

Poetry

Group 4



An Ode to Tea

ESF Sha Tin College, Chiu, Jennifer – 14

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

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

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

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

Kite: Brilliance by an Eye, Insights on the Sky

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Cen, Xinyan – 16

Glance up high—

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

Follow the line—

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

Is the weather fine? –

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

Make it your best sign—

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

To spread and define through time—

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

Creative Writing Poetry

Group 4

The Inventor's Curse

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

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

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

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

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

Across the globe, icarus flew too close to the sun;
back at home, belligerents grew too close to becoming undone.
Theseus too led the charge, slayed the minotaur, and yet was snubbed;
caught in the crossfire, innocents devastated, destroyed, leaving the inventors shunned,
stunned that no refund could be found, while their men sank, gunned.

As the butterfly's gust turns into a storm,
history repeats, and towards war, nations swarm.

The missile encroaches on its targets without care.
Troops in tumultuous terror clash, unaware.
Barbed wire, sprawled across the quagmire,
snag and snare unsuspecting soldiers,
rending into flesh and bone indiscriminately.
Artillery shells batter relentlessly,
a persistent barrage plaguing persevering trenchers,
entrenched in sludge, yet undeterred.
Rife with furor, disorder reigns,
a tempest of shouts, screams, and shots,
gun barrels barrelling towards death,
mind clouded in bloodthirsty mists,
an incurable addiction,
deftly defying death
with a brazen charge.

Yet no chaos compares to the missile's flare.

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

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

Wilting Exploration

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Poetry

Group 5

Ephemeral Monuments

Chinese International School, Fei, Yawen Jodie – 16

*On turtle shells,
amongst the stars,
written are tales of
China's inventions
– ephemeral monuments.*

I. Illumination

A moment,
sparkling, lighting up skies,
putting the gleam
in gleaming eyes,
unfadingly inspirational yet a fading sight,
planting a flickering flame
that could, one day, become a roaring blaze.

Tales were told,
of carving knives,
and specks of charcoal,
of looms, needles, and fiber and string.
And more tales were told,
of ideas or ambitions,
of lucid fantasies that were made into realities, driven by the same stubbornness,
the same persistence,
a will to make dreams come true.

Devotion from centuries ago remains, crafting dreams, illuminating dreams.

II. Momentum

There once was a man, an inventor.
(His name, *Cai Lun*.)
When moments were to be remembered,
words were written on paper,
instead of dense bamboo sticks.
Letter after letter, word after word,
scrawled across surfaces as black ink leaves the brush, leaving stories
to be eroded by time.

There once was another man, another inventor. (His name, *forgotten*.)
 Moved bone inscriptions on turtle shells,
 and handwritten copies of literature,
 to identical letters embodied in miniature wooden blocks, reenactments, verbalized, simple
 moments.

There once was another
 and another,
 and another...

Until there is now,
 another,
 and another,
 and another...

III. Purloin

Claimed,
 by another artisan,
 of a different culture
 to belong to a mismatched background,
 but with a story,
 hidden away, underneath disseminating lies.

Taken,
 as prizes of war,
 by a country elsewhere
 to cold, impassive showcases,
 waiting to be viewed by glazed-over eyes.

A pyrrhic victory,
 for whomever wrongly possesses their so-called trophies, as these emblems,
 of culture, of history, of creativity,
 are taken back in people's hearts
 to where it truly belongs
 yet remaining where they are
 to eventually
 return.

IV. Legend Says...

Some are carrying – or trying to carry –
 a legacy of devotion on their shoulders
 as they move forward,
 burdened with trust,
 while attentive eyes pry at them,
 (*hidden in the dark*)
 to stop them from writing new tales,
 tales of innovation.

Some are on a journey – or wandering amongst lost thoughts – to step out of old,
 longstanding tracks
 into a new light, to make new footprints.

One at a time, they mark new steps,
 following a compass of previous triumphs and they step down with a weight,
 not of the sky, but of tales that their children could tell, tales of a future to recover.

Some are blamed – or wrongly accused – showered with hypocritical claims,
 that hinders them like a blurring veil

but they light it up

red, blue, a splendid purple

and like phoenixes

that rise from ashes

stories soar, higher than the flames,

to become tales,

tales of success and successors.

standing

on the cusp of tomorrow,

you look ahead, afar

to see a horizon built,

by tradition, innovation,

and the devotion

of many, and many more

in the tales of

China's inventions

– ephemeral monuments.

Five Thousand Years

ESF West Island School, O Mara, Alexandra – 17

Cast into fire, dragon bones set ablaze,
mortal impurities burned to smoky haze,
careful hands stroked the symbols engraved,
and now stoke the hearth that eats it all away.
Cracks, a tapestry of the stars is made,
familiar shapes emerge as the embers fade,
a crossing of lines, a crossing of fates
sculpting the image of a universe that now awaits.
The beginning unfolds as the people turn to proclaim,
look now, how the universe spells its name!

Spinning cocoons, steamed and threaded,
sent down roads many feet treaded,
barbarians lie waiting out of sight,
caravans huddle closer, tight.
Merchants sell, but cannot possess
the Great Weaver's secret, kept close to her chest,
oh, but western monks come armed with lies,
they stare at weavers with their prying eyes.
Silk is knowledge, inky imprints of scholars long gone
Silk is prosperity, nobles garbed like graceful swans
Silk is culture, music sweetly uniting the Empire
Silk is the king across the earth's perverse desire.
Mulberry, eggs, leave concealed within a gentleman cane,
and so was the end of China's silk reign.

Roaring dragons awake from slumber,
driven by a shaking thunder
splitting earth, gives rise to disaster,
pearls of knowledge direct aid faster.
Hungry frogs with gaping maws,
hear the quakes from cracked earth's jaws.
Splendid carvings in bronze and gold
can't hide the tragedy the seismograph told.

Solitary monks play with forces unknown,
they labour for their emperor, alone.
The chosen son the world above has blessed
longs for the one thing he does not possess.
Immortality is what the emperor requires,
and the alchemists will deliver him phoenix fire.

Powder, black as the northern sky
strays close to where a timid fire lies,
blazing powder, erupts to bring,
scorching, blindness, suffering.
It seems destruction is all these ashes can incite,
so send them up to join the inky darkness of the night.
Perhaps later they will be used to inflict pain,
but now they only spark marvel, wonder at the burning rain.

Cloud ladders extended to the sky,
reaching for the realm where the heavens lie,
then fall back to the raging battlefield below,
skewering the walls that shield their foe.
Spoken or bound, legends unite fact with myth,
tales of battles for succession serve as monoliths,
some inventions are made only for the mind,
to masquerade the fickleness that plagues humankind.
Still, the mandate of heaven will be eternally passed,
for the good intent of dynasties will never last.

Up and down five thousand years
yet the end of conflict never nears
why must this kingdom, so very grand,
be locked in eternal fight for the land?
Perhaps like the Phoenix, the everlasting beast,
she must reinvent herself to renew the peace.
Though from long battles her body may ache,
her heart ignites, like the flames she will awake.
China once again rises to spread her wings,
the heavens will listen when they hear her sing.

Every poem must end, yet it is hard to stop!
Earth extends to the sky, can we ever reach the top?
the rivers run, a babe's hair grows long
life continues, spring flowers awake to birdsong
like the Great Wall that lays across this vast land
these progressions were crafted by thousands of hands
and still the future is something that we can mould
as the stages of civilization continue to unfold
from stone to steel, from sky to space
new tales will arise as humanity continues its race
because the tale of inventions are the story of man
empires rise and fall but the people will still stand.
I could've begun this story anytime, start, middle, end
I could've listed everything, but you've no time to spend
as I behold the modern Ancient, I bring this to a stall,
I see invention is less of a leap, more of a steadfast crawl.

Chin-novators: A Vision of Pasts, Presents, and Futures Boundless

St. Paul's Convent School, Yip, Sum Yue Cecilia – 16

Early dynasties' gifts spread far and wide
 In thoughts that shaped our modern worlds inside
 Long past Zhou's age of legends galore
 Through Shang's bold days of bronze cast lore
 The humble compass' secret of north's guiding light
 Paved landscapes' trails for travellers out of sight

Through Han's imperial ink renown did fly
 On mulberry sheets thin wisdom sailed the sky
 Light borne on fibres fine without delay
 Brought learning to all lands both near and away
 Bold Tang's inventions lit the skies afire
 Progress' roots through means both bold and dire

Song's presses innovation spread afar
 Tales and wisdom flowing free sans dearth and scar
 Woodblock pages opened serene scenes astream
 Wisdoms freely shared through efforts' gleaming dream
 Heroes of yore left legacies immense
 Where innovation's branches broad commence

Now visions take modern flight so free
 As seeds nascent futures' magic we see
 Currents' powers high highways afloat
 Vehicles roam charged without load's bloat
 Towers reach heavenward on missions so bold
 Freights and travellers upwards their goals unfold

Within labs life's codes grow new each day
 Forms crafted lucid from patterns' array
 Save health when grim death calls near
 New cures from death shall souls redeem and steer
 Skies may elevators soon come to know
 Reach moon and stars where life and wonder show

Solar wings energy's beams may trap
 Explore untamed lands with leisure's welcoming nap
 Twist distances as space and time entwine
 Where galaxies future visions define
 Through epochs ideas bloomed strong and sure
 Visionaries' paths for pioneers' cure

Heritage's gifts past genius honours still
 Push unknown realms that wonders unveil and fill
 As springs of progress flow renewed each tide
 Thinkers lesser hailed shine in views worldwide
 Blossoms creativity on fancies' feathered toes
 Humanity ascends sweet science's surge shows

Forever the call of progress rings out strong
 Each deed lifting futures in gladsome song
 Potential untapped still their vigils keep
 As wisdom's light glows deep and skies leap
 Through pioneers' weaving, glories resound
 Inspire all peoples the whole world around

Creative Writing Poetry

Group 4

The Inventor's Curse

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

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

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

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

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

Across the globe, icarus flew too close to the sun;
back at home, belligerents grew too close to becoming undone.
Theseus too led the charge, slayed the minotaur, and yet was snubbed;
caught in the crossfire, innocents devastated, destroyed, leaving the inventors shunned,
stunned that no refund could be found, while their men sank, gunned.

As the butterfly's gust turns into a storm,
history repeats, and towards war, nations swarm.

The missile encroaches on its targets without care.
Troops in tumultuous terror clash, unaware.
Barbed wire, sprawled across the quagmire,
snag and snare unsuspecting soldiers,
rending into flesh and bone indiscriminately.
Artillery shells batter relentlessly,
a persistent barrage plaguing persevering trenchers,
entrenched in sludge, yet undeterred.
Rife with furor, disorder reigns,
a tempest of shouts, screams, and shots,
gun barrels barrelling towards death,
mind clouded in bloodthirsty mists,
an incurable addiction,
deftly defying death
with a brazen charge.

Yet no chaos compares to the missile's flare.

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

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

Wilting Exploration

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Poetry

Group 7

Roger that, Gunpowder?

Korean International School – Springboard, Chau, Kirsten Hannah – 20

Golden powder bright
Up the dark sky.
No, it is not nothing. It is
Powerful and colorful.
Oh.! No! The
War is coming.
Dangerous guns are shooting off.
Excited to hear loud fireworks blinking happily but no shooting gunpowder.
Roger that?

Paper

Korean International School – Springboard, Chen, Ue – 15

Pencil can write on it
Apply knowledge that fit
People can draw flowers
Energy filled with lover
Rubber can rub out mistake forever

Compass

Korean International School – Springboard, Chu, Ka Lok – 13

Cats and dogs can find their way
Oh, what a day wonderful day
Men and women go on a hiking
People know where they are going
A hand can show the world with grace
Sea and land have their own face
Space & stars will find their milkyway

Paper

Korean International School – Springboard, Chung, Taemin – 12

Pencils and pens are my best friends
Airplanes drawing, writing and more
Precious and useful
Endless possibilities
Recycling me is the best choice for the environment

Abacus

Korean International School – Springboard, Fan, Ethan – 15

Ancient Calculator is very famous
Beads is used for math in the 18th Century
Adding up and subtracting down
Calculations is very simple but getting harder
Until your get the final answer
Summing it up is just very simple!

Bold paper

Korean International School – Springboard, Kwan, Jordan – 17

Books are made out of paper. They come from
Oak brown trees from wood.
Losing creativity makes me feel emotional.
Don't take away my
Paper as I like to write and show off my calligraphy.
Accomplished, unclouded & Voice Over my
Passion on paper. Happily
Ever after, I can't
Rhyme but I like my compassion on the paper.

Dim Sum

Korean International School – Springboard, Ryan, Fion – 15

Delicious
Inventions
Makes me go hungry

Soup, buns and more
Unique flavours
Made by chefs.

Tea

Korean International School – Springboard, Wong, Euan – 13

Tasty drink, I drink it on a cold day.
Earthy , fruity or sour, which one do you like?
A drink that is popular all over the world.

Clock

Korean International School – Springboard, Wong, Pak Him Joshua – 16

Clever and smart they tell the time
Life is easier with it
Over and over they repeat the line
Climb around in a circle, hour, minute has passed
Kee a good time in your life