

Poetry Group 5

Rebirth

St. Joseph's College, Chang, Shun Man Crispo – 17

Clink and clank the chisels chip
The tombs of long—slumbering dragons
Hidden below the lands untouched,
Be reborn soon the bones of legends.
Scavenge and interrogate our fragile bodies
The brushes and forceps, dance and prance
Wantonly on the fallen myths.

Woken from my peaceful rest greeted, By their ever—hungry desire To dig up as many brothers and sisters With feathered and scaled wings and tails, And place them in a brand—new world Full of suppression, deceit and disease Claimed to be the best of times.

Too, I was once a child held dear, By a mother, who picked the freshest of leaves, And a father, who fought the fiercest of beasts; Too, I was once a friend of many, Sky soarers, land dwellers, sea drifters alike; Too, I was once a fanatic lover, Sworn to sacrifice for the supreme.

If only they cared to ask...
Silenced in isolation,
Trapped in a tiny grand hall,
Put on eternal display
Amidst a chattering crowd —
The awaited rebirth
Of history unearthed.



Creative Writing Poetry Group 5

Found

Henrietta Secondary School, Lui, Wing Tung - 15

Is there still a purpose for me to stay?

My family have burnt

My memories have faded

I have withered

Until I felt the soil around me move

No longer longing for the sun and breeze

For once I won't be lonely

They embraced me with curiosity

Maybe curiosity killed the cat

But it made them greater than that

Waking up in this unfamiliar room

Unveiled by this soft loom

Creatures with four limbs and two eyes observing me

My inability to hunt, my vulnerable bone fragments

However, they don't look eager to hunt me down

They look at me with fascination,

And admiration.

It feels like we almost have a connection.

Are they fond of me?

Or do they just like the authority to watch over a piece of history?

I am a piece of history?

No longer a fighter for my family,

A father to my children.

Only a fragment of these roles live on to tell the tale for them.

Treasure me, humans.

Cherish me, humans.

Discover more of me, humans.

China's Giants

Henrietta Secondary School, Wong, King Hei – 16

Before you and me,

Many historical creature.

Ruyangosaurus,

A member of them.

Huge body

Huge bone.

Found by the palaeontologists,

Glad to be seen.

Back on earth,

With bones only.

People coming and watching,

Learning and loving.

Stay in museum,

With many of them.

With a 35 meter long body,

Sit tight with the name of China and Asia's biggest dinosaur.

A virtual body.

In the future, resurrected, it may be.

More to be covered,

Which has been waiting for billions of years.

And known by our descendants.

He, is the Ruyangosaurus!

Elegy to the Legend of Dinosauria - An Ode to Never Forgetting

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Wong, Jeremy - 17

Never forget our bygone brethren, Never forget the sins etched deep beneath our feet, Never forget the Legend of those came before.

I live amongst youth who corral around the feet of giants:

Those who supersede innovation and ingenuity.

They are mesmerized by transience, following in the deep—seeded footprints of those long gone in devout worship. Age touches my palm, though I glimpse into the cataclysm of your demise and feel miniscule worthlessness.

The question is why:

Why is it that we mingle tirelessly in yonder lands, enraptured by an empire whispered through stone and intrigue?

Why does one discover,

if not to gaze into the gaping canyon of birth, the nursery of dreams and unsettling despair? It is You who makes me come alive with reverence, the sole remnant of that wondrous speck of imagination of what happened; the mystery which wracks the back of my mind till dawn breaks and the stars align.

Survival of the fittest:

the plague of civilization and structure.

Through conflict and disparagement we lose
the essence of will, blinded by earthly matters as we turn a
blind eye to the looming universe.

Your generosity had been scorched in earnest sacrifice long before the Earth turned its back on you. Nature makes its lessons clear. Betrayal of value is the ultimate sin; punished indiscriminately by the weeping children of motherhood. You were stripped clean in an instant like the flesh you sowed; only then, shall mammalian parenthood carry on in sunlit duty. The ash of indecency and regret stains the gnashing, grungy skeleton of the kingdom's grandeur, and I am left, alive to ponder succession.

None shall enter, and none shall leave The forbidden lands where vultures grieve. You are lament incarnate, smotherer of communal compassion and collective morale; the withering stem of the Tree of Life bows in despair to unforeseeable visions.

Prone to folly and mistake, I glance backwards at You like I trail behind the flickering memories I worked so hard to create. Despite Your faults, Your blunders, Your misshapen ideologies, no soul who wandered the Earth could challenge the notions of You.

You are the prime experiment: Your trials prove Yourself worthy of the adoration my kind has long melded around Your absence.

Your Legend is immaculate and intricate,

born of Godly thunder and Earthly dominion,
Atop the *Mamenchisaurus*' observatory
Your established trials to conquer are made apparent.
Plucking the feathers of young *Microraptor*,
Your expansion upon this unified world has
endowed Your memory with an airy lightness that lingers
Within the desperate mind.
Humanity must be grateful: for our future looks back
upon Your efforts and Your works; You bear the immeasurable
weight of the hopes and dreams of rousing fans from lands beyond.
From the shadow of Your enigmatic figure, They shall
grow under the beacon of history,
painted with the monocles of hindsight and foresight.

Yet the stars align regardless of the painstaking efforts of all; fate barrels towards sensual thought, and romance descends into calamity.

Though dignity is a rarity amongst our kind, it is inexcusable.

Virtuous reverence for the varied individual shall come to the forefront of our times. To treasure those who We never bothered to glance at, like the banded tail of the *Sinosauropteryx*, we shall abandon the indiscriminate tyranny You instated. Truth lies just below the surface of the frozen lake of wandering ecstasy, and by no means are You free of fault; but it only through Your progress that we shall carry on the will of civilization.

Only a fool could oblige themselves to look past it: the filthiness of human indecency,

and the perceived vengeance on Mother Nature itself; to think too highly of oneself, to proclaim something, anything, is too mighty to fall, is the gravest mistake of all.

My innocence dreams of the flamboyant glamour of the spectacular *Yutyrannus*; its teeth second to its voraciousness, picked apart by whiskers and paws.

Timid, then triumphant.

The mighty falls without the bustling applause or sorrow of an audience.

The sacred sanctum is silent with regret.

That is why we shall never forget.

Never forget! Oh, lovely premonition!

Spite the scattered remains left behind by the cruel dust; to be whisked away to Heavens beyond, to fall prey to the darkness of hallowed abyss, and I shall delight at the sight of it.

No matter how brittle, unwise or ignorant,

experience is a ceramic blessing.

We shall harness the falling stars of improbable opportunity, for Fate has ensured us conscience.

I do not...

I will not...

I shall never...

My mind runs blank with fearless distaste for stasis and mortal suffering.

Children of the World!

Sieze this temporal present and rejoice, for we are alive and well!

Look past those unholy riches sitting in your grasp and

Unburden yourself with revitalized perspective!

Look past the barred walls that stretch between us and

The wastes Dinosauria has neglected,

and bask in the light of Now.

Nostalgia is an unbridled pain – the culmination of generational mortality, the object of abstract suffering and dementia, but it is our transience that makes us precious.

Dinosauria,

know that we are worthy of succession, and

rest in serenity among the clearing dust of human questioning and existence; You ran so we could fly. Our freedom awaits, and the liberation of dynasty begins.

Never forget the Legend of Dinosauria.

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Wong, Matthew - 16

To live one life and throw the rest away

To push, pawn; pander to pieces incessantly,

Chess boards to haul with me, Position C, sea, see I'm

Incessantly nothing, past bluffing, long hauls like a ball along the holl-

Low, pull my reeds, pulley reads, mech-grit, type it.

I used to be man, in their three-fold way,

To lose and gain our youth, uncouth, and smile everyday.

They feed me one man's gold to play

To live one life and throw the rest away.

But wait, once upon a time, today in fact, I met a Satanist.

To live and give a gift as they knew I wouldn't feel it.

Knew I was done with it, and more pennies wouldn't do it.

Baiting me, hey, me hating my day,

Cradle full of sand, I will make, baby girl.

Fill it up, but your hand still I'll hold, baby girl.

Hold your tears till I make you not from sand, baby girl,

Cuz we were nothing until you became father's world.

I used to be man, pathfinding, lectures at hand-

Book, book that knew my hand had me, and ours had shook,

To keep the keepable, gift of fire-stain,

turn your cradle into glass, and parallel to you I will maintain.

Cuz this ancient normal dinosaur, a parakeet, a rarity,

In this place with no feral thieves, it's it and you, just him and me,

With every brush of expertise, miracles won't have to repeat,

your time will come and time will cease.

I have pages so full of so many semantics,

Used to love it, but now I do it so you will not have to have this,

To reap my life in love of how many times and when and who will end,

To throw your life but to the sky above my dragon's den.

He wrenched a trade in equal right yet he know not I've no time of night

And because angels are so rare,

This fossil, like you, is the only one I have here,

And as time congeals and my name yields,

Angels fly above all the names of all my lame-

"Ents", cuz when I shook and gave my deal,

In devil's cane and cradle, sane

Through hell I will maintain,

And we'll be parallel all the same.

The Dusk

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Chao, Chon U Eason – 17

Beneath the sky where daylight softly dies,
The amber hues blend gently into gray,
A fleeting moment whispers, "Time complies,"
As night approaches, stealing light away.

The dusk reminds that life is but a stream, Its current flowing swift, yet calm and vast. We chase the sun, yet live within a dream, Each moment fleeting, none are meant to last.

The fading glow reflects our transient plight, Where joy and sorrow weave a single thread. In shadows deep, we find a quiet light, A truth that lingers though the day has fled.

For dusk declares, in life there's no despair, The end is beauty, painted in the air.

Against Time's Ravage

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Hau, Tin U Ashley - 17

In the vast hall of time, life's candle glows,
A fleeting spark 'midst endless dark expanse.

Swift seconds steal, like sand through fingers' throes,
Each moment slipping, leaving scarce a chance.

The cradle and the grave mark life's brief span,
A journey rushed, with no retreat or halt.
Youth's bloom fades, like petals in the wind,
As time's cold hand reshapes each face and fault.

Yet, in this race against time's ceaseless flow, Our deeds can build a lasting, golden throne. Great works of love, like stars, will always glow, Defying time, its ruthless march disown.

Though time may claim our flesh and mortal form, Our spirit's light shall shine beyond the storm.

Whispers of the Past: China's Prehistoric Beasts

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Leong, Cheng Hin Jess - 17

In ancient times where big lizards roamed,
Under the ground, a story was known,
Of strong creatures, in dark deep,
In China's heart, their secrets sleep.

Among hills where bamboo swings,
Where tales tell of old things,
Dinosaurs walked with great might,
In the morning light so bright.

Their bones now rest in the earth's hold,
Whispers of a time so old,
Echoes of a w

orld far away, In China's valleys, they stay.

New stories come from the ancient ground,
Where old wonders are found,
In China's land, where dragons play,
The tales of time they convey.

Echoes of The Ancient

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Leong, Lok Io Mona – 17

In ancient lands where rivers wind, Where echoes of the past we find, Giants roamed in forests deep, In shadows where the secrets sleep.

With thunderous steps, the earth would shake, As long—necked beasts would rise and quake, They reached for leaves in skies so blue, With gentle grace, the world they knew.

Swift hunters dashed on nimble feet, With cunning eyes, their prey to greet, In sunlit glades, they danced and played, In nature's arms, their lives displayed.

Feathers bright like morning sun,
In vibrant hues, their tales begun,
They soared on winds, their voices clear,
A symphony for all to hear.

From fossil beds, new tales arise, In every stone, a world in disguise, Of battles fierce and friendships true, In China's heart, their spirits flew.

So let us dream of those who roamed, In ancient lands, forever home, With rhythm strong and stories grand, The dinosaurs still walk this land.

Revive

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Li, Ka Seng Bosco - 17

On the vast land where creatures are rife,
Life dances with freedom, so alive.
Even though volcano and storm are very excited,
And the Sinosauropteryx still flies in front of eyes.
This is all because
In its realm where souls can revive.