

# Poetry

Group 1



# The Creation Of The Compass

*Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Chan, Jacey Megan – 8*

Amidst ancient China's lands,  
A gift's crafted by two skilful hands.  
He was Shen Kuo, a Chinese scientist,  
A polymath and a horologist.

Born in Hangzhou, the capital city  
Of eastern China during the Song Dynasty.  
A wise mind of the Middle Kingdom,  
Shen was a master of ingenious wisdom.

With the power of a magnetic stone,  
A secret force, a power unknown.  
A needle, trembling, sought the way,  
Navigating sailors in the ocean spray.

Shen invented the compass, a guiding light,  
Unveiling mysteries of the day and night.  
Also the first to discover the true north,  
A path to follow, a course set forth.

Now, the compass spreads far and near,  
Treasured and embraced by all who steer.  
From the Silk Road to endless boundary,  
We rejoice in this wonderful glory!

# Embracing Connections

*St. Joseph's Primary School, Lo, Chun Hei Brandon – 8*

In ancient times where dragons soar,  
Lived curious hearts that longed to explore.  
Though oceans were deep and mountains high,  
They embarked on journeys far and wide.

A magnetised needle on a leaf  
And a bowl of water was all they need.  
With a compass in hand, they sailed the seas  
Guided by stars and carried by breeze.

Directions all set yet challenges remained,  
For the weather was not forever plain.  
When rough winds blew and tides ran high,  
The ships were tossed and swept aside.

With that in mind, Lu Ban observed  
Fish swim with grace in the way they swerve.  
Enlightened by nature, he invented the rudder,  
That steered the ships through stormy weather.

Deep blue conquered, the next step was flight.  
Silk fabric on bamboo frames, the very first kite.  
Carrying messages across the distance,  
Onto battlefields to the army's assistance.

As gears of the clock turn the wheel of time,  
Opportunities open up to all of mankind.  
Inventions, creations, a flurry of innovations,  
Closing the gaps between human connection.

And China has never stopped in her tracks,  
Advanced and progressed ever so fast.  
Like high-speed camera twirling in a blur,  
Astonishing the world as transformations occur.

For now time has reached the modern day,  
Exploration dreams have never swayed.  
A spaceship was launched to study the heavens,  
By the name of Shenzhou, to solve science questions.

With Tiangong space station, the docking was done,  
 Taikonauts work hard there and float around in fun.  
 And Mars' space mission on its rocky plains,  
 The rover, Tianwen, exploring the terrain.

Up in the skies there was C919,  
 A home-grown airliner developed ever so fine.  
 While millions of people gleefully gather,  
 Watching her glide low over Victoria Harbour.

Over the Earth and the universe we roam,  
 But home is the place we call our own.  
 Deep, deep within we never forget  
 It is our loved ones we yearn to connect.

So let us navigate the uncharted skies  
 To a future where endless possibility arise.  
 With flying suits and time machines,  
 Glowing underwater cities so serene.

And by then, my friend...

Wherever you are, whatever place it might be  
 From the depths of the sea to the alpine trees,  
 To the ends of the Earth on the distant shores,  
 Where snowflakes pour and seagulls soar

Would the distance between you and me  
 Be merely an open door?

## My Belt and Road Railway Journey

*Victoria Shanghai Academy, Chan, Eugene – 7*

On the train, I hop with joy.  
 An adventure awaits for this young boy.  
 Towering mountains, side by side  
 To my left and right the entire ride!  
 As this locomotive makes the bend,  
 Snapshots of landscapes I will send  
 To my teachers, my grandparents and my best friend.

Now, on a bridge high above the water,  
 The closer radiant sun made it seem hotter.  
 Could you imagine how far we have come?  
 The thought of riding horses and wagons made me feel numb.

The stars are like cities that scattered and glowed.  
 Like Beijing, Moscow and Venice, connected along the Belt and Road.  
 A spiderweb of rails that can connect the world:  
 Travellers, tourists and businessmen can see cultures unfurled.

Can you see the crowd at every station we pass?  
 People from all over the world, together at last!  
 Some go home after a long year of school,  
 Tired mommies carrying babies covered in drool.

A modern Silk Road allows ideas to be free.  
 But not just silk, spices, cotton and tea!  
 I won't forget to mention technology!

We stop in Kunming and rest for the day.  
 Destination: Vientiane, on the China-Loas Railway!  
 Over a thousand kilometres of spectacular views,  
 No wonder so many people waited in queues!

We finally hop on, and my seatbelt is buckled.  
 My sister is excited as she laughed and chuckled.  
 Mama gives us a warm and sweet cuddle.  
 Limestone rock mountain as high as the sky,  
 My sister spotted rice paddies with her cute little eyes!

It's amazing to imagine how Chinese inventors think.  
Once a landlocked country, Laos is now land-linked!  
All because of an engineer named JEME Tien Yow.  
Projects like Belt and Road  
Proves the future is now!

At the end of the ride, we see our dad.  
I'm glad I wrote this poem to save the fond memories I had.

Creative Writing  
**Poetry**

Group 1



## New Tales of China's Inventions

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Chan, Ngok Fung Alvin – 6*

In ancient China, where wonders abound,  
Inventions were born, with joy they astound.  
From the compass that guided brave explorers,  
To the swift abacus, with its calculating powers.

Oh, how the fireworks lit up the night,  
With colours and sparks, a glorious sight!  
From gunpowder's magic, they were born,  
To celebrate festivals, a joy to adorn.

The art of papermaking, so delicate and fine,  
Brought knowledge and stories to every line.  
Books and scrolls, with wisdom contained,  
In ancient China, knowledge reigned.

The grand Great Wall, stretching afar,  
A marvel of engineering, a majestic star.  
Built to protect, to defend with might,  
A symbol of strength, a glorious sight.

And let us not forget, the mighty porcelain,  
With its delicate beauty, a treasure to win.  
From vases to bowls, each piece unique,  
Ancient China's pottery, a joy to seek.

So let us rejoice in ancient China's glory,  
Inventions that shaped our world, their story.  
With gratitude and wonder, we raise our voice,  
To celebrate their brilliance, let's rejoice!

## China's Inventions

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Ho, Tak Yuet – 8*

China's inventions are really useful.  
They made most of what we use today!  
All of these things are really helpful!  
They help us with our everyday routines!  
When we want to remember things,  
We write and draw on a piece of paper.  
When we want to get explosive fireworks,  
All we need is some gunpowder.  
Compass is a mini map for us,  
We use it for hiking and sailing.  
Umbrellas can shelter us from the sunlight,  
It also covers us when it's raining!  
Toothbrushes are mops for our teeth,  
They help to make them sparkly white and clean!  
We use silk to make pretty clothes,  
It transforms us into king and queen!

# Fireworks

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Wan, Ho Ching Sophia – 7*

Looking to the skies  
Colourful fireworks  
Blasting through the air  
Boom! Boom! Boom!

Looking to the skies  
Sparkling jellyfishes  
Drifting through the air  
Blink! Blink! Blink!

Looking to the skies  
Thousands of comets  
Travelling through the air  
Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Looking to the skies,  
Glowing flowers  
Blooming in the sky  
Kaboom! Kaboom! Kaboom!

# Poetry

Group 2



## An Omen for the Compass

*ESF Glenealy School, Mithaiwala, Mariya – 8*

China' world's first civilization.  
Developed a magnetic compass used for navigation.

South pointing fish was an amazing invention.  
That helped explorers steer in the right direction.

Lodestone was the material used.  
Steel as the indicator was introduced.

Made in the early 11th to 12th century.  
It was Han dynasty's remarkable victory.

An aid when the sun and stars were concealed.  
Became an eye for the sailors to see.

Shen Kuo was the creator.  
His innovation made China greater.

Spoon was used as orienting arrow.  
Helped navigators find directions to follow.

This glorious discovery was worthwhile.  
It benefited the world from time to time.

China's creation helped geographical research.  
To discover new terrains on mother earth.

## The Four Great Inventions of China

*ESF Kennedy School, You, Dora – 10*

In ancient China, inventions profound,  
Four treasures emerged, their legacy unbound,  
Guiding us throughout our life,  
Let's enhance this ode to their glory,  
And tell their tales with poetic story

A needle, magnetised, in water's embrace,  
Seems so plain and lacks elegance,  
But beyond its simplicity,  
An indispensable tool, that shows you the way,  
Yep, that is the incredible compass!

A mix of sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre,  
Will not result into a magical potion,  
Instead a deadly chemical is formed,  
Which has caused tragedies but also joy,  
Yep, that is the extraordinary gunpowder!

Wooden blocks, etched with patterns unique,  
Dipped in ink,  
Are the start of a thousand books,  
Beginning with just one letter,  
Yep, that is the marvellous printing press!

Rags, tree bark, hemp and water mashed then squeezed  
Could possibly be considered as garbage,  
But it bears history's light,  
A canvas for wisdom and thought,  
Yep, they are magnificent pieces of paper!

These great inventions, these great ideas,  
Are priceless gifts from the past,  
Enriching our world, forever to last,  
China's legacy, woven in time's embrace,  
Inspiring wonder and awe, leaving a glorious trace.

# World-Changing Chinese Inventions

*German Swiss International School, Pun, Kimi – 9*

Paper, printing, compass and gunpowder,  
These inventions gave China its power.  
Bullets, weapons, propagandas and trackers,  
These inventions were altered by the foreign makers.  
Who were the original inventors?

How else can you slurp your noodles up?  
Of course, with a pair of chopsticks, yup!  
Chang fen, mi xian and la mian,  
Transformed into pasta, udon and ramen.  
Who were the original chefs?

Ketchup, tea, tofu and soy sauce,  
Added great flavours into our dinner course.  
Stir frying, roasting and braising,  
Who said it's only for French fries dipping.  
Who were the original gourmet cuisiniers?

England always hosts the European Championship,  
Who knew the first kick balls were actually made in China with cloth strips.  
It's called the ancient Cuju,  
Again, this was claimed by foreign countries too.  
Who were the original football players?

A game with shovelling tiles made of bamboo,  
Carved with patterns like cuckoo.  
Modified into games like Bridge,  
Turned the Italian and French from poor to rich.  
Who were the original gamers?

A match is a powerful tool,  
Ignited firecrackers that were pretty cool.  
Lighted candles and lamps,  
But the foreigners used it to light soldiers' camps.  
Who were the original innovators?

Gunpowder was an accidental find,  
Longevity medicine was what they had in mind.  
It was then used for firecrackers,  
But later used for defending from foreign attackers.  
Who were the original pioneers?

Origami is a Japanese word,  
How absurd!  
It was an idea taken,  
Which made China's heart shaken.  
Who were the original artists?

Wheelbarrow was a lifesaver,  
Helped carrying heavy loads from here to there,  
Transported wounded soldiers from battlefield,  
Later transformed into all things that need to be wheeled.  
Who were the original saviours?

Lurking, stealing, lying and altering,  
Originators were often forgotten.  
These are inventions that changed the world,  
China has been the source of many innovations.  
Still continuing to be the world leading mastermind.

Who knows what will be next?  
It may be another out of the world project.  
The future awaits,  
For other magnificent creations,  
Made by our great Chinese inventors.

# Cai Lun: The Inventor of Who We Are

*Maryknoll Convent School (Primary Section), Chow, Sonja Kit – 11*

In the dark dark world of China,  
 In the unknown corner of Leiyang,  
 there lived a bright, vibrant mind.  
 Where Cai Lun lives,  
 he allows his fingers to connect with hemp and tree bark, instead of tons of bamboo scrolls  
 that tire the knowledge of a simple book.  
 He dreams of something that can carry this book further.  
 It is this stack of dog-eared paper that defines who we are and what stories we tell.

The amount of intellect in his mind,  
 his perseverance intertwined,  
 he made paper,  
 then paper created a world of carrying,  
 the inky world he was born in,  
 How could he ever imagine a page of snow?  
 Without that spark of light,  
 there would be nothing,  
 just like a starless night.  
 There would be no love letters,  
 There would be no newspaper,  
 There would be no source of learning.  
 We would all be soundless.

But Cai Lun wanted us to be heard.  
 he wanted something to pass down for generations,  
 something as thin as the skin of a tree.  
 He waited months and years,  
 for the leaves to change into brown,  
 so as his hair from black to ash white.  
 He no longer feels the scorching pain of the labour,  
 but the trail of words leave scars on his hands.

Not enough words in this world could describe the story of this maker,  
 The maker of all maps.  
 Endless stacks of poetry,  
 Lives in a library.  
 His ideas were first rough,  
 but he did not give up.  
 The piece of paper I am looking at now,

there were once a thousand trees,  
 a thousand years of history speaking to me.

Cai Lun made an ark of light,  
 that's why the ink finds a voice to rhyme.



Creative Writing  
Poetry  
Group 2

## Great Inventions of China

*Yaumati Catholic Primary School (Hoi Wang Road), Cheng, Lok Man – 11*

What are great inventions of China?  
They include the compass, paper,  
Movable printing and gunpowder.  
They are important here and afar.

To replace strips of wood and bamboo  
Which were heavy for people to move,  
Cai Lun invented sheets of paper  
With mulberry and bast fibres.

Paper was gradually spread worldwide  
By travellers on countless camel rides  
With textiles, tea and heavy loads  
Criss-crossing the ancient Silk Road.

The first compass was used in warfare,  
Where a ladle pointed on a calibrated square.  
It was later used to explore and navigate,  
Making an impact in culture and trade.

In a modern compass, the needle  
Is made from a magnetic metal.  
It always points to the north,  
No matter where you go forth.

Bi Sheng invented movable printing  
For efficiently books reproducing.  
Cuts of Chinese characters were made,  
They were as thin as a coin in sticky clay.

Single types were assembled  
In a metal frame without trouble.  
On the solid block, paper was pressed  
So as to create a duplicate of a text.

The first explosive was gunpowder  
Which comprised carbon and sulphur.  
Gas was produced when ignited,  
In a gun it propelled a bullet.

Black powder was multi-functional:  
It was used in fireworks and signals,  
Weapon making, stone digging,  
As well as pipe and road building.

The inventions are ancient but great,  
As the inventors never stopped to innovate.  
Thanks to advances in technology and science,  
We can enjoy daily comfort and convenience.

## Ancient Chinese Inventions

*Yaumati Catholic Primary School (Hoi Wang Road), Fan, Lai Man – 11*

Great inventions of China:  
Compass and gunpowder,  
Printing and paper making,  
They are simply stunning.

The first compass, *si nan*,  
Invented in the dynasty of *Han*,  
Is a south-pointing ladle  
That seems common and usual.

A modern compass is round,  
The needle can turn around.  
It always points to the north,  
No matter what you go toward.

People wrote on strips of bamboo  
Which were too heavy to move.  
They also wrote on fabric of silk  
Which was as expensive as gilt.

Cai Lun created the first sheet of paper  
With mulberry and other bast fibres.  
It was used for wrapping and padding  
As well as writing and printing.

Gunpowder was developed by Taoists,  
Originally for medicinal purposes.  
It was later used in weapons  
At war, such as in cannons.

Gunpowder produces flares in signals  
That illuminate but do not explode.  
It produces power in rockets  
That propels, with gases ejected.

Incised were characters of Chinese  
On wood blocks and pieces.  
Buddhist scriptures and beautiful cloth  
Came from printing with wooden blocks.

Great inventions are all-inclusive  
As well as functional and creative.  
With advances in culture and science,  
Our lives have been more convenient.

# Poetry

Group 3



# The Gift of Paper

*ESF South Island School, Wong, Waai Chung Brandon – 14*

*“The journey of  
a thousand miles  
begins with one step.” – Lao Tzu*

The Gift of Paper

In the realm where ancient China’s embers glow  
Where wisdom and innovation intertwine and flow  
A tale unfurls  
A prophet’s legacy to bestow

In the land where legends breathe life anew  
Dragons dance  
and phoenixes majestically pursue  
Cai Lun, a man adroit  
with profound ingenuity  
He unveils a marvel

Mulberry bark, hemp  
old rags and fishing nets too  
With dexterous hands, he pulps  
and presses

*Paper is born*

Ink pirouettes on parchment’s pure expanse  
Calligraphy —it is a sort of elegance  
bewitching those who behold  
Its dance

Scrolls of Confucius, sacred and copious  
portray secrets of the past  
Legends of warriors, poets, emperors  
engraved on paper, a testament to China’s name

By virtue of Cai Lun’s wits  
the written word ascends

The Great Wall’s splendour, a guardian resolute  
and terracotta warriors too, his honour they protect  
Paper, a witness to  
China’s prestige —a phoenix rising with grace

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*Let minds become dragons  
and soar through  
these boundless skies of  
imagination.*

# How Tea Came to Be

*Nord Anglia International School, Bogard, Ari – 12*

It blew in the wind,  
Attached to its tree,  
Attached to its family,  
When suddenly,

A gentle gust of wind,  
Made it fall,  
Falling,  
Falling,  
Falling,

It was angelic,  
In that moment,

It was a feather,  
Falling from a nest,

It was a piece of paper,  
Blowing weightlessly in the wind,

It was a bird,  
Slowly flapping its wings,  
Flying over a picturesque mountain,

It was a snowflake,  
Unaware that it was soon going to melt,  
And fade away forever,  
Or so it thought,

It was graceful,  
In that moment,

It was a ballerina,  
Performing most elegantly to a sold-out theatre,

It was a swan,  
Gliding across a smooth, cool, lake,

It was a part of its surroundings,  
It fit in perfectly,  
It was the missing puzzle piece,  
The cherry on top of a perfect landscape,

So down,  
Down,  
Down,  
It went,  
Until suddenly,

Plop!  
It landed,  
As daintily as it had taken off,

Its beauty was overlooked at first,  
It may have been neglected,  
But soon,  
It would become the epitome of elegance,

And it was now in a regular,  
Normal,  
Perhaps even boring,  
Cup of steaming water,

The emperor did not notice its significance,  
Had no idea that drinking it would change the course of history,  
And took a sip,

And that one sip,  
From that one small, inconspicuous leaf,  
From that one charming little tree,  
From that one beautiful little garden,  
In a small but comfortable palace,  
Owned by a renowned herbalist,  
In the middle of a vast country,  
In a big, wide world,  
In a never-ending universe – its full contents unknown,

Changed everything forever.



Creative Writing  
Poetry  
Group 3

## Should paper not exist

*Good Hope School, Lau, On Kei – 12*

Should paper not exist  
Knowledge would resist  
People's learning remain  
Turning senses into a stain  
Lives without long lists

Should paper not exist  
Finances would be missed  
Coins dwell in our bags  
Pockers all in rags  
Economy shall desist

Should paper not exist  
Traditions would not persist  
Pleasure from above  
Decorations like paper doves  
We will never reminisce

Should paper not exist  
Our lives would be a mist  
The future would turn to ash  
Progress would be trash  
Thoughts will be all blisshed

# The Four China Inventions

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Sun, Audrey – 12*

In ancient lands where empires roar,  
tales were woven, as unfurled its store.  
Innovations spun in tapestries of yore,  
as ideas galore erupt and soar.

Creativity splashed within traces of ink,  
Cai Lun's creation, made in a wink.  
woven into delicate sheets without time to think,  
paper, history's treat although it's not candy pink.

Gunpowder's spark, a flash of harms,  
Wei Boyang's gift, petrifying charms.  
Fireworks and propellant firearms,  
saltpeter sure did set off alarms.

Pointing off into the northern unknown,  
Shen Kuo's compass, not a phone.  
Every single direction shown,  
giving guide in seas and mountain zone.

A marvel's mold, where letters stance,  
Bi sheng's press, quality and speed enhance.  
Ink-drenched characters, a vibrant trance,  
words always moving, a rhythmic dance.

In clasp of history, innovation sprint,  
Carving a path, with tenacious tint.  
From east to west, their echoes imprint,  
Robust innovations, a legacy glint.

# 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  
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So a warning for creators plunging into the storm  
into gales, forlorn,  
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don't stray to far, that thirst, abate,  
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## Wilting Exploration

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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  
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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*

**P**encil can write on it  
**A**pply knowledge that fit  
**P**eople can draw flowers  
**E**nergy filled with lover  
**R**ubber 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  
**M**en and women go on a hiking  
**P**eople 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*

**P**encils and pens are my best friends  
**A**irplanes drawing, writing and more  
**P**recious and useful  
**E**ndless possibilities  
**R**ecycling me is the best choice for the environment

## Abacus

*Korean International School – Springboard, Fan, Ethan – 15*

**A**ncient Calculator is very famous  
**B**eads is used for math in the 18th Century  
**A**dding up and subtracting down  
**C**alculations is very simple but getting harder  
**U**ntil your get the final answer  
**S**umming it up is just very simple!

## Bold paper

*Korean International School – Springboard, Kwan, Jordan – 17*

**B**ooks are made out of paper. They come from  
**O**ak brown trees from wood.  
**L**osing creativity makes me feel emotional.  
**D**on't take away my  
**P**aper as I like to write and show off my calligraphy.  
**A**ccomplished, unclouded & Voice Over my  
**P**assion on paper. Happily  
**E**ver after, I can't  
**R**hyme but I like my compassion on the paper.

## Dim Sum

*Korean International School – Springboard, Ryan, Fion – 15*

**D**elicious  
**I**nventions  
**M**akes me go hungry

**S**oup, buns and more  
**U**nique flavours  
**M**ade by chefs.

## Tea

*Korean International School – Springboard, Wong, Euan – 13*

**T**asty drink, I drink it on a cold day.  
**E**arthy, 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*

**C**lever and smart they tell the time  
**L**ife is easier with it  
**O**ver and over they repeat the line  
**C**limb around in a circle, hour, minute has passed  
**K**ee a good time in your life