends' loyalty

I am the product of many different memories
and stories yet to be.

I Could Only Wonder

Islamic Kasim Tuet Memorial College, Noreen, Asmaa – 16

Spirits of Huangshan lend me your ears!
I speak to you of my hidden desires.
I wish to know more about your wonders,
Please, do not leave me alone to ponder.

I wonder if I had sung my poems loud enough,
Have the poets, Li Bai and Du Fu echoed me?
I wonder if the mists are like cotton fluff,
I could swim in it, knowing I won't fall.

I could imagine...
How the rivers are like healing pools
When the sun shines, they sparkle like jewels.
How the mosses are like nature's beds
Nourishing your souls without being fed

I could feel, the sun has its own emotions,
Beaming its happiness through its rays.
Oh, how I wish to be in its company,
To communicate through a silent gaze.

It is as though, the wind has a voice,
"shh" whispering throughout the hills.
Filling the quiet, serene atmosphere,
Each windlet passing, giving you the chills.

Is it true? Spirits of the glorious mountains?
My curiosity increases every second.
Please, oh please take me with you,
For my heart desires to be in its essence

Oh, to be a bird soaring through the sky,
Lifted above, by the free, roaming spirits.
Singing, with your sweet melodious voice,
Ringing, in the ears of those who visit.

Oh, to be a deer in the valley's green,
Grazing, on its lush thick grass.
Breathing in its air, crisp clean.
Running, in its lands worry-free.

Oh, to be a monkey, living in trees.
Jumping, swinging from vines to vines.
Flying, knowing you won't fall.
Merrily enjoying the thrills in life.

Tell me! Tell me! Oh, lofty spirits!
Please don't leave me here, hanging!
I'm tired of sitting here alone, dreaming!
Where I could really be there, relaxing.

I wonder if there are people living here,
Have they lived here for hundreds of years?
Do they live in caves in the mountains?
The hidden ones behind the fountains?

If it's true, oh how I wish I could find them.
To learn of their secrets and their stories
Oh, how I wish to meet the Yellow Emperor,
To learn how he earned years of glory.

How he fought with 100 dragons alone
Or how he saved his people from a cyclone.
Or to learn his secrets of becoming immortal.
Or maybe to reach the sky, just like Chang e'?

...

sigh...

I truly wish, I could hear you dear spirits.
To know you exist, so you'd answer me.
I could only see Huangshan, far from here.
If only I could visit there for myself.
I could only wonder...

Only When Above

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Lai, Ching Ue Elita – 16

On summits where his beast of compulsivity was tamed,
the best of him was drowned in aches of convulses.
Slave to the slaughterhouse of glory and gore,
the man, originally in despair, now found himself in a state of utter reverie –
only on the elevation of the mountain's core.

In the winds where his debts of love were reimbursed,
the rhythm that flowed between his veins unfroze.
With each cautious stride that dragged himself a little further,
he infused a little more melody into the deformed mind –
only in the midst of the mountain's weather.

There

Be gone

All terrestrial matters

Those so-called ambitions

And overwhelmingly spiteful karma

Enclosed by the amplitudes is a tranquil solitude

For the mountain youth with *Hiraeth* spilling over his soul...

Climbing barefoot,
another night is gambled away.
Until the dawn light shines
onto the Huangshan's facets,
a tainting presence pestered its doubts:

“What you bet,
won't you regret?”

“Why would I even,
when I could be on limitless highs?”

It was nonchalance,
driven
by the perfunctory pace.

Through the clouds where his stretched palms reached the stars,
the piece of extricated wild soul had now freed his thoughts.
No longer cynical,
he baptized in the cracking flames of nihilism —
only at the extremity of the mountain's pinnacle.

HuangShan Mountain

Shanghai Singapore International School, Man, Tsz Yan – 16

People mountain, people sea
The HuangShan mountain what a beauty
The peaks soar above the sky so high
But not like a diamond in the sky
A majestic Chinese dragon's back
A grand of comeliness it does not lack

Your eyes blinded by jade green leaves
People 'round you awe in disbelief
Rays of sunlight shine through the gaps
Don't forget to wear baseball caps
Only if it's on a sunny day tho
An umbrella on others or you'll look like a freakshow

Bamboo trees surround you left and right
Standing straight and stately, with their backs upright
With every step you take up the stairs
It's as if your body is being repaired
Breathing in this fresh batch of oxygen
It's like inhaling a container of healing concoction

Before – walking up the stairs oh so far
Nowadays there are cable cars
Before – 1 day or 2 to get to the peak
Nowadays a few minutes you don't even need a week
Before – you walk up just for the view
Nowadays you can practice yoga and have a picnic or two

However all jokes aside
The Huangshan mountain is really fascinating
The old, the young, all ages will think alike
Maybe the Huangshan mountain will make us unite
No wonder why Li Bai wrote so many poem about it
I mean who wouldn't, of course he'd want to share this

The HuangShan mountain not yellow at all
Flourished with greens and trees that grow tall
Complimented by the crystal blue sky
And the white cotton clouds that fly sky high
The sound of insects cricketing and ricketing
Water droplets are trickling and tinkling

The HuangShan mountain a beautiful sight
No matter if it is day or night
A simple poem can't say it all
When you see it you'll be truly enthralled
Because all you'll be able to saw is wow.
Just. Wow.

Enchantment

Shanghai Singapore International School, San, Yi Xuan – 15

Wisps of white fog escaped opened mouths.
An inch forward is thousands of meters.
Yet awe took the place of where fear would have lived.

Distant cries of mysterious birds resonated around;
the world fell silent, bowing to those mystic creatures.
Extended arms embraced the world,
And felt the gentle breeze whisk through open palms.

Listen carefully,
accompanied by the whistles of wind,
are the creaks and crackles of the mountains' life.
Scattering across the rocky floors,
legs and stone create ticking noises.

A single deep breathe.
Is this what tranquility smells like?
Clean fresh air that passed generations went on about.
Think back, to city life
Where cars and trucks whizzed about day and night
While the air suffocated, choked and screamed away.

Here it was new.
Fresh.
Where even the chilliest wind and moistest air did little to dampen any spirits
Enchantment, was what they called it.

Lost in Heaven

Shanghai Singapore International School, Panda, Anouska – 15

The rain pitter-pattered against the juddering clear glass window,
A blanket of innocent liquid globes shimmered in the orange.
The Yellow Mountains whizzed past me fleetingly,
Sea green lines of a patient's monitor.

Bump. Bump. Bump.
As the tin-roofed bus greeted each curve of the hilly road,
The imprinted ink brush leaped out between my coarse fingers,
A sinking, hollow void flooded my soul like oozing black ink.

Once upon a time they used to call me a poet,
I was primed, praised, and passionate.
My poems were the choir of stars in the starry night sky,
And I was the moon, the Maestro of the orchestra.

Now upon a time they call me the fallen hero,
A man who holds a purple hyacinth in his softened hands.
A man whose words no longer weave to create tapestries,
A man whose nightmares reign with images of empty, long scrolls of paper.

Thoughts pulsated with intense bitterness in my mind,
My numb feet staggered out of the swarming, chaotic and retro bus,
The iciness in nature's realm stabbed me instantly; a thousand hot knives,
I stopped to desperately inhale the lingering, dewy petrichor.

My breath was a blossoming vapor,
A baby dragon breathing fire for the first time.
My eyes found themselves captivated by the sight before me,
Liu Haisu's strokes of watercolor coming to life.

The world had secluded me from the rest,
A boy abandoned in the kingdom of green.
For a moment time felt still in silence,
And then, I smiled.

Colossal brown giants filled the horizon with occasional specks of green,
The austere shoulders of earth carried the weight of the spectral, strenuous sky.
The peaks extended their necks in excitement and kissed the beryl blue skies,
Oh, how could one believe this luxury?

The sound of the mellifluous chorus of the harmonious, twittering birds blessed my ears,
A baffling presence of something exquisite; I turn,
Passionate Buffy Laughing thrushes wink at me as they fly by,
My butterfly heart fluttered with an unknown bliss;
My cheeks blushed like that of a schoolgirl.

My feet drowned themselves eagerly in the Springs of Youth,
Oozing warm water rippled around the edges.
Was this where Emperor Huang Di became younger?
Remnants of history shivered within my blood.

Floating clouds enwrapped the craggy mountain ridges in a warm hug,
Was that the famed Bright Top reaching high in its mightiness?
Ballerinas of beauty twirled gracefully under the beaming daughter of the sky,
The delicate hands of inspiration intertwined swiftly against my cold ones.

My crooked shoes found themselves slipping off the moist stones,
I stopped as my eyes became the artist viewing his masterpiece.
My stubby legs throbbed and screamed in agony,
But that hardly mattered now.

Lost in and about the green,
The Immortal Showing the Way stood on the edge,
A certain liveliness erupted within the stone itself,
As if any moment Han would appear and show me the way.

My vision blurred;
The picturesque scenery unfolded slowly before me,
The sky was an elegant necklace of sapphire and amber,
The sweet hyphens of the mountain blues raced against each other.

Almost abruptly I felt someone call my name; I turned,
Befuddling. Bewildering. Majestic. Paradise. Ecstasy. Hope.
An ethereal circular glow mixed with colors of the rainbow,
Surely a plucked piece of heaven itself,
The shine of Buddha's Light illuminated the darkness.

A crackle from beneath the woody twigs,
Curiosity unraveled slowly within me,
A glimpse of something fiery red and yellow caught my attention,
What possibly lurked beneath the earth's shadows?

Perhaps the ferocious and famed Huangshanlong,
Ready to change the world with its dominance,
Or even a bold, majestic phoenix,
Spreading its phenomenal, scaly wings into the light.

A hearty laugh sneakily escaped my moist lips,
A burning sensation to scream overtakes my soul,
Before the splendor would devour me whole.
Nothing could ever be compared to Huangshan, the mighty yellow,
Now I truly understand what Xu Xiake felt.

I sat down by the Monkey Watching the Sea,
The lungs of nature breathed with me, as if consoling me,
The once cold wind tickled the rim of my ears softly; a cat's purring.
For never, had I felt this alive.

Perhaps the prodigious Li Bai had once sat here too,
With an empty scroll in one hand and an ink brush in the other,
Pondering the existence of the beauty of the mountains,
Ideas buzzing in his head like the harmony of bees.

My once softened hands clasped the ink brush tightly,
A blistering thrill surged through my soul; a cherishing passion.
The crushed paper of words began to crinkle open ever so gently,
My hands glided smoothly across the paper;
A night ship sailing across the tamed blues.

I began writing about everything I had seen,
Something about the place held me magically bound,
For its grace was unmatched to anything known to the world.

The man whose poignancy was engulfed by the dancing mountains,
The man whose feathers of hope had fallen to the ground;
Only for the angels of happiness to rise above the green,
This was my story.

The tale of I, Li Huang,
A man who had once been intoxicated by monotony,
And the man Huangshan had resurrected from the ashes by
introducing all the brightness there is in the world.

Musings of A Mountain

Singapore International School, Boey Jun Xin – 15

At the beginning I was nothing
But soft soil and pebbles.
Until the Emperor¹ came
And my name was born
From the ashes he was made immune in.

I saw the rise of different tribes
That inhabited the land around me.
The clashing and clanging of their swords
Echoed through my then youthful valleys

I witnessed the change in dynasties.
As the leaves on my trees grew and withered,
So did they rise and fall.
And with every winter that passed,
I saw the development and complexity of men.

Then came the Qing dynasty,
The one to end them all.
I should have known the anger boiling,
Boiling inside me
As opium flooded the plains I called home,
Made men delirious with delusions
Caught up in the mirage of the life it offered them.

Even I was not spared from its effects
And soon birds who dwelled amongst my trees
Could not tell one chang² from one li³.

Thus the long line of dynasties ended
But there was not yet peace.
The time of great divide had come.

I should have known the sadness churning,
Churning in me
With the cultural revolution that resulted
From the rising of the Red Guard⁴
People who looked the same,
Could have called each other brothers, sisters
Setting upon one another,
Drawing blood,
Tearing each other apart.

I stood witness to their last breath
Blown away on the lonely wind
And their blood
Stained on the fine green blanket of mine
And I could do nothing,
But offer my silent companionship,
Hoped my tall peaks provided them
A memory of happier days.

Finally, the bloodshed halted
An awkward truce reached
And once again my monkey⁵
Gazed upon calm seas.

For many years I saw land
Prosper and grow.
Animals lived peacefully,
Saplings which had been with me from the start,
Grew even wiser in their old age,
Their branches thick and knobbly,
Leaves a rustic green.

But as they say,
A period of peace
Only foreshadows more war
And soon we were fighting again.

This battle was different,
We were at war with a virus
And again men were dying
As it ate their lungs
Grew fat on the oxygen they inhaled.

Yet we were undefeated
And the roars of the people
Shouting jiyau, jiyau⁶
Sent tremors through my craggy cliffs

I too bellowed with them,
Sang my war cry in the wind
Hung my flag on the branches
Sharpened my boulders into mighty spears
And at long last,
We drove it down,
Kept it contained.

So you see,
I am not just aged rock.
In my valleys hold
The untold stories of heroes
In my caves hear
The cry of triumph and victory
In me feel
The beating of our history.

Notes:

emperor¹ – The Yellow Emperor, whose pill, made from various herbs on Huangshan, made him immortal

chang², li³ – Ancient Chinese units of Measurements

Red Guard⁴ – student movement in China during the cultural revolution, known in Chinese as 红卫兵

my monkey⁵ – Famous rock on Huangshan named “Monkey watching The Sea – 猴子观海”

jiayou⁶ – Chinese term of encouragement, meaning “stay strong”

Tales from China's Magical Mountains

Singapore International School, Wong, Andrew – 15

your feet flicker to a halt.
we stand swaying idly,
together,
like sputtering flames stroking the curtain of winter
whispers.
sweat utters from your murmuring pores,
coating frigid flesh in an
instant
as it splits the surface.
we stand together,
having existed on, traversed, and explored
this peculiar Path
that seemingly
breathes no Beginning,
and heeds no End.

but in a single heartbeat,
my senses adjourn from reality,
the premonition of your stagnant
heartbeat
bleeding into me
like the dull starlight
dissipating from above.
the End is in sight,
for the Path we share
begins pirouetting into the ashen
yet lucent veil of mist
that carelessly shrouds the Inevitable mountain peak –
a craggy silhouette finally unsheathing itself,
beckoning us towards the heavens.

i have no doubt
that The Time will come,
as all times do,
when we wistfully crest
the mountain top,
and must depart from within each other.
but as i subsist in this delicate film of time,
refusing to grasp this unsurprising revelation,
i birth a pulsing ache
of sudden benevolence towards you,
so raw in its intensities,
yet simmering in painful nostalgia.
an ache only now
do i recognise in you too.
a lifelong ache of heartburn, of degrading joints,
from being battered by
this mostly unforgiving universe.
now i understand

that in time,
i can,
and i should
finally let you go...

rest.

when you eventually begin
to rot gracefully in the open arms of nature,
crumbling like sand
and dissolving into ice-encrusted boulders,
i will have drifted away
acceptingly,
returning to the radiant nebula of stardust that birthed us both,
to witness from up above
the new beginning,
as you breathe green life
and newfound warmth into this mountain top —

just as you breathed life
and bestowed a perpetual purpose
upon me.

The Muse

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Cheuk, Tui Yau Kinnia – 16

why do you lead them on, my muse?

the woodland haze emblazons my glazed fleece
as i traipse yet again into the realm
with clashing hoots of surfeit praise that ring
behind my back, indulgent mob of fools.

do not forget, i am where you belong.

the glade is humming vibrantly today
with musky air that buzzes full in mirth.
a moon has reaped since i first came to see
peculiar, seeping growth beneath the mead.

it is time.

a crunch of chips disrupts the symphony
and sadly, tourists they do not perceive
the calm that blankets you when sparrows glide
across the scarlet sky where clouds repose

atop the jaded canopy of pine
adorned with dew that shimmer in the sun,
tiara which no man dare replicate;
but cheeky pixies do sew their own crowns

in peonies and lotuses galore
and reindeer strut about in utmost pride,
i am your king, they neigh with heads held high —
no, they do not perceive, they do not know

the land.

come to me, we are almost there.

my battered pipa gently grazes me,
my soul preparing for the custom *whoosh*
as chords resound within the mystic realm
the pentatonic rise, the seventh pause,

and all is well. do sing, my frayed silk strings,
do serenade the mighty forest shades,
for whilst i strum the myths of old
some harmonies would work wonders to charm:

“look here, the gleaming embers in our soil
which line the fertile bedding for our herbs
that cure all ill, no matter bod or heart —
these are the sacred ashes lingering

from when the Monkey King brought down the skies,
a heavn’ly golden kiln spilt sputt’ring fire
over the hilltop under your bare feet,
and so ’tis called the honoured Flaming Mount.

back then we burnt ferociously afloat
mass smould’ring flames, a steadfast barrier
that kept away the brave who sought and fought
to conquer miles of unknown land ahead.

the reason saplings grow anew today
aligns with why i gift my song in praise;
the grace that Princess Iron Fan bestows
unfailingly upon our land.”

whirlwind, a blessing, as always.

“when June arrives, the whirlwinds rise among
the weeds. they are the Iron Fan’s offspring
who cease the reigniting of the ash
in frenzied waltz and calming aftermath.

although the sun has risen on the third
of June this morn and tis the first time She
has not arrived; i do not fear for She
is always near and never fails to bless —

our — land — “

“

i am here, my muse. it is time.

Princess, your muse is here at your command.

i sense foul disrespect on my territory.

these years have brought to us a swarm of men
so ignorant, so eager to destroy
yet they mean well, i know, my dear Princess.

if they mean well, they must understand.

it is time. the fabric of our land is far too vulnerable.

i cannot bear to feel the wear and tear on my heartstrings;

they are one with the veins and anchored to the core of this very land.

i understand.

now go, dear muse.

carry out your duty, for though it is hard, it is more sacred than they can ever fathom.

we have our pride, they have their own;

but pride and arrogance are of the same genesis.

„

my pipa shivers at the thought. three chords.

the first of harmony, the second strum

of peace, the third a crash of dissonance

reverberating in the lightning sky.

at last the thunderous gates collapse

and we sink away into ourselves

not from the world

but from the suffocating cinders of derision and ridicule.

one day, we will be reborn.

Ling Shi

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Chow, Kei Yin Audrey – 16

I speak on behalf of the *Ling Shi* Society of Huangshan.
There are many of us, I suppose.
Concealed in the mysteries of home, but
if you'd ever paid attention, you'd see,

Every once in a while,
I am startled from my slumber --
Man with an odd request
for time beyond eternity.

If you wanted directions to the highest peak,
If you wanted the tree with the best view of the sunrise,
That I could help you with, maybe even give you a tip or two.
(I even know how to brew the best wine!)

I cannot give you a passport to heaven.
I cannot give you an extension of your time.
I cannot give you what you want, sir,
You cannot wish upon a rock.

Who, you ask, prayed so incessantly?
Nowhere to be found
I have never seen the man again
But they say --

He has lifted the shackles of time and
lulled the essence of humanity!
Day bleeding into night but he breathes
together with the mountains and with us.

Ling Shi! They call me.
There is *Xian Qi* from the blessings of the Gods!
Apparently I can grant you a wish?
I am a gift and a blessing.

They come in swarms now.
Hushes, murmurs, whispers of greed and hunger.
Buzzing about me with their excited cries.
No, no, I am just a rock.

Father Above All

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Ho, Yan Ching Isabelle – 15

Let me tell you a story,
Not carved in stone nor paper,
Not recorded in China's eminent history.
This is my modest tale of the dragon
from China's magical mountains:

I was bred in an egg,
Nourished by the bitter chills of the sea,
Till I coughed my first breath of fire.
The shell shattered to pieces forming
The land you stand on now.

With a touch of my paw,
Flowers bloom and trees grow,
I own the gift of creation, all-mighty and transcendent.
A tear from my eye, the rain will pour;
A stomp of my foot, the Earth will shake.

From silt soil I created life,
Molded, shaped, new creatures every day.
From chickens to peacocks, mice to eagles,
Yet my best creation is you.

I breathed fire onto land,
And air into your lungs. All that trouble
Just to ensure your lives could sustain.
Now to answer the burning question in your heart:
why I hide behind the mist of China's magical mountains.

You have the audacity to ask! How DARE you.
Clouds sourly cry for your obnoxious deeds.
Fires no longer burn for passion in your heart.
Trees have cascaded into lifeless sheets. But
Your ravenous indulgence has only just been sparked.

You have ruined the planet I cultivated for you.
You have altered natural phenomenon that were once set in stone.
The world, once a fine tapestry I sewn, is
Now torn apart into fabrics and scraps.
Why should I watch my chattel rend?

China's magical mountains is my last safe abode,
The caves and the mist, where I hide from sore woe.
Don't disturb my tranquility, pleading for help.
Fathers cannot fortify their children forevermore –
I hear your days halting, and I wish not roam on Earth

Alone.

Believer

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Tam, Tiffany - 16

You angle your head
Up to heaven
Seeking my smudged
And distant figure

Settled in the
Cusp of the
Eastern province
Of Anhui

I am shrouded in
The silk of clouds
Adorned by wreaths
Of emerald green

Crowned by a
Halo of splendor
From the rising
Sun and casting me

Under the brightest
Of all lights
Outshining the
Shadows at my feet

As I wonder
And ponder
What it is you seek
From my rich and

Plentiful depths
Holding secrets
Far beyond your
Finite reach

But you dream
And dream
Of wondrous myths and
Fantastic legends

Of blissful life
And sweet escape
Of wispy winds
And ancient paths

Worn down by
Generations and
Generations of
Your kind.

You cannot help but
Be drawn to me
To unfurl the
Mysteries sitting

Behind this cloudy
Screen of times
Past like a river
That never stops

Flowing with life
So painfully beautiful
Painted with the
Allure of magic

That throbs deep
Within my cavernous
Expanse and
Runs through

My glowing veins
And jagged soul
That stands long
And strong.

Now I see you
An overwhelming
Speck on the ground
With your arm

Stretching to my
Looming shadow
Tangible as the fog
That slips between

Your open fingers
Trying to drink in
The grandeur of
My presence.

Your face is set
With the determination
Of unyielding stone
And undying spirit

When hearing
My solemn, gentle
Whisper telling you
To *believe*

And maybe one day
You will see--
The soaring dragons
Above my celestial peak
The flourishing flowers
Studding lush leaves
The arching pines
Straining skyward
The thunderous falls
So spirited, so spirited
All indicative of
The well of magic that
Lies within me.

Don't Let Me Go

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Yau, Christian Edward – 16

(Inspired by the fable of “The Foolish Old Man Removes the Mountains”)

The Eastern Hills provide more sweetness
for settlement. I am envious.
Yet an old man lives at my doorstep,
For days he walks around me, near breathless.

He stands alone; I sway at him —
he does not wave back. His eyes, grim,
hollowed-in, aged, yet still young with
a dangerous spark of Determination.

His descendants are legion;
he is Abraham and I his lamb.
Shouts and barrows go back and forth,
for days I have tasted nothing but iron.

Motionless, I dutifully stay,
guarding my treasure, Wong. We outweigh
the Palace; we tower above
storms; our bodies are one stockade.

Full moon fell but thrice before
The night fog clouded me from *mon amour*.
I am blinded from the stars by
the lanterns and fires beneath my roof.

You send two giants, heavy but graceful,
Fat-swans, Fall-leaves, Fine-iron,
Hardened-steel. They lift me as a mother
lifts a new-born child. I stand still.

We are separated, an eternity broken
by a house of lies. We take our place
in the sky, element within element.
Silently we are smothered, choked with air.

The octogenarian lies among narcissi,
His breath brought gently to my ears
By the northern wind. The land below me
glistens like gold. *Don't let me go.*

Poetry

Group 5



The Elixir, Attained

American International School, Chaudhuri, Aishani – 15

She remembers her mother
telling her of *immortals*
with black top knots,
weathered monarchs
lording over realms;
she heard of them enough that, in
her earliest fantasies, she teased from them
kindly smiles that held
history's wisdom and promises of
elusive peace.
Those were her first dreams—
the ones that came after held
little importance, but they brought down
clouds to wreathe the
peaks and veil
the great Yellow Mountains,
until she was left with
only wisps of memories that
her outstretched fingers could
never quite grasp.

Years later, with the taste of sorrow and
burden fresh on her
tongue, she sought out
the laps that had cradled
her in sweeter
days;
it was a homecoming, each
step a beckon—
the spirits called, in the
wind that tugged on her hair and
the leaves that reached out to
brush her arm.
The summons, were they for her?
For a figure so
insurmountably humbled, so
incongruous
amidst the thrumming vitality
of divine creation?
They were; they always
had been, the very words that promised
her wisdom and granted her
peace when she little
needed it.
There was no
conquering mountains, that day—
only a girl,
her people,
and understanding.

She remembers her mother
telling her of *immortals*
with black top knots,
and her ink carries
those words into
eternity.

The Scenic Route

American International School, Wang, Ashlynn – 17

the scenic route

the journey ascends skywards
requiring the lift of a foot
if I wanted to know you better
there was no use to stay put

sorrow dissolved in autumn breeze
a faint smell of rain in air
years, lustrums, decades of weathering
had clouded the sky with despair

a whisper lured my eyes
to notice the easy method up
a safety bubble— a cable car
the sheltering shortcut

pine needles of reality
prodded through my sleeve
if I chose the untaken path
I won't arrive till eve

your fickle mood began to show
as your weeping paused
I took this as a welcoming note
to wander, to drift, and be lost

rhythmic strides blended with
the notes of an avian tune
my breath was sharp, like icicles
as the cold sunlight continued to loom

as I climbed up I spoke to you
about my past and birth
a mutual understanding gradually formed
as you answered through the earth

your name signified yellow
and was a gift from the past
your face was masked by an ocean of clouds
with emotions I couldn't grasp

your height was from the 36 peaks
an enchantingly dangerous view
your wisdom was from the people
whom resided in villages of bamboo

your beauty was beyond spectacular
bringing me to my knees
your soul contained an ethereal glow
with secrets that lies beneath

your reputation flows through the rivers
carrying poems and songs of praise
your legacy is spread by travelers
who leave with an awestruck gaze

the journey that ascended
skywards
brought euphoric tears in the
end
I'm grateful for taking the
scenic route,
and meeting you, my friend.

Savage

Canadian International School, Cheung, Justin – 16

They call me the savage that is rotting far away

These are faint whispers that echo tremendously in the empty valleys of seclusion.

The silence kills and rips me apart

And these voices manifest into corruption.

But stone walls only awaken my voice

While their walls drain and crush their spirit

I live in seclusion while

They tear one another's spirits apart to survive in the

Home

They built.

Yet the taboo to escape. Leave. Flee. Run.

Wuthering heights, the gales swirl and convolutes with the aroma of sweet pine.

They whistle along empty canyons

And sacred caves.

Blooming flowers of white, the phantoms of the past whisper and stroll.

The dew streams into the morning mist

And touches glacial frost.

They cast reflections of humanity upon this primal landscape.

High above civilization,

The birdsong my rhythm, the ocean high above my canvas.

I am

Home.

Gaze far enough into the mist

and the mist gazes back,

And drills into your soul and calls forth a flutter of passion

Two

Lone

Shadows.

Irises that gaze and ponder upon the soul.

A palm reaches out and rests upon a shoulder.

"You are not meant for this world"

A drop of reflection.

Two years.

Yet in the suffering there is beauty, there is purity.

I ponder but I am not dazed.

I wander but I am not lost.

Indeed, they call me the savage that is rotting far away...

Stories Foretold

Canadian International School, Erikson, Skye – 16

From the peaks,
All and nothing was told
And recounted
In a spiral of inquiries
And moments

A symphony of music,
Told in the dead silence of night
Crash through the euphoric stillness,
Seas of harmonic waves
Setting the sky on fire

Etched into the sky
Were scars of stories and songs
Long forgotten,
But still told
By those who remembered

In the peaks and valleys,
Creatures danced and galloped,
Stopping only for precious baths
Of sun or moonlight
As if pleasantly frozen
In time

In the fog,
Whispers loomed and sang
To unsuspecting ears and minds,
Bringing those ever deeper
Into hidden secrets
Of folded earth and stone

Trees crooked and bent
Like the backs of old men
Were outgrown
By those who stood tall,
But the tales still remained,
Strong and everlasting
Like the caves in which
Air simply stopped

Stagnant and still,
The mountains lay
As the fabrication of history unfolded,
And its morals sat bare
Upon heaps of paper and ink,
Running through the pages
As if seeking
The next story

Where the Wind Carries You

Canadian International School, Naujoks, Angelina – 16

Young girl,
pigtails dancing in the mountainous breeze.
Lonely, reflective
basking in the last rays of the day
which baptize the calloused rocks
with golden light,
casting it's regenerating magic.

Gazing out she admires
the majesty of the mountains
throning above the clouds,
as if mocking god's decision to create
the tiny creatures called humans.

Her still wrinkle free hands grasp the air,
so crisp, unpolluted
by humanity's strange desire for destruction.

She loves her home— Huangshan,
an intersection
where humanity and nature become inseparable.
Sneering faces, hidden behind stoic rock,
washed out with age, creating cascading folds
interrupted by jagged edges.
What lies beneath the mask?

She wonders.

And then she hears,
distinguishing itself from the roaring silence
a euphony of voices—
they whisper their testimonies
light as a breath, drenched in history.

It's the eternal cycle, of bloodshed and conflict,
then reconciliation.
Followed by more conflict.

It's two lovers, one leaning for a kiss,
the other pretending to be preoccupied.

It's the poets, inundated with cynicism
egos filled to the brim.

It's the death of wise men
leaving behind grieving widows.

And it's the little girls, naive with hope.
The wind will carry them far.

Apocalypse Asylum

ESF Island School, Chiu, Deborah – 16

When our sun ceases to exist;
When the stinging silence screams back;

When
wars rupture and dissipate
like beads of rain, acid rain:
that erupt into the soil;
Corroding and full of greed;

When our pride trembles to the ache,
with
a piercing whimper they don't hear;

When time's fingertips clutch onto
every
heavy atom of our chests;

We'll run across *the Yellow Mountains*
un-destroyed, and un-destroyable.

Slipping into history-drenched haze
of a billion beginnings.
This haze, from a world so fragile—
that my hands, they quiver with awe.
Gist of rays blurring, flickering,
soaked in the crux of our pupils.

Watch as the trees pulse to a melody.
Taste
the breeze that reclaim our identity.

Now what's left lingering
is a whispering ring,
in the misty mornings:

of shivering wrongs in empty lungs,
and
untold rights that fight with jaws clenched tight.

We will then feel our mouths scorch with desire
as we breathe the promises of *Huang Di*.
We'll—
ignite the torch with only our tongues.

Standing atop *Huangshan's* peak,
different voices find the same shriek.
Raging wails for peace, for truce;

We'll—
scream until they know what we mean.
We'll—
ache until they know what it takes,

because soon, someday,
when they start to ache
for another chance

to smile so hard it stings,
to hear the frail earth sing,
and watch the world pass by;

and maybe then, they'll hear this cry..
when we watch the death of our sun;

A Blight so Daft and Deathless

ESF Island School, To, Chit Yu – 16

AD 747,

Huangshan stood in all its splendour
Till it came, the savage wrecker —
Tian zi, wannabe immortal clad
in robes, gilded, hefty bronze,
yet still he yearned for more.
He tore, ravaged, silenced, crippled;
tusks, pelts, limbs, bark, turf, he filched ‘em all,
jades shattered, smashed into smithereens,
pulverised, liquefied, diluted,
downed all in a draught
— certified life-extender —
with all his imperial might.
(or, more specifically,
soul-reviver.
So more fool him, the daft, the greedy,
He, who paid the price.)

Hence he lay, buried in grit,
rotting, shackled,
in the midst of those he wronged.
“*Resurgam*,” he breathed, afore he spoiled, lungs and corpse and all.

Now,
unshackled,
he rose, unhindered, donned on fleshy garb.
Its neck, wreathed with pleated wrinkles stretched —
and stretched, until dawnlight spilled upon its scabrous back.
It knifed past roiling, tumbling clouds, swift as ever, awash
with light, with lingering inklings, forgotten woes,
past noble crests, mist-girdled, unyielding.
Brows furrowed. It squinted, sifted,
in befuddled, vexed
vain.

Ire stoked,
its great jaws tore the mist asunder,
baring fellow statues, crooked, brooding on flattened crowns;
vile scowls downcast, once culpable, rightly shamed;
brimming now with regrets as hard — as cold as flint.
Down sank its scarred heart,
raw with grief, unbidden,
and silent, sharp-edged
pain.

Dread stirred,
it descended, deftly, set, tailing
meandering brooks, lithe, oddly familiar;
beheld lush verdure, blossoms, unsullied, quaint beauties;
and bore witness to how boles of pine, scabbed, plunged into leafless slumber,
saw brambles, stripped of their thorns, crushed;
storks, wings clipped, trodden,
a hornless stag, maimed.
Guilt gnawed, oddly,
all wrath and bile
slain.

Who, pray tell, sowed such seeds, blights, so harsh and crudely lain?

Embers snuffed,
It listened, sobered, paid heed to the mountain's gale
roaming fitful, ceaseless, amongst the soughing trees.
Thrawn talons dug, spoilt soil, strained — thunk.
Wrought with roots, gnarled, worn and sere;
a slab of marble shone, pallid, yet sincere:
Rest thee, cursed, bane of the mountain
— *Resurgam* —
Shock, then
déjà vu.

Ascension

ESF Sha Tin College, Chan, Cyrus – 17

“Up where the lotus flower blooms, lies life’s secret.” Or so the legend foretold.
Like a mantra, the traveller devotedly recited the legend, completely enraptured –
But then, the utterances came to a murmur. His mantra, disrupted.

Behind the clouds and mist the earth rumbled to life,
Pines trees weaved between the swirling sea of white, as it filled every crevice in its shroud
Granite peaks emerged from the perpetual sea, piercing its surface reaching for the skies.

The ground reverberated with an underlying hum, gently shaking the traveller's rucksack –
Snapping him out of a trance. Now, only those peaks were stopping his advance.
His pilgrimage was beginning.

The mountains were unforgiving, the mist growing heavier and heavier with each step.
Wading in the swirling sea, the white tendrils snatched at the traveller
as he slowly succumbed to those lifeless, soulless, stone pillars

His mantra, no longer a beacon of focus –
became a cry for his sanity, as the mountain continued its torment.
As his strength waned – a light – in the distance.

Gravel slipped and shifted beneath his feet,
cutting calluses along the ridges, as he wandered on
his will flickering as the light still released its incandescence

There it was, the gap was closing.
Just beyond that light, upon the peak
was Lianhua, unwavering in its grandeur.

Perched atop, the lotus was in full bloom,
petals imbued with an ambrosial scent
and a delicate, rosy gleam.

Yet to the traveller it looked,
mundane. Like its glamour
had been washed away

The mantra had been his lifeblood,
yet there was no secret,
no answer for the traveller

Instead he had suffered,
endured nature’s torment

For what?

To reach the pinnacle, yet come
empty handed?

To yearn for more?

And then, in a moment of epiphany
like the mist had been lifted

He had found it.

Encompassed by Beauty

ESF West Island School, Donaldson, Armelle – 17

We sweep the dusty caked path with our straw sandals.
Crickets twitter behind sleeping rice fields in the cool tranquility of dawn.
Not a whisper of wind. Leaves
unstirred.
Her baby hands clench mine and we make for the waking sun.

With each step, our little village grows smaller.
We gaze languidly down at lush green tea fields that clothe the valley in a light earthy fragrance.
Branches crackle and we giggle at the baby macaques scampering up the trees.
Mischievous as monkeys.
The singing of rosefinches echoes across the vale as we venture deeper into blankets of mist
draping over the mountaintops,
smooth, plane.

Around us shards of sunlight
break through the blush pink petals of a plum blossom tree.
A tender wind rattles her flowers onto the motionless lake below. Spinning petals perturb
a perfect mirror.
Twisted faces of two village girls stare back.
Engulfed in pungent flowery aroma, we lie beneath the tree on fresh mossy earth.
Watching. Listening.

Like delicate strokes of a brush, fishermen glide
on smooth pages of water, balanced on narrow bamboo canoes.
Cinnamon skin and searching eyes.
Ripples disperse as their poles stab the still surface. Their
wide-brimmed conical hats shade their wrinkled faces
darkened by decades under the sun.

Enveloped in this mountainous haven,
encompassed by beauty,
we watch
their movements
spellbound by the gentle lapping of water.

The First Emperor

International College Hong Kong, Cheuk, Jessie – 16

A lone man gazed

Up.

Towards the mountain,

towards the endless opportunity that flitted, just out of reach.

He knew the path, it was instinct. Yet

A tug, an invisible cord at the nape gave him pause.

The constant sobering reminder, perhaps of his humanity.

Laboured breaths became fog as he began his ascent,

straining against the limits self-imposed

In the blooms of twilight,

Smoky silhouette bent under the gaze of eternal judgement. Considering. Waiting.

Yí bù, liáng bù, sān bù¹.

The solitary figure moved ever forward, stumbling and falling,

Mind never faltering as he continued upwards,

into the woods.

Branches wove and stretched, obscuring

Sun, powerful energy rendered mute by the forest.

Still he continued,

A wraith drifting across the surface of the earth, foggy substance hazy against foliage.

The woods listened, the unspoken fears, doubts and exhaustion ringing

Breathed, as it soaked in this and more. Memories,

of past, present and future, conjured and vanished, immortalised

forever in the crevices of bark, the veins of leaves.

Lives that came before,

Paths not chosen and abandoned, opportunities not taken. He gave all

willingly to the forest,

(it was only fair),

venturing deeper,

Higher.

Yí bù, liáng bù, sān bù.

Closer, now.

He journeyed past towering rocks, the frozen monkey,

Shadows slithering across sloping ground as he passed,

Serpentine movements encircling.

The faint flash of amber,

Ancient guardians stirring awake,

Watching, allowing his continued ascent.

¹ The Chinese pinyin meaning “one step, two steps, three steps” (一步，兩步，三步)

Watched, as the path he carved bent and straightened, twisted and smoothed.
The dip of Shandong, protrusion of Tibet.
Watched, as he nearly fell, a sharp incline.
Stumbled almost, a canyon of jagged rocks.
The curved harbour of Tianjin, Tiger Leaping Gorge of Yunnan.
Crossing a final yawning chasm, he bridged the mountain to the heavens.
Young buds blossomed in his path, sharp Bengal Crimsons², the fragile peony³.
Outline barely visible now, he whispered past the edge,
The immortal first emperor, sailing where the sea met the sky, towards the
Dawn.

² Bengal Crimsons, the provincial flowers of Anhui, where Huangshan is located

³ Peony, widely regarded as the national flower of China

Permanence

International School of Beijing, Chen, Lynn – 16

Here,
perched at the
top and watching at the
bare crag.
Light flows down the mountain's
bare flanks revealing sleeping houses,
and prickly-green pagodas
at the ticking of the clockwork sun;
like the coiling and swollen mist,
that is a grey river holding
maximum moisture
and softening the jagged peaks
and steeping the village foot in a finer blur;
also belltowers of contortionist limestone
and brittle looking apartment flats bruised blue
by shadows are washing against the grey foam and tide.

an ancient sea-level is restored,
Atlantis at the other end of the world,
A city of people turned petrified stone.

you realize everything's not the bright
scenery we've been conditioned to see from waxy
travel guides, and an inspiring image search on Google,
but what's unfiltered once spoke to people here and perhaps
the greys, browns, and beiges then reminded a certain
ordinariness, and no matter what heights we go, we can't escape
our dribbled poetry on the ground. We see it in their names of trees:

Love; *The Couple* pine and the "o" for the ring we fit on our fingers for love
Hospitality; kindness for strangers like the *Greeting-guests* pine and *Seeing-out-guest* pine
Fear; the *Black tiger* pine that broods low in the dark cavities of our chest
Hope; a warmth to sustain long winters, a *Leading* pine to take us safely out all storms.

the old poets saw their poetry in these mountains and carved them down.
their skin will shrink and their bones will decompose, but the rocks will last.
But maybe they decided to live here permanently too.

and maybe that's why, perched at the same precipice
ages ago, when the first emperor that tried
to brew a potion for immortal life,
to steal what other's had for strife,
his skin turned stone, his head grew cold,
and a death fell upon him like a knife.

Sleeping to Wake

Kiangsu Chekiang College International Section, Hauschildt, Sophia – 16

Seasons come and seasons go
A never-ending, repeating flow
High atop the mountain cold
The sun is seen and shines gold

Spring wakes anew.
Revealing the new and clear,
Lulling life and dew,
Wiping away old tears.

Summer brings a kiss.
The warmth of the sun
Whisks away the eyes of mist.
Unveiling what is easily missed.

Fall is falling asleep.
New fades and becomes old.
Warm in their keep,
Finally letting of what they hold.

Winter is time,
Shining with crystal rime.
Healing wounds with refreshing snow,
And old awakens new to grow.

Sing to old dusk for a new dawn,
Heralding a new bright day.
Life is a change of seasons, always moving on.
We blossom from old burdens that left away,
And flourish from what has gone.
So let go of what hinders and witness the light of a new day.

A Long Time Ago...

Kiangsu Chekiang College International Section, Iyer, Calvin – 18

Beyond the enclosures of ancient stone walls
That carried the whispers of emperors past
Striking stone edifices, half as old as time itself
Recorded by the poets and the artists on silk
Brocade, on ink on white paper

A long time ago when the earth was green as jade
When the emperors wore robes of gold and silk
Their peaks and crests, decorated in mossy embroidery
And veils of snow and lilac mist
Mysterious and foreboding, the abode of the gods

Golden gingko trees within temple grounds
And silver paneled pagodas, dotting the side of the mountains
Veiled in mystery, strength, and protection of this ancient cradle of life
Each mountain, crest, and peak shall wear down

But remain against the test of time.

Serenity

Kiangsu Chekiang College International Section, Nguyen, Trinity – 16

Take me to the mountains where all the poets want to die.
Fly me across the clouds and show me
How the dragons ricochet off to eternal bliss.
But before I go, let me say a prayer of gratitude
For each chink in my armour.

Isn't it romantic how we could spend our lives
Running barefoot on endless stone stairs with our hearts tied?
Under the curtains of pine trees looks like the perfect place to cry.
We could carve our initials on the walls.
Let it grow with the trees until the world falls.

These mountains gathered here
In heart-stopping echos of folklore.
A place deep in my bones
I call seventh heaven.
A place of tranquility and synchronicity
I call my sacred oasis, my nirvana.
A place of the birth of poems.
I call my religion.

I know you'd never take chances.
I never learn.
Bridges burned.
But this time I'll make it right.
I'd build a castle just to keep you warm
In these perilous nights.

We speak a secret language that will forever linger in these mists.
Long live, the poems we'd write,
Magic we'd make.
And in the last of days,
May our bodies be cloaked with vines intertwined.
May the stairs we walked through
Be decked with memories.

Some day, we will be remembered.

Nocturne of the Tian Du Feng

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Cho, Ming Lok Jessie – 17

Crickets cry crowing lullabies, the heartless knaves
Mocking a lonesome lovebird, blue-bodied, bitter beak
Fluting an elegy ashen to the ear—
In this mist stalks a grating serenity.

A willow gutted to the vein, I
Weep, wetting porcelain pieced from jagged shards,
Savouring the sweet-smelling inks bleeding slowly from
The festering scar in this orphan's soul.

Colourless aurora crawls as frost on flooring.
Gazing into the belladonna sky's milky eye,
Cold smile a deer's horn—take pity,
Alight your blade upon this scurvy self.

Fleet-footed, flickering, this fruitless hunt an opiate,
Your shivering shadows writhe like rabbits, like
Wily smog that slithers and slips, like
Blistering carps in ponds of liquid jade.

Pair of bat's eyes close sightless while
Solitude, my one companion, guides me chidingly
To a noose of soft black silk
Embroidered by the nettle of your demise.

Ascension

ESF Sha Tin College, Chan, Cyrus – 17

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yet there was no secret,
no answer for the traveller

Instead he had suffered,
endured nature’s torment

For what?

To reach the pinnacle, yet come
empty handed?

To yearn for more?

And then, in a moment of epiphany
like the mist had been lifted

He had found it.

Serenity

Kiangsu Chekiang College International Section, Nguyen, Trinity – 16

Take me to the mountains where all the poets want to die.
Fly me across the clouds and show me
How the dragons ricochet off to eternal bliss.
But before I go, let me say a prayer of gratitude
For each chink in my armour.

Isn't it romantic how we could spend our lives
Running barefoot on endless stone stairs with our hearts tied?
Under the curtains of pine trees looks like the perfect place to cry.
We could carve our initials on the walls.
Let it grow with the trees until the world falls.

These mountains gathered here
In heart-stopping echos of folklore.
A place deep in my bones
I call seventh heaven.
A place of tranquility and synchronicity
I call my sacred oasis, my nirvana.
A place of the birth of poems.
I call my religion.

I know you'd never take chances.
I never learn.
Bridges burned.
But this time I'll make it right.
I'd build a castle just to keep you warm
In these perilous nights.

We speak a secret language that will forever linger in these mists.
Long live, the poems we'd write,
Magic we'd make.
And in the last of days,
May our bodies be cloaked with vines intertwined.
May the stairs we walked through
Be decked with memories.

Some day, we will be remembered.

Poetry

Group 6



Magical Mountain

Korean International School Springboard, Chen, Ue – 12

Mountain
Foggy hot
Climb run move
Snow cloud sun trees
Mountain is cold and hot
Run bike climb, the mountain serves

Magical Mountain

Korean International School Springboard, Cheung, Charlize – 12

Volcano
Fresh romantic
Explode, erupt move
Loud noise, heavy shake
Old man with white hair
Waiting for his children to come home
It is sad to see it there

Off We Go To The Mountains!

Korean International School Springboard, Choi, Mattea – 12

Mountain
Mysterious stormy
Seeing climbing hiking
Windy cold steep scary climb
Let's go hiking with our family
It's peaceful triangular calm majestic magnificent

Magical Mountain

Korean International School Springboard, Leung, Darren – 13

Peak
Strange terrific
Hike walk climb
People trees snow animals
The peak is very pointy
It is steep and snow white
The peak looks calm but also lonely

Magical Mountain

Korean International School Springboard, Ryna, Ffion – 12

Mountain
Windy wild
Running hiking climbing
Quiet rocky holy steep
It's windy wild and dark
The dragon lives on the mountain
I feel scared walking on the mountain.



Poetry

Group 7

Mountain Senses

Korean International School Springboard, Kwan, Jordan – 14

It taste like a green leafy vegetable
It smells like moss
It looks like a sharp slope
It sounds like wind blowing in all different directions
It feels like you are on the top of the world.

Magical Mountain

Korean International School Springboard, Lin, Adrian – 15

The mountain is green.
It tastes like vegetables.
It sounds like the howling wind.
It smells like moist air.
It looks as tall as The Shard in London, England.
It makes me feel a bit scared when I go on it.

Magical Mountain

Korean International School Springboard, Tang, Adrienne – 16

The
Mountain
Stood so vast and tall,
looking down upon us all.
His snowy peaks glistened like diamonds
in the light, making a beautiful valley shine so bright.
The Mountain wished to be small and green, the tiny hills were
cruel and mean. Until one sunny day, a group of villagers came to stay.
They made their homes from rocks and wood, they planted seeds within the mud.
The villagers' children love their new home, among the trees where the snow leopards
roam. The nasty hills were jealous and mad, and the big old mountain was no longer sad.
For he realised he would no longer be alone because he was the welcoming Mountain, made from stone.