



Poetry

Group 5

The Scales

ESF Sha Tin College, Ho, Athena – 17

Under that clear sky
Justice delivered by water –
A thief's oiled fingers,
copper coins,
a peasant boy,

Impersonal is the sentence, yet so precious are the bonds

Those in pursuit of true justice must know
surely,
Of whether they are content to have
the loneliest job in the world?
Or if the toll of a scales' brass weight
is a token of loss' favour,

Made rigid like an exclamation
The purer the heavier, a coveted jadestone
Every groundbreaking story closed
Only aims to form another
For who but precious History?

Which I imagine then
if the Crescent Moon could ever learn leniency from law?
Alas, the concubine of a principle promised to fairness

Voice of the commons, authority so solemn
A heart like an atrium housing a phoenix –
To condemn is to ask distance of its warmth.

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.