

Poetry

Group 1



The New Country

International Christian School, Lo, Ava – 9

As the silence grows in the city
Cars drive on the busy street.
The market feels crowded with people
Walking with dragging feet.

Where the ocean stays calm,
Ships sail slowly across the sea.
The waves splash the pier,
Reflecting the sun so shiny.

Patterns unfold on women's tunics,
Men's shoes clack on the ground.
Cars honk and people shout
"Cheap sale coming out!"
Together makes a noisy sound.

Traditional houses cover the village,
Painted with wonderful creatures.
People's amazing imaginations,
Leads to a special culture.

The lights went off,
Into their comfy beds
Dressed with soft blankets
They lay down and rest.

The sunset was harmony,
All the noise went low
another day was over
Below the faded sky.

The Greater Bay Area

Korean International School, Han, Jihyuk – 7

G reater bay area,
R egion including Southern China, Hong Kong and Macau
E ach place is famous and
A wesome!
T ransportation and
E ducation is
R eally important to connect these areas.

B anking in HK, IT in South China
A nd travel business in Macau is important.
Y ou must come here

A wesome world to see what is happening now in this
R egion.
E xciting and
A dventurous things are happening now in Greater Bay Area!

Poetry

Group 2



Greater Bay Area — My New Hometown

Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Wu, Chun Yu Molinali – 10

Looking down from Chang's space raft,
the earth is as a beautiful crystal.
Whenever she flies over the stars in the South China Sea,
will see several cities scattered on the blue ball,
like a piece of decent jade.
Although the lights are not so bright,
but they never fade.

The tunnels of time and space go round and round.
Finally, one day a great man was full of poetry came,
to the nine cities of the broken jade.
He came up with a brand new name,
“Guangdong - Hong Kong - Macao Greater Bay Area.”
Since then, the Sleeping land came back to life.
Like a sleeping lion woke up.
He was proud of the heroes.
He looked at the end of the world.

On that day,
the Hong Kong-Zhuhai-Macao bridge will be opened,
the World will exclaim,
“That is the great artery of the lion!”
When Shenzhen and Hong Kong shake hands at that moment,
the lion will have his own heart,
the surging pulsation.
The pulse of the nine cities will be strangely united.
“Fusion”, “Integrated”, “One country two systems”, and “One Belt And One Road”,
a brand new symbol of life,
it will be branded on the lion.

And we are like every cell of the lion,
it's an inexhaustible source of energy.
We grow up under the dazzling stars,
as if the accumulation of endless strength,
carries the body of the male lion,
races to the front of the world.

More than 150 years ago,
Hong Kong was just tourist overseas.

Macao was not our hometown, either.
Even Shenzhen was just a poor fishing village.
Several other cities were also poor areas of the motherland.
At that time,
we had no common country;
At that time,
we had no common hometown.
At that time,
all the people scattered like sand,
wandering in the sea of South China.

70 years ago,
the new China's cannon rang,
the Chinese people ushered in the final liberation.
22 years ago,
Hong Kong returned to the embrace of its motherland.
Then Macao returned to its mother's arms.
And today,
this hometown has been scattered for many years.
Finally, we have a common name,
it has also become our common hometown.

Its name is,
"Guangdong Hong Kong Macao Bay area."
"G.B.A" for short.

Great Bay Area,
my wonderful dream land,
Great Bay Area,
my enchanted hometown.

A Great Day in the Greater Bay Area

Shanghai United International School Wanyuan, Cao, Zachary – 10

Standing by the Huangpu River
I look out over the Southern China, Pearl River Delta

When the horn of the Greater Bay Area sounded in Shenzhen Bay
A magnificent landscape awaits you
For the future adventures of the Greater Bay Area

Small roads like sparks burning spread into the avenues
Tall buildings are springing up like mushrooms
Smiling faces mingle with sweat and happiness
The new lands to be welded together

The Greater Bay Area
Like a great ship sailing with full of hope
Like a red sun rising with full of enthusiasm
Like an opening bow with full of energy

Bearing off Shenzhen Bay
Bearing off Hong Kong and Macau
Still sailing on the magnificent landscape
Passage to future adventures of the Greater Bay Area

Everything is unpredictable
Everything is expectable

Dreams can span regions
Creativity can transcend space
Achievement has no boundaries

Listen, the strongest sound of an era is resounding through the sky
Look, “One Belt And One Road” blueprint is blooming in the motherland

A city, a poem
4 central cities, And the other 7 key node cities
Every city is waiting for perfection

The Hongkong-Zhuhai-Macau Bridge
As the rainbow in the sky
Falling on the sea, and then becomes the bridge
The sky remains infinitely vacant for earth there to build its heaven with dreams

Singing our times
Singing the strong light works of engineers
Singing the great achievements of the present of the Greater Bay Area

The great not only past and now
But greater still from what is yet to come

Future adventures for the Greater Bay
the Chinese dream continues to forge ahead!

The last of the last
Breathe one breath upon my verse
And leave its odor at the bay

The Myriad Life of the Greater Bay Area

W F Joseph Lee Primary School, Chan, Sze Yu – 10

There is a terrain in China,
called the Greater Bay Area.
Each city has a unique culture,
which leads to amazing adventures.

Would you like to visit Zhuhai,
with its entertaining theme parks and romantic views?
Or Jiangmen, with beautiful beaches and relaxing rides,
a perfect place for holidays.

Hong Kong is a busy and vibrant city,
glowing lights brightens the night sky.
Macau is a prosperous place,
with lots of entertainment and fun.

Guangzhou is a colorful city,
famous for its delectable dishes:
Wonton noodle, pork buns, and roast ducks,
All are so mouth-watering.

Huizhou is like a paradise,
You walk into a picture of beautiful lakes and mountains.
Zhaoqing is famous for its natural scenery,
a fairyland with nothing but peace.

Zhongshan and Foshan,
where the richest culture of China is buried.
Tall, majestic temples stand in the centre,
an astonishing history they carry.

Shenzhen, on the other hand,
is bustling with energy.
Dongguan is where the technology is growing,
but the nature still remains.

Connecting these cities,
is the Hong Kong, Zhuhai and Macau Bridge,
Stretching like a dragon,
across the clear blue sea.

Eleven cities altogether,
form the Greater Bay Area.
They are one, always one,
from the past to the future, forever!

Poetry

Group 3



A White Flower

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Joseph-Hui, Alexandra – 13

I cradle it gently in between my fingers.
Its petals are pure,
It is more than just white.
I stroke its veins
Hidden is a story of love and beauty,
Beauty that was brief and violent.

A mellow aroma of perfume
Buries all the smells that drifted through the air
Deep into its heart
The richness of a culture
Gone in an instant.

Its roots are wet to the touch
The clear sap drips onto my finger
I stare, fixated on the glimmering moisture.
My lone eye is reflected.
I look into the deep, earthy brown
Out of frustration
I smear the liquid.

The fields are no longer white.
Instead,
A vast nation overflowing with skyscrapers
The shrill blaring of boats
The now bleak, ashen sea
People trudging past
I am engulfed.

The beginning of a new era.
Where have the white flowers gone?
Now, when flowers blossom
All that blooms is commotion.
Hong Kong is no longer present.

One sole flower.
It holds the legends of the past,
The stories of today
The hope of tomorrow.

Its petals are fluttering in the warm wind.
I feel a pang of sorrow.
It reminds me of my beloved homeland.

I drop it.

The 23rd Century in the Greater Bay Area

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Kwong, Andreas – 13

Irish in size,
Swiss in wealth,
A new megalopolis,
Has risen in the East.

Fusing resources of land and labour.

Step from an airport,
Slip into transport
Swish! To the hotel
In a giant flying cell.

Under solar motors spinning on four separate propelling blades.

Spinning through 3D,
Holographic LED,
Targeted publicity,
Honed to your desires.

Trade and shop with cashless DNA-recognition technology.

Down below,
A sea of trees,
A zero carbon society,
Solar glazing glinting.

Unlearned - the 21st century plastic dependency.

AI porters multilingual,
Greet with silicon smile.
Sweetening the hotel portal
“Welcome -

Reboot in luxury and enjoy your stay.”

Neural scalp worn webs
Connect minds,
Hive consciousness,
Thought driven V-Reality.

Enjoy the GBA of the twenty third century.

Poetry

Group 4



Tributaries

Island School, Chen, Angela – 14

i. along the Pearl River
 Rumbling;
 whirring. The
 push of a pedal, then
 the blur of the sky.

Gears clicking. Motor
 quickening; and little
 by little, spirals of glass and
 stalagmites of silver creep
 into his view.

Wheels spinning; passengers flying
 across suspended cement, hearts gratifying.
 To the mighty Corridor, the bus steers;
 And to the land of promise; he nears.

ii. pieces of sediment
 The *ping* of the elevator
 The clang of metro doors
 The busy clicks of faux leather heels
 The whirr of electric cars

She weaves through the throng;
 Through the cobbled streets snaking between
 casino courts where the ladies with
 smiling eyes sell their homemade *zhu pa bao*;
 Through the hubbub of foreign accents from
 people yellow-, black-, fair-skinned, origins
 far and wide;
 Through the symphony of
 Taipa mornings,
 where her own footsteps added drumbeats to the
 thrum.

The sun is a bright round orb in the sky
 And caught up with their own hustle and bustle, no one

glances its way

But she does.

And she's brought back, face-flushed and rosy-cheeked
Standing amongst stalks painted bronze, husks golden;
Under the glow of this very same sun.

Four years back but still fresh in her mind.

He'd returned, shoulders slouched,
in the dying wisps of daylight.
Her *Ba*, clutching a piece
of crumpled paper, telling her that
His factory was out of business, that it was
shut down by the government because the
waters of the Yangtze River no longer ran
clear, that the family didn't have
long left
That he was sorry.

And so
Young and naïve, with a goal to achieve,
To the Pearl River; she had left to venture.

For four years, away she's strayed
On this soil her foot has stayed
Yet she cannot call this place

Home.

iii. churning waters

They call this *hua cheng*. The loudspeaker
buzzes on, tells them in fifteen languages:
*Guangzhou. The metropolis of
blossoms,*

of life.

A stop on the way to farther lands,
Different it was from the home's wetlands.

Gleaming towers climbing high into the
Heavens; stretching taller than even the smoke
chimney back home. Skies clear beautiful
crisp and
electric-blue.

And though he liked to think himself sixty
therefore dignified, he found his mouth, like
so many others:

Hanging open
Wide
Agape with wonder.

Intriguing, isn't it? Being so different
yet all the same. All tributaries racing
alongside weathered cliff-faces towards
open sea; the sea of promise, of wealth
of glass-windowed towers, fruitful futures
opportunities success happiness

That one had peeling skin, calloused palms, where
his bulk hid his hollow cheekbones and thinned wrists.
Another one, a girl, hair jet-black, arms full
cradling two squealing, chubby children,
yet red tinted the bags under her own eyes.
And another one, wrinkles etched deep
telling her grandson of dreams of good fortune,
of purpose – the same vibrant dreams that thrive
in the minds of all those bound for the Land;

All those there on the *Dongfeng* motorbus.

iv. eroding

She shrugs on her blazer and tints her lips
with red. She seats herself behind the concierge
desk, warmest smile on
Greets those clusters of mothers and fathers and
children tugging suitcases:

*Welcome to Macau! The number-one tourist hotspot
in the world*

and is hit by a pang of emptiness
an ache inside of her.

She wonders when the time will come
Where in her bank account, money enough
When she would be able to
Bring her beloved Ba.

v. flowing away

Ladies and gentlemen, twenty

Do You See the Greater Bay Area?

King George V School, Chow, Marissa – 14

My child, look out of the window and tell me what you see.

Do you see the tranquil park that was built from a lawless enclave?
Do you see the walled village that's home to a century-old clan?
Do you see the Express Rail Link station with its unique architecture and landscape?
And do you see the bustling airport with flights that serve many a businessman?

Can you spot the Portuguese signs on the ancient cobblestone streets?
Can you spot the parish that once used to be a pirate base?
Can you spot the longest sea crossing to have ever been built on earth?
And can you spot the incubation center just above that workplace?

Do you see the mountain peak that's shrouded in mist and history?
Do you see the magnificent cathedral in the heart of the old town?
Do you see the technology hub with its own entrepreneurship academy?
And do you see the national co-working space right in the middle of downtown?

Can you spot the former gatekeeper of the extensive Pearl River?
Can you spot the Buddhist temple that was built in 1985?
Can you spot the collaboration base that provides professional networking?
And can you spot MH Maker, which is a design and technology hive?

Do you see the reconstruction of the old palace that was destroyed in a war?
Do you see the island with historical forts that aren't for the faint-hearted?
Do you see the entrepreneurship base that nurtures the next great talents?
And do you see the Inno Valley HQ, where more than fifty enterprises have started?

Can you spot the old grey brick buildings steeped in martial arts history?
Can you spot the dragon kiln that's still in working condition?
Can you spot the new airport of which construction has commenced?
And can you spot the incubator platforms that have put businesses in a great position?

Do you see the side of West Lake where Su Shi's concubine was buried?
Do you see the sacred mountain where elixirs were once refined?
Do you see the modern transportation network with seaports and expressways?
And do you see the beautiful natural environment that gives you peace of mind?

Can you spot the historical Shell Mound site where pottery ruins have been found?
Can you spot the town where opium was destroyed in 1839?

Can you spot the park where new materials are constantly being developed?
And can you spot the cross-strait innovation hub where many regions combine?

Do you see the memorial park where Sun Yat-sen was born?
Do you see the famous pagoda with its six different tiers?
Do you see the technology platform where biomedical equipment is produced?
And do you see the various housing options subsidized for young entrepreneurs?

Can you spot the former residence of journalist Liang Qichao?
Can you spot the national forest park with plenty of gorgeous greenery?
Can you spot the Wisdom Valley which has developed ten industrial platforms?
And can you spot the many startups that produce educational machinery?

Do you see the limestone crags arranged in the formation of the Big Dipper?
Do you see the nature reserve that's most definitely a sight to behold?
Do you see the rent-free platform for youths to start their businesses?
And do you see the energy vehicles developed in Guangdong's "home of gold"?

Tell me, child – when you look out of the window, do you see the past, present and future of the Greater Bay Area?

The Greater Dream

Singapore International School (Hong Kong), Boey, Jun Xin – 14

Deep in the heart of the oriental world
Lies a land
Unlike the empires of old

Where ordinaries like us,
Are carried away by a vision of the future and the past
Like a musky yet fragrant autumn wind

Lost in the moment,
They dream

Of sunsets over a city
Where the living and electronic mingle
Indifferent to the abyss separating both
No one seems to notice
Or maybe care
That sometimes the phrase “recharge” is literal

They dream
Of trees that glow
With the lights from houses
Shining no matter what time of the year
And the dull buzz of electric vehicle chargers,
Standing by like dutiful workers

They dream
Of a world filled with 1 metre neon light boards,
Coexisting with colossal LED screens
With skinny anorexic models in too fitting clothes
Screaming unrealistic weight loss slogans
Adjacent to the ancient beauty shops
Advertising Shanghai pedicures

They dream
Of streets filled with noisy “cha chan ting”^{*}
Next to Michelin starred French fine dining
Serving foie gras and Escargot on silver platters
And let’s not forget the street food hiding at every corner
Merchants hawking Portugese egg tarts, grilled squid, Char Siew^{**} buns
A Pandora’s box just waiting to be discovered
And when opened

Will satisfy your greatest desires
While destroying your veggie only diet

But perhaps the most unexpected thing
That most people don't realise
Is that the dream is not a mirage
That this kingdom of wires and screens and lights
All held together by the beating heart of tradition
Exists after all

* Cha chan ting: Cantonese style coffee shops

** Char Siew: Chinese Barbecue Pork

Future Adventures of the Greater Bay Area

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Au, Ting Hei – 15

A feeble spark flickers, descends over
The luminous city of stars.
Suitcases disembark the Orient Express,
Gates to the dynamic East ajar.

Xiang Gang

“Welcome to the Pearl of the Orient”
She whispers, dancing sapphires
Adorn her wavy black gown, which conceal
Past secrets of this fragrance harbour.

A flourishing entrepot, no longer,
As a city of glass has emerged.
Formal suits and briefcases wriggle in
The hustle and bustle of commerce.

Fervent eyes and cameras fight for their spots,
Enamoured by the light's symphony.
Extravagant hotels line the avenue,
Embellished with lavish embroidery.

Screams of “Eureka!” echo behind windows
Of acclaimed research institutes.
Prominent greenhouses cultivate
Blossoms, from seeds in solitude.

Ao Men

A concrete dragon slithering, soaring,
Spanning across the sea.
Settling on the land of gamble, as if
It, too, were seduced by the money.

A gondola glides across
The Venetian Lagoon under the ceiling.

The Eiffel Tower casts rays of brilliance
Onto the hectic boulevard, bustling.

Handful of dices clang and clatter
On the horrific battleground of gamblers.
Pots of enticing gold roll in and out
Of the pockets of bold conquerors.

Not far from the wealth and exorbitance,
Lie antique stores and food stalls
Battered by the rivulet of time,
Former glories whispering within their walls.

Zhong Guo

Chimes sound in the distance.
The fragrance of incense rises, dense and
heavy.
Before the altar, devoted monks
Seek for peace, a spiritual journey.

A gateway from the concrete jungle,
A portal to the lush land.
Where city dwellers flock and infuse
themselves
In the artistry of God's hands.

A seemingly minuscule speck on the map,
But radiates like a new star born.
A land of riches, a land of opportunities,
A land, our nation prides on.

Poetry

Group 5



Paper Planes

International College Hong Kong, Ho, Clarissa – 16

China's sun
Exhaled a
Breath
Of light.

This blinding
Brightness,
Reflected on
An imaginary
Sea bridge.

Spirited heat,
Moving like an
Unchained
Dragon,
Setting fire
To the earth.

Moulding and
Shaping,
Kneading and
Caressing,
Moving the mud,
Firing soft clay,
Crafting it
Into small
Workers.

Aimlessly,
The workers
Wander
Unconsciously.

Dragging their
Lifeless bodies,
Carrying the
Indescribable weight
Of a future,
Walking on an
Endless imaginary
Bridge.

Blood, sweat and tears,
Penetrating through
The scratches of their
Now
Rugged
Clay bodies.

Like fire
Burning the flesh,
Alive.
Dreaming dreams
They never had.

The statuettes
Of terracotta,
Now
Children.

Infinite children,
Folding their dreams
Into a paper plane,
Willing the
Paper planes
To fly
Just like
Phoenixes.

Standing high
On a bridge,
Towering above
China,
Standing on the tips
Of their dainty feet,
Looking from the
Top of the world.

Declaring,
“The Greater Bay Area,
Where the sky's the limit!”

Paper planes
Big and small,
Take off,
Soaring through
The skies of
The Greater Bay Area,
Like brilliant creatures
Glowing afire.

Circulating endlessly,
The unstoppable
Paper planes
Sculpturing
Something new.

And in the end,
The paper planes
Rest on a new
World.

China sleeps
In its
Land of dreams.

A Quiet Night in the Greater Bay

King George V School, Magno, Joaquin – 16

The cities of the *Canton* tongue, be my
 And our collectivised defence of what
 We've gained. As three unite in natural bonds,
 In common speech, in common blood; ahead,
 Our glory lies. No gods, no kings, just us.
 Our monetary might, our Party's eyes,
 Our conquest of our luck and fate. I pray;
 "Prosperity will come, our future safe.
 Great wealth will come, right here, right here."
 We'll loose a flood of light in the *Zhujiang*.
 With belt, and road, eviscerate a place in our
 Republic, to amaze, impress, perfect.
 My love, it goes to you, the Greater Bay.

I lay beyond estates that shine with sins
 Of powers that became and befell us,
 Of ships, and vice, and five gold stars, on red.
 I rest below the sea, in blessed dark,
 No memory, no recollection of...
 Regrets. To rip a seam between, across
 Four Olds, three peoples must evaporate...
 Collectivised. An April rain falls from
 The Heavenly Palais. Is it of jade,
 Or is it of your tears they left ignored?
Guanyin, the merciful, the purifier,
 I ask you, bless the shores of green *Lantau*,
 Lest only thoughts admire the sight of it.

Beneath the bridge, a cord, betwixt three pow'rs,
 It dims. Yet still I wish to stay right here.

*A night, ten oceans away,
 The Delta's child, led astray.
 Iridescent street lights blind me,
 All my love, Greater Bay.*

Poetry

Group 6



Hong Kong Ocean Park

Korean International School Springboard, Choi, Mattea – 11

Hong Kong Ocean Park
Lots of fun like a spark
The sun never gets dark
But I don't like the sharks
Because their teeth are too sharp
I only like little dogs that bark.

The Roller coaster makes me feel scared
Shows makes me dare
Seeing the animals make me care
Bao Bao my little panda bear is there
Because she's cute and rare
But she only has short hair.

Poetry

Group 7



Hong Kong Disneyland

Korean International School Springboard, Chau, Kirsten – 16

Disneyland is the happiest place for me
There's so much to do and so much to see
Where the Disney characters come to life.
Mickey Mouse and Minnie his wife
On the Small World ride I close my eyes
At lunchtime I eat French fries.
In Toy Story land Woody is there.
The green soldiers fly in the air.
The Winnie the Pooh ride is the best,
There is no time to take a rest.

Our GREAT Greater Bay Area

Korean International School Springboard, Ching, Jonathan – 14

Hong Kong is one of the world's greatest shopping places,
the streets are full of love and smiling faces.
I love to go around the town,
it cheers me up when I'm feeling down.
I also love to go to Ocean Park,
and hang around there until its dark.
I love everything at Ocean Park,
I even love the Great White shark.
I go there with my best friend,
where we hang until the end.
We always go on all the rides,
we even buy some animal hides.
One more thing I'd like to say,
is Hong Kong has made my day.
And with that my poem ends,
With a 'goodbye' to all my friends.

Hong Kong

Korean International School Springboard, Tang, Adrienne – 15

Hong Kong has an amusement park,
Park Island has a Noah's Ark.
Shenzhen has the Ping An Finance Centre,
Where in Shenzhen, it is in the center.
Dongguan has shopping malls that are big,
And the malls can fit a huge pig.
Huizhou has the world's first automatic railroad,
And during a hurricane, the train is slowed.

For casinos, Macau is the place,
Where people enjoy the machine slots they face.
Zhuhai is the city near the bridge,
Where many people took the bus and put water in the fridge.
Jiangmen is next to Zhongshan,
It is home to a dinosaur named Stan.

Guangzhou is the capital city,
It's a bit polluted and not too pretty.
Zhongshan has the Lingnan Village of Water,
It's a great place to visit with your daughter.
Foshan is Bruce Lee's hometown,
Where many people watched him doing Kung Fu downtown.
Zhaoqing is called China's inkstone.
Where there are scenic spots that are not well known