

Poetry

Group 1



Winds of the Silk Road

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Wong Sing Hon – 8

Through golden deserts, camels slowly roam,
carrying silk and spices, far from home.
Ancient traders shared their stories at night,
Cultures blending, lifting hearts in flight.

Now high-speed trains glide on tracks of steel,
Connecting nations, making distances feel
Smaller each day, from ports to distant shores,
Bringing goods and friendships through open doors.

Old roads echo in the modern breeze,
Ideas flowing fast like leaves from trees.
The Silk Road lives on, forever it will bend,
Weaving new stories that will never end.

Volcanoes roared, fire and ash,
The earth trembled in a sudden flash.
Smoke and darkness, the air grew still,
The world fell silent, nothing to fill.

Ash covered all, like a heavy cloak,
Wrapping the earth, choking with smoke.
Time moved on, new life arose,
Rain and rivers, the earth now grows.

Animal returned, with horns and trunks,
Wild cats, birds and creatures that jump.
But fossils, stay underneath the earth.
Telling the story of another day.

The Northeast of China, frozen in time.
The treasures of old, a story in rhyme.
Feathers and fossils, nature combined,
Now we know the Cretaceous Hue's mind.

The New Silk Road

St. Joseph's Primary School, Chu Tsit Leong – 8

Your rarest rocks on earth I might lack,
But I could design discreet jade on your neck!
Traded on the Old Silk Road,
Riding on the camels centuries ago!

With the New Silk Road,
Our businesses grow!
You hold no real gold?
Let's deal in a crypto-mode!

New Silk Road,
Let's drill a tunnel hole!
Ports by ports, and stops by stops,
To convoy our troops in a chrono-cross!

Bosnia, Botswana, Bolivia,
Lithuania, Liberia, or Latvia?
You sell me scandium, and I sow you allium,
You produce me a semi-conductor,
I build you a reservoir!

Let's imagine, how could we continue with this legend?
Through traders' culture or builders' infrastructure?
By values of the East or technologies from the West?
As we all come closer,
What do you think is the next wonder?

New Tales of China's Silk Road

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Yiu Cheuk Yat – 8

I saw a footprint in the sand,
Left by a traveler from a far-off land.
I followed the Silk Road, long and wide,
With a golden horse to ride and ride!

My horse was shiny, fast and fun.
A magic journey had begun!
This road connected East and West,
Where traders worked and never rest.

You'd be surprised by things you'd see.
Green grapes on vines as green as can be.
Watermelons, big and round,
Grew right there upon the ground.

Goods and traders came and went,
Across the desert where they were sent.
And in the desert, hot and dry,
An oasis caught my eye.

A green place born in sandy earth,
The happiest spot on all the earth!

Creative Writing
Poetry

Group 1



Ancient China's Silky Road

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Chan Ngok Fung Alvin – 8

Long ago, in ancient days so grand,
Brave Chinese folks set off across the land.
With silk so soft, they trekked for miles and miles,
Through deserts hot and mountains full of smiles.

They met new friends from far-off Europe shores,
Trading treasures through wide-open doors.
Spices, fruits, and ideas bright and new,
Art and inventions, oh what a view!

From Chang'an city, big and bustling bright,
The Silk Road grew, a path of pure delight.
For fifteen hundred years, it linked the world,
East and West together, flags unfurled.

Then it faded in the fourteen-hundreds time,
But wait! In twenty-thirteen, it came alive!
Now one hundred fifty countries join the fun,
Sharing dreams and trades under the sun.

Imagine camels marching in a line,
Carrying wonders, yours and mine.
From first adventurers to friends today,
The Silk Road's magic lights the way!

The Magic Silk Road

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Cosette Leung – 7

Camels walked through sand and snow,
Carrying treasures to and fro.
Silk from China, bright and fine,
Spices, stories, rugs, and wine.
People met from far and wide,
Trading things with love and pride.
Ideas spread, the world grew small,
The Silk Road shared with one and all.
Now we see how trade can bind,
Every place and every kind.
A road of friendship, old and long,
That made our world forever strong.

Poetry

Group 2



The Heavenly Horse's Journey

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Suen Wut Yan Caylie – 11

Ferghana was the place I was born,
Where mountains rise, and rivers sweep.
Where I was born to gallop and leap,
From dusk to dawn, till I get worn.

But one day, everything changed in the blink of an eye,
My destiny, my life, my heart, and my soul.
My Dayuan master traded me and a group of foals,
Just for tea leaves, porcelain and silk in dye.

Farewell, Ferghana's wind-swept peaks,
The 'Journey to the East' had been built.
Cross the Jade Gate, to Land of Silk,
Where the king waited for days and weeks.

The people of Han called me strong and grand,
The Heavenly Horse with wings that soar above.
In speed and strength, I rode the skies they love,
My blood-sweating body, their hearts all demand.

We have all heard of the land where nomads roamed,
From time to time, Xiongnu intrudes.
Emperor's orders echoed in solemn mood,
"Destroy Xiongnu, and spread our home!"

We followed my master's lead with burning fire,
Together with other passionate warriors.
Like a swarm of bats, to Xiongnu's territories,
The Han army was ready for big desires!

Smoke ascended, the battle cried wide,
Arrows flew above like a mob of crows.
My troopmates fell in the Gobi's blows,
But I charged ahead and returned with pride.

Emperor Wu rose, his vision took flight,
The whole country lit up, cheers dancing around.
The flags flew proud and hearts were profound,
But the fire in my eyes was dim, not light.

Beneath the galaxy of boundless northern rides,
I dreamed of my homeland, my soul was distressed.
I left the mighty kingdom, I sprinted southwest,
Fled from the image of my fallen comrades.

Through Tian Shan's peaks, I found comfort in Rainbow Mountain's arms,
Chasing the sun's descent, my breath caught in the desert's flow.
Golden sand where whispers are, I lost my way in the snow,
And I still found no path within the endless frosted charms.

“Stop right there! Return the money or face your end!”
My swift feet chased afar, the robbers fled in dread.
Returning the gold to the merchants, joy was spread,
So peace was restored, terror and fears were mended.

The leader praised me as their guardian angel in the night,
Invited me to join his team back to the western site.
Limitless dunes of shifting sand boosted my sore legs with flight,
The soft wind embraced me, calming my core with pure delight.

The blazing fireball and darkness cold,
Day after day, I saw clumps of bright tulips grow.
The scent of sweet wild apples made me glow,
Resting in the oasis town with food and gold.

My heavenly haven where I can grow,
I am finally here to heal my broken soul.
The gentle wind tugged at my smooth bronze coat,
Syr Darya's waters washed my fears to shadows.

Threads of the Future

ESF Quarry Bay School, Jayden Christo Yim – 8

Beneath the glowing dome of Xian town,
A silver Hyperloop hums underground.
Once where camels walked through heat and sand,
Now rails of light cross desert land.

The silk remembers, soft and deep,
Of mulberry trees and worms asleep,
Of weavers' hands and colors bright,
And stars that guided them through the night.

It whispers, "I've seen emperors' halls,
Markets full of silk and spice-filled stalls.
I've heard drums beat and traders sing,
As stories flew on every string."

Now Jian, the scientist, stands in awe,
His living silk begins to draw,
Visions glowing through silver-blue,
Of journeys old and dreams made new.

Through dragon tunnels, sleek and long,
The pod speeds fast, its engine strong.
Past dunes that sleep, past peaks of white,
It races ahead in glowing light.

Inside, the passengers turn to see
The fabric shimmer, mystery!
They whisper softly, "Could this be
A message sent through history?"

The silk replies in a gentle tone,
"The threads that bind us are never gone.
From desert wind to electric hum,
We weave together what's yet to come."

So Jian holds tight the glowing roll,
A bridge of stories, heart, and soul.
Old road, new road both entwine,
The Silk Road lives through space and time.

A Young Explorer's Expedition

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Eugeic Chan – 9

At last, it's my birthday! I'm thirteen years old
"You're big enough to help me, son," so I've been told

My father's about to embark on a journey
To my mom and my sister: there's no need to worry

For I will be with him to help carry his load:
gunpowder, paper, and spices along the Silk Road!

We pack our belongings on the humps of our camels
The journey is easier with these desert mammals

The spooky nights and the deathly silence
We rely on the stars: our only source of guidance

Passing treacherous mountains and immeasurable plains
We made sure to stock up with water, veggies and grains

Our first stop was Delhi, an Indian city
My dad traded paper in exchange for ivory

The merchant captain smiled and gave a cream-coloured ring
"It comes from an elephant." What type of luck would it bring?

Soon, we say goodbye and are back on our route
An adventure awaits for sure, no doubt

Both cities of Persia, Bukhara and Samarkand
Villages well-organised, business well-planned

There were colourful carpets and wonderful wool fleeces
and mouth-watering fruits like melons and peaches

A herd of livestock, white, black and tan
between these horses is a stocky Uzbeks man

“This is Tehran, come trade for ponies!” He shouts,
while rounding the horses, galloping in bouts

A city of intelligence called Baghdad
Solving decimals and fractions makes my brain go mad!

Arabian people are known for their talents
From maths to medicine, creating the perfect balance!

We come across Cairo to stop for the day
Fur jackets as presents traded for pieces of jade
Running my fingers through the smooth, plush uniform
Night time resting had never felt so warm!

And once again, we’re on our camel
to our final destination: Constantinople!

Lighting up the sky, fireworks ablaze
a celebration for a long journey, the smoke makes a haze

We’re heading back to our village, after a grueling year
Just by thinking of my family makes me shed puddles of tears

I now understand the challenges of trading
One must be persistent as well as a hardworking

I will always remember this trek with my old man
teaching valuable lessons the “cannots” replaced by “can”

Evolution

Ying Wa Primary School, Leung Ching Yin Caden – 11

I am the ancient, arid road
A map of dust and dunes stretching across the great deserts
Carrying caravans and camels that crawled upon my spine.
From Xi'an to Istanbul,
I joined various empires together.
I wound between steep mountains,
Past the Taklamakan's whispering dunes
Guarded by the stars in the sky — guardians of treasure,
The scholars believed.

Merchants walked on me, communicating in sundry tongues,
Trading exotic treasures like silk,
Sliding softly, and the spices that stung the ever shifting winds.

In bazaars far to the west,
Men exchanged porcelain and
Cinnamon barks, chillies,
While storytellers told tall tales of the occidental.

Gunpowder, compasses... Chinese technology was introduced,
While the western foreigners gasped in awe.

I felt the thud of hooves and wheels hammering my cervical,
Camels complaining in low, chasmic grunts,
While merchants piled hefty loads onto their backs.

Porcelain and paper passed over the bandit's region,
Fragile as an injured butterfly's wing,
Whisked away into the hands of the rapacious raiders.

But time,
Has morphed me into steel and signal.
I no longer bear the thud of hooves—
Now the hum with the whine of engines.

Where once the stars were my only luminance,
Satellites blink above me,
Mapping my plain landscape.

I no longer carry scrolls or silk,
But concise data
Zipping through optical fiber veins
Beneath my ancient langerhangs.

The ports that verged my coasts,
A cavort of cranes that
Lift freight onto ships that vanish into the horizon.

I evolved,
From the dry desert,
To the global trading network,
Under the birdless skies.

Mankind's development
Has raised my evolution.

Creative Writing
Poetry
Group 2



Footprints on the Silk Road

Kowloon Rhenish School, Wong Yik Fei – 10

Soft sand beneath my eager feet,
Camels plod to a distant beat,
Carrying bright cloth and spicy tea,
A world of hope for all to see.

Markets bustle with words and cheer,
Goods and colors from far and near.
A Persian rug,a painted vase,
Stories swapping in the busy space.

Now, ancient paths are highways new,
As fast trains their whistles blow.
Sharing science,music, art—

Zhang Qian and the Three Cities

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Woo Cho Yi Joey – 11

With an imperious stare,
The Han Emperor unfurled a map,
“Behold our lands and the barbarians that bar our borders.”
General Zhang Qian knelt before him,
Vowing to return with secrets of the distant tribes.

From the bustling capital to the lonely deserts,
He scouted the scorching steppes,
Expecting barren landscapes and people –
Uncivilized, unfriendly, unknown –
But then came:
Loulan, Quizi, Yuezhi,
Cities of culture, riches and trade.
“Gather our troops and merchants,” the Emperor decreed,
And silk was rolled in generous swathes,
And jade was piled high into the clouds,
And gold was weighed and stacked in gleaming bars.
Days of trudging turned into weeks
Before the convoy reached its journey’s end.

The cavalcade entered the city,
With thousands of horses neighing
Like a snaking choir,
And cart-loads of cotton followed behind,
A trail of snow that brightened the sky.
The Emperor rejoiced,
Hosting a feast to celebrate their return,
And the goods they bore
From foreign lands.

When Roads Carry More Than Things

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Yau Ku Hei Alyssa – 10

I saw the old Silk Road one day,
a twist on a map like a pencil stray.
Traders walked it in sand and heat,
swapping stories and something sweet.

Now people speak of a newer track,
not camel bells, but engines' thwack.
Boats and cables, trains that glide—
a kind of road that moves the tide.

Some say it helps the world connect,
sharing ideas that we all respect.
A shiny port may look so grand,
bringing innovations across the land.

I wonder what the future holds,
as nations grow and new paths unfold.
Could solar farms cross silent plains?
Could smart wires hum through monsoon rains?

The old road thrived on give and take,
with cultures shared and bonds to make.
Across the miles, their stories blend,
weaving a history that will not end.

So if this new road unites lands far and wide,
and fosters visions that help us strive,
it could weave connections that flourish and grow,
a journey of unity, with seeds we sow.

Threads of Connection

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Hedy Tang – 10

In ancient times, long ago,
Some Chinese people, full of hope,
Took a journey, brave and bold,
To trade silk and treasures untold.

They traveled westward, day by day,
Through mountains high and valleys gray.
Their goal was clear, their path was set,
To meet new friends, a chance to get.

In Chang'an, where the stories start,
A city bustling, a vibrant heart.
They sold their silk, soft as a dream,
With colors that glimmered, like a shimmering stream.

The Silk Road grew, a winding line,
Connecting people, far and divine.
East and west, they shared and learned,
With spices and secrets, the world turned.

In kitchens from far, new foods appeared,
Exotic flavors that none had feared.
From noodles to fruits, they shared with glee,
Every bite a taste of unity.

Inventions bloomed like flowers in spring,
With wheels and paper, tales to bring.
Artists with brushes, painting their views,
Crafting beauty in vibrant hues.

Years passed by, but the road stayed strong,
A bridge of culture where all belong.
For one thousand years, the trade would flow,
A tale of connection, a vibrant show.

But time changed things; the road grew still,
Until new dreams began to fill.
In twenty-thirteen, the journey revived,
A new Silk Road where hopes arrived.

Countries joined hands, a global embrace,
With trade and ideas, they found their place.
No longer just silk, but tech and more,
Connecting the world, opening doors.

Now we explore, with eyes so bright,
The tales of the Silk Road, a guiding light.
Together we learn, together we grow,
In this journey, our dreams will show.

So let's walk the paths of those who came first,
With open hearts and a thirst to burst.
For in every journey, new stories unfold,
On the Silk Road of today, let's be bold.

Poetry

Group 3



Anchor Atlas

Heep Yunn School, WONG Chin Yu – 14

Sea Silk Road

This comb — pearl-cracked,
 half-lost in tide-line foam,
 yet it still catches dime between its teeth,

 not shattered, only bent,
 bent by a merchant's debate, a camel's shove,
 through trials of time or the strain of one too many barterers.
by waves that come and come,

 like fingers that almost sift my braids,
 daring to part the thread of silk

but a bent comb still combs,
if you hold it with waves in your wrist
 painstakingly,
 you will learn how to part the hair of history
with what still remains.

Hair adorned with saffron and ruby,
 each braid a guild of lore,
 each knot of cites galore,
and each thread a promise, scented with myrrh.

In youthful days i twirled through bazaars,
 like a silken moth in spice and song,
 its wings of calm an arc of time
from a child's chime to a lover's psalm.

The moon pulls tides and
veils
There I met her,
a bewitching tale

Across the horizon I rose
the mighty soldier of brine,
armor forged of moon-silver.

I will wait for you.”
And do whatever it takes
promise..

the moth pulls thread
from flickering flames.
where continents exhaled, and
whispered softly,
eclipsing time.

Once, he caressed me,
Not with hands — yet.
with the hush of the ocean strumming through his
voice,

and he, the sea, would murmur,
he was to loosen my braids,
to run through the tangles of silk.

Though
for the occidental wind his spear snapped.
In the west the sun fell,
and with it his bronze heart.

No storm, no cry,
“the sea could never truly die,
only sleep where sunken ships underlie.”

When foam no longer sings in my veins,
when salt calls my name in vain,

tell me	what is the ocean but
a myth,	with nowhere left to flow?
uncover me as a story,	I whisper to the wind
as my fingers catch again and again	in braids that resist smooth passage
when I comb it through.	“I will wait for you,”
I have not spoken since, and the silence	They left me restless,
haunted	and baffled
me	for evermore.
	So has memory
	So is time.

Now, a moth.

Not born from flame but of the thread I shed.
For I search for a part of you in every port,
grief spun to wings of gauze.

Flying without an atlas, unlike traders,
towards no trove, no distant palace.
It lands on the comb I still carry —
worn-thin and pearl-chipped.

The moth's flight is time itself,
it carries in its silk
the scent of jasmine, the taste of ginger,
and the promise that even bent combs can weave destiny.

So I began my wayfaring,
my heart as the compass-rose of longing.
To press my palm against his current's calm,
and ask, "did you forget the words you said?"
In marketplaces, I traded tresses for tales:
Does the west wind echo his voice?
Does the moon cast his silhouette?
But answers came in whispers, then in silence.

I crossed grounds where scholars would weep
over maps that showed his body in two.

They ask me, "what more must you do?
The deep drowns
even in his sleep,
with a sound so deeply and sorrowfully blue!"
Still I carried a thread, a silken thread
like the hem of his cloak, thin and soft.

I crossed desserts of bone and snow,
my braids as serpents frozen in the cold.

The wind mocks, "fawn upon him forever.
But for what you fetch?
A fleeting kiss?
Or the futile fondness of home?"
Still I walked. I walked with a silken moth
that spun its silver from sorrow, thin and soft.

I too, wept
a thread of sapphire's salt.

And from the blue of my tears,
a swell so soft, so slow,
a wave rose, like the hands that long to let love go.

In that water, bright as mirrored sky,
I saw his face —
not whole; incomplete,
yet almost smiling.

He remained silent.
With a comb, worn yet wise,
He dressed my hair in pearls,
each loop a journey
of the Silk Road's embrace,
parting through time's vast space
where the East and West cross their paths.

He did not rise.
But for every mile I'd walk,
I carry him
in the sage between living threads,
over mountains high, deserts wide,
with footprints left in the dust of age.

At last, on a beach of moon-silver,
I wore my locks, now interlaced with sea-foam
of tears, a tide that never forgets,
as even the sea of death can still cradle a hand.

And if you listen, when the moon is high,
the ripple near the sleeping sand,
that's not the sea —
That's me.
still combing my unbraided hair with a steady hand,
ever anew, ever onwards.

On the Silk Road

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Hong Wing Nam Aimee – 13

When your eyes look down the Silk Road,
 There are countless traders, coexisting, discovering each other.
 They trade fabrics, spices, metals, and more. Every glance shares a new world.
 Among rare, sought-out treasures, a quiet commerce was the trade of blooms.
 Piles of fine, intricate cloths are exchanged, soon to fill palace rooms.
 They have been dyed in foreign colors. If you focus, you can see it all.
 A vibrant streak of Samarkand is crushed and mixed into Turfan dye,
 A bold smear of Persian blue is painted on Chinese porcelain,
 And a glistening drop of Indian gold decorates a Sogdian eye!

When you breathe on the Silk Road,
 You discover the scent of change—Hot metals, dust, and sun-baked hide
 As an aromatic incense comes trailing from inside a caravanserai’s low door.
 A musk-that-grows springs from horses, saddle-stitch, and leather, but
 There are lighter smells past the hot weather. If you focus, you can smell it all.
 When your nose chases a cool, clean path into the mountain-pass,
 You smell the scent of the distant mountains after rain, followed by
 Something sweet, mild, and thin—The far-off smell of snowmelt.

When you listen on the Silk Road,
 Two notes overlap, spoken in several dialects unknown, and yet,
 They harmonize. As here, “home” becomes a provisional tone.
 The thud of axle-wood is heavy and hard against the ruffling of fabrics,
 While rolling carts drum with the shallow “clonk!” sound of laden steps.
 They spoke in the absence of sound, too! If you focus, you can hear it all.
 Such as the empty, lingering space between the camel’s bell,
 The churning loom’s chitter-chatter by a Chang’an well,
 Or the wind’s low, gentle hush through the Taklamakan.

When you get a taste of the Silk Road,
 Your tongue is lined with a parching load of dried plum and salt-cured meats.
 But when passed from hand-to-hand, a shared cup can dissolve the bitter brine.
 From tart pomegranate seeds, to a spiced tea, to a date’s honeyed wine,
 Flavors were brewed, mixed, and traded. If you focus, you can taste it all.
 A dried wedge of Chang’an ginger is added to a stew from Samarkand,
 A handful of pistachios from Iran is kneaded into a dough by Kashgar’s hand,
 And hints of peppers in a sack brought from Mediterranean ships.

But if you focus, you’ll know the greatest sense of the Road is not like sight or sound—
 It is the deep, shared feeling that the most precious cargo was never the goods at all!

The Silk Road

Stamford American School Hong Kong, Jo Zoe Lim – 14

we wane like moons,
not in the fickle nature of winds and
the passage of camels striding through desert; mountain;
time carrying
but the spices and creatures that live
in amongst
our ardent
narrow bodies, vessels of the world – we never paid
mind to the idea of conceit
-edness and greed
in which there is no trade where the horse
we abandoned back
in olden, listless days has been ridden by only one nomad; where the
spent cotton has been spun
not in any folktales and into only one cloth.
of shared gods and goods, passed from one hand to another ten,
on the shrine on the bazaars
of the silk road. *of the silk road.*
as, those days, long and perpetual,
we did not yet know of the routes
that carried
culture on its languorous limbs: medicine,
cascaded via bloodstream, to porcelain, to heirloom jade to
offspring unto offspring; we
not yet learnt the way of people –
our love for the holy – we, the mercenaries that we may be, but
philosophies and architectures and arts, one cadence of
past and posterity
future and history
moving simultaneously entwined like silk.
so, to the sailors and middlemen,
the scholars and clergy, the artisans and farmers,
the mothers and sons, I say to you:
we continue to walk proud with the tire-tracks along your
lingering souls
in the corners of the world that whisper to you never look back to the dust.
we are waiting in the stars above you. we are waiting in the sand ahead of you.

Creative Writing
Poetry
Group 3



The Coin's Journey

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Che Lok Chi Lucilla – 14

I am glimmering and stamped with royal grace,
Traveling from hand to hand, through time and space.
I felt the warmth in Tang lord's palm that day,
To buy some spice along the way.

In a dome in Samarkand, buying a prayer,
I noticed the faith in the coolness of the air.
I helped a homesick man, sitting outside the dome,
To send a letter to his long-distance home.

For Persian silver work, the hand changed fast,
I traveled from Persia to my native past.
By a merchant's cave beside Chinese ink-stones,
I was home and finding the way to new zones.

The porcelain of China was dainty and rare,
I was taken to a place where spices filled the air.
The vase was sold and slipped to new Indian hands,
I became a token of the treasures between lands.

I felt the rarity from gems of Indian lands,
I beheld the crafts from foreign hands.
In the sunlight the gems sparkled bright,
Created by each worker and sweat each night.

I acquired a melody, an exotic dance,
As I traveled to old Chang'an's advance.
I could hear the song played on flutes and clarinets,
It's a harmony of the East and far West.

Through desolate deserts and towering mountains,
Beneath the sky, carrying people's hope fountains.
At roadside inns under the tranquil night,
Where traders met and dreams took flight.

Even now, I still travel, not just to trade,
Roaming around the world as the connection braid.
Like stars that converge under the moonlit sky,
Linking the unconnected world as I pass by.

Day after day, I travel to find untold stories,
Across the waves, soaring through digital centuries.
Yet in my heart, I'm from that ancient road,
A tiny golden piece of cross-cultural code.

So, next time when you hold me in hand,
Think of my journey across sea and land.
All of the Silk Road tales now interlace,
I'm the bridge connecting the world's embrace.

The Mystery of Silk Road

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Heidi Leong

In the morning still and with peace,
Chang'an awakened under the soft morning leaves.
A band of dreamers, firm and bold,
Step on a road where no story has yet been told.

No advanced equipment nor maps to lead the way,
But only the murmurs of lands far away.
Will they have enemies, or friends?
A snowy mountain or a sandy desert land?

Yet in their eyes, a flame,
Not fear but fire. Not doubt but dream.
Every step with all the courage,
Are they chasing the edge of their knowledge?

Camels carry silk as soft as light,
But more than trade, they carry their quest—
To know, to visit, to share their best.

Thus came a road, not a road of stone,
But a road of cultures, where they have met and bonds have grown.
From East to West, the trade flows broad,
Much deeper, ideas are conversed and hereby logged.

Paper travels, carrying words,
Spices teach what taste prefers.
They gift us glass, we gift them tea,
And tools to sail the endless sea.

The Silk Road comes forth, when time carves out,
The harmony built upon dust and endowment.
At the end no line separates 'Me' from 'You',
But a bond that says 'Us' told anew.

And those that dared the first unknowns,
Were not crowned kings on golden thrones,
But seekers, wanderers, humble and wise,
Who stitched the earths together beneath the skies!

The Traveller

Shatin Tsung Tsin Secondary School, Chong Lok Yan – 14

I live here
on this part of the long
winding road.
I sit and watch.
Day and night.
Travellers come by
walk past
with their shiny silk robes,
their eyes bright
like the rising sun.
Full of passion -
but only in the beginning.
Some knocked on my door
asking for food and water.
I do what I can
wish them a safe journey ahead.
They walk on unaware
of the dangers before them.
For a long time
I thought everyone could be safe.
But no, fate was cruel.
I've seen many walk past
but not all return.

*Under the purplish pink sky
The sun, bright as jade, hid away
Beyond the sandy dunes
Turned into a starry night
On the caravan camel I ride
I sit and stare
At the beautiful sight
I ride along this path
Which many have travelled
before me
When the wind blows
Softly, gently
Smooth as silk
Whispers of the past*

*Voices, warnings and regrets
All on this unpredictable path
Basked in moonlight
Miles from my hometown
Embark on a new journey
To the west, I go
The goods I carry
Are important in trade
But more important is
Scrolls, texts, full of wisdom
To exchange with others
To learn more about this world
Discoveries, breakthroughs
Stories passed down
For generations to come*

Creative Writing
Poetry
Group 4



New Tales of China's Silk Road

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Tang Hei Tong Joyce – 16

The desert still awaits the dawn here.
The sand rises and falls slowly
as if it had long known
how to get through the road ahead.

In the past, when traveling,
everyone had to hold their breath
and carefully gaze at the horizon
for a signal to go.

But now it's different.
The high-speed train has directly arrived here.
When the car door opened,
the distance between people did indeed shorten a lot,
but this land still maintained
its original sense of weightiness.

Silk has started to flow on this land again,
but this time it's not like
what people used to remember in their minds.
Instead, it has transformed
into something that can be processed and sent.

It slides from people's fingers
to the screens of their mobile phones,
from the words typed on the keyboard
to the prices spoken by the mouth,
from one person's voice
to another's ears,
and is also altered
by some crossed signals in the middle.

In the past, camels would wait by the well
for people to come.
Now, the place where people wait
has become the train platform.

From time to time
we would look down to check the time.
A train ticket would light up for a moment
and then disappear quickly.

When we took a step forward,
we were not repeating the old path,
but choosing how to keep going.
As we keep moving forward,
in fact, we ourselves
are also changing along with it.

The Loom of Roads

Shanghai High School International Division, Michelle Sophie Kaiser – 14

In Chang'an's dusk, where incense flows,
A loom was set, a loom that knows.
Lian, with patient mind and hand,
Fed moonlit fibers through the land.

Her father wove for coin and trade,
But Lian watched what threads displayed.
No blossom, crane, or patterned seam,
But visions vast as childhood's dream.

They curled like rivers toward the west,
They rose as mountains, peaks possessed.
They blazed like dreams too bright to bear,
They whispered songs that filled the air.

Each strand, a compass in disguise,
A hidden star, a watcher's eyes.
Each knot, a tale the road would bind—
A prophecy the winds remind.

Then one cold dusk, a traveler came,
His sandals torn, his body lame.
He begged for rest beside her fire,
And watched her weave as threads grew higher.

He spoke of roads that twisted wide,
Of fields and hills that forever hide.
She wove his journey through the night,
And saw his village come to light.

The woven map began to gleam,
A living road, a silver stream.
He followed dawn where silk had led,
And found the fields he long had fled.

By morning light, the story grew:
How Lian's threads could guide the true.

Soon weary travelers came with cries —
The shunned scholar, seeking truth of skies;
The poor merchant craving richer stores;
The battle-bound soldier bearing burdens of wars.

They crowded close—
They pressed—
They pled—
“Spin silk of futures yet unsaid!”

But Lian feared, and wisely knew,
That visions bless as much as bruise.

For knowledge glitters, fierce and wild,
It tempts the king, it snares the child.
It feeds ambition’s ceaseless flame,
Yet leaves the seeker bowed with shame.

Still one there was who would not rest:
Zhao the Golden, with silken vest.
He bowed with honey, spoke with grace,
But hunger darkened in his face.

He promised safety, wealth, renown,
A seat of honor in the town.
But every vow was thick with lies,
To take the loom and bind its ties.

And when the moon was thin and cold,
He broke the threads her shuttle rolled.
He split the loom, he tore the skein,
And scattered stars across the plain.

The desert blazed with burning lines,
A thousand roads, a thousand signs.
They split the sky, they scarred the land,
They traced new worlds with unseen hand.

And in that storm, Lian stood still,
Her heart a well, her eyes iron will.
She knew the gift could not remain,
For mortal grasp would forge its chain.

So through the dreary dunes she walked alone,
 Her arms around the final threads sewn.
 Digging where shifting sands conceal,
 And laying the silk where none may steal.

The desert took her secret deep—
 Yet legends never die, they sleep.
 And sometimes when the night is clear,
 A golden thread may reappear.

Not maps of coin, nor trade, nor throne,
 But paths the soul has always known.
 It points no crown, it names no king,
 It binds the heart to everything.

For silk is time, and time is flame,
 It weaves all lives, yet none the same.
 It crosses empires, fades from sight,
 Yet burns within the endless night.

The Road Remembers

Speaker One — Origin

I learned early
 how something fragile
 can be made to travel.

Silk began for me as discipline—
 hands steady, breath counted,
 time measured carefully
 before it was allowed to leave.

I did not ask what it was worth.
 I learned what it cost.

We did not call it a road.
 We called it leaving.

Leaving the gate at dawn.
 Leaving with only what could be carried.
 Leaving with the belief
 that distance could add meaning
 instead of erase it.

Speaker Two — Arrival

I learned early
 how something fragile
 can be made to travel.

By the time it reached me,
 discipline had become distance—
 hands passed it forward,
 time measured by exchange.

I did not ask what it cost.
 I learned what it was worth.

We did not call it a road.
 We called it arrival.

Arrival at ports and thresholds.
 Arrival into languages that resisted it.
 Arrival with the belief
 that meaning could be gathered
 and kept.

By the time it reached me
it had already learned other names,
but here it was still exact—
measured, earned,
unimpressed by admiration.

I watched caravans thin
until only direction remained.
Their loads broke down into stories,
told without the people who carried them.

What was remembered
was where they went,
not how they breathed.

Empires argued for permanence.
Stone. Record. Law.

The road refused.

It lived only in repetition—
people crossing because
staying felt smaller
than what they carried.

Now I am standing still,
a map lit quietly in my hand,
routes pulsing like veins
from a place no longer marked.

You ask what endures.
I answer:
what is sent,
again and again,
despite knowing it will change.

By the time it reached me
it had already learned other names,
and none of them were stable—
value shifted in the light,
certainty thinned when touched.

I watched meanings bend
until only repetition remained.
Beliefs loosened in the handling,
questions left where certainty had been.

What was remembered
was that it arrived,
not what it unsettled.

Empires argued for permanence.
Doctrine. Border. Truth.

The road refused.

It kept arriving anyway—
people crossing because
staying felt smaller
than what they encountered.

Now I am standing still,
a map lit quietly in my hand,
routes pulsing like veins
beneath streets that claim finality.

You ask what endures.
I answer:
what is received,
again and again,
despite knowing it will change us.

The Lessons of Silk

YPICA Lee Lim Ming College, Lexy Hannah Mae Buyayo Mercado – 17

Rousing to the fresh smell of spring mulberry trees,
extending the house's yard as far as the eye sees.
In the sunny courtyard, young leaves are stripped.
Each mulberry leaf, silkworms slowly nipped.

Mother is sat beside the loom, humming and weaving.
Sisters twist and lace each thread, perfection achieving.
Father checks the silk, his judgement firm and kind.
Soon he will journey afar, with new markets to find.

When my father leaves, my mind's tinged with worry.
All I could do was tend to mulberry trees in a hurry.
With deep yearning to follow, yet tethered to home,
my comfort lies in gifts from where my father roamed.

Forward in time, the world changes, and I did too.
Flourishing my own trade, stepping in my father's shoes.
As I journey beside him, who knows what we'll meet?
In distant lands where goods, gold, and gossip greet .

Silk left my hands, returned as scents and spice,
and treasures unnamed from markets of paradise.
I curiously relish unfamiliar tastes and foreign faces,
the chatter of animals, and charming, structured places.

With each new trade, a knowledge deeply obtained,
stories of strange people, their ways unchained.
It sends me in awe how my world suddenly expands,
things I'd never have known had I stayed in my lands.

Yet journeys aren't always smooth, with dangers lurking;
harsh terrain, great weathers, and hidden bandits smirking.
With our little caravan, I learn from every risk we survive,
through storms and thieves, we keep the trade alive.

I dream of mulberry leaves beneath the spring sun,
of my mother's melodies, and my sisters' weaving spun.
Although through my venture, I discover the world's surprise,
half of me wonders, the other never says goodbye.

From silks and spices, I challenged my wit and skill,
and bravery awakens in the heart that dares to will.
I see how trade binds people across distant streets,
and wisdom grows in each step where the journey meets.

My father's teachings now show in every market and square,
in every world woven into the fabric that we wear.
Though home's soft light calls, the road shapes who I'll be,
a boy who tended silkworms, now roaming endlessly.

Poetry

Group 4



The Thread-Puller's Ledger

Chinese International School, Kim Haru 金雅琳 – 15

Twenty-two centuries is a long time to keep a secret.
But the dust of the Hexi Corridor remembers
the weight of a million footsteps.
It remembers Zhang Qian,
not as a statue,
but as a man with cracked heels
and a throat full of grit, wondering if
the horizon was a promise
or a cliff.

We call it a “Road,”
as if it were paved and static,
but it was always a pulse.
A slow, rhythmic heartbeat of pack mules
carrying more than just shimmering bolts of larvae-spun dreams.
They carried the sour tang of grapes to Chang’an,
the blueprints for paper that would eventually hold the world’s heartbreak,
and the quiet, subversive math
of zero.

There is a specific kind of silence in the Pamirs.
The kind that makes a traveler look at a stranger, and see
not a rival,
but a mirror.

Two men,
smelling of different spices and identical sweat,
swapping a handful of dried dates for a scrap of news about a city, the other
will never see.

That silence has been broken now.
The hoofbeat is replaced
by the low thrum of the China-Europe Railway,
a steel needle stitching the continents back together.

150 flags
fluttering in the wake of a freight train,
carrying solar panels and lithium,
the new silk of a cooling planet.

But look closer
at the fiber-optic veins buried
beneath the old camel paths:
the “Road” is no longer made of dirt,
but of light.

We are still trekking westwards,
still hauling our inventions like heavy packs,
still hoping that on the other side of the desert,
someone is waiting—
to trade their story,
for ours.

Spun From The Same Thread Of Silk

Diocesan Girls' School, Mak Hei Tsit – 16

Caskets of silk rattle beside me,
As we journey back the way we came.
Drowsily watching soft sand swirl in the wind,
I doze off under the caravan's warm canvas.
The thumping of the camels carries me into
A mirage inside my own head.

Dunes shift and stir as winds blow from afar,
Sweeping me into foreign lands.
There, an old man, back bent like windswept trees,
Spots me from the oasis where he stands.
Tottering over, he beckons me closer,
Ambling past a cerulean lagoon—

Yet, instinctively, I step back.

*I questioned the merchants of my homeland,
Why trade only silver but not acts from hearts of gold?
They said those foreign facades concealed cunning trickery,
And that we are not kindred, and never will be.*

*They told me their incense hid their rotten hearts' stench,
Compassion to them would be ointment to charred flesh.
They bade me to care for those within our lush lands,
For we were not kindred, and never would be.*

Deep down, I wished they were all wrong.

Fingers gnarled like ancient branches
 Slosh a basin of newly-fetched water towards me,
 Tempting my throat, dry as parched earth,
 To choose sensibleness over prejudice.

I gaze into the man's wrinkle-bordered eyes to see
 Nothing but reflections of clear skies and sincerity.
 Gingerly, like a dewdrop passed between leaves,
 The basin is passed to me.

And I accepted, slowly and meekly.

Wrinkles creasing, his gaze softens,
 As if I had let him peer through my heart.
 Eyes twinkling like light dancing on the lagoon,
 He speaks to me, voice like a folk tune's melody:

*“Dusky complexions, cinnamon eyes,
 Ink-black irises, honey-toned skin.
 Silk embroideries of a hundred different dyes,
 But all are spun from the same spindle.*

*Along this road you will find,
 Stories of many kinds.
 But all these tapestries of tales, too,
 Are woven from the same loom.*

*Are we that unlike, you and I?
 Under the watch of the desert's star-studded sky,
 We are all but mere threads of crimson silk,
 All tied and intertwined together by the hands of Fate,
 As stitches of one silken shared patchwork piece.”*

Eulogy for the Soul of Silk

ESF Island School, Tsang Chun Yin Chris – 15

It begins with fire.

It begins with wrathful tongues of flame,
boiling water hissing and spitting,
unleashing its fury and grasping at the air.

I am plucked out by delicate hands.

Unravelling into a strand
thin as wisps of incense smoke,
pinched by feminine fingers
molded by decades of craft and *kesi* experience.

Then

Then the loom spins,
each fibre of my being meticulously held in place.
Thousands of interwoven strands, and life bursts forth.
Flowers spring to life from the sleeves and cuffs,
Lush golden chrysanthemum petals steal the rays of the sun
and shine it as their own.

Dragons dance and weave around the waist,
The pearly orb glowing in the *Fuzanglong*'s clawed grip.
Birds sing their holy song from the collar,
Slender legs of cranes
gracefully perched upon plum blossom branches that do not know fall.

A robe,

fit for a *Huangdi*'s heavenly mandate,
a second skin for those that knew the texture of divinity
and the face of god.

Then

Then the grunt of a camel,
reigned by masculine fingers.
Wooden wheels rattle
and the malevolent desert storms howl..
The frost of Tianshan's mountains melt
and give way to the fine dust of Persian sands.
Dirt roads
stitch together the borders of continents.

Traded between rough, myrrh stained hands of traders,
 shielded in the sanctuary of caravanserai walls.
 Stories, muttered on ancient dialects,
 needed no shared language to understand.

Finally
 the lagoon water sparkles
 on the barnacle encrusted wooden stilts.
 Bamboo is replaced by grand marble columns,
 great bronze statues in place of guardian lions,
 the clunking of oars replacement for the chirp of crickets.
 Gentle hands, excessively adorned with extravagant stones,
 lift me out of my coffin and into their vision of paradise.
 They gaze at me
 with hungry eyes and an opulent sparkle,
 chasing the golden coloured reverie.

Until

Until the petals die,
 the dragon's whiskers tear
 and the birds are strangled silent.
 In the sterile plexiglass cage
 my voice is ripped away.
 Sharp lights stab and bleach my bones.
 Air conditioners hum and
 deliver the punishment of eternal winter.
 Perfect petrification,
 Perpetual anguish.

Fleeting glimpses of eyes,
 quick as camera shutters,
 seeking fake, flashy sparkles.
 The robe stays, the reason does not,
 The idea of turning man into masterpiece,
 of mortals into monuments,
 withers away.

They take pictures of the patterns,
 but are blind to my path.
 They adore the idea of the journey,
 but cannot bear the dust on their feet.
 They crave the mastery of the loom,
 but their hands are too delicate.
 They yearn to feel the robe,
 but squeal at the sight of silkworms.

It ends with ice.

Between Dust and Destiny

Singapore International School, Jiang En Qi Angela – 17

There are three ways to read this poem: only left, only right, or straight through together.

First traveller Last traveller

I leave Chang'an

City of jade, incense, silent emperors Now neon, steel, humming circuits

Under a pale horizon, Twilight swallows city walls

It shifts; the journey begins and time stretches beneath our feet

Saddle creaks under the weight of morning, Lanterns flicker

Morning spills gold across the rooftops, and I Neon lights flicker against glass towers, and I
step into the unknown step into history's shadow

Silk folds like whispers, carried from loom Algorithms hum like oracles, carrying
to packhorse futures I cannot touch

Cargo fragile, weightless yet heavy with meaning

The desert unfurls, a manuscript At inception, uncertainties unfurl like rivers
of sand of shadow

Mountains loom, endless and silent Bridges vanish into fog

Spices, gold, stories tucked into crates Secrets await

Horses step Footsteps

carefully echo

Will we reach the next city? I walk where history never ends.

The first mile is nothing—stones and Across deserts, rivers, mountains without
silence, the low sound of hooves breaking end, the map of the world stretches and tears,
into the dawn like a drumbeat that will repaired again by trade and the stubborn will
not stop. of travellers.

	A cry	Or wind.	
	Sand	Network	
	Chóu ¹ , fān hóng ² , liú lí ³	Data, codes, pixels	
Scents that speak across centuries		Patterns that speak across continents	
	Salt on my lips	Spices	
	And all	hidden in cedar chests	
	Alone	Together	
Did they reach Chang'an?		Did they reach us?	
	I cannot know.	But, still, footsteps multiply behind me	
The road unwinds forever.		Caravans move like arteries pulsating across earth.	
	Unveiling,	Carrying languages,	
	Customs,	Prayers,	
Echoes of distant lands		Secrets of strangers	
	I breathe in	I clutch	
Freedom			Memory
Light heats my face, winds carry news of afar		Twilight stirs and presses in	
	Birds carry me across fields	Stars blink back	
Rivers meander, unanswered		Path folds though pages	
	I follow horizons	I follow shadows	

1. Silk
 2. Red sail
 3. Colored glass or glazed ornaments

Fear

teaches me

Patience

I vanish into legend

I stay kept in stories

Sand scratches

Silence presses

I carry hope

I carry echoes

Run past deserts, past mountains, past cities
that once thrived and fell, chasing horizons
that are never still

Pause at ruins, touching walls that
remember laughter, trade and tears

The road is mine, the sky mine, the past and
future mingling beneath every footfall

The road whispers, telling of journeys that
shaped the world and journeys still to come

My children may never know the path
I walked

My children may never escape the path
I've built

And finally, become wind

And finally, the Silk Road carries

Carrying the stories off all who dared

Bending into history, into memory, into
endless horizon

I am the first to see the rising sun

I am the last to touch its fading light

And when I vanish

May the dust sing of me.

May the network still hum my name.

Did you hear me?

Did you reach us?

I leave Chang'an, but Chang'an

never
leaves me.

Silken Maps

St. Paul's Convent School, Mok Hoi Ching Valerie – 15

luminescent fabric, silk-soft and grand,
 a moon-pale highway spun by human hand.
 it crept past deserts where the sandstorms blow,
 and drew the wary empires from below.

first came the caravans, a patient trace
 the camel's gait, the donkey's plodding pace,
 with Hàn flags above them, lifting high,
 like cloud-born guides against a boundless sky.

suspicious lands would watch the boxes pass,
 and weigh the worth inside each corded mass
 till one light touch undid the careful clutch,
 and treasure bloomed beneath the curious touch:

there was yú, like river-washed and sunlit green,
 and cí, with a moon-cold, flawless sheen;
 tight-rolled chá leaves that held the mountain's breath,
 and xiāng liào waking senses nearly dead.

but none outshone sīchóu—the star, the queen!
 a liquid whisper, soft yet fiercely keen,
 hungering to become a beguiling dress,
 and draped the world in wonders, east to west.

in turn, the givers gathered gifts unknown:
 from Dàyuān, horses like the wind made flesh
 their manes like rivers, thunder in their tread,
 and eyes that held the whole sky overhead.

from Kāngjū, glass that captured light and from—
 a captured sunset held in crystal dew,
 as if a craftsman, in his fiery art,
 had stolen fragments from a morning's heart.

from Dàxià, silverwork like frozen lace—
Each curve a lyric, every line a grace,
as though the metal dreamed of being air,
And settled, shining, into form, right there.

and Ālābó gave its frankincense, a prayer
in solid scent that smoldered, sweet and rare,
to wrap the road in aromatic hymn,
and bless the long miles growing faint and dim.

no longer was the highway pale or lone
it gleamed, woven, and full-grown,
with threads of jade and glass and silver spun,
and frankincense that smoldered like the sun.

each shade a story; every hue, a tongue
the old road danced where all the colors clung
beyond a path for merchants' careful loads,
it was something brighter, where the future glowed:

a living loom, where hands from every shore
could weave the world that had been dreamed before
not silk for kings, but understanding, spun
to wrap us, warm and restless, into one.

The Melting Teapot

St. Paul's Convent School, Sum Yui Ching Hayley – 16

The Teapot's journey began
 At The Dreaming of the Tiger Spring
 Where it grasped at the naked stream
 And the Water from the Dragon Well leapt
 Into the ceramic body
 Effervescing, billowing
 Rippling outwards, the flutter of wings

Before the guardianship of Mount Tai
 And the merry-making of farmer and artisan
 The Teapot was infused with the knowledge
 Of entangled Chinese constellations
 Of paper pulped and rivers of poets' tears
 Of silk's smooth glide, like the parting skate of lovers
 With unseemly cartography
 Alone it trekked, heavy with Longjing leaves
 Its white ceramic skin scorched by life's
 Idleness

On one faithful afternoon
 Drained was a gaiwan of its mellow green tea
 The residues of tea leaves meandering
 On the ceramic base
 Revealing the form of waves
 The contours of possibility
 And in those divining patterns of Longjing leaves
 A line of smoke gesturing at the direction of fate

And so the Teapot departed the Huashan mists
 The fragmented quartz amassed by the Tianzi peaks
 And ploughed its weary way
 Across marshes, deserts, tributaries
 The savaged lands, the barren lands
 Lands thirsting for life
 And at once
 As if the brew had brimmed with desire
 It whistled a war-cry, for the tea was ready

And with a puff of smoke
Possessed by the soul of the Ming treasure voyages
The Teapot became a soldier raging
Through thickets of timber, marshes of overgrown weed
Yuccas chafing ceramic undaunted
By the stratum of folly underfoot
Switchgrass cravatting a handle encumbered
By the heftiness of ambition

The Teapot traversed the Road
Its spout pouring the aristocrat's Longjing tea
Into hands of many hues
The blend tasted by unfamiliar tongues

The Longjing brew was proper, should Avicenna and Confucius meet
The Iranians mused upon tasting the Chinese drink

Lab suz, lab duz, lab reez

A chant sparkling in the heat

Scalding hot, sealed by lips

Brimming to the top

Persian syllables *Befarmā'id chāi*

Have some tea

A simple request uttered

By every man woman and child

The Teapot then set foot in the arid Southern Asia

And Chinese green tea grew milky

The Afghanistans hailed it *Qymaq chai*

For their locals had revered it so

Bowed heads and civil hands, offering

A cordial cup, soon familiar to British and Dutch

Tasting a rush of milk, a tinge of cardamom

The Teapot had wriggled its brows

Expecting tainted sacrilege, but no it was

The poised blend of culture

And when the Teapot began shivering from the crisp Ramadan
 Its brew was revitalised by the fires of Iran
 It morphed into the head of a dragon
 Prancing about the Muslim lands
 In the fire-leaping festival of *Charharshanbe Suri*
 And as the Iranians were merely the playthings of Fire
 They could not divine the origins
 Of the smoke skulking in the air
 And in that Zoroastrian celebration:
 Man merging with fire
 Fire flocking with foreign tea
 A congregation dancing
 With the teapot whose foreign steam rose
 And blended with the joyous Persian flames

With fortnights' passing, its lid began to droop
 Then, a splash of rainbow
 A flurry of hollers from a galvanised village
 A well-groomed man drifted near
 Eyeing the teapot, he splashed the hues of Holi
 To complement its divine Longjing taste
 He held the pot up to the sky
 To let Vishnu's palm cradle its gift
 Then came the roar of eager lips
 A congregation of rainbow limbs
 Extended ceramic cups, porcelain canisters
 Tin cans, caddies
 And even the *Dalits*
 (Yes, the untouchable and the outcasts)
 Waited with bated, cupped hands
 The ground royal with colours
 Every priest teacher and trader
 Tasted fresh aristocracy
 The caste lines dissolve in its steam

Entering Egypt, the Teapot slotted itself beside
The mystique of the brass briqs
It seemed an unlikely friendship
The rich presence of the Chinese teapot pressed
Against the svelte figure of Egyptian briqs.
As if growing conscious of its size,
The Chinese teapot stood in earthen-glazed conviction
And displayed brushstrokes of mountains and misty peaks
The Egyptian briqs, slender and sun-kissed
Learning of the beauty of oriental lands
Shone with the burnished glow of desert sands.
And equally, boasted its hieroglyphs of heat and haste
And the briqs, suave and spirited
Replied with the clatter of a marketplace
The uproar of night bazaars, syllables in deserted winds
The briqs poured the Nile's wisdom, and it pulsed along
To the tempo of caravans, of camels treading past

Then the Teapot embraced the Turkish streets
Crowded with perfumes
Tasting the elation in the air,
It whistled in agreement
Longjing tea leapt into tulip glass
Ince belli, the Turkish had hailed it,
The oriental liquid in Turkic glass
Proudly hung in the night sky
The Chinese teapot, master of tracing constellations
With Dragon and Phoenix etched in its mind
Now poured mapmakers' dance
Into a Turkish glass
All of oriental astronomy bespoke
In the reflection of Longjing in Turkish glass
And the Turks, with eyes turned upward,
Sipped the Dynasties who charted the heavens
Hither, the Dragon Gate,
The Pole Star's didactic hand,
Transcribed by a swirl of Longjing
The Chinese teapot sat, its spout
Pointed eastward, bequeathing
The Azure Dragon and Vermilion Bird
Then the Turkish learnt of cardinal directions
And nestled themselves in the Three Enclosures
A communion of skies
Teapot and tulip glass, East and West

And when the journey was over
The wearied teapot contained
One last pan-roasted Longjing leaf
Its spout now charred by the fires of Charharshanbe Suri
Body soaked in with Holi's kaleidoscopic shades
Rims chipped from the banging of pots in a Nowruz's kitchen
The base cracked in protest of the Ramadan chills
Sipping the last drip of the herbal brew
And in its final pour into a gaiwan
The Longjing leaves nuzzled
into a phoenix's silhouette

Before the Teapot finally cracked
Its spout traced arteries in the Gobi sands
Routes criss-crossing like estuaries
In memory of its arduous journey
The lines were penned by historians as
The Flowing Road of Silk

Poetry

Group 5



The Stain of Silk

ESF Renaissance College, Rumi Nanwani – 16

A diseased breath grasped my face, then burrowed through me. Tentacles, digging within.
 Head tilted back, bulging from the throat – gagging, spasming, as it withers deeper,
 until it grasps onto my soul.
 And then it wouldn't let go.
 I was one of the few who survived.
 Dawns bleed, sun's rot,
 Day after day, night after night, we travelled.
 Their coughs slither across my skin.
 I grimace at the blood spilt on the floors,
 The gouging eyes.
 My mothers whispers still linger,
 Her voice warm, pressed to my naive ear,
 Telling me everything will be alright,
 Telling me it would pass,
 That bodies do "strange things" before they heal.
 Then she was gone.
 We buried her close to the road,
 Far enough so no one would trip.
 The sickness didn't chase us.
 It walked.
 Sometimes it rested
 Sometimes it felt like it forgot us entirely,
 Which felt worse, somehow.
 In the mornings we checked ourselves silently.
 Tongue. Throat. Breath.
 Any warmth which stayed too long.
 Any tremor we couldn't explain
 As a cold or hunger or poor sleep.
 The road was never empty,
 Despite it feeling that way.
 Tracks pressed into the mud,
 Hooves thumping, masking Earth's hum.
 People moved by us,
 A closeness I didn't ask for.
 Their odour threaded itself through the same air,
 Tangy with spices, which stung my nose
 Sharp and sweet, masking rot – or pretending to.

I couldn't always tell which.
I learned the road had a name,
Spoken in pieces, translated badly,
through many mouths.
The Silk Road.
They swore Chang'an was safe,
Lungs still pink,
Streets loud enough to drown a cough.
They thought distance could be a bandage, And walls could keep out air.
A merchant laughed as he crossed,
The sound echoed wet in his throat.
He swallowed it down, and smiled wider.
Sickness doesn't arrive like an army.
It doesn't.
It rides the softest things,
Breath shared too close,
A sleeve wiped across a mouth,
A handshake that loiters,
A second too long.
So tell them Chang'an is safe,
The east is clean.
Because the road listens,
And keeps walking,
Patient as hunger,
Carrying what it does,
Without leaving a mark –
Till it does.
I remember my mother,
The last warmth of her voice,
The next day, gone.
We laid her close to the road,
Far enough so no one would trip,
Close enough to hear the world that still passed her by.
When I walk, I don't see her.
I carry her.
A hard lump under the skin,
Heavy, quiet –
Resting where my ribs meet my breath.
And I know,
The road doesn't end,
It keeps you.

“The Road breathes still”

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Eric Graff – 17

I am the road—eternal silk thread.
 shapeshifter ‘twixt Chang’an sky and Taklamakan sand,
 God of caravan ways where silk meets spice,
 where Gobi bones birth Samarkand’s span.
 Through camel bells and iron drone hum,
 Through poor and rich,
 Through death and life,
 I weave the world in a bazaar-jarring stitch—
 from pamir ice to oases endless night

I slipped as cloaked wind through xiongnu felt tents,
 Whispering to chained feet, “North.”
 Whispered through chains, moon veils river ford.
 Thirteen years iron bit his wrist; I snapped a guard’s bowstring.
 Guided his stumble past ambush ghost-bones of lost men
 fertilized my first trails, their blood my baptism.
 Sky-high I watch his escape spark empires: innovation from agony.

Falcon-eyed, I dove at Nestorian spies in Khotan moonlight
 Bamboo cracked in my storm gust, eggs spilling, traitors fleeing.
 Six months death march without rest, smuggling China’s soul west;
 I tried—oh, I tried for the moths’ weaver’s good side.
 But Justinian’s mills spun my monopoly to dust.
 Paper, nation prayers rose amid the theft; knowledge bloomed from violation

Vulture-perched above pyramid of a million skulls—
 Cannibal, white marrow soup bubbling in Mongol pots.
 My sands surged soft, swallowing impaled artisans too.
 Dunes draping skull towers with silk veil horrors midwifed
 Rhubarb roots and faxians cave-light, Buddhism’s defiant fire.
 Good grew from graves, medicine mocking massacres’ mound.

I crawled flea-throats on Crimea packs; plagues black boil spread.
 Oases emptied, Duhuang pits bubbled half my children to bone soup.
 Winds dirged through mass graves; dunes danced scorpions over decay.
 But paper prayers bloomed where skulls bleached-knowledge from violation.
 Traders’ detours birth cures, light leaching from eternal dark.

Death, I slumbered 'neath dune-shrouds deep,
Seas silenced my caravans; trails turned to ghost sleep.
Now Iron dragons rumble where camel bells fell mute—
Metal eagle's claw Wakhan skies, eyes piercing dust-wrought night,
Veins pulse ghost-serum 'neath herder flesh thorn-torn
Plunderer shades—ancient horsemen in steel chariots scorn—
Chain child-wraiths o'er salt-tracks, wrist raw as first trails born

Ghost bazaars hawk dream-silk; brittle strands snap and mourn
Beside leak-scrolls where skull towers glow in palm-screen fire.

I, Road-god, stir from millennium sleep through circuit storm.
Dunes part for steel veins pulsing where bones turned to stone.
Threads bind 150—curse and cure in a single strand.
Evil sleeps in light's cradle; good bleeds from slaughter's vein.
My sand-drink empires risen and fallen; I endure the onslaught of time
Winds chant the same—the Silk Road remains mine

Creative Writing
Poetry

Group 5



Road of Dreams

G.T. (Ellen Yeung) College, Leung Yu Fung Christie – 17

In front of me rested a book, “China’s Odyssey”
Pages clasped together begging, “Read Me”
On the cover loomed thousands of ships brimming with load,
Under the picture was inscribed, “Silk Road”

Silk Road? Deserted, diminished, desolate.
Promises of magnificence on an empty slate.
What used to flourish in that day and age?
I asked myself as I flipped to the first page.

Unwound back through the passage of time,
Where envoy Zhang Qian in Xi’an stood poised to depart.
I yelled, “Why travel to uncertainty when you could save a dime?”
He said, “This dream is the fabric that carries our art.”

Along the way I met monks and smiths,
Grasping treasures merely once whispered in myths.
From incense to saltpetre to silk in seams,
To them, the most valuable remained their dreams.

To pioneers and scientists I raised a question,
“Why chase the winds of trade?”
They spoke of exchange with a bold vision,
Stemming from dreams their children had made.

Following the sparkle of China’s jade,
I was led to Istanbul where businessmen did their parade.
A cascade of sapphires, ivories, and gold,
Shimmering bright rays as fulfilled dreams unfold.

As I raced through a time-lapse of horses, spices, and wools,
I embraced ideas, religions, technologies, and new tools.
Roaming merchants, pilgrims, scholars, and artisans,
With a shared dream to explore, cradled in their small hands.

That's when I realised
this road wasn't made of silk, tea, or a porcelain cup.
It was instead built
on dreams that never quite gave up.

As the pages of history flapped itself shut,
Echoes of journeys still linger in my eyes.
A new road of silk starts to weave itself in my mind,
Threading another dream to keep it alive.

Poetry

Group 6



The Green and Purple Camel

Korean International School Springboard, Chan Hin Yuen Hinton – 10

The camel is so big the colour is green.
She lives in the purple desert and her name is Candy.
She had a camel friend named Billy.
Billy a purple camel.
Billy and Candy play in the brown desert.
Candy gives Billy lots of candies.

The Camel on the Silk Road

Korean International School Springboard, Kim Chemin Patrick – 9

Long time ago was a camel named lego
As big as a man
Lego the camel has brown fluffy fur
Masters of the camel Lego, a boy named Brownie and man named Cookie.
Slowly and carefully,
They travel on the Silk Road,

The man, the boy, the camel and a band.
The man walks on the hot Ground
The camel steps on the sand
The boy's water was not Found
And now they are a thirsty band.

The Camel Facts

Korean International School Springboard, Lee Wing Yan Andelyn – 13

The camel lives in the hot desert.
A humpy bumpy camel with four legs.
A brown camel with skin thick as a wool coat.
They like to walk in the sun and find water to drink.
They need to ride a caravan to the silk road.
Humpy Bumpy camels walking on the sand
They dance, they play and walk to the silk road.

Roar and Soar

Korean International School Springboard, Kim, Patrick – 8

Dinosaur can run
Dinosaur can roar

Some dinosaurs yearns to soar,
Some dinosaurs like to have fun

Words about Dinosaurs

Korean International School Springboard, Lee, Andelyn – 12

Dinosaurs are fast like
Iguana on turbo Do they sleep in a
Nest? Do they roam
Orange volcano? Do some
Specimens come out of the fire? Where
Asteroid from stars high
Up above the
Rocky mountain sank?

The China Dragon Bird

Korean International School Springboard, Sung, Sangeun – 12

Sinosauropteryx
Small Real Hero
Fly Eat Hunt
Soared Through the Trees,
Roamed Ancient Lands
Precious

Destroy the World

Korean International School Springboard, Yuen, Shun – 10

Destroy the world.
Island and the sea.
Need to graze.
Or hunt for dinner.
Spending time with your life unit.
Asteroid hits the land. If you survive.
Use the pencil to write.
Run for your life.

Poetry

Group 7



The Magic of Glassware

Korean International School Springboard, Chu Ka Lok – 15

Glassware is colorful, refined, and delicate,
With whimsical sparkles that bring us cheer.

Each piece is a treasure, a true work of art,
Handcrafted with elegance, modern and clear.

Translucent and smooth, they capture the light,
From vibrant designs to decorative patterns.

Glassware is unique, a traditional delight,
Sophisticated and bright, forever evocative.

So let us celebrate glassware, radiant and rare,
A magical world that fills us with flair

Textile Trade

Korean International School Springboard, Taemin Chung – 14

In a world exotic, so unique and fine,
Textiles tell stories, a cultural sight.
Silk and wool, cotton and linen divine,
Each fabric exotic, a true work of art.

Soft yet light, and colorful too,
They wrap us in elegance, in shades rich and luxurious.
Traditional patterns, vibrant and widely,
Handcrafted with care, they celebrate fate.

So let's preserve these treasures, both timeless and grand,
For in thread lies a story, enduring, versatile.
From warm, vibrant blankets to intricate twirls,
Textiles unite us across the whole wide world.

Whispers of Spice

Korean International School Springboard, Ffion Angela Ryan – 17

In the warm glow of bright colors,
Tasty and full of unique flavors,
Exotic cinnamon twirls softly,
While sharp pepper brings the rich taste of the world.

A Thread Across Time

Korean International School Springboard, Jessica Kator Lowther – 19

Two thousand years, a thread was spun,
From China's heart to the setting sun.
Silk in hand, they dared to roam,
To lands unknown, far from home.

Livestock Friends

Korean International School Springboard, Lau Yu Yan Ian – 14

Horses gallop strong and fertile,
Camels healthy, oh, can't you see?
On the routes where they all are gentle
Fertile creatures, prized and wellbred
In our world, they help us all.

Horse Soldiers: A Long Distance to Europe

Korean International School Springboard, Wong Pak Him Joshua – 18

Heavy people in a sand blizzard
Oddward people are thirsty with no water to drink
Rivers to drink from, preventing thirst
Satisfying sight as soldiers meet, then start fighting
Environment is beautiful, but sandy

Slopes say you need to be careful and watch where you're walking
On the road, flat grounds have no grass, only sand
Legendary people know the past
Dawn breaks before sunset, heading to another country
Imperial days in the Silk Road
Excited to reach Europe
Roped in for days in the hottest desert, the Silk Road
Solving the route to Europe via the Silk Road

Aim in the direction you're heading

Leap over the rivers and lakes, avoid the shooting arrows
Opinionate your team soldiers to decide to go
Not every soldier is hurt or thirsty
Guard the roads so the soldiers can't cross

Dusk falls when a sand blizzard sweeps the Silk Road
Innocent people kneel in the sand; if they please, they continue
Stranded people sit in the sand with nothing to do, thirsty
Trace the footsteps that the wolf made
A person rides their horse along the Silk Road to Europe
Noble people ask soldiers to reach Europe and find the emperor
Countless meters of the Silk Road can't be seen
Exit Silk Road carefully, don't get caught

Thoughtless people don't know how to get
up the horse
Overreacting people get stressed about where
to go on the Silk Road

Existing people say go left instead of right; if
they lie, you're lost.
Underground caves might cross beneath, but
they never do
Reset the Silk Road so it doesn't confuse
travelers
Offensive people don't want to fight, but
they must
People on the Silk Road can't see others
from far away
Edible goods are sold across the Silk Road

Worthy for the Brew

Korean International School Springboard, Yeo Yeu Joen Darren – 16

All the way from China,
Rich, earthy, smooth.
Sweet and fruity,
Smells refreshing and nutty—
Made my journey so worthy.

A warm cup of aromatic tea,
Every sip tastes so delicate.
Floral and warm,
All the bold flavors—
Made my trade so worthy.