



# Poetry

Group 5

# Judge Pao: The Chinese Icon

*Korean International School, Yuen, Wai Rainbow – 16*

Judge Pao, the chinese icon  
A hero, he is remembered  
A cultural icon, Judge Pao is  
You might be wondering who he is  
Well, here is Mr Judge Pao

Just by his name  
He is a judge, which is pretty obvious  
His traits are worth learning  
With total honesty  
And also uprightness

He wasn't afraid of sentencing his uncle to prison  
As he believed in justice  
He gained his title  
The honorable title  
Judge Pao  
The injustice defeater

So Judge Pao, the chinese icon  
A hero, he is remembered  
A cultural icon, Judge Pao is  
You might be wondering who he is  
Well, here is Mr Judge Pao

# Why Not Make Haste?

*St. Joseph's College, Siu, Sung Yan – 18*

down, down, down the rabbit hole,  
hear, hear, hear the chants of souls—  
wander, in restless rumbling murk  
Wonder, beneath it lurks

Ox Headed approaches with a cling, cling!  
Horse Faced arrives with silver chains dangling,  
“Follow us, follow us,” they say, “you are misplaced.  
Hurry up, hurry up. Make haste.”

“Who are you? Where am I?  
Why must I comply?”  
“Silence, speak no words,” says Horse Faced,  
“For you are dead and must make haste.”

From the murky depths we depart,  
At the lines in front of the 5th Infernal bureaucracy we part.  
Ember, the magenta glow of lanterns,  
Amber, the flame within paper auburn.

Strolling in the darkness as a ghost  
is not something I'd like to boast  
Yet— the eerily quaint scene, the soots of incense, soothed my soul  
I ponder about— afterlife, me, and the past — “MAKE HASTE!”

Resonating, I hear, the Yan Luo King's deep voice in the hall,  
Resonating, the parchment of my past spread open for all——

“Make haste!” Acquaintances said;  
“Make haste!” Strangers said;  
“Make haste!” Everyone said;  
“Why make haste?” I said.  
“But you must make haste.” They said;  
And so I acquire this state,  
“Why not make haste?”  
“MAKE HASTE!”

Not good, not bad— T'is the judgment,  
Out in a second, I have my soup  
To oblivate my past enjoyment and torment  
Hastily, leap into life's loop.

By the looking glass I observe my reflection,  
A rabbit, alas, is my complexion  
Hastily, I leap—  
down, down, down the rabbit hole.