



Poetry

Group 1

Hide and Seek

Canadian International School, Xiao, Yanda – 6

High high mountain,
Rising up into the sky.
Look at the trees,
They are playing hide-and-seek,
With the clouds and the breeze.
Where do the stone stairs lead?
I think it's the peak.
Would you come with me?

The Yellow Mountains

Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School, Chan, Kung Kai Jasper – 9

I can see the yellow mountains in the painting.
Daddy, have you seen the yellow mountains?
Daddy says yes and tells me that
Mountains look different at different times of the day.

When rocks are surrounding the mountains,
They are black but not yellow.
On rainy or snowy days, such a Seas of Clouds.
They are the bluest blue.

They turn green in spring and summer with the greenery.
Yellow flowers, red leaves make them more colourful in Autumn.

When winter comes, there is a beautiful crystal world.
Lots of frost and rime are used for the decorations.

Daddy, Daddy, please bring me there!
I want to see the colourful mountains.
And, Daddy says “Yes!”

Tales from China's Magical Mountains

Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School, Lai, Chun Hei – 9

You are at the Yellow Mountain core,
The wind blows like a lion's roar.

With Rocks that stand there over ages,
Of Strange shapes at many stages.

Down at the Yellow Mountain heel,
A Sea of Clouds that don't seem real.

All people feel grateful when they see?
You are at the Yellow Mountain peak.

When you and the sky meet,
You've achieved the Yellow Mountain feat.

Magic Mountian

ESF Glenealy School, Kim, Esther

There is a place, a home, for you and me
for the mist and clouds too,
where you feel like you've landed in a dream
Inhabited mountains still owns the breathtaking sight today,
Poets, have lived,
in the village that still sits on the yellow mountains
Yet, despite all the amount of knowledge that has been found,,
the magical mountains still remain mysterious.

The Magic Of The Yellow Mountains

ESF Quarry Bay School, Wong, Angie – 7

Oh no, Oh no – I am in the midst of the mist!
Does the magic inside still exist?
In the mist, I use my fist,
Until it forms a twist of mist...

The wind is whooshing to me like it is soothing me to sleep.
Over the mountains the mist seems to creep,
I wonder about that lost treasure hidden in the mountains deep,
What other secrets does the mountain keep?

I knock on the rocky wall to see if there is a secret door,
Suddenly, a sense of musty smell slowly fills up my sensitive nose,
I hear a bird noisily chirping, sending a warning from the floor,
About this mysterious mist? Who knows?

But I must embark on the perilous journey,
As it begins for you and me,
Following the footsteps of Li Bai and Du Fu,
Go! Go! I will be following you!

I must run through the hills,
Standing tall like massive giants in the sky,
Running, climbing and dashing until,
I reach the mountains that are so high...

As high as the vast blanket of grey clouds,
As scary as a frightening creature, dark and mean,
As secret as a treasure chest buried underground,
As magical as you could ever dare to dream.

The legend goes, or so I'm told,
Whoever sees the sacred gold,
Which the creature guards and holds,
A never-ending curse will behold,
But should you fail, you should know,
The creature will never let you go...

Have you heard the legend of the scary creature?
It has lots of threatening features...
People saw the mythical creature,
Hiding in the clouds,
Trying to protect the treasure it enshrouds.
Two big wings, a feathery tail, and sharp claws,
It kills people with its nasty jaws.

If you do not want to be killed,
Or continue the trend of blood being spilled,
You must think of a fabulous poem!
Just like Li Bai and Du Fu, these two marvelous poets.
You must not make the poem worse,
Or else you cannot break the curse.

The treasure is waiting for you at the top of the mountain,

Hidden behind the fortress of the flowing fountain,
Keep climbing! keep climbing! Until the sun goes down,
Use the moonlight power to hunt around,
To make the creature fall asleep, you simply must recite,
The following verse under the cover of a dark and windy night.
Then you will discover the treasure hidden beneath him,
With secrets filled to the brim.

“This poem will lift the curse of the treasure,
Which will bring you lots of pleasure,
You better use the poem wisely,
And move it around cautiously,
Knower of secrets, holder of gold,
You have followed the instructions you were told,
Now, make your own poem and you shall see,
That the magic of the mountains lies in thee”

The Monkey King

French International School, Chang, Gai Yan Valerie – 5

The Monkey King on a yellow hill top,
So cheeky and did not do his job.
He fights with a magical rod
And cannot be stopped!

Nian the Monster

French International School, Lee, Man Hei Grace – 6

Nian the malign mountain monster.

Murderous messes malodorous.

His mucronate manus makes malady.

His misery makes monstrous.

Messily madly mutilates.

Yellow Mountains

French International School, Sohn, Anne – 7

My magical mountains make me mysterious memory.

Strongly surprised and shocked.

Sharp and steep slopes stick together.

Spooky smoke seems strings of the sea.

What a sense of surprise!

Who will hate this huge homeland?

Huangshang in Winter

French International School, Wan, Justin Alexadber – 7

Huangshang in winter
the cold breeze blows in my face
echoes of nature

Tales from China's Magical Mountain

Kau Yan School, Luis, Rosie See King – 8

The mountain of magical,

There was a secret crystal.

The mountain was very mysterious,

But it was also very precious.

All of the people ran to the cave,

Because they need some shade.

A lion get rid of two magical monsters,

So the magical monsters staggers.

The mountain get smaller,

The magic bring them higher.

The Moving Mountain

Kiangsu and Chekiang Primary School, International Section, Lee, Rhys – 8

The moving mountain is a mountain that moves

Here and there. It moves but nobody sees it move.

Echo Peak or Moving Mountain is its name so when you say “Echo Peak” or “Moving Mountain” on the floating mountain range in China, it will suddenly appear near you (**so that nobody sees it move**).

Misty trees are under the mountain for legs.

On the mountain you need to be careful of...

Venom, because there are venom snakes on the mountain.

It's up to the snakes to protect the pandas, and the pandas

Need help from the snakes when they see meat-eaters like tigers and foxes on the mountain, and

Greedy tigers eat people so the pandas' and snakes' job is to get them off Echo Peak.

Moving Mountain breathes out magical clouds which connect to each other by rainbows.

On the mountain, you will see so many flowers that you will jump up in surprise.

Underground little magical monkeys help the underground trees to not be sick so that the mountain can always move.

Numerous golden birds pollinate the flowers.

The mountain tells the animals what they need to do every day.

A big mischievous tiger comes on the mountain, the snakes poison the mischievous tiger because he ruins everything on Echo Peak.

Ivy is the mischievous tiger's mum, and she says, “I'm sorry that I told my child to ruin your mountain, please can you make him alive again?” The mountain asks the rainbow connected clouds to bring the mischievous tiger back to life again.

New tigers come from the mischievous tiger and take care of the plants on the mountain from then on.

Eastern Yellow – Huang Shan

Korean International School, Leung, Chloe – 5

A famous mountain name after Yellow
Amazingly beautiful that people follow
To hike, to seek, to travel
To the top of the granite so wonderful
With soft clouds and white mist move like snails
If you ever visit, the scenery never fails

The Yellow Mountain Emperor

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Chan, Mei Wai Olivia – 8

I gaze at the floating clouds of mist and hear the clapping of thunder.
The magical, mystical Huangshan mountains are hiding quietly under.
Who knows the secrets of the mysterious peaks? Many have searched but failed.
The Yellow Mountain Emperor tells strange and mythical tales.
He is the Guardian of the mountains, a poet from olden times,
Now he protects his kingdom, writing beautiful rhymes.
He lives in a golden palace within the darkened caves,
Assisted by his dragons and invisible soldier slaves.
Marching around the mountains, will all their breathtaking beauty,
Protecting their powerful leader and never forgetting their duty.
Keeping him safe from enemies and other frightful fears,
So the Emperor and his mountains live on for years and years.

Legends of Mount Huashan

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Chan, Wai Tung Janiece – 8

The Chinese mountain stood in solitude long ago,
Severe flooding happened around Yellow River,
But two enormous mountains blocked the flow,
A heroic man fixed the flood for thirteen winters.
A gigantic god split the mountain into two,
Water broke the baffle and poured into the ocean,
The inhabitants gracefully said, “thank you”,
Renowned poet glorified it with great emotion.
Five dragons lived in a pond at the mountain foot,
Water was shimmering and tasted like honey,
Martial arts masters competed on mountain roof,
Mist, sharp stones and cliffs drove them crazy.
Nowadays travellers go there for breath-taking views,
Rock carvings and Taoist temples make legends real.
The peak is jam-packed with tourist crews,
Experience walking on narrow paths is most ideal.

The Legendary Huangshan

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Cheng, Ning Sang Nansun – 7

High, high up in the sky,
Long, long live on the Earth.
Dark, dark caves hide the dragon eyes,
Huangshan at its million years of birth.

Color-changing trees all year around,
Free-floating clouds greet you everywhere.
Sweet-chirping birds can always be found,
Huangshan the prime nature is here.

Full, full of people among the scenery,
Lined, lined up of cable cars to the peak.
Stop, stop! Don't cross the road boundary,
Huangshan the famous mountain makes you unable to speak.

Popular tales about the legendary place,
Countless drawings around the mysterious mountain.
Twenty thousand poems praising the nature's grace,
An extra one composed by a little boy called Nansun.

Magnificent Me

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Kan, Hay Man Hailey – 9

Next to the sky with praise and harmony
Guardian of Anhui is my graceful duty
Over 70 mountain tops are my partners and company

From the misty clouds to the special pines
I'm the subject of all kinds
Historically and in modern times

Being protected by the keepers
And looked after by the nature
I feel well-treated and honoured

The waste and left in ruins by the admirers of mine
Are ironically devastating my peaceful yet vulnerable life
Is your love to me real or lie

Don't you want to live happily
That's also the humble wish of me
Please promise to keep me as healthy as can be

So the rest of the world
Can enjoy the glorious scene from me
As much as you have been

Scared Yellow Mountains

Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Chan, Chris – 8

Yellow Mountains are huge, mysterious places.
Sharp peaks, raised villages and floating clouds, which are
Breathtakingly beautiful spaces.
In our stories, you are the birthplace of the dragon.
In our stories, you are the incarnation of grace.
In our stories, you are the centre of hope, aspirations and faith of the entire human race.

A Talk To Huangshan

Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Du, Zhou Yi – 7

When the sun rises,
I would like to be a bluebird.
Across the pines,
sing songs about your beauty and mystery.
When the moon comes out,
I would like to be a cloud.
On top of the mountains
listen to your stories in the history.
My Huangshan
my dream mountain
You stand in the east.
You live in my heart.

Dream Life in Huangshan Mountain

Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Li, Ka Wai – 8

From tomorrow on, I will be a happy person,
Hiking and travelling all over the Huangshan Mountain.
From tomorrow on, I will care about the natural creatures,
Having a small house, towards the Lianhua Peak, with the Pine Greeting Guests smiling.
From tomorrow on, I will give a cute name for every pine tree,
watching them thriving.
From tomorrow on, I will upload my daily life,
sharing my discovery and happiness with those wondering.
Without homework, without learning,
I only wish to face the peak, with the pine trees blooming.

Huangshan

Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Li, Yue Tong – 8

Huangshan is really high! Mountains rise and fall, rising into the clouds.
Huangshan is really dangerous! I've never seen such a steep mountain.
Huangshan is really precipitous! The cliffs stood out like jagged rocks.
Huangshan is really strange! The mountains are exquisite and beautiful.
Huangshan, Huangshan, you are majestic and precipitous, wonderful and beautiful.
I am deeply in love with you!

Ode to Dragons

St. Joseph's Primary School, Chan, Him – 9

Oh dragons, mysterious dragons,
What is it like to live in the staggering mountains
above the sea of floating clouds?
Moving yet motionless,
Fleeting yet eternal.
How many thousands of years have you hidden among these black camel humps?
What do you eat, where do you sleep?
I wonder if ever we would meet.

Oh dragons, awesome dragons
Oh you powerful beast
What happened on the day of the race Jade Emperor gave?
Why have you lost to a bunny, a tiger,
an ox and even a mouse
when you could have soared through
the clouds with your awe-inspiring wings?
Of all the animals, you should have been the king!

Oh dragons, majestic dragons
Guardian of the mountains,
How you protected the villages in the lofty mountains from peril!
Symbol of strength and peace.
Elusive dragon, why didn't you make yourself seen?
The ancient bones that people found,
did they really belong to you?
Are you false or are you true?

Oh dragons, mythical dragons,
Through all the centuries, you must have witnessed countless changes.
How many intense battles have you won?
Creatures of legends,
Were you there when Huangdi
created the Elixir of Immortality?
Did you really carry him, amidst rolling thunder
Towards a place shining with grandeur?

Oh dragons, you pillar of strength,
If you are more than a waking dream,
please continue to protect us and

Clickety Clack Up Huangshan

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Lee, Madeleine Sophia – 6

Up, up, up
Step by step
Clickety clack, Clickety clack
I follow the tracks
Of my grandfather,
He is like a mountain goat

Down, down, down
Along the edge of the mountain
We pass a fountain
And ancient pines
That smell like Christmas vines
A chorus of birds sing
As in spring

Between two ridges
Is a bridge
We stop twice
And tuck into cold fried rice

Onwards we march
Fog tickles our toes
Wraps us like a thick blanket
To the cold top
Step by step
Up, up, up

The Yellow Mountain of China

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Ng, Sze Wah Ceres – 8

In the stories they always say
That mountains are where magics begin,
But there has never been a place like the Yellow Mountain
That has so many mysteries within.

The Yellow Mountain got its name
From a story, not the colour,
Long ago, five thousand years back,
A legendary hero came into power.

His name was HuangDi
Also known as the Emperor of Yellow.
He is the ancestor of all Chinese
But sadly he was mortal.

He planned to create an elixir
To bring long life to his race.
All the ingredients were ready
Yet he needed a quiet place

So he chose the Yellow Mountain
Before then YiShan was its name.
When he finished making the pills
The mountain got its fame.

Since then more legends appear
Together with rocks of special shapes.
Each rock owns a unique story
Giving countless questions to the beautiful landscapes.

Were there two gods hanging their boots dry?
Was there indeed a monkey watching the seas?
Were there fairies pointing the travelers' way?
Or a pen turning into flowers and trees?

When I look down onto the clouds
From the mountain top, I imagine
Whether the supernatural led to rock formation
Or it was the rocks leading to the legend.

Huangshan

St. Stephen's College Preparatory School, Lai, Yuet Hei Hailey – 8

Long to see the Greeting–Guests Pine,
Let poets taste a sip of wine.

Dare to climb the Narrow Cliff,
Play a chord with any riff.

Want to catch the Flying–over Rock,
Stunning vocal makes me shocked.

Like to meet the Xihai Grand Canyon,
Feeling applause of the World Champion.

Dream to visit the Purple Cloud Peak,
Beautiful sunsets you could ever seek.

Reach to touch the great Bright Top,
The Mountain journey will never stop.

Tales from China's Magical Mountains

St. Stephen's College Preparatory School, Tsoi, Sunny – 6

Am I in heaven?
Am I in the ocean?
Am I in the sky?
Am I in a forest?
Where am I?

Why can't I see God?
Why are there so many waves?
Why are there so many layers of clouds in the sky?
Why do tall trees surround me?
Why am I here?

Li Bai! Da Fu! Here I come!
Huangshan! Here I am!

The Yellow Fairyland

St. Stephen's College Preparatory School, Fung, Karina – 6

I dream all the day,
I would jump up and down on the splendid cloud,
Flying over the sea to play,
Listen to the birds who sing out loud.

The wind whistles night and day,
Blowing over every single trees of pine,
Will they steal your leaves away?
Could I stay as you are friends of mine?

I follow the monkey sitting on the peak,
It lives there on and on alone,
I talk to him but he does not speak,
Staring at Taiping year after year turn the monkey to stone.

I love one day I can visit this wonderland,
The morning my eyes open till the night they close,
I realize this incredible place is actually my homeland,
My dream is still a dream that everyone knows.



Poetry

Group 2

Tales from China's Magical Mountains

Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School, Chang, Ho Ching – 10

You are mysterious, because of your magnificence, just like the residence of the emperor and the gods.

You are bashful, the floating clouds like your favourite veil that hide your face. When the breeze blows, we are all bewitched by your impressive scenery.

You are ever-changing with the sharp peaks, sometimes you are like the monkey that watches the sea;

Sometimes you are like the immortal sun boots, sometimes you are even like the fairy that plays the piano.....

You are friendly. You enjoy turning into pine that stands on the edge of the valley, welcomes guests and sees friends off.

Oh! How fascinating! It is magical! Are you illusory?

No! You are real, your name is Huangshan.

Tales from China's Magical Mountains

Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School, Ng, Tsz Tai – 10

There are some mountains in China,

They have some magical power.

If you use your finger,

And touch the rocks, they become silver,

However, there is a tiger.

It has stayed there forever,

Once, a boy, who's ten years old, and very clever,

Picks a magical flower,

It is just like a timer,

He pauses the tiger,

Stops him so it's easier.

For him to get the silver.

He shares it with the poor farmers,

And they live happily ever after.

Tales from China's Magical Mountains

Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School, Tse, Chun Hang – 11

Can you see the Lotus Peak, Bright Top and Celestial Capital Peak?

Then you may really reach,

the famous Yellow Mountain which stands

among the sea of clouds.

Stone monkeys watching the sea,

And those lovely animals are on the trees,

There are monks writing poetry

And painting in the temples under the midst of tress.

The Beasts Among the Beauty

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Tsoi, Micaela Emily – 10

Awe-inspiring Huangshan,
Your thousand stone steps are a stairway to Heaven,
Climbed upon millions of times.

Dangerous Huangshan,
Those knife-like peaks are high above unworthy humans.
Piercing calls from birds of prey echo across your valleys.

Fantastical Huangshan,
Beasts roam your mystical mountains,
Surrounded by somber seas.
Mist emerges from the flaring nostrils of flying dragons,
High up in the sky.

Majestic Huangshan,
Peacocks play lotuses on your jagged edges.
Competing pine trees twist and turn upwards
In a flurry of green.

Tender Huangshan,
You have watched over so many battles;
Your earth is the quilt of the perished heroes.
Their deeds will never be forgotten,
Even while they have died.

Ancient Huangshan,
Cliffs and slopes house your granite rocks,
Worn by time and weather.

Renowned Huangshan,
Legends encircle your entire being,
Changing and growing to this day.

Mysterious Huangshan,
Your endless secrets are yet to be discovered.

The Spirits of Huangshan

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Yu, Christabel – 10

In the magical, mythical mountains of China,
One mountain carries a much dreamier sight.
With seemingly so many mysteries to unveil,
The spirits of Huangshan work both day and night.

In Spring when the fireball first reveals its head,
The spirits glaze the peaks with a single sun beam.
Till all peaks and rocks shine in the early sunlight
They shall sparkle and shine and twinkle and gleam.

When noon is coming, all the spirits gather—
They use clouds to ensure Huangshan's great beauty.
The marshmallows floating make Huangshan more special,
Perfecting the grand mount is the spirits' only duty.

The next on their list is to bubble those hot springs—
A job to perfect on their endless To-Do-Lists.
The spirits must make tomorrow's preparation,
Their magic flows out from their heart to their fists.

In Winter when the days grow only shorter,
Those spirits must hurry their work more than ever.
They shall polish those ever-green pine trees
So that the warm green coating stays on forever.

Before the spirits may await a new year,
For a finishing touch they sprinkle on snow.
Until all the peaks have white fondant draped over
Only then may the spirits take rest somewhere low.

The next time you visit the ever-mighty Huangshan,
Remember the work done by the spirits combined.
They perfect their home so that you all may visit:
The mountain shall be grand and always refined.

The Ying-Ke Pine — A Reverie

ESF Glenealy School, Luk, Kristy

At the beginning of Creation the Earth newly born
A stirring legend fluttered in the whispering winds

Next to the imperial guardian stone lions
Atop the mystical Wenshu cave
Between rocks' cracks tore through and sprouted
A lively, determined Ying-ke pine
One handsome side branch as tough as Thor outstretched
The other side branch playfully tucked in her trouser pocket
So elegant innocent
An air of grace
She is always smiling laughing dancing
Warmly welcoming guests to Huang Shan

No matter how biting the rain
How bitter the frost
Firmly she embraces the sunlight
Her crown of leaves a relentless green
Her branches taut and bare
No matter how piercing the storm
How cruel the winds
She perseveres with grit yet fair

O

Who is it that nourishes
This statuesque wonder high in the heavens
Like a billowing dress she dances with the wind
It is the clouds the mist the immortals...

Legend speaks that she
Stands unmoving and erect on this majestic mountain
As her limbs turn frail her hair turns grey
Despairingly awaiting for the return of her husband long gone at sea
She is the angel sent by Queen Mother of the West
Down to Earth to charm the Yellow Mountain's tourists
She is China's symbol and spirit
Calling for peace and unity to the world
She is the lover in dreams
She is...

Mystical Magic Mountains

ESF Kennedy School, Pande, Ananya – 10

This is a poem from the days of yore,
A fascinating Yellow Mountains story,
You won't dream of making it to the top,
If you did, you'd definitely get the glory.

The Huangshan Mountains are a sight one never forgets,
The peaks majestic and the air is misty,
Only one way up and that's to take the steps,
Takes very long and are wickedly twisty.

The mountains stretch on and on,
Shooting high above the clouds,
Folks— young and old, short and tall,
All stop and stare, alone and in crowds.

But the mountains are not all fantastic and lovely,
Especially when there is a big bright full moon,
That's the time when everyone fears,
You'll find out more about it soon,

On those nights mighty creatures appear,
With clingy claws and chests that are hairy,
& Their majestic wings and fiery breath,
Make them superior and scary.

Beware the ferocious, evil beings,
Their home is hidden by dark oak trees,
Don't try to go within reach of the jungle,
Or you will be attacked by a swarm of bees.

Of all the dangerous creatures mentioned,
You must steer clear of the greedy golden dragon,
If you want to survive at all,
Bring a ton of dragon treats in a wagon.

The greedy golden dragon is the opposite of trained,
It scares away the children and it loves to attack,
Try to get as distant as possible,
But wherever you go, do not leave a track.

Do not fear, your hero has arrived,
With his sparkling armour and his razor-sharp sword,
He severed the dragon head, wings and body,
And claimed all the treasure the dragon had stored.

Now we are free from the mighty beast,
The mountain spirit king just saved your day,
Everything is now back to normal,
And the colour is back and it is washing away the grey.

At the end of each day,
We all start worshipping the mountain spirit king,
You might get to talk to him,
Although run away if he starts to sing.

That was the amazing tale of the mountains,
Go tell anyone, including any stranger,
Remember to warn them of all the rules,
And don't forget to tell them that there's danger.

China's Mystic Mountains

ESF Kennedy School, Wong, Valerie – 10

On the other side of China, I perceive, a dazzling amazing mountain.

While it takes a day to ascend, I wait for the Nightfall to come.

I catch a glimpse of a glistening palace, owned by the yellow emperor and his lovely maiden.

I peer through the mist trying to find a step, the scent of peach blossom flowers, they're blooming!

What a wonderful sight to see, I seek the river with water shining with the morning sun.

With a heart full of desire I wish to come once again, maybe in another life with green prickly grass, instead of white feathery snow.

The Never-Ending Legends of the Yellow Mountains

ESF Quarry Bay School, Hui, Emma – 9

I glided to a terrain so rare;
Under my spiralling wings, a blanket of mist filled the air.

The stunning sights caught my mind spellbound --
It was a mystical fairyland.

The mindful peaks sang a peaceful song;
The sea of cotton candy danced between the mountains.

Heads walked up the stone stairs, age-old and long;
Mysterious pines welcomed the pilgrims of admiration.

A native dragon whispered to me, 'This was Huangshan,
Where ancient legends were told from generation to generation.'

The most famous legend of Huangshan was about Huangdi;
Dragon would tell in words as simple as can be.

The Yellow Emperor was the ancestor of all Chinese;
All the people loved him.

He was afraid of getting old;
And his solution was about to be told.

He ordered his subjects to collect precious herbs;
They gathered the herbs and boiled them nine times in a cauldron.

The herbs turned into an elixir of immortality;
Huangdi took the pill, hoping to live till eternity.

His hair and beard changed from silver to dark;
His body became so light, flying to the heavens.

This place used to be called Yishan, the Black Mountains;
From that day, it was named after Huangdi, becoming Huangshan, the Yellow Mountains.

There were two more tales to know;
This was about a monkey which did not stay low.

A fairy monkey in his cave had practised magic for 3,600 years;
He had the power to transform himself into 36 different kinds of objects, including humans.

He met a young girl called Zhangzhu in Taiping County;
She was like a pearl, kind and pretty.

He fell in love with her at first sight;
He transfigured himself into
A handsome, young man – Sun Junwu – in delight.

Sun proposed to Zhangzhu;
Zhangzhu and her parents agreed.

On the wedding day,
Everyone was overjoyed;
Sun was drunk and lost his magic,
Showing his furry head,
Furry body,
Furry legs,
And furry tail.

Zhangzhu was shocked and sad;
She escaped and was very mad.

The next morning,
Sun woke up and realised what had happened to him;
The chances of getting Zhangzhu back were slim.

He spent days and nights at a peak watching her home in Taiping;
Year in and year out, he became a rock above the sea of clouds weeping.

Don't worry – unlike the last story – this one would not make you cry;
This would just be about the genius of the poet Li Bai.

Li Bai happily visited Huangshan,
Invited by some monks to a wine party.

Dizzily drunk, he improvised a poem at the party;
Everyone was amazed by his poem and calligraphy –
They envied his ability.

In high spirits, Li Bai excitedly tossed his brush pen,
Which turned into a peak;
It looked very unique.

A pine at the peak looked like a flower on the tip of a brush pen;
That was why the peak was called the Blossoming Dreamed Pen.

Now I fell in love with Huangshan after listening to the legends.

'Dragon, we should be friends in the Yellow Mountains.
We should be friends forever.'
Dragon agreed, 'Follow me, Little Bird, into my cave.'
I saw to us a huge bird wave.

Dragon said, 'This is Phoenix, my roommate.
To meet you she can't wait.'
Phoenix was happy to have me as her new friend;
We all decided to live together.

Dragon asked me, 'Have you realised the theme of each of the three legends?'

'Yes, I have.

Huangdi wished for Immortality;

Monkey longed for Love;

People envied Li Bai's Genius.'

I look forward to an endless friendship with my new friends;

We shall become a legend that never ends.

The Misty Mountain

French International School, Williams, Gabrielle – 8

The clouds glide across the mountains,
On a quiet spring day,
The trees dance across the morning,
Getting ready to play.

The sun rises and the mountains glow,
Like a gentle fire place,
I watch the sun come up,
Warming up my face.

The peaks of the mountains,
Float as the steps climb across,
Raised villages with people,
Pine trees covered in moss.

The Strong Huangshan

Harrow Beijing International School, Chen, Cheryl – 11

Huangshan, stand in front of me.
I feel my tininess with fear.
Tears, still spinning in my eyes, but I don't care.
Ruthless wind and rain, whistling around your ear.
Why didn't you hear?
They left many wounds, but you still stand upright here.
You never fall, but half of your body, buried into the brown.

Huang Shan Poem

Harrow Beijing International School, Feng, Lin Lin – 11

Through the white mist I saw your hazy shadow,
so fascinating.
The cloud stays on your waist, the wind stays on your forehead,
moving back and forth.

The rain dances softly on your shoulders,
even the lightning is scared to hurt the charming beauty.
I silently admire nature,
blue sky, white clouds, green mountains.
like a beautiful scroll.

God gave china this mountain,
affectionate, never get tired of it.
millions of trees striving for glory
lush green, full of vitality.

A Mythical Bird

Harrow Beijing International School, Gao, Eileen – 10

Seeking through the distant trees,
Voyage with the teasing breeze.
Racing over the icy streams,
To complete my eternal dreams...

Soaring through the misty hills,
Journey into the world of chills.
Keeping an eye on all that exist,
Warn you that not all will assist.

As night turns to day,
All my hopes turn grey.
And keeping secrets hidden,
Content memories become forbidden.

But by hoping for persistent peace,
Can instantly bring me harmony that cease.
However, living with confident ease,
May bring my power and love in one piece.

Day after day of searching,
My twirling turns into lurching.
As breathing knives weren't enough,
The soft wet dirt is now dry and rough.

As the trail becomes steeper,
My claws sink in deeper.
While snow drifts into the cold December night,
It is hard to see whether my heart is right.

The cold dreary months went by,
Leaving bits of Spring to reply.
With all my feathers preening,
This story has a hidden meaning.

Hoping I have done a good job,
To forever forget to sniffle a sob.
But as life becomes close to my heart,
I will never leave my home apart.

So seeking through the distant trees,
Voyage with the teasing breeze.
Racing over the icy streams,
Will complete my eternal dreams...

The Magical Mountains of China

Harrow Beijing International School, Zeng, Jojo – 10

The magical mountains of China Part 1

This is the mountain,
This is my home.
This is where I live,
This is where I roam

I journey, I travel.
I wander, I rove.
I get caught and swallowed,
In the web nature wove.

I hunt, I chase.
I'm the dragon with its prey.
I pursue and I stalk,
I'm the beast that will end your day.

I go up and down,
Through mist and through trees.
I am cruel and merciless,
I accept no pretty please.

We are here to survive.
Not to have fun or to play.
We are lucky to live here,
To exist another day.

And though the mountain,
Gives us a head start,
Whether we live or not
Is decided by our heart.

As my great wings unfurl,
And I take to the sky.
I gaze up and let out,
My prodigious hunting cry.

I let everything know,
The fire Drake is here.
If you are smaller than me,
Beware, beware!

This is the mountain,
This is my home.
This is where I live,
This is where I roam.

China's Magical Mountains Part 2

This is the mountain,
This is my home.
This is where I live,
This is where I roam.

As my great wings unfurl,
I take to the sky.
I gaze up and let out,
My great hunting cry.

Insignificant creatures,
Beware, beware!
Feel the ice in your spine,
As your heart fills with fear.

I am resilient and robust,
I am sturdy and strong.
I am the mountain.
I am where I belong.

Feel the rhythm in my body,
The beat that my bones hold.
The stories of my ancestors,
The stories that they told.

“Remember,” they say.
“We are dragons and we’re cold”
“We are merciless and hard-hearted”
“We don’t hold on to weak and old”

“If they die it is their problem”
“We must focus on only us”
“We must be strong and foreboding”
“Only the survival of the most robust”

And till this day the message,
Is still inside my bones.
If I must fight and win,
I must go on the quest of life alone.

For this is the life of the dragon,
The mythical lonely dragon.
The strong and durable dragon.
For this is the life of the dragon.

The Girl and the Dragon

Harrow International School Hong Kong, David, Antonin – 11

The humans played in the meadows,
They laughed and stood in the shadow,
Of the glorious rock,
And then drank from the brook,
It was a blissful life, but tomorrow...

The wind howled and screamed in their ears,
Raindrops fell for what felt like years,
As lightning began to flash,
The wind began to lash,
And the sky moaned and flooded them with tears...

The dragons, they came one day,
And they showed humans a place to stay,
A place to play and live,
Where they could strive,
So they followed the dragons right away.

To the mountain, the place of light,
The land of good, free of the night,
It was a paradise,
It was so very nice,
Huang Shan, the mountain of all the light.

But soon the people lost their faith,
And treated the dragons like wraiths,
They drove them away far,
And put them behind bars,
And so the poor dragons lost human's faith...

The humans hunted dragons down,
They destroyed ev'ry single town,
Eviscerated,
The dragons were hated,
And if people captured one it would drown.

The people's ubiquitous hate,
Made the good dragons too to hate,
And detest a person,
Oh they hated a human,
They would destroy and eviscerate.

A young woman knight one day came,
She was brave and swore to tame,
A Brobdingnagian,
Fierce, evil, dragon,
A dragon that had caused many people pain.

One day the knight, the brave the brave,
She found a dragon in his grave,
It so wanted to die,
It cried it cried and cried,
Then moaned, "why do humans treat us like slaves?"

To which the brave bravely replied,
You see people are terrified,
Of you and your dark looks,
And your breath which can cook,
Something to death, so see they're terrified.

But I do really mean no harm,
How can I prove I won't bite arms,
Or destroy anything,
I wouldn't burn a thing,
I can fix anything, And I am calm.

That's it cried she, she danced around,
What, roared the dragon, bringing down,
The whole entire cave,
But with a single wave,
Fixed the entire cave, saying "what now?"

She told the dragon, yesterday,
There were fires, though they're away,
It caused massive damage,
If you just could manage
To fix it, no one would fear you, hooray!

The dragon at once had agreed,
It flew off faster than her steed,
To the people's huge town,
They flew down, down and down,
And the dragon helped all those in need.

The dragon rebuilt the whole place,
Soon it was again paradise,
A very happy town,
Oh a happy town,
An extremely happy nice paradise.

People accepted the dragons,
They made friendship with the dragons,
They lived in harmony,
And they were now happy,
People no longer saw them as problems.

Huang Shan the mountain in China,
Which were named after the emp'ror,
Huang Di the savior,
Who saved the dragons, her
Work allowed dragons to live in China!

The Beauty of the Yellow Mountains

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Lo, Nathaniel – 11

The beauty of China,
Forced to close,
They flocked like sheep,
In rows and rows ,
And the forcing step,
That wants no close,
As it compels you,
To Show its road.

As you go higher,
The view gets nicer,
As clouds get closer,
The roads get shorter,
In the world you will never see such beauty,
You never say twice on the world of duty,
As It compels you,
To flow through roads.

As you want to give up,
The force will stop you,
No matter how,
No matter what,
The force will compel you,
The beauty of the mountain will help you,
As you go up you will feel better,
And this force is called...

PERSEVERANCE

Perseverance is a soul of emotion,
It will compel you when you want to give up,
But it will never let you go,
To go to the world of despair.

When you are nearly at the top,
Your body feels worn out,
But it will be worth it,
The view is perfect,
The plants are not failing,
You would climb the top,
Of the giant rock.

As you see this is not just a normal rock,
You see,
It's an amazing mountain,
With roads and roads,
As long as life,
As long as death,
The mountain is a mystery,
And it will never stop being mysteries,
In the world of wonders.

When you complete this trial of wonder,
Its secrets are still unknown,
This journey is falling lone,
But don't worry,
When one journey ends,
Another journey appears mysteriously,
But know one knows,
When the journey will end.

Behind the Rocks

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Long, Holly – 10

The beauty of China,
Forced to close,
They flocked like sheep,
In rows and rows ,
And the forcing step,
That wants no close,
As it compels you,
To Show its road.

As you go higher,
The view gets nicer,
As clouds get closer,
The roads get shorter,
In the world you will never see such beauty,
You never say twice on the world of duty,
As It compels you,
To flow through roads.

As you want to give up,
The force will stop you,
No matter how,
No matter what,
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It will compel you when you want to give up,
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When you are nearly at the top,
Your body feels worn out,
But it will be worth it,
The view is perfect,
The plants are not failing,
You would climb the top,
Of the giant rock.

As you see this is not just a normal rock,
You see,
It's an amazing mountain,
With roads and roads,
As long as life,
As long as death,

The mountain is a mystery,
And it will never stop being mysteries,
In the world of wonders.

When you complete this trial of wonder,
Its secrets are still unknown,
This journey is falling lone,
But don't worry,
When one journey ends,
Another journey appears mysteriously,
But know one knows,
When the journey will end.

An Adventure in Mount Huangshan

HKUGA Primary School, Leung, Yuk Long Nathan – 10

Mounted his flying pony and rode off to Mount Huangshan for weeks,
Tarzan hovered about the jagged granite peaks.
For Autumn fun he always hikes,
That's exactly what he likes.

Off his pony, he knuckle-walked on withered yellow leaves,
Watching the renowned sunrise, enjoying the crisp breeze.
Sometime later, Tarzan felt merely tired.
He gazed at the pine trees, as spiky as a dragon's spine, inspired.

Looking at the humongous Sea of Clouds, he spotted the peculiar Monkey Stone,
'I'll go and greet it.' he murmured in a singing tone.
Tarzan left the hot spring and packed his gear.
It would be a short walk since it's very near.

Slowly but surely step by step,
The higher Tarzan ascended until Li Bai he met.
Li Bai, as usual, was composing a poetic song,
His song was apparently endless, four miles long!

Upon the stone steps, Tarzan strolled on and on,
Mulan was with some frisky squirrels, playing tag all along.
Tarzan passed Mulan, and winked 'Hello',
He realised that the Monkey Stone was down below.

The unique stone was watching a layer of fluffy cloud,
Tarzan saw flocks of birds returning to their nest and noticed it was sunset now.
On top of the Lotus Peak there stood them few,
The other rocky mountains and the sea were way in view.

The red mystic light beam began to glow upon the waters and the crowds,
And made a golden glory of the piled-up clouds.
The spectacular Mount Huangshan hikes
Was probably the best thing Tarzan likes

Misty Mountains

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Chueng, Andy – 12

This mountain is very foggy
I hope their food is not too soggy
They work hard all day and night
People who live there can really fight
They just want to live in peace
So they move to where people went the least
Sometimes those people stayed overnight
Just to work and take a late bite
I forgot they have a twist
There are no breakfast in a place like this
People who went there before
They can easily adapt to it more
Finally they sleep
Hope there is a gift shop which things will be cheap
I am still awake so don't worry
I will try to continue this story

The Emperor and the Boy

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Kang, David – 11

In the Misty Mountains of China,
There is this small and scruffy house.
It is surrounded by a thick forest,
Where you can often find a mouse.

Inside this far and remote white hut,
You will see an amazing sight.
The house has nothing in it,
Except a lantern burning bright.

This is home to the Jade Emperor.
He is the god of Heavens, Earth, and Hell.
He has a lot of wisdom and power,
And handles disputes really well.

For many centuries, He lived in that house.
But what is he doing right here?
Isn't he supposed to be in heaven?
Why choose the mountains, and not over there?

You see, the Emperor has a secret.
And this is why he lives in this place.
The secret is that whoever passes a test,
Will have access to eternal life and grace.

For many years, he has been searching.
Searching for a person that's worthy of his blessing.
He has been wishing to find an honest person,
Who would pass the test without failing.

Thousands and thousands have already failed.
The test was simple: Make the emperor get off his chair.
Some people tried to convince the Emperor
Others tried to pull him, but none of those worked fair.

Until one day, on a bright shiny day,
A young boy confidently came.
He was skinny and had a blue shirt.
Now he wasn't rich and he had no fame.

The boy came and bowed to the emperor.
He then said: "Your royal highness, I cannot make
You stand up, however, I surely can make you sit down.
The people said "that's surely fake"

The emperor stood up and said:
"Now make me sit down as you told."
The boy said: "You left your chair.
Can I get the reward and unfold?"

The boy was awarded as promised by the Emperor.
He became immortal and starting from now on,
He was blessed with infinite grace,
And became as great and famous as Genghis Khan.

Misty Mountains

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Yung, Renae – 11

Misty mountain is the mistiest of the mistiest.
Many people live there,
The Taoists are what they're called.
Waking up early to get ready.
Chopping wood, training and eating only dinner.
Sharing a lot of food with everyone,
But back to training after the meal.
During training they wear heavy shoes to walk,
And have to do many challenging things.
Starting early in the morning
Until late at night.
Having only a short period of sleep.
People there are used to it
Go there and learn with their master,
Until you want to leave.
Remember to wear long-sleeves.

The Chinese Dragon

Kiangsu and Chekiang Primary School, International Section, Ip, Jaymee – 9

I'm the dragon who dances on the mountain.
I'm the dragon in the festival.
I swim and twist on the fire fountain.
I snap and snort and stamp to the beat.
I shiver my scales. I cannot keep still.
I'm the dragon who dances on the mountain.
I'm the dragon in the festival.

I'm the dragon of red and green and gold.
I'm King of the Chinese New Year.
I come from the land of stories of old.
I'm the dragon of red and green and gold.
I can breathe out fire or smoke that's cold.
If you've been good then you've nothing to fear
From the dragon of red and green and gold
– The King of the Chinese New Year.

Be Good to Your Dragons

Kiangsu and Chekiang Primary School, International Section, Lam, Aidan – 9

Be good to dragons in mountain,
Cause dragons are not any beast,
Dragons are cool ,dragons are wicked
and every dragon needs some peace.

Be good to dragons in mountains,
Don't hit it, leave it alone,
It could be your mate, and not something to hate
Say Yo,dragon i'm in your zone.
Yeah ,i've got friends who are dragons,
They all have a right to a life
Not to be caged up and totally made up,
by any husband and his wife.

Dragons just wanna play reggae,
Dragons just wanna hip hop,
Can you imagine a nice young dragon saying,
“I cannot wait to get caught.”
Dragons like to hike,
Dragons like to be free,
Dragons have brains and dragon feel pain
And wants to go to mountains like me.

Be good to dragons in mountains,
Let them have fun in the mount.
Leave them alone and they will be delighted
And they might invite you to play count.
Be good too dragons in mountains,
And spare them the cut of the knife,
Join Dragons united and they will be delighted
And you will make new friends in life.

My Fairy Mountain – Huang Shan

Korean International School, Leung, Dayton – 8

Sunshine creep up to the granite peaks
White mist, soft clouds together seek and greet

While the meek wind gently snore
Birds sing their harmony how adore

Pine trees wave flowers yawn and grasses stretch
Among the greens play a mini orchestra pitch

Streams whisper to the shining granite duvet
It is beyond the word beautiful that you will never forget

China's Magical Mountains

Marymount Primary School, Chung, Cheuk Kwan – 11

Dazzling but mystic, Mysterious but delicate.
With divine colours, But left with a secret.
Dino bones revealed, new species found.
You can't find them, they don't make sounds.
But is it true? Nobody knows.
If you ever find them, don't go too close.
You might find someone living on the peak,
Go and talk to them, don't act like a freak.
Of course there are more secrets hidden in them,
Problem is, it's not yet revealed.
You might be the one who discovers them,
But be careful don't be killed.
What is it?
Yep, it's China's magical mountains.

Memories of the Magical Mountains

Marymount Primary School, Siu, Cheuk Nam – 12

Banished Star

The moon rose from the yellow mountains
A glimmering silver broom star falls
There he stood, in the centre of this scenery
Wanders, dreams, different from the crowd
Overlooks the sea of clouds
Staying with us only for a short time

Back Home

Huangshan, pale moon, in the river
Reaches to touch her
Glowing with wine
Tries to hold her frost
Drinks from a cup
Falling back home

Mountain and Me

Here I sit
Next to the mountains
Far from conflict
Away from sadness
Another paradise
Earth belongs to no one
Every morning I hold the sun
Every night I touch the moon
Peach tree blossom and spring water flows
My hair will remain black forever
Surrounded by the Buddha's glow

Solitude

Worried moon
Pale autumn
Alone in the mountains
Missing a friend or two
Longing I sing:
Tear traces;
Lost voice.
Bitter months coming;
Cold wind beats.
Remember our laughter;
Chatter and candles.
Our paths go apart;
Along the green river.

Fairyland

I gaze; I stare
Surrounded by the mist
Like a world that nobody lived
The warm breath of the wind brushed my skin
The cloudless sky was beyond my belief
The wondrous layers of highs and deeps,
Will you believe
There's a place in this ruthless world
Where fairytales exist?

I lay on the the grass
A lonely bird was singing amid the flowers
Listless, my shadow creeps about at my side
I must make merry before the Spring is spent
I lifted my eyes, trying to look straight into the sun
Moved by its song I soon began to sigh
I would never get bored
Spending all my time staring
The scenery was too good for me to waste

Lone

Big dream world
Spoil labour
Spring telling mango-bird
Song over senses gone
Gaze over mountain moon
Remained comrades
Alone frost
Make three men
Moon as friend shadow slave
Sober three shared fun
Each goes his way

The Enchanting Mountains of China

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Fung, Melinda – 10

The misty mountains of China,
The mysterious caves of treasures,
Desolate places filled with secrets,
Of never-before-seen structures.

The misty mountains of China,
Of never told tragic stories,
Could they be about mythical creatures,
Them, hiding in inaccessible caves?

The misty mountains of China,
The peculiar Huangshan peaks,
Why can't odd creature stories leak?

The misty mountains of China,
Covering the blooming cherry blossoms,
Hiding tiny houses above the clouds,
Are there people that have never been seen?

The misty mountains of China,
The mountains with magical powers,
Sharp stone steps,
Forever leading to the enchanted.

A Mysterious Mountain Climb

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Li, Giselle – 10

At my feet, a mirror lake,
Above me, a mountain tall.
If I do not watch my step,
Which way will I fall?

I move my feet and slowly walk,
The valley I leave behind.
My eyes look up at floating clouds,
Just like the thoughts in my mind.

At the top I clearly see,
How far I've come today.
As I stand on the mountain peak,
There's nothing left to say.

The sky has many secrets,
That it will not share with me.
Perhaps there are dragons,
And other mysteries.

I walk down through the fog,
My clothes both cold and wet.
The villages then appear,
The closer I do get.

At the bottom of the steps,
My journey slowly ends.
I went to the peak alone,
but came down with many friends.

Tales from China's Magical Mountains

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Puhar, Huw Aaron – 10

Towering mountains align like the tips of pencils
Zeniths snow-capped
As late afternoon light spears down in tendrils

Mist swirls eerily around the boughs of the ancient oaks; they stand
Like sentinels, eavesdropping on the whispering wind.
Clinging to the sable cracks of the bark with their gnarled hands

A lone tiger prowls the river bank
Padded paws aressing the morning dew,
As it thirstily drank

The babbling brook gushed
As a small freshwater shrimp, pink in colour, darted and dodged
As it thrust
Its head, arcing in the air, performing
The ballet of the river

Camouflaging in a virescent field
Saliva drooled from his lips
As he kneeled
Watching a succulent boar and all that
Meat, turning slowly on a spit
As globules of fat
Dripped into the inferno below

Every fibre and muscle in its body
Tensed
Its jade-green eyes stared at somebody
Stomach twisting in a Gordian tangle

The crepuscular light
Brought glorious amethyst skies
The sun slid closer to sill of the west – and what a sight
It was.

The tiger lay flat to the wind's sways,
As the cool, soothing hand of dusk
Strokes the atmosphere, but the touch – an illusion, the calm before a mighty thunderstorm.

A primordial force shot
Through his hind legs
As his teeth gnawed on the boar, he thought
That the men, women and children
Were afraid of him.

As the burly men grabbed for their spears,
The sly tiger
Had veered
Away from the battle scene

No boar for the people to munch now
Their stomachs rumbled and moaned
As they moped their brow
And wished for food the next day
There was no point to beseech
The tiger was out of reach
What's done cannot be undone.

Magical Mountain

Queen Elizabeth School Old Students' Association Primary School, Cheung, Tim – 11

Standing at the top of the misty mountain,
I shudder as the strong wind blows.
Listening to the wonderful birds singing
and the long river flows.

Wanting a warm place to rest my weary legs,
I set out walking down the mountain.
I stumble upon a forest clearing,
and find a beautiful mysterious fountain.

Drinking the magical water,
to give me the power to fly high into the sky.
Feeling like an eagle,
when I view the scenery from high.

Many old pine trees growing on the Mount Huangshan.
A rock like monkey sitting on the steep cliff.
I am just like a mighty eagle looking around.
The surrounding mountains are full of deep rifts.

The beautiful mountain
with much things we don't know.
How far I can go,
I really don't know.

Up The Mountain

Queen Elizabeth School Old Students' Association Primary School, Lam, Marcus – 10

Minute by minute, second by second,
The river slowly flows,
Down the waterfall we go,
To where? I don't really know.

As we fight the aggressive wind and walk up the long stairs,
We don't know we are leaving lots of dirty footprints behind,
The bright sunshine shining in our eyes,
With no regrets, making our eyes blind.

The white clouds slowly float across the sky,
My legs yelling loudly at me to stop,
I still don't know why,
Almost there to the top.

Finally, on the top,
Looking at the gorgeous view,
Beautiful nature in my eyes,
With a sad face, having to say goodbye.

Nature's Whispers

Queen Elizabeth School Old Students' Association Primary School, Lim, Mishal – 10

Up the rocky mountain stairs,
Focused step by step I go.
Already feeling exhaustion coming on quick,
How much further I do not know.

Adventuring through the mighty jungle
Battling out the mountain's cliffs.
Sunlight breaking through the jungle trees,
The wind across my eyes stirs strong mist.

The challenges of climbing.
Never thinking I won't succeed
Feeling remarkable when I'm there,
On the top oh yes indeed.

Looking at all the wonderful views,
The Sun happily dances across the sky
Really high in the mountain,
Looks as valuable time goes by.

Leaving nature's beauty and glory,
It's so beautiful, I could cry.
Nature whispers quietly don't go.
But it is time to say goodbye.

My Wish

Queen Elizabeth School Old Students' Association Primary School, Liu, Ariel – 11

Walking up a fantastic mountain,
I come across a legendary fountain.
It is magical and it can let our wishes come true,
I make a wish to it and leave the fountain.
Surrounded by the beautiful scenery,
suddenly appearing a silly bird,
it flies up and down in the sky.
Joking with friends,
we have a good laugh,
as we walking down the high mountain.

Huangshan Dream

Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Zhao, Yi qing – 12

I love Huangshan, it is so high.
The sea of clouds is not shy.
All they greet me with a warm “hi”!

When I climb,
I meet my good friend and her name is “Special Pine”.
I imagine I could fly like a butterfly.
I could touch the sky.
Fly and fly ...
I land on the Strange Stone,
the gentle breeze sings me a lullaby.

In my sweet dream,
The hot springs slipped through my heart...
I couldn’t monopolize Huangshan, but I want to try.

The best sight is the sun, but it’s near twilight.
“Huangshan, my dear, goodbye!

The Paradise in Mists

Shanghai Singapore International School, Sim, Zi Xin Sara – 11

On the morning of the rising sun,
A woman was chewing on a bun.
She glimpsed around and saw something pale.
It was the mystical mountain of China's tale.

The craggy hillside covered by mist,
had not revealed its legendary myths.
When glancing away to see a floating dandelion,
The mountains seemed to cry desperately for her attention.

Again, she gazed back at the heap of land,
And it appeared so big like it was just at her hand.
She hurried towards her fated destination,
Whilst anticipating the warmest of invitations.

As she ambled in the halls of trees,
She was reminded that it looked like green seas.
Then she passed the famous hot springs,
Which is known to cure the aging.

She stopped and stared at the precious waters,
Hoping she could share some of its wonders.
But so much as she wanted a flawless face,
She also wished to explore this majestic place.

She saw the gentle breeze made trees dance,
Leaves rustles gently and silently sung.
Flowers plastered the emerald green grass,
And dew drops splattered the grass like stars.

There were 24 streams in Huang Shan altogether,
Each of the streams had its own special feature.
Some cured the aging and old,
While others could make skin young and glow.

From all of this she could see,
It was the paradise for her to be.

Beauty of Nature

Shanghai United International School, Huang, Elsa – 10

A beautiful place, such as Huangshan,
Are fantastic to hang around with your gang,
But if you look closer into her beauty,
You will find more indeed.

Oh, my dearest mountain,
Please promise that your beauty will maintain!

For her beauty was not been crowned by disguise,
None shall be disguised, not those who lie.

Yet how long can we enjoy?
But a Mountain like this, we shall not destroy!

The flowers, the animals and the beautiful trees,
And the scent that I smell was the cool mountain breeze.

So, now you know what to do?
Save this mountain before time is due...

The Yellow Mountains

Shanghai United International School, Shen, Hannah – 10

Back to the Qin Dynasty,
2200 years ago,
It was known as The YI Mountains.
Yi as a Chinese character,
Has “Black” on left, and “Many” on right.
People found black stones there.

1200 years ago,
The gorgeous Tang Dynasty,
It was called The Yellow Mountains.
People said:
The legendary Yellow Emperor,
Ever made his immortal medicine in a cave.

The Yellow Mountains,
Have the peaks high above the clouds.
The white mist,
Soft and gentle,
Like the wedding gown of a bride.

Ancient species,
New blossoms.
Ants dancing in fallen leaves.
Squirrels running in the trees.
Very few people living nearby.

No tower buildings,
No car flashes.
The Yellow Mountains,
Become The Yi Mountains again,
Every night.
Only the stars shining up high,
As always.

Mount Kunlun

Shanghai United International School WanYuan Campus, Cao, Zachary – 31

South of the West Sea,
By the River of Quick Sand,
Behind the Chishui River,
In front of the Black Water River,
There is a mountain called the Kunlun.

Measured thousands of feet,
Covered for eight hundred miles around,
Nine temples inside with jade as threshold
Which is the dwelling of Gods.

Gods living in the mountain.
Human's face and tiger's body,
The whole white body and having stripes and tales,
Mount Kunlun is their residence.

One day late at night,
I heard the jingle of bells sounded softly,
I got out of bed and followed the brilliant moon,
From the boundless expanse of the east coast to Mount Kunlun.

I saw the gods sharpening their knives at the top of the mountain,
And the Tibetan antelopes rolled down from the top like a noble sacrifice evacuating the table.
At the foot of the mountain there is a man riding a horse
With a flock of white sheep behind.

It is that sturdy steed!
Which is descendant of eight horses riding on the West Travel of Mount Kunlun of the emperor of Zhou,
Which is the illusion of the magic horse when the emperor of Han woke up with sense of loss.
It drank by the flushing pool of "Li Sao" of Qu Yuan;
It was grazed in the snow of "Battle in South of Town" of Li Bai.

At the top of the mountain, day alternates with night.
Half is glacier, and half is flame.
Pure white snow leaning on the glaciers,
Like two lines of endless crystal tears.

High above in the azure heaven the eagle floated,
Their wings were like metal blades scattered all over the valley.
And snow lotus glittered in the sun and dazzled my eyes.

Only the high sun, the sun of Mount Kunlun
Shining forever,
Like the sun and the moon,
Hanging high as two of the brightest eyes.

Mount Kunlun is clad in white,
You can see all things in the world, fair and foul.
But now, gods came in my awakening, which was my deeper dream.

Huangshan: The Mountain of Magic

Shanghai United International School WanYuan Campus, Jia, Angel – 10

A mountain covered with mists of imagination,
I am wandering in mountains without final destination.
Then suddenly I travel into a cave,
Where all dark dragons strangely behave.
Soon I arrived in a magical place,
Where footsteps will never leave a trace.
I stride forward on,
And soon meet an animal with horns.
It offered a ride on its back,
I agreed so it took flight with wings of pitch black.
I saw a view in front,
Truly different.
Soon I am paralyzed,
It seems like paradise.
The sky ahead, clear and blue,
And now I am really here,
In the magic that's flowing everywhere.
I found myself soaring in the air,
Clutching nothing but fear:
Humans down there forming endless lines,
But the mountain below is not really fine.
She seems to be asking, "Why the intruders?"
And guess the answer, I still wonder...

Paradise on Earth

Shanghai United International School WanYuan Campus, Jiang, Lucas – 10

Clouds and mists
That magically bring the heaven to the earth
The Mt. Huangshan's magnificent beauty
That illustrates what is Paradise on Earth

How fantastic the Mountain's rocks can be
That we believe
Some old man is talking to the sea
Some infatuated monkey is missing his love bean

How dramatic the Mountain's pines can be
That we believe
They are waving colored ribbons against the blue sky
They can dream what we dream and see what we see

How mysterious the Mountain's clouds can be
That we believe
We are flying over the colourful raised sea
While what may only happen in dreams, we get wings like bees

Buried deep down at the bottom of the Mountain's canyon
Those undiscovered history and unsolved mysteries
Freed high up over the endless steep peaks
That all can be imagined about what nature may create

Although, of countless sunrises
We have never tired
Because the Mountain
Always shines like the Sun and the Moon

The Poem of Huang Shan

Shanghai United International School WanYuan Campus, Ni, Carmen – 10

If you ask me why I love mountains,
I will say, I love the stones.
You may ask me why,
but I won't tell the truth,
because I know you know that I love.

As soon as you think,
you will know the truth.
I love it,
just because I love it.

Some of us love mountains,
I don't want to know why,
but I want to know who.

Mountains, mountains, the thing I love.
I love your streams,
Your streams that are clear;
I love your stones,
Your stones that are colorful.
I love your trees,
Your trees that are green and full of energy!

Now you know why I love mountains,
I love it,
Because I love its energy,
I love it,
Because it makes me feel clear to the thing that's right!

The Dream Heaven

Shanghai United International School WanYuan Campus, Qiu, Loka – 10

Do you know...

A place of peace,
A place of beauty,
A place of magic,
A place of calm,
A place of prayer?

They are nowhere to be found,
But somewhere, somewhere,
In the universe, in the world, in Asia, in China, in Anhui.

Such few know,
And I won't seek the answer for you right now.
Where?
The heaven,
The place nobody knows,
As it is the secret of Secrets.
And in the middle of all secrets,
The answer lays deep.

With peach-blossom flowers downstream,
With high and sharp peaks,
With rocky soil,
With pine trees,
With floating clouds,
Lived Li Bai and Du Fu.

Beyond the noisy cities,
Beyond the shouts and cries,
Beyond the nasty thoughts,
Beyond the things that bothers you the most.

Only some have found it.
The purple cloud with the distance far mountains,
The far mountains that gives their rocky bodies to the clouds,
Hiding from peering eyes.
The hills let the blue clouds cover,
Feeling the freedom,
But as they do,
They still can peek from the top to see what happens in the outside world.
It lays the valleys,
With pine trees all over their bodies like clothes,
With sunlight shining on their rocky cliffs,
They feel the warmth.

The loveliest mountain in China,
That's all I seek for you.
Surmise the answer along as you carefully read,
And I hope you see.
The new species of animals,
The dinosaur bones,

The 1500 years pine trees,
The long forgotten stories of dragons living in secret caves.

Why don't we call it heaven?
Why don't we call it magical heaven?
Why don't we call it unearthly heaven?
Why don't we call it dream heaven?

The Mountain

Shanghai United International School WanYuan Campus, Wang, Andy – 10

Foggy, misty, above my eyes.
Rocks, fir trees, let me forget,
Where I am, where am I...

The mountain, has a lot of history,
That makes me express...
Its undiscovered memories,
With its chilly, fresh breath.

We will never understand,
The mountain's feeling now...
Its evergreen and cozy hand,
hugged me warmly, let me forget how...

The mountain, who nurtured lives,
On this colorful planet...
The legend, fables and the myths
Made the mountain legendary...

I Remember

Shanghai United International School WanYuan Campus, Wu, Gordon – 10

I remember, I remember

The Spirit of my Father;
The smell of prairie flowers,
The feel of wind on their face;
I remember, I remember
The Spirit of my mothers;
A bee humming in the flowers
Was music to their ears
I look to the wild places
And my heart is filled with joy,
I drink the dew on the leaves
And my spirit is sweetened;
The earth lies dreaming in the sun
As I sit and meditate,
The sun dies blazing in the west
And the long day on the mountains.

The Magical Mountain

Shanghai United International School WanYuan Campus, Xin, Andy – 10

The Magical Mountain is so beautiful
That the freedom can be full in it.
Animals and people live in it,
But some are extinct because of population.
If you told me to visit it,
I will probably go to
Magical Mountain, what a beautiful place.

Li Bai, Du Fu all lived there,
They are all famous in Chinese eras.
They lived thousands of years ago.
They want to go back today.
Magical Mountain, a place that is
Full of Chinese civilizations.

Over thousands of years,
China has been destroyed by other countries,
But after China has stood up,
No country have invaded China.
The Magical Mountain,
All the Chinese civilizations are all here!
Magical Mountain!
The heart of China!

Hypnotic Heights

Shrewsbury International School, Madan, Akshadha – 9

A place of mystery, these heights are,
None have found such allure, near or afar.
Caves and rocks, waterfalls and hot springs,
Its magnificence is fit for ten kings.

The Yellow Emperor, leader of the ancient Chinese tribe,
Arrived at the Huangshan Mountain in his stride.
Captivated by its statuesque peaks,
Silky water flowing in its cool, blue creeks.

Struck with awe, its beauty he couldn't believe,
His power and tribe with his son he did leave.
In China's Magical Mountains he would live,
To find what heaven's disguise had to give.

Gleaming granite stones, to the sky they led,
While lush, green pine trees of many stretched far ahead.
Look to the misty, endless skies,
Where swirling, white clouds the rain gracefully rides.

Home to creatures big and small,
These tantalizing mountains stand fierce and tall.
If you have a way to travel back in time,
Dinosaurs and Dragons you may find, not their lifeless fossils to mine.

A UNESCO World Heritage Site it is one,
Regretted seeing it have none.
Maofeng green tea plants growing on its undulating slopes,
Are as mesmerizing as the view through a kaleidoscope.

Artists inspired by the sea of clouds,
And the sharp summits with no crowds.
Paintings nearly as divine as the real sight,
Shadows they draw darker than the night.

Travelling China, Xu Xiake went,
Up these picturesque hills he began his ascent.
The bridge of immortals, if you climb,
You will be rewarded with a view sublime.

The Yellow Mountains, over hundred million years old,
The sights to see are worth more than gold.
To be present in its aura, all shall be excited,
To visit it I would be greatly delighted.

Huangshan – a Poem

St Francis of Assisi's English Primary School, Chan, Chun On – 11

Leaving China, his family and the mountains go,
The yellow emperor rises to the heavens.
He blesses the mountains, letting it inspire
Of Art, of Poetry, even Legends.
Legends of creatures hidden in elevation;
Tales of Magical, Misty Mountains.

As mist flutters in different sections,
Filled am I with wonder and joy.
North, South, East, West, all directions!
Up and down does the mist toy.
Much like us siblings,
With games we're used to playing.

As I absorb the summit's sight,
Filled I am with a strong passion.
It seems small, like the moss on the peak's might,
Yet it is much bigger, a magnificent illusion.
From Moss to Pine,
From Passion to Excitement.

A spirit climbing up the mountains,
A fairy weaving on the loom.
Another, tending to his gardens,
One Immortal sunning his shoes.
What other vivid scenes,
Can nature evoke?

The thousand-year-old Greeting Pine,
With its pals' pass their prime.
Preserved through the years on rocks and snowdrift.
They stay together, although sometimes disheartened,
They meet and laugh, with their unweaving grit.

It's a long day, I tell you that.
So I go in to lay and rest.
It is in the early mornings I need to be awake,
So that see can I the mountain's best.
But first, I'd like a bath,
Before I follow the dreamy path.

Smelling of perfumes and lilies,
When inhaled uplifts mouth's corners.
As I feel the warmth spreading through my body,
I then step in, bathing in aromas.
as the breeze blows away my sweat,
Coolness and relaxation lets me rest.

As the sun glows on the mountains,
And filled myself with anticipation.
In its glory I feel an
Excitement for magical creations.
It will come soon,
And make me swoon.

Then I hear a shout coming behind,
Oh! It's my family, surprising me.
"Come, come!" was my reply,
Then around a bird, rainbows surround suddenly.
This is what we call Buddha's Light,
Only a lucky few can see its beautiful might.

Then we look around, and what sees us?
Clouds coming together to form big sea,
I think of Molly, Mary, and Mickey, family we are,
Thinking of the strength we possess.
A tear falls from my face,
I receive the greatest of grace.

China's Mystic Mountains

St. Stephen's College Preparatory School, Lau, Sum Yui Selina – 11

The mystic Yellow Mountains are very cool,
Sometimes it makes the raiders drool.
For it is so very rich in natural resources,
That you can find in no other places.

But beware of the mysterious grottoes,
It might give your life some troubles.
Artificial caves are all you can find,
Something that history left behind.

Spacious enough to park spaceships,
Were the caves built to worship
the aliens who hid in the misty shroud,
far away in the tiny houses above clouds?

The Huangshan and the Bermuda Triangle's location,
together with the Four Ancient Civilizations,
Latitude 30 degrees North is what they call.
Will we see the truth that unfolds it all?

Epic Mountain

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Sims, Nathaniel – 11

At the base of the mountain
many people look up and gaze,
but very few dare to start the climb.

The few who will start the climb may be braver than most
but when they get to the vertical steps, they will stop
fearing worse.

The few who continue the climb
Know that death looms
But up and up they will climb until they don't
being bested once more by the mountain no one climbs alone.

You may not get to the top without sacrifice.
But if you finish the climb you will reach a stone path,
which brings you along, against a wall of rock, whispering to you,
telling you not to look down because if you do,
then it may be your last look.

If you get past the path, you will enter the cave,
which looms so large that it acts as a maze.
Few will leave for at the end of the cave there is a great beast
that could also be your last sight.
Past this is the final challenge - the waterfall of the mountain
which no mortal passes,
so tall one cannot see where it starts to flow.

After this, you may finally reap the rewards
that you have earned through your own flesh and bone.
I shall not speak of this reward, young mortal,
for you must learn this reward on your own.

Wave of Clouds

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Li, Pei Yi Chloe – 11

Steep mountains
With slopes shooting skywards
Stand majestically
A tender wave of clouds
Drifts and floats
Never settling
Like a reckless girl
With a thin veil flickering across her face:
Without moving a muscle
The mountains turn
into a
A small bird
Perched on a wilting flower
Flaps its fluttery feathers
And flies into the never ending sea of clouds
As if on cue
The mountain shifts
And puts on an emerald green sundress
The warm summer breeze
Blows
Scattering bird feathers all over
Studded with bright colors
Of thriving life
Gushing waves
Of a nearby waterfall
Become a joyful snake
Doing its own unique dance
The wave of clouds rolls mildly along
Like a loving mother
Moving tender fingers
Across her child's face
The mountains turn
Into a
A young girl racing along the golden maple leaves
Hair billowing
Running with the wind
Free as could be
As if on cue
The mountains shift
And put on a
Velvet amber dress
Fading into a brilliant marigold
Like the setting sun
placid waters
Half frozen
Of a nearby waterfall

Become a string of ribbon
Made of delicate silk
A flood of clouds crashes along
Like a scampering squirrel,
Frolicking in the winter wonderland
The mountains turn
Into an disconsolated mother
Whose child suffers a terrible fate
The mountains shift
Into a majestic heavy white cloak
Studded with black
corpses of life
That haven't been able to make it
Through the hard times
The crystal waters
Of the once gushing waterfall
Turn into monstrous ice dragons
That shout and screech
Carmine flowers
Covered with frost
Reach over
To those who have lost
Spring upwards
Reaching skywards
to the mist

A Mountain Life

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Wong, Charmaine – 10

Clouds on mountains
Crystal-blue water fountains
Beautiful views.
Pine trees here
Cloud seas there
And mountain rocks.

The sun rises
Villagers do their business
Flowers blossom and bloom
Peacefulness and kindness spread.

Rock form
The brightest time of sunrise comes
The lake rises
Trees explore
Animals discover their friends
Villagers prepare for the day
And kids start to play.

Everyone in the village goes to gather around
Some adults are working on the farm
Some are doing their own job and different jobs
Kids are playing with animals, plants, and hot springs
And so, the time flies by.

The day slowly ends
The sunset does appear
There is some wind you can hear
And some leaves are being gently blown past each home, tree, and rock
Everyone goes back to their homes
Dinner gatherings with families
Kids having fun.

The sky turns dark
Everyone in the village goes to bed
Even the tiniest lark
It seems so quiet
Everyone goes to dream
The village goes quiet
Birds lay down on their nests to sleep
Animals going back to their homes
To fall into a deep sleep
“Good night, Huangshan.”
They say
Starting to sleep for the very next day.

The Legend of the Mountain

W F Joseph Lee Primary School, Tai, Xi Wen – 12

Jump into the misty mountain,
and out the busy city,
looking up the mountain,
soaring thousands metres into the sky.
Walking by the ancient stone steps to the heaven,
I climbed higher, higher,
but the stone steps continued to be
endless, endless.
Snow covered peaks,
great majestic cliffs,
surrounds me.
I once heard the elders said,
there was a castle,
high upon the heaven.
With my bare foot,
I would be the master of you.
Birds fled,
time flies,
when the sun was drowning,
I arrived to the Heaven.
“Hey, heaven! Here I am!”
Yet there is no castle,
yet there was no birds,
yet there was no green.
Yet there was no reply.
I lied down,
on a mattress,
made out of snow,
rested my head on a pillow,
made out of rock.
I am going to sleep a thousand years,
and dream a million years,

The Mountain Calls

Wellington College International Shanghai, Chew, Declan – 10

Ripening colours on the mountain,
The trees swaying in in the cool morning breeze.
Winding rivers, meandering in the shade,
The trees swaying in in the cool morning breeze.
The birds singing to the beat of my heart.

Crunchy leaves under foot,
Red, yellow and orange decorate the trees.
The squirrels busy storing nuts
Migrating birds dotting the sky.
The streams flow like the blood coursing through my veins,
The mountain busy preparing for the next season.

Moonlight dancing on a snow-coated mountain,
The magical glow illuminating the sky.
The fluffy snow falling around me,
Bare trees stand up tall.
Many snowflakes pelt the earth,
Coaxing the mountain slowly to sleep.

The first birdsong fills the air,
The sparrows chirping with melody.
The whole mountain full of life.
Flowers blooming, bathing in sunlight.
The beautiful sunset,
Gradient colours fill the sky.

It's almost like your imagination,
The kind that only can be described in a painting.
The way how scene of pure beauty calls to me,
drawing me closer like an irresistible magnetic pull.
This is the mountain where I belong.

Thunderstorm

Wellington College International Shanghai, Symington, Jane – 11

Legend has it that long ago,
When the mountain was still a baby
He was just like us when we're small
We always have our tantrums and bad days.
So one day the tourists just didn't come,
He was a great deal unhappy about that!
So a tear rolled down his chubby face and
He started to cry, and rain poured down.

The fog swirled around the summit
It's waves crashed upon the mighty hills
The thunder shook with all it's power
As lightning created false daylight.
The spiraling staircase was empty, still.

He cried for hours he cried for days!
He really didn't want to stop at all!
"Oh! This is all too bad, oh no! oh no!"
He thought as he cried even louder!

Mother sun woke as she heard all the noise,
She poked her head out from the Far East.
She looked at the baby and laughed and said,
"Really my darling, you've created a flood!
Stop crying and I will grant you a wish"

The baby sniffled and stopped crying.
"I wish," he said in a happy tone,
"To be the prettiest mountain in China"

The wish came true, he was the prettiest.
It is true, the Yellow Mountain's
View still impresses tourists around the world
It now stands in Anhui Province,
But he is not a baby anymore
Now he is a kind and humble old man.

E. T. and the Beast

Yaumati Catholic Primary School (Hoi Wang Road), Leung, Anna Petra – 10

A multitude of stars
Glittered from afar.
Glimmering fireflies
Danced close by.

Nowhere in sight,
At dead of night.
A dragon in slumber
In a gigantic lair.

A shapeless shadow
In rural ruins.
Patted and poked,
The dragon was woken.

Down the gorges,
Up the ridges.
I rode the dragon
Around the pavilions.

At Hundred-Foot Waterfall,
We swooped and soared
Over pine trees and rocks,
Magical, rare and odd.

At Lion Peak, I fancied
I giggled with monkeys.
At Nine Dragon Peak, I reckoned
I chuckled with pheasants.

Yellows on the horizon
Startled the dragon.
It shook to break free
And get rid of me.

From the mystic mountains
The dragon disappeared.
In the serene firmament
The shadow lingered.

Who am I?
A man? No! I deny.
Cosmic dust?
An ET on Earth crust!

It is no wonder
Great poets of China,
Du Fu and Li Bai,

Dwelled on the hillside.

The bards longed to pursue me
In the clouds, the Heavenly Sea.
But I drifted back to the exterior,
The unfamiliar and the obscure.



Poetry

Group 3

Bright Mountain, Hidden

CCC Kei Yuen College, Kiu, Chu Man – 14

Bluish-green blush mountain,
This is where secrets are hidden,
Here, God can hear our laughter,
It rings out softly, clearly,
You can hear it from the tops of the trees.

The Pine on the Cliff

Chinese International School, Dai, Helen – 11

Low end of the mountains
Peppermint wind thrashing so crisp
“It’s taking forever!”
Was said in vain
Thrusting my duffel on
that flinty terrain
Couldn’t handle the exhaustion
“O’ what a mistake! Back I go..”

Perched like a hummingbird,
Head tilted high
Wait what have I missed!
Those confines of delicacy with
a charm so staggering
Must be a paint palette,
no doubt one of Van Gogh’s
O’ silly me! T’is nothing but

a canvas of divine!
A sky of mackerel clouds, I say
A handmade blouse of
the murky azure!
Entraps glamour from our naked eyes
For those bizarre carved gravels..
Such a welcoming hand jammed
with a tint of abalone grey!

Not a typical dingy island
populated with barking seals
But, must I say, a
Masterpiece in that varnish matte seal!
Greeted by a gentlemen so mellow
One welcoming hand held right high
He’s one cordial fellow
And the other in one pocket where

he starts to chuckle
There as I ask
“Mister Pine, such a
perilous cliff, how had you survived?”
Answered like a cleaver’s knife
So agile and acute
The agony was intangible

As Mister Pine strikes his melancholy away

“For I am firmly rooted in granite, dear
Formed with a seed that
sifted through, lingered
there then commenced it’s growth”
“That seed was once me, darling
All happened indeed
was not my will, but my destiny instead.”
Those pits where the

asphalt plants didn’t last
He was the last
and most fragile one
Said he wouldn’t make it,
can’t deny the past
And yet he grew on all t’il this day
Placid cascades streaming in
And accompanied

its journey through
T’was not an adventure,
but a tale that ought to be told
Mister pine
can pull through woe
As to endure my journey
Is it not nothing but
a might of a pinky toe!

There, as this
miracle urged me through
That narrow path
Lord, there lies the peak!
Doused in stale sweat,
for it tastes so sweet
And led one step forward
to the finishing line

Analysis: This is my poem about initially wanting to give up all until I saw how much I had missed out on the beauty of the mountains. I begin admiring and comparing China’s magical mountains to a “masterpiece painting”, and the hues of the colours to a paint palette. A pine tree is spotted, in which it is then described as a “Welcoming gentleman” because of the way it stands, with one hand held up and the other down as if it is in a pocket. The pine is grown on the edge of a cliff and questioned how he survives in such a dangerous area, the pine tree explains how a seed flew by and landed there, which then grew into him. Growing on the cracks of a mountain was certainly no good thing. Passengers that walked by never thought he could grow this big and bulky, and neglected this pine. The past was agonizing, even for a tree. But now he has grown into a massive thick trunk and the cascades nearby have been splashing and flowing ever since he was just anything but a seed, and accompanied it like a good friend. This has influenced me, knowing that there will always be that “slightest might”, whether that is a hint of luck when haplessness strikes, or an extra dose of encouragement when feeling down. In thought of what less it is to climb to the peak of the mountain than go through what “Mister Pine” has, I decided to continue my journey to the top of the mountain.

The Dragon

Chinese International School, Kong, Kristen – 15

Curling talons of mist
Thread their way through the clouds Jagged stone peaks
Clutched firmly in their grasp

A sight to behold Majesty as you know it

Bringing with it
The memories of an ancient king Eternal in his presence
Even a thousand years past

I. dawn
The beast awakens Rising from its slumber Rising with the sun

Amber paint spills across the sky Another painter's blank canvas Animated
Or destroyed

Shadows are sent scurrying Fleeing
The growing golden glow Draping itself

Across the grey rock

High above
A bird begins its melody

II. noontide
Light returns
In full force
Piercing the fog
Every ray a well-sharpened dagger

The leaves rustle in the
Howling breeze
A swaying quilt of forest green Playing with the wind
While the dragon
Lurks in the shade
Snarling from behind a cave wall A glorified cage

III. dusk
The creature arises for real
Launching itself
High into the skies
Beyond the layer of mist
Dyed pink and gold by the setting star

Its shimmering scales gleam wildly Basking in the afterglow

Light scatters faster by the second Sinking behind the ridge
Like a person into quicksand

Going Going Gone

IV. twilight
Night falls quietly
A thief in the dark
Smothering the mountains in black

It is quiet tonight
Quiet and peculiarly clear
The clouds disappeared long ago Fading along with the sun

The beast roams the evening skies Free as a bird
And yet
So very trapped

Waiting for the light To send it
Faraway

Watching Always

Maybe the mountains are Nothing more than a mirage Nothing more than a dream An illusion handcrafted

No one knows
And so the dragon lives on

Tales from China's Magical Mountain

Diocesan Boys' School, Chan, Matthew – 13

I stand upon all,
steady, strong and tall.
I am the Yellow Mountains,
the oldest of my king.

Millions of years ago,
there's the most beautiful scene.
Bird chirps and wind blows.
Such graceful, I have never felt...

Thousands of years ago,
Li Bai came up to my shoulder with a horse car,
stood for a little while,
and carved something on my boulder, leaving me a scar.
Such sadness, I have never felt...

Hundreds of years ago,
people started gathering below my trouser's belt.
They crawl over me like ants and made me itchy.
Such pain, I have never felt...

Ten years ago,
men in black came every week onto the ridge.
I thought they were visitors,
until I heard that they were planning to build bridges,
hurting me with machines and constructors.
Such desperate, I have never felt...

Now,
I am full of bruises and wounds.
Everyday more and more visitors are found.
With those bridges and road,
my weight increases pound by pound...
Oh, insane humans!
When would you stop?
When would you stop?

Immortality

Diocesan Boys' School, Chung, Tsz Hong Johnny – 13

The tales were told for generations
Someone believed and some did not
No one can make their decisions

One brave soul
Wants to seek the truth
And followed the legend's goal

“Go on top of the tallest peak
And you'll become immortal”

He tried with all his might
Each time he falls he gets back up
Climbing from left to right

He reached the top
Wondering if he could test
His newly acquired abilities

He dipped into the bottomless abyss
With a single drop to top it all
An “immortal” he is

The Hike

Diocesan Boys' School, Leung, Chi Chun Jayden – 13

Up! Up! Up!
Here I come.
This time for sure I won't give up.
Here I come.

Green grass,
Red rose.
Here I pass,
Flowers make a runny nose.

Hot as hell,
Sweaty shirt.
Makes me smell,
Ew! Ew! Ew! That hurt.

Birds sing,
Tweet, tweet, tweet.
Say hello to spring,
Spring is sweet.

Hip! Hip! Hooray!
Finally there at the peak!
Hip! Hip! Hooray!
The view is too stunning, I can't even speak.

Dragon in China's Magical Mountains

Diocesan Boys' School, Leung, Kim Wai Isaac – 13

Mountains high up the sky
Wind blew away the baby's cry
Birds singing in the trees
Whispering through the green leaves

Family of four climbing up
Full of excitement and never stuck
Rocky skyscrapers bathed under a sunlit spotlight
Men and women looking at an amazing sight

The top there lived a mysterious dragon
Scary and dangerous like a lion
They went in the cave
Being frightened and extremely brave

The dragon asleep
Being sick and also weak
They cured the dragon and made friends
The dragon recommends to fly them around

Up upon the sky
The dragon flies
The family rides
Off they go

Then they left the mountain
With magical slide
Farewell to the dragon
Being deeply memorized

China's Magical Mountains

Diocesan Boys' School, Leung, Kin Fung Keith – 13

China's magical mountains,
Are more beautiful than fountains.
The tales has existed for a long time,
That were told to kids during storytime.
It was known to be pretty for years,
Along with a lot of bears.
The rivers are long and clear,
And the trees are huge and healthy.
It is as beautiful as a rainbow,
I hope i could see this outside my home's window.
The environment is clean and fresh,
That contains zero trash.
I hope i could bring you there,
To enjoy the fresh air.

Visiting the Magical Mountains

Diocesan Boys' School, Ma, Ao Tian Kepha – 13

I walked through the clouds,
and stood on top of the magical mountains.
It rumbles when it's awake,
and it sleeps when it's tired.

The fog is like dust covering up the sky,
the thunder is grumbling as loud as if rocks were falling from heaven,
the rain is as torrential as a toddler's cry,
the trees are moving like a ballet dancer.

I could spend the hours
talking to the flowers,
chatting with the rain,
about the things I disdain.

At the back of my head I'd be scratching,
while my thoughts were busy hatching.
The mountains were fascinating,
I can't wait to visit this place again!

The Journey

Diocesan Boys' School, Yuen, Chi Hang Ryan – 13

The fierce breeze blows,
the harsh sun glows.
On top of the peak,
stands a man who once seeks.

His spent his life,
trying to survive,
and above all,
True happiness is what he searches for.

Bottom of the mountain is where he lives,
Growing vegetables is what he gives.
In this peaceful rural there he stands,
Yet more and more is in his demand.

He climbs higher,
Where things are brighter.
He left his family,
To pursue his fantasy.

Years go by,
His business is high,
In the waist of the mount',
his wealth is profound.

His money now pile,
As big as isles.
Yet his desire
Only grows bigger.

He climbs higher,
Where things are brighter.
He left his shop,
to reach for the top.

The snow whips,
The wind rips.
Up in the ridge,
He becomes the only liege.

His power know no extend,
his riches have no end.
Thousands are under his command,
ready to fulfill his demand.

Yet such newfound power
is no match for the crave to devour.
The urge to achieve this true happiness
Slowly evolves to a kind of sickness.

He climbs higher,
Where things are brighter.
He gave up his throne,
For immortality to be his own.

Up in the peak,
life seemed to leak.
The murderous wind scrapes the land,
the deadly sun baked the land till tanned,

Immortality was gained,
and all was obtain,
But yet happiness still
His heart was not filled.

In the loop of eternity,
He missed the love of a family.
Trapped in the cold and cruel reality,
Slowing leading to insanity.

On his trek for true happiness,
what he got is just infinite sadness.
True happiness might seems far away,
but sometimes next to your feet is where it lays.

The fierce breeze blows,
the harsh sun glows.
On top of the peak,
stands a man who once seeks.

A Holy Week

Discovery College, Chung, Yega – 12

The legendary Huang Di,
That set the name free.
When he went to find herbal tea,
More mysterious than the caribbean sea.

Huangshan, it is called,
Many scientist's dreams have stalled.
Mysteries and fossils everywhere were sprawled,
Legends and myths, it was miscalled.

Clouds dancing through the mountain creek,
made Huangshan indeed unique.
A doorway to heaven, so to speak,
A futuristic beginning, a holy week.

Alone together, it does seem,
Gods sashaying with the clouds, like a musical theme.
In the sunset comes a beautiful sunbeam,
Red light racing through, like a violent stream.

Every rock and plant has its story,
They were still alive through history's significant shame and glory.
Perhaps some hide secret inventory,
From Ancient China's Eastern territory.

What happened to Huangshan after Li Bai and Du fu?
What did they leave us to follow through?
Dozens of scientists had a different field of view,
Simultaneously numerous legends made it all out of true.

The breathtaking Hongcun village, goods still dry dusty,
Arts existing back from Ming dynasty,
Zhu Yuanzhang, your majesty,
Your treasures are indeed contrasty.

Hongcun made in a shape of an ox,
Leigang hill as the head, houses as the body, even the rock.
Two trees standing as the horn, to be approx,
Oh, how much secrets does this unlock!

Artifacts and embroidery shoes, 700 years old,
Still in a good state, very well controlled,
Many secrets now were unfold,
Are there mythical futures to be foretold?

Remember those clouds, ever so sacred,
Is that the reason why those arts were created?
God's sayings to art, only just translated,
Or were there whispers we didn't hear that is out-dated?

Newborn mammals, mammals mutate,
Perhaps the weather, perhaps, maybe, the mountain state.
What study, what can we estimate?
Conceivably the god made each animal, just not at an equal rate.

Until this day exists the trees that sprouted 1500 years before,
Nourishing clean air, shelters of golden monkeys, is what they're responsible for.
Stone steps are souls of gods, an open door,
However, Hongcun village was not the mystery anymore.

Genetic species in Huangshan are different from what we know,
Excessively because of legends, gods, herbal teas that existed before, will tomorrow.
Golden monkeys perhaps outlasted with the sun's golden glow,
God's work, from top head to bottom toe.

Remarkable cramped houses sitting on the mountain edges,
In relation to legends, as the god pledges.
Writings and carved arts, as the house began to have ledges,
Yet the government has created a tourist attraction, to increase the wages.

Isn't it a shame that Huangshan has new bridges, new places?
To replace nature with our foot traces?
To occupy history's memorial faces?
And to install numerous CCTV on hill edges for "just in cases"?

Visiting Huangshan is a fact hard to deny,
But water drinking stations are using the water supply.
Public bathrooms, in miracle's eye?
How will gods and animals feel, if we continuously sell fish fry?

Secrets broadening and beliefs proposed,
Tombs "resting" are slowly, surely exposed.
A bow, jade weapons and bones are also decomposed,
Showing that the person is wealthy, as it is supposed.

Tombs unknown, one secret that is available,
After thousands of historical years, is any still traceable?
Are gods making enchanted untolds unshakeable?
Can we detect answers and desires, perchance reclaimable?

Li Bai, romance and natures,
Famous poet, especially in those features.
The eyes of perspective, Li captures,
Conveying habitats, times and portraitures.

Possibly the gods sent him a choice,
Whom Bai followed, with the guidance of his voice.
Through hopes and desires he followed with rejoice,
At last reaching the sacred village, which was not a mischoice.

Building a house was not easy with independence,
But with guidance and desires Bai had patience.
Structuring poems, like how he structured experience,
Whom the god was impressed with his presence.

Du fu came over shortly behind,
With the same philosophy, a gifted mind.
Fu became satisfied, "what house is designed?"
However he left this house, was he ever so blind?
Abandoning the house was a serious mistake,

Hence when Fu painfully died, floating on a lake.
Who would abandon the house, in heaven's sake?
Who would forget the promises, and leave it to break?

And so the gods reflected,
Did leaving the house really meant that Fu respected,
The beauty and how fine art was perfected,
And so, betray the fact that he was protected?

Did everything truly mean nothing?
Was there too much judging and expected more than just what's coming?
Was there too much loving and increasing the speed they were running?
If so, did nothing truly mean that there was something?

That something which gods may all understand,
That something that was to be obeyed without demand,
That something where life wasn't unplanned,
Or that something where people would see life, with their feet buried in the sand?

Dragons and beasts soaring with their wings ever so wide,
Kneels down to their gods, expressing honest pride.
Regrettably HuangShan's legends slowly dried,
The legends and truths, however, are still tightly tied.

Imagine the dragons swimming under the sun rays,
Has their best friend, Phoenix, and their beautiful gaze.
We must acknowledge their royal obeys.
Gods applauded, but never to the ones that betrays.

The houses exist still until this day,
Just like how gods left it, exactly the same way.
The same feelings the art did portray,
Many pieces have gone with the wind, since history we cannot replay.

But even if we have new bridges new places,
Even if we replace nature with our foot traces,
Occupy history's memorial faces,
And install numerous CCTV'S for "just in cases",

Gods are still alive, marking our every step,
Losing their land, they feel like an unforgivable misstep.
They do know the fact that we know their remarkable history, but except,
The presence they have to accept.

Huangshan, it is called,
Many scientist's dreams have stalled.
Mysteries and fossils everywhere were sprawled,
Legends and myths, it was miscalled.

Clouds dancing through the mountain creek,
made Huangshan indeed unique.
A doorway to heaven, so to speak,
A futuristic beginning, a holy week.

In the sunset comes a beautiful sunbeam,
Red light racing through, like a violent stream.

But

Did everything truly mean nothing?
Was there too much judging and expected more than just what's coming?
Was there too much loving and increasing the speed they were running?
If not, did nothing truly mean that there was everything?

Huangshan, it is called,

Huangshan.

Tales from China's Magical Mountains

Discovery College, Siu, Oscar – 12

Deep inside of China's magical mountain,
mysterious legends were hidden, not to be shown.

The sky was gloomy filling with secrets,
hidden something that was true.

Each element in the nature was rare,
even they were treated with lots of care.

Among the river water was fresh and clean,
a bit of it could make you stronger than ever.

The magical temples were hidden to keep their promises,
everything in there was old but valuable.

Look through the sky then you will feel the magical feelings.

Can you see the dragon flying in the air freely on its own?
Can you see the phoenix shining in the sky brightly?
Can you feel the air blowing through your body and calm you down?
Can you smell the plants with fascinating colors?

Last, can you feel the elements of the tai chi combining together?

China's Mystical Mountains

Discovery College, Tilberis, Victoria – 11

As you reach the flat surface on the top of the big Buddha, you look around you,
For as long as the eye can see, mountains engulf you.

A small purple haze, on the tip of everyone,
Dollops of wildlife, some still very young.

From the majestic panda to the meek wild sheep,
A thriving eco-system lives here week-by-week.

Your eyes gaze over every detail,
While you begin to walk to the other side of the trail.

The walk down is gorgeous,
with life and scenery all around you.

As you finish at the Bottom, a feeling engulfs you that is quite enormous,
You bid the big Buddha adieu.

Utopia

ESF King George V School, Jain, Kashish – 12

Where mountains stand tall,
Every surface has a story,
Rocks still shining,
Together in glory.

Where the cold winds are calling,
Chirping birds fill the blue,
The skies filled with light,
It's too good to be true.

Where the forests carry secrets,
Tree are alive talking,
Telling their every story,
United all the branches interlocking.

Where the waters hold reflections,
Of times long ago,
Showing us how far we've come,
How far we have to go.

Where animals sing as one,
Working together in harmony,
Free, beautiful, true, wild,
These creatures live their lives artlessly,

Where the soil is magical,
Rich soft and tender,
Here every footstep leaves a mark,
No matter what age or gender.

Where ancient animals are discovered,
Laying peacefully beneath this ground,
Wanting to scream a million words,
But not making a sound.

Where mystery lies in every corner,
It's the key that will open every door,
For once we find its secret,
All our lives will suddenly soar.

Where there is an ominous feeling,
Chilly air fills the atmosphere,
Here people have the knowledge,
Of some things quite queer.

Where poets are residing,
Filling their brain to the brim,
Laughing, trusting, sharing,
No one has the chance to be grim.

Where there is a peculiar chill in the air,
The only people left are strangers to this new planet,
Oblivious to the delicacies of the modern world,
Only knowing apples and pomegranate.

This forever beautiful place,
This utopia.

I Am Here

ESF King George V School, Wong, Evelyn – 13

Here is where I found your sanctuary,
Where you let me into your bamboo hut above the clouds,
Out of sympathy or commiseration I didn't know,
But your bowls of broth served as a kindling fire in the most unforgiving of winters,
And it was there that you began to occupy a very special place in my heart.
Here is where I was confronted by your nobility,
Where you taught me how to brave the cold on my fingertips,
To overcome the heaviness in my legs as I trudged up these endless slopes,
Here is where you taught me *chi*,
To breathe this world's flora and fauna and become allies with its fabled creatures,
To face these vociferous waterfalls with lithe grace and harmony,
To bleed my torment and its haunting devils into freedom,
The antagonists of a tranquil mind.
Here is where you taught me to believe in anything and everything,
Beyond the horrifying civilisations created by unchallenged beasts and broken mortals,
Where the word *magical* became reality,
Where I lived knowing that I never really *knew* at all,
Where the unexpected became my home,
Where you told me to *live, live, live*.
Here is where you made me listen to the trees,
The true sages of these arcane mountains, as they rustled and sang words of candour.
Here is where you showed me the fiery dragons of ancient Chinese ballads,
Relentlessly red with culture and legend.
Here is where I held on tightly to your straw hat,
Waiting through the night for you to come home,
How my breaths returned when your head peered over the ledge.
Here is where you were when your dream of immortality died,
Cradled in the belly of these Yellow Mountains,
Confronted by the inching departure of your soul,
You lost your faith in the magic,
And for the first time stared into the relentless, terror stricken abyss.
Here is where I told you to *live, live, live*,
You listened but you never believed.
Here is where you asked me if I *knew*,
If I knew the mountain and its soul,
If I understood its wisdom and its freedom,
If I breathed its nature,
And I asked you *why*,
But you never responded.
Here is where I carried you to our hut when your legs became fragile sticks,
When your face soured into wrinkles,
No longer blossoming with the colours of the sun.
Here is where I kneeled when your head no longer peered over the ledge,
All I could do was *nothing*,
Even though I thought I could do anything and everything,
And the mountains had lost its mystical spirits and vivacity,
Because my beacon of hope was *gone, gone, gone*.
Here is where I read the words you wrote persuading me to *live*,
To chase after the sky, to guide the lost, to shape the dreams of the disturbed,
And I read each word out loud in a husked voice of pained love.
This is where I am,

These mountains, with its natural sophistication and enigmatic beings.

This is where I learnt to live.

This is where I am.

I am here.

I am here.

I am alive.

Spellbound

ESF South Island School, Li, Annika

As I leaned precariously over the edge,
A dizzying, sheer drop fell away at my toes.
I gripped the patterned stone rails
And tried to contain the gasp that shot
Between my trembling lips
Like an escaped bird, no longer caged.

Wispy ghosts of mist flitted around
Lost travellers,
The souls of explorers whose footprints prevailed,
Engraved on the face of the Yellow Mountains.
I stood on the Bridge of Immortals
Alone, and yet not alone.

The name of the bridge lied.
How many had been fooled to cross it?
Yet I was one of them.
The stone beneath my innocent feet
Was raw, honest and true.
Still it stayed silent.

It did not creak as I made my way across.
I traced the outline of the hills as I went
With my fingers, blotted with ink;
I wove the beauty, the mystery, into a painting,
Quickening my pace to match the mountain's song.
A thousand secrets awaited me.

I ran my fingers along the rough bark
Of gnarled, twisted pine trees.
They seemed to bow and beckon, rasping
"Come, courageous adventurer.
What is it that you seek?"
My answer was lost in the vast echoes.

I passed boulders with glaring faces
Of man, monkey and ogre...
A single silent warning: "Beware!"
Stone beings, a grotesque masquerade...
Then an unfading sight brought me sudden relief—
A finger of rock pointed the infinite way.

The sea of clouds harmonised in voices of angels,
"Oh, fly with us, fly, and you will be free."
I gazed at the pure heaven no mortal hand could paint.
White flooded my vision; for a moment I was blinded.
Ink splattered my paper, honest fragments of night.
The dazzling ecstasy deceived. I turned away.

My fingers dwindled and trailed
In the healing water of a hot spring.
No voice spoke to me but a faint sigh carried on the breeze.
The spirit of an Emperor bathed in sacred pools.
My reflection faded as I withdrew.

My paintbrush danced on paper as I drew on.
Barely aware of the cluster of village houses below my cliff,
I sat back to admire my work.
The Yellow Mountains reawakened
On fragile yet powerful paper and ink.
I wondered at its mere capabilities.

Twisted trees, angry rocks, tranquil sky and water.
A swallow froze in its hundredth wingbeat,
An opaline droplet halted before the splash,
A vibrant flower was trapped in still life,
I wished to be part of it all.
Carefully, swiftly, my ink began to bloom.

Sunlight glinted off a strange object in the distance.
I stopped and peered more closely at the phenomenon
Which sat in the heart of the village below
A pond in the shape of a half moon.
I marveled at the manmade beauty and picked up my brush.
Deftly, the pond was soon depicted in my painting.

A gale sliced through the air.
My ink bottle toppled over and spilt.
As I bent to pick it up, my papers scattered and rose like birds.
I grasped at them, trapped in a tornado of paper and ink.
Then, suddenly but slowly,
Almost as if planned, the world spun to a halt.

I wasn't falling. Just... hanging
In empty silent space,
Wondering if the world had come to its end.
I wasn't breathing. Merely... existing
In empty silent space,
Hearing my own thoughts louder than echoes.

Then the tips of my feet kissed rough ground
As motion filled in the void.
I was back where I had left – wasn't I?
Something felt different. Something felt wrong.
The birds' beaks were open; the frog leapt into the waterfall.
But no song came; the splash emitted nothing.

Twisted trees, angry rocks, tranquil sky and water.
A swallow froze in its hundredth wingbeat,
An opaline droplet halted before the splash,
A vibrant flower was trapped in still life,
An artist desired to be part of it all,
For atop a painted cliff, a figure sat, brush in hand.

Two children, each the mirror image of the other,
Frowned at the painting through wide, dark eyes.
“Who drew that?”
Chaste hands seized the fragile paper
And yanked it all the way back to Hongcun Village.
It swooped after them, a peculiar kite.

Near the pond that was in the shape of half a moon,
The child with a cole flower in her black hair
Pushed the other with a cole flower in her black hair.
“Get the water!”
The liquid sloshed from the pail and onto the painting.
The child gave a yelp, cradling it. “Be careful!”

“Do your chores and give me that!”
The children snatched the paper callously, the pail forgotten.
“Hey, it’s mine!” Staggering feet met the skid of a puddle;
Balance was lost, and so was the grip on the painting.
The paper drifted slowly, like a sinking, rocking ship
Down into the crystalline water of the pond.

For a heartbeat of stillness,
The children stared down at the disappearing ink.
Then the child with a cole flower in her black hair
Pushed the other with a cole flower in her black hair.
“Look what you did!” A childish, accusing tone.
“No, look what you d—” Eyes widened in shock.

A desperate breath tore from my chest.
Sunkissed droplets flicked upwards.
Beside me, scraps of paper debris slowly dissolved.
Two children, each the mirror image of the other,
Frowned at me through wide, dark eyes.
“How did you appear like that? No one was in the pond.”

“Where do you come from?”
“What are you doing
In our Moon Pond?
You’re making the water dirty!
We drink it
But now we can’t.”

I didn’t answer.
I couldn’t.
I groped around for comfort,
My shaking fingers caught hold of my paintbrush.
“Ooh! Give it!”
The children wrenched it out of my hand.

“Hey look – we can draw!”
The children smeared the wet brush against
The dry stone ground.
“Here’s a house–”
I watched lines appear from my twirling brush
Like blossoming flowers on an unsteady branch.

I watched the children paint with my brush.
Such power, at the mercy of such vulnerable hands.
Such impulsive, young minds.
“Here’s me–”
“Me! Me! Draw me too! Make it pretty.”
“And here’s you.”

My heartbeat accelerated.
Something urged me to rush forward,
Something urged me to tear the brush
Out of that vulnerable hand
That had held it a moment ago...
But no longer.

The paintbrush clattered to the ground.
The two children were gone. Vanished.
Next to the brush, there lay two cole flowers, each the mirror image of the other.
And in the innocent drawing, there stood two children:
A child with black hair
Pushing the other with black hair.

The Lonely Mountain

ESF South Island School, Rekhi, Agastya

Clouds roll in like wisps of smoke,
This mystic mountain never spoke.

Yet trails of air flutter slowly by,
It will really make you want to cry.

The rocky earth is black as the night,
In darkest thrall it is the light.

Its tall sharp points look like a spear,
In days of old they stopped all fear.

They left offerings at his wide feet,
He felt they were his favorite treat.

Yet as old age past and new comes forth,
The mountain cries as they go north.

High above, the trails turn small,
Sadness weeps and darkness falls.

Misty Mountains

ESF South Island School, Teng, Aiden

You're finally there.
You greet the Yellow Mountains through a mystic dance of shadows.
You're hearing nothing as the silence is so loud,
You're seeing nothing as the darkness is so bright.

Spectral mist wreaths the mountain peaks,
And the jade green trees tower in their glory.
The waterfall, like an angel's sweep of hair,
Trickles over the mossy rocks.

The temples and cottages centuries old,
Once housed the famous poets and famous bards,
Their presence is written in bold,
The mountain still echoes their voices, long gone.

Alas, you must go,
Leaving behind this unearthly beauty,
This perfectly imperfect heaven,
This enigmatic Eden that the world has forsaken.

With all its perfect imperfections,
This truly is the work of God.

Perfect imperfections
Silence was so loud
mystic play of shadows twining and twisting as if they were alive,
darkness was so bright

Where Dragons Are Born

ESF West Island School, Tsang, Eric – 13

I lie peacefully, calmly, knowingly on my bed
In repose, serene, a pillow under my head
Eyes closed, curtains drawn, not a single word spoken
By the family around me, heads bowed for this occasion.

I gaze at the majestic mountains before me
The place where I arranged for my soul to fly free
Below the jagged edges, cloaked in a silvery mist
I know however, that I will sorely be missed.

Perched atop the soaring mountain ridges
A lone pagoda looks over the horizon
A grand view it offers for when my soul emerges
And arrives in the pagoda on these mountains.

Solemnly they stand still, yet at ease, I let go
The last chapter of my life has drawn to a close
Free of pain, free of worry, I let out and die
People gathered around lift their heads for a final goodbye.

I stare blankly at the opaque wooden box
And imagine myself somehow peering through.
How desperately I wish to break the locks
And find my owner's death to be untrue.

I watch his flames flicker at my owner's cremation
I reach my leg out, cherishing the warmth he gives
My mind wanders away in imagination
Without him by my side, how shall I ever live?

I stumble along the path of life aimlessly
Every dreary step I take seems to lead nowhere
Lamenting the loss of my only family
I retire to my stable, overcome with despair.

I lie pale, sickly, knowingly in my stable
Dreaming of the times he rode me to battle
Eyes closed, I smile, death is right around the corner
At last, I'll be reunited with my owner.

I gaze at the magical mountains before me
The place together, where we will finally be
Above the sheer cliffs, cloaked in a silvery mist
He knew after all, that he would sorely be missed.

Perched atop the soaring mountain ridges
A lone pagoda looks over the horizon
A marvellous place we'll share when my soul emerges
And arrives in the pagoda on these mountains.

Death lifts me up, I cling on dearly, not letting go
It marks the start of a new life without grief or woe
I can't see, I can't hear, no words can be exchanged
Yet we know, we'll meet soon, just as we'd arranged.

Bones of a horse rest beside a soldier's ashes
Buried, they remain intact even as time passes
Five hundred years later, two archaeologists arrive
Seeking knowledge of how the ancient lead their lives.

In vain they try to solve the puzzle of bones
Piecing wrong parts of the skeleton together
Its bones had aged, resting beside a tombstone
The leg bones lay fractured and the ribcage shattered.

Unable to fix the scattered bones left behind
They think further and an image forms in their minds
Wondering what the pile of remains could once have been
Their imagination fills the gaps in between.

"It has a horse's long neck, a horse's long head."
"But its ribcage is missing, with the tail of a snake's."
"Perhaps it's a bit of both, maybe it's cross bred?"
"Don't worry about it, it'll give you a headache."
"Oh, what shall we do with this baffling mystery?"
"We'll decorate it in our journal and make history."

"Let's give it scales and a body long and bendy
That bears a striking resemblance to a snake."
"Flowing mane, vibrant spikes along its body
And an imposing aura that never breaks."
"Two trailing whiskers of smoke stemming from its snout
And wispy, pearly white horns for its curved eyebrows."
"A tail of fire, burning bright, that stretches far out
Four mighty lizard legs it'll have, standing tall and proud."
"We'll give it shades of bright gold orange and red
To symbolize good fortune and vitality."
"A twinge of jade green and blue for its spikes and head
To symbolize peace and immortality."

They detail their findings on a scroll of parchment
About the species they discovered and how it looks
Described as a creature, strong and magnificent
Destined to be immortalized in fiction books.

We gaze together at the mountains below
I'm perched upon his saddle, just like years ago
An arrow pouch slung behind, a hand on my bow
A protective leather sleeve fitted on my wrist
Riding, soldier and horse, above the silvery mist
We leave behind memories which will sorely be missed.
I look into a lake from above as I fly
And the first glimpse of a dragon enters my eye.
Below lays the place of a metamorphosis
We know that dragons will never cease to exist.

Still, today, above China's magical mountains
A horse's soul rests in the spirit of dragons.

The Poets Mountains

French International School, Moletti, Marco – 11

The Mountains are far,
shimmering bright,
a bright light.
Today we study,
search information,
find knowledge,
Of Our World,
For Us.

The natural landscape of the old,
mountains,
rivers,
people,
phenomena,
eruptions...

Bringing us resources, methods, questions.

To learn,
To observe,
To inquire,
To analyse.

In search for ultimate conclusions,
gathering books,
maps,
statistics,
and texts.

In search of the answers,
of The Mountains far, far, away,
shimmering a bright, bright light.

Is it sane,
Forever the chain,
connected to our brains.

The history,
The beauty,
The sunshine,
The butterfly's that appear,
poetry sings,
Completing a whole feeling inside.

Forever youth will appear,

in the Golden chain.
The rug of a design,
stepped on,
but has the connection of design.

The Future is here,
in the blast of light.
Hear the echoes,
singing and shouting,
instead of seeing with our sight.

The Mountains far,
shimmering a bright, bright light.
Dinosaurs dug up,
to show the past,
of the unforeseeable sight,
of a bright, bright light.

The Mountains of Huangshan,
should be known,
to every poet,
that sings a much larger Tone.

The Mountains are far,
shimmering bright,
And we are all poets,
guided by this bright, bright, light...

High in the Mountains

Harrow Beijing International School, Hu, Julia – 12

The rocks were hard
And cut my hands raw.
It was cold and dry,
The rain still pouring down
On my exhausted body.
The clothes are plastered to my skin.
My mouth itches for water,
Yet the rain tastes bitter
And it burns my tongue.

Cliffs.
All around us.
Dull, brown cliffs.
Staring, daring us to go near.
The barren emptiness fills my heart
Like it will never mend.
Like the cliffs around me.
Empty but so tight.

The sunset is beautiful.
We've set up camp, and I stare into the horizon.
Somewhere, I hope they are safe and well.
I take off my armor
And bandage my arms.
What will I tell them when I get back?
And will I get back?

I held the letter out
Hands shaking
For Mum to see.
She reads the two lines on it
And cries.
She's collapsing,
Hugging me,
Weeping into my dirty brown shirt.

Don't go.

Please.

The baby starts crying,

And Mum stands up,

tears still streaming from her eyes,

To the crib.

Then Dad gets back from work.

Then my siblings

Then Lucy comes over for dinner.

One by one

Get told the horrible news

That I

Am going to war.

The train station was full of soldiers with family.

The train hooted,

The white smoke puffing

Surrounding me

Like the mist around me now.

Lucy runs toward my window

Come back.....

It was easy

To start with.

We walked

And laughed

And drank

And played

Without a care in the world.

But care did come

With our first battle

In a poppy field.

The battles raged on

And on.

The bullets firing endlessly and mercilessly

At us for eternity.

Every sunrise marks a small victory for me

That I
Have survived
For a day
More.

Rebels.
Us.
Is that what we are?
Is that what I am?
A rebel,
Fighting against someone
For no reason
At all?
What are we fighting for
Anyway?

For the country.
For the people.
For them.

There's the moon,
Shining so bright
In the dark night sky.
If I stare at it all day
And all night,
Will they see me
And will I see them?

A Miracle—Mount Emei

Harrow Beijing International School, Mou, Helena – 12

Majestic Mountains rising to meet the sun and clouds,
Cascading streams, silver ribbons ascending round.
Lush turquoise meadows with paths of ancient steps and pillars,
Mixed with jagged ebony black hills wavy, tall and slender.

Mysterious caves, legend says the Azure dragon of the East lives there
Vermillion Phoenix, queen of birds resides in the thousand-year tree
Picturesque small villages huddled in a cozy green valley
A fresh tickling breeze blows by, caressing your heart and soul

The world shrouded with a veil of hazy enchanting mist
Morning dew glitters on the leaves like bright diamond flakes
Budding blossoms dainty with pastel and radiant shades
Butterflies fluttering by, a whirl of color, flowers of the air

Climbing up and up, into the sky, a narrow lane to paradise
Soft white rolling clouds, a waterfall in the sky where immortals drink
The summit where the unearthly golden Samantabhadra sits on his throne
Let the gentle melodious chant of the monks wash over you

Inhale the faint fragrance of the glowing incense,
Crescent sun, warming up those blue hues with a dazzling ember
A few lucky ones will be surrounded with the iridescent Buddhist light
The emerald group of saint's lamps will appear on a moonless night

Everyone has those brief moments in life
Where you are infinite, you are alive
More than you ever have been
Now, standing between the border of heaven and earth,
That extraordinary feeling,
Pulsing through your veins, seeping into the marrow

You savor that feeling for as long as you can
Stretching out your arms, the wind tugging your hair
As though soaring and gliding on a pearly frothing sea
Nestled on the silky pale scales of a dragon-horse

Out from your lips slips one last prayer:
“Please let this last forever”
In that very moment, you just know
This world is a Miracle
Mount Emei is a Miracle
That you are a Miracle

Destruction

Harrow Beijing International School, Qu, Rain – 12

The pine stands,
Between light and dark,
Between young and old,
Between truth and told.

As you look,
You see your past,
Within the twigs,
Within the spines.

You think about past,
The obscure sense,
The thing that didn't last,
In your broken realm where,
Past is no more.

You turn your head up,
Not looking at dark,
Not peering at doom,
Hoping for spark.
In this falling,
To destruction.

For many years you lived,
You never saw pain,
Along the forests you hid,
Amidst the summer rain.

But then dark came,
You cannot escape,
There are shouts, but in vain.
Everyone is falling,
To destruction.

You look high above,
Above, towards hope,
There is no death,
If you could cope.

You tremble along the line,
Of life and death, alone.
You shake as you fall
Struggling from the dark zone.

But suddenly, you jerk,
The wind switches,
The dark gets narrower,
As you are rising,
From destruction.

You soar high,
Above the clouds,
Through day and night,
Through space and time.

The past finally reaches you,
The woods and rocks,
You were on this mountain,
Not alone.

Those words you spoke,
Those places you been,
Those people you met,
All flying, upwards.

But then, the dark comes again,
With the memories of infinite pain,
You realize your efforts are in vain,
There is no light, not in your world,
There are no mountains,
There is no childhood.
There's just the infinite falling,
To nowhere, but destruction.

The Interrogation

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Hon, Chryso – 13

No,
I didn't kill him.
You don't believe me?
Fine.
You can start the recording now.
I'll tell you what happened.

Why we were at Huangshan?
My, you're
nosy, aren't you?
We were visiting Huangshan because
we were on vacation.
Together
as an engaged couple.
This was meant to be a
celebration of
love,
of
voluntary sacrifice,
of
commitment.

We had been hiking up the karsts for hours,
trying to remain excited and
enthusiastic
when all that crossed our minds were
hunger and
exhaustion.
Our backs were sore and going
limp from the weights of our backpacks crushing our spines
and our hands were covered in blisters from all the
grabbing at the sharp rocks.
The only thing that didn't give out was
our feet attempting to grip and claw at the uneven ground,
to steady us both as we slowly and
persistently made our way up the vertically slanted giant of a rock.

After what seemed like decades
a little hut came into view,
provoking a spark of hope,
of victory,
of triumph.
of relief.

With most of our energy
sucked out of us
from the trails we had overcome,
we managed to stagger up the cliff,
constantly reminding ourselves that
if the one and only
Li Bai,
a poet whose words poured out of him like
salt drizzles out of a salt shaker,
made it up this miracle of nature
with his
knees aching,
and his
joints shaking
and his back in
unspeakable pain,
and also managed to cough up
words drowning in wisdom
then so could we.

As the hut appeared bigger and bigger,
and we got closer and closer
our footsteps quickened out of impatience and then
next thing you know,
we're here.
We
made
It.

The hut loomed over us and
gold letters, decorated with specks of rust and
chipped at the corners,
formed the nearly illegible words,
Fuhuo Temple

I stole a quick glance at him,
expecting his lips to mirror the grin I was conscious was visible on my face
like a reflection,
but instead,
only a hint of a smile formed on his face before it
fell
and before I knew it
so did mine,
as if I was the mirror,
copying his every movement.

I remember asking him,
What's wrong?

Then it was just
pin-drop silence.
Silence so deafening
my ears begged for it to stop.

I never realised just how important a role sound played in my life until it was
replaced with
the one conflicting thing it was designed to substitute.
Silence.

Doesn't that apply to everything in life?
You take everything for granted,
You barely notice or acknowledge the entities that shape your world until they're
no longer there and
that's when you realise
just how easily unappreciative you can be.

There appeared to be a void,
a
bottomless pit where the vibrations that defined sound once filled,
now
empty.
It was like a
fill-in-the-blanks activity,
the kind you are asked to complete in kindergarten.
the ones where you pray and
wish and
will for the
words to just
appear.

It was like that.
Needing him to just say something.
That was how much I valued his response.

This is where my sister was buried.

I instinctively let out a sigh of relief,
and realised that I had been unconsciously holding my breath the entire time.
That's what my life was like with him.
He was always so
unpredictable,
someone who left no
clues to what was on his mind,
no ideas,
no red herrings.
nothing.
He was so dubious and fragile,
life was like
walking a tightrope.
You know you have to tread lightly and slowly but you
don't know

how lightly or
how slowly.
What you do know, however, is that
one wrong move and
that's it.
there's no going back.

Is that why you wanted to come?

I remember looking at him,
hoping that I looked more sympathetic than
concerned,
silently willing him to look me in the eye and say he was fine,
but his shoes and the rocks they kicked at suddenly needed all of his immediate attention.

Yeah.

He shook his head as if dismissing all thoughts that had clouded his vision,
and we climbed up the stairs that lead to the temple,
hand in hand.

A musty mix of burning incense and dusty books wafted into my nose.
The smell was so pungent my eyes began to water uncontrollably.

Then he made the most sudden move at the
most arbitrary time.

I want to show you something.
His voice rang with determination and his
footsteps began to quicken.
His nimble baby steps transformed into
strides of purpose and confidence as his
fingers snaked around my wrist,
tugging me,
leading me to wherever it was he wanted to go.

It was a sequence of
zigzags and
turns and
running in circles before
the tugging stopped and
I nearly bumped into him.

A beam of fascination and
a pair of hopeful eyes
replaced the reflection of his face on the glass of the cabinet that stood in front of us.

Behind the glass was a vase,
littered with
lines of royal blue that met at every turn,
streaking across the smooth surface,
forming a series of patterns that were

splattered onto the porcelain.

That's where my sister's ashes are.

As if on cue,
my right shoulder was greeted with a few
light taps.

It was the light bouncing off her smooth head that caught my eye;
A dash of colour reflecting off the shiny surface that coated her skull and was known as her scalp.

Then,
a polite smile and
a pair of twinkling eyes met mine.

Hello,
She said.
I'm aware you're here for a relative's resurrection?

A laugh escaped my mouth.
It was cruel and rude but
I couldn't help it.

I was about to object, to
declare her mistaken, when I saw
the words come out of his mouth before
I heard them.

Yes.

I turned to him,
my eyes widened with shock as I
blurted out words that dripped with derision,

You're not serious.

And then, a sentence I recognised had a challenging tone to it,
produced by a voice that was
hardened, like
wet acrylic paint that
dries on a canvas over time and
forms into lumpy bumps,
each individual one protected by a
crispy shell that when
broken,
cracks and causes
undiscovered wet paint to
ooze out,
whether intended or not.

What makes you think I'm not?

I remember the wave of shock and surprise that overcame me,
and then my
instant and
poor attempt at trying to
conceal it.

I remember the monk nodding and then.

Well, if I'm honest,
all of it was a blur.

Something about how in order for his sister to come back from the dead
he was going to have to
exchange a loved one's life for hers.

The next part,
well,
it's as clear as day.
It's something that will haunt me for the rest of my life,
even though I would give anything for it
not to.

There was a cliff to our right,
a cliff made up of jagged rocks and capricious greenery.

I remember her pointing to it,
saying,
A soul for a soul.

I had scoffed,
he'll obviously choose me.
That's simply axiomatic.

I waited for a
Yes,
a laugh of agreement,
a reassurance that of course, I was right,
that obviously I was
better than her,
that I was clearly
worth more than her.

But my ears were left ravenous,
my arrogant words still
ringing and
buzzing
against my eardrums,
the words I so badly longed to hear
within the radar of my vision but
out of arms reach,
taunting me,
mocking me.

I turned towards him abruptly,
tiny rocks crunching in protest under my feet,
my eyes searching,
scanning
his blank face desperately,
hungrily,
for
something,
anything.

But he was
so
so
stubborn.
He refused to give me a reaction.
I received
not a single movement,
not a single indicator of
what he was about to say,
of
what he was about to choose.

And when I was on the verge of answering for him through gritted teeth,
when I was naturally and instinctively giving him the benefit of the doubt,
my ears pricked up as they picked up a soft, raspy whisper,
barely audible,
barely noticeable,
but there.
Words soaked in guilt, in
apology, in
regret.

I want to see my sister again.

That's it,
I'm not telling you anymore.
Is it because I don't remember anything else that happened?
No,
I remember
everything.
I remember everything that was going on,
I remember every thought that ran through my head,
I remember the urge to scream, to
wail, to
howl in anger,
and how I managed to suppress it all.
I remember every feeling that took control over me despite my fight to stay
calm.
To stay forgiving,
To stay understanding.

I remember it all because how can you not when
you could feel every living cell in your body
deteriorating,
rotting,
dying?
How can you ever forget the time
you witnessed
life being sucked out of your living body,
as well as your will to live?
How can you move past it all
when the realisation hits you that everything you knew turned out to be a
lie?

I don't know if it was the
howling wind,
slamming against my face,
causing the muscles in my face to
tighten,
slowing my ability to blink,
or if it was the
fear of betrayal sinking in
that resulted in streams of salty tears and
mascara streaming down my face,
running down my dry skin like lakes,
ensuing my dry eyes to feel numb from having been widened for so long,
accompanied by my face deadened from the
pain,
from the
betrayal,
but it was all too much for me.

You killed me,
you
monster.
You stabbed me in the back with a
double-ended knife
and didn't know that
it would end up
piercing you as well.
I loved you and
swore to be there for you for the rest of my life.
I was ready to
change my surname to yours,
submit to your wants and needs.
I was ready to
be your wife
and yet you chose her over me

You have to understand.
He knew
the full capabilities of this temple,
He knew

the aptitude this temple possessed.
He knew the
true meaning of the temple's name.
Fuhuo temple?
Yeah.
Resurrection Temple.
He
knew.

And he didn't tell me.

So, you see,
I didn't kill him.
He killed me.
All I did was
push him off the cliff
before he could
push me.

The Light I Never Saw

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Lan, Ethan – 11

Tears
Of joy,
Of regret,
Of forgiveness,
Of forbearance.
Of a past that spans
for over 100 million years.
She has witnessed voyagers who
Struggled with strength and resilience.
60,000 stone steps leading to age-worn wisdom.
Shrouded in an unpredictable ocean of white clouds
She stood mystical, defiant and aloof to all life and death.
Blessed and cursed by the Buddha's light she still stands tall.
She who has been the chosen one through hundreds of legends
Glorified, romanticized and worshipped by thousands of generations.
Her eyes behold the rise and fall of empires, of heroes made and forgotten.
72 guardians and one breath away from heaven, she disremembered to love and to hate.
Caught in a never-ending wheel of sunrises and sunsets, nothing is sacred or worthwhile.
For in the realm of immortality, there is no hope or grief, only secrets untold and songs unsung..

Huangshan – The Yellow Mountains

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Millet, Max – 11

The prodigious, looming mountains soar over the ground,
The smell of wet grass fills the air.
The sound of crumbling rocks breaks the silence,
The gravel crunching at your feet.
The tumultuous cry of birds as they lift off into the air,
The taste of saltwater and heart of palm fills your mouth.

The clouds linger around the mountains,
Concealing something [away] from our sight.
The constant change of height changes your overall perspective completely;
Changing your view of the landscape,
Leaving a picturesque view.
The mist wavers through the mountains,
Like a road that never ends.

As you climb higher you see charcoal–black boulders;
Leaving a coat of black across the mountain,
Smeared like a stain.

The brush gently touches the paper,
Outlining a mountain.
The brush gently dabs at the edge of the mountain,
Leaving a path of mist behind.

Finally, the painting is done.

The abiding mountains continue to soar over the ground,
The smell of evergreens fills the air.
The sonorous cry of birds fill the empty landscape;
Echoing through the mountains,
Shattering through the mist.
The sound of footsteps echo against the rocks,
As you leave this spectral landscape.

Tranquil Peaks

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Qin, Benjamin – 11

Watching the flight of the swirling clouds,
Gazing at ridges housed in mist like shrouds,

Sniffing the scent of the eau de Nil trees,
Tasting the dampness of a sharp brisk breeze,

Hearing the euphonious calls of a thrush,
Grinning as the carmine sun began to blush,

Exploring the humid and clammy caves,
Perceiving the sound of gales like dour slaves,

Towering above layers of moist haze,
Trekking on stark turf for what seemed like days,

Feeling the slight warmth in the frigid air,
The azure sky is what the mountains wear,

And as I glare down at the world below,
I close my eyes and see hope lit aglow...

Our Mountain

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Tan, Millie – 11

Take me to the mountains
For that's where I belong
Just birds and trees
And wind and leaves
And silence as my song

The spirit of the mountains dwells in the autumn hues,
In bronze and gold,
A story told
To rouse the mountain from its muse

Throughout the wars, peace or sadness
It stands tall, watching over our world
And when winter comes, amidst all the cold and snow
A warm fire keeps it calm

When humanity crumbles, when its trees fall down, it stays humble
We could learn a thing or two from the mountain.
Tranquil, yet strong
Composed, and collected
When the mud and the rain covers up its grass, it is still green,
Still thriving, and growing each day.

Each tree, healthy and green
The emerald waterfalls, and pearl lakes
The blue skies above, watching over the serene land.

Walking up the mountain is peace itself.
All the weight on your shoulders simply washes away
You smile, maybe for the first time in days,
And as the sun's rays shine down
You close your eyes and listen to the birds tweeting, the water rippling
Free from all your stress, free from all the anger bottled up in your body.

And the mountain will smile, as it watches from below
It has done its job.
To bring calm to the world, to you at last
It shows you to let go, and just think for a while

So if you see a mountain, climb up to the summit and see
The world below you, the wonders, and you'll feel just like me.

Here is a Story

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Yan, Yutong – 12

Here is a story told long ago,
over the sea and past places high and low
lies a place of great wonder.
She who gives shelter to those weakened ones
hunted down by a man's gun.
A cloud of enchantment itself that
envelopes the valleys,
creating what those who want badly.
'The Sea of Clouds',
as one would say,
keeps unholy spirits at bay.
For there are incomprehensible workings far beyond man,
that even the wisest cannot understand.
A power much more ancient than the Earth alone,
for not everything can be known.

There was a story told long ago,
where mountain berries lie aglow.
Legend has this place of rebirth,
was a safe haven to those here on Earth.
For her peaks touch the heavens,
that even gods smile down upon by its presence.
What truly lies in this exotic place is still yet unknown,
but best left like that for the spirits alone.
The rolling hills seem to radiate light,
that raises your spirits just by its sight.
What lush green trees.
What hypnotizing skies.
What's that you hear?
The echoing whispers of the valleys.
For the mountains, earth, trees are alive.
Alive as they could ever be.
For in this place only,
could they ever truly be free.
Not chained down to man's cruel wrath.

But there is one more story from not long ago,
when men take trees down in one go.
Who did not care for their only home,
and rapidly destroy each biome.
For all that there is only one goal,
to make man's treasured gold.
And for centuries they lived with selfishness and greed,
killing their own companions with absolutely no grief.
They cut down trees that give out life,

and captured animals while thinking it's all right.
For their little science experiments but they did not know,
that those animals need love to grow.
Man's hunger for knowledge,
is no use because Earth will demolish.
By their very actions is not just hurting them alone,
but harming all organisms' only home.
They have the nerves to destroy this sacred place,
they just glanced at it with distaste.
With its last few whispers it says: "Goodbye dear Earth,
for no one has truly stopped and acknowledged your worth."

For a place that formed when the earth was still young,
billions of years ago from when it begun.
Who gave out so much and welcomed all those who have come
There now lies nothing
All taken.
All gone.

Slaying God to Spite Servants

Harow International School Hong Kong, Yau, Alicia – 13

Morning is ripe with the dewy scent of petrichor
Mist caresses the drooping leaves
Snaking past an ancient pine, felled by
Skies that wept and wailed through
Monsoons sweeping through on yesterday's eve

Bloated persimmons fall into the basket,
Though I dare not steal one to satisfy my starvation
Sternly reminding myself of
Hollowed cheeks and vacant eyes, crying out
As every child went unfed

Undergrowth obscuring a cave's narrow crevice
Tempting me into its sunken mouth, a lure cast
Of sun-kissed elderberry clusters
I lose my footing on the precipice, plummeting down
Into consuming blackness

Shadows embrace unblemished skin
Once I step where the skylight seeps through
The stomach of this cavernous behemoth
Transforms into another entity
Emerging out of tales woven from words

A palace that revels in its bestial splendour
Archaic roots gnarled into an ancient crowning of
Bygone deities, architects of this earthbound elysian
Evident to my intrusion, this mirror dimension has all but been forsaken
By all except an insensate king

Its form incites enthralling, ardent desire to
Abscond this domain, yet I remain frozen by some inherent reverence
For the resplendent creature lying in solitude, eternally slumbering
When I am abruptly cast in the lustre of a phosphorescent iris
Framing me in its impassive, aureate peripheral

The dragon's awakening enshrouds its kingdom in tranquil ambience
Choking down inarticulate veneration, I am struck by
Instinct to run and spread news of this miracle unfolding through mirages
On its iridescent scales cloaking millennia of life reflects
My ascent lifted from an unfurled claw

The winds are emergent wings stolen
From Cranes soaring against
Vivid hues painted on picturesque
Tapestries of the heavens behind me while
My feet traverse familiar routes

To the outskirts of my village

Father's displeasure distinctly conveyed furrow of his brows
I do not heed in favour of addressing the council of elders
Imparting the blessed encounter, though their expressions are enigmatic
As the coven's conferral draws to a close
I find myself barraged with commendation

Elated laughter spills above barley mead bottles
Condensed around paths debauched with detritus
Adults drinking into delirious stupor
Amidst incoherence is an idea conveyed through
Whispers of inciting a kind of personal rebellion

Murmurs of discontent had travelled through provinces
An emperor, jade palace adorned with jewels of
Cruelties inflicted and a nation disregarded while
Conflicts of the capital devouring itself before consideration
Of devastation wrought by summer storms

Preceding him is a symbol; a mark of ancient kings
Born the son of dragons, bearing the vicious heart of a viper
A man, a mortal, yet unreachable and unaffected
Monuments of the exalted are all commoners can reach,
And that contumacious iconoclasm can incinerate

Sickening decay unravels in my chest
Illogical thought tightens its grasp around my throat
Incomprehensible, this insidious scheme of vengeance
I had unknowingly unleashed
Amidst grief and chaos, my mind drifts

Their intent is not at trial, that much is evident
What I question is my perception, shrouded in dread that by rose-tinted reminiscence
I invented the antithesis of idealities that
In reality are unsympathetic and intolerant and void, with
Halcyons of a bygone childhood marred with morbid ambiguity

What my people have suffered is an ocean of despair
My betrayal is but a ripple over the churning surface
Irrationality, misguidance and naivety cloud my judgement –
For selfish delusions of repentance, I cede to conceit
Intrusion on absolute authority is necessary immolation

“If they let us go, we can at least help pierce its skin”
Other children chime in with agreement. The pervasive silence of
My absence of assent made stillness more oppressive
Within the encirclement of expectant eyes
Accusatory dismissal swiftly replaces admiration

Pitiful little renegade, feeling lonely in your own world?
Better than being a powerless spectre in other ones
Drowning against the current, why not release yourself from this torrent?
Then I suppose it's the hubris of personal truth
That leads me away from the iniquitous festivities

Tendrils of heat embrace empty nightfall
Shadows casting phantasms upon limestone
The distant hunt makes monsters of men
Wearing altered faces, for in this moment their expressions bear
Myriads of hate, echoed across masses; I am again inexorably alone

Memory guides me through labyrinthine terrain
The constraint of time a stalking predator at my heel
Its snarling teeth averted by seeking refuge in the abyss –
Embraced by the vertiginous depths of the earth
And transported to my mirror realm once more

Serpentine creepers obscure tapering pathways
Meandering chasms elevating a swollen mouth which
Exposes a knife's edge of granite
Growing closer the sonorous battle cries
Pierce through in vicious oscillations

I rouse the creature, bittersweet farewells unspoken
In one motion it soars into sanctity of the skies, cavorting amongst sun-stroked clouds
Exquisite vision of untamed splendour
Invoking such visceral, evocative intoxication
Freedom echoes through valleys in magnificent resonance, such that
My exhalation comes in tremulous rapture

Misty Mountains

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Siew, Zi Ken

Misty Mountains can be mysterious
This makes the world more and more curious
Humans are full of curiosity
But it can sometimes be very risky

Climbing the Misty Mountains requires a lot of steps
It's better to follow hermit's footsteps
These steps are very steep
Don't tell me that you are supplied with sleep

Eating once a day keeps you from gaining weight
One meal a day the mountain residents ate
The hermits in the early morning read
Knowledge in their minds they need

In martial arts, they also use wheel rims
Until daylight slowly dims
But they continue training until late at night
And still, feel all right.

Hermits rarely leave the mountaintops
Some of them seldom leave the treetops
They will not leave their very own home
As long as they live in the mountains, they shall roam

The Ying-Ke Pine — A Reverie

Hong Kong International School, Luk, Kristy – 14

At the beginning of Creation the Earth newly born
A stirring legend fluttered in the whispering winds

Next to the imperial guardian stone lions
Atop the mystical Wenshu cave
Between rocks' cracks tore through and sprouted
A lively, determined Ying-ke pine
One handsome side branch as tough as Thor outstretched
The other side branch playfully tucked in her trouser pocket
So elegant innocent
An air of grace
She is always smiling laughing dancing
Warmly welcoming guests to Huang Shan

No matter how biting the rain
How bitter the frost
Firmly she embraces the sunlight
Her crown of leaves a relentless green
Her branches taut and bare
No matter how piercing the storm
How cruel the winds
She perseveres with grit yet fair

O

Who is it that nourishes
This statuesque wonder high in the heavens
Like a billowing dress she dances with the wind
It is the clouds the mist the immortals...

Legend speaks that she
Stands unmoving and erect on this majestic mountain
As her limbs turn frail her hair turns grey
Despairingly awaiting for the return of her husband long gone at sea
She is the angel sent by Queen Mother of the West
Down to Earth to charm the Yellow Mountain's tourists
She is China's symbol and spirit
Calling for peace and unity to the world
She is the lover in dreams
She is...

Saviour of Life

International College Hong Kong, Ho, Alyssa – 12

The
Wind
Carried
Lullabies
From
Magical
Mountains
Across
China.

Soulful
Melody,
Floating
Across
Villages,
Landing
On a
Challenging
Mind.

The Mind
Sleeps
Under the
Blanket
Of Clouds,
Floating
Aimlessly
Amongst
Misty
Mountains,
Reaching
The
Tree
Of
Life.

Ancient
Roots
Ingrained
Firmly
Within the
Earth
Of the
Mountain,

Golden-rich
Branches
Bowing in
Honour
Towards the
Heavens.

Now,
The Mind
Dreams
Of a
Falling
Sky.

Fear
Invades
The
Mind.

The Mind
Pleads
The
Gods
For
Protection,
Before the
Collapse.

A
Mighty
Roar of a
Dragon,
Strikes
China.
Mountains
Soar up,
Like
Millions of
Phoenixes,
Unstoppable.

The Mind
Opened
Its eyes,
With the
Sight of
Magnificent

Greenery.

Mountains
As pillars,
Holding up
A
Limitless
Sky.

The
Power
Of
China's
Magical
Mountains
Shakes
The
World,
Awakening
All.

The
Magical
Mountains,
Saviour
Of
Life.

Confessions of an Old Mountain

International School of Beijing, Choi, Chelsea – 13

One old mountain among many,
that's who I am— the “great” Huangshan.
Humans' use of me—there's plenty,
way more than what I really can

I'm a charming, pretty, nice place.
“Astonishing!” they always say.
Poems, art about my gorgeous face
I was sick of it. It happened every day.

I'm a glorified wishing well:
everyone wishes on a lock.
Eternal love, health, wealth— they yell
as their key is thrown down the rock.

I'm a bus stop for immortals—
there was one who marked the way,
he's now worshipped by the mortals.
I didn't know that he would stay.

He must have been psychotic.
At least drunk.
Because if not, then why?
Why the pathetic, dangerous Huangshan— I'm just junk.

Humans' sighs of admiration
were nothing more than empty bubbles.
Their prayers, wishes, hopes, imagination,
their frequent visits, all their troubles—

I was sick of it all.

When I see such ignorance, I naturally pity.
I pitied the poet trying to capture the alleged “beauty” of mine
into one single poem.
I pitied the young couple forfeiting their lives
for their impermissible yet everlasting love.
I pitied all the people praying for their
progress, health,
success, wealth,
much more.

I simply felt sorry for them for thousands of years.
But that wasn't it.

For every person acclaiming my magnificence,
I felt ineffable joy.
Every day, I tried to look my best for them,
just so that they would be happier, smile,
by appreciating me.

I tried my best to get the flowers to bloom
like a scene from a fairy tale.
I tried to keep the waterfalls sparkling,
and the plants vividly lush.
I tried to enrich fall with
clouds of red, orange, yellow, and gold.
I tried to create the perfect
Winter Wonderland.

Peoples' words
no longer were empty bubbles.

For every single lock hung,
for every single key thrown down the deepest pit of me,
I prayed a thousand times.
I prayed for the thousands of examinees.
I prayed for the sick.
I prayed for everyone's parents.
I prayed for everyone's child.

Even though I was as cold and stony like a wall on the outside,
tears uncontrollably rolled out from the deep inside.
Shook,
confused,
disoriented.
No matter how long I thought about it,
no matter how much I thought about it,
I failed to come up with a reason why.
It just was.

The hope and desperation and perspiration of the people

all inside me,
touched me every single time.
I cry,
silently,
for every visitor.
I listen to all their worries
as if it is mine.

I want their wishes to come true.
I tried to be God.
Prayers, wishes, hopes—
I tried it all.

But I'm not God.
I'm just a mountain.
Every time I thought about them it always struck me
that I shouldn't deserve all that praise,
all that love.

And it took me a little more than a few hundred years to realize
that I was in love with humanity,
and that I'd do anything for them
if it makes them happier—for eternity.

Lost in N 30°1', E 118°1'

International School of Beijing, Ma, Andrew – 12

Thirty—Six magical peaks,
To get to the top you must travel for weeks.
Majestic cranes soar through cloud waves,
Menacing dragons roam the caves.
The ancient trees bow and twist with elegance,
The outlandish rocks stand firmly with persistence.
Striking waterfalls flow from the sky,
Cozy hot springs bubble without ever getting dry.
Legend has it that a lost monkey made out of pure stone perches on the peak,
His blank eyes stare at the clouds without ever getting weak.
The lost monkey has solemnly sat there for centuries,
He sits as still as watchful sentries.
His loneliness grows more and more each day,
Until one day he sees the heavens and flies away.

Tales of the Mountain

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Lam, Lok Sze Shannon – 14

Sky was dark and dawn was devoured
Rain pouring heavily
In the deep shades of grey
Seeping through the shivering trees
The night was long but it seemed longer
It was colder but it seemed colder
For there was no light, no guide
Where am I going?
Why am I here?
What is that?

A mountain ahead
And in I went
A step on earth
a test of worth

There stood Monkey King
Wield a mighty swing
Yet tired and suppressed
Trapped under Wuzhi
Stuck was he
A young monk came
A deal to make
With a golden crown
Freedom was his
In exchange for
The monk's protection
Together they went
The stronger they became
Off to the journey of the West

Another warrior standing tall
A white face with dark paws
Still
No armor,
No sword,
No skill,
Admiring The Five
Was all he did
Jade mountain up he went
Luck was there chosen was he
Crowned Dragon warrior
With the wise words of Oogway
The stronger Po became

The sun shone softly in the navy sky
From crimson to orange, golden and bright
The wind blew gently, gliding by
View from the top, reveals a marvelous sight

Waves of mountains ahead I see
Each to explore, experience, and apply
Enchanting lights flowing free
Different tales form a perfect guide

Conversation with a Stranger

Marymount Secondary School, Chan, Ka Yuen Dabby – 14

He graduated with honours and worked
minimum wage at a monotonous life
Droning on his monotonous labour and
Returning home to a monotonous wife
With about as much intrigue as a freshly boiled bean.

By pure chance the marbled floor bled stardust
on one such boring night.
and the man was met by one sudden compulsion to
run
up north
to the mountains

And so he did
sprinting ‘cross continents
As Gaia crumbles and cracks and implodes upon herself
And man-made metropolis morphs and
folds into the starry cosmos and
The empires and the gulags and the corporations go
until there are only the yellow mountains left up high.

The man scrambled uphill ‘til the sole of his foot hammered into the crook of a scaled neck

“*Hello.*” It trills
features flowing, ethereal
Written in the reptilian language of gods.

“Oh, hi.”

The man replies in surprise.
The tip of his nose was flaking from the cold.
Huangshan was a very chilly mountain.

After a brief awkward silence
He inquired the possibility of divine intervention.
Perhaps, the world could stop ending?
He wonders, in naive optimism.

The dragon plainly refuses.

You see, this dragon was a nihilist.
The lonely and sad sort that witnessed the rise of empires
that had rooted for the little bumbling figures
with too much brains and too much ambition
it looked on
until they became a city-civilization-empire-superpower

until they subdued war
vanquished famine
mauled plague
conquered death

Veni, vidi, vici

Until the four horsemen of the apocalypse were replaced
by a lumbering silicon titan
called humanity

Until the deadly consequence of hubris caught up
and the cosmos decided to swallow its mistake whole

the dragon sighs,
“I hope this rotting universe starts anew
and spins a less insidious tale.”

The man frowns in confusion.

“Sorry, that’s too grand a world view for me.
Maybe if I were a dragon I’d understand
But there is much contentment in
my boring farandole of life
Ya’ know, I have a very nice wife
And a lot of friends I go out drinking with sometimes
(Li puked on me once when he was drunk but I still miss him)
And there’s this fluffy terrier I see near the dumpling store after my night shift
He likes *lap cheung* with scallions on ‘em

It’s all very small, very irrelevant but
but I’d still like the world to survive so I can see them again.”

Ah yes, and my baby!
He showed a crudely done portrait of a young girl
This is my daughter. Ain’t she ‘dorable?

tattooed in teal and red on his back.

The dragon nuzzles closer with narrowed spectacles.
“Yes.”

It lies through its teeth.
“She is a bright young thing. “

A sudden unnamed sentiment bloomed
inside it’s reptilian chest
Seasoned with a tang of
longing for a past
when hordes of winded serpents graced villages atop mystical cliffs.

“I’m sorry,” it confesses.
“But I couldn’t bring the world back even if I tried.
We dragons aren’t gods.”

“Oh. That’s alright.”
The man upheld the image of boyish insouciance at the news.
“Don’t mope, we had a good run.”

the horizon was rolling towards them
in a spectacle of colour.
“Look, it’s almost here!” The man gestures.
“Here, hold my hand.”

The dragon allowed the man to hold the tip of its nail.

“Good night,”

“Good night.”

It was oddly warm, at the end of the universe.

Tales from China's Magical Mountains

Shanghai American School – Pudong Campus, Bolstein, Alice – 12

In the northwestern part of the province Hunan,
lies a great scenic spot where no one is banned.
Record-breaking *Avatar* was filmed in this place,
where many curious tourists go to embrace.

The beautiful Zhangjiajie national park,
makes every pair of tourists' eyes spark.
Although some might be afraid of the height,
this beautiful scene is well worth the sight.

From the stones to the mountains to the sky and the trees,
the wonderful place makes you feel free.
The stones include limestone and sand stone,
which are usually clouded by a thick layer of mist.
While the trees are part of a vast dense forest,
the blue sky above just cannot be missed.

Being a UNESCO world heritage site,
made the tourism rating go up and a-flight.
In 1992 this place was rated,
a 5A scenic area with no one that hated.

This wonderful world was named after a village,
therefore being called Zhangjiajie.
With zhang being a popular name and jia meaning home,
the homeland is important hence having that jie.

Even though COVID has made exploring tough,
what can you do? Sometimes it is rough.
But just so you know and so that it's clear,
and make sure that everyone is able to hear.
Beautiful Zhangjiajie is awaiting you,
so come right along with your family too.

Misty Mountains

Shanghai American School – Pudong Campus, Yang, Ethan – 12

Fog grasped my height
Taste nothing less than the light fire
White, eyes, out of sight
Fog squeezed tight as it fades
Flying higher than the sweetness
Blankets of snow surround the light
Shine in the sky
Whistle from lens
Stairs, catching back
Higher
Blindfold
As if flapping my wings
High
Catching, out of reach
Layers of weight
One, Two, Three
Every step is worth more than money
Just another clutch
A burnt climb leaked
Feathers around my wrist
Growing stems
Catching my Breath
Adopting every step
Leaving my dust
Mystical, as fire got a bit of everything
Hearing the taste of light
Hands
Up as I go
The fold, another fire
Clueless of what is right
Pulling me back, the wings of the wind
Waiting, as someone opens the chest
So much left
A garden of Light
As hard as diamond
As the legacy remains to its limits
Eyes with a spark
Sensing the power, the beauty
As godly as freedom
I flew
The sight of the snow, it was beyond beauty
The sound of whistles flying around clouds
Feeling of staying here forever
As my lids rest
The mountain flew
Higher
Smell of a stew
Smell of rest, as the stems grow
Everything around me mist's
Everything is different
As if I became god

A Mountainous Fantasy

Shanghai Singapore International School, Chua, Oong Seng – 14

Almighty and majestic, standing proud
as the echoing of wild life resonates.

Atop their peaks, crystal-clear diamonds shimmer.
Its whiteness is so clear and pure, glitter like precious jewellery.

Sunlight streams onto the magical setting kindling a golden smoke.
I watch the breath-taking waterfall plunge into an endless river.

The refreshing spray of water descends three thousand feet,
vanishing into peaceful spirits who once flittered in the calm of the night.

Birds and animals add to the sounds of the earth: alive and nourishing mother nature.
I can see, feel and hear nature everywhere.

A peaceful breeze revives the quiet of the forest,
freshens my soul, replenishes my mind, soothes my body.

Droplets of dew kiss the blanket of green
whilst blades sway and swish in the gust of air.

Gentle streams and deep lakes reflect the golden rays of the bright sun and
trickle pass my feet, tickle my toes and fulfil my heart.

Truth Revealed

Shanghai Singapore International School, Kim, Ye Sung – 14

Magic.

Full of excitement,
you step into the giant mountain.
Everything you saw below,
all become an illusion.
Nothing welcomes you,
except for a stuffy air and a danger.

The revealed truth.

Inaccessible Paths are full of rough stones,
poking your feet in every single step.
The mysterious touch of the clouds you dreamed of,
which slips through the fingers as you grab it,
leaving a droplet on your hand.
Branches passing you, the bitter wound left in the skin,
which you wish one day will become blurry.

Step by step, you slowly walk towards the sky.

Through the dangers, through the scars, through the long journey, you enjoy the view from the top.
Overview of the traces of your footprints, the fresh air. You can finally see the magical scenery you dreamed of.
You are right. You are not wrong. Your efforts are not in vain. You smile.
As the dawn rises, you ready to go down, for the next footprints following the path you walked.

Journey

Shanghai Singapore International School, Navvaro Yu, Alba – 14

Here,
At the foot of the mountain,
A fresh start.
Look up,
And you will see a blurry destination.

Craggy and sheer.
You will encounter many obstacles and
Unknown challenges,
Bypass them and move on.

Solitary Journey

Shanghai Singapore International School, Rampton, Jade – 14

Isolated but developing,
Separated and growing;
Shooting up.
Jagged edges and rough times but
Combined with lush greenery balances out the equation.
Step after step, we all progress.
Clouds are endless, covering the future
And as they part only hints are revealed.
Immerged in nature
Approaching deadly power as you
Climb closer
and Closer
to the top.
Each look-out point allows you have a moment to
Breathe. Just like the wind circulating the pillar.
No one to bother you.
No one to compare yourself too.
No one to worry about.
Calling out into the distance but all you receive is
Your own echo.
You are on your own journey.

The Falling

Shanghai Singapore International School, Suwakumar, Anika – 14

Fall,
Fall again, then,
Climbing endlessly,
Clear skies high above,
Clouded with mist of white,
Green trees glistened with tears,
Birds and insects calmly living their day,
But you are here. Struggling with the lack of air,
Mist curling, their fingers around you. Trying to pull you down.
You hide in the corner of shame. The mountain towering above.
You look up to see nothing but dark shadows swarming like nightmares.
You try to break out the sea of trees. But you can't. They push you down.
You need a break from climbing. One day you will reach the top but right now you can't stop.

Yellow Mountain

Shanghai Singapore International School, Tan, Kai Sheng – 14

Eye distance a locus,
clotting mist watched.

To perceive beyond plain
path on crevice's light

Mount, droplets on peel
Drip
Quiver, step by step
Falls

Worth it

End of rocks and stones
Cast smiles

Love High Above

Shanghai Singapore International School, Tay, Jolin – 12

Our fantasies...
Weren't they sweet?
Bubble blood kiss
Swarming in the air
Romantic air

I had seen all his sides...
His drugged one, vulnerable one, his protective one
Blocking me like a giant mountain
From any danger
Harmless danger

Our hands...
Small and large, fitted perfectly to be one
Like a giant glove
Warming me greatly
Overpowering greatly

My eyes...
Caught sight to him
Cuddling, snuggling, canoodling with a female, not me
Smelt that, darling?
Betrayal, so darling

My thighs...
Aching with each step on the ascent
My heart trembles, threatening to shatter
And fall into pieces
Unhealable pieces

My tears...
Dripping onto the earth's final crust
Gazing towards him, eyes soft with agony
There I stood alone, high on a giant mountain
Blocking him from the last danger...

Magical Frosty Mountain

Shanghai Singapore International School, Foo, Xing Qing Arianne – 12

There are mysterious and strange sounds,
The wind blew the leaves that grew,
While the birds were cuddling in close and true
As the cycle of the seasons turn around.

The long nights were crystal clear and cold,
The mountains and meadows covered in snow.
The clouds are frosty glaciers in the skies,
And the leaves sneaked away in the night.

Winter has spread ice on the mountain trees,
And made the cotton candies freeze.
The mountainside sparkles like stars up high,
The snow is their blanket, under which they lie.

Still as statues, mountains stand forgotten
Their cries leak down the slopes like diamonds falling
With their creamy heads sticking out of white cotton
Indeed, they are magical frosty mountains.

To The Sky

Shanghai Singapore International School, Miller, Ariel Tangsakun – 12

The misty peaks,
Tall as the sky
Snow covered tips dry as ice,
Where the highest mountain meets moon,
The home of dreams
Clouds spin around the mountain's fingers,
The sharp points like icicles on a roof,
The equivalent to a wintery heaven.

The Middle Kingdom

Shanghai Singapore International School, Tong, Rena – 12

China was Mother Earth's favorite daughter,
No hate can defeat Mother Earth's love for her.
Mother Earth had a kingdom,
She didn't make it out of the random,
But in the eyes of Mother Earth,
There was only China, 中国 (middle kingdom)
The land she gave birth.

China had a gift from her mother,
A gift no one could bother,
It was a gift of magic,
The gift so beautiful, yet also tragic.
She was given the magic mountains,
With magical creatures and fountains.
This place is from heaven,
As the word perfect is resembled with seven.

One day, young poachers found the magic mountains,
Killed all the creatures and sold them as captive.
The unicorns, the sunshine, the rainbows,
Were all shot down with the poacher's crossbows.
Seeing all the creatures inside darling China die,
Mother Earth began to cry.

Her teardrops began to drop down from the sky,
Her teardrops are magical, so they float in the sky,
She summoned all her droplets and put them to one,
And covered the mountain tips, so the poachers can't see the shining sun.
Now the mountains are draped with clouds,
Mother Earth is now sad, not proud.

This place is the "Huang Shan" we know today.
A place so beautiful you should see it someday.
This place is where secret dragons soar,
And where the worst monsters roar,
Where the ancient trees rustle,
Where the unfound humans have the strongest muscle.

The Magical Mountains

Singapore International School, Jiang, Angela – 12

The mystical Chinese mountains,
The zephyr gently sweeps by.
It is as if we reach out,
Grasp,
And let go.

The home of the poets,
Gone,
But left dulcet words.
“*guo po shan he zai*”,
We recite.

Mountains,

And mountains,
Even more mountains.
Green, brown,
blue, pink.

Any more?

Can the euphoric art hit us?
Deep down,
Can it swim,
Into the deepest oceans?
Can it soar through the highest clouds?

Much more,
The art beyond.
When shall the closed book open,
So we can derive,
Where they lay.

The seraphic place,
Where mystery,
Unsolved but one day will.
Why live there,
Shall time unveil?

The mystical chinese mountains,
The zephyr gently sweeps by.
We reach out,
Grasp,

And let go. ¹ A line from Du Fu’s famous poem “*Gaze Into the Distance During Spring*”

The Yellow Mountains

Singapore International School, Mak, Chun Ho – 12

Fog, like mist fills the air
As beauty itself, floods the skies and its inhabitants
When the earth rumbles with content
Lovers come to reunite.

Statues on the summit, shadows of their former glory
Olden times, during their youth
Oh, how wonderful they were
Joy was brought to them by god,
 Destined to love and cherish
Every single day with love
Dancing on the hills of god
As the lovers were.

After seeing this beautiful sight,
I had nothing more to want.
Only that, I hope
That one day, I would
Have someone to love, as much as these peaks
Whom are filled with mysteries galore
like a breath of fresh air.

The Misty, Legend Mountain

St Clare's Girls' School, Ma, Annice - 12

Behind the misty, legend mountain ----Huangshan
A temple was standing,
A masterpiece
An art made for the guardian of Huangshan and legend animal ----The Kitsune

The Kitsune went on an adventure, risking to visit its relatives
Out on a mountain, standing stood,
Its tails glow and lighten the dark, spooky forest among
And also caught attention by the guard of the mountain

There it is, the guard,
Walking closer and closer,
The sound of its footsteps became louder and louder
In silence, the guard tripped The Kitsune and it fell off the cliff and DIED!

But its soul remains alive,
Its hope got the reborn of life,
And The Kitsune woke up and fought
With its neon tail glowing bright

The Kitsune arrived at its gran's home
Its gran told it that the guard and everything was a test
Gran said, 'You proved yourself, the true guardian of Huangshan.'
And built a statue of The Kitsune
In the memory of this historic time
Ever and after.

A One-Time-Only

St Joseph's College, Kwok, Yi Shang Shane - 14

There are a few moments
Where I would like to pause the show,
So I can savor the scene
Before I watch it go.
Huangshan the Queen is a one-time-only,
One ticket and one show to see heaven above me.

The Queen stretches out her signature welcome,
Open arms and a heart seen seldom.
Up there the pines are all twisted,
But the queen makes it look all right.
She takes all of distortion,
And somehow her beauty shines.
Cause each pine brims with spirit and essence,
Like how each person has a voice and their own sentence.

Huangshan Her Majesty is a one-time-only,
One ticket and one show to see heaven beside me.

She, in the measure of the longest time,
Has weathered each face and every side.
Each stream and every second,
Molding the rough until it fines.
Up there your eyes level the horizon,
The granite beneath are islands of heaven.
And when the light starts to dwindle, you can see the sun set,
Watch the last glow of day, the remains of a red silhouette.

Huangshan Her Highness is a one-time-only,
One ticket and one show to see heaven engulf me.

She wears a cloak that ripples the sky,
When she moves, it churns ocean white.
Somewhere in the distance is a ship at sea,
Gently dancing with the ocean's lead.
And even if you don't trust your eyes,
You have to give in to the sight,
Cause a glimpse of God's view
Is rare for even angels to find.

These are the few moments
Where I'd like to pause the show,
So I can savor the scene
Before I watch it go.
Huangshan The Queen is a one-time-only,
One ticket and one show to see the heavens below me.

And if I could, I would freeze the picture,
Frame the moment, call it souvenir.

Tales from China's Magical Mountains

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Lei, Sydney – 13

Wandering along the precarious paths,
I caught a glimpse of a faint scarlet glow across the horizons.
It gradually filled the canvas sky,
The colors blending in, forming a masterpiece.
It illuminated the darkness, and a picturesque vision came into sight.
Razor-sharp dragon teeth jutted out from the vast landscape,
The summits of the mounts seem to graze the sky.
Gazing upwards, a cloud of mist shrouded the peaks.
Oh misty mountains! You have a song to sing and a tale to tell!

In a celestial dwelling lived an elderly woman
With silvery locks, whereas her skin weathered with time,
Yet there's radiant brightness in her eyes,
And a benevolent beam on her face:
A candle casting light upon mankind.

The mounts had allured gazillions of poets:
For inspiration.
She was concocting an elixir: all the inspiration, all the dreams.
It was a blessing, a bestow of fascination.
Those little particles, floating down to earth as mist
Entering the poets' minds, to my astonishment the spell was working
Gradually, gradually they were brought
To the wondrous realm, the imaginary world.
And with ink and paper, those chronicles were inscribed.

Oh misty mountains, mother of literary works!

Though long perished, their legendary creations

Are still being cherished, and will be

For more generations to come.

Till this day,

The decent old lady,

With a smile on her face, is still brewing her potion.

You'll never know,

But you may be the next one,

To bring a little jollity, a little warmth, and the wonder of imagination,

Into the world,

Perpetually,

Perpetually.

Immortality

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Ma, Tuen Hang Luann - 12

Trek
to the highest mountain.
Leave
your royal chambers.
Do it. Do it. Embark on this journey
Or you'll regret.

I toss and turn.
“Whoosh”, the curtain billows, like the diaphanous dresses of my dancing concubines
to reveal
draped in cloud, how it greatly outshines
the zen yellow of the sun,
The blue-black tip of Mount Yi.

Come
to me.
Retrieve
your honour.
Do it. Do it. Embark on this journey
Or you'll regret.

Line up
a thousand dutiful slaves and a thousand feisty warhorses.
Bring the very elite
but prepare for losses
That distant taupe mountain tip
I will forever feel athirst for.

Paled turquoise
upon celeste
upon azure.
Prime your beauteous self for my presence,
Ocean of the sky.

He's coming.
We rumble, roll like soft waves.
The misty clouds gather, clinging to the
peaks.
Earnest to embrace him if he braves
our mystery, our richness, our serenity,
Our glory.

The monkey
watching the sea
No, the immortal
pointing the way
I'm coming, I'm coming.

Secrets of the Yellow Mountain

St. Paul's Convent School, Ho, Hei Man Jasmine – 14

The mystical Yellow Mountain in China,
Home to the famous emperor,
Who lived in a magnificent manor
Embellished with jewels of every colour.

Its fascinating Four Wonders won't disappoint,
From oddly-shaped pines to waterfalls.
And hot springs which are near boiling point,
Its beauty is without any flaws.

Its peaks are islands in the skies,
Shining and shimmering during sunrise.
What a shame for them to disappear,
when a gust of wind blows far and near.

O my lovely little children,
I've a tiny tale to tell
Of the mysterious yellow mountain
Where fluttering fairies dwell.

In the clouds above the sapphire blue sky,
There is a place where no children cry.
A small, small town without any hustle
and dainty fairies dwell in the castle.

Many seek the answers to your soul
Of which we will never know.
Dear majestic mountain of gold,
Reveal to us the secrets which you behold.

Mesmerised

St. Paul's Convent School, Leung, Yuen Kiu – 13

Merry birdsong serenades the morning breeze.
And curtains of mist roll 'cross roseate skies,
Animals roused from slumber, awoken by Spring's tease.
A new year of hope shown through Sun's Rise.
Countless blossoms shaded in heavenly hues,
And the Moon shines with argent light of dew.

Summer

Joy set free, spiralling higher than the lark,
Rivers dash along swiftly, a majestic scene.
Buddhist's Glow dances o'er skies in a joyful arc,
Whilst waterfalls cascade in playful blue-greens.
Serenity brought on by solitude in the peaks,
By vivacious bubbling of lapis rivers and creeks.

Autumn

The sky lies ethereal, dusty bronze of a blade.
Crickets' song echoes through gnarled pines above.
An aurora of dusk shines through the verdant glade,
Illuminating latched locks of eternal love.
Lambent leaves rage crimson and brave,
As if unbridled passion were set ablaze.

Winter

Roiling waves of cloud spiral in setting sun's light,
Snow coats pines in ghostly white shrouds,
The monkey of granite, silhouetted in night,
Gazes unmoving at an ocean of clouds.
Ridges are blanketed in the opaque haze,
And the dying sun shines in faint, golden rays.

Ever-changing

Once again, as Spring came and went away,
A cycle was started and never disrupted.
Like a symphony on repeated play
With life's song sometimes faded or erupted.
And beauty's petals slowly unfurled,
Amidst the seasons of the world.

Mesmerising

Though Time has since worn thin and frayed,
Spring's fog waited for the Sun to unveil,
Dazzling beauty amongst cliffs' decay—
Huangshan: a marvel in our riddle-like realm.
May joy be found in her years short and long.
And her mesmerising beauty: an immortal song.

Dragon Girl

St. Stephen's Girls' College, Au, Cheuk Kiu Kathleen – 13

Hidden in the clouds, high up in the sky,
Lies a mountain unseen by naked eye.
High and wide; steady it stands,
Cloudbursts and outbreaks it withstands.

Viridescent leaves and trees towering,
Trickling streams and lakes rippling.
Still and silent its natural state,
But – look! There lays a gate!

Near its extremity, a jade gate lays,
Over centuries, decades, weeks and days.
Who is destined for its unlatch?
Nay; there is not a match.

Or so it seems, until one day,
Adventuring she came, and watched her say:
“O great Mountain, open your door,
For me to enter and continue explore.”

Or perhaps it thought her miserable,
Her wild nature redeemable.
As much as it seemed imaginary,
The gate opened, offering sanctuary.

The gates swung open and in she skipped,
Then they closed: *clang!* Drippity drip –
The rain cascaded upon its closure.
She paid no mind, no crack in composure.

For she was abandoned since she was young,
Therefore accustomed to being unstrung.
After all the rejection she encountered,
A little water did not really matter.

On she went, gay and merry,
Deeper in, brave and unwary.
A cavernous cave she saw on sight,
Shining with jewels and gems on bright.

“Hello?” she called. No answer received.
She shrugged, safe was the cave she believed.
In she went, humming a tune,
Little she knew the danger met soon...

In truth she knew the tune was magic,
Of roaring dragons and their stories tragic,
Of homes burned down and years alone,
Until only one was left, whereabouts unknown.

The girl stood strong when she heard it roar.
“I’m the Dragon Girl,” she called,
“Destined to find you in Kunlun Mountain,
Bound in prophecy to lead you to a fountain.”

“Why should I go?” it enquired.
“I am safe here, from humans conspired.”
“I am not who they are.” She replied.
“I’m here to help with you alongside.”

Finally, acquiesced, saw light once more,
Majestic, magisterial, as told in lore.
Leapt up and took flight, with her on its back,
On to the fountain, never strayed from track.

As if it could read her mind,
Drank the water, girl in kind.
A flash of light; the Mountain transformed,
It roared in joy as the Sun warmed—

Its family was back, never leaving,
Dragon Girl cried, joyful tears streaming.
They lived there in peace and laughter,
Never disturbed: happily ever after.

Lost and Found

St. Stephen's Girls' College, Lau, Lai Ching – 14

Full of mysteries and a little strange
That is the Huang Shan mountain range
Seventy-two peaks in all dimensions
Catching our instant attention

Huang Shan is where city bustlers escape
To a magnificent landscape
With greenery as its cape
A mind blowing and distinctive shape

High up in the blue sky's midst
We see seas of clouds exist
Layer upon layer of fog and mist
Majesty and beauty coexist

The sun shines brighter than ever
Setting the paths a-glimmer
Setting the stones a-shimmer
Letting the magic linger

High above, hear the dragon roar:
Rrrawrr!
The heavens howl as if the dragon soars
Howl!
Clouds whirl and winds whistle
Whoosh!
Caves echo and trees rustle

Swiftly, the birds glide
On where the clouds stratify
Beetles, frogs and butterflies
Biodiversity diversifies

The sunshine strikes on the hilltop
Where lovely gnomes hip and hop
Phoenixes and dragons watch over and guard
Protecting their peaceful backyard

Griffins and cyclops and ravens
Here too is Pegasus' heaven
Unicorns and perytons gallop
Endless possibilities never stop

But all of a sudden
The climate changes
Humans' greed becomes nature's burden
Creatures petrify and are hidden

More and more goes extinct
Clearly, the Earth is warming
Our globe is rapidly warming
The swirl of ramifications is spiralling

Nature is in jeopardy
We're losing our greatest treasure
Nature is waiting for a change desperately
No more be nature's enemy!

More conservation is the only solution
We must stop all pollution
If only we reflect and learn
Else the priceless lives would not return——

We listened and made a change
We protect the mountain range
Nature recovered at a rapid pace
Now we have back the mountain's grace

Life and magic awakening
And the spirits returning
The dragons' wings spreading
With creatures descending

High above, hear the dragon roar:
Rrrawrr!
The heavens howl as if the dragon soars
Howl!
Clouds whirl and winds whistle
Whoosh!
Caves echo and trees rustle

Creatures are growing well and strong
Nothing here shall again go wrong
The magical mountains taught us a lesson
Mother Nature graciously accepted our confession

Our lost treasures found
Magic and mysteries again abound

The Mystical Magic Unicorn Horns and the Mysterious Treasure

Wellington College International Shanghai, Bo, Claire – 11

A long long time ago, there lived an old man,
Who saved all his money in a ancient tin can.
The can was quite empty,
Not even enough to buy some candy.

He lived in a small village with his wife,
She was cutting lettuce for dinner with a knife.
That was all they could afford,
Cabbage soup and potatoes.

They were happy yet miserable,
Though they never made it quite visible,
That they were really sad inside,
Even when their parents died.

One day the woman started getting sick,
As the clock goes tick tick tick.
So the man decided to think and think,
So much that he didn't sleep a wink.

He had once heard of a mysterious legend,
That one mystical cave held an spectacular present.
It is said that if you find a specific treasure,
You will get your greatest desire.

You should have heard the look on his face,
When the old man heard all this news.
He was so ecstatic that he would almost refuse,
To believe that these wonderful words were true.

So he set of to a marvelous journey,
Thinking that it would be so easy,
But little did he know,
He had to travel through ice and snow.

His first destination was the witches lair,
To fetch the rainbow wand that commands the air.
He then set off to his adventure,
To fetch the key to this risky venture.

The rainbow wand is the way to get there,
Wave it once, you get a rainbow bridge oh, so fair.
This is the key to get to the mountain looking insane,
The mystical magical unicorn horns is it's name.

These mountains blossomed from ancient creatures,
Unicorns, said some history teachers.
These look awfully like unicorn horns,
This is how their names were formed.

Once the old man had found a map,
He was really a smart old chap.
He arrived at the witches lair,
And the witch said "Oh, you have such luscious hair."

They agreed to make a trade,
The old man had to stay
To let the witch take his hair,
So he could leave with the wand that commands the air.

When he waved the wand,
Oh, he really did feel like James Bond.
Then a miracle happened,
The wonderful rainbow bridge legend!

The old man climbed the bridge,
He was bruised just a smidge.
When he arrived at the top,
The spectacular view was it not?

Rushing waterfalls,
Magical crystal balls,
You can hear the singing of nightingales,
Everything feels like a fairy tale.

Oh, what a wonderful view it was,
He knew that the treasure had to be here because,
There was a cloud of mist surrounded by tall mountains which look like horns,
And legend say that the treasure is around foggy thorns!

The man was so happy,
That he said oh, my dear mappy!
You have led me to the treasure,
Now I can have my greatest desire!

He went into the cave behind the mist,
The shine was so great that he almost missed
The treasure shining there,
Behind the stand up the stairs.

He fetched the treasure,
And stood on a chair,
To reach the top of the stand,
Looking so grand.

He placed the treasure there,
But he didn't really care.

All he was thinking about was his sick wife,
Trying to chop lettuce with a knife.

He wished that his wife got well,
It worked so good like a wishing well.
The cave was illuminated with its glow,
Sending the man home with a blow.

He then realized his wife was so well,
That he was willing to sell
Everything because he was so happy
That they can live happily ever after.

When the Mountains Came for Tea

Wellington College International Shanghai, Hardenacke, Nele – 11

The mountains, as tall and sweet,
Sometimes also deserve a little treat.
Standing in the hot summer sun
Watching little kids play and have fun.

The oldest mountain, as happy as can be,
Invites them over for a big cup of tea.
And so they sit around the big blue lake,
And bite into delicious chunks of cloud cake.

The mountains talk, eat, and chat,
About the one, who really is quite fat.
They laugh at the one who always cries,
With big storming waterfalls by her side.

They worry about the one who didn't want the tea,
Since his face is really very green.
But he says he thinks he's fine,
It's because of the family of pine.

They whisper about the eldest who towers above them all,
Because now and then a bit of her long snow white hair will fall.
But then every spring she goes and gets a trim,
And her hair only reaches to her chin.

And so it goes, on and on,
And the mountains have a great deal of fun.
Then at the end, a special thing,
The sun wants to go out and puts on all her bling.

So the mountains nod goodbye and leave,
To return to home in the evening breeze.
They all write letters and say merci,
And yes they would love to come again for tea!

Tales from China's Magical Mountains

Wellington College International Shanghai, Li, Eric – 11

The seagulls soar
And cry their songs,
Above a sapphire blue sea.
A ship severs through the tides
and approaches...
a land of fantasy...
or a land of demise...

A colossal ship
Propels forward towards a rocky shore.
Land at last, land at last.
A jovial, delightful mood.
No more rocking about,
No more turbulent waves,
but solid, firm land.

“Marvelous, huh? Ain’t we finally goin’ ashore.”
“Indeed, Captain, indeed.”
“Tis amazin’, laddie, amazing.”
“You see those mountains over there?
So tal’ and striking!”
“Yeah, stunning, huh?
Quite a remarkable sight!”

Imposing they stand,
precipitous and mighty,
Towering above
The tallest tree.
Fills one with delight and glee
to see a sight so sweet.
Immense and vast,
Giant pillars that hold up the sky.

“Right, ya folks, geroff the ship!
Remember, one at a time!
I ain’t wantin’ any incidents,
Hear me?
No incidents!
Right, Robin! Get the plank ready!”

Over the perilous rocks
Lies land covered in green.
The animals roam, the birds soar,
An occasional rustle of wind.
With sparkling, crystal lakes,
And grand, splendid mountains,
Tis paradise! Paradise indeed!

Or perhaps...not?

A shrill scream pierced the air,
Followed by the sound of body against ground.
A guttural growl emanated from somewhere to Robin's right...
A blur of black,
And he was lying still,
Eyes staring, unblinking and unseeing.

Wisp Wind Mountains: Tale of the Stolen Gem

Wellington College International Shanghai, Mazzacurati–Newman, Laila–Rose – 12

Wisp Wind Mountains, around for billions of years
The sky so misty,
With nothing much clear.
The swirling, candy floss clouds curling though the mountain tips,
Steaming hot, steaming cold, without a single drip.

Beautiful music that the ancient trees play,
The sun smiling its baked beaming rays.
The feisty breeze looking for fun,
The mythical creatures performing unreal stunts.

Never winter, never summer,
Always autumn, but with mixed up weather.
As the moss covered mountains never change,
Rigid and crumbly, honey brown, glowing and beige.

Rushing waterfalls flowing and shimmering,
Followed by rapid streams sparkling and glimmering.
Busy but graceful frilly fish, gliding up the waterfall,
Sapphire, twisting ,silvery rivers winding up the rocky mountain wall,
Reflecting the charming scenery and the various animal calls.

But that's not all.

This is not the best part yet,
No, next is the part where no one will ever forget.....

While the wind whistles and the song birds hum,
Where my twisted tree trunk and my silky, blooming cherry blossoms,
Whoosh in the wind, change in the range,
Shrink and grow four limbs, a sharp snout, a black wet nose, long wise whiskers,
Spout white, black and fiery locks,
And this is where I transform into a fox.

I turn my head, I lick my paw,
You'll never guess what I saw.....
The mystical mist is mysteriously clearing?
And a pointy whirling, pearly horn is slowly appearing.

The sparkling horn, like a sunrise, ascends, stops and tall it stands,
Surrounded, with a puppy–belly– pink clouded ring,
With all the gems clicked in place with only one empty slot of the band!
Why is this? It is not meant to be!
Where is the Opal? This is too stressful for me.
Did someone steal it? There! A swift little girl!
There is the opal and there she has the forbidden herbs!

The gem colours of the landscape are gradually draining,
The clouds have been summoned and they're angrily raining,
I must stop her before it's too late!
Before the opal's power destroy the magic barrier tectonic plates!

That's it! The opal, the herbs and the magic words!
Heal any wound from humans to birds!
But all magic comes with a price,
You have to kill to save ones' life,
The herbs will kill specific souls,
From Wisp Wind Mountains,
But in the tribe of the fairies or people with magic,
Because of their designed roles.

Sacrifices need to be made in which the bandit may not know,
I chase her trail with the smell of the deadly plants,
To the cave where the creatures are banned to go.
The black crystals shoot deadly squid ink, and poisonous arrows,
Followed by ravenous rat spiders, and slithering sharks,
Gathered together with vile, venomous sparrows.

You'll never know what's lurking in the dark,
The master is waiting for you there,
With a poor lit candle light spark.
Eerie, like a forgotten ghost, he appears out of nowhere, haunting you for all eternity,
Until the he gets the vengeance power he seeks.

She knows the cave like the back of her hand,
The strategies, the moves are simply grand.

I follow her steps through the unpredictable cave,
Made a wrong turn and got her in a close shave,
Guess I was wrong,
I'll be troubled too , it won't be long.

The small stealthy girl starts to chant,

Herbs and crystals, my wish please grant—

The master grabs the girl and locks her in a cage,
And I hiding in the dark barely alive come up with a plan,
Before the spell begins its first stage,
I grab supplies from the garden in front, and I sprint and dive,
But the opal is out reach, and master is full of rage,
I grab the herbs and she clumsily drops the opal and I exchange both for a peach and some sage.

He teleports here, he teleports there,
But he can't find me anywhere,
For he does not know that I can become a tree,
He does not know I have more wits than he,
And he does not know that he was the target of the little she.

I whoosh in the wind,
I change in the range,
My wet, majestic trunk grows various damp locks,
And I transform back into a fox.

I dash on my four paws as I carry, in my mouth, the gem and the forbidden plants,
But I cannot face the cave no, I can't!
If I go in and save the thief, I'll sure to be dead meat,
As I don't remember the tricks you see,
I guess I'll have to find a way to sneak in quietly....

The owl hoots a warning sign, even though its day time,
I must be in real danger, but who is that stranger,
Approaching through the closed cave door vines?
How did she get out? That cage consisted of magic barrier lines!
Is she the danger daughter of the cave?
But why was she trying to kill her father, sentence him to the devil's grave?

'Be brave Skye.' I tell myself,
I tell her " You were trying to kill your family. I know you are an elf."
" If you kill all family members, you take the throne of Wisp Wind Mountains,"
" Only elves and fairies can take the throne because they have powers."

She says " Bravo. You figured me out. The opal was the only way, here is eternal life,"
"It's only me and father left anyway and he has had his share of power."
"Now it's my turn." She raises an open hand at me then slowly clenches it into a fist.

My throat tightens. I choke.
In my last breath I attempt to give the opal. If I die she gets it anyway,
She'll get it on my deathbed, while I disappear in a cloak.

Out of nowhere the fairies appear,
They stop the elf,
And banish her to the land of tears.
There is no magic there, just like an ordinary world,
They take me and the opal back to the rightful homes.

The fairies sensed the dark magic coming,
So they knew they had to come prepared and running.
The colour gradually arrived as the gem was restored,
Out came the mist and gone went the horn.

I find my hill,
I whoosh in the wind, I change in the range,
I stand tall on two limbs, harden, spot delicate blossoms
Look into the distance, find something to see,
Finally, I transform back into a tree.

The air is frothy, smelling of jasmine and bergamot,
Not a a drop of rain nor the smell of musty fur or dirt,
I sit there staring at the blazing sunset, awaiting for nightfall,
Resting my illuminating, worn out trunk,
Listening for signs of the next adventure of Wisp Wind Mountains.

Tales from China's Magical Mountains

Wellington College International Shanghai, Toren, Linnea – 11

I'm looking out,
Out on the view.
Out on the sky,
So blissful and blue.

I'm looking out,
Out on the sky.
Out on the mountains,
Which climb so high.

I'm looking out,
Out on the mountains.
Out on the snow,
Which remains from the cold.

I'm looking out,
Out on the snow.
Out on the clouds,
As they drift and float

I'm looking out,
Out on the view.

Yellow Mountains

Wellington College International Shanghai, Wang, Felix – 11

The shadow covers and creeps him out,
The lights flashes high in the sky

The uncolored mountains are magically colored,
Go and shine, always be the light.

Lights shines from East to West,
Red yellow orange clouds are stuffed with clays.

All kinds of creatures are statues for many years ,
Rainbow plants are spotted on the statues.

I ask with no reply, I shouted with no answer.
While waiting for the answer I stared.....

Late, sun dropping of sadly
Waiting for the different tomorrow to rise again...

The Magical mountains of believing

Wellington College International Shanghai, Zhang, Anya – 11

Believe the tales,
Believe the mind.
Believe the mountains,
Believe your eyes.

This all may be true,
if you go and find clues.
To go to the mountains,
To know the news.
The Magician is lost,
The dragon roams.

To save him,
Believe guides.

Through the mountains,
Through the snow.
Through the cliffs,
Through the glow.
The dragon hides,
Just like you know.

Find the Magician,
Demolish the Dragon.
All will be well,
If you have a good heart.

On top of the mountains,
The sword is kept,
Get it to kill,
To kill the dragon.

Save the Magician,
Find the treasure,
You will be rewarded,
It's your pleasure.

Seeing is believing,
Its not always the rule.
Believing is seeing,
This might as well be the rule.

Misty Mountains

Wellington College International Shanghai, Zhu, Samson – 12

Misty smoke floats over and covers mountains and valleys spreading out for miles in front of and around me as I visit the yellow mountains.

Before me are colors a thousand rainbows mixed together could not duplicate.
The most talented artists could never capture their beauty and glory with mere paint.
Shades of green turn to yellow, turn to gold, turn to orange, turn to red, scarlet and purple.

Sounds of water splashing against rocks as it rages down streams traveling forever to the ocean.
I hear the sound of wind blowing gaudy colored leaves through trees.
This soothing sounds put troubled thoughts at ease.

Birds, animals, sounds of the earth are alive and fill the air.
I can see, feel and hear nature alive everywhere.
The air is clear, crispy, fresh and easy to breath. Here, in this place, I feel I have all that I need.
There is a feeling of tranquility around me and inside me.
In wintery times,
Opaque shadows in a landscape of white
Soon to be dispersed in burning atmosphere
Only to impend its shroud again in deceased hours of night.
The snow is like white angels, soft and kind.

In Springtime,
The peaks of the mountain are now like harpoons, with snow slowly falling off.
The pine trees now have a smell as fragrant as sweet honey.
The once frozen stream now trickled joyfully down the mountain.
Just like a free bird roaming the skies.

In the summer,
The area felt enchanted as if no mere humans lived here but fairies
The now rocky cliffs looked as threatening as a stare of a cobra,
as isolated as space.
These mountains are strong and can stand for thousands of years.

I am in the misty mountains of Huangshan.
A place of sanctuary for me.

Poetry

Group 4



Winter Mountains

Creative Secondary School, Barcelona, Lance Lucas Perez – 15

Reaching the mountaintop before sunset.
Watching the yolk dip right before my eyes.
The views up there are vastly breathtaking
As if you were in your own paradise.
The mountaintops there are super high up
That it feels like you could reach the heavens.
The cool breeze I sense that revolves around
Feels like the countryside in the winter.
The stratus clouds below like pillows
As if you can simply fall into them.

Thoughts

Creative Secondary School, Bibi, Kiren – 15

Walking through the forest,
Surrounded by the beauty of nature,
Far away from my destination,
Which is the top of the mountain,

There is no one around,
Just me and my admirations,
Of the beauty of nature,
And the secrets below

With all this silence,
Here comes my thoughts,
The realizations of life,
I never realised the loss.

Starting to see the darkness,
That lies below my eyes,
In all these lights and beauty,
Comes with the darkness of my thoughts.

Out of Control

Creative Secondary School, Chan, Chun Wing – 15

The moment I opened my eyes,
I see myself in a village,
but there is no one around,
the place was abandoned.
I am alone.
I began to walk around the village,
Walking down the hill.
And then I saw another village by the valley,
soon I had arrived.
I wandered around in the village,
But the only thing waiting for me is some dreadful stares,
they seem to know me,
But also hated me.
Until I saw someone picking up some weapons,
They started rushing at me.
With fear I started to run
Rain hit me in the face,
Slowly I am back in this green sea.
Back in the place I woke up,
I looked at the mountainous view.
The view is beautiful to watch,
But painful to watch alone.
I gently closed my eyes.
I opened my eyes,
noticing I'm inside a dark room,
there is a beam of light far in front of me,
with a couple of people standing there,
Silence.
I suddenly heard some screams,
Until I notice I'm back in the village with people,
I am yelling at them,
I didn't do that intentionally,
I wanted it to stop,
but I found myself unable to control my body.
I struggled,
still not able to take control.
Not soon after I fainted.
When I woke up again I was tied up.
A man emerged from the dark,
he told me he will help me,
and began my "Salvation".

The Rest of a Volcano

Creative Secondary School, Chan, Ki Lam Kevin

The heart no longer races when the music of earth plates plays
Seems like the time has stopped
The atmosphere no longer resonate
Is this how I die my first death?
Used to be a deadly rose and blooming
The petals now start wilting and turn grey
Heartbeat pulsing slowly in my ears
Try to flee but back into the vent
I hold my tears and walk into the ocean
Don't hear any sounds, I'm only roaming around
There goes the death of a glorious volcano

Hiking on a Mountain

Creative Secondary School, Chan, Kwan Ho

Wind brushes by me
Sweat dripping down on my knee
Legs start to feel sore
Insects buzzing in my ears
Hiking my way to the peak

The Mountain

Creative Secondary School, Chan, Yee Lam

Take me to the place
where phones and computers are forbidden
Take me to the place where
people do not vandalize
I like the aroma of the green grasses
I like the flavour of clean water
I like the melodies from the mother nature
Gazing up the deep blue sky gives me a space of imaginations
Maybe the virtual world is not right for me
Maybe the grey sky is not suitable for me
Maybe busy lives and pressures is not what I am looking forward to
What I am capable of is the sense of peaceful, silence and freedom
Nothing bothers me
Nothing intimidates me
Nothing restraints me
Yes you are right
This is the place I am talking about

A Walk Through Huangshan

Creative Secondary School, Chan, Yin Yin Yoland – 15

Pine trees sway with the song of wind
Sunset colours the sky with red
Everyone is going down, tired
He is going up, instead.

Step by step, up he goes
Fresh air dances around his skin, trembling—
The weight on his shoulders are eased
This journey is beginning.

Thirty six summits in the view
Emerging through the sea of clouds
Nine Dragon Waterfall from the mountain
Capturing his attention with its sounds.

Looking at the endless road ahead
Where the stories of immortal stay
Elixir made out of Jade?
Ascending to heaven is the way.

Leaves nothing clear in sight
Darkness covers the rising sky
Standing on the top admiring
He lets out a sigh.

The freedom this mountain gives
Cannot be found in any other place
Seeing this beauty everyday
None of his troubles would leave a trace.

Looking down
Everything seems so small
They are not as big as he thought
He and the mountain are the ones standing tall.

Alone
Passes through hot spring and winter snow
He can finally free himself from his nightmare.
Where he finds his missing soul.

Just like Huangshan
Once a “Black Mountain”, now the “loveliest mountain of China”.

Leaves

Creative Secondary School, Chen, Dee Zion – 15

They're quite peculiar, aren't they?
Those dangling green things
But then after time passes?
They wither and die.

So this is how our story begins.

Along the vast expanse of eastern China,
At the peak of Huangshan,
Li Bai went to pray.
At that big pine plant.

He got down on his feet
Safe from any aggression
And then,
he prayed

He prayed to the gods of heaven
He prayed to the earth below
He prayed to the eight immortals
On that lush green mountain
He prayed.

I've always wondered about that man,
It seems like he's always there.
It seems like he's been through a lot
It just doesn't seem fair.

This is the story of Li Bai the poet
On his quest to rise to fame
He succeeded slightly
Then nothing was ever the same

Li Bai was a politician.
He was calm as a tree,
As still as a leaf,
Though one thing you should know, that he never admitted defeat.

No matter what
No matter the enemies
No matter the trials
He stands on the mountain for centuries.

Li Bai had a dream
The dream of immortality.
That the immortal will stand.
He stands there for eternity

He stands for justice
He stands for the weak.
He stands against tyranny
He stands for the meek.

He achieved what he wanted,
Though the world may never know.
He's gathered all the ingredients
The elixir of life. His end goal.

But then... All of a sudden? Everything changed.
He no longer stood for equity.
He no longer stood for the right.
He no longer stood for the needy.

Perpetuity changes people.
Power corrupts.
Life isn't fair, he said,
Life is unjust.

Life doesn't discriminate
It takes and it takes and it takes and it takes and it takes
But we keep living anyways
We laugh and we cry and we break, and we make our mistakes

So it doesn't matter in the end.
No need for justice,
No need for virtuousness,
No need to play nice

It's every man for himself.
Everyone is alone,
no matter the relationship.
I was stupid to not have known.

Like a leaf, Li Bai was,
A bright and wonderful plant.
Though his ideals withered and died
On the mountain of Huang Shan

Winter Mountain

Creative Secondary School, Cheuk, Shue Kai Nathan – 15

With the icy mountain in front of me,
With thick layers of snow piled high on top,
I figured out this is my destiny,
I climbed up halfway and I couldn't stop.

As the fears began to grow inside me,
With picks and spikes I start to climb,
My trivial life left far behind me,
I realised I'm losing my precious time.

I must aim higher and achieve my goal,
Each step leads to success and improvement,
I must try harder and embrace my soul,
I must learn to be more independent.

The clouds cleared from the mountain and my mind,
This journey helped me leave my stress behind.

Alpina

Creative Secondary School, Chiu, Zen Haan Percival – 15

Mountainous wilds,
Occasionally, peak rises above the blues,
Untamed nature flourishes,
Novel sight to behold.
Tangled wilds, together with
Alpine ranges,
Isolated, yet imposing,
Northerly breeze,
Snow-capped giants

A Million Stories

Creative Secondary School, De'eb, Chiara – 15

To stand on top of the mountain
and reach the sky,
instead I touch
Heaven
Dead souls, dance around you—
Alive
Standing between worlds—
motionless

I see a man on the peak
Sprinkling:
Twigs, stones, dirt, sweat
Brew
A million years of hard work
Infinite amount of life
To sit, to admire
HuangShan

I see a man on the peak
On his own
In his mind
Blank
In his heart
Red

I see red
In the clouds
Between the mist
Beauty
It is red
A dragon
Dances
The man
Sits
A million years of age
A million years away

On the other side
A monkey sits —
or a rock
on the hill
Longing for what was once lost
Broken stone
Broken heart

A million stories
Trapped within these peaks
A million burdens
crumbling away

Infinite whispers
By infinite souls
Infinite stories told

Why He's Gone

Creative Secondary School, Fung, Wing Laam Alyssa – 15

The wrinkles down his back,
can only be carved by a crafty bandit,
Who steals the sun and replaces it with the moon,
Who chases the violent winds into the blues,
And sings a hypnotising serenade.

They turned him into folklore,
He carried the 8 immortals on his broad shoulders.
They lived forevermore,
And so did he.

As it gets colder and colder,
The only blanket that kept him warm,
Is a layer of snow,
and an incandescent glow.

When the silk like floss swirled around his head,
He cried tears of emptiness,
Taking away pieces of him,
Bit by bit.

As close as he is to heaven,
He knows that he is stuck in this faith forgotten land,
Where tourists exchanged the view for shiny pennies,
Then walk away with a picture and nothing more,
His Midas touch on his tarnished soul.

China's Magical Mountains

Creative Secondary School, Girvan, Mackenzie – 15

Two score leagues stand between you Xi'an and HuaYin
Would be less if for me as the crow flies
Insurmountable sides and a peak that inspires
Yet no more than a pimple on mother.

I'm as tall for as long as I've been here,
You heap praise when you speak of my wonders,
See my peak as a view and my sides as a yard,
Then you scar me with measures of progress.

You lyric poetic adoring your conquests,
Narcissistically blow your own horn,
Then you mourn for the ghosts of your lost by my sides
Blaming I, an unwelcoming host.

You shine light on me, blight on me
Good days and bad, all days
Cursing with shame from the heart,
When I think on your words,
When I ponder your deeds,
Am I worthy of Goddess or God?

Huangshan and Me

Creative Secondary School, Hung, Audrey – 15

Finding a place to go
Why not a wonderland
Feeling the nature
And Yishan is the place

Cloud views, the clouds are welcoming you
Sunrise, see the sun is waving
Twisted pine trees, twisting their bodies just to find you
Giant peeks, caring about your safety

Think this place looks familiar
Check out those poet paintings and movies
Li bai would be one of them
Falling in love with this mountain

Yishan doesn't sound good to you
Well the empire is here for you
Changing the name of Yishan
Into the Huangshan we now know

Summit's Silence

Creative Secondary School, Kang, Su In Elizabeth – 15

Stretched ahead, a pathway leading to
Fairies that float about
Wild horses running off the bridle
Mountain peaks rise a thousand feet above the ground
Then,
dangerous peaks stand tall
strange rocks and boulders
a huge cliff stands upright
a dragon, its head high
pointing in the direction of

Mist, mysterious and unpredictable
Fog, sea of dark clouds grasping the mountainside

Heavy rain fell frantically
the dark sky seemed to collapse
Wind chased the rain, rain drove the wind
the two combined to chase the dark clouds
Rumbling thunders, crackling lightning
Cascading waterfall responded with roars through cracking ground
Blaring pine waves is the mountain's protest against the raging wind
the mountains rumbled,
Earth slid down against the faces of the ridge

In an attempt to escape the chaos,
was another step.

Reaching the top of the summit
Pause,
Seat,
Look Down beneath,
Mist, mysterious and unpredictable
Fog, white butterflies, dancing around the towers
Patches of green surrounded by soft waters
A golden palace in the sky, hidden
Orange rays filtered through
Hues of pink and purple blend in the painting
Blasts of colors make their way across the canvas

The explosion of dangers silenced,
by the mountain's moving artwork.

Sea of Clouds

Creative Secondary School, Kong, Natalie – 15

A Sea of the clouds floats in the mountains.
A lion overlooks the entire hill
The Pines wave and say hi to the tourist
The beautiful scenery of the Yellow Mountain will never change.

Sun Delighted

Creative Secondary School, Kuo, Shing Long – 15

Sun delighted,
Cloud quietly walking over.
The flying birds staying with the peak,
Drive away loneliness,
Avoiding night to approach.
You and me are separated by two places,
But we communicate through the mountains.
Maybe the power of the mountain,
Maybe the power of the bird,
Maybe the power of the cloud.
Has connected us together,

Heading Northward

Creative Secondary School, Lam, Chan Hang – 15

Heading northward,
the weather is exhausted, laying on top of it,
just as a blanket on a human,
all the way to the northern south,
just as the great wall of China.
Rocks piercing through the sky
harvesting feasts out of it,
trees thriving on sharpened swords,
insulation of the enormous souls,
elegant but not very beautiful.
A moment of picturesque, of a glance of many heroes.
Such a pathetic magic mountain.

Immortal Showing the Way

Creative Secondary School, Lam, Lok Yan Helena – 15

Rises the sun,
Awaken from the night.
Life in Huangshan has just begun,
The ancient city hidden out of sight.

Eight immortals are on their way.
Pure the mountains they might seem,
Yet Han is held captive in a dream...
While seven wait in dismay.

Hear the calling from this view,
Not even an immortal can refuse.
Lost his breath in this terrain,
Body tied by a chain.

Rolling down streams of tears.
The wind whistle through,
Hear the voices of a thousand years.
Peace fell; from the sky.

Zhang fly high to retrieve the missing,
Indeed, hooked by the view,
Majestic is it not?
Mold a stone to give his way,
Immortal Showing the Way.

Walking in the Mountains

Creative Secondary School, Lam, Sean – 15

- a. Walking in the mountains
Unattended
Chopping the woods,
Pointlessly
Until he chops the wrong thing,
Painfully
He can finally live for eternity

- a. Life is like the magic mountains,
Mystical
And grey
Until you add colours on it
Otherwise it will always be grey.

Hang Shan

Creative Secondary School, Lee, Tsz Shang – 15

There is a majestic mountain, In the east of China.

The world's first strange mountain, you Straight into the sky cover your face with mist, no one can see your true face

Here is a rich treasure trove of art. Since ancient times, people have visited Huangshan, built Huangshan, and praise Huangshan, leaving behind a rich cultural heritage.

Once upon a time the famous poets were conquered by the charm of the mountain and gained a lot of creative inspiration.

The poet visited here, a hermit in County, and lost his arm on the banks of the river, and later built a taibai building in Li Bai's drinking place in memory of the matter.

Feeling the mountain stands for thousands of years, bringing life and leaving a lot of cultural heritage.

Mountain and Sky

Creative Secondary School, Leung, Carlos – 15

Mountains don't die but the sky is high,
You can't hear a bellow but The Huangshan is Yellow,
Stood tall above others but down below clouds,
Surrounded by old pines, green tea leaves growing endless times.

Suit up and get ready
to climb this mountain steady,
the climb may be perilous
but the views and sun rises are gorgeous.

You may be wondering why
this poem is shortening,
like the distance between you and
clouds when you're climbing.

But all we know is that Yellow Emperor
has walked all the way up
to the end
of his life

The Past

Creative Secondary School, Leung, Tsz Cheung – 15

Have you ever heard
The sign of beauty,
The symbol of grace,
living in a market.
A fragrant market inner
brimming with colour,
red, blue, yellow, green.
All precious fragile,
revealed in full bloom
by time passed.
They are no longer with us.
Withered, scattered,
left us alone.
Start picking up memories,
the time they expressed fullest.
However, it is already time.

Phil's Journey

Creative Secondary School, Liu, Sze Yu – 15

There once was an adventurer named Phil
Who loves to dance on a hill
Then he went on a mountain
And found a fountain
Then he tripped in and then he got ill.

Thousand Year Old Man

Creative Secondary School, Ma, Nicky – 15

Always a white scarf on his shoulder
Hidden the strapping body
Only left a blurry hair at the top
Make him more mysterious

Sometimes, the scarf is gone
When we look up to him
granite peaks is his hair
twist pine trees are used to adorn himself
Little squirrels and birds climbing up and down
Crowded crowd around his head
Stone steps along his spine

Rising sun in the sky
His whole body is showing out
It's wonderful and magnificent!

Sunset
the Old man swished his cape around his shoulders
concealed himself behind
He used to watch the sun rises and set
In the past thousand years
And in the future

Gold

Creative Secondary School, Maksud, Mumtahina – 15

Chapter: Summer

Journey

Up the mountain I rise
Rivers flow by my side
The wind stinging my eyes
The sun sets, I arrive

Tribute to a Sun

The sun colours me gold
The light never grows old
Goodbye my dear sunlight
I'll see you tomorrow

Golden

We met on the golden bridge
Your eyes filled with twinkling stars
Gold specks littered 'round your eyes
Fate brought us to each other
You are my dazzling gold star
Majestic, beautiful prize
You are mine, the stars are ours
The red strings though they disguise
They connect us from afar
You know I always love you
Do not be mad as I leave
This sickness though I despise
Might take you away from me
You gave me a haste warning
"Do not harm for you'll be hurt"
Strange warning, I criticize
But I digress, still bizarre
For whatever you advise
As long as you are alive
I shall succeed and arrive
And some tell me to beware
To not even go derive
I shall sin, I shall deceive
But you shall stay, you shall survive
My precious little gold love
Don't be mad at what I have done
Afterall, since all is true
Fate still flies, like a free dove

Chapter: Autumn

Change

Leaves start gathering dust
Blades developing rust
A new season has arrived
The cold starting to come in
A song bird sings a sweet melody
The loneliness growing large within

Cure

They say to help you survive
An elixir is a must
They say to help you survive
I must find it and set you free
They say to help you survive
To release you from your captor
An elixir is a must
For it's the only way, to keep you with me

To get the elixir
Travel to the mountains
To get the elixir
Retrieve it from the caverns
For you to be fine
You must drink it
Drink it devoid of disgust
For it's the only way, to keep you with me

Curse

A curse
A curse it was
Why you?
Who cursed you?
When'd they curse you?

No matter what the reason
I shall retrieve it for you
No matter what must be done
It's still for you

A Journey Within

Creative Secondary School, Nath, Kayna – 15

Close your eyes and look within,
Get under your skin.
Your mind is a mirror,
Where only you control it.

It is looked as a weakness,
If only they knew it's uniqueness.

It can be as calm as the night,
You just need to find it's beauty right.
Look at it as your canvas,
And you will not be held back.

Don't be afraid to explore,
As if it was your only goal.
They look at it as a weakness,
If only they knew it's uniqueness.

My Yellow Mountain

Creative Secondary School, Ng, Xi Yi Janvier – 15

In a world of possibilities
A kite sets off
As it sees the orange sun dripping a ribbon of gold
Between the mountains
Inspired to be its goal

Hovering through the shadowy clouds
Fighting to catch up with the phoenix
While hiking up higher
Steps get scarier
Feared of falling into its dark shadow

Though seeing a flower blooming into its fullest
Meeting in a memory that once was beautiful
Hikes up higher again
Steps get brighter
Open doors to its magic shop

Believing in its happily ever after
It seems too fake
Landing on its destination
To its own yellow mountain

Beautiful Mountain

Creative Secondary School, Tong, Jack Kellogg – 15

One evening, something moves behind me
Is that thing hiding behind me cautiously
Bouncing up and down in a bushy tree
Shrieking and dancing very happily

When I look up in the hilly place
I can hear some noise that sounds funny
Then out comes a turtle to join the race
Thinking that he can walk and run quickly

I then walk closely to see the beauty
Lots of different colourful birds singing
Suddenly a rainbow appears before me
Jumping into the branches like dreaming

Everywhere there are beautiful mountains
Hiding secretly behind the fountain

The Mountain Stays, the Smoke Fades

Creative Secondary School, Wong, Audrey – 15

The mountain stays the smoke fades
She grew up in up in a white neighbourhood
Surrounded by white people
She speaks English to her teachers and classmates
And Chinese to her family and relatives
She stands out
she has a dream
No one believes
Only the blondes can be on the stages they said
The smoke fades away
She is holding onto her pointe shoes so tight
Flattening her tutu
The curtains are slowly revealing
The mountain starts to crack
but she glues the mountain together
Wind is blowing
Water is hitting
But she stands still
keeping her left feet on the tip of the world
She extends her hands
Keeping her neck up
She smiles at the judges
Keeping her eyes bright

Glistening eyes
linen land
Silvery fog
She wished she was there
She wished she was anyone anywhere
'Can I escape?' She questioned herself
She drags her soul
Still standing on her pointe shoes
She picks up the movements of the dragon
Find the exit
Find the exit
Exit exit exit
The dragons are roaring
She wondered did her pointe shoes woke them up
The anxiety the fear
'It's awakened' she murmured
Sense of direction is gone
Heavy breathing is here
She hopes she's ok
The trees are trembling
the dragons are sniffing their way out
They could see the tracks of the pointe shoes has left
The gate couldn't hold onto the streams of water anymore
She was panicking
The fog was swirling

Snow

Creative Secondary School, Wong, Morris – 15

Snow that's falling, you inspire me to write,
How I love the way you sing, sleep and cry.
Invading my mind throughout day and night,
Always dreaming about where you reside.

Let me compare you with a sunflower,
You are more fluffy, beautiful and naive.
Like fairies running across December,
In wintertime, just before Christmas Eve.

How do I love you? Let me count the ways,
I love the white glow you left in my eyes.
Playing with you is what fulfills my days,
Why do you still end with a wet demise?

Now I must away with a depressed heart,
Remember the cold words while we're apart.

Dissect the Mountains, Observe, Life is There!

Creative Secondary School, Yam, Sze Wai Yannick – 15

The temple sits — sequestered
Precinct of pause
Jay — The quietude contradicts
Dulce euphony

Lethe in the mists
Correct — Conceal
Cordial — Invite
“Come in, Come in”

Fuchsia — Azalea — twine
Allure my marauding hand
I smell — My foreign nose
It's the smell of welcome here!

Below lies a bourn
It asked if I would stay
I answered — and merged
With infinity

A Day of Hiking

Creative Secondary School, Yuen, Kumi – 15

A sunny blue sky
It is the early morning
walking through the woods
Listen to the river sound
and the birds singing a song

He, a Dreamer

Creative Secondary School, Zhao, Zixi – 15

The beauty had redefined in one's mind
In the very place
A Nature can find.
He, a dreamer, woke up from bed
Still immersed by the dream
With his new view on the pretty word.
With a camera and a package
The dreamer travelled and travelled
The place is still a mystery in his head
But his motivation
Is as hard as diamonds
At one day, he finally saw something he wants to saw
It is as same as one's dream
In this dream, the beauty had redefined in one's mind
In the very nature, a place can be found.

Lavishing Landmark

Delia School of Canada, Aditya, Aryan – 14

1864m high, reaching to the tip of the sky.
The wind howling and whistling.
Oh! The stairway to heaven with 60,000 steps
I started to wonder, was this a misstep?
The grass stroking against my feet
If I fail to reach the top, my life would be incomplete.

I wander like a cloud
Thinking to myself,
How shall I accomplish this impossible feat?
Was it time for me to retreat?
I decided to dig in deep
And climbed the Huang Shan, barely able to move my feet.

This journey was a treacherous one
But it was worth it from the second it begun.
My life is complete as I have finished this feat.
One day I shall revisit Huang Shan
with my children climbing up this beautiful terrain.

Ode to Huangshan

Delia School of Canada, Chakravarty, Shrivatsa – 14

The rough, wild grass whipping my feet,
As I climbed through what seemed like an endless step—sea.
Thinking in my mind, what a feat it will be,
To reach to the top and be set free.

The grand, antediluvian trees with their antiquated brown sienna branches,
Remind me of my old ranches.
As it was time to set up camp,
I thought to myself "Hmm, my thoughts are quite damp".

"Do I have to climb this mountain?"
"Or is this height enough?"
The winds continued to become a bane,
As my sleeping bag grew rough.

When I climbed the next day,
My safety cords began to fray.
At the sight of the dark, damp and dusky caves,
Which could be a maze and scare a dragon far, far away.

"What can be in those caves?" I asked myself,
"A couple of monkeys and tree frogs?"
But that would deviate me from my objective and I had no help,
My objective, to climb to the top and move on.

For days and weeks, I kept pushing,
For I knew, I had to keep going.
To achieve that one final moment of salvation,
That one fine moment, MY fine moment of inner filtration.

The moment when I was filtered by the mountain Huangshan himself,
That moment when I gained a new sense of self.
A reason to be alive, to forget all positives and negatives,
A reason to be alive, to forget all superlatives.

On the Gusty Twin Peaks

Delia School of Canada, De Bona Bottegal, Matteo – 14

The Twinpeaks of China
A Prominence so high
The pierce the Clouds
Almost touching the sky

To reach the peaks
A great dream of
Many obstacles to face
Many steps to climb

The mountains cry out to me
I dare you to try
I must do it now
Even if I die

The journey is hard
A long way to the top
Thought I stumble and fall
I must not stop

I reach the summit
And take in the view
The beauty is unmatched
What people said was true

Gazing down at the clouds
I feel short of breath
For now is the time
I must face the heath

A final step
to end my life
to reach closer
to my departed wife.

Majestic Place

Delia School of Canada, Gao, Xiyuan – 14

Wow! What a majestic place

A Holy place

The mountains of Huangshan are the peak of my life

Ups and downs, continuous and continuous...

Connecting my life

A Legendary place

The cloud of Huangshan is the philosophy of my life

Changeable, white as snow...

Connecting phenomena with my dream

A historical place

The trees of Huangshan are the spiritual pillar of my life

Unrelenting, persevering

Connecting my heart with God

Wow! What a majestic place

Wow! What a majestic place...

My One and Only Home

Delia School of Canada, Gurung, Jaysan – 14

A shy mountain covering herself with mist.

I wish I was tall enough to give you a kiss.

But I'm just a Swallow, and you're the great Yellow Mountain.

But how can I help it, when you're as dazzling as a grand water fountain?

You give me food, you give me water, and everything else that I desire.

60,000 steps are nothing to me, if that's what it takes to see your majesty.

You need a crown as you seem like royalty, oh great Yellow Mountain, you have all of my loyalty.

The nostalgic scent of fresh greenery travelling through the pure air.

Gives me life, oh, what a great breath of fresh air.

Before I met you I felt like I had no purpose.

As if I was blowing through the gusty wind like a lost strand of hair.

Without you I'd feel overwhelmed, like a panda bear living in a horrid circus.

But now you're in my life, and I feel safe and sound.

As my feet touch the soft cotton ground, I am grateful and not lost around.

You are the best Yellow Mountain and I do not lie, so stick with me, and I will not fly

Her Wish

Delia School of Canada, Huan, Erika Yi-Jen – 15

A girl wishes to go to the Yellow Mountain
But she also wants to see the fountain
She wishes a visit with her dad
But if it was a rainy day it will be bad
She wants to take a photo there
If her dad took photos she hopes he shares
The next day she asked her dad
But her dad had work that day so she was sad
She still wants to go to the Yellow Mountain
So she chose to go by herself
A few hours later she was there at the bottom of the Yellow Mountain
She walks through the mountain and she was on the top of the mountain
She saw a great view through there
A nice wind blowing through her
The sunlight brightened her day
It was her best day.

60,000 Steps to the Top of the World

Delia School of Canada, Hui, Yin Nam Brendon – 14

Oh my mysterious magical mountain,
what a beautiful sight to look upon,
truly a gift from God.
The odds that I have the chance to experience this beauty will make me very grateful.

As I watch the captivating clouds dancing across the sky.
As the gust of wind swifts by,
at the same time, you smell the faintly greening trees,
when the relaxing breezy wind whisking through the land and whispers “hoo hoooo”
the whispering captures nature’s peace.
The true colours of the view of the magic mountain grow,
As I go higher and higher the view explodes and blinds my eyes.

It’s one challenge to climb the 60,000 steps to reach the top of the world.
Every step you take is a small piece of a puzzle completed step by step,
to the end which I feel the accomplishment that I have been working so hard for.
Comparable to our lives which is like a rollercoaster,
I have times in our lives that we experience highs and lows,
Peaks and valleys in achieving our dreams and goals.

Another World

Delia School of Canada, Lee, Sum Yi – 15

Yellow Mountain is amazing
It makes people feel surprising

Many monkeys jumping up and down
Pines tresses are on the side of the road
and they are dancing to welcome us

Yellow Mountain is high up to the space
People can see a sunset on the mountain
Everyone wishes to go there
On the mountain has a lot of fresh air
and many awesome views

Forrest is in front of us
The leaves are waving across the Forest
Finally we can take a rest.

The Old Monk

Delia School of Canada, Neelakantan Sankar, Gautam – 14

As I climbed the stairway to heaven
A golden ray of sunlight fell upon my eyes
With each step I felt closer to god
For Huang Shan is heaven is disguise

I can finally see the peak
There sat a monk
Under a Tree Meditating
I sat beside him meditating too

As I closed my eyes
I found the peace
And silence gushing through me
It felt like a rebirth for me

The Magic of the Mountain

Delia School of Canada, Sahoo, Saransh – 14

I sat on the seat beside my grandfather.
Meant to be as strong and steady as a rock, I was neither.
My grandfather was on his deathbed telling me
what was to be his last tale.
I listened to his trembling voice
telling me a story of a mountain trail.

I was full of uncertainty
For I had never heard of an elixir
that granted immortality.
I was destined to fulfill his dream.
He had taken his last breath holding my hand
and he laid still while his eyes seemed to gleam.

Journeying to Huang Shan, I held onto hope,
For I had only a single sliver
The frigid winter wind made me shiver
as though I was haunted by a ghost
The feeling of fulfillment
that was awaiting me kept me grounded.

The vivid sights of the distant mountains,
The overflowing greenery,
The golden sunlight shining on the leaves,
The colourful birds flying freely,
The foggy mist encompassing Huang Shan,
Kept me going forward.

As I climbed higher, my ears started to ring.
And every step I took, I started to stumble,
for each step brought me closer to the truth
that I knew would make me fumble.

Drawing close to sunset,
The cacophony of the birds seemed to vanish,
The gold light shining on the leaves started to diminish
The full moon illuminated the earthy granite steps
The darkness of the night made me feel desolate
The silence was deafening

Suddenly, I fell to the ground.

I woke to find myself in a cave with an elixir in front of me
The choice of endless life was right before me

To the Top

Delia School of Canada, Sekimoto, Hideaki – 14

Climbing up the mysterious mountain
Which is as challenging to remember what I dreamed about.

I can hear the Red Crowned Crane shouting
“Don’t climb up”
The mule says
“I can’t go”
Even the animals know what a challenge this is.

60,000 steps to the top
Wind howling throughout the trip
Leaves dancing in the air
Clouds floating upon the sky
The lovely green smell of nature
Grasses stroking my feet
Oh, what a long journey it will be.

I will be a hero if I climb up
Using this as a motivation
Moving my feet even though it is sore
Just thinking about the view it will be.

To the top, I go
Feels as if I am standing on top of the world
What a feeling this is
I recognized how great an achievement this was.

The Journey of the Magic Mountain

Delia School of Canada, Siu, Chun Kiu Justin – 14

Oh, what a beautiful place! it is
To give me the power
to climb up

For bringing me the power
When I was tired (like My legs gave out on me.)
And bringing me beautiful view (river, mountain)
when I didn't have the power to move on

Oh, What an alluring place! it is
To make me climb up every day

For bringing me Furry friends (Huangshan Macaque)
When I was boring

Thanks for being here
to let me share this place
And this is a perfect place.

Reaching High

Delia School of Canada, Soong, Sze Ching Katrin – 17

What aweing power, what hand
Could paint such art as nature?
Seas of mists upon the land,
Stretch beyond the eye can reach.

Two swallows chirp about,
Flying close side by side,
Revelling in the fact,
That they have each other.

Oh, how people shift,
Like the ever-changing clouds,
The graying leaves,
A dying breeze.

Through times of peace,
And delve in the pleasures
Of gold and booze,
Relenting the teachings of virtue.

Solitary upon the summit,
I longed for a kindred spirit,
staring into the sea of fog,
Hoping for another me.

Almost like it heard my wish,
The winds chase the haze away.
The smallness of man in such vast lands,
I know there's nothing to fear.

My Purpose

Delia School of Canada, Tam, Cheuk Nam – 15

Through the sky, the clouds fly by
So elegant like a phoenix, so bright like the beauty of the sun
“My life my purpose, it’s right above the top of yellow mountain.”
Higher and higher the challenges will be tough
but soon it will all set free
Free like a pair of swallow

Awoken by the swallows as the light shines on my face
Getting myself ready as I begin my journey
The leaves rattle in the wind
The sound of the waterfall slowly rain
Dripping slowly beneath sat a monk
I kept shaking my head but the sound wouldn’t leave
I finally given up and decided to sat close to the monk

Our relationship became close from strangers to friends
The journey seems tough but together we’re stronger
I can see how strong our friendship slowly grew
But can I not finally see? That my purpose isn’t only the mountain
It's the memories of our friendship
How the mountain brought us here
But how I wish I could realise it sooner
But we’re already halfway

Days passed as I wish our moments would last long
“I’m sorry I can’t! I want this to last
Once our journey ends, our friendship will break.”
The monk gave a smile “Our friendship won’t break,
the mountain brought us here.
Once we are done, that’s just the beginning of our friendship.”

The Stories of the Guest—Greeting Pine

ESF Island School, Lam, Ady – 16

500 CE

the sharp peaks penetrate
the Sea of Clouds almost apologetically
as they don the shroud of mist upon their shoulders—
delicately diverting the vast ocean of floating
water droplets around their busts—
so the few
who journey laboriously, heaving and gasping to
the pinnacle
 where if you squint and reach out trustingly
 you can feel the blazing warmth of the
 field of stars that dance in the night sky

are met with but a virtuous sight;
pointed protrusions covered with cotton fluff that
hides the flourishing verdant ferns
 they say beauty lies in modesty—
 and the Sea of Clouds truly adorns the mountains
 magnificently, making for a mystical view

one of which:
a slim sapling, easily overlooked
begins to lean forward ever so slightly,
to look out at the world
watching the people
absorbing their stories
getting ready to tell its own

1000 CE

two men sit
at a table meticulously carved
from the lifeless body of her friend
 Xiangzhi wood—
 lifeless—
 yet surprisingly luminous
as all children of Mother Nature are

 the first man
 wrinkles knitted tightly on his face
 each a different yarn to spin for
the captivation of his eager descendants—
takes an unassuming sip of fragrant tea

She laughs; though the susurrations of her leaves
 in the breeze sound to the people
 nothing more than secretive whispers

Tea—
really just leaf water
yet the people revere it so

 the second man
 veins in a doomed battle to break free
 from the shackles of his hands like
 banyan roots engulfing the very soil that gives it life—
stares fiercely below at the flourishing tea farms; unblinking

She follows his gaze; his cataracts could be mistaken for time-faded eyes
yet her keen vision, no one would have guessed,
belonged to one
of a humble
five hundred years

She looks beyond the terraced hills,
greens of jade and jungle,
beyond the bobbing heads
which pointed caps adorn,
beyond the well-trodden path
where cows bask in the sun—
and there

A girl
eyes shining brightly with vitality
the same radiant ones as Veiny Hands Man—

She does not make assumptions
They might not be related in any sense at all;
Living several hundred years has taught her
that you never know anything when it comes to
humans and their relationships

lays on the grass and stares at the dark sky
never glancing away from the steady waltz of the stars
her fingers dancing along with them as she
points constellations out to the boy next to her

The boy
wearing a grin too wide for adult emotions like scepticism
beaming instead with youthful adoration and affection—
lays on the grass and stares at the girl
never glancing away from her sparkling eyes
his fingers dancing along with hers

She smiles

She may not be one for assumptions
but it would be a well-educated guess
which, mind you, is very different
from an assumption
that this was love
Parental, romantic— unconditional

The beating heart she lacks
But love she too feels
Love for the beauty of it all
and for the beauty of love itself

1500 CE

the day breaks
black ceramic shatters as the sun
unfurls its petals; it blooms on the horizon
with a golden glow; rosebud of clementine and apricot
rising in the sky, with it the aroma of a new beginning

Branches cramped permanently in a misleading position;
It is so hard to remain
The hospitable hostess
When she never gets a chance to learn their names

"Inside every cynical person there is a disappointed idealist"

2020 CE

the rain falls
a curtain of silver is drawn bitterly across
the mountains; the soft rumbling crescendos to
battlecries from an army of
unabating soldiers; clouds weeping a
dull muted gloom; the country
colonised by grey

the paths are mostly empty today
the first time for centuries

even Xiaochun is elsewhere— bless
her Guardian and friend:
she used to be acquaintances with Death —
the curvature of his scythe still imprinted on
her heart; his crafty Cheshire cat smile haunted
her night and day; soulless eyes of cold steel that
searched for her when blizzards choked her blind;
when Mother Nature hurled typhoons during her tantrums

not every woman ages well

but her Guardians
prised her out of Death's tight grip
Nineteen Florence Nightingales all taking
their turns to nurse her
back to health—
What a treasure humans can be at times!

the heavens pelt the hills with raindrops but
a burden is still lifted off the land's shoulders;
the ever present thrum of man silent for once
without the chatter the air fills with
sweet tune— the feathered reclaiming their
soundscape, chirps harmonizing with the
euphonious whistling of the wind

She stretches upwards; the rain today her nourisher,
comforter, liberator from the
throngs of travellers all but save

a man and a woman
arms gripping each other's so
tightly it was hard to tell where one
ended and the other began—
are the only ones left in the torrential downpour

they seem to not notice the raging tempest;
instead speaking in a strange way
mouths moving to string syllables carelessly
together in tuneless discordance

She wishes they would come a bit closer
so she could peer inside their mouths,
tell them to open wide, examine the

insides because
What an incomprehensible tongue!

then
their tongue shifts
relentlessly beating back the new
following them around the world back to
the language of their past
singing the tones slightly off-key but
the same song nonetheless

We are back
her threadbare cardigan of a facade falls apart
mascara streaked by the streams on her face
tears escaping the crumbling constraints of her eyes
she trips over her reborn tongue; long ago
abandoned as a hindrance; plants left to wither and
die; roots shed hastily out of necessity

We have come home
the mountains sing along with his triumphant yell
a choir of thrushes praise his reclamation
the rediscovered tongue still a shock; believed to have
rot from negligence, a blind eye, fear of being
ostracised; life abroad of conformity rather than
unwanted attention

You find love where you least expect it
The people too
Love her homeland

The clouds part
Spools of grey yarn unravel to uncloak the
summer sun; amber rays donated from
heaven; cast in the colour of ripe
wheat, Her body shines so brilliantly—
you'd think she has luminous light bulbs for leaves
an ineffable incandescence

And in this moment she realises
too late given her age – that
everybody has their own stories
All the shadows from years of yore were
just people who chose to tell theirs elsewhere
To know a person's tale is a privilege earned.
But five hundred years ago she'd mistaken it for a birthright
O how at times the affluent are the least appreciative!

Love flows back into her vessels
Branches outstretched with
endearment once again
The tears of heaven still falling but she
stands tall and strong,
Hoping that her warmth will be enough
For the people to confide in her again
To tell their stories
And for her to listen

The Hut on the Mountain

ESF Island School, Tachino, Airi – 14

A coal-tinted stone, and half of a living conifer
Rainfall on the valley, thunder to the peaks
Gentle slopes and snake pathways
The raindrops shining in the waterfalls

The roads crumble, only to tremble and straighten
Hands become feet, feet become hands
Rocks tumble down from the shadows of the house,
The pines become walls, the trunks become pillars

The fog pierces through, but the leaves fight back
The ground clears from sand and rock
The cloud becomes mist, as they form a shelter

Vines grow from cracks, moss expands on stone,
Rotten leaves are swept away, and souls disappear from the ground
White leaves form black warriors

The heat brings dryness, wisping away the fog
Bark peels astray, and the insects scurry away
Drops of sweat fall, breaking through the rocks
Slopes on the valleys fade away, and the trees tear away

Leaves collapse to sand and wind,
Mist becomes clouds, and the clouds turn to wind
Leaves curl to the shapes of souls and dry to sheets of steel
Roots peak out from the dirt and grind down decaying leaves

The conifers begin to rot, and the grass collapses with road
Raindrops slide off of the blades of grass, and seeds spill from flowers
The buds are black and white warriors

Branches are stuck with treasures, twigs are tangled with pleasures
The heat stirs up sand and dust
Revealing necks of plants, and the lost prayer chants

Branches of heavyweight, and plump fruits of wealth
The juice in the berries echo within their barriers
Red liquor trickle down and the fruit becomes empty
Snarled climbers and twisted paths

Scarce light shines from the depths of the shadows
The shadowy figures turn rich with light
Branches which support the shadows fall
The shadowy figures turn rich with light

Pine branches break and pierce through the ground
Seeds find homes on the footprints left in the soft dirt
They hold water, and the water is drunk

The roots slurp the water greedily
The body gets torn into half, and the arms which support it tremble
The pines shoot above the hollow sky, swallowing the roof of my home

The Pine Tree of the Yellow Mountain

ESF Sha Tin College, Kok, Sophie – 15

FALLING

Where am I from,
Where will I go?
I,
Helpless, stolen by a stalwart bird.
Over the crashing white waves of a blue sea,
Over the blur of the greens of great forests,
Over the gaping expanses of rice paddy fields,
Over the sharp, sky cutting mountains.
Falling, falling
Darkness surrounds me,
I have fallen to the ground.

GROWING

The sun has disappeared,
The rain has refused to fall.
I,
Alone, lie in the silence.
Stretching into the crevices of the rock,
Searching for that bit of soil.
Craning up into the blinding curtain of mist,
Gulping down the water.
Growing, growing
Warmth and light envelopes me,
I have grown a little taller.

HURTING

The wind serves to strengthen my limbs,
The snow pushes me further towards the sun.
I,
Miraculously, have become a great essence.
Suddenly, a lightning bolt was thrown from the sky,
And tears down my body,
My bones are broken,
My remains are burning,
Hurting, hurting
A great terror seizes me,
I have collapsed.

RISING

I cannot retreat,
I cannot give up.
I,
Bravely, claw out of the fire.
Lifting my chin,
Puffing out my chest,
Taking in a deep breath,
Pulling up my arms,
Rising, rising
Power flows through me,
I have stood up again.

UNYIELDING

The sun and moon are my friends,
The clouds and wind have become my confidants.

I,
Dignified, standing straight amongst the ragged cliffs.

After the strike of lightning,
After the rain that beats me down,
After the water that tries to wash me away.

While I live,
I will never yield, never!
Afterall,
I am a pine tree of Yellow Mountain.

HuangDi

ESF South Island School, Yan, Jasmine

Pitter patter, chitter chatter;
The mountain hears.

Lyrics and verses, legends and curses;
The mountain listens.

Stories of old, history untold;
The mountain observes.

Jagged rocks, weathered stones;
The mountain learns.

High above the clouds
the emperor stands
Strong and true, tall and regal;
He's watching, watching,
Growing, growing.

Trees sway, leaves rustle.
With words only he knows;
The mountain answers.

Mountain Reflections

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Chan, Jacko – 15

Take me away from the crowds
Where all is quiet
Take me away from all the stress
Where it is all calm

Just the trees and flowers
And the birds and animals
And the wind and leaves
And the silence

Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Rethink every moment
Every decision you've made
And think forward

Gone by the Mountains

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Luk, Caitlin – 14

Looking up at the mountain nearby,
Reminded me of a girl gone north
Gone.
Was the laughter of voices.
Gone.
Was the feeling of home.

There was a time when I was not clueless,
And there were no bruises.
Sitting on a rock looking out from the summit,
Knowing that I would not gain from it.

Looking out once more,
Clinging on to my last fascination.
Grasping to the realisation,
That I won't be here anymore.

Not only am I alone,
But far from civilisation.
Never to be known,
For the bravery or determination.

Treasured memories fading,
From my mind.
Life long bonds and energy,
Disappearing.

Tales that warn of a magical past,
That steals the warmth I hope would last.
Without warning, without a trace,
Just an empty feeling to embrace.

The sunset that once was there,
Gone.

If only
I
Understood.
That life would never be the same
At the summit
Of the mountain.

That I would never be the same
At the summit
Of the mountain.

A City Above the Clouds

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Young, Jamie – 15

the screeching of the winds,
the weeping of the rivers
barely a sound ;
lost in the hazy mist

the sea of air below
settles gently above humanity
featherlike
a pearlescent sheen resting tenderly
the silvery gleam of life glinting knowingly

far up high
jagged mountains emerge
huts nestled into each nook and cranny
the swirling mist weaving in and out
lovingly infiltrating
delicately invading
an ethereal beauty
the city above the clouds

in the distance
the lonely sun appears
breaking through these clouds
like a songbirds cry
cutting through the cold crisp air
of a silent morning

the yellow flower in the sky
dominating harmoniously

faint rays of liquid gold
glimmer across
the city above the clouds

The Lost Treasure

Heep Yunn School, Chen, Man Chin – 16

Amidst
this mountain
thousands feet above,
lies a valuable possession
long lost in the city.

Intangible, but consoling.
Not discerned, yet felt.

Bizarre.
What luxury a city like such can't render?
A metropolis with skyscrapers squeezing one another,
an advanced place where machinery predominates feelings,
an expeditious economy where money is spent without tracking!

Along the steep stairs I walk,
attempting to conquer the mountaintop,
and claim the treasure mine,
before the others can find.
“A magical mountain” –
more like an object to fulfill temptation!
First battling with walking corpses beside,
next avoiding the snare of squirming serpent,
I struggle to climb to higher grounds.
Yet
“still millions of miles before the peak!”
I heard from someone,
completely crushing my enthusiasm.
‘Onerous journey...’
Watching their figures from behind,
exhaustion surges deep inside.

Listen!
Long, lyrical tune lingers around,
up and down it goes
like soft, smooth, flowing water,
with a graceful swan babbling and pattering.

Two roads diverge in front of me:
One paved with shimmering golden bricks,
Another leads to rocks, pines, springs and clouds.
Between them sits an old man playing jade flute –
Mellifluous the melody is,
the song of the magical mountain.

‘Excuse me sir,
does this road lead to the exquisite treasure?’

Thoughtfully,
he eyes the people on the road of gold,
then twinkles at me but never confirms.

“Just let your heart rule.”

I step on the road that contains no gold.
Encircling me are peculiar rocks,
akin to an immortal pointing the way,
and a lonely monkey watching the sea.
Spectacular and mesmerizing those odd rocks are,
whose stories can only be felt with soul.

As I advance on this narrow road,
trees with strong, stout trunks appears,
as if dragons and phoenixes chasing and gambolling
along the way, invigorating me with continuous exuberance.
Filling the air with refreshing scent,
the pines trees grow unfaltering,
their cordial branches stretching out,
greeting every passer-by.

Misty steam swirl about from
milky, bubbling hot springs.
Babbling, fizzling they whisper
softly, secretly they seep
deep into the ground.

Seas of clouds are
flowing and drifting:
Mystical and delicate,
like soft whipped cream
on the gateau of heaven.

“Contentment is never something luxury,
mere can it be
detaching from the rowdy city,
and listen to the song of nature,
where consolation is found,
and one’s deepest desire is answered.

Tranquility has long faded in our city,
not eyes can see or palms can touch.
They come with rapacious, expecting to gain more,
yet leaving in disappointment, eventually losing more.
Those living puppet has long lost their lives,
yet they are still climbing,
ignoring the initial will of their hearts.”

Turning back,
there lies a big grin on his face.

“But you have found it.”

The treasure in the trace.

Castaway

Heep Yunn School, Fu, Tsz Tung – 15

*Rising from the ashes, the fire in me shall be awoken.
Seeking in the shadows, the light within me shall be unbroken.*

*But the world dimmed the lustre inside me
now bent all over and shrunken
now bent all over and broken
I'm no longer golden:*

Reality bestows–
Unmitigated desertion on my spirit and soul,
Running dry like a barren field, but still longing to feel whole.
Bashed by judgements, struck by obscenity,
Encased by enigma and enveloped in insanity.
Blustering beats as my tattered shoes pound on the cold, concrete lane,
Finally– gone.
To that far–off place away from the bane.

Wreathed in the clouds, boundless and empty to townsfolk,
Blanketed by the swirling white fog as my senses awoke.
My shoes littered the mountain path with their own bark trail,
Transmuted by the mist into formless bliss in the vale.
Across the borderline between the known and the unknown,
The lilting breeze hushed the ghastly infinite cries as it smoothly flown.

Here the immortals dance among magisterial pines,
Indomitable like living antiques, laughing at the world's impermanence. Everything declines.
The golden rays peek through the bouquet of foliage as woven strands,
Illuminating them into virescent bloom and lances of gold beams on the lands.
Light and life are their ageless quests, never shall they diminish and impair,
While I, the mere mortal, so blessed to hear my heartbeat dance among theirs.

The clear river waters flow amid the mountainside, quenching earth and soul,
Flickering like the fresh alpine air, untainted and whole.
Livened by crescents of white arcing towards the sapphire sky,
Swerving through trees and ravines as a sacred melody rippling by.
The lifeblood of the mountain thrummed and brimmed,
Like the velvety whirl of a flock as they stirred and skimmed.

I got lost in my quiet reflection,
Seeking answers for the timeless question,
How did it all arise from just asteroid grime,
Into the dire expansion of humanity in the fullness of time?
For I am just a speck of dust in the cornucopia of humanity,
Made dull and lustreless, reduced to banality.

A single leaf pirouetted down an invisible spiral of breeze,
The sun's effulgence cascaded onto the mountain, the lull I yearn to seize.
The alchemy, of the sky warming up the blues to a radiant gold,
Golden petals stretching outwards to the horizons as silence enfolds.
In the solacing solitude lies me and nature alone,
With no criticisms, judgements or hearts of stone.

The mountain's solemn silence deafened the air for the worlds around,
The truth untold in swirling circumvents brought unmuffled and resounds,
The blaring bellow of society's verdict veiled my hushed voice of revelation,
The gleaming light within me, awaiting for liberation.
And in the mountains I now mightily stand,
Gave me the freedom to be who I am.

The mountains speak a voice of verity,
Beyond oppression, beyond struggles, beyond reality:
Within me is the golden light of a thousand suns,
Telling me to stay gold, never dull my shine for anyone.
Bygone is the girl bounded by the labyrinth of her mind,
No longer lost in the seam of her life, no longer blind.

I opened my eyes anew,
the light within me dawns and emboldens,
I opened my eyes anew:
Everything around me has too turned golden.

Huangshan on Canvas

Heep Yunn School, Zhu, Yidan – 16

Glide and dip, the softened bristles, in broad, commanding strokes,
spread its midnight ink, like extended talons of the night,
the shadow of a crook-necked crane.

Beating its wings, in flight, o'er a plane of unpigmented white, a cavernous sky,
and let spills a bundle of tinted grey, an indelible rolling cascade,
shaping a steepening side, untrodden by mortal eyes.

Where summits shall dwarf the Tower of Babel, granite columns fortify,
splice and splinter thinning clouds, curves jut and drop like ocean tides.
Tower and soar, altars for myths untold, sweetly sit where heaven resides.
Whilst gentle currents of lunar-white, like fabled dragons of olden times,
meander through sculpted lofty pines, scales coruscating silver light.
From whence could such pure streams flow forth, forebye from heaven's very eyes?

Foam and froth, the river's mouth, sweep and send drift
mounds of snow where banks of vapour, billowing, dense, shall overflow
and spill o'er jagged cliffs, pooling in swirls of inky white, churns
and seethes the lulling waves of restless flowing clouds.
Should mist unfurl, from hazy depths, a shiver of the dragon's breath, and coil
dense and arcane, vaporous serpent 'round ethereal heights.

O' profound, luring depths, what secrets do you hold?

An emperor from the ancient tribes, from whom the name these rocks derive,
fertile fields his rule bestowed the land, like fresh saplings in wake of rain,
his nation flourished and thrived.
Such prosperity sought to preserve, the scythe of death he must fend,
And so scaled the treacherous, forbidding, peaks, and at the journey's end
sat in the palms of his hand, the secret to life everlasting.

Such was that the legends said, through soft lips and hushed tones, whispered beside a child's bed.

Dear child, spirited and young, when many a time endeavour and ache,
To draw back the gauzy veils of nature, and conquer spiraling crowns
where the emperor hath once ascent. But the human heart grows weary and eyes once bright grow dim,
As soles are scraped and gashed, desolated by uneven trails and perilous paths.
When ends this ceaseless plight of men, to etch their name in ledgers of stone,
or in need to feed a growing, gnawing, pride, cry out in triumph from pulpits imposed in an austere sky?

But high on precipitous peaks, human voices fade and die,
while crashing waves brutally assail, chip and wash away, the most unyielding boulders.
When even mountains are liable to crumble and disappear, and without remorse,
buries beneath, crushes, and wipes clean, the imprints of humanity, reduced to muted rustles in the wind.
And many poets hath once come and denounced, the short-winded elations and futile struggles of men,
For what are the feeble cries of humankind against the deafening roar of nature?

Let us sit below extended branches, interweaving and entwined,
and lay easy below the consoling shade, of friendly, pavilion-like pines.
And let us blithely feast and gaze, as the sinking eye of the day, stains and strew the sky
with flickering flames, o'er the hazy horizon it broods, deluging the remnants of daylight.

And let us linger as the ocean of mist swells and releases to the rhythm of our breaths,
as the scores of our sorrow are washed away by the tender caress of running water,
and soon forgot, beyond cloaks of mist and sturdy frames of stone, the keen and bitter world,
where fits of incoherent zeal shall provoke us no more.

And let us be still as nature raises its hand and streaks 'cross textured granules, the muted silver of dusk,
And as ink seeps and bleeds into the flattened spread, let our figures fade,
into dotted bushes of green and grey, minute and unassuming,
while the hues of our thoughts, blend in and become one, with that of the mystical mountains.

A Pleasurable Journey to Huangshan

Holy Family Canossian College, Hsu, Chin Wai Queenie – 15

How heavy do I journey on the way?
What iridescent mist, what Red-billed Blue Magpie I see!
Which for a UNESCO world heritage thee shall stay.
Where in Anhui Province, one of the ten famous mountains in China, we all agree.
Have I dwelt in the greenish scenery and admire?
On these seventy-two peaks, how many footsteps have passed? How many young and old?
Huangshan, wonders of the sea of clouds, 470 species of animals treat it as a luire.
Huangshan, the most fascinating mountain under heaven, Xu Xiake had told.
The magnificent clouds, meretricious rocks, myriad hot springs are out of sight.
The sun rises through the mist which gives light to all the creatures.
The mountains or the pine trees, the day or night.
The flora or fauna, shapes to my pleasure:
If my sight of view do please these days,
The pain is worthless, the breathtaking Huangshan shall be the praise.

The Sea of Silent Secrets

Holy Family Canossian College, Kwan, Lok Yiu Jasmine – 15

Above the highest vagrant white cloud,
Floats the picturesquely precipitous Mount,
that could make the matchless Olympus cowed,
for its tales are enthralling and hard to count.

Shush! Let the secrets resound!
Hear the soft susurrus and sighs,
for the haven's wisdom will surely astound,
as its beauty does in the poets' eyes.

Hear the stones in the mist!
Whispering the name 'Yellow Emperor',
who gave some herbs a bit of a twist,
and brewed the elixir of his endeavor.

Hear the pines in the mist!
Confabulating the gathering of immortals,
Where one of the eight could not resist,
Whose replica now guides the mortals.

Hear the stump-tail monkeys in the mist!
Crying out to their friend with a heart of stone,
whose secret ended its lover's tryst,
who watches the sea forever alone.

Hidden behind the mask of whiteout,
Stands the kingdom in the clouds,
where pilgrims must never shout,
lest you disturb those the mist enshrouds!

I am From

International School of Beijing, Maki, Mea – 14

I am from Chile
although my bloodline is Canadian
I am from my families smiles
and my friends' laughs
From musica and fiesta huaso
I am from empanadas sold on the streets
and traveling in the air

I am from Belgian waffles
made with great care
passed down in my family
since my great grandma had grey hair
From nature, Native to my land
From the sea, Pisces and free
thanks to my relatives
that sailed here for me

I am from friendly faces
around the world
teaching me about life
From a summer breeze in the air
as sandcastles are built everywhere
I am from a snowflake falling from the sky,
one of a kind, hitting the frozen ground

I am from Autumn nights
as I sit with my hot coco
watching the stars in the heavens
I am from Spring flowers,
blooming everyday
Trying my best to stand out
in my own way

I am from memories
that have been passed around
as we share stories on the campground
From all over the world
making me a TCK
But most of all I am
my mother's splitting image
with my father's personality,
I am my grandparents joy
and my friends' loyalty

I am the product of many different memories
and stories yet to be.

I Could Only Wonder

Islamic Kasim Tuet Memorial College, Noreen, Asmaa – 16

Spirits of Huangshan lend me your ears!
I speak to you of my hidden desires.
I wish to know more about your wonders,
Please, do not leave me alone to ponder.

I wonder if I had sung my poems loud enough,
Have the poets, Li Bai and Du Fu echoed me?
I wonder if the mists are like cotton fluff,
I could swim in it, knowing I won't fall.

I could imagine...
How the rivers are like healing pools
When the sun shines, they sparkle like jewels.
How the mosses are like nature's beds
Nourishing your souls without being fed

I could feel, the sun has its own emotions,
Beaming its happiness through its rays.
Oh, how I wish to be in its company,
To communicate through a silent gaze.

It is as though, the wind has a voice,
"shh" whispering throughout the hills.
Filling the quiet, serene atmosphere,
Each windlet passing, giving you the chills.

Is it true? Spirits of the glorious mountains?
My curiosity increases every second.
Please, oh please take me with you,
For my heart desires to be in its essence

Oh, to be a bird soaring through the sky,
Lifted above, by the free, roaming spirits.
Singing, with your sweet melodious voice,
Ringing, in the ears of those who visit.

Oh, to be a deer in the valley's green,
Grazing, on its lush thick grass.
Breathing in its air, crisp clean.
Running, in its lands worry-free.

Oh, to be a monkey, living in trees.
Jumping, swinging from vines to vines.
Flying, knowing you won't fall.
Merrily enjoying the thrills in life.

Tell me! Tell me! Oh, lofty spirits!
Please don't leave me here, hanging!
I'm tired of sitting here alone, dreaming!
Where I could really be there, relaxing.

I wonder if there are people living here,
Have they lived here for hundreds of years?
Do they live in caves in the mountains?
The hidden ones behind the fountains?

If it's true, oh how I wish I could find them.
To learn of their secrets and their stories
Oh, how I wish to meet the Yellow Emperor,
To learn how he earned years of glory.

How he fought with 100 dragons alone
Or how he saved his people from a cyclone.
Or to learn his secrets of becoming immortal.
Or maybe to reach the sky, just like Chang e'?

...

sigh...

I truly wish, I could hear you dear spirits.
To know you exist, so you'd answer me.
I could only see Huangshan, far from here.
If only I could visit there for myself.
I could only wonder...

Only When Above

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Lai, Ching Ue Elita – 16

On summits where his beast of compulsivity was tamed,
the best of him was drowned in aches of convulses.
Slave to the slaughterhouse of glory and gore,
the man, originally in despair, now found himself in a state of utter reverie –
only on the elevation of the mountain's core.

In the winds where his debts of love were reimbursed,
the rhythm that flowed between his veins unfroze.
With each cautious stride that dragged himself a little further,
he infused a little more melody into the deformed mind –
only in the midst of the mountain's weather.

There

Be gone

All terrestrial matters

Those so-called ambitions

And overwhelmingly spiteful karma

Enclosed by the amplitudes is a tranquil solitude

For the mountain youth with *Hiraeth* spilling over his soul...

Climbing barefoot,
another night is gambled away.
Until the dawn light shines
onto the Huangshan's facets,
a tainting presence pestered its doubts:

“What you bet,
won't you regret?”

“Why would I even,
when I could be on limitless highs?”

It was nonchalance,
driven
by the perfunctory pace.

Through the clouds where his stretched palms reached the stars,
the piece of extricated wild soul had now freed his thoughts.
No longer cynical,
he baptized in the cracking flames of nihilism —
only at the extremity of the mountain's pinnacle.

HuangShan Mountain

Shanghai Singapore International School, Man, Tsz Yan – 16

People mountain, people sea
The HuangShan mountain what a beauty
The peaks soar above the sky so high
But not like a diamond in the sky
A majestic Chinese dragon's back
A grand of comeliness it does not lack

Your eyes blinded by jade green leaves
People 'round you awe in disbelief
Rays of sunlight shine through the gaps
Don't forget to wear baseball caps
Only if it's on a sunny day tho
An umbrella on others or you'll look like a freakshow

Bamboo trees surround you left and right
Standing straight and stately, with their backs upright
With every step you take up the stairs
It's as if your body is being repaired
Breathing in this fresh batch of oxygen
It's like inhaling a container of healing concoction

Before – walking up the stairs oh so far
Nowadays there are cable cars
Before – 1 day or 2 to get to the peak
Nowadays a few minutes you don't even need a week
Before – you walk up just for the view
Nowadays you can practice yoga and have a picnic or two

However all jokes aside
The Huangshan mountain is really fascinating
The old, the young, all ages will think alike
Maybe the Huangshan mountain will make us unite
No wonder why Li Bai wrote so many poem about it
I mean who wouldn't, of course he'd want to share this

The HuangShan mountain not yellow at all
Flourished with greens and trees that grow tall
Complimented by the crystal blue sky
And the white cotton clouds that fly sky high
The sound of insects cricketing and ricketing
Water droplets are trickling and tinkling

The HuangShan mountain a beautiful sight
No matter if it is day or night
A simple poem can't say it all
When you see it you'll be truly enthralled
Because all you'll be able to saw is wow.
Just. Wow.

Enchantment

Shanghai Singapore International School, San, Yi Xuan – 15

Wisps of white fog escaped opened mouths.
An inch forward is thousands of meters.
Yet awe took the place of where fear would have lived.

Distant cries of mysterious birds resonated around;
the world fell silent, bowing to those mystic creatures.
Extended arms embraced the world,
And felt the gentle breeze whisk through open palms.

Listen carefully,
accompanied by the whistles of wind,
are the creaks and crackles of the mountains' life.
Scattering across the rocky floors,
legs and stone create ticking noises.

A single deep breathe.
Is this what tranquility smells like?
Clean fresh air that passed generations went on about.
Think back, to city life
Where cars and trucks whizzed about day and night
While the air suffocated, choked and screamed away.

Here it was new.
Fresh.
Where even the chilliest wind and moistest air did little to dampen any spirits
Enchantment, was what they called it.

Lost in Heaven

Shanghai Singapore International School, Panda, Anouska – 15

The rain pitter-pattered against the juddering clear glass window,
A blanket of innocent liquid globes shimmered in the orange.
The Yellow Mountains whizzed past me fleetingly,
Sea green lines of a patient's monitor.

Bump. Bump. Bump.
As the tin-roofed bus greeted each curve of the hilly road,
The imprinted ink brush leaped out between my coarse fingers,
A sinking, hollow void flooded my soul like oozing black ink.

Once upon a time they used to call me a poet,
I was primed, praised, and passionate.
My poems were the choir of stars in the starry night sky,
And I was the moon, the Maestro of the orchestra.

Now upon a time they call me the fallen hero,
A man who holds a purple hyacinth in his softened hands.
A man whose words no longer weave to create tapestries,
A man whose nightmares reign with images of empty, long scrolls of paper.

Thoughts pulsated with intense bitterness in my mind,
My numb feet staggered out of the swarming, chaotic and retro bus,
The iciness in nature's realm stabbed me instantly; a thousand hot knives,
I stopped to desperately inhale the lingering, dewy petrichor.

My breath was a blossoming vapor,
A baby dragon breathing fire for the first time.
My eyes found themselves captivated by the sight before me,
Liu Haisu's strokes of watercolor coming to life.

The world had secluded me from the rest,
A boy abandoned in the kingdom of green.
For a moment time felt still in silence,
And then, I smiled.

Colossal brown giants filled the horizon with occasional specks of green,
The austere shoulders of earth carried the weight of the spectral, strenuous sky.
The peaks extended their necks in excitement and kissed the beryl blue skies,
Oh, how could one believe this luxury?

The sound of the mellifluous chorus of the harmonious, twittering birds blessed my ears,
A baffling presence of something exquisite; I turn,
Passionate Buffy Laughing thrushes wink at me as they fly by,
My butterfly heart fluttered with an unknown bliss;
My cheeks blushed like that of a schoolgirl.

My feet drowned themselves eagerly in the Springs of Youth,
Oozing warm water rippled around the edges.
Was this where Emperor Huang Di became younger?
Remnants of history shivered within my blood.

Floating clouds enwrapped the craggy mountain ridges in a warm hug,
Was that the famed Bright Top reaching high in its mightiness?
Ballerinas of beauty twirled gracefully under the beaming daughter of the sky,
The delicate hands of inspiration intertwined swiftly against my cold ones.

My crooked shoes found themselves slipping off the moist stones,
I stopped as my eyes became the artist viewing his masterpiece.
My stubby legs throbbed and screamed in agony,
But that hardly mattered now.

Lost in and about the green,
The Immortal Showing the Way stood on the edge,
A certain liveliness erupted within the stone itself,
As if any moment Han would appear and show me the way.

My vision blurred;
The picturesque scenery unfolded slowly before me,
The sky was an elegant necklace of sapphire and amber,
The sweet hyphens of the mountain blues raced against each other.

Almost abruptly I felt someone call my name; I turned,
Befuddling. Bewildering. Majestic. Paradise. Ecstasy. Hope.
An ethereal circular glow mixed with colors of the rainbow,
Surely a plucked piece of heaven itself,
The shine of Buddha's Light illuminated the darkness.

A crackle from beneath the woody twigs,
Curiosity unraveled slowly within me,
A glimpse of something fiery red and yellow caught my attention,
What possibly lurked beneath the earth's shadows?

Perhaps the ferocious and famed Huangshanlong,
Ready to change the world with its dominance,
Or even a bold, majestic phoenix,
Spreading its phenomenal, scaly wings into the light.

A hearty laugh sneakily escaped my moist lips,
A burning sensation to scream overtakes my soul,
Before the splendor would devour me whole.
Nothing could ever be compared to Huangshan, the mighty yellow,
Now I truly understand what Xu Xiake felt.

I sat down by the Monkey Watching the Sea,
The lungs of nature breathed with me, as if consoling me,
The once cold wind tickled the rim of my ears softly; a cat's purring.
For never, had I felt this alive.

Perhaps the prodigious Li Bai had once sat here too,
With an empty scroll in one hand and an ink brush in the other,
Pondering the existence of the beauty of the mountains,
Ideas buzzing in his head like the harmony of bees.

My once softened hands clasped the ink brush tightly,
A blistering thrill surged through my soul; a cherishing passion.
The crushed paper of words began to crinkle open ever so gently,
My hands glided smoothly across the paper;
A night ship sailing across the tamed blues.

I began writing about everything I had seen,
Something about the place held me magically bound,
For its grace was unmatched to anything known to the world.

The man whose poignancy was engulfed by the dancing mountains,
The man whose feathers of hope had fallen to the ground;
Only for the angels of happiness to rise above the green,
This was my story.

The tale of I, Li Huang,
A man who had once been intoxicated by monotony,
And the man Huangshan had resurrected from the ashes by
introducing all the brightness there is in the world.

Musings of A Mountain

Singapore International School, Boey Jun Xin – 15

At the beginning I was nothing
But soft soil and pebbles.
Until the Emperor¹ came
And my name was born
From the ashes he was made immune in.

I saw the rise of different tribes
That inhabited the land around me.
The clashing and clanging of their swords
Echoed through my then youthful valleys

I witnessed the change in dynasties.
As the leaves on my trees grew and withered,
So did they rise and fall.
And with every winter that passed,
I saw the development and complexity of men.

Then came the Qing dynasty,
The one to end them all.
I should have known the anger boiling,
Boiling inside me
As opium flooded the plains I called home,
Made men delirious with delusions
Caught up in the mirage of the life it offered them.

Even I was not spared from its effects
And soon birds who dwelled amongst my trees
Could not tell one chang² from one li³.

Thus the long line of dynasties ended
But there was not yet peace.
The time of great divide had come.

I should have known the sadness churning,
Churning in me
With the cultural revolution that resulted
From the rising of the Red Guard⁴
People who looked the same,
Could have called each other brothers, sisters
Setting upon one another,
Drawing blood,
Tearing each other apart.

I stood witness to their last breath
Blown away on the lonely wind
And their blood
Stained on the fine green blanket of mine
And I could do nothing,
But offer my silent companionship,
Hoped my tall peaks provided them
A memory of happier days.

Finally, the bloodshed halted
An awkward truce reached
And once again my monkey⁵
Gazed upon calm seas.

For many years I saw land
Prosper and grow.
Animals lived peacefully,
Saplings which had been with me from the start,
Grew even wiser in their old age,
Their branches thick and knobbly,
Leaves a rustic green.

But as they say,
A period of peace
Only foreshadows more war
And soon we were fighting again.

This battle was different,
We were at war with a virus
And again men were dying
As it ate their lungs
Grew fat on the oxygen they inhaled.

Yet we were undefeated
And the roars of the people
Shouting jiyau, jiyau⁶
Sent tremors through my craggy cliffs

I too bellowed with them,
Sang my war cry in the wind
Hung my flag on the branches
Sharpened my boulders into mighty spears
And at long last,
We drove it down,
Kept it contained.

So you see,
I am not just aged rock.
In my valleys hold
The untold stories of heroes
In my caves hear
The cry of triumph and victory
In me feel
The beating of our history.

Notes:

emperor¹ – The Yellow Emperor, whose pill, made from various herbs on Huangshan, made him immortal

chang², li³ – Ancient Chinese units of Measurements

Red Guard⁴ – student movement in China during the cultural revolution, known in Chinese as 红卫兵

my monkey⁵ – Famous rock on Huangshan named “Monkey watching The Sea – 猴子观海”

jiayou⁶ – Chinese term of encouragement, meaning “stay strong”

Tales from China's Magical Mountains

Singapore International School, Wong, Andrew – 15

your feet flicker to a halt.
we stand swaying idly,
together,
like sputtering flames stroking the curtain of winter
whispers.
sweat utters from your murmuring pores,
coating frigid flesh in an
instant
as it splits the surface.
we stand together,
having existed on, traversed, and explored
this peculiar Path
that seemingly
breathes no Beginning,
and heeds no End.

but in a single heartbeat,
my senses adjourn from reality,
the premonition of your stagnant
heartbeat
bleeding into me
like the dull starlight
dissipating from above.
the End is in sight,
for the Path we share
begins pirouetting into the ashen
yet lucent veil of mist
that carelessly shrouds the Inevitable mountain peak –
a craggy silhouette finally unsheathing itself,
beckoning us towards the heavens.

i have no doubt
that The Time will come,
as all times do,
when we wistfully crest
the mountain top,
and must depart from within each other.
but as i subsist in this delicate film of time,
refusing to grasp this unsurprising revelation,
i birth a pulsing ache
of sudden benevolence towards you,
so raw in its intensities,
yet simmering in painful nostalgia.
an ache only now
do i recognise in you too.
a lifelong ache of heartburn, of degrading joints,
from being battered by
this mostly unforgiving universe.
now i understand

that in time,
i can,
and i should
finally let you go...

rest.

when you eventually begin
to rot gracefully in the open arms of nature,
crumbling like sand
and dissolving into ice-encrusted boulders,
i will have drifted away
acceptingly,
returning to the radiant nebula of stardust that birthed us both,
to witness from up above
the new beginning,
as you breathe green life
and newfound warmth into this mountain top —

just as you breathed life
and bestowed a perpetual purpose
upon me.

The Muse

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Cheuk, Tui Yau Kinnia – 16

why do you lead them on, my muse?

the woodland haze emblazons my glazed fleece
as i traipse yet again into the realm
with clashing hoots of surfeit praise that ring
behind my back, indulgent mob of fools.

do not forget, i am where you belong.

the glade is humming vibrantly today
with musky air that buzzes full in mirth.
a moon has reaped since i first came to see
peculiar, seeping growth beneath the mead.

it is time.

a crunch of chips disrupts the symphony
and sadly, tourists they do not perceive
the calm that blankets you when sparrows glide
across the scarlet sky where clouds repose

atop the jaded canopy of pine
adorned with dew that shimmer in the sun,
tiara which no man dare replicate;
but cheeky pixies do sew their own crowns

in peonies and lotuses galore
and reindeer strut about in utmost pride,
i am your king, they neigh with heads held high —
no, they do not perceive, they do not know

the land.

come to me, we are almost there.

my battered pipa gently grazes me,
my soul preparing for the custom *whoosh*
as chords resound within the mystic realm
the pentatonic rise, the seventh pause,

and all is well. do sing, my frayed silk strings,
do serenade the mighty forest shades,
for whilst i strum the myths of old
some harmonies would work wonders to charm:

“look here, the gleaming embers in our soil
which line the fertile bedding for our herbs
that cure all ill, no matter bod or heart —
these are the sacred ashes lingering

from when the Monkey King brought down the skies,
a heavn’ly golden kiln spilt sputt’ring fire
over the hilltop under your bare feet,
and so ’tis called the honoured Flaming Mount.

back then we burnt ferociously afloat
mass smould’ring flames, a steadfast barrier
that kept away the brave who sought and fought
to conquer miles of unknown land ahead.

the reason saplings grow anew today
aligns with why i gift my song in praise;
the grace that Princess Iron Fan bestows
unfailingly upon our land.”

whirlwind, a blessing, as always.

“when June arrives, the whirlwinds rise among
the weeds. they are the Iron Fan’s offspring
who cease the reigniting of the ash
in frenzied waltz and calming aftermath.

although the sun has risen on the third
of June this morn and tis the first time She
has not arrived; i do not fear for She
is always near and never fails to bless —

our — land — “

“

i am here, my muse. it is time.

Princess, your muse is here at your command.

i sense foul disrespect on my territory.

these years have brought to us a swarm of men
so ignorant, so eager to destroy
yet they mean well, i know, my dear Princess.

if they mean well, they must understand.

it is time. the fabric of our land is far too vulnerable.

i cannot bear to feel the wear and tear on my heartstrings;

they are one with the veins and anchored to the core of this very land.

i understand.

now go, dear muse.

carry out your duty, for though it is hard, it is more sacred than they can ever fathom.

we have our pride, they have their own;

but pride and arrogance are of the same genesis.

„

my pipa shivers at the thought. three chords.

the first of harmony, the second strum

of peace, the third a crash of dissonance

reverberating in the lightning sky.

at last the thunderous gates collapse

and we sink away into ourselves

not from the world

but from the suffocating cinders of derision and ridicule.

one day, we will be reborn.

Ling Shi

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Chow, Kei Yin Audrey – 16

I speak on behalf of the *Ling Shi* Society of Huangshan.
There are many of us, I suppose.
Concealed in the mysteries of home, but
if you'd ever paid attention, you'd see,

Every once in a while,
I am startled from my slumber --
Man with an odd request
for time beyond eternity.

If you wanted directions to the highest peak,
If you wanted the tree with the best view of the sunrise,
That I could help you with, maybe even give you a tip or two.
(I even know how to brew the best wine!)

I cannot give you a passport to heaven.
I cannot give you an extension of your time.
I cannot give you what you want, sir,
You cannot wish upon a rock.

Who, you ask, prayed so incessantly?
Nowhere to be found
I have never seen the man again
But they say --

He has lifted the shackles of time and
lulled the essence of humanity!
Day bleeding into night but he breathes
together with the mountains and with us.

Ling Shi! They call me.
There is *Xian Qi* from the blessings of the Gods!
Apparently I can grant you a wish?
I am a gift and a blessing.

They come in swarms now.
Hushes, murmurs, whispers of greed and hunger.
Buzzing about me with their excited cries.
No, no, I am just a rock.

Father Above All

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Ho, Yan Ching Isabelle – 15

Let me tell you a story,
Not carved in stone nor paper,
Not recorded in China's eminent history.
This is my modest tale of the dragon
from China's magical mountains:

I was bred in an egg,
Nourished by the bitter chills of the sea,
Till I coughed my first breath of fire.
The shell shattered to pieces forming
The land you stand on now.

With a touch of my paw,
Flowers bloom and trees grow,
I own the gift of creation, all-mighty and transcendent.
A tear from my eye, the rain will pour;
A stomp of my foot, the Earth will shake.

From silt soil I created life,
Molded, shaped, new creatures every day.
From chickens to peacocks, mice to eagles,
Yet my best creation is you.

I breathed fire onto land,
And air into your lungs. All that trouble
Just to ensure your lives could sustain.
Now to answer the burning question in your heart:
why I hide behind the mist of China's magical mountains.

You have the audacity to ask! How DARE you.
Clouds sourly cry for your obnoxious deeds.
Fires no longer burn for passion in your heart.
Trees have cascaded into lifeless sheets. But
Your ravenous indulgence has only just been sparked.

You have ruined the planet I cultivated for you.
You have altered natural phenomenon that were once set in stone.
The world, once a fine tapestry I sewn, is
Now torn apart into fabrics and scraps.
Why should I watch my chattel rend?

China's magical mountains is my last safe abode,
The caves and the mist, where I hide from sore woe.
Don't disturb my tranquility, pleading for help.
Fathers cannot fortify their children forevermore –
I hear your days halting, and I wish not roam on Earth

Alone.

Believer

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Tam, Tiffany - 16

You angle your head
Up to heaven
Seeking my smudged
And distant figure

Settled in the
Cusp of the
Eastern province
Of Anhui

I am shrouded in
The silk of clouds
Adorned by wreaths
Of emerald green

Crowned by a
Halo of splendor
From the rising
Sun and casting me

Under the brightest
Of all lights
Outshining the
Shadows at my feet

As I wonder
And ponder
What it is you seek
From my rich and

Plentiful depths
Holding secrets
Far beyond your
Finite reach

But you dream
And dream
Of wondrous myths and
Fantastic legends

Of blissful life
And sweet escape
Of wispy winds
And ancient paths

Worn down by
Generations and
Generations of
Your kind.

You cannot help but
Be drawn to me
To unfurl the
Mysteries sitting

Behind this cloudy
Screen of times
Past like a river
That never stops

Flowing with life
So painfully beautiful
Painted with the
Allure of magic

That throbs deep
Within my cavernous
Expanse and
Runs through

My glowing veins
And jagged soul
That stands long
And strong.

Now I see you
An overwhelming
Speck on the ground
With your arm

Stretching to my
Looming shadow
Tangible as the fog
That slips between

Your open fingers
Trying to drink in
The grandeur of
My presence.

Your face is set
With the determination
Of unyielding stone
And undying spirit

When hearing
My solemn, gentle
Whisper telling you
To *believe*

And maybe one day
You will see--
The soaring dragons
Above my celestial peak
The flourishing flowers
Studding lush leaves
The arching pines
Straining skyward
The thunderous falls
So spirited, so spirited
All indicative of
The well of magic that
Lies within me.

Don't Let Me Go

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Yau, Christian Edward – 16

(Inspired by the fable of “The Foolish Old Man Removes the Mountains”)

The Eastern Hills provide more sweetness
for settlement. I am envious.
Yet an old man lives at my doorstep,
For days he walks around me, near breathless.

He stands alone; I sway at him —
he does not wave back. His eyes, grim,
hollowed-in, aged, yet still young with
a dangerous spark of Determination.

His descendants are legion;
he is Abraham and I his lamb.
Shouts and barrows go back and forth,
for days I have tasted nothing but iron.

Motionless, I dutifully stay,
guarding my treasure, Wong. We outweigh
the Palace; we tower above
storms; our bodies are one stockade.

Full moon fell but thrice before
The night fog clouded me from *mon amour*.
I am blinded from the stars by
the lanterns and fires beneath my roof.

You send two giants, heavy but graceful,
Fat-swans, Fall-leaves, Fine-iron,
Hardened-steel. They lift me as a mother
lifts a new-born child. I stand still.

We are separated, an eternity broken
by a house of lies. We take our place
in the sky, element within element.
Silently we are smothered, choked with air.

The octogenarian lies among narcissi,
His breath brought gently to my ears
By the northern wind. The land below me
glistens like gold. *Don't let me go.*

Poetry

Group 5



The Elixir, Attained

American International School, Chaudhuri, Aishani – 15

She remembers her mother
telling her of *immortals*
with *black top knots*,
weathered monarchs
lording over realms;
she heard of them enough that, in
her earliest fantasies, she teased from them
kindly smiles that held
history's wisdom and promises of
elusive peace.
Those were her first dreams—
the ones that came after held
little importance, but they brought down
clouds to wreath the
peaks and veil
the great Yellow Mountains,
until she was left with
only wisps of memories that
her outstretched fingers could
never quite grasp.

Years later, with the taste of sorrow and
burden fresh on her
tongue, she sought out
the laps that had cradled
her in sweeter
days;
it was a homecoming, each
step a beckon—
the spirits called, in the
wind that tugged on her hair and
the leaves that reached out to
brush her arm.
The summons, were they for her?
For a figure so
insurmountably humbled, so
incongruous
amidst the thrumming vitality
of divine creation?
They were; they always
had been, the very words that promised
her wisdom and granted her
peace when she little
needed it.
There was no
conquering mountains, that day—
only a girl,
her people,
and understanding.

She remembers her mother
telling her of *immortals*
with *black top knots*,
and her ink carries
those words into
eternity.

The Scenic Route

American International School, Wang, Ashlynn – 17

the scenic route

the journey ascends skywards
requiring the lift of a foot
if I wanted to know you better
there was no use to stay put

sorrow dissolved in autumn breeze
a faint smell of rain in air
years, lustrums, decades of weathering
had clouded the sky with despair

a whisper lured my eyes
to notice the easy method up
a safety bubble— a cable car
the sheltering shortcut

pine needles of reality
prodded through my sleeve
if I chose the untaken path
I won't arrive till eve

your fickle mood began to show
as your weeping paused
I took this as a welcoming note
to wander, to drift, and be lost

rhythmic strides blended with
the notes of an avian tune
my breath was sharp, like icicles
as the cold sunlight continued to loom

as I climbed up I spoke to you
about my past and birth
a mutual understanding gradually formed
as you answered through the earth

your name signified yellow
and was a gift from the past
your face was masked by an ocean of clouds
with emotions I couldn't grasp

your height was from the 36 peaks
an enchantingly dangerous view
your wisdom was from the people
whom resided in villages of bamboo

your beauty was beyond spectacular
bringing me to my knees
your soul contained an ethereal glow
with secrets that lies beneath

your reputation flows through the rivers
carrying poems and songs of praise
your legacy is spread by travelers
who leave with an awestruck gaze

the journey that ascended
skywards
brought euphoric tears in the
end
I'm grateful for taking the
scenic route,
and meeting you, my friend.

Savage

Canadian International School, Cheung, Justin – 16

They call me the savage that is rotting far away

These are faint whispers that echo tremendously in the empty valleys of seclusion.

The silence kills and rips me apart

And these voices manifest into corruption.

But stone walls only awaken my voice

While their walls drain and crush their spirit

I live in seclusion while

They tear one another's spirits apart to survive in the

Home

They built.

Yet the taboo to escape. Leave. Flee. Run.

Wuthering heights, the gales swirl and convolutes with the aroma of sweet pine.

They whistle along empty canyons

And sacred caves.

Blooming flowers of white, the phantoms of the past whisper and stroll.

The dew streams into the morning mist

And touches glacial frost.

They cast reflections of humanity upon this primal landscape.

High above civilization,

The birdsong my rhythm, the ocean high above my canvas.

I am

Home.

Gaze far enough into the mist

and the mist gazes back,

And drills into your soul and calls forth a flutter of passion

Two

Lone

Shadows.

Irises that gaze and ponder upon the soul.

A palm reaches out and rests upon a shoulder.

"You are not meant for this world"

A drop of reflection.

Two years.

Yet in the suffering there is beauty, there is purity.

I ponder but I am not dazed.

I wander but I am not lost.

Indeed, they call me the savage that is rotting far away...

Stories Foretold

Canadian International School, Erikson, Skye – 16

From the peaks,
All and nothing was told
And recounted
In a spiral of inquiries
And moments

A symphony of music,
Told in the dead silence of night
Crash through the euphoric stillness,
Seas of harmonic waves
Setting the sky on fire

Etched into the sky
Were scars of stories and songs
Long forgotten,
But still told
By those who remembered

In the peaks and valleys,
Creatures danced and galloped,
Stopping only for precious baths
Of sun or moonlight
As if pleasantly frozen
In time

In the fog,
Whispers loomed and sang
To unsuspecting ears and minds,
Bringing those ever deeper
Into hidden secrets
Of folded earth and stone

Trees crooked and bent
Like the backs of old men
Were outgrown
By those who stood tall,
But the tales still remained,
Strong and everlasting
Like the caves in which
Air simply stopped

Stagnant and still,
The mountains lay
As the fabrication of history unfolded,
And its morals sat bare
Upon heaps of paper and ink,
Running through the pages
As if seeking
The next story

Where the Wind Carries You

Canadian International School, Naujoks, Angelina – 16

Young girl,
pigtails dancing in the mountainous breeze.
Lonely, reflective
basking in the last rays of the day
which baptize the calloused rocks
with golden light,
casting it's regenerating magic.

Gazing out she admires
the majesty of the mountains
throning above the clouds,
as if mocking god's decision to create
the tiny creatures called humans.

Her still wrinkle free hands grasp the air,
so crisp, unpolluted
by humanity's strange desire for destruction.

She loves her home— Huangshan,
an intersection
where humanity and nature become inseparable.
Sneering faces, hidden behind stoic rock,
washed out with age, creating cascading folds
interrupted by jagged edges.
What lies beneath the mask?

She wonders.

And then she hears,
distinguishing itself from the roaring silence
a euphony of voices—
they whisper their testimonies
light as a breath, drenched in history.

It's the eternal cycle, of bloodshed and conflict,
then reconciliation.
Followed by more conflict.

It's two lovers, one leaning for a kiss,
the other pretending to be preoccupied.

It's the poets, inundated with cynicism
egos filled to the brim.

It's the death of wise men
leaving behind grieving widows.

And it's the little girls, naive with hope.
The wind will carry them far.

Apocalypse Asylum

ESF Island School, Chiu, Deborah – 16

When our sun ceases to exist;
When the stinging silence screams back;

When
wars rupture and dissipate
like beads of rain, acid rain:
that erupt into the soil;
Corroding and full of greed;

When our pride trembles to the ache,
with
a piercing whimper they don't hear;

When time's fingertips clutch onto
every
heavy atom of our chests;

We'll run across *the Yellow Mountains*
un-destroyed, and un-destroyable.

Slipping into history-drenched haze
of a billion beginnings.
This haze, from a world so fragile—
that my hands, they quiver with awe.
Gist of rays blurring, flickering,
soaked in the crux of our pupils.

Watch as the trees pulse to a melody.
Taste
the breeze that reclaim our identity.

Now what's left lingering
is a whispering ring,
in the misty mornings:

of shivering wrongs in empty lungs,
and
untold rights that fight with jaws clenched tight.

We will then feel our mouths scorch with desire
as we breathe the promises of *Huang Di*.
We'll—
ignite the torch with only our tongues.

Standing atop *Huangshan's* peak,
different voices find the same shriek.
Raging wails for peace, for truce;

We'll—
scream until they know what we mean.
We'll—
ache until they know what it takes,

because soon, someday,
when they start to ache
for another chance

to smile so hard it stings,
to hear the frail earth sing,
and watch the world pass by;

and maybe then, they'll hear this cry..
when we watch the death of our sun;

A Blight so Daft and Deathless

ESF Island School, To, Chit Yu – 16

AD 747,

Huangshan stood in all its splendour
Till it came, the savage wrecker —
Tian zi, wannabe immortal clad
in robes, gilded, hefty bronze,
yet still he yearned for more.
He tore, ravaged, silenced, crippled;
tusks, pelts, limbs, bark, turf, he filched ‘em all,
jades shattered, smashed into smithereens,
pulverised, liquefied, diluted,
downed all in a draught
— certified life-extender —
with all his imperial might.
(or, more specifically,
soul-reviver.
So more fool him, the daft, the greedy,
He, who paid the price.)

Hence he lay, buried in grit,
rotting, shackled,
in the midst of those he wronged.
“*Resurgam*,” he breathed, afore he spoiled, lungs and corpse and all.

Now,
unshackled,
he rose, unhindered, donned on fleshy garb.
Its neck, wreathed with pleated wrinkles stretched —
and stretched, until dawnlight spilled upon its scabrous back.
It knifed past roiling, tumbling clouds, swift as ever, awash
with light, with lingering inklings, forgotten woes,
past noble crests, mist-girdled, unyielding.
Brows furrowed. It squinted, sifted,
in befuddled, vexed
vain.

Ire stoked,
its great jaws tore the mist asunder,
baring fellow statues, crooked, brooding on flattened crowns;
vile scowls downcast, once culpable, rightly shamed;
brimming now with regrets as hard — as cold as flint.
Down sank its scarred heart,
raw with grief, unbidden,
and silent, sharp-edged
pain.

Dread stirred,
it descended, deftly, set, tailing
meandering brooks, lithe, oddly familiar;
beheld lush verdure, blossoms, unsullied, quaint beauties;
and bore witness to how boles of pine, scabbed, plunged into leafless slumber,
saw brambles, stripped of their thorns, crushed;
storks, wings clipped, trodden,
a hornless stag, maimed.
Guilt gnawed, oddly,
all wrath and bile
slain.

Who, pray tell, sowed such seeds, blights, so harsh and crudely lain?

Embers snuffed,
It listened, sobered, paid heed to the mountain's gale
roaming fitful, ceaseless, amongst the soughing trees.
Thrawn talons dug, spoilt soil, strained — thunk.
Wrought with roots, gnarled, worn and sere;
a slab of marble shone, pallid, yet sincere:
Rest thee, cursed, bane of the mountain
— *Resurgam* —
Shock, then
déjà vu.

Ascension

ESF Sha Tin College, Chan, Cyrus – 17

“Up where the lotus flower blooms, lies life’s secret.” Or so the legend foretold.
Like a mantra, the traveller devotedly recited the legend, completely enraptured –
But then, the utterances came to a murmur. His mantra, disrupted.

Behind the clouds and mist the earth rumbled to life,
Pines trees weaved between the swirling sea of white, as it filled every crevice in its shroud
Granite peaks emerged from the perpetual sea, piercing its surface reaching for the skies.

The ground reverberated with an underlying hum, gently shaking the traveller's rucksack –
Snapping him out of a trance. Now, only those peaks were stopping his advance.
His pilgrimage was beginning.

The mountains were unforgiving, the mist growing heavier and heavier with each step.
Wading in the swirling sea, the white tendrils snatched at the traveller
as he slowly succumbed to those lifeless, soulless, stone pillars

His mantra, no longer a beacon of focus –
became a cry for his sanity, as the mountain continued its torment.
As his strength waned – a light – in the distance.

Gravel slipped and shifted beneath his feet,
cutting calluses along the ridges, as he wandered on
his will flickering as the light still released its incandescence

There it was, the gap was closing.
Just beyond that light, upon the peak
was Lianhua, unwavering in its grandeur.

Perched atop, the lotus was in full bloom,
petals imbued with an ambrosial scent
and a delicate, rosy gleam.

Yet to the traveller it looked,
mundane. Like its glamour
had been washed away

The mantra had been his lifeblood,
yet there was no secret,
no answer for the traveller

Instead he had suffered,
endured nature’s torment

For what?

To reach the pinnacle, yet come
empty handed?

To yearn for more?

And then, in a moment of epiphany
like the mist had been lifted

He had found it.

Encompassed by Beauty

ESF West Island School, Donaldson, Armelle – 17

We sweep the dusty caked path with our straw sandals.
Crickets twitter behind sleeping rice fields in the cool tranquility of dawn.
Not a whisper of wind. Leaves
unstirred.
Her baby hands clench mine and we make for the waking sun.

With each step, our little village grows smaller.
We gaze languidly down at lush green tea fields that clothe the valley in a light earthy fragrance.
Branches crackle and we giggle at the baby macaques scampering up the trees.
Mischievous as monkeys.
The singing of rosefinches echoes across the vale as we venture deeper into blankets of mist
draping over the mountaintops,
smooth, plane.

Around us shards of sunlight
break through the blush pink petals of a plum blossom tree.
A tender wind rattles her flowers onto the motionless lake below. Spinning petals perturb
a perfect mirror.
Twisted faces of two village girls stare back.
Engulfed in pungent flowery aroma, we lie beneath the tree on fresh mossy earth.
Watching. Listening.

Like delicate strokes of a brush, fishermen glide
on smooth pages of water, balanced on narrow bamboo canoes.
Cinnamon skin and searching eyes.
Ripples disperse as their poles stab the still surface. Their
wide-brimmed conical hats shade their wrinkled faces
darkened by decades under the sun.

Enveloped in this mountainous haven,
encompassed by beauty,
we watch
their movements
spellbound by the gentle lapping of water.

The First Emperor

International College Hong Kong, Cheuk, Jessie – 16

A lone man gazed

Up.

Towards the mountain,

towards the endless opportunity that flitted, just out of reach.

He knew the path, it was instinct. Yet

A tug, an invisible cord at the nape gave him pause.

The constant sobering reminder, perhaps of his humanity.

Laboured breaths became fog as he began his ascent,

straining against the limits self-imposed

In the blooms of twilight,

Smoky silhouette bent under the gaze of eternal judgement. Considering. Waiting.

Yí bù, liáng bù, sān bù¹.

The solitary figure moved ever forward, stumbling and falling,

Mind never faltering as he continued upwards,

into the woods.

Branches wove and stretched, obscuring

Sun, powerful energy rendered mute by the forest.

Still he continued,

A wraith drifting across the surface of the earth, foggy substance hazy against foliage.

The woods listened, the unspoken fears, doubts and exhaustion ringing

Breathed, as it soaked in this and more. Memories,

of past, present and future, conjured and vanished, immortalised

forever in the crevices of bark, the veins of leaves.

Lives that came before,

Paths not chosen and abandoned, opportunities not taken. He gave all

willingly to the forest,

(it was only fair),

venturing deeper,

Higher.

Yí bù, liáng bù, sān bù.

Closer, now.

He journeyed past towering rocks, the frozen monkey,

Shadows slithering across sloping ground as he passed,

Serpentine movements encircling.

The faint flash of amber,

Ancient guardians stirring awake,

Watching, allowing his continued ascent.

¹ The Chinese pinyin meaning “one step, two steps, three steps” (一步，兩步，三步)

Watched, as the path he carved bent and straightened, twisted and smoothed.
The dip of Shandong, protrusion of Tibet.
Watched, as he nearly fell, a sharp incline.
Stumbled almost, a canyon of jagged rocks.
The curved harbour of Tianjin, Tiger Leaping Gorge of Yunnan.
Crossing a final yawning chasm, he bridged the mountain to the heavens.
Young buds blossomed in his path, sharp Bengal Crimsons², the fragile peony³.
Outline barely visible now, he whispered past the edge,
The immortal first emperor, sailing where the sea met the sky, towards the
Dawn.

² Bengal Crimsons, the provincial flowers of Anhui, where Huangshan is located

³ Peony, widely regarded as the national flower of China

Permanence

International School of Beijing, Chen, Lynn – 16

Here,
perched at the
top and watching at the
bare crag.
Light flows down the mountain's
bare flanks revealing sleeping houses,
and prickly-green pagodas
at the ticking of the clockwork sun;
like the coiling and swollen mist,
that is a grey river holding
maximum moisture
and softening the jagged peaks
and steeping the village foot in a finer blur;
also belltowers of contortionist limestone
and brittle looking apartment flats bruised blue
by shadows are washing against the grey foam and tide.

an ancient sea-level is restored,
Atlantis at the other end of the world,
A city of people turned petrified stone.

you realize everything's not the bright
scenery we've been conditioned to see from waxy
travel guides, and an inspiring image search on Google,
but what's unfiltered once spoke to people here and perhaps
the greys, browns, and beiges then reminded a certain
ordinariness, and no matter what heights we go, we can't escape
our dribbled poetry on the ground. We see it in their names of trees:

Love; *The Couple* pine and the "o" for the ring we fit on our fingers for love
Hospitality; kindness for strangers like the *Greeting-guests* pine and *Seeing-out-guest* pine
Fear; the *Black tiger* pine that broods low in the dark cavities of our chest
Hope; a warmth to sustain long winters, a *Leading* pine to take us safely out all storms.

the old poets saw their poetry in these mountains and carved them down.
their skin will shrink and their bones will decompose, but the rocks will last.
But maybe they decided to live here permanently too.

and maybe that's why, perched at the same precipice
ages ago, when the first emperor that tried
to brew a potion for immortal life,
to steal what other's had for strife,
his skin turned stone, his head grew cold,
and a death fell upon him like a knife.

Sleeping to Wake

Kiangsu Chekiang College International Section, Hauschildt, Sophia – 16

Seasons come and seasons go
A never-ending, repeating flow
High atop the mountain cold
The sun is seen and shines gold

Spring wakes anew.
Revealing the new and clear,
Lulling life and dew,
Wiping away old tears.

Summer brings a kiss.
The warmth of the sun
Whisks away the eyes of mist.
Unveiling what is easily missed.

Fall is falling asleep.
New fades and becomes old.
Warm in their keep,
Finally letting of what they hold.

Winter is time,
Shining with crystal rime.
Healing wounds with refreshing snow,
And old awakens new to grow.

Sing to old dusk for a new dawn,
Heralding a new bright day.
Life is a change of seasons, always moving on.
We blossom from old burdens that left away,
And flourish from what has gone.
So let go of what hinders and witness the light of a new day.

A Long Time Ago...

Kiangsu Chekiang College International Section, Iyer, Calvin – 18

Beyond the enclosures of ancient stone walls
That carried the whispers of emperors past
Striking stone edifices, half as old as time itself
Recorded by the poets and the artists on silk
Brocade, on ink on white paper

A long time ago when the earth was green as jade
When the emperors wore robes of gold and silk
Their peaks and crests, decorated in mossy embroidery
And veils of snow and lilac mist
Mysterious and foreboding, the abode of the gods

Golden gingko trees within temple grounds
And silver paneled pagodas, dotting the side of the mountains
Veiled in mystery, strength, and protection of this ancient cradle of life
Each mountain, crest, and peak shall wear down

But remain against the test of time.

Serenity

Kiangsu Chekiang College International Section, Nguyen, Trinity – 16

Take me to the mountains where all the poets want to die.
Fly me across the clouds and show me
How the dragons ricochet off to eternal bliss.
But before I go, let me say a prayer of gratitude
For each chink in my armour.

Isn't it romantic how we could spend our lives
Running barefoot on endless stone stairs with our hearts tied?
Under the curtains of pine trees looks like the perfect place to cry.
We could carve our initials on the walls.
Let it grow with the trees until the world falls.

These mountains gathered here
In heart-stopping echos of folklore.
A place deep in my bones
I call seventh heaven.
A place of tranquility and synchronicity
I call my sacred oasis, my nirvana.
A place of the birth of poems.
I call my religion.

I know you'd never take chances.
I never learn.
Bridges burned.
But this time I'll make it right.
I'd build a castle just to keep you warm
In these perilous nights.

We speak a secret language that will forever linger in these mists.
Long live, the poems we'd write,
Magic we'd make.
And in the last of days,
May our bodies be cloaked with vines intertwined.
May the stairs we walked through
Be decked with memories.

Some day, we will be remembered.

Nocturne of the Tian Du Feng

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Cho, Ming Lok Jessie – 17

Crickets cry crowing lullabies, the heartless knaves
Mocking a lonesome lovebird, blue-bodied, bitter beak
Fluting an elegy ashen to the ear—
In this mist stalks a grating serenity.

A willow gutted to the vein, I
Weep, wetting porcelain pieced from jagged shards,
Savouring the sweet-smelling inks bleeding slowly from
The festering scar in this orphan's soul.

Colourless aurora crawls as frost on flooring.
Gazing into the belladonna sky's milky eye,
Cold smile a deer's horn—take pity,
Alight your blade upon this scurvy self.

Fleet-footed, flickering, this fruitless hunt an opiate,
Your shivering shadows writhe like rabbits, like
Wily smog that slithers and slips, like
Blistering carps in ponds of liquid jade.

Pair of bat's eyes close sightless while
Solitude, my one companion, guides me chidingly
To a noose of soft black silk
Embroidered by the nettle of your demise.

Ascension

ESF Sha Tin College, Chan, Cyrus – 17

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But then, the utterances came to a murmur. His mantra, disrupted.

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The ground reverberated with an underlying hum, gently shaking the traveller's rucksack –
Snapping him out of a trance. Now, only those peaks were stopping his advance.
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May the stairs we walked through
Be decked with memories.

Some day, we will be remembered.

Poetry

Group 6



Magical Mountain

Korean International School Springboard, Chen, Ue – 12

Mountain
Foggy hot
Climb run move
Snow cloud sun trees
Mountain is cold and hot
Run bike climb, the mountain serves

Magical Mountain

Korean International School Springboard, Cheung, Charlize – 12

Volcano
Fresh romantic
Explode, erupt move
Loud noise, heavy shake
Old man with white hair
Waiting for his children to come home
It is sad to see it there

Off We Go To The Mountains!

Korean International School Springboard, Choi, Mattea – 12

Mountain
Mysterious stormy
Seeing climbing hiking
Windy cold steep scary climb
Let's go hiking with our family
It's peaceful triangular calm majestic magnificent

Magical Mountain

Korean International School Springboard, Leung, Darren – 13

Peak
Strange terrific
Hike walk climb
People trees snow animals
The peak is very pointy
It is steep and snow white
The peak looks calm but also lonely

Magical Mountain

Korean International School Springboard, Ryna, Ffion – 12

Mountain
Windy wild
Running hiking climbing
Quiet rocky holy steep
It's windy wild and dark
The dragon lives on the mountain
I feel scared walking on the mountain.



Poetry

Group 7

Mountain Senses

Korean International School Springboard, Kwan, Jordan – 14

It taste like a green leafy vegetable
It smells like moss
It looks like a sharp slope
It sounds like wind blowing in all different directions
It feels like you are on the top of the world.

Magical Mountain

Korean International School Springboard, Lin, Adrian – 15

The mountain is green.
It tastes like vegetables.
It sounds like the howling wind.
It smells like moist air.
It looks as tall as The Shard in London, England.
It makes me feel a bit scared when I go on it.

Magical Mountain

Korean International School Springboard, Tang, Adrienne – 16

The
Mountain
Stood so vast and tall,
looking down upon us all.
His snowy peaks glistened like diamonds
in the light, making a beautiful valley shine so bright.
The Mountain wished to be small and green, the tiny hills were
cruel and mean. Until one sunny day, a group of villagers came to stay.
They made their homes from rocks and wood, they planted seeds within the mud.
The villagers' children love their new home, among the trees where the snow leopards
roam. The nasty hills were jealous and mad, and the big old mountain was no longer sad.
For he realised he would no longer be alone because he was the welcoming Mountain, made from stone.