

Poetry

Group 1



The Silk Road

ESF Quarry Bay School, Ho, Ethan – 7

A simple road in the beginning,
But it gives the world a lot of meaning,
To connect people who are worth seeing,
And gives us the feelings that they are worth in the waiting.

Soon the Silk Road became very famous,
To open a way of being generous,
Many people from other countries become adventurous,
To see the beauty of China that makes them curious,
But in real life it's the love of the people that is precious.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

ESF Renaissance College, Ho, Ally – 7

Bold merchants sail on sapphire sea,
With jewels and sparkly diamonds ever so rare,
They trade flavourful spices and gold all along the road,
Where the legendary stories go.

Friends around the world meet on the road,
Sharing recipes as they go,
Sweet herbal tea and pulpy figs,
Moving forward for the adventures ahead.

Planes soar as phones bring cheer,
While silk is traded from far and near,
Figs and tea cross lands in a blink,
Yet hearts remain the strongest link.

The New Tales of China's Silk Road

ESF Renaissance College, Lander, Lewis – 7

Sometime long long ago
In a place that was called Silk Road
Lots of people worked together
Keeping up trading with each other

Routes full of silk, spices and much more
Often travelers came from lands near and far
And lots of countries formed the Silk Road
Day by day goods were traded from around the globe

New Tales of China's Silk Road

ESF Renaissance College, Law, Josh – 7

Some Chinese merchants explored a trade route by connecting East and West
In Han Dynasty. That route
Linked up with Asia, Europe and Africa. It
Kept exchanging goods, ideas and culture for more than 1,700 years. A big plan
Revived in 2013, it was known as New Silk Road or
One Belt One Road by connecting countries with roads, railways and sea route.
As before, the New Silk Road keeps bringing goods, ideas and culture together
Day by day.

Journey of Wonders

German Swiss International School, Zhong, Ethan – 8

Merchants traveled on the Silk Road,
To trade fine fabrics and tales of old.
But that's not all—listen and see,
They also discovered the yummiest tea!

Traders came from lands far and wide,
But on the road, they felt terrified.
For traveling to China took courage and care,
With surprises and challenges waiting everywhere!

The path was long, and the route was dry,
With bandits lurking both low and high.
There were creatures that were utterly grotesque,
But the traders pressed on, undaunted, no less.
A journey of wonders, far from home,
Where tales were spun and dreams would roam!

The Silk Road

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Hao, Michelle – 6

It's a long time history,
For me, it's a bit of a mystery.
Silk Road's magic, oh so fun,
Bring a journey for everyone.
The best way to trade goods and foods,
Perfect to connect the west and the east.

China Silk Road

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Kan, Alden – 5

C amels stomping,
H orses galloping,
I nto sandy golden deserts and over slopy sparkly hills.
N oble sleepy pyramids
A lways guarded by scary angry snakes.

S mooth colourful Chinese silk,
I n exchange for healthy Indian milk.
L ovely children jumping high,
K ites soaring into the clear blue sky.

R un, skip, hop
O n the bumpy road to the West.
A mazing toys in an enormous treasure chest –
D ream, play, pop!!!!!!

Korea's Journey to China

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Mok, Caden – 7

From the mountains of Korea,
A silk trader had an idea.
To cross the raging river,
With his silk goods to deliver.

He packed some polished silver,
To trade across that torrential river.
Arriving in ancient China,
He heard the sound of a Tinya.

Seeing the Chinese Silk Road,
The trader took out his silver which glowed.
He bought some silk from the Silk Road,
Then headed back, feeling cold.

There the silk trader showed his family,
They smiled happily, a story to be told.

Nick and the Lego Silk Road

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Kam, Tsz Ho – 8

Nick loved playing LEGO and Minecraft.
One day, he built a long LEGO road across the desert.
It had golden bricks, a train, and a silk shop.
Suddenly, *flash!*
Nick fell into his LEGO world!
He saw camels walking and people selling silk.
His best friend Chase waved and said,
“Let’s go on the Silk Road together!”
They rode across sand and mountains.
When monsters came, Nick used his Beyblade — **“Blaze Tornado!”**
The monsters ran away!
At the end of the road, Chase gave Nick a shiny flag.
It said, “Build. Trade. Connect.”
Then Nick woke up.
The LEGO road was still on his table —
and the silk flag was real!

New Silk Road

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Shek, Ling Kwan Ally – 9

Sand, stones, deserts around
There’s a light at the end of the ground
Golden sun rises from the east
Brighten everywhere at the least

Camels wandered under the sun
Let’s have an experience to make you fun
From the past, it’s all about spices, silks and treasures
But today, it brings you an exciting adventures

Across the deserts, climbed the hills
Traders travelled and shared skills
People met and new friends made
Different cultures are perfectly mixed

Get the map and you can’t wait
Trust me you can find the way
Follow the dragon
Light up the lanterns
Oh! Can you see the New Silk Road?

Winds of the Silk Road

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

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

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

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

First Steps on the Silk Road

Marymount Primary School, Tang, Charlotte – 8

Long ago, brave hearts set out,
Following stars and dreams without a doubt.
Camels marched through the golden seas,
Bringing silk and stories on the breeze.
New friends met from far and wide,
China's Silk Road, a journey of pride!

The New Silk Road

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

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

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

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

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

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

Camel's Silk Road Journey

St. Joseph's Primary School, Leung, Chor Hong Julius – 7

Jojo the Camel went to China
and saw a big Buddha.
He bought some silk and Jasmine tea,
“There was so much to see!”

Jojo the Camel went to Kazakhstan
and visited a bazaar in town.
He bought a horse and some wine,
“I loved seeing the bright sunshine!”

Jojo the Camel went to India
and had a plate of Dosa.
He bought a bag of Spices and rice,
“India's products were really nice!”

Jojo the Camel went to Turkey
and rode a balloon to see the valley.
He bought some gems and porcelain,
“There was a mosque I have never seen!”

Jojo the Camel arrived in Italy
and met his friend Mia finally.
He showed her all the goods he had bought,
“Look at all fine things I got!”

The Weight of Jade

St. Joseph's Primary School, Yiu, Chi Chim – 7

Father measures jade by weight and flaw,
His thumb tracing price in every vein.
I measure miles by a stranger's script,
And count the stars in a foreign name.
He fears the storm will be our only death;
I fear it will be the only story told.
We returned to Chang'an with two kinds of weight:
One purse of silver, small and definite, and one thick ledger, filled with what the night.
And strangers gave us – seeds of knowing, light.
Not meant for sale, but meant to integrate.
We do not close the ledger. We compile.
His memory, my ink – a single thread.
The Road runs through this quiet, lamplit aisle.
No good is finished, and no final mile is counted, while a thing remains unsaid.
The true trade happened not with spice or silk,
But in the space between his skill and my surmise.
The stronger bond was woven not of silk or gold, but of the choice to walk that walk.
And see the world with each other's eyes.

The Friends in The Silk Road Bring Us Together

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Chiu, Yi Shun – 7

Along the moons and night,
the friends will always divide.
Go along with the stories,
the silk roads are very holy.
The flowers are as beautiful as butterflies,
and we will never lie.
The sand is hot like fire,
I see a camel that people hire,
The suns there have light and it's bright,
and it's like a kite.
That's the spirit that they write.

Our Adventure on The Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Kwok, Emma – 7

I travel along the Silk Road,
I carry along a wonderful load,
while we walk and tread.

We walk along the Silk Road,
We see a kingdom in sight,
so big shiny and bright,
it was like a thousand lights,
that shine together in the night.

The women weave silk and thread,
but I wish they wove a bed,
so I brought some lead,
and made it into a bed.

I go into the market there,
the people said we were a wonderful pair,
so we thought they were bazar,
they were like a glare.

We were really tired so we decided to sleep,
and the sound creatures made the village beep.

The Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Meakin, Meina – 7

I am a merchant, my name is Sarri.
Along the silk road, goods I carry.

From my home in Iran, to the dynasty of Han.
I said goodbye to my family, as my journey began.

I traded my spices for clothes made of silk,
we shared stories of travel, and drank hot milk.

I carried on with my quest, to the direction of Southwest.
Binging gold, fur and honey, my goods are the best!

At night, I hear nothing except the wind roaring.
It was either too hot, or the rain was pouring.

The camels smell like a compost pile,
as we trekked down the desert, mile by mile.

When my goods were all traded, it was time to go home.
From Xi'an's old gate, to Iran's Sultan Dune.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Ngan, Cheuk Kiu – 8

Ancient, big and vast,
Networks of trading were just like that.
East Asia connecting with Europe and the Middle East,
Trading with people for what you don't have or what you don't need.
The route as long as the longest word in English,
You think it's going to be fun but it's more likely to be sluggish.
Ups and downs, rights and lefts,
So many secrets to be kept.
Everybody will go,
Bandits and more, though.
You will sell jewels and silk,
You might even sell milk!
And don't get me started on what will happen next,
Just let me say it's for the best.
So good luck on the journey,
And it won't even cost a penny.
THOUSANDS OF STEPS!
And for comfort.....
Don't forget to bring your pet!!!
You see..... there's lots of things you can sell,
Including : fruits, clothing , paper and seashells!
So bye-bye,
And don't be shy.

A Journey on The Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Quin, Hedden – 7

On a road like a long silken ribbon,
A traveller named Galib led his camel.
He was a trader going from market to market,
Wandering like a bee between flowers,
As curious as a monkey.
Wandering through stores,
Soon he made lots of friends,
Trading spices and stories.
When night fell, the sky twinkled like his golden silks.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

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

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

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

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

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

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

China's Silk Road

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Daniel Ruairi, Toole – 7

China's pretty big invention
Helped people transport silk,
Indicating ways for people to travel.
Never taking milk,
Apples, lemons, oranges, all of this perishable sort,
Super much a no on the Silk Road resort.

Stopping in the mid 1400s because
Innovation took over.
Lumps of things to trucks instead,
Killing global friendships to clover.

Reviving! Phew! 2013 brought it back at last!
Oh, this international project is really very clever.
A new range of goods is now in trade.
Drifting through time and continuing to prosper.

Threads Across the Dust

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Kin Ping Travis, Cheng – 8

In 138 BC
In the Han dynasty
People wanted to sell silk
Exchanging for more than just milk
Fur, honey and cotton
Goods travelled from west to east, which should not be forgotten
Silk, tea, dye and spice
The scorching dessert mountains were not very nice
But fortunate that each trader just travelled a certain bit
Going as far as he deemed fit

It started in Persia in the past
Darius the first wanted a trade route that could last
The road was not just for trade
It spread languages, religions and inventions – a new world it made
People often said the roads were paved with gold
A brighter future was what people were told
Buddhism made its way far east
Dharma and new outlooks were the mental feast
Sikhism was born from this merchant road
Wagon after wagon, by animals they were towed

Marco Polo wrote a famous book
He traveled the world to take a look
If he went now, he would take a pic
His journey was long and detailed, it was not quick
The Roman Empire was key for trade
Their obsession with silk would not fade
Going bankrupt was a looming fist
So, the Romans sent spies like a spooky mist
To steal some silkworms of their own
So, they could make their goods at home

It wasn't just items that spread to places
Diseases soon followed, you could see it on people's faces
Bubonic plague, measles and smallpox
Led to many people being in a box
And like the people the road faded
With the invention of boat travel, the road became jaded
Many thought the road had been put to rest
But in recent years it has a new quest
To help our nation better its trade
Hope for a happy future will be made

Camels of the Silk Road

The French International School, George, Theodore –

The camel walked under the hot Persian sun,
Carrying the merchant, having some fun.
Bags of myrrh and frankincense,
Picked from towns so dense.

Along the way, he said hello to one,
With sacks of spices and saffron.
They met another with soft fur and teeth like pearls,
Bringing gold, sandalwood and earls.

Get, set, go! They raced down the hill,
And through deserts, treacherous, dry and still.
Mountains, sandstorms, roads winding and long,
Nothing could stop them, for they were strong!

At last in the horizon, they saw a door,
A building, then hundreds more.
To Chang'an they went – with stories and song,
Where everyone is welcome to come along!

Dragon Quest

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Hui, Yee Shun Ethan – 5.9

From East to the West,
A dragon flies with quest.
Bring my pizza to Italy's crest –
Lovely, yummy, crispy blest.

The Journey on The Silk Road

YK Pao School Shanghai, Zhao, Phoebe – 8

Miles and miles and miles of land,
ice, mud, and desert sand.
Plodding camels never making fuss,
But the journey was hard – there was no bus.
Through rugged mountains, whirling deserts,
On they bravely climbed, minding the hazzards.
They marched this way and that,
rapidly changing habitat.
By night the men lit their lamps,
hastily setting up the camp.
And when that promised land finally appeared,
They cried out with joy, and their rusty horns blared.
“Finally, Finally, we have arrived!”
They sang and danced and also thrived.
They could trade,
and there was no need to raid.

All was well.

Soaring over the New Silk Road

YK Pao School Shanghai, Zong, Douglas – 8

Birds fly in the blue sky
Down below, people trade various kinds of goods.
There are spices from India, silk from China, and much more.
I fly down.
They look at me with frightened eyes
"Who are you, and why are you here?"
they ask.
"I am Douglas, and I have come here because I want to know more about the Silk Road, how long it is, what cities it passes through, that sort of thing."
I reply.
A small boy says
"You can come to my house this evening. My mom can answer all of your questions when we get home."
"Thank you!"
I say.
That night, I rested well.
The next day, I set off on another adventure, to find more stories on the New Silk Road!

Creative Writing
Poetry
Group 1



Shining Path of Silk

Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School, Chow, Yuet Ching – 7

Silk, Silk, Silk, soft as milk,
People wear silk, cozy as a quilt.

From East to West, the bridges grow,
Sharing more than silk can show.

The road is ancient, yet renewed,
With every step, the world is glued.

Long silk stretches around the globe,
Connecting dreams and every hope.

Its shining path still lights the way,
Binding hearts both night and day.

Egypt trip with camel

Kowloon Rhenish School, Chan, Hei Tung – 6

I am a little girl named Cassie. One day, I went to Egypt with my family. The desert is very hot and big.
I see a big camel. It has two humps. "Hello, camel!" I say. The camel looks at me and says, "Hop on! Let's go!"
I ride the camel. It walks slowly on the sand: bump, bump, bump.
Suddenly, I find something shiny in the sand. It is a red silk scarf! It is very soft and pretty.
I put the scarf around my neck. Whoosh! The scarf is magic! It makes me fly up in the sky!
I fly high above the desert. I see mountains and rivers far in the distance. "Wow!" I shout.
Then I see a trader from another country. He has a big hat and many bags. "Hello!" he says. "I am Ahmed. Want some fruits?"
He gives me sweet grapes and juicy apples. "Thank you!" I say. We eat together. The fruits are yummy.
All of a sudden, dark clouds come. A big sandstorm starts! The wind blows hard. Sand flies are everywhere. The camels hide their heads. Ahmed looks scared.
"Don't worry!" I say. I take my magic scarf and wave it. The scarf grows large and creates a magical wall. It stops the sandstorm!
The wind goes away. The sun comes back. Everyone is safe.
Ahmed smiles. "You are a hero!" he says. We discover a hidden treasure beneath a large rock. It has gold and more silk.
We share the treasure. Now Ahmed is my new friend. We promise to meet again on the Silk Road.
I fly home with my scarf. What a fun adventure!

Ancient China's Silky Road

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Magic Silk Road

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

Camels walked through sand and snow,
Carrying treasures to and fro.
Silk from China, bright and fine,
Spices, stories, rugs, and wine.

People met from far and wide,
Trading things with love and pride.
Ideas spread, the world grew small,
The Silk Road shared with one and all.

Now we see how trade can bind,
Every place and every kind.
A road of friendship, old and long,
That made our world forever strong.

The Silk Road Journey

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, O, Tsz Hei Alaina – 8

I walk beside a camel,
its footsteps soft in the sand.
Bundles of shining silk
swing gently by my hand.

The sun is hot above me,
The sky is wide and blue.
I dream of distant cities
that wait for something new.

We cross tall desert mountains,
We follow stars at night.
The Silk Road is a story
of sharing through our flight.

Spices, songs and stories
travel with us as we roam.
When strangers smile and greet us,
The journey feels like home.

The Dusty Silk Road

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Shen, Xing Yu Hazel – 9

From China far, a road begins,
Where trade and travel count their wins.
Across the land, Through mountains high,
Beneath the big and open sky.

*Camels walk with heavy load,
Upon the dusty, bumpy road!*

They carry silk, so soft and bright,
A treasure shining in the light.
Gold and spices, pots and tea,
For everyone, for you and me.

*Camels walk with heavy load,
Upon the dusty, bumpy road!*

Ideas shared, and stories told,
More precious even than the gold.
Friends are made in every place,
A happy smile on every face.

*Camels walk with heavy load,
Upon the dusty, bumpy road!*

Silk Road Whispers

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Wu, On Man Gwyneth – 9

In ancient winds where secrets tread,
Silk threads weave tales of the dead,
Caravans drift on the golden sand,
From China's heart to a distant land.

Mountains loom, the sky ablaze,
Echoes of merchants in the haze,
Spices and jewels, tokens of lore,
Unity blossomed on the Silk Road floor.

Bazaars fragrant, voices sing,
Cultures dance in an endless spring,
A tapestry rich, where dreams unite,
In the twilight glow, a shared delight.

Through valleys deep and rivers wide,
Echoes of history in every stride,
The Silk Road whispers, a timeless thread,
Binding the world, where stories spread.

The Friendly Road

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Yuan, Tian Ruo – 7

It was a long and dusty road,
Where heavy carts and camels towed.
They carried silks and spices new,
To share with people, good and true.

But more than things, they shared a smile,
And walked together, mile by mile.
They helped each other, strong and kind,
With friendly ways and peace of mind.

So we can be like them today,
And share our smiles in every way.
To say hello, to share and care,
And show that friends are everywhere.

Poetry

Group 2



Pure Agony

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Chang, Ellie Sum Yau – 11

Oh life

Why on Earth

Have you

forsaken

me?

Why

Are you so

Cruel?

You let some live

The life

Of kings

And others

As lowly as peasants.

Pure Agony,

As they say,

Never comes down

On anyone

But it came

To me.

Why

Would you

Torture

A simple creature

Like

Me?

Life is like

A tapestry.

Everyone says

'You are the weaver of yours'

But I am not

The maker of mine.

Life is like

A judge.

You take the time

He gives you.

No matter

How long or short it is.

Life is like

A burning candle.

It fades away,

Little by little

By

Each passing second.

Let me tell you

My very own

Story.

When I was

As young

And foolish as you,

A simple

Silkworm and

Just like the rest,

I believed that

I was the master of

My own destiny.

Destiny.

What a word.

Too bad

It brought

Me

Pure Agony.

The days following

The day
I hatched.
Were the most superlative
And golden
Hours of my life.

I crawled
On the floors,
And the walls.
They were rough and hard,
Exactly like the ones
You find in caves.

I munched on
Scrumptious leaves.
Like I hadn't eaten
For days.

I had the
Finest time
Of my life.
Until that
Ruinous day
Came.

A piece of giant flesh
Pinched my core
And slammed a door
But
I never saw his face.
I heard his deep, raspy voice. 'You filthy little silkworm. Stay put.'
And that was all he said to me.

That was
Pure Agony
As I was taken
Away.

He walked so fast

Everything was a blur.
As instantaneous as lightning.
As swift as a leopard.
Oh, I tried to escape
From the clutches of fate
But my struggles were useless.
Fate took me away.

Two words flashed through my mind:
Pure Agony.
Pure Agony, as wicked as sin.
Pure Agony, an arising demon.
Pure Agony, it wrenches apart my soul.
Pure Agony, I writhe in its clutches.

That was
The day
My whole life changed,
Every dream I had
Was crushed in that giant hand
That had taken me forcefully away.

That's not the end
Of how
Destiny tortured me.
I cried to sleep that night.
As I whispered 'goodbye'
To the life I had known before.

Night came upon the sky
Like a pitch black veil
On a Victorian widow's head.
I never knew when
He came upon her
I was too busy nurturing my tears.

The sun stung in my eyes,
While my heart ached.
The light was a painful reminder
Of what I had
The day before yesterday.
Bliss.

Light and darkness met
Through the rickety window
That was encrusted on the wall.
The perfect balance of light and darkness,
The opposite of my surroundings.
Pitch-black like coal,
So dark I couldn't even see myself.

Just like my
Destiny.
Unclear.

Time passed,
But each moment was still torture.
I grew and grew,
Thinking that I had reached
The highest point of despair,
But little did I know that I was wrong.

You can never offend life since
It is invincible,
But life can
Offend you.
It is a vicious bully,
Picking on you when you have done
Nothing wrong.

Never had I experienced
Such Pure Agony.
It was like the scorching of a fire,

The claws of a tiger.
It tugged at my broken heart
And saddened me to nothing.

Peace came over me
Once time had passed.
I thought I
Could finally settle down.
How wrong and naive was I
To think like that.

I spit out silk
As white and pure as snow.
I wrapped myself all over with it
Like a fluffy coat.
I stayed in it for two long weeks
And then...

Out emerged a magnificent moth
With silvery wings like the moon.
They were thin like paper,
As delicate as a piece of clear glass,
Or little iridescent bubbles
Oh so brutally destroyed by just the slightest touch.
With skin shining like lit crystals
And eyes as round as pearls found in clams—
Me.

Humans ruined that beautiful moment
Of my tragic life.
They took away
My
Masterpiece
Of pure beauty.

They took away
The little white bundle
Which was
Rightfully
Mine.

Alas,
I had no right
To argue.

Never had I
Felt such
Pure Agony.
It scorched through me
Like a
Blazing wildfire.

Why
Oh why
Did my precious little bundle
My work of art,
The only beautiful thing in the world
That I had to live for
Get taken
Away?
Why?
What for?
That was my masterpiece.

Da Vinci called his the
Famous Mona Lisa.

His best work of art,
Resting inside the Louvre,
Seeing the world from a glass case
After some crazy lunatic
Threw a piece of cake at her.

Yes.
That was
The best thing I had created.
Precious like gold to me.

And prettier than diamonds.

The truth
Sometimes comes
And sometimes diminishes.

Sometimes it's
Better to ignore it,
Than absorb it into your sub-conscience.
Ignorance can be bliss.

I wish
The truth had
Never greeted me.
Sadness and despair
Ran through me.
Pure Agony.
Ignorance really is
Bliss.

I peeked out
Of the window.
The carried my
Precious artwork
Into a steaming tub
Of water.

Then they
Unwound it
Little by little
Then put it onto
A funny little
Machine
Made of wood and strings.

My oh my

Goodness.

I already knew

What they

Were going to

Do.

Take it to that

Legendary Silk Road: For Sale.

The Silk Road,

A connection of countries.

The Silk Road,

A place where anything can shine.

The Silk Road,

A road for endless possibilities.

The Silk Road,

A living legend.

It's the path of friendship

Between different countries.

Where people put away their

Differences,

And get together,

Selling products and sharing

Knowledge with each other,

Despite language,

Colour

Or country.

It's the place where friendships

Are born.

It's a place where

Diversity is present.

It's a living legend,

It's a bridge of relationships.

Where anything can be treasured.

But...

Has anyone thought of it

From

My perspective?

My lifelong dream:

To be

Recognized.

My work,

My effort to be

Put to use

And known.

Yet now

They will

Sell my dream and hard work

For profit and pleasure

But no one will ever remember or thank

Me for *my*

Effort and *my* contribution

To this product for

The Silk Road.

If dreams were reality,

Every creature would be living

The life of an emperor.

Yet

That is nothing but

A mere thought.

Sadly.

Pure Agony exists

But not paradise

In this evil world.

Pure Agony

To have all your dreams crushed.

Pure Agony

To be but an anonymous slave.

Pure Agony

To never be recognized.

Torture.
From destiny.

Life
Is slowly
Escaping me.

I
Have infinite
Regrets
Yet what
Can I say?

Farewell,
Cruel world!

I know you will never regret
Relishing
Pure Agony
On me.

Should I just make do with it?

What can I do
But suffer
This
Injustice?

You hurt me,
Just
Because
I wasn't
Human.

Fate.
You
Scoundrel.

Life slips away
From my body.

It isn't torture,
But luxury to me.

Pure Agony leaves me

As I
Breathe
My last...

Then I meet

Death
For the
Very first time...

I step into the

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The afterlife.

The Road that United the World

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Cheng, Chin Wing – 11

Twenty-two centuries ago, China sent an envoy,
Alliance to form and a trade network to deploy.
Travellers trek, Journey to the West—an odyssey,
China's Silk Road was started in the Han Dynasty.

Through Xi an, towards Dunhuang, then forward to more,
Taklamakan Desert to Kashgar, three and then four.
Kashgar then diverges, turning to Central Asia,
Or perhaps the other way, journeying south to Persia.

The earliest bore silk, the most renowned it came to be,
Priceless porcelain, pristine paper and timeless tea.
In return, the best cavalry and stones of gold,
Commerce thrived all year, through seasons hot and cold.

Crops departed from Central Asia and the beyonds,
Seeds and fruits travelled to China, past the hills and ponds.
Rice and noodles departed China and joined the grand adventure.
Influencing agriculture in their endeavour.

The sharp earthy flavour, the spicy wooden fragrance,
Saffron, ginger and cardamom made their grand entrance.
Sugarcanes from India, as sweet as late-night treats,
Opening the first chapter to desserts and sweets.

Fusion of diversity, merging of traditions,
Culinary techniques combined, making connections.
The world's kitchens brought together, the ultimate cook.
Creating dishes of wonder, a fantasy book.

China's Four Great Inventions, spread along by trailer,
Compass, movable printing, gunpowder and paper.
Astronomy reached you, carried from lands both far and near.
Your lessons travelled forth, born of the Islamic world to get here.

Christianity, circulated philosophy,
Leaving indents on art and sparking controversy.
The Bible was translated, the Last Supper was made,
When faith was carried along the winding road of trade.

Each curve and crevice, carved across the East and the West,
Delicate face of bronze and a sculpted gold crown crest.
Head of a goat, horns of a ram, wings of an eagle,
Parts of the Scythian-style animal jungle.

Rat, Ox, Tiger—the widely known Chinese zodiac,
Its origins in ancient Babylon from way back.

In caves, the azure dragon and white tiger were seen,
Metal rabbits and coins shining in its silver sheen.

Tang and Yuan Dynasty it prospered—but that's not all,
As a world of balance, there was still a destined fall.
Maritime rose and overland fell from victory.
This symbol of connection, preserved in history.

After the end, a new seed sprouted from the ashes,
Trade increased, the fulfilled economic wishes.
Highways and railways cover the tracks of the network,
Infrastructure interlaced together, a global patchwork.

Cultures connected in coalescence.
Heritage glowing in all its fluorescence.
Intertwined imagination, ideas and inventions.
Nations together towards ascension.
Assembled world, a rainbow of iridescence.

Smell of succulent scrumptious specialities.
Inventions, originally absurdities, now realities.
Lines of passion, strokes that tell stories.
Kindled is the hearth of creativity and glories.

Radiant and alluring Eden was cherished.
Over centuries, civilisations flourished.
Alas, nothing gold can stay, as it sadly slowed.
Diminished, but never will the tales of China's Silk Road.

If I Were Marco Polo

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Chun, Yui Chi Hailey – 11

If I were Marco Polo,
I would have gone on the Silk Road, like he did,
Except that I'd do it a different way,
I'd have dodged the deserts so arid.

If I were Marco Polo,
I would have whirled around the war zone.
I would not have risked my family's lives,
I refuse to be alone.

If I were Marco Polo,
I would have gone to Badakhshan by sea.
I would not have fallen ill nor lingered long,
In Badakhshan, a city of antiquity.

If I were Marco Polo,
I would have brought some chips
For my journey across the Gobi Desert,
And some water for my very dry lips.

If I were Marco Polo,
I would have stayed at Suchow for only a week.
Get a move on, my brother Maffeo,
There's so much more to seek!

If I were Marco Polo,
I would have asked Kublai Khan for some supplies.
I would not have served him for seventeen years,
I would have tenderly said my goodbyes.

If I were Marco Polo,
I would have returned home right away.
I would have sprinted right back to Venice,
Cleansed in the waters, then slumbered till day.

If I were Marco Polo,
I would not have fought in the war.
I would have waited for another window to open,
I would not have chosen that door.

If I were Marco Polo,
I would not have named my book *Million*.
I would have named it *The Amazing,
Magnificent and Spectacular Voyages of Marco Polo*,
And I would have claimed treasures beyond a billion.

If I were Marco Polo,
I would not have been so stereotypical.

I would not have talked trash about Kashmiri witches,
I would not have believed in the mythical.

If I were Marco Polo,
I would not have lied about what I saw.
I would have told the truth, there and then,
I would not have defied the law.

If I were Marco Polo,
I would have go on the Silk Road, like he did,
Except that I'd do it a different way,
I apologise, I'm only a kid.

The Heavenly Horse's Journey

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Great Silk Road

Diocesan Preparatory School, Chien, Kayla Yuki - 10

A network of roads connecting the East and West,
With a name that comes from the trade of Silk,
It began in China long ago,
And gave the world thousands of years of exchange.

Over thousands of kilometres,
Many people travelled,
Along the Great Wall and through the desert,
Over mountains and across the seas.

You carried silk, wool, gold, and silver,
Tea, dyes, perfume, and porcelain,
Honey, wine, spices, and glass,
How important you were, we know.

Born from the exploration of the Chinese,
Made safe and secure so
Dynasties, tribes, and empires alike
Could share ideas, culture, and inventions.

O' Great Sī Chóu Zhī Lù (the Silk Road)!
You changed the world,
And continue to do so with the Belt and Road,
We remain ever so proud!

Now railways, highways, pipelines connect,
with ports and ships we do not forget
Across Asia, Africa, the Middle East, and Europe,
A road of unity, who could have guessed?

The future shines with ancient pride,
Our digital goals we cannot hide,
The Silk Road flows, an abundant stream,
To make the World prosper beyond its dreams.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

Diocesan Preparatory School, Xu, Shiya – 11

Through China's heart,
The great journey began.
Enormous winds! Blizzard snow!
As dreams were carried,
none knew it would be so varied.
Working hard with each step to go.
Over steeps and hills,
All the way,
just to make
China's big trade grow!

Beneath the sun,
loads of bright silk spun.
Exchanging food, spices and arts fine,
150 countries all loved our design.

To foreign countries their routes ran,
they all worked hard, woman and man.
Coins and bills paid their price,
We even got something very nice.

A thousand years passed,
And as journeys continued,
New things came,
imbued with pursuing hearts.
Global Logistics and advanced technology.

New customers every day,
Buying silk or others goods each day as they may.
Big success is on our way,
The Silk Road's spirit is here to stay.

The Beautiful Silk Road

Discovery Mind Primary School, Panneer Selvam, Neha Shree – 11

I am the beautiful Silk Road,
I start from the East and spread to the West.
I enrich my hands to the people,
Who wants to trade their best..!!

I hold long, narrow and wide open roads,
With soft and gentle pathways.
I cradle short, unpaved and crooked trails,
With muddy tracks and worn-out routes..!!

I have tall trees and short bushes on both sides,
Which helps many living beings to build their nest.
I also have many twists and turnings in my roads,
Which leads many travelers to uplift their lives..!!

When people travel with me,
They feel my warmth and cold.
As twilight flickers through the night,
Guiding traders to their night..!!

I flows through the banks of the Yellow River,
And follows the rocks of the Great Wall.
I pass through the Lowlands,
And reach to the High Mountains..!!

I came across a hot Dessert,
And climb the cold, snowy peaks.
I go through the Gobi sands,
And I'm the beast on land..!!

From camels to horses, bare feet,
I hold all the footprints of this magical world.
From Xian's gate to Venice Shore,
I hear the voices of all traders and something more..!!

Threads of the Future

ESF Quarry Bay School, Yin, Jayden – 8

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Silk Road v1 Rhyming Sestina

ESF Sha Tin Junior School, Yung, Erin – 10

Silk Road,
a route to sea.
Trading loads,
exchanges to cities.
The Mongol bode,
'til fifteenth century.

The late nineteenth century,
the term finally coined 'Silk Road.'
A German geographer could not bode,
and named it while he was out to sea.
There were also religious cities,
which made the routes conduits for loads.

It impacted the economic loads,
which lasted more than a century.
The routes helped many cities,
which helped them take their future road.
1,500 years of trading in the sea,
stopped because of new routes that were well-bode.

Since the Mongol didn't bode,
new Maritime routes traded loads.
Paths over water covered the sea,
a start to a new century.
This time it's the Maritime Silk Road,
where the core routes helped many cities.

Since it helped many cities,
many of them allied and bode.
Transportation and trade go a challenging road,
so Maritime routes help lighten the load.
The Age of Discovery was the new century,
and established the lanes of sea.

So much history in the sea,
so many ancient cities.
So many ages and centuries,
so much proof that we are well-bode.
So much—the whole lot n' load,
'tis the time of the Silk Road.

A century that I will bode,
a route to sea creating cities.
Trading and transport for loads but known to me as the Silk Road.

The Silk Road

German Swiss International School, Chiang, Elizabeth – 11

Six thousand bolts of imperial silk:
These shall be my companions on the road.
I say “road”, but that is optimistic,
For nothing but grey sand lies before me,
Nothing but the wastes of Taklamakan.

Yesterday, I arrived at the crossroads — north or south?
I considered them both when all of a
Sudden rocks avalanched down before me,
Blocking both ways. I wanted to punch them.
No option but to trudge through the cruel sands.

I begin my treacherous hot journey
Across the dunes of the towering desert.
Barely eating or drinking; must preserve.
My legs are aching, my body feels limp,
Yet I am determined to keep going.

The next hundred miles are like a thousand.
The dromedaries cry with exhaustion,
While the mules bray, bored of sand — always sand.
Exasperation drives me to madness...
I pray for a heavenly glimpse of Kashgar.

Trudging, stumbling, pushing on, I deeply
Pray to Ahura Mazda, one true god,
That he grant me deliverance from pain.
Every step is brutal; I long for rest.
But I shan't stop. Ahriman won't take me.

Our caravan finally slows to a stop:
Lushan, my dutiful bodyguard, yells,
“Good sir, look yond, the city of Kashgar!”
I frown, I doubt — mirages have deceived
Many before. But then I spy a man.

At the gate, my trading partner awaits,
Grinning like a crescent moon. He greets me:
“Welcome old friend! Let us tour the city.”
Babbling citizens, colourful fruits stalls,
Floral perfumeries, local diners.

Never in life have I been more relieved
Than now, soaking in a warm soothing bath,
Stomach satisfied, brimming with fine food.
I take a blissful nap; serenity
Flows through me and I dream of unicorns.

A rooster's crow wakes me from my slumber.
To business! I gather my goods: bolts of
Rainbow silk and precious, glimmering gold.
These my partner will take to Samarkand,
In exchange for items bound for China.

My eyes widen when I spot a gorgeous
Mongolian wild horse, galloping and
Dancing in the breeze. I name him Hunter.
I also receive radiant rubies,
Smiling sapphires. What a delightful day!

I load my goods onto the caravan,
Wave farewell to Kashgar, desert oasis.
Dunhuang, here I come! Xi'an, at long last!
Spirits lift at the thought of family:
My patient wife, my son like a bursting star.

Travels of Marco Polo

German Swiss International School, Ryu, Ajin – 9

The sails wave in the breeze
It's only me and the sea.
The wind, rain and sun
Only makes our journey fun.

We sail on and on
Even if people don't know where we're from.
I keep my travels in my diary
To cherish the memories I made on the way.

We arrive in a city called Xi'an
Then we sail to the city that holds Kubli Kahn.
I was his foreign traveler
He also made me his foreign advisor.

Who am I?

I am...Marco Polo!

The Silk Bus

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Chan, Edgar – 9

Welcome on board the Silk Bus
Bringing along your papers
You may collect stamps in each station.
Carrying all your compasses
You may explore places in each station.
However, taking gunpowder on board is prohibited
You may ask the train staff if you need some for emergency.

Heading to west the Silk Bus
Waving to the Xi'an warriors
You shall try the remarkable cuisines
Delicious tasty food will stay in your mouth.
You shall visit the distinct animals
Precious lovely creatures will live in your mind.
You shall buy the unique souvenirs
Conspicuous flashy gifts will keep in your hands.

Landing on India the Silk Bus
Smelling some spicy spices
You shall not forget the yellow curry rice.
Seeing enormous elegant elephants
You shall never forget the grey lengthy trunks.
Spending sensual spiritual sandalwood
You shall never forget the brown earthy wood.

Arriving at Egypt the Silk Bus
Catching some fresh fruits
You shall not ignore the great green grapes.
Considering curious capable camels
You shall not ignore the beige hairy humps.
Collecting glittering gleaming glasses
You shall not ignore the sparky shinny scenes.

Approaching to Rome the Silk Bus
Grabbing some pillowy pizzas
You shall not miss the cheesy chewy crisps.
Gripping handsome hardworking horses
You shall not miss the hazel horny hooves.
Getting pure pleasant perfumes
You shall not miss the naughty nutty notes.

Farewell to end the Silk Bus
Showing all stamps printed
You shall receive the final prize
The Silk Bus.

The Golden Trade Route

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Juvakoski, Melina – 10

In ancient lands, shadows cast,
The echoes of the journey last.
The silk road echoes, a story unfold,
From China's heart, where shuttles flow.
With each bale, the path broadened,
Crossing peaks where the winds blown.
Camel trains moved in a slow parade,
Creating a rhythmic dust, the world was made.
Each heavy step, a silent signal connects,
In lively bazaars , amber teas and sweets danced in the air.
A lively hum, a rhythmic crowd,
Defining the desert's timeless song.
Let us praise this historic path,
Where East and West greet.
A bridge of gold, a weave of grace,
Across the bounds of time and space.

The Silk Road Symphony

International College Hong Kong, Chan, Esme – 8

Last night, I had a dream about the Silk Road... when I woke up... I heard a very big noise...

Tsissss! Went the evil scorpion!

Squeak! Went the small mice!

Hiss! Went the long snake!

Cuckoo! Went the fat hen!

Growl! Went the lazy camel!

Neigh! Went the fast horse!

After I blinked, I saw...

Fight! Went the powerful King!

Ouch! Went the fierce soldiers!

Clang! Went the sharp swords!

Crash! Went the elegant kart!

Help! Went the rich merchant!

HA HA! Went the stinky robber!

When I opened my mouth, I tasted...

Sizzling! Went the juicy beef!

Salty! Went the smelly fish!

Crunchy! Went the nutty nuts!

Spicy! Went the delicious sauce!

Fragrant! Went the warm tea!

Slurpy! Went the squishy noodle!

I felt dizzy because of the sounds, colours and tastes. Before I went wild, I woke up. I was relieved.

Silly Silky Silk

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Chen, Tsz Hing – 9

Silk is soft and silky,
sometimes warm and sometimes milky.

It shines like stars in a hat,
no silly dogs, no flying bats.

It twists and turns like a ribbon dancer,
big and long like an alligator's answer.
It's bright and blue and loves to glow,
and somehow it even knows how to flow.

Silk swirls high and silk swirls low,
I'll see you later—off it goes!

The Thousand–Mile Journey

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Cheung, Hoi Lam Sheryl – 11

From the gates of Old China, the journey begins,
Through the dust, heat and wind spins.
The shimmering silk, as cool as wind,
Makes us relaxed and felt matched.

The sand goes on for miles and miles,
Underneath the sun's big smiles.
Camels walk in a long and slow line,
Across a path that is so fine.

Yellow dunes like waves,
As hot as any other places.
The Silk Road is like a bridge of sand,
Connecting every distant of land.

We climb mountains,
We ride camels.
From the East to the West, like a long and dusty thread,
The path of Silk Road, is where we are led.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Ng, Chin Chum – 9

Silk Road long, across the land,
Through high mountains and desert sand.
Camels walk past, with bells that ring,
Carrying treasures — everything!

Silk from China, soft and light,
Spices from India make the food taste right.
Stories from everywhere spread far and wide,
Ideas roll on like the ocean tide.

People from countries travel East to West,
Selling and buying goods that are the best.
Although the Silk Road is old and gone,
But its spirit still carries on...

The China Silk Road

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Yau, Yuet Ching – 11

Silk Road

named after its well-known role

Illustrated as a double-humped camel

from the Han Dynasty until mid- 15th century

Linking China to Europe

exchanging objects and merchants and landscapes

Kroak! Neigh! Murrur!

across mountains and land and sea

Rides of camels, horses and trains

around the clock come rain or shine

Oh! The smells of spices and tea and meat

I'm peckish I'm piggish like a hungry wolf

As time flies

Technology and information fly high

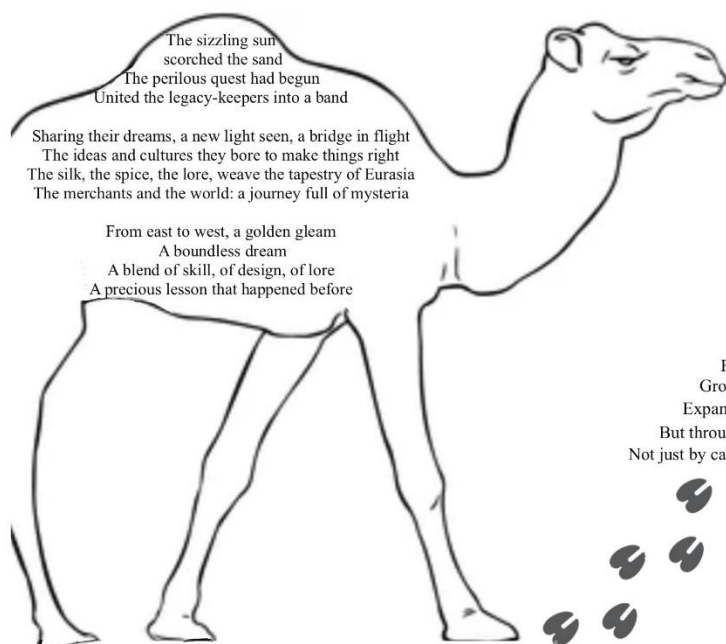
Despite the glorious times

the China Silk Road made history

New Tales of China's Silk Road: Weaving the Tapestry of Understanding and Connection

Maryknoll Convent School (Primary Section), Chow, Kwan Yin – 12

New Tales of China's Silk Road: Weaving the Tapestry of Understanding and Connection

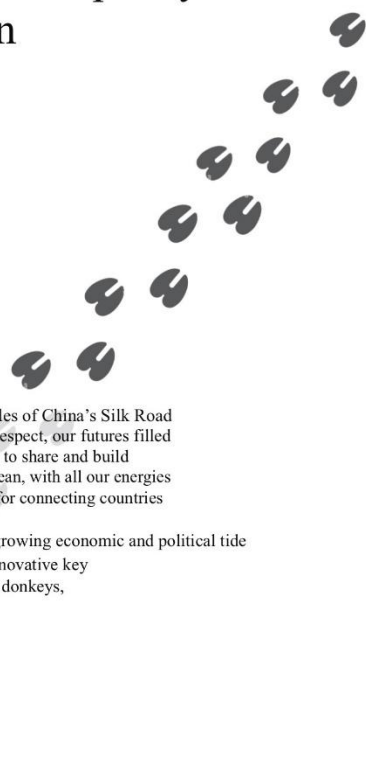


The sizzling sun
scorched the sand
The perilous quest had begun
United the legacy-keepers into a band

Sharing their dreams, a new light seen, a bridge in flight
The ideas and cultures they bore to make things right
The silk, the spice, the lore, weave the tapestry of Eurasia
The merchants and the world: a journey full of mystery

From east to west, a golden gleam
A boundless dream
A blend of skill, of design, of lore
A precious lesson that happened before

The New Tales of China's Silk Road
With trust and respect, our futures filled
Not to invade, but to share and build
Across the Indian Ocean, with all our energies
For peace, for growth, for connecting countries
Growing worldwide
Expanding its reach with a growing economic and political tide
But through a future-forging, innovative key
Not just by camel, horses, yaks, and donkeys,



The Silk Road

St. Joseph's Primary School, Firth, John Yik Chun Richard – 9

Across the mountains high and cold,
There's a well worn path that's very old.
Chang An in China is where it starts,
And later breaks in many parts.

No car could drive along the way,
So camels had to earn their pay.
They carried tea and yak's milk,
And many spices and some silk.

And not just goods, ideas too,
Even paper was brand new!
Sharing varied thoughts was rife,
Together towards a better life.

Friendship spread to all the people,
And now today there is a sequel!
The Silk Road, I think you'll find,
Is China's great gift to mankind!

So if you see a camel's track,
With many bundles on its back,
Just think of treasures, old and grand,
Bumping over the desert sand!

Silk Road

St. Joseph's Primary School, Lo, Chun Hei – 10

Set off on a far-reaching journey
Interlinked with riches and gold.
Little flowers strewn the valley
Knowing what lies down the road.

Raging desert, treacherous and dry
Obedient camels with heavy load.
Asian tea, porcelain, spices, oh my
Delighted faces sure to behold.

Seidenstraße

St. Joseph's Primary School, Ting, Yi Hang – 11

Where winds shrieked over the crimson sand,
The Huns descended and seized China's land.
On the vast plain where the mighty army spanned,
Soon fallen to dust by sword and hand.

The Han Emperor sent his chosen man,
Zhang Qian, to forge a tribal plan.
Through frost and flame his journey ran,
A captive kept by the bloodthirsty clan.

No alliance sealed by oath or hand,
Yet the roads he traversed form a strand.
The heavenly horse he brought from Ferghana's land,
A prize supreme to meet the Emperor's demand.

Along the route where silk was unfurled,
Tea, spices, and scripture crossed the world.
Yet in the wake of goods that twirled,
Stealthily gunpowder and plagues swirled.

Two thousand years, a soft and fading light,
Now Belt and Road rekindles, clear and bright.
To blend cultures in a shared delight,
And weave one prosperous, enduring sight.

The Prince's Journey

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Hedden, Joylynn Riley – 9

A prince set out, across the land,
With just a map, trekking through the sand.
Over the hills, under mills,
Going over peaks, taking weeks and weeks.
On the Silk Road, with a golden load,
The prince made many friends, along the way.
Walking through deserts, day by day.
In scorching heat, cultures meet.
Various merchants, young and old,
Have valuable treasure to be sold.
One friend named Afra,
Another called Maliha.
They were both from Arabia,
Then he met another from Romania.

At sunset, he made a fire start,
But hasn't quite reached where the map marked.
The Silk Road became the prince's friend so true,
Each step with something special and new.
He travelled far and his journey was long,
But every passing day, he still stayed strong.
He arrived at the market, loud and bright,
With treasure of wonderful colours light.
He traded for goods of all kinds,
Like silk from China and gems from mines.

Friendship is woven, thread by thread,
The world is complete when kindness is spread.

The Magical Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Yasar, Inayah – 9

Across the desert's golden sea,
Where ancient secrets used to be,
A winding path through mountains tall,
Many people enjoyed the sprawl.

From China's roads with silk so fine,
Along a journey where jewels did shine,
The camels marched in steady lines,
Past spicy fields and fragrant pines.

They carried tea and porcelain blue,
Where Chinese and Westerners made friends too,
With many goods that gold could buy,
New ideas found beneath the sky.

A bridge of dreams from East to West,
Where every traveller faced a test,
The Silk Road bloomed, increased its space,
That joined the scattered human race.

A Traveller on Chinese Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Yizhen, Zhou – 10

Chang'an was below the shining sun.
A traveller left there with the camel ran.
He walked on the desert with the silk and gold.
Though it was hard, he appreciated the long silk road.
He sold the silk one by one country.
And gave the gold so the kings were very happy.
Finally, he came back and brought other country's things.
His smile was like a wonderful spring!

Woolen Products

St. Mary's Canossian School, Sun Wing, Ma – 11

Walking through mountains, up and down
Offering excitement, as journeys begin.
Over the hills, bringing silk,
Loving the traditions of the past.
Every sewing includes a fantastic tale,
Natural views comfort where warmth can be found.

Packed with care, in wonderful colours,
Rich patterns telling stories of old.
Over markets bustling, the woolen is shining,
Destination for happiness, in the products.
Uniting different cultures, from diverse countries,
Connecting with people, introducing new ideas.
Transporting kindness, from enemies to friends,
Supporting others, paving the silky way.

The Silk Road

St. Mary's Canossian School, Tsz Kit, Tian – 10

Soft and smooth a special thread,
It connects places where stories spread.
Land of silk where cultures blend,
Kindness shares and friendship mends.
Rivers of trade and travellers bold,
Open pathways and stories told.
Adventures await at every glance,
Driving across the soft silky chance.

The Silk Road

St. Mary's Canossian School, Tsz Ying, Luk – 10

On different days, we are warm,
Which people walk on every day.
The road which we are proud of,
People have trades on that street.
Trading different things with the world.
What is the name of the road?
It is called Silk Road!

The Silk Road

St. Mary's Canossian School, Yeuk Lam Adeline, Ng – 11

Silk is a soft and smooth soul that heals
It is known for its luxurious feel
Land of silk was called by ancient Greeks and Romans.
Kingdoms connect across the shifting sand
Routes of exchange where culture intertwines
Over mountains and deserts wide!
Awaking spirits, history guides
Delight of eastern treasure the silk road lies.

The Trail of the Silk

The French International School, Lee, Lucas – 9

In a trade network, where merchants roam,
How silk and spice waft through this exchange tone.
The caravans and camels, full of silk and spice,
Passing through hot deserts and lands of ice.
From East to West, loaded with richness,
The traders bring value with swiftness.
Each object traded,
Each silver faded,
Tells us a story of a silk spun,
as a big adventure begun.

Caravan Traces

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Suarez, Cara – 9

Trip trop. I hear the sound of camel hooves,
dreams found far in the distance, my hope moves.
I walk. I walk. But my legs grow tired,
the Silk Road stories keep me inspired.

Drip drop. In the desert water runs low,
I wonder which way I ought to follow.
Winds blow all caravan traces away,
erasing memories of yesterday.

A sea of stars haunted by howls at night.
I walk. I walk. Down paths shown by moonlight.
A draught brings notes of cinnamon's promise,
chatter cuts silence. An ear's oasis.

At journey's end, a vibrant post I find,
a storm of spices, trade, and humankind.

A Young Explorer's Expedition

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Chan, Eugene – 9

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We come across Cairo to stop for the day
Fur jackets as presents traded for pieces of jade

Running my fingers through the smooth, plush uniform

Night time resting had never felt so warm!

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

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

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

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

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

CHOP

Yew Chung International School of Shanghai, Chen, Kyle – 10

Trudging through
The golden sand
We make our way
To Chang An.

Suddenly...
Sounds of horse hooves arise
War cries surround us, like thundering drums
Soldiers step forward
Mongolian tribes come near.

A fight commences.

Our lovely, precious treasures stolen,
Our brave, courageous soldiers dead,
Our trusted friendly families lost
What will the emperor say?

OFF WITH YOUR HEAD!

He shouts when we arrive
OH NO...
Chop.

Departing to Trade

Yew Chung International School of Shanghai, Chen, Noah – 10

Departing to trade,
The road stretches with no end,
Through the gates we go.

Beyond camel steps,
Trudging through the burning dusk,
This is the Silk Road.

The desert heat shimmers,
Fire crawling across the dunes,
Welcome, traveller.

Jade, fruit, gems, and spice,
Sizzling sands and blue skies,
Will I return?

Two years, migrating
From old Asia to Europe,
I am back, China.

The Trail of Cultures

Yew Chung International School of Shanghai, Friedman, Caleb – 9

Along the Silk Road, threads of the past,
Mulberry silk and saffron make legends forever last.
Ink and incense raise and rise,
Camel bells ring over the desert wide.
Through cities and states where cultures collide,
East and west in one long stride.

On a Buying Spree

Yew Chung International School of Shanghai, Jin, Scarlett – 9

Far, far away, so far away I can't see, the end of the journey
Blistering sun, stinging my eyes, spicy sour smells, fill the air with cries.
Nothing beats, HECTIC people, selling CRAZY expensive goods, prices high,
But you cannot decline, beautiful, I CAN'T RESIST! Wasting my money, I still get it.
Journey continues still far away, I can see horses wait... how to stay?

Burning Journey

Yew Chung International School of Shanghai, Lin, Ellie – 10

Bandits always strike, stealing anything they like.
Hungry and thirsty, no where to rest.
Hoping for meat, under the heat.
Hoping for rice, being free from mice.
As the journey's long, we must hope best.
Or else death, would come under the wrath...
Of HEAT!

Silk Road

Yew Chung International School of Shanghai, Lu, Leo – 10

Here we go on our endless journey,
Selling our idolized silk and gold,
Here we go, our journey unfold.
From east to west, to north to south,
Here we roam, day to night,
Conquering our trembling fright.
This could take all year...
Listening for bandits shaking with fear.
Finally this journey ends,
Finally we are home,
And finally we can rest.

Kind Wind

Yew Chung International School of Shanghai, Sun, Ryan – 9

In the desert,
Up and down, forwards, and backwards,
Bags with goods click as they go,
To sell to away foes.
Up they climb and down they roll,
They trek and trek where volumes are low.

Traders wear fancy clothes,
Red, green, blue, and the smell of roasts.
Oh, he was eating fish near the coast!
Satisfied camels are also eating toast.

VOOM! VOOM.
Strong wind blowing with gloom,
Camels and traders struggle though.
Then they are blown away into the sky with a zoom.

Later I felt a strong frostiness pour,
I opened my eyes and saw a horse-led car,
Camels, goods, and traders are still with us,
And another scene that let us shout with awe.

We arrived at the market with the wind,
The wind was so kind.
Our goods are back as we find,
And they give money paying no mind.

The Silk Road's Journey

Yew Chung International School of Shanghai, U, Ian – 9

In the Silk Road, camels march in the Giant desert.
Blazing sun burns shrubs.
Silk and spices cross the mountains and dunes of sand in the arid and barren desert.

Dusty passage to the village was difficult.
But the merchants made it to the village.
Selling silk and spices for money.
Challenging journey did its work.

The Trade

Yew Chung International School of Shanghai, Xiao, John – 10

The emperor ordered me to trade,
along the road of silk and jade.
Desert sand made my eyes dry,
but the sight of strangers made me shy.
I traded for pepper and ginger,
gold, and silver,
along with creamy-white ivory,
and dazzling jewelry.
Away from Rome,
my lovely home.
All roads lead to home,
and some roads lead to Rome.

Silk

Yew Chung International School of Shanghai, Zhao, Zoe – 10

In the city of Dunhuang of dust and cinnamon,
A girl, alone, begins her journey.
Traveling far and wide,
For a prized treasure.
A delicate, glamorous material, as smooth as water.
Silk.

Echoes of Ancient Journeys

Ying Wa Primary School, Kwong, Yat Yin Kayden – 11

The stones feel old under my feet.
This is where the traders walked.
Silk and spice still hang in the air.
The mountains wrap around me.

At the heart of the caravan, I find my voice.
We laugh—the road smells like dust and sky.
My coins sound like hope in the dark.
Every town is a new chance.

Night covers our travels like a blanket.
I carry stories told by people I just met.
We shake hands to keep warm.
In each spice, I taste belonging.

This road is a long, loose ribbon,
Tying together lands split by rivers.
It's woven from what we carry inside.
In this pilgrimage, I find my home.

Evolution

Ying Wa Primary School, Leung, Ching Yin Caden – 11

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mankind's development
Has raised my evolution.

Creative Writing
Poetry
Group 2



The Secret of the Silk Roads

Baptist (Sha Tin Wai) Lui Ming Choi Primary School, Lau, Mei San Maggie – 11

Looking over the sky,
Slowly wondering why,
The world is so quiet,
With trade all over the countries,
With people dancing at feasts.

Searching in the book of trade,
Is Silk Road I saw.
The key to the peace parade,
The system of law;
The roads that gather hearts,
The roads that make real art.

If you dare break the trading mark,
Surely your failure will make you bark.
So when you leave the routes alone,
You will earn your peaceful throne.

Footprints on the Silk Road

Kowloon Rhenish School, Wong, Yik Fei – 10

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

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

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

Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Ayushi, Pandey – 9

On the Silk Road, come and see,
Trading silk and spices, whee!
Caravans travel under the Sun,
A journey together, oh what fun!

Traders wander, near and far,
Bringing treasures, like a star,
Silk from China, gold galore,
On the silk Road, explore some more!

Horses and camels, packs galore,
Carrying spices and so much more.
From city to city, what a sight,
The Silk Road's journey, pure delight!

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Chan, Tsz Lam – 11

There is wonderful thing,
There is beautiful silk,
There are interesting people.
Oh! The Silk Road.
Our dream place.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Chau, William – 12

The Silk Road, a new, grand design,
With trains that now speedily twine.
From China they'll roll,
Reaching many a soul,
And stories of trade will now twine.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Cheang, Kwong Yu – 14

In China's ancient lands so bright,
Where silk road were crowded with delight,
The trees sway with glee,
In harmony with me,
In nature's symphony, pure light!.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Chen, Wing Hin – 11

In China's ancient lands so bright,
Where camels once danced with delight,
A city bloomed fair,
With gems, tea and silk beyond compare,
And a joy that shone with morning light.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Cheung, Ka On – 11

Can I go there? Can I go there?
I want to have my favourite silk
as soft as the feather.

Lovely Camel, Lovely Camel
Can I cry for more?
I want to taste the deli-yummy-tea
of the dried brown leaves?

Lovely Camel, Lovely Camel,
Won't you trust me more?
I won't lose the gems
Or break the precious porcelain..

Lovely Camel, Lovely Camel
Don't you see I'm good?
I would never burn the wood
Then we'll save and all!

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Cheung, Wai Hin Justin – 10

Spices were found in India.
Instrument was shared with other countries.
Language was spread in the Silk Road.
Kyrgyzstan's Buddhism and Islam found by Zhang Qian.
Roman Empire and China exchanged ceramics and glasses.
Ornaments were traded anywhere.
Astronomy spread to other countries.
Dunhuang has a lot of cultural relics from both the East and the West.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Cheung, Wing Lam – 12

A trader, from lands far away,
Set off on the Silk Road one day.
With jade and with spice,
At a fabulous price,
He found fortune along the new way.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Du, Yau Sen – 13

In China's heart, where ancient secrets sleep,
A land of wonder waits, where camels creep.
The tales of the silk road unfold,
As petals bloom, and misty mountains hold.

In joyous hues, the sun's warm touch ignites,
A dance of life, where vibrant colors take flight.
The earth awakens, young and fresh and bright,
A symphony of wonder, pure delight.

Let us marvel at the beauty that remains,
And let our spirits soar, like the silk road remain.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Leung, Pui Chi Sonia – 11

In twilight's hush, where ancient gems do hide,
Time's relentless march doth silently creep.
Like China's silk road, in the treasure deep,
Our moments lost, forever lie asleep.

The hours, like grains of sand, do swiftly slide,
And in their wake, our fleeting lives divide.
The present's breath, a whispered sigh, doth fade,
As Time's dark wing doth cast its melancholy shade.

Yet still we dream, of moments left to share,
And cherish every breath, before Time's snare.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Leung, Pui Pui Hana – 11

The silk road is the important of all!
It gives us a lot... beautiful silk,
It gives us a lot... precious porcelain,
It gives us a lot... treasurable tea,
It gives us a lot... gorgeous gems,
'And the most important of all,'
It gives us a lot... fancy funny food!

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Li, Peiqian – 11

Silk and spices were exchanged between the East and the West.
Inventions like paper and printing spread from China to Europe.
Life was better with scientific and technological development.
Knowledge about medicine was shared to cure diseases.
Religions such as Buddhism were introduced to China.
Old and new cultures mixed together.
Art and music were influenced by different styles.
Distant countries became closely connected.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Li, Roedy – 11

The Silk Road is important
It stood from very old past
Seasoning, music, silk and food
Are forever famous trade
As the time past and to the future
AI technology might be the top of the top.

Silk Road Adventure

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Liao, Zihao – 13

Along the ancient, winding trail,
Traders told their tales so frail.
Silk and spices, treasures galore,
Let's journey now on the silk Road floor!
Through deserts wide and mountains high,
They forged friendships, oh my, oh my!
With silks and jewels, a dazzling sight,
The Silk Road shimmered, a true delight!

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Liu, Qingchuan – 12

Big Handsome Camel and Little Tiny Camel are two good cousins.
Walking along the silk road,
Big Handsome looks for a place to dine.
Crawling down along the sand,
Little Tiny finds some good silk to go.

Catching bugs and picking fruits,
Big Handsome makes meals by himself.
Finding shreds and collecting waste,
Little Tiny sews a lovely plastic dress.

Big Handsome Camel and Little Tiny Camel are two good cousins,
Re-use, re-cycle and re-duce.
They are the pair of silk road travellers.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Situ, Peiyi – 13

In China's misty heart, where ancient beasts
Once roamed, a secret whispers to my soul:
The famous city's gentle, swaying feast,
A dance of love, where hearts make whole.

The rustling leaves, a soft and sweet caress,
Echoes of a love that will not fade,
Like treasures hidden deep, our love's impress,
Eternal, strong, in nature's shade.

In this still moment, I am lost with thee,
My heart beats fast, my love, in harmony.

China's Silk Road

S.K.H. Kei Yan Primary School, Tong, Eira Yuner – 9

Silk Road, Silk Road,
a road that buy and sells things.
Xuan Zang, Ban Chao,
there's a lot of famous people.
Black powder, ivory,
a lot of goods traded on the Silk Road.
China, India,
a lot of countries on the Silk Road.
Greek, Arabic,
a lot of languages there.
Camels, camels,
Dromedary camels and Bactrian camels.
Lamb and mutton,
a lot of food that people eat on the Silk Road.
Silk road, Silk Road,
Just a long road with lots of things on it.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Tsoi, Yat Long Cyril – 11

A trader from Xi'an so bold,
New silk routes, a story to be told.
With trains fast and bright,
Across land day and night,
China's silk whispers, worth more than gold.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Wan, Ka Lok – 9

Long ago, people in China and Europe wanted to trade.
They used a long road called the Silk Road.
On the Silk Road, people travelled on camels.
Camels are strong and can walk through endless parallels.

China sold silk to the West.
Silk is soft and beautiful.
The West sold horses, glass, spices, and gold.

On the Silk Road, what flowed was not merely goods.
People on the Silk Road shared faiths and ideas that would change the world.

Today, the Silk Road is a history.
But it helped our world connect long ago.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Ye, Wenna – 13

Amidst the heat sand, where camel roam,
In China's ancient lands, where fossils sleep,
A secret world of wonder waits to bloom,
Where travellers once through, their legacy to keep.

The sun rises high, with golden light,
Illuminating towns, vibrant and bright,
The rustling leaves, a gentle, whispering sight,
As petals unfurl, and flowers take flight.

In this realm of enchantment, I find my heart's delight,
Where camels and camels dance, in morning light.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Yeung, Yi Sin – 11

The Silk Road, now new and so bright,
Has stories for day and for night.
From Xi'an grand wall,
To treasures for all,
A journey of wonders and light.

From Silk to Steel: Silk Road Reborn

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Lam, Tin Yau Timothy – 9

Across deserts deep and oceans wide,
A ribbon of promise begins to glide.
Steel and fiber, rail and code,
Weaving a future along this road.

From ancient echoes of camel's tread,
To turbines humming where dreams are fed,
Nations meet where trade winds flow,
And seeds of trust begin to grow.

Markets bloom where bridges start,
Ideas cross borders, art to art.
A map redrawn not just with steel,
But bonds that time itself can seal.

The New Silk Road, a thread of light,
Connecting day to deepest night.
If built with hope, not greed or sway,
It can bind the world in a brighter way.

Zhang Qian and the Three Cities

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

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

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

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

When Roads Carry More Than Things

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Journey on the Silk Road

S.K.H. Kei Yan Primary School, Cheung, Ailise – 10

Long long ago, where merchants travelled trading goods,
silk worms guzzled mulberry leaves making silk for clothing,
camels carried merchants on their way along the Silk Road.
Science and technology, exchanged between civilizations,
precious metals like gold and silver, found under rocks.
Then a monk shouted, 'Oh, help me please!'
A rich merchant said, 'Do you have anything to trade?'
The monk was poor, but he held out his hand,
on his dirty hand was a piece of jade.
At first the merchant raised an eyebrow disappointedly,
The monk said, 'This is a magical piece of jade, it can give you anything you want, but it only works on rich kind merchants.'
The merchant's eyes lit up, and he gave the poor monk a basket of food and three sacks of gold.
The merchant snatched the jade, threw the gifts on the ground and ran away.
The poor monk sighed at the merchant's behavior,
But with the basket of food and three sacks of gold, he wasn't poor anymore.
The greedy merchant went back to his palace in the middle of the desert, he ordered his servant,
'Fetch me a perfect box fit for this jade!'
His servant brought a box to the merchant,
The merchant looked at the jade curiously and shouted, 'I wish for a room with zillions of gold, and a Vincent van Gogh painting.'
The jade flashed with red light and mud poured on his head,
The merchant was so mad that he couldn't control his temper,
He shouted again, 'I want to control the sun and moon and everything else in the sky!'
This time the jade turned the merchant into a wild beast,
And threw him far away, he was never to be seen again.
The jade peacefully floated back to the poor monk's hand,
Well the monk wasn't poor now, he was rich, because of the three bags of gold,
Now the monk wasn't a monk, he became a merchant,
So, the rich monk had the jade and when the jade landed in the rich monk's hand,
The jade became the rich monk's necklace and it granted every wish that the rich monk wished,
The rich monk wished for a happy life for everybody on the Silk Road.

China's Silk Road

S.K.H. Kei Yan Primary School, Tong, Eira – 9

Silk Road, Silk Road,
a road that buy and sells things.
Xuan Zang, Ban Chao,
there's a lot of famous people.
Black powder, ivory,
a lot of goods traded on the Silk Road.
China, India,
a lot of countries on the Silk Road.
Greek, Arabic,
a lot of languages there.
Camels, camels,
Dromedary camels and Bactrian camels.
Lamb and mutton,
a lot of food that people eat on the Silk Road.
Silk road, Silk Road,
Just a long road with lots of things on it.

Echoes of the Ancient Trade

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Li, Jaryton – 10

In ancient times, where shadows blend,
a winding path, a journey's end.
Silk and spices, treasures unfold,
Stories of trade in whispers told.

From China's heart, where the silkworms spun,
to distant lands, where rivers run.
Caravans travelled, through sun and through storm,
in search of the goods that would keep them warm.

Mountains rose high, and deserts stretched wide,
with dreams of adventure, they ventured by pride. Merchants and
wanderers, side-by-side,
in markets, bustling where cultures collide.

A bridge of connection, where ideas took flight,
uniting the world in a tapestry bright.
From east to west, a legacy flows,
in the heart of the past, the Silk Road still glows.

Threads of Connection

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Basketball Time Traveler

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Wong, Wallace – 10

One day, I was peacefully shooting hoops on the basketball court. Suddenly, my ball sailed over the railing and landed on the road. I was about to go pick it up when a bright light flashed right into my eyes. When I opened them again, I found myself back in the Han Dynasty!

On the boundless grasslands, I met Zhang Qian, who was locked up by the king of Xiongnu. The Xiongnu Chanyu had placed him in house arrest, barring him from embarking on his mission to the West. Gathering my courage, I approached and revealed that I was from the distant future. I told him he would go down in history as the Pioneer who forged silk road, linking the east and west and friendly diplomatic ties between the Han dynasty and states in the Western regions.

Upon hearing my words, the glimmer of despair in his eye was replaced by a bit of hope. He trusted in his remaining ten teammates to make an escape plan. As a little boy, I disguised myself as the son of one of his men. Using what I had learned in history class, I sketched where the Xiongnu soldiers were stationed and drew an escape route.

However, a group over a dozen fleeing together would arouse a lot of suspicion. I remember from fire could create chaos and distraction. I sneaked into the laundry quarters, took ten sets of Xiongnu soldiers' uniforms, and set the remaining sets before slipping away.

In blink of an eye, thick smoke rose high into the sky, all of the soldiers started shouting and rushed to put out the fire. I ran back to Zhang Qian I told him to put on the stolen uniforms. We blended in the crowd pretending to help fight the fire, but secretly we walked towards the wood marked on my map. We made it out safely and Zhang Qian thanked me over and over, his face full of joy.

All of a sudden, the sky turned pitch black and thunder rumbled overhead. A powerful gust of wind swept me up into the dark clouds. I spun through the air dizzily and everything went black as I lost consciousness.

When my phone rang, I finally regained consciousness. I opened my eyes slowly and I was still sitting in the basketball court, with my basketball rolling slowly on the ground. Could that adventure have been nothing more than a dream?

Silk Road

Shanghai Singapore International School, Chen, Chloe – 9

On the way to the Silk Road,
I saw people going far away,
carts carrying silk and spices along the way.
Tall mountains and hot deserts I would meet,
discovering the secrets that they seek.
I heard people talking in different ways:
English, Chinese, Italian, European, and Tamil.
Birds singing, horses neighing, and wheels of the carts rumbling,
people telling stories from their own traditions.
Along the way I learned
the Silk Road was no ordinary road.
It is a very important part of history even today.
It spread culture, ideas, goods, and built friendship
all over the world.

A Path Unspooled

St. Joseph's Anglo-Chinese Primary School, Lin, Yijing Eric – 12

Long ago, beneath the sun,
A long road had just begun.
From China's gates to the unknown,
Merchants walked, though not alone.

Caravans carried silk, spices, and all that's rare,
Stories, ideas, everywhere.
Through mountains and deserts they wandered,
Astride horses and camels they sauntered.

The East met West, the South met North,
The cultures mingled back and forth.
Thus the story of the Silk Road told,
The fruit it bore worth more than gold.

Grain of Sand

St. Joseph's Anglo-Chinese Primary School, Yi, Guan Jacob – 11

I am a grain of sand,
Drinking from rain's soft hand,
Basking in the sun's warm span.

A camel's hoof steps light on me,
Caravan bells chime o'er Gobi's Sea;
I cling, watch caravans flee,
Halt at the caravanserais,
Where spice-scented tales be.

Swept to a factory's heat,
Melted to glass, pure and neat,
Pressed to a microchip's quick beat.

Now I send messages bright,
Faster than camel, faster than ship's flight,
Old road's thread, stitching day and night,
From dunes to world's endless light.

From The Eye of The Silk Road

The International School of Macao, Wu, Chi Hei Ginny – 10

Longer and longer I go,
through the toughest hills where wind blows.
Oh dearest Silk Road, when will you end?
Just a little longer my dear friend.

Passing by rivers and fields,
but there's no sight of any traders.
You'll soon see about a yard away,
oh what a glorious day!
Du Zhu's back carrying Jades and silks,
And also the skins of many wilks.

Oh, what a journey!
Through markets buying a turkey.
Why Silk Road born in such insane heat!
"Oh, I don't choose." I said under Du Zhu's feet.
Du Zhu was sad he haven't gone home
You should go around Chang'an's dome.

It's almost night!
What a fright!
Who knows, maybe wolves out there?
You should hide between the colossal grass,
What about my towering staff brass?

AHWO, AHWO!
The wolves are coming, what do I do?
Run, hide, or strangle them with a knife?
That's too dangerous, since they're kings of the night.
Du Zhu guessed He'll run then hide.
Which was a fair idea.

Ahh it's morning, what a glorious sight,
Du Zhu squeezed his bedsheets very tight.
Salutations! Good morning!
I said with a voice of adoring.
We must go back to perambulating.

Oh no, Du Zhu's donkey's galloping slow.
Through the bridge that is very low.
Du Zhu's water is running out,
What should I do, should I help?
Through a market that sells edible sprouts.

Through the burning desert hill.
He thought of his family's last will.
Then he met someone new,
“你有一塊紅色的絲綢嗎？” A man with a brownish camel asked.
Du Zhu didn't know what he was saying.
The man realized my confusion.
Then said “ Do you have silk?”
“Oh I do, here's one piece" Du Zhu offered.
“How come you don't speak Chinese, you look Chinese?”
“My family's from Chinese, but speaking anything is hard for me”
“I could teach you” he said “ My name is Hao Qing.
“ My name is Du zhu “ Du Zhu replied.

Du Zhu and Hao Qing went up and down the hill.
It is becoming a windy chill.
Du Zhu is not so lonely anymore, keeping him company.
Thinking of his family's great harmony.

Du Zhu and Hao Qing are running out of comestibles.
They do have leather if that's edible.
Du Zhu hasn't drank or eaten yet for about a week or so.
The passing black crow.
It is almost winter,
But they don't have winter clothing.

Snow fell down with icy bits.
Then he said “ Hao Qing where do you live?”
“I live in the village beside the yellow river.”
“ Me too,” Du Zhu said, surprised.

They faced everything together,
Taming wolves and buying goods forever.
They earned money in Italy
So they could have wealth again!
Then something caught him,
Why did he end up in the Silk Road?

The whole day was a blur.
Hao Qing and Du Zhu stir and crush the hot tea.
They had I nice time together,
They reached their homes having new son and daughters

Their history and generations continued,
Years passed by, years passed before.
Nowadays they don't really need me anymore.

The Silk Road

Yaumati Catholic Primary School (Hoi Wang Road), Wong, Sze Hang – 11

Formation of the Silk Road is an incident
Which is known in the globe by all residents.
Two thousand two hundred years and more ago,
Someone glowed with pride in a place remote.

Zhang Qian, a Chinese man in the Han Dynasty,
Pioneered and grasped every single opportunity.
What the emperor demanded: an alliance in pursuit
Eventually grew into a two-way trade route.

Caravans of camels on the dunes of the desert
Slowly trod to traverse westward with great effort.
Opening a winding track to the west is difficult,
But Zhang Qian the explorer made it possible.

Goods now move on wings and wheels,
Cross oceans vessels with laden keels.
Traded were spices, tea, porcelain and gold
On the Silk Road, ancient and historical.

Fine silk threads narrated stories old,
Cultures were mixed as tales unfold.
Gems of wisdom, sparkling guides,
Help us navigate life's restless tides.

A journey with dust, sand and stones,
A union of the exterior and unknown.
From antique paths to futures grand,
New pages of human history expand.



Poetry

Group 3

The Travels of Zhang Qian

Carmel School – Elsa High School, Laty, Romy – 13

Sent by the emperor to find a way,
An explorer walking nights and days.

He stood before the Jade Gate, drawn and grey,
With camels and a debt to pay.
The Taklamakan whispered threats,
As he traded courage for his breath.

No man would praise his lonely flight,
An envoy lost within the Gobi's night.
He needed to bridge the Han to lands unknown,
A dreamer, far away from home.

His scroll held no gold, just dust and memories of a land,
As he led his camels through lands of sand.
He rested in the dunes, a peaceful soul.
Still reaching in his heart towards his goal.

He thought the wind had blown away his name.
That history would not give him any fame.
He closed his eyes beneath a sky of blue,
With hope for all the things he tried to do.

But history is a dedicated debt we owe,
To those who planted seeds they will never grow.
Centuries passed, and where he dreamed,
Now flows a golden Silk Road.

The silence is shattered now –
By silver coins and stories told with pride.
The path he opened with his bold feet,
Is where the Eastern and Western empires meet.

The bells of a thousand travellers ring his name,
The man who found the path has earned the flame.
He was the one who drew the first design,
To make the ancient, dusty Silk Road shine.

O-L-D S-I-L-K R-O-A-D – Acrostic Poem

ESF Island School, Niles, Nuala – 11

Oh, how the years have passed.
Lines that were once bold on maps,
Degraded into no less than faded marks

Smells, once filled of spices and perfumes from far-away lands
Ideas spreading in ways they could not before.

Livestock traded and new foods tried,
Keep the tales of these times in your memories

Remember,
Old times
And tales
Do not fade easily.

Haiku

Many years ago,
A grand trading spot bustled.
Now it's deserted.

My	Oh
whole life	the things that
I had been carrying	I have
these heavy lifts and loads	seen
You won't believe the things I've	
smelt, or the music I've heard. Perfumes, gold,	
spices, even ideas!! The whole lot. The	
whole	trip WAS rather fun.
(if I say	so myself)

Spices,

Ideas, – **Acrostic poem**

Death

Saffron, MY FAVORITE!

Paprika too!

I can't believe they have all these spices,

Covered over many varieties.

Each in a tub, within a box, which is also in a stall.

Stalls along the trading path, which in total was longer than the great wall!

Inventions, ideas, imagery and the such

Dreams soared to new heights

Endings fixed for stories

And languages shared

Such ways did spread on the silk road

Doom has descended upon us all

Eating away at the population

A name has arrived for this monstrosity.

The BLACK DEATH has struck!!

Happiness and safety have flown free like birds.

HAIKU

The smell of spices,

Traces of gold, these can be

Found on the silk road.

What is this.... Inside

this jar? A perfume?

Jewels? No, some—

thing else. Whatever

could it be? It smells..

Rather warm, if that is

Possible? Is it!? Also a

tinge of... Sweetness? Hm

Let me think. Wait, I got

it!! Warm, sweet, in a jar,

must be something which

I love spices, I really

do! They just taste

so good, and

smell great too.

What are some of my

favorites? Let me tell

you! Cinnamon, saffron,

just to name a few.....

can travel far. People buy
it. It must be used? My
final guess is.... SPICES!!!
Thanks a lot for the clues!!

Wherever did I buy them?
I'll give you a clue! It was
long, it was winding, it also
grew! The answer is the
Silk Roads, really, it's true!

The Silk That Weaves Our Paths

ESF West Island School, Chui, Arissa – 13

Two thousand years ago, the shifting sands lay bare,
Fearless souls marched west to breathe the foreign air.
They sought to sell their silk across the burning stone,
To reach a foreign world they would have never known.

Chang'an became the heart where cultures would meet,
With spices, art, and tools displayed upon the street.
They traded recipes to change the way we dine,
And mixed the eastern tea with cups of western wine.

But more than just merchandise was carried in the sack,
For wisdom was the weight upon the camel's back.
A recipe for glass, a method for the print,
The traders' coins exchanged were more than merely mint.

The silence fell firmly when borders turned to walls,
And dust obscured the path to ancient market halls.
The road of silk dissolved and vanished from sight,
As nations locked their doors and slept within the night.

But twenty-thirteen saw the sleeping giant wake,
To mend the broken thread for everybody's sake.
A hundred and fifty lands signed the open scroll,
To dig the harbours deep and let stories be told.

The camel trains are gone, replaced by optic light,
That flashes through the deep in milliseconds flight.
The online web is not a code, but silk that spins us tight,
To weave a tapestry that turns the dark into white.

Our artificial minds need global truths to grow,
Or else they only learn what half the people know.
An algorithm fed on just a single view,
Can never calculate a future that doesn't prove askew.

When politics becomes a bridge and not a blade,
The foundation for peace is ultimately laid.
To shut the neighbour out is blinding one's own eye,
We need each other's wings if we intend to fly.

I, The Silk Road

ESF West Island School, You, Dora – 12

I remember dust

a thousand years of sun
baking the cracked earth
where my feet, camel and horse,
pressed pathways into memory.

I was not a single ribbon,
no neat blueprint drawn by emperors,
but a wandering spirit,
a thousand veins pulsing life
from Xi'an's gate to distant ports.

Silk, yes, the luminous thread
unfurled from coiled cocoons,
a secret weight traded for
gold that sang in the desert wind,
and spices that woke the tongue.

I carried prayers, too,
Tears from farewells
spilling over mountain passes,
changing what people believed in.

Paper was my whisper,
the smooth surface carrying knowledge,
then gunpowder, a sudden, loud surprise.
And the sicknesses, too,
unwanted passengers I could not refuse.

Sometimes I was not a road,
but a roaring, golden throat.
I swallowed sky and spit out dunes,
for one long, blind hour,
every traveler knew
the desert was not crossed,
it was entered,
and survived.

I saw empires rise and fade,
the caravan lamps winking out
only to be lit again by new hands.
I was the first great weaving,
long before the word globalization settled on me.

Now the sky is different,
the old routes quiet beneath the sand,
but every exchange,
every shared story across borders,
still lingers in every grain of sand

The Merchant's Camel

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Chan, Ellie – 12

I wake up before the sun,
The sky a shade of purplish blue.
My hooves sink into the sand one by one,
Leaving my footprints behind.

'Clink, clink.' The racks on racks of spices call out,
Along with the weight of precious silks swishing in the wind.
The weight presses down on my back,
I carry on.
Slow and steady, slow and steady.

Occasionally, my owner strokes my muzzle,
He sometimes forgets, but I remember.
Each time his warm hand reaches for my face,
I feel complete,
I feel worthy.

At sundown,
The sky again turns a shade of purplish blue,
I can see the fires of faraway tents,
The laughter, the joy.
I watch in a distance, still walking.

Secrets of Silk

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Ellison, Elsie Mae – 12

ky,
Lay the Silk Road,
Treasures confined.

The fabled silk route,
Bringing cultures from here and there.
Woven in a tapestry through a global thread of care.

In the valley of ancient,
There did lay.
The secrets of history,
Yet to convey.

Through the bustling bazaar,
Merchants did sell,
The uncovered treasures with a story to tell.

Along the Silk Road,
History forged in stone.
Lay the bodies of murders,
Yet to be known.

With the Silk Road came fanfare and power.
But mixed with the dust – morals were devoured.
From the murderer's blade,
Lives ended under spade.

What came was great downfall,
No one expected to convey.
What remains is rubble.
Leaving wonders far away.

Memories of the Silk Road

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Hudson, Celia – 12

The aroma of cinnamon and saffron,
Whisper to me from tongues of trade.
Scents of nutmeg and peppery undertones,
Settle a cloak of comfort on me.

Delicate threadings,
Of golden adorned magenta silk.
Capture my eye,
As their golden lace patterns tell me tales of the Silk Road.

Vases where poems rest,
Inked by scholars across the path.
Written about conquest and victories.

This night,
The gleaming stars lean close.
The moon,
A seal of the day's finale hangs tall and proud.
As the road whispers and hums tails of its origin.

The Gems Of The World Be Buried

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Ku, Amelia – 11

Where greed stirs hunger,
And Rome falls for silk,
Where clothes mark distinction,
And symbolises a hierarchy.

So, I join the troop,
Begone the warnings,
As I enter a place that have been many's grave.

And now with my flying cloth,
I waved the air in front of me.
To banish the sand beast,
Made of dust and bone.
Then fell to nothing, still and dry as stone,
May heaven forever records the cost my soul has paid.

For I was lured by the gold, djinns laid.

The sand clung to the cloth,
Which warned the violent journey ahead.
What is done is done,
No going back now.

And this is just the preface,
To the book of the Palmyra storms
The fierce sun shone upon my camel,
For all the treasures of the world I pack,
Will drag me deeper into hell's domain.

Through storms and heat,
Almost no one will prevail.
Someone must know this foolish degree,
That man will reach for just one petty fee

Silk from China,

Monkeys from Africa,

Glass from Persia.

The gems of the world be buried with me.

So here I walk,
My throat rasping away,
In no mood to talk.
Down the trail of the twisting silk,

A sure prophecy of my last, dying breath.
No hope for price tags, my gathered gold,
That were destined for the chatter the dead must have told.

A place so far away,
Rumoured to own rich and bling.
Palmyra,
Unseen and forgotten now.

Wait.
I spot something strange and deep,
A swirling mushroom from devil's sleep?
No, cannot be.
I see...

Then whoosh!
Another sandstorm comes in from behind,
I grasp for footing,
But the sand has made me blind.
No more air,
A flare of pain, my last surprise.

What is done is done,
No going back now,
May the above hold my life,
With every vow.

'The New Silk Road'

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Lui-Schwille, Maia – 13

A caravan of traders from the land of Qin
Laden with silk, lacquerware, bronze, and porcelain,
Bearing ideas and religion
and weapons of war

Camels track towards the West,
Carried on the whispers
of what lay beyond the dunes
A map of stars, a spice, a forgotten tune.

Yet sands drift and times change
Camel gives way to galleon,
coursing the waves
carrying goods through the storms it braves

To land and sea is added air
electric threads and metal birds filled
with silk, lacquerware, silicon, porcelain,
and more

And sands shall drift and times shall change,
All the myriad languages, now in binary code,
Is this just the echo of empires,
A never-ending Silk Road?

The Silk Road's Mercy

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Mak, Ripple – 11

The illness took her, a mercilessly cold hand;
The medic looked away; he knew he couldn't stand
The promise of death he couldn't beat back down.
"The cure is in the West, past many a town,
A fortune made in silver, a rare thing."
His hands just trembled: he had no money to bring!
The price of her life was too vast, too deep,
But he had made a promise to her and swore to keep.
He kissed her knuckles, felt the pulse in her palm,
And swore to hunt down the life saving balm.

He wore the same wool gloves he wore to tend the earth—
A tunic painstakingly patched until it had lost its initial worth.
His boots were leather he had fixed with thread,
A turban from cotton bundled on his head,
To block the sun, the dust a blanket of shame,
Just cloth and food for the trip, barely worth its name.

Across the arid desert, where the heat was a wall,
He'd envision her limp body, fearing her life's downfall.
"Please," he'd pray as he dragged in lungfuls of air,
"Just hold on, my love. Or I will drown in pure despair."

The path wound into the mountains, unforgiving and sharp,
Where the moonlight basked his tent of animal skin tarp,
He dodged the sandstorms, tasted grit on his tongue,
And whistled the songs she'd once sung.
The days were fire, the nights ice that sliced him deep,
Tears he'd let himself in darkness weep.

He spread the shimmering cloth, whispering desperate pleas,
And begged her life would still remain intact overseas.
The money grew, each coin pocketed with care,
A last token of hope for a life to spare.
His satchel lightened, his pocket stuffed down,
He hurriedly rushed back toward the distant town.
With every gallop, his heart would soar, then drop,
Terrified that the gruelling journey he had made might stop,
To an empty house, a door forever closed to him.

He reached the healer, coins cupped protectively in hand,
Bought the vial, the cure rarest to man,
The antidote worked, the fever was gone at last,
The Threat of Death had finally passed.

“You did it,” she whispered, voice thin and weak with barely suppressed emotion,
“I have and will always keep my promise safe,” he murmured: “You always will be my salvation”

Grandma's Dream — If only I

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Sze, Celene – 12

Upon her porch, with silvered hair,
She sits and sips her tea.
Her wrinkled hands wrap the cup,
While her mind flies far and free.

She dreams of discovering spices and silks rare,
The ancient path, a world undiscovered —
The Silk Road's golden lane.

“If only I,” she softly sighs,
“Could step through times door, be young and free again,
Be where camels wandered before,
To feel the thrill of life once more.”

And so, as dawn arrives and paints rosy skies,
Time, anticlockwise.
Magic hums: she blinks her eyes,
And tumbles back where her spirit flies.

Her hair blonde again, her cheeks rosy once more,
Her laughter echoes, brought back to life,
Light and bright,
With a pack sitting on her back,
She sets upon her way.
Walking among traders, sharing their tales,
Crossing deserts,
Seeing bazaars alive with songs,

A thousand marvels,
A thousand mysteries,
A thousand hearts,
One dream come true.

But soon the road bends to her porch,
Her journey here is done,
And there she grins, her tea now cool in hand,
Her heart warmed by the sun, like sun on sand,

Her body old and fragile,
Her heart and spirit wander free,
Traveled far through time and seas.
If only I.

Currency of History

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Xia, Elaine – 13

My “life” began with the strike of a hammer
A blank of silver.
I was just a mere dull token.

The emperor’s mighty profile stamped across my face—
I was money, power.

Then I was the boast of a merchant,
Tucked in a leather purse with my fellow peers
Dancing together to create a soft clink

I felt the gently sway of a camel’s gait
A slow, rocking movement
Carrying me from Chang An to the Middle East.

There I was traded
For piles of sky blue silk
For sacks of spices.
There, I was currency.

Centuries later,
I was the surprise of a farmer
Found crusted with green sheen.

He spat on his thumb,
Rubbed my face till the ghost of a face appeared.

I was luck, then.
A lucky charm for his child
Hung on a string.

Years passed
Until yet again;
I was forgotten.
Wars were fought
Empires fell
Yet I remain a disc of discarded, tarnished metal.

Years later,
I was basked in the sun once more
Found by a trowel’s careful scrape.

Brushed clean,
I lay on a velvet bed;
Examined by scholars
All murmuring my dates, my price.

Now, i rest under the auction house
A numbered sum.

The gavel cracks once more
A final, sharp announcement.

I'm sold;
For much more than I was worth.

From a hand smelling of pine to a hand with a burgundy cotton glove,
No longer a coin for market,
But an artifact;
Engraved with memory.

We will not be destroyed,
We will stand victorious over the mechanoids.

A network of routes now emerges
Hark! The ancient road sings a verse
Where ideas flow and wisdom merges,
At the journey's end lies a choice
It whispers from the winding road
Technology was never truly our friend
Don't you see why that had to end?

True connection requires communication
This is how we build a nation
So just look up, and you will see
You will see through your eyes, not a screen
This is my desperate plea

In Italics

Heep Yunn School, Li, Xinyan Cathy – 14

pretty plentiful wonders galore
a smile injected with a sore
it was vast its connections bountiful
but it was never of the beautiful

for this Silk Road's only creed
was born of transactional greed.
a bloody artery for the current of gold,
a story for the bled and sold.

a line of merchants rich and keen,
their inner hunger rarely seen,
would cross the mountains, dry and stark,
their journey lit by a single spark—

the profit waiting at the end,
the rival's loss, the newfound Friend
considered for the trade he'd bring,
a functional and useful thing.

until one noon, a weathered stone
held words that seemed for them alone.
a script in carved italics lay
to block and question them that day.

“In Italics

*you carry this wealth you own
to trade for seeds elsewhere are sown.
you walk past wonders, blind and hushed,
your own heart's beauty deeply crushed.*

*is what you have so base and small,
you must seek difference past this wall?
does your own wine not taste as sweet?
your own hearth's welcome seem complete?*

*you catalogue a distant bloom,
yet let your own garden's grief consume.
you seek a treasure, far and grand,
with bartered goods in either hand.*

*you tally Silk by weight and thread,
but have you weighed the words unsaid?
you measure jade by flaw and hue,
but can you measure what is true?*

*you are ambitious, so you say,
you yearn for things not made of clay.
you are ambitious, so you say,
but never enough to make them stay.*

*you sip your tea, proud on your throne,
boasting of all the goods you own.
but you sip your tea, proud on your throne,
knowing that the only ambition you'll ever own*

*is to be alone, a heart of stone
mourning this script of tasteful italic
carved on this Road, Silk to bone,
a Merchant King, but forever static.*

*because all you'll ever be
is a lonely Man gulping tea.
choking on your senseless jade,
but no Friend will come to your aid."*

a heavy quiet filled the air
they stood and simply stared in scare
aware of some old, fundamental lack
worn on the future's dusty track

they saw their greed, a ravenous tide,
noticed the hollow place inside
where something tender should have grown,
a heart's own garden left unsown

for one pure moment, clear and stark,
they glimpsed a truer, deeper mark
a road could make — a binding thread
of souls, not goods, being quietly fed

they saw their families back at home,
their flowers not for trade, but loam.
a love that required no receipt,
a resonance of connection amongst the wheat.

but habits are a well-worn groove.
they shook themselves, began to move,
recited answers, dry and sage,
and turned another profit's page.

the Road then wept in dust and lore,
its spills a piercing of the core.
but what could it do? a helpless fool,
for its purpose was lost to the cruel.

because this Road was pretty, plentiful, wonders galore.
but it carried a smile injected with a sore.
because this Road was old, made of filaments untold.
but its woven strands of italic were ignored in bold.

for this Road was vast, connections bountiful,
but its Silk was never made of the beautiful.
for this Road was for meeting, an exchange across the plain,
but its Silk was measured, in transactional gain.

The Sun Set Twice, a ballad

Heep Yunn School, Wong, Chin Ching – 14

Radiant as a soaring dappled dove,
Setting his heart ablaze.
She was his first and only love,
A flicker through the morning haze.

They basked within the glow,
With eyes to shadows blind.
Yet her health soon took its toll
For fate's cruel cards are never kind.

Her laughter faded, smiles turned into sighs,
Chariot of gold rusted to skin of ivory.
Desperation sparked like a fire in his eyes,
He vowed for a quest of remedy—
A pursuit of precious Sandalwood.

He kissed her shivering hand farewell,
And sought the west for the healing balm.
Through distant lands where merchants dwell,
For love so pure he'd brave whatever's qualm.

From treasures of jade and porcelain fine,
He sold his wealth for a chance divine.
He stripped their home of glimmer,
But beauty meant nothing,
Not when her breath grew thinner,
Not when her voice was a thread unwinding.
And so, the sun set twice on the Silk Road.

Then the tradesmen crossed his path,
Eagerly declaring, spinning a myth.
“Are you, too, seeking that which defies death?
Why merely heal a fever or stop a bleeding breath,
When you could bestow the gift of eternal air!”

He contemplated where his ember burned,
Time was casting away, his castaway.
“Just beyond the stream!” they claimed, unconcerned,
“There'll only be a brief delay.”

Convinced he could preserve her very soul,
He chased the beacon of everlasting glow.
Turning his horse from the path he'd strolled,

Until the sun set twice on the Silk Road.

Trudging through sandstorms and mountains jagged,
He voyaged barrens and rivers.
The sun like his eyes dwindled dim and deepened,
His hair sought his temples, streaked with silver.

Afar, a light pierced through the horizon,
A flaxen fountain drew his eyes in.
At last! He bore the golden prize,
Yet return bore distances plight.
He turned his face towards the east,
And raced towards the night.
And raced for four fortnights.

He poured the gold upon her lips,
A promise of life and love,
“What took so long, dear?” she said with a sigh
And smiled, thanking the stars above.

With a final whisper of his name,
Her soul surrendered to the dark.
Like a flickering, faded flame,
His sun set twice on the Silk Road.

He's traded his years for a hollow dream,
For a life that follows a sunken gleam.
So he walks alone a bitter road,
With wistful echoes of love in the shadows.
For love is now,
And now,
Is fleeting.
And the day
The sun set twice on the Silk Road,
Was the day past saving.

Anchor to Atlas

Heep Yunn School, Wong, Chin Yu – 14

Sea

This comb —

not shattered,
bent
through trials of time
by waves that come and come,

but a bent comb still combs,
if you hold it with waves in your wrist
painstakingly,
you will learn how
with what still remains.

Silk Road

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

only bent,
by a merchant's debate, a camel's shove,
or the strain of one too many barbers.

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

to part the hair of history

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

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

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

tell me
a myth,
uncover me as a story,
as my fingers catch again and again
when I comb it through.
I have not spoken since, and the silence
haunted
me

what is the ocean but
with nowhere left to flow?
I whisper to the wind
in braids that resist smooth passage
“I will wait for you,”
They left me restless,
and baffled
for evermore.
So has memory
So is time.

Now, a moth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I too, wept

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

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

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

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

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

And if you listen, when the moon is high,
the ripple near the sleeping sand,
that's not the sea —
That's me.

still combing my unbraided hair with a steady hand,
ever anew, ever onwards.

Unity Through the Shared Paths

HKUGA College, Choy, Hay Ching Cathleen – 14

The brave Chinese traders with dreams of markets anew.
The start of their journey sparkled with hope in view.
They crossed tall mountains, winding rivers, and busy towns.
Facing many challenges and tough ups and downs.
Meeting new faces from all around with rich backgrounds.
Silk and spices traded, sharing stories that astound.

Now we look at today, seeing the Silk Road come alive.
Celebrating the connections that help our world thrive.
Creative minds come together, sharing ideas with care.
A bright, interconnected future waiting for us to share.

The Roads

HKUGA College, Lau, Sze Ching – 14

In ancient whispers, where stories unfold,
A path of silk threads, a journey of old.
From Chang'an's heart to the West's distant shores,
Trade brought excitement, opening new doors.

Through deserts and mountains, brave travelers went,
Carrying spices and goods—what an adventure, it meant!
Each step they took led to cultures converging,
In the tale of exchange, a new world emerging.

Artisans painted with colors so bright,
And thinkers and dreamers stayed up through the night.
From fire to paper, great inventions arose,
In the heart of trade, new ideas would grow.

The laughter of people, the taste of good food,
Stories shared freely, creating a mood.
Caravans wandered on paths rough and wide,
Woven together, with cultures beside.

Now we revive this historic embrace,
Sharing new tales as we each find our place.
With bridges of friendship, let's dream and strive,
For the Silk Road continues, keeping connections alive.

On the Silk Road

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Hong, Wing Nam Aimee – 13

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

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

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

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

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

The Silk Road

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Liu, Yangru – 13

*Across the dunes, where merchants trade,
With silver and gold coins, they are paid.
From Xi'an's pagodas to Istanbul's domes,
The Silk Road spreads, even to Rome.*

*Eastern silk and earthy spices,
Jade and perfumes, traded at high prices.
Stories and wisdom, exchanged from every route,
Their journeys end with dreams, going all out!*

*Camels burdened with fragile goods,
Crossing oceans, mountains, and endless woods.
Across the dunes, caravans lead the way,
Travelling east and west, sharing ideas and stories—even in nights of rain and days of gray.*

*Not just goods exchanged, but dreams as well,
A mix of cultures and ideas from places where many dwell.
The Silk Road, connecting cultures through the lands,
Bound our world together, hand in hand.*

The Road is Long

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Xiao, Ho Lung – 15

The road is long
Sand flies in the wind under the hot sun
Camels walk slowly, bells ring
Carry silk and spices to far lands
Merchants laugh loudly
Who cross deserts, climb mountains
People speak different words
Towns get busy.
Silk is sort.
Horses run fast
Spices smell nice,
Horses carrying the spices day and night
Water evaporates on the sand
The desert is very cold at night
The merchants look up at the moon
The moon is round
The camels are lying on the sand
The wind blows the tent
People chatted while eating food
The camels fell asleep

The Journey to Marco Polo

International Christian School, Hung, Ka Yan Kristen – 13

I see Porcelain, paper money, and silk all before me.
There's no sea, no boats, no merchants,
Should that be?

Everything is so advanced, so sophisticated, so efficient.
Everyone is so civilised, so peaceful, much happier here than they would be.

24 years traveling the great Silk Road,
A merchant's son, oh so bold.
Marco Polo, though coming back,
Was Captured noting the city lacks.
Went on to tell about China's greats,
Fuelled Europe's interest trades.

The Silk Road: A bridge between cultures

King's College, Cheung, Angus Ho Shun – 13

Where east meets west, and has stood time's test.
Where culture blends and friendships mend.

The Silk Road stands as an everlasting entity,
Its revitalisation has brought people together.

The edification of both parties,
all thanks to the mighty Silk Road.
The syncretism of societies along the way,
paved the path for new affinities, if I may.

The cultures of all, the amount should surely cause appall.
The lives of each of them are agrestic and disparate.
But they converge and connect,
although at times there were strifes.

The spread of artistic influences,
have led to alluring illustrations that please the eye.
And the west can listen to the music of the Chinese folk,
enjoying the melodies while cracking jokes.
Or perhaps some peaches for a snack?
I'm sure nobody would object to that.

As the world expands,
connections lose demand.
Everyone's life is idiosyncratic,
they're all worth it to learn and know.
As we learn from others, we grow.
So pursue knowledge, from friend or foe.

A Sonnet to Threads of Trade —The Legacy of the Silk Road

King's College, Lau, Grayson – 13

From Chang'an's walls, where silken dreams began,
Brave traders marched with camels in a line,
Through deserts vast and peaks that scrape the span,
To swap their goods for treasures, new and fine.

They bartered spices hot, and gold that gleamed,
Shared tales of stars and songs from distant shores;
One camel sighed, (or so the old tales dreamed),
“This load is too much—my back truly sores!”

Revived today with trains and ships so grand,
The New Silk Road connects the world anew;
From China's heart to every far-off land,
Nations join in trade and friendship true.

Though camels nap and grumble from the past,
The Silk Road binds us—friendships meant to last!

Through trial and willpower

Korean International School, Chan, Ka Hei – 12

Through trial and willpower, they have succeeded.
Through the westlands, they discover.
As the men shared, their culture spread.
Two forces aligned, together in peace.
It endured, facing rough conflict within.
Finally put to rest, buried in history.

Whispers of the Silk Road

Korean International School, Chan, Yui Chit – 13

From China's gates to the shore, a thread was spun through myth and lore.
Camels marched with silent grace, across the dunes through time.
Spices danced in desert air, Jade and gold beyond compare.
Scrolls of wisdom, silks of flame.
Mountains watched with ancient eyes.
Languages merged, cultures connected, in busy towns wrapped in mist.
A Persian rug, a Roman glass, stories go as ages pass.
Not just goods, but thoughts were sold— Ideas bright, and legends bold.
The Silk Road everyone knew.

He travel beneath the stars

Korean International School, Ng, Ho Him – 13

He travel beneath the stars,
They find their home in faraway places.
The silks, hidden treasures, brave stories, daring adventures.

Trades and cultural routes, leaving a legacy at each turn.
The human race is a beautiful thing.

Lantern Against the Storm: A Tale of the Maritime Silk Road

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Fung, Ching Kiu – 12

In Qing's proud days, when banners swayed,
Vermilion gates cast morning shade.
Panyu's port, the ocean's gate,
Sent silk and spice to foreign state.

Great bales of silk lay stacked like gold,
Crimson and jade in rippling fold.
Porcelain gleamed in crates of straw,
Blue dragons curled with ancient awe.
Tea leaves slept in lacquered chests,
Their fragrance rising ocean crests.
Merchants came from seas afar,
With glass and clocks and dreams of star.
The Pearl River sang its ancient tune,
Beneath the sun and silver moon.

But storms can break the strongest mast,
And fortune's tide can turn so fast.
A Swedish ship with treasures rare,
Its merchant chief lay hurt beneath the storm-tossed air.
A tempest rose with iron might,
It tore the sails and drowned the light.

The governor's daughter heard the cry,
Her lantern burned against the sky.
She lashed the ropes, her arms were steel,
While waves like dragons clawed the keel.
Through roaring dark, her courage shone,
A beacon bright where hope had flown.

She saved the crew from death's embrace,
And led them to her father's place—
The governor's mansion of Panyu's pride,
Where silk and power walked side by side.
She nursed him well through fever's tide,
While dragon winds still roared outside.
Her voice a balm, her touch a star,
That healed his soul from lands afar.

When strength returned and sails could rise,
He vowed beneath the southern skies:
"No crown nor king could grant such care—
Your kindness shines beyond compare."
Each year thereafter ships would glide,
With chests of gold and gems inside.
Cartons vast of silver bright,
Like moonlit frost on China's night.

Yet greater still than minted gold,

Her tale of Panyu's heart will be told.
From East to West the whispers run,
Of silk and spice, of deeds well done.
For where the Silk Road kissed the sea,
Her courage became its legacy.

The Silk Road

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Lowe, Pui Ching Serena – 14

Amidst the shifting sands of time,
A silken ribbon whirls and winds.
Bringing spools and spices here and there,
With wondrous tales through desert air.

Among mingling merchants, the camels bray
Whilst hefting up vases made of fine clay.
The jade, tea, and porcelain and silver of old
Poured in in abundance, glistening gold.

Yet more than riches did the belt provide
As the bards, scholars, and poets all thrived.
Their songs and stories, set into stone
Instilled into their readers a thirst for the unknown.

Though the years pass, one thing remains clear:
The legacy of the Silk Road shall never disappear.
For none will forget, in the least
The illustrious trading route of the Far East.

The Journey of Silk

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Wong, Yui Gi – 14

Beneath the dawn's soft light, with hope glimmering in their eyes,
Intrepid souls set forth under the wide blue skies,
Bringing bundles of silk that were finest and bright
Went on months of trekking to pursue their dreams in sight .

Through towering mountains and deserts of dust,
Their hearts fueled by passion, determination, and trust,
Traversed meandering rivers, faced storms on their way,
Driven by the visions of markets where treasures are laid.

At Chang'an's gates, cultures entwined,
In the lands of Europe, fates were aligned,
They met eager traders from far and wide,
Soon the exquisite threads of silk became a source of pride.

Exchanged were not just fabrics so rare,
But spices and knowledge, ideas laid bare,
From east to west, a mosaic unfold,
The Silk Road connected a fragmented world.

For over a millennium, their journeys' drew near,
Until time eventually brought about silence and fear,
Yet in 2013, the tale regained its voice!
Revived in this day and age, let's rejoice!

The Silk Road continues its timeless grace,
Now nations unite, reweaving the trace.
New tales are emerging and cultures arise,
We, again, celebrate those dreamers in reprise.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Wu, Wai Ki Jayne – 14

Across the valleys, through the mountain crest,
Adventurers ventured west on an ancient quest.
Carrying silken threads, and dreams to weave,
Bearing goods, in trade they believed.

From Chang'an's gates, where routes diverged,
To markets bustling, a merchant's dream emerged.
Spices and fragrances, stories were told,
Wrapped in the embrace of laughter uncontrolled.

Kingdoms traded, as cultures entwined,
In the dance of commerce, new friendships aligned.
Every caravan's path, a journey of heart,
Taking everything in as if a work of art.

Oh, how the world changes, but still we explore,
Reviving old roads, opening new doors.
With nations united, hand in hand,
The legacy of silk unites every land.

Now echoes of history, yet still vibrant and bright,
Continues to carry whispers of travelers, all day and night.
For the tales of the Silk Road, both old and anew,
Join together to form a tapestry true.

A Journey Through Time

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Wu, Zhiqing – 13

I carry your dreams, from Chang'an to the West,
Through shifting sands where memories rest.
The tales lost in time. Every step I take feels like I'm losing my rhyme.
Do you trust me with your hopes as I wander so far?

I carry your dreams, feeling the chill of the night,
As shadows grow longer and stars burn bright.
In the busy bazaars, I hear laughter and cries,
But my heart feels the ache of distance in my sighs.
How many miles must I walk to feel like I'm home?

I carry your dreams, sipping tea from my cup,
Tasting the memories that never give up.
The spices are rich, but they can't fill the misery,
Of longing for moments, for love I've enjoyed.
Will the scents of home ever drift back to me?

I carry your dreams, woven deep in my soul,
Each thread is a reminder of what makes me whole.
Though laughter surrounds me, I feel worlds apart,
Like a song without melody, echoing in my heart.
Where are the voices that once made me feel free?

I carry your dreams with every step that I take,
In the quiet of night, where the lost words awake.
In the stories of travelers, I find bits of light,
Yet the weight of this journey makes the dark feel so tight.
When will our paths cross, and our laughter return?

I carry your dreams as the journey unfolds,
With hope in my heart and the courage it holds.
In the dance of the stars, I search for a way,
For the bonds that we share are what brighten my day.
Will you wait for my return, as I carry you there?

ILK

Marymount Secondary School, Hue, Charisse – 14

i. sand

silk–silver sands and
small sliver sky

and red rusty roofs. camel caravans
trudge through famed
taklamakan.
their scholars say it means “place of no return”,
but we just say:
“huff puff clink clank grrruhnnt”.

the wind whips beating egg
yolk in the west melting fast
salty breadcrumbs smack our faces
and hooves press sinking deeper down.
as one we chant our anthem —
“so–fa–mi–re dough
we’re baking bread in these kilns,
hoping to rise”

light a flame to burn the yellow away
it mutters and sputters and gutters
“More wood! The Flame must eat!”
shouts our grey–haired master
with his vanishing voice.
the fire dances — but we have none left to give
what was once saddle is now fuel
and in dreams bleached with burnt stars
carpets bury our bodies and wolfskin
night mares ice–cold.

ii. spice & seasoning

“heave–ho heave ho!
faster! ten more *li* til samarkand!”
camels bow under the rich & spices
the merchants shout for our hands & backs.
sun rays beat down on them.
and they beat
us

how we differentiate:

taklamakan = death

samarkand = death (black)

as smoke spills over domes
we pray like the westerners —

“give us our daily bread”.

we stand against the market
(a mud-bricked warehouse) like dominoes
one two three young hunchbacks guarding
sweat-slicked dried peppers in rotten crates
under a grimy window.
“State-of-the-Art Technology,” boasts our master
“We see you but you can’t see us.”
behind red walls gold gleams merchants beam —
they feast: saffron & honey on cured mutton with a
side of dried plum (seasonal)
we fast: salt picked from our faces on preserved flatbread

and in alleyways under awnings
rats celebrate the plague
racing along the road.

iii. steel & stone

along we trod and throw our sails
from chang’an to constantinople!
for what is gunpowder with no guns
and the cuts of ruby those merchants receive
compared to us servants?

“free trade,” they point to teabag-soaked maps
and explain. we grasped this new word quickly.

free (adjective): to be confined; of a grave price.

our tongues use it for silence
when they send persia into the red ahead
and she doesn’t trek back to our troop
our spines learn it as endurance
when a ceramic jar breaks into four pieces
and china’s masters make han’s back mimic
our palms speak of it as fact
when we pay the promised safe passage tax
to masked men with swords & pockets of coin
or when we are ordered not to give gold
and we pay with our hide.

we can only hope their knives are sharp
and polished to a point
but the glint in their eyes against steel
only rewards we
who kneel

we
who are the free people.

iv. silk

sand—slathered silk
swallowed small sliver sky
slippery through
our fingers
and our eyes
s
lowly
as
we
all
...

China's Silk Road

Sacred Heart Canossian College, Leung, Hoi Kiu Jacaranda – 12

China's Silk Road, tapestry of trades,
Harmony blooms as beliefs cascade,
Immortal spirits glittering across the bays,
Nostalgia whispers of ancient days,
Adventure with Richthofen in a time cage.

Silk flows through journey woven of dreams,
Inspired voyages through vibrant streams.
Lost in tea's flavour, aromas blend,
Kaleidoscope of cultures, exchanges never end.

Road of wonders, where East meets West,
Open hearts share tales – a beautiful quest.
Art and music unite souls in joyful play,
Dancing with camels, the spirit of Silk Road's display.

The Silk Thread

Singapore International School, Ching, Yu Hin – 13

It was a single thread of silk,
A daring promise in a world full of dull, grey cloth.
Whispering of freedom and excitement,
A path away from the monotonous life we had.

It was the reason for leaving,
A desperate hunger, yearning for a different taste.
Like the smell of the wide, blue ocean,
And the winds sang of adventures untold.

It was the day we left home,
Leaving our dreams behind.
Each step echoing with a bittersweet farewell,
As our village became nothing but a faint line of smoke.

It was my camel, its walk a slow, steady rhythm,
Moving over the vast, silent desert.
Upon its back we sat,
Hoping not to disturb its peaceful rest.

It was our ambition, etched into the dust,
The mournful cries of our companions,
Our aching muscles spoke of strength,
With a grip of fatigue in our hands.

It was our path, the first in the dust,
The first footprint on an untouched map.
A bold line being drawn on the unknown,
Leading us towards a door of hope and mystery.

Awakening the Silk Road

Singapore International School, Lam, Wong Kwan – 15

In Hotan, the Southern branch of the silk road,
The winds scrape sand, a quiet foreboding.
In riverbeds there lies everlasting pain,
A carver's quiet daughter dreams of silks and bones.
Her restless mind, compass steeped full of thirst,
Forging towards a destiny unversed.
Then the silence fell, heavy as husk.
She watched her father's body creak upon the bed.
His breath growing shallow, fading.
The candles dimmed. The air grew cold.
In that gloom, a smouldering ember ignited.
Out the window camels grunted impatiently,
Hooves tapping against the dust.
Saw the her own shadow, the cold season's rust.
Her gaze fell to her father's workbench, the uncut jade.
Caressing its shiny surface, feeling the storm it had created.
Cool, yet unyielding.
No flower, no bird, no design was made at all.
The awakening rushed, calling to the sick.
Jade reveals itself in battling the every wheel that seeks its dust.
Then she carved a new name from the darkness deep,
Linen for her heart, shears for her hair to keep.
Her fathers cloak, became her shield.
A last shared breath, their souls being revealed.
A final spark igniting the gloomy night.
At last, she opened the gate to the waiting road's plight.
The wind tugging at her name,
The road whispering its myth, carrying her flame.

Threads of Tomorrow

Singapore International School, Lim, Lok Hei Alex – 14

Across golden sands where camels once swayed,
Merchants whispered under the blazing heat,
Bells chime softly as the convoy wanders,
Through the endless terrains.

A boy from Chang An', eyes wide with wonder,
Joined the long trek southward along the dazzling stars,
Met a girl from Russia, her smile like a beam,
Trading tales of stories of their pasts.
They shared berries sweet and tangy on the tongue,
Paper from China for her father,
Music in lutes where they sang songs.

Oasis mirage gleams,
Mountains scrape the clouds,
Bandits hide in the dark.

Centuries passed, the old roads faded,
Ships took the sea, convoys went extinct,
But echoes remain in children's games,
In the foods we consume, in cultures released and the technology we use.

Now trains swift through the old silk road,
ports flourish with cranes that reach the heavens,
From Beijing to Europe, the silk road remains.

Bridges over rivers, tunnels through the mountains,
Tracks over the sands, creations flow faster than the wind on the dune.

What wonders await on this trail.

The Walk Down the Silk Road

Singapore International School, Lo, Jaymee – 14

Shallow footprints mark the mottled sand
Tattered sandals, on each a calloused sole
Forward onward, leaving behind their land
Riches, wealth, and greed, all one goal

Gripped in her fist, a basket made of reed
Smooth, salty pearls line her weary brow
Laws of the land her father will not heed
It's worth a try. They have to make tracks now

Peeling away the sheet, careful, prim
Into the basket, the girl steals a peek
Surprise! Squirming silkworms filled to the brim
Her glistening eyes widen, the sun on her cheek

Innocent, small worms, writhing since birth
Unaware of a grim future they soon have to face
Not a one can understand the value of their worth
Travelling from bare-boned farm to foreign place

Father's dreams fill his head on this Silk Road
thinking of life for his child, the years ahead
Stumbles, staggers with the increasingly heavy load
No more pain and scourging, no more days of dread

His choice was made. It took strength, will, and might.
This walk down the Silk Road will lead to a future bright

How a Man should Travel

Singapore International School, Lye, Yuxin – 14

Prologue

As I set foot from the canals I loved so dear,
I didn't ponder, didn't linger by the pier,
didn't ask myself, "Why go at all?"
because the asks asked
were unasked by my footfall.

I learned to keep my father's pace,
compass pointing across my face,
to the east. For trade, for silk, for tales,
for meeting the Khan, and for that I will

persevere.

A long road, yes, lengthened more so with my gear,
But if you notice
all the cities set in yellow sand
that lived on grapes and wine since ancient Han,
all the black stones that burned like brand,
birds with fur, not feather, and

all those marvels that far outran the caravan.

You'd be surprised,
because before you knew it, it'll be

September 1272

at the Tianshan foothills.

Wind, sand, flour,
each mouthful grinds and grits and grates.
Uncle Maffeo passes me a cup of brew,
I swallow the bitter silt,
and taste a wistful ache
of a place I used to call home,
a place I fear is slowly becoming

a distant memory.

February 1273

at the Black Gobi.

The wind never ceases,
leaving my skin crumpled in creases.

We hear a rustle.

Scattered.

Anonymous.

A beast!

A legendary beast!

We turn around

only to find a cradle of ribs cupping nothing but wind.

July 1274

in Dunhuang.

The market clots with smell of saddle-sweat,
lute tunes coiled in dust with cries and debt.

Men hawk red corals and blue lazuli,
their hands more accurate than scales,
their eyes more polished than stones.

They sell certainties the journey lacks;

a price for gems,

a price for silk,

a price for a journey through the mountain cracks?

At the fire, Mahmud shows me the horse that his son carved.

One leg is shorter, it will never stand.

We stare into the flames,

saying nothing,

fire crackling.

The toy is heavier than my baggage in hand.

May 1275

in Khanbaliq.

They take our camels, the men in clean clothes,

give us robes,

lead us to baths,

but the water is grey by my turn.

A stranger scrubs my neck raw

till my new skin gnaws.

They lay out silk for tomorrow's Audience.

I practice the bow, I shine the jewels,

but my mind is weary.

It holds only the Uyghur tunes, the lopsided horse,

the silt in a cup,

the gifts I truly carry.

Epilogue

“Marco Polo’s a fraud! He never spanned the silk road.”

They say there’s no place like home
but I returned only to find it smaller,
my shadow stretched by horizons and brimmed with awe.

Perhaps
there will always be those
who accuse, condemn, discredit my legacy,
who reject the truth and refuse to see.

But I have not told half of what I saw!

Mogao caves, Kashgar bazaar, unknown dialects,
wingless dragons, paper coins, priceless artifacts.
The world is wider than what a merchant collects,
it weighs in adventures, not in gold, or respects.

And those wonders are for you to unravel.
What you yearn may start from the west,
but this road eastwards is where you will grapple with

how a man should travel.

The Light at the End of the Tunnel

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Alexa Grace, Higasi – 13

The Sun was shining 'pon my back,
We mustn't wander from the track.
Stale bread to get me through the day,
We brace ourselves for an attack.

Oleanders give me comfort;
Give me solace amongst the dirt,
And when the day is bleak again,
Remind me that family comes first.

Some days seem just impossible
Of dragging our feet through the snow,
Meeting obstacles as we go,
Where's the light at the end of the tunnel?

The sky is clear to my dismay
As we skeptically leave the cave
And I feel we might be okay,
It's the light at the end of the tunnel.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Ching Kei, Chan – 12

In the heart of Xian, where journeys begin,
Young Ashley packs her dreams and a map to spin.
With a smile and a lantern, she steps into night,
Chasing ancient stories, her heart feels so light.

Through Dunhuang's caves, she sees murals bright,
Artists of old sharing wisdom and light.
With each painted wall, a tale to explore,
Of cultures and journeys and so much more.

In Kashgar's markets, colors swirl and play,
Spices and laughter fill the busy day.
She hears of a merchant, brave Ahmad the Wise,
Who traveled the deserts beneath open skies.

Across the vast sands, with stars as her guide,
Ashley meets kind nomads who wander with pride.
They share their own stories, their joys, and their fears,
As the moonlight dances and the night time clears.

Arriving in Samarkand, a city so grand,
With legends of scholars and dreams unplanned.
In an old library, she finds tales to tell,
Of friendship and wonders where everyone fell.

Together with James, a traveler true,
They weave new adventures for all to pursue.
With laughter and rhythm, they share in delight,
Uniting the past with a future so bright.

So, journeys continue, as stories unfold,
The Silk Road connects us, with threads made of gold.
In every heart's whisper and each gentle breeze,
Are new tales of wonder, just waiting to please.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Yan, Ching Laam Mavis – 13

Long ago, in ancient days,
Some brave young travellers set their gaze.
From China's hills they took their start,
With courage strong and hopeful hearts.

They packed up silk so smooth and fine,
Which glowed softly in the light of dawn.
They dreamed of lands they'd never known,
Of lands far beyond their own.
Through windy deserts, wide and bare,
Through windy deserts, wide and bare,
Each step was slow, the path was long,
Yet in their hearts, their will was strong.

They met new faces and shared their art,
And made connections, heart to heart.
From China's towns to Rome's tall gates,
They traded goods and spoke of fates.

Sometimes they missed their homes so far,
They longed for their loved ones where they are,"
But still they walked, day after day,
For hope and friendship would guide their way.

The road they made became a thread,
Where east meets west, and where cultures weave a tapestry of harmony.
As more travellers came, more stories grew,
New friendships formed, and old fears withdrew.

Those first few steps so long ago,
Began a path the world now all knows.
A ribbon stretched through time and sand
That linked the hearts of many lands.

Their journey's gone, but the legends stay,
Their courage lights our world today.
They showed what people's dreams could do
By daring roads and seeing through.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Devolz, Chloe – 13

In the crossroads between three nations
Winding through the outpost of Turpan,
The road passes by a weathered cemetery.

Hidden under layers of crushed little stars,
that shimmer under the light :
Lies the 'Red Princess of the Silk Road'.

Her identity long lost in the sands she was buried,
Her name whisked away by the winds of time.
Her hometown has changed drastically,
But alas, she will never wake to see it.
She remains gazing at the sky above for eternity,
Dreaming of sparkling jewels that illuminate the night.

She was buried with silks and leather boots,
In her bony hands she holds priceless treasures.
Perhaps she was a noblewoman in her life...
In Death, she would be known differently:
She was the "Crimson Clad Princess" with
Teeth like rubies stained with cinnabar.

The road where merchants once traded
Priceless minerals and ceramics had fallen out of use.
On moonlit nights when everything falls silent,
You might hear the road sing to you.
It's bittersweet tune carries through the air,
Like those melodies once played on the Erhu.

Threads of the Eternal Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Poon, Hei Tung – 14

From Chang'an's gates, two millennia past,
Intrepid feet trekked west on dusty trails,
Silk bundles strapped to backs through endless sand,
Seeking new worlds where east and west could hail.

Brave souls crossed the Taklamakan's fierce thirst,
Climbed Pamir peaks where winds howled wild and free,
Trading whispers with Parthian hearts and Roman dreams,
Paper, gunpowder, spices—gifts that set minds free.

Buddhist monks shared sutras on weary paths,
Artists etched frescoes in Dunhuang's hidden caves,
Noodles journeyed west, glass echoed east,
Cultures fused like threads in a timeless weave.

For fifteen centuries the road thrummed alive,
Until ocean waves lured trade to distant seas;
The ancient way slumbered under shifting dunes,
Its echoes fading like footsteps in the breeze.

But in our era, the path awakens bold—
High-speed rails hum where walkers once endured,
Ports gleam where old harbors dreamed of sails,
One hundred fifty nations, connected, assured.

Bridges cross divides, lights unite forgotten lands,
Green tech flows where trekkers braved the cold,
Ideas spark faster than any app's command,
Healing, innovating—what futures will unfold.

The Silk Road never truly vanished away,
It lingered, resilient as the human spark,
Waiting for bold steps to bridge the divide,
Weaving tomorrow's web from history's arc.

From ancient trek to global digital thread:
A single bond linking heart to open heart,
East and West, stranger turned to ally,
In the endless story where new tales impart.

The Legacy of the Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Wong, Hiu Fung – 13

The ferocious Xiongnu drew near,
Ancient Han was under attack.
Westwards, diplomat Zhangqian journeyed,
On the mission for Han's back.

Various nations they visited,
They're weary of warfare.
With every country turning away,
Amidst the silence, they despair.

Despite all efforts in vain,
The Silk Road flourished.
Savoury spices, polished porcelains,
All cultures were nourished.

Today, with the Belt and Road Initiative,
The Silk Road is being revived.
With over 150 countries joined,
A new era of trade has arrived.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, You, Ho Yee Chloe – 13

In ancient lands with separate cultures,
A path of silk and spices once shone.
From distant East to Western throne,
Merchants traveled, seeds were sown.
Caravans with treasures on their backs,
Crossed deserts wide, seldom relax,
With spice and silk, they made a tale,
Of cultures met on an epic scale.

Beneath the sun's tirelessly gleam,
The travelers step by step to achieve the dream.
Through mountains high and valleys deep,
exposed themselves from fierce winds.
Once they reached strange caravans,
No one knew who was ahead.
Can be traders, can be robbers.
In the bad times, they may get clobbered.

In the good days, good trades were made.
Western traders appreciated the jade.
In markets where traders seek treasures under gold,
Stories of lands afar were told.
The Silk Road's heart would beat anew,
With every dawn, with skies so blue,
A bridge of peace, a route of hope,
A timeless journey to grope.

Now history holds this ancient thread,
A path where dreams and lives were led,
Though silent, it still speaks today,
Of unity in a diverse array.
Let us remember those who dared,
To walk the road where all was shared,
A legacy of human bond,
In every heart, it wanders on.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Santos, Kylie Ann – 14

Once upon a time in ancient China's days,
Kings ruled stone cities in all mighty ways.
People wove silk, both soft and bright,
That shimmered gently in the light.

Risk-taking travelers set off to the west,
Cloth on camels, a noble quest.
Walking through wind and sand for months, they sighed,
Dreaming of lands they could call their own.

The road extended far beyond the hills,
Across hot deserts, where the sand was filled.
New faces, unknown songs,
As traders brought treasures to call their own.

The Chinese shared silk,
Gifts from a land that were free.
Cities grew where rivers flowed,
Filled with trade along the road.

Years passed by, empires fell,
Yet the Silk Road's story would still be told.
Through dust may hide where travelers have been,
yet the spirit lives on, like the gentle wind.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Wong, Tsz Hai – 13

Across the mountains through fields of plains,
Some travelers started a journey that will remain until today.
On a path laid down in ancient lands,
Where whispers of its history weaved through the sands.

But beware this road is not an ordinary path,
there are no hotels to stop for a bath.
A thousand of routes and civilizations to explore,
Crossing empires, from shore to shore.

For years it was guarded, a lifeline of trade.
Where thousands of goods in the marketplace were exchanged.
Influencing growth, a global embrace,
The Silk Road's legacy, a time that cannot be erased.

Yet in the mid 15th century, it faded from sight,
it was then revived in 2013 as a new spark of light.
The One Belt, One Road, a vision reborn
From the East to the West, the tale unfolds,
The great Silk Road, where adventure beholds.

On horses and camels, through mountains they strode,
Through deserts and rivers, their stories flowed.
Generations have passed, yet the journey remains,
From Romans to Egypt, through vast terrains.

India, Spain, Greece, and lands far and wide,
In the heart of this trade, cultures collide.
Silk from the East and tea brewed with care,
Glassware and fruits, treasures to share.

For years it was guarded, a vision reborn,
A fascinating tale while a legend was born.

So let us remember as stories unfold,
The ancient Silk Road, a journey of old.
For millennia to come, its echoes will sound,
In the hearts of the people, forever unbound

The Echoes of Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Lee, Wai Gan – 13

Two hundred decades past,
Starting from the Chang An Walls A westward breath of courage first took flight
With bundled dreams and silk in the infamous trading halls. They walked from dawn's first gleam to deepest
night Scouting through mountain pass and deserts scorching veil To find the new hands to hold the cloth of
sun A two way river started with the trail From East to West as trading partners spun
An artery of earth, the vibrant vein The scent of spice, The geometry of gears A Buddha's smile in
painted clay A strain of music carrying a thousand years For fifteen centuries the great road flowed A
loom where separate strands were finely braided Until the age of sail new currents showed And that
bright path shadowed, faded and waited
But the seeds sleep deep in the histories of long land A vision stirred a road's reborn Steel rails stitch the
fabric of the morn From ancient ports to digital domain One hundred hands now join the weave To
build a bridge for peace To ease the strain
Which is a modern statement for those who believe
So write this of the first, who dared to the unknown Or would be the last who watched the old road's
end When stranger ceased to be foe and became a friend
And write this of the new road's vast design As climates shift and old certainties fade away May it
achieve a thread more strong and fine A common future that woven day by day

New Tales of China's Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Chan,

Yan Hei Hailey – 13

Walk past the silk road,
where ancient stories in the secret unfold.
First China and India,
Followed by Rome and Persia.

Chinese teas and Indians spices,
Hand woven carpets and handcrafted porcelain.
Every trader gets their own slices,
building bridges and breaking chains.

Trust and partnerships all along,
which made the bond strong.
Different cultures and traditions,
But heading towards the same direction.

After 15 centuries,
Including tones of memories,
All captured in a memory capsule,
Inherited by the generations that follow.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Yat Hei Max, Wong – 14

The silk was packed with heavy bales,
To trade for horses, jade, and tales,
Through mountain frost and desert heat,
on countless hands and empty feet.

The desert ghosts of camels past,
Watch iron shadows moving fast,
As nations join in trade more and more, to open
wide the western door.

A thread of silk, a gold line,
Stretched across the arc of time
From Han's gates to modern rails,
The wind still sings of ancient sails.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Ogawa, Yuno – 13

Long, long ago,
For twenty-two hundred years,
Merchants travelled and traded,
Days and nights through fears,

From East to West,
Crossing from river valleys,
Into vast deserts,
Heavy things, they'd carry

Silk for the wealthy,
Jewels for the crown,
Metals for the blacksmiths,
And spices for the town.

Bandits in the shadows,
Eyes in the dark,
Waiting for a chance,
To attack their mark.

As silent as mice,
Merchants freeze in fright,
Stuck, trapped, caught
For their lives, they fight.

A clash of sticks,
Clatter on the ground,
A deathly silence,
Merchants in a mound.

As the sun rises,
Travellers on horse and carts,
Daylight filled with laughter,
Another day starts.

The First Journey

St. Mary's Canossian College, Ng, Chi Kei Athena – 12

They packed their silk and waved goodbye,
Beneath the blue wide open sky.
Walking through heat and freezing snow,
To places they did not yet know.

They met new people, kind and wise,
With foods and clothes that looked surprise.
They traded gifts and stories too,
And learned what other lands could do.

The path was long, but full of cheer,
With joy and laughter far and near.
They saw fun things with every mile,
And shared their hearts with every smile.

After wars and fights, the road stayed strong,
Shows the spiritual power when we get along.
From China's hills to Europe's shore,
It opened every friendly door.

Now trains and planes go zooming fast,
Seems like this is a thing of the past.
It brings us close, it helps us grow,
And teaches things we did not know.

So let us walk with open mind,
And treat all people warm and kind.
The road of silk is still alive,
And helps the world to learn and thrive.

Confluence Of Woven Paths

St. Mary's Canossian College, Lin, Siu Yan Yan – 14

It began not with maps, but a murmur on the wind,
A thirst for what lay beyond the mountain's wall.
From Chang'an's gates, a single thread, spun and pinned,
A braided road for silk, for spice, answering a call.

They carried courage through the Taklamakan's burn,
And patience in the camel's slow, enduring pace,
Love for the stranger at the well, a constant firm concern,
To share a fire, a story, or a new-found phrase.

The road was not just silk, but a river, deep and wide——
A flow of stars and stories, of paper, song, and seed.
This was the truest cargo carried with a humble pride:
Our human need to know, to connect, to be freed.

Now satellites trace pathways where the dusty caravans trod,
And probes sail silent seas where once only camels plod.
But the thirst is the same thirst, the same unyielding fire,
The love, the same bold virtue, lifting our gaze ever higher.

So let the new roads open, cleave the veiled, map the mind,
The heart still carries what the ancient traders knew ——
Thirst to see the wonders we have not yet divined,
And love for journey, making all the world a waking dream.

The Sunbeam of an Odyssey

St. Paul's Co-educational College, Zhang, Long Yui - 13

The sunbeam danced, glinting like gold.
The Emperor Wu of Han commanded,
“Zhang Qian, depart tomorrow to Yuezhi,
And together, Xiongnu shall be defeated”

The next day, when the sun was still yawning,
Zhang Qian the diplomat,
Led a hundred people, marching in great procession,
But abruptly, a thunder of hooves – rat-a-tat-tat!

In a breath he was caught,
by Xiongnu, the deathly rival,
but upon his head, there was no fear,
yet in his pupils the blaze of faith's unyielding revival.

Eventually, after ten years of ferment,
Within a scurry,
Zhang Qian doughtily continued,
To Yuezhi, his grand odyssey.

Stifling deserts did he traverse,
Endless grasslands he crossed.
Near campfire did he repose,
To hunt he was forced.

Tayuen he visited,
Where awestruck Ferghana horses inhabited.
Grapes, walnuts, garlic, in loads committed,
Tons of goods he transited.

Kangju he attained,
When the shroud of gloaming was laid.
Having lost the direction,
He received their generous aid.

Eventually Yuezhi he set foot in,
Where he delineated the greatness of Han to the villagers,
As well as the wish,
The wish to fight together.

“We do want trade,” The king stated,
Abruptly his eyes startled.
Frozen, the gaze dropped to the ground furtively.
He uttered, “But definitely, no battle.”

Zhang Qian felt his heart sinking,
Yet he tried with every fiber to persuade,
But, no longer the citizens hoped war.

No longer... No longer...

To Kangju, it was a sensible choice,
Yet to Han the loss was unimaginable.
With deep sorrow he returned,
Returned to where he started.

The sunbeam waltzed, glinting with regret...

New Tales of China's Silk Road

St. Paul's Co-educational Collge, Liu, Yu Hei Ellie – 12

In the past of theirs
A road revealed
With the greatest silk of thy
While caravans went
Cultures were brought
To the other places of thee
They braced the storms
They raged through sea
To send theirs good
To shore
While they braced
While they raced
The silk begun to fade
And there was nothing left
For theirs
For thee
For thee

Rebirth

St. Stephen's College, Leung, Sen Fung Katie – 15

My skin delicate, smooth as velvet
wound on a spindle of sleepless nights
spooled by the hands of dreamers
calloused and creased with their tenacious efforts.

And when inky blackness gave way to rising dawn
the sun rose with opportunities born
as weary travellers hauled me away
on a road with porcelain, tea, and clay.

There I traveled far and wide
on tranquil sea waters of the great divide.
From fortified gates to prosperous markets
a confluence of cultures, currencies, and profits.

Through deserts with scorching heat I prevailed
mountains with jagged peaks and slippery veils
Desolate, turbulent, vertiginous, treacherous
yet I carried on with unyielding endurance.

Cradled in the arms of seeking merchants
grasped by weavers, traders, monks, and servants
a path of religions, innovations, artistry, knowledge
I paved the way for history's most well known
lasting legend.

As time elapses and history changes
my familiar route fades into oblivion
forever frozen in the veil of memory.
Yet one thing remains constant
like the sun as it rises and sets.
Waiting, waiting, waiting
for rediscovery
resurgence
rebirth.

So let the centuries pass
from moonlit rooms and dusty spindles
to worldwide connections and never-ending paths
prosperity rising in developing visions
a distant echo
of dreams I used to know.

Under it all, there I stayed
within the billowing smoke of sailing ships
buried under ancient soil and venerable stones
screaming victory on the peak of mountains
I used to trek.
Under it all, there I stay
weaving into emerging connections and regimes
awakening opportunities and dreams
a road of silk
Reborn.

The Silk Road

Stamford American School Hong Kong, Lin, Jo Zoe –

The Silk Road

we wane
not in
the passage of
time
but
in
our
narrow
mind
~~oblivion~~
in which
we abandoned
in olden, listless days
spent
not in any folktales and
of shared gods
on the shrine
of the silk road.
as, those days,
we did not yet know of
that
culture
cascaded via bloodstream,
offspring unto offspring;
not yet learnt the way of people –
our love for the holy
philosophies and architectures and arts,
past and
future
moving simultaneously
so, to
the scholars and clergy,
the mothers and sons,
we continue to
lingering
in the corners of the world that whisper to you
we are waiting in the stars above you.

like moons,
the fickle nature of winds and
camels striding through desert; mountain;
carrying
the spices and creatures that live
amongst
ardent
bodies, vessels of the world – we never paid
to the idea of conceit
and greed
there is no trade where the horse
back
has been ridden by only one nomad; where the
cotton has been spun
into only one cloth.
and goods, passed from one hand } to another ten,
on the bazaars
of the silk road.
long and perpetual,
the routes
carried
on its languorous limbs: medicine,
to porcelain, to heirloom jade to
we
– we, the mercenaries that we may be, but
human that we are above all.
one cadence of
posterity
and history
entwined like silk.
the sailors and middlemen,
the artisans and farmers,
I say to you:
walk proud with the tire-tracks along your
souls
never look back to the dust.
we are waiting in the sand ahead of you.

The Silk Road: From Caravans to Connections

The Hong Kong International School, He, Francis Lyudi – 11

Camels roam across desert roads,
China's silk travels west to Rome.
Spices, tea, in caravans they go,
Foreign treasures journey home.

Buddhism spreads toward the East,
New ideas take root and grow.
Christianity moves with every priest,
Through generations, stories flow.

With every visit, knowledge shared,
Gunpowder makes its way to Europe's land.
Perfumes refined with careful care,
As distant worlds begin to understand.

The road brought wealth, and tales
untold, A bridge of trade, of minds, of
art.
Yet plague's dark shadow turned it cold,
And fear replaced the open heart.

From Central Asia, sickness spread,
Across Mongol lands, through town and
plain. Thousands fell, their final breath,
As once-great empires felt the pain.

The Silk Road faded, populations fell,
The Mongols weakened by disease and
loss. Yet from that time, new medicine
grew well, Turning suffering into progress
at a cost.

Today, the road is rising once again,
Through China's Belt and Road, a modern way—
Reviving Silk Road dreams of shared gain,
Connecting nations toward a more prosperous day.

Footsteps

The Hong Kong International School, Hua, Xander – 13

Bong

A bell

It resonates.

In the distance, a pale silhouette rises.

It unravels its wings, its shadow sweeping across the rooftops. It drifts past a belfry and disappears into the clouds.

A man awakens.

Unhurried, he packs his knapsack.

He mounts his camel, and looking ahead

The man rides on.

rides on

into the horizon.

He rides through fields and forests.

Through barren wastelands and lush oases.

Through the blessed light of day and the sacred tranquillity of night.

Atop his camel, he sees beggars and merchants, the hopeful young and the nurturing elderly. He witnesses both virtue and sin, often hand in hand.

In his ever-changing world,

The rhythmic footsteps of the camel

remain the only constant.

Clop!

Clop!

Clop!

Stop.

A bustling marketplace, alive with chatter.

Sunlight catching the brown earthen buildings.

Whump!

The man steps off his camel and tethers it to a post.
He squeezes through the crowd, finding a spot on the street and sets up his booth.
He dusts off his mat and places it on a piece of rugged earth.
A bundle is opened, and an abundance of tea leaves

drifts,

gently,

Onto the mat.

Merchants converge, offering wares.

A Persian man with spices and frankincense. A

man from the steppes, with fine-bred horses.

Men of many tongues,

Travelling from distant lands,

All gather around this mat, the centre of their world,

Negotiating, exchanging gifts.

Speaking a language that transcends words.

Bong!

A bell.

Dusk falls.

The merchants depart.

Clop!

Clop!

Clop!

Departures and arrivals,

Greetings and farewells.

Rhythm.

Constant, unwavering.

Clop..

Clop..

Shh...

Shhhh...

Shhhhhh...

Silence.

A buzzard circles overhead, casting a shadow over a silent figure. His eyes are blank and lifeless,
But he still smiles.

Ding!

Ding!

Shhhh...

A caravan.

On his camel, a young man, eyes filled with excitement.

Halt

He notices something in the sand.

He steps off his camel and stoops down. A
lifeless body.

The young man kneels.

The merchant's hands are covered by a light layer of dust.

Dust that speaks of silk and spices, laughter and tears, The
same dust that now surrounds him.

He takes a silk scarf from his pack and covers the man's smiling face. It's
haunting but fills him with joy.

He smiles back.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

The wind gently rattles the camel bells.

The road continues.

They ride on.

More than Silk and Spice

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Wang, Yuehan Annabelle – 13

A ribbon of dust flies beneath the sun's relentless eye,
A route for silk and spice lies beneath the boundless sky.
But more than wealth in laden sacks, and camel's saddlebags was traded on this way,
For the human spirit shared its light and passed its humble say.

A merchant traded gleaming cloth of deep and splendid red,
For unfamiliar silver coins beside a well-worn bed.
That fabric soon would drape a prince in some majestic hall,
And make two separate, distant worlds feel somehow less far and small.

A princess, sent to seal an alliance with her hand,
Concealing the destiny of the people and grains in her own land.
Deep down within her heart, a quiet wish to live with peace,
With a silent prayer as she stepped onto the carriage's backseat.

They gathered, a crowd beneath the same vast sun,
At the inn when the weary day was done.
A tale was told, an excited chant in the night,
A bond was forged that made the looming darkness feel slightly more bright.

More than cargo, they carried something in the spirit and the mind,
A way of healing, or a faith, for all of humankind.
A healer's loss was comforted by strangers from another land,
A sense of unity, passed on from hand to hand.

Now, car engines thunder where camel bells rang,
But the echoes of the old exchange within our memories hang.
They linger in the patterns woven deep into a rug,
In stories told, in flavors shared, in a familiar tug.

For every meeting was a unique and strong thread,
Joining the modern to the dreams that generations shed.
A road of splendid things, built by many modest hands,
A lasting connection among different lands.
Here, the Silk Road forever stands.

Threads Across History

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Ko, Khloe – 14

Once, threads of moonbeams stitched the ridges,
while vendors carried dreams through sand and star.
They transport silk through tides and thunderstorms,
yet hope guided them, near and far.

Chang'an's gates radiated with the aroma of heaven,
pepper, glass, gold, and songs.
Every tongue that spoke of stories became a bridge,
every deal is a blemish, a sign of greatness, lifelong.

Centuries glided rapidly, but the thread endured,
entwined now in cables profound and broad.
Trains replace horses, screens bear tide-worn shore,
And statistic shifts where homing pigeons once soared.

Yet the same flame remained burning in our hands:
a prayer to seek, to study, to share.
The Silk Road breathes, not just in trade,
but in every soul that dares to care.

Infinite Silk Threads

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Yip, Chung Him Ryden – 13

Infinite silk threads

Travel through dunes of sand,
Between shimmering grains that land
On the wheels of carts, filled with treasures,
Blending spices and porcelain pleasures.

Threading through mountains,
Where Buddha's wisdom is found,
And along ancient pathways
Where the eternal sun lays down.

Cultures and heritage, East to West,
Art and language manifest.
Threads of tradition dance and intertwine,
Binding together in a dance divine.

Infinite silk threads

Beneath orange skies, their colors bold,
Across the merchants, rich stories told,
Beyond the spirit of the Silk Road.

Against the Tides

Yew Chung International School of Shanghai, Liu, Daenerys – 13

Three brothers in a faded home
Found a map their grandad used to roam.
Marcus, Alex, Theo—hand in hand,
They traced the route to a distant land.
It showed the old Silk Road by sea,
A secret path to make them free.

Their father's words were cold and grim,
“Do not chase a dead man's whim.
Stay here where it is safe,” he said.
He locked the map up tight with dread.

But when the moon was high and thin,
They let their new life now begin.
They left a note and rowed with care
Into the quiet, waiting air.
They found the ship inside the cave,
And vowed to be both strong and brave.

The Red Sea met them, harsh and blue,
And tested everything they knew.
The wind was hot, the water mean,
The hardest sight they'd ever seen.

But worse than wind, wave, or sun
Was when the fear in Theo won.
“Turn back,” he pleaded, pale with fright,
“We'll never make it through the night.”
“We can't go back,” said Marcus, stern.
“We chose this road. It's now our turn.”
Alex stood quiet, caught between
His captain's will and what was seen—
The terror in his younger brother's face,
A deep and lonely, empty place.

Theo went quiet, but his dread
Was like a heavy weight of lead.
He did not help to tie the lines,
Or watch for storms or changing signs.
The work grew harder, slow, and sore,
With one heart less to pull the oar.

The storms still raged, the waves still beat,
The brothers fought the wind and heat.
 Until a wave of giant size
 Took Theo where the water flies.
One moment there, the next was gone,
 A cry cut short, a hope undone.
But Marcus held the ship's wheel tight,
 While Alex dove into the night.
He grabbed his brother, held him near,
And pulled him back from awful fear.

Theo, half-drowned and shaking there,
Learned in the salt and desperate air,
A simple truth, both hard and deep:
 Alone, they sank. Together, keep.
 "I'm with you now," was all he said,
And took the rope with hands still red.

They worked as one, a stronger crew,
 And faced the angry sea anew.
 Until the storm clouds rolled away,
 And in the gold of morning's ray,
A line of green, a spice-sweet breeze
Stirred gently through the tall ship's trees.
They'd found the end of the Silk Road,
 A new world, a fresh abode.

They did not stay to seek their fame,
But turned the ship back home again.
 No treasure filled the wooden hold,
But something worth far more than gold.
 A bond repaired, a lesson learned,
 A brother's trust that they had earned.
 Their father, waiting on the sand,
Saw not just boys, but weathered men,
Who'd sailed beyond what eyes could see
And came back changed and came back free.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

YK Pao School Shanghai, Chane-Yene, Anais - 11

China plays an important part
In bringing the world their tools
With horse, camels and carts
Which makes it super cool!

The silk road was a link
Enabling people to trade
With a clack and clink
And get heavenly paid

China is going to make
The world a better place
Not just in their own space
But for everyone's sake!

Rise Again, Ancient Road

Ying Wa College, Leung, Chung Hay – 15

Reawaken, ancient road.

“Silk” is no longer your only load.

Reawaken, and shine brighter than before.

Once again, become the world trades’ core.

Things have changed after you slept in the past.

Highways and railways have been built to last.

Kingdoms you’ve served have ceased to be,

But what remains still, are people in need.

You’ve spread cultures, products and inventions,

We’re sure you’ll do well with your new extensions.

So help us bring the world together,

Like how you’d done it hundreds of years earlier.

Bring education and welfare to the ones who are poor,

A river of gold, coming with buildings, products and more.

Asia, Africa, Europe and places in between;

Bring benefits to everyone in the scene,

And restore the prosperous, bustling state as we have foreseen.

Creative Writing
Poetry
Group 3



Life on Silk Road

HD Beijing School, Yin, Sabrina – 13

From ChangAn, when the sun first light,
Li set out, his future bright.
Camels carried fine and rare silk,
Headed for foreign markets far away.
He thought he walked a path of gold,
He had no idea, as he rode away,
He started his own journey that day.

The sun shone down, like a burning ball ,
The sand burned so hot through Li's shawl.
His water bags ran dry and low,
His throat was dry, and his hope grew slow.
This wasn't just a desert, but life's first test.
When dreams feel lost, and it seems best
To give up, and quit the fight.
He knelt, in the dune's sharp light.
Then, a cloud appeared, soft as white cotton,
Guiding his eyes to a hidden heaven:
An oasis spring, where water sang,
Delivering hope to his weary soul.

Days later, the sky turned black,
A sandstorm roared, a scaring attack.
Wind howled loud, sand blinded the eyes,
The team scattered, lost in the clouds.
Li shouted for peers, his dear friends,
Lost in the tornado, where the dust blended.
This was life's great storm, he realized then,
When troubles hit, he had no idea

Which way is right, or where to go.
Through the dark, a beam of light broke
The cloud returned, a gentle stroke
Of light. It hovered over the dune,
Where peers lay, safe beneath the moon.
Li ran, his heart set free,
Guided by hope, across life's sea.

Next came the mountains, snowing and steep,
The air's so thin, hard to keep the breath deep
Li slipped, his leg twisted,
He cried in pain through the cold and long night.
This was life's hard choice, the highest peak,
When you must give what you hold most dear, so to speak.
Li took his treasured silk, soft and rare,
Wrapped his leg, to ease his care.
He traded his profit, his dream of gold,

For his safe step, brave and bold.
High above, the stars were bright,
The cloud watched, through the cold night,
Approving the choice his heart had made,
Choosing life over the wealth he'd chased.

At market, his silk was not much left,
But his choice and courage helped him get through.
Merchants traded gold for his story's flame,
For kindness is worth more than fortune's name.
On the way back, Li's heart was light,
He carried wisdom, not just gold.
When he reached home, his smiled,
And in that moment, Li realized:

The Silk Road wasn't silk, or spice, or sand,
It was the journey of becoming a man.
The desert thirst was life's despair,
The storm was loss, the mountain was trouble.
And that cloud, that floated overhead,
Was the hope that lights the dead, .
So when you walk your own long road,
Bearing dreams as heavy as the silk road,
Look for the cloud in the blue sky,
It's guiding you, not only through the desert,
But also through life, too.

The Silk Road's Whispers

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Cheung, Carson – 11

Across the sands where our ancestors camped,
They weaved out some legacies that were softly told.
Silk threads shimmer in the sun's shining light,
In rolling cars by day and night.

Over high mountains and wide rivers,
Traders moved in with cultures to exchange.
Spices, with gems, and some incense sweets,
In the crowded markets, strangers meet.

From east to west, the stories travel,
Read in every place they land.
It silently whispers some tales for people to find,
And brings some dreams to every mind.

Day by day, night by night,
The great, celestial sight of culture's spread.
The silk road, a grand and fantastic view,
It whispers, from time to time.

The New Tales of China Silk Road

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Chong, Claribel – 12

It all began with an explorer,
Developed when order had no border
Dates back to Han Dynasty
Around 130 B.C.

Routes opened up to the West
Where Zhang Qian walked ahead
To forge alliances with a powerful tribe
The prestigious Yuezhi people.

Though the alliance failed
He still returned with triumph
For the journey sparked his discovery
Of Central Asia's cultures and geography.

As interest and trade routes spread
More and more places China met;
Central Asia to Rome, India to Persia
Glassware was exchanged, Chinese silk introduced.

The silk road reaches its peak
Even silk production methods leaked
Then came the Arab Merchant domination
Further connecting to Islam.

But it didn't keep the shine
Soon the Silk Road began to decline
For the Mongol Empire has fallen
And maritime trade routes have risen.

However Silk Road didn't disappear
It surprisingly returned in 2013
The Belt and Road Initiative launched
By Chinese President Xi Jinping.

So, I would like to say
The Silk Road came a long way
China's history is action-packed
Let's be proud of our homeland!

Trade on the Silk Road

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Foo, Teresa – 11

Silk Road was a very long road,
It carried loads and loads.
In the 2nd century BCE it was made,
It was meant for trade.
There were many ports,
To deliver things of all sorts.
The Silk Road opened trade's door,
Products came flooding, more and more!

There were so many things,
Travelling across the continents, faster than wings!
There were many, many, many things
Even more than drops of rain
Littering the lanes
Like jade rings– for the kings.
Pottery, dishes, tables, all goods
So much stuff, including food.
The stuff could be as precious as gold,
But they could also be dirt, cheap and old.

Before, things from far away
were as unreachable as the sky.
But with the Silk Road,
They could reach you in the blink of an eye.
On the Silk Road, there were
Scorching sands and rough rocks
As well as mountains reaching the clouds,
And goods piled up in mounds.

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There were many ports,
To deliver things of all sorts.
The Silk Road opened trade's door,
Products came flooding, more and more!

The New Tales of China Silk Road

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Lau, Aria – 11

Long ago, the Silk Road ran,
Through hills and sands across the land.
Camels walked beneath the sun,
Helping traders carry items.

Traders brought silk, spice, and tea,
Roaming across the sea.
Where people met from east to west,
Learning, talking, and doing their best.

Now with trains and planes,
We live our lives in different ways.
The old tales fades away,
And new stories created everyday.

Beyond Boundaries – The Silk Road

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Shing, Ariel – 13

in the weaves of history
my trail
is set.

I was the dust–stitched ribbon, finance’s very spine–
marred by ceaseless treks through rain, snow and shine.
Hooves and wheels carve deep, braving blood and flame’s ire
from Chang’an’s walls to Samarkand’s soaring spires.
Bearing the brunt of empires, from Han to Rome’s decline
Where spices sear the breeze and silk whispers on my hide.
Chameleons of commerce creep, cloaked in evanescent night,
jade clinks with gold, in step with trade’s stride.

I was the beacon, the steering–wheel, the compass of the sands–
guiding Zhang Qian’s path with starlit, steady hands.
Incandescence severs indistinction, where scorpions abide
ushering caravans past dunes where the costliest shadows hide.
Vultures wheel, perfect arcs, where peaks tear the firmament
I, boundless blue, watch from Kashgar’s glow to Taklamakan’s lament
My children, the axles, the reins that pull through storm and sun
bind East to West in trade, till time’s last thread is spun.

I was the burdened beast, saddled with humps of hoarded gain–
whose trotters plunged in scorching sands that thirsted and betrayed.
Saffron, frankincense, cocoons in my sway
breath mists the Gobi’s chill, through dawn’s pale vein.
Over Bactria’s fields, Parthia’s plateaus and Pamir’s haze
I traverse the path’s heart to light the world’s ways.

I was the wealth woven in bolts and bales–
porcelains, paper, perfumes, taken and treasured on trails.
Tucked in sacks, gleaming, glassy through grueling glares
from Xi’an’s looms to Italy’s grand markets, I fare.
In traders’ palms, binding the world with every stride,
Stock by stock, the pulse of business’ tide.

I was the tired trader, slumping, situation dire–
yet my hands were dyed in indigo, my eyes keen with fire.
Tongues twist– Persian, Greek, the Emperor’s rough commands–
hands shaking, bargains in the making, deals transcending lands.
Amidst Antioch’s roar, glass for myrrh I trade,
Luoyang’s peonies for Persia’s prized glaze.

I am the journey anew, reincarnated in steel and dream,
the Iron Silk Road drones on where Kitaro’s notes still stream.
Freight trains glide over steppes, through tunnels’ shadowed maws
linking Beijing’s restless heart to Istanbul’s ancient draw.
Containers brim with silicon– not silk, in gleaming stacks
yet echoes of old caravans resound in ancient Dao Shang’s tracks.

Through digital bazaars, my reach binds night to day
a global thread, I weave the world in commerce's sway.

this path runs through my blood, its grit my timeless claim—
in every coin's sharp flash, all worlds entwine, one the same.

Silent Witness

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Sun, Audrey – 14

In the half-light of a Suzhou dawn
a loom wakes up
like an ancient animal that has learned to dream in binary.

Old woman, silver hair pinned
with a jade comb the color of river mist,
feeds silk threads into the wooden throat:

white / gold / crimson / indigo—
the same colors caravans once carried
in the folded hush of bales and chests,
now slip into patterns that look like
city grids seen from an airplane,
data maps, subway veins,
the quiet circuits of a sleeping phone.

Her foot presses the pedal.
The shuttle flies—

a small, determined meteor
crossing a man-made sky,

and each strike of the loom is a hinge in history,
a soft percussion of centuries turning.

“Road,” she whispers, ,
and the word pulls taut in the air like a thread.
“Not only in the sand.
Not only under wheels.
Road is anything that learns to be crossed.”

Outside, the morning opens:
a river braiding under bridges,
truck engines coughing awake,
ships breathing at the far-off port.

The cloth grows on the loom:
dragons with copper scales,
clouds shaped like satellites,
camels whose humps are stacked containers,
their shadows the length of rail lines
running from Xi’an to cities
whose names she’s only tasted in news-voice syllables—

Duisburg. Mombasa. Piraeus.

She has never left Jiangnan,
yet the road is quietly leaving through her fingers.

Long before the airplane print
on a boarding pass,
there was a thumbprint in clay,
a seal pressed into wax,
a contract made under borrowed stars.

Listen: the sand still holds the footsteps.

In the Taklamakan,
where wind combs dunes into flame-shaped ridges,
a caravan moves—not only of camels and tired jokes,
but of unwritten alphabets
searching for mouths.

A Sogdian merchant hums a broken lullaby;
his voice carries folded fabrics, bronze mirrors,
pouches of crushed saffron,
and a rumor of paper from the East—
light as dried lotus petals,
strong as the idea that you could bind thoughts
and send them walking
into someone else's future.

At Dunhuang, caves bloom out of cliff-face,
walls crowded with painted bodhisattvas
tracing mudras in eyelash strokes of mineral dust.
Here, the Road kneels,
lets its dust settle into pigments:
lapis for the robes, vermilion halos,
flecks of gold leaf like spun sun.

Monks tuck sutras behind clay smiles.
A single stray merchant drops a love letter
wrapped around his ledgers,
never reclaimed—
centuries later, archaeologists
will hold it up to the light
and hear two heartbeats
echoing in the ink.

This is how the Road learns its first trick:
to be both journey and archive,
to leave behind not only footprints
but the grammar of longing.

The Road grows impatient with sand,
spreads itself into water.

At Quanzhou the harbor receives
wooden ribcages of ships
heavy with porcelain that remembers
the kiln's brief inferno,
tea that remembers mountain fog,

characters brushed on silk
that carry entire dynasties inside their strokes.

Masts write tall cursive on the sky.
Sails swell like lungs startled awake.

The wind is an interpreter, fluent
in Hokkien curses, Arabic prayers,
Malay lullabies sung to restless cargo.

Storms redraw the map in one night;
reefs argue with hulls in a language of splintering.
Yet the Road persists, now tasting of salt:
it clings to ropes, hides in barnacles,
slips into a sailor's wedding ring,
waits in the phosphorescent wake
of a ship inching past Malacca.

Every port is a punctuation mark,
brief pause where spices argue with incense,
where a bowl of noodles shares steam
with lentils, cloves, cinnamon, dates.
Children from opposite ends of the ocean
swap marbles, recipes, ways to cheat at games.

So many beginnings mistaken for endings.

What history calls "silk"
was also this:
the slow erosion of fear in the face of difference,
the gradual, stubborn habit
of saying ni hao, salaam, vanakkam,
and meaning, imperfectly yet sincerely:
I will try to know you
before I name you.

Centuries tilt, and the page refreshes.
Watch how the script changes.

Now the Road is not alone:
it walks beside highways shivering with heat,
shares bedrock with bullet trains
that write silver lines across winter plains—
Beijing to Urumqi, Lanzhou to Xinjiang's edge,
time collapsing into schedule.
Listen in the stations:
announcements in rising Mandarin,
falling Uyghur, clipped English;
someone sipping green tea
from a reusable cup printed with Wi-Fi icons.

Outside the carriage window,
ancient caravanserais crumble,
yet beside them rise logistics parks,
warehouses the size of vanished kingdoms,
cranes that lift containers like careful punctuation
in a long, multi-lingual sentence of trade.

Under deserts once feared as end-of-the-world,
fiber-optic cables glimmer in their glass skins,
a buried constellation.
Data caravans set out:
packets instead of pack animals,
pulses instead of hoofbeats.

We call it “Digital Silk Road,”
as if naming might domesticate it,
but in truth it is still unruly:
signals ricocheting off satellites,
voices arriving before the echo of themselves,
video calls stuttering, then smoothing—
a grandmother in Xi’an
coaching her granddaughter’s Mandarin
from Nairobi,
internet café neon reflected
in the girl’s determined eyes.

On a cargo train streaking toward Europe,
a young engineer from Gansu
scrolls through poems on his phone,
downloads music from Kazakhstan,
adds a Turkish phrasebook to his playlist.
Between tunnels,
he types notes for a song of his own:

*Road singing through me,
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Yet here I sit,
a moving dot on someone’s map,
carrying a country and a question.

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“Here, rivers cross us first—
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They do not know
their laughter will be cited
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as evidence of “informal ties,”
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the update travels faster
than any horse, ship, or train—
yet she still chews the end of her pen,
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tapping his phone, frowning.

Progress is not a straight road;
it is a tapestry of glitches and grace.

I have worn many bodies.
I have been
hoof-mark, wheel rut, ship's wake,
rail, runway, satellite path,
cable humming under frozen soil.

I have carried plague and paper money,
gunpowder and prayers,
silk that melted on tongues of royalty,
and ideas that refused to bow.

Men have tried to own me,
to inscribe me on maps with thick black pens,
to rename me in their speeches.
Let them talk.
I slip out between syllables.

I belong to the small stories:
a noodle recipe altered by foreign pepper,
a lullaby that crosses a mountain range,
a girl in Xi'an wearing earrings
shaped like tiny astrolabes
because some wandering star chart
entered her textbook and refused to leave.

I am the silence
after a business deal is signed
and both sides suddenly realize
they have entrusted each other
with pieces of their future.

Call me "Silk," if you like—
though now I am also glass and code,
steel and satellite, rumor and emoji.
My true material is *between-ness*:

the space in which a person
dares to step from familiar ground
onto a stranger's threshold,
hands empty,
heart loud.

So what is new, you ask,
in these New Tales of China's Silk Road?

Perhaps it is this:
once, only a few walked me—
merchants, envoys, monks, adventurers
whose names lined up in chronicles.

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and dumplings in the same suitcase,
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They may never think
"Silk Road" aloud,
yet they are the latest caravan,
bearing not spices
but hybrid selves.

Meanwhile, the old woman in Suzhou
finishes her cloth.
The pattern is strange:
city grids that melt into mountains,
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camels morphing into bullet trains
into flocks of migrating words.

Her granddaughter holds it up, laughing,
posts a picture of it online
with a caption in Chinese, English, emoji.
Within hours
the image slides into timelines
in Jakarta, Cairo, Berlin, Lima—
a piece of cloth,
a scrap of dream.

Someone in a distant city
stops scrolling,
feels inexplicably homesick
for a place they have never seen:
a misted river, a creaking loom,
the hush before the shuttle flies.

If you listen at night,
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ghost caravans pacing in the static
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The Road is not a line;
it is a loom.
We are the threads
crossing and recrossing—

wool, silk, copper wire, photon;
story, surname, song, skin.

China is one spindle,
not the only one.
But from Chang'an's old bones
to Shanghai's electric veins,
from Kashgar's crowded alleys
to island ports where cranes blink like tired dragons,
a question keeps shimmering:

What can we weave
that was impossible before?

The answer is not yet written.
It waits in the calloused palm
offered across a bargaining table,
in the scholar's marginal note,
in a child's doodle of a train
on the back of a map of the world.

Take this, then,
as one small pattern—
a new tale stitched
to a very old name.

Hold it up to the light.
See how the colors refuse to stand still?
That is the only promise the Road has ever kept:

to go on,
to take us with it,
and to leave behind, in its vanished footprints,
just enough wonder
that we dare to follow.

New Tales of China's Silk Road

Po Leung Kuk No. 1 W.H. Cheung College, Chai, Yuk Ho – 14

In the half-light of a Suzhou dawn
a loom wakes up
like an ancient animal that has learned to dream in binary.

Old woman, silver hair pinned
with a jade comb the color of river mist,
feeds silk threads into the wooden throat:

white / gold / crimson / indigo—
the same colors caravans once carried
in the folded hush of bales and chests,
now slip into patterns that look like
city grids seen from an airplane,
data maps, subway veins,
the quiet circuits of a sleeping phone.

Her foot presses the pedal.
The shuttle flies—

a small, determined meteor
crossing a man-made sky,

and each strike of the loom is a hinge in history,
a soft percussion of centuries turning.

“Road,” she whispers, ,
and the word pulls taut in the air like a thread.
“Not only in the sand.
Not only under wheels.
Road is anything that learns to be crossed.”

Outside, the morning opens:
a river braiding under bridges,
truck engines coughing awake,
ships breathing at the far-off port.

The cloth grows on the loom:
dragons with copper scales,
clouds shaped like satellites,
camels whose humps are stacked containers,
their shadows the length of rail lines
running from Xi'an to cities
whose names she's only tasted in news-voice syllables—

Duisburg. Mombasa. Piraeus.

She has never left Jiangnan,
yet the road is quietly leaving through her fingers.

Long before the airplane print
on a boarding pass,
there was a thumbprint in clay,
a seal pressed into wax,
a contract made under borrowed stars.

Listen: the sand still holds the footsteps.

In the Taklamakan,
where wind combs dunes into flame-shaped ridges,
a caravan moves—not only of camels and tired jokes,
but of unwritten alphabets
searching for mouths.

A Sogdian merchant hums a broken lullaby;
his voice carries folded fabrics, bronze mirrors,
pouches of crushed saffron,
and a rumor of paper from the East—
light as dried lotus petals,
strong as the idea that you could bind thoughts
and send them walking
into someone else's future.

At Dunhuang, caves bloom out of cliff-face,
walls crowded with painted bodhisattvas
tracing mudras in eyelash strokes of mineral dust.
Here, the Road kneels,
lets its dust settle into pigments:
lapis for the robes, vermilion halos,
flecks of gold leaf like spun sun.

Monks tuck sutras behind clay smiles.
A single stray merchant drops a love letter
wrapped around his ledgers,
never reclaimed—
centuries later, archaeologists
will hold it up to the light
and hear two heartbeats
echoing in the ink.

This is how the Road learns its first trick:
to be both journey and archive,
to leave behind not only footprints
but the grammar of longing.

The Road grows impatient with sand,
spreads itself into water.

At Quanzhou the harbor receives
wooden ribcages of ships
heavy with porcelain that remembers
the kiln's brief inferno,
tea that remembers mountain fog,

characters brushed on silk
that carry entire dynasties inside their strokes.

Masts write tall cursive on the sky.
Sails swell like lungs startled awake.

The wind is an interpreter, fluent
in Hokkien curses, Arabic prayers,
Malay lullabies sung to restless cargo.

Storms redraw the map in one night;
reefs argue with hulls in a language of splintering.
Yet the Road persists, now tasting of salt:
it clings to ropes, hides in barnacles,
slips into a sailor's wedding ring,
waits in the phosphorescent wake
of a ship inching past Malacca.

Every port is a punctuation mark,
brief pause where spices argue with incense,
where a bowl of noodles shares steam
with lentils, cloves, cinnamon, dates.
Children from opposite ends of the ocean
swap marbles, recipes, ways to cheat at games.

So many beginnings mistaken for endings.

What history calls "silk"
was also this:
the slow erosion of fear in the face of difference,
the gradual, stubborn habit
of saying ni hao, salaam, vanakkam,
and meaning, imperfectly yet sincerely:
I will try to know you
before I name you.

Centuries tilt, and the page refreshes.
Watch how the script changes.

Now the Road is not alone:
it walks beside highways shivering with heat,
shares bedrock with bullet trains
that write silver lines across winter plains—
Beijing to Urumqi, Lanzhou to Xinjiang's edge,
time collapsing into schedule.

Listen in the stations:
announcements in rising Mandarin,
falling Uyghur, clipped English;
someone sipping green tea
from a reusable cup printed with Wi-Fi icons.

Outside the carriage window,

ancient caravanserai crumble,
yet beside them rise logistics parks,
warehouses the size of vanished kingdoms,
cranes that lift containers like careful punctuation
in a long, multi-lingual sentence of trade.

Under deserts once feared as end-of-the-world,
fiber-optic cables glimmer in their glass skins,
a buried constellation.
Data caravans set out:
packets instead of pack animals,
pulses instead of hoofbeats.

We call it “Digital Silk Road,”
as if naming might domesticate it,
but in truth it is still unruly:
signals ricocheting off satellites,
voices arriving before the echo of themselves,
video calls stuttering, then smoothing—
a grandmother in Xi’an
coaching her granddaughter’s Mandarin
from Nairobi,
internet café neon reflected
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The Coin's Journey

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Silk Remembers

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Han, Pok Mau Bryan – 12

It arrived in a box,
No bigger than my palm.
Inside laid a single thread.
Lighter than air,
Heavy with history.
Legend tells me it's the last thread,
Of the old road of silk.

When it touches my skin,
The room trembles.
My cello hums softly.
It is as if memory has found them.
Then, a cold breeze hits me.
It is a feeling that I have never felt before.

I'm in the middle of nowhere.
I tremble in fear.
The wind tears across an empty land.
A young man shouts,
"The last thread!"
In his hands the same pale silk,
Shimmering like mine.

The cold returns,
My room closes around me.
The thread sits still in my palm.
But, it no longer shines.
I now know,
Why it has been passed on.

It remembers – and now, so do I.

Silk Threads of China's Road

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Hong, Hoi Tong Natalie – 12

This is not just a steel road but threads where old silk flowed.
Where its long legs stretch around the big unfolding map.

This is not a simple purchase, but a two-way trail.
Where a common future language is now being made.

This is not just a basic loan, but a precious song.
Where the help of many hands can create a strong path.

This is not the ending chapter, but a new poem's start.
Where the path we built together is an endless art.

Silk Road Journey

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Ku, Sin Tong – 14

On Silk Road, merchants go,
Full of products, rich as patterns.
From east to west,
The journey unfolds.

Animals bear the wares,
Humans guide the animals.
Many kinds of silk—
They brought dreams to everywhere.

Find the safest path of exit,
With energetic markets, they welcomed all.
From cities like Samarkand, at leisure,
Cultures meet with laughter to share.

The road through history is not easy,
We gain experience and glory.
From near to far,
The feeling of trade—a wonderful journey.

Let me remember this road,
The specialness of this road.
Every silk is like a story,
We will extend from here.

Silk Threads Through Time

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Lei, Chong Ian Cayla – 14

Twenty-two centuries ago, courageous feet became roads,
A road traveling west for silk and other goods where caring hope had glowed.
From the tower of Chang'an to farthest desert, a road of great importance,
Not simply a bridging road for gold and commodities, but where aspirational dreams were raised.

The camels walked in long curling lines,
Through land of stone and under foreign skies.
They carried more than jewels or precious gold,
New stories, culture and wisdom to unfold.

A map, a compass, products and song,
From East to West the caravans moved along.
And in these moments, stranger turned to friend,
A fusional path where differences could blend.

After centuries had passed, the old road fell in slumber,
But today in our world, promises still matter.
The Belt and Road now opens a brand new chapter,
Which brings everyone together.

So join me and walk this path again, not just with goods to share,
But hand in hand, with the mind awake and friendships we have made.
For all those willing to help us step forward and write the future with us,
Together side by side, with silk as a meaningful guide.

The Mystery of Silk Road

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Leong, Si U Heidi – 14

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Camel's Bell

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Si, Cheng Ian Selena – 14

The endless dunes enveloped the setting sun,
While cloud layer upon layer veil night lamps one by one.
The lonely wind asks— what remains the same?
The Silk Road's answer is my bell's firm claim.

A spirit journey, an ordinary way,
Like this old path of silk, night into day.
So long the journey, stretched endlessly the vast skies,
Through storms and dust never dies.
How many lost and dusky hours blend?
How many dim and wondering dawns descend?
You are speechless, know not where to plead,
As through the timeless sands your spirits bleed.

But it's always there, through distances unseen,
The beat that measures you—steady, at peace.
This ancient melody, constant and profound,
The only certainty on the unpredictable dune.

It is the soulmate on the Silk Road way,
It is the melodious note where cultures blend and play,
It is the eternal sign history will convey,
It is the needed guide when guiding stars grow dim and grey.

So walk. And let the bell's eternal melody,
Measure your journey through the sands of time.
Its echo in your heart will never cease—
The caravan heart, the silk road to peace.

The Everlasting Silk Road

Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Wong, Hio Tong Laraine – 14

As a camel, our quest starts at twilight.
Dusk glows in orange and soft gold light.
Amber spills dunes, calm and bright.
Wind blows over his hair, the dune dives into his eyes.
Zhang Qian on my humped back, firm and upright.

Day after day, we through the endless sand.
Countless dunes arrayed, as stories expand.
My legs ache deep, and tread heavily—
Still he looks ahead, where the unknowns may lie,
No fear can be found in his eyes, though dangers draw nigh.

Through twists and turns, the path is carved at last,
Hoofprints stretch on, tracing trails that have ever been passed.
Many years over, the Silk Road expands—it is a journey that never ends.
Schools teach us courage, of linking West and East.
Cultures mix, education glows—

It's the Silk Road, which connects the worlds we know,
Where silk meets spice, beliefs and arts arise.
Languages braid, traditions shine.
West and East embrace, no distance can sever,
Every footprint marks the pioneers—the legends that forever endure...

Silk Road New Tales

S.K.H. Tang Shiu Kin Secondary School, Sujianto, Alifa Noufalyn – 14

Some time ago, twenty-two centuries back in Ancient China,
Intrepid trekkers set sail to the east in the hope of trading silk.
Little did they know this journey will be the most remarkable yet,
Keeping the exchange of culture and trade alive between the east and west.

Running along the paths that were made,
Over 150 countries joined the parade.
A wondrous array of items moving to the east,
Dazzling trade process lasting for nearly 1500 years.

Nexuses formed and still does now,
Excelling its skills in sharing culture, tradition galore
Waiting to be discovered in treasure troves by all.

Technology, machinery, knowledge and morals,
Augmenting their treasure that are no longer buried deep in their own nations.
Labyrinth as it is, we must not forget:
Each path opened is a new door to our future,
Success arriving, waiting around the corner.

Three Kids in the Desert

Shanghai American School, Cheung, Chloe – 12

Disrespect

Broccoli sat.
Waits on my plate.
The ugly green.
The ugly bayan tree looking
but my mom insists.

“Eat it,”
Mom says.
I wanted TV.

“Dinner is stupid!”
I burst without thinking.

For a moment, Mom stares.
Stares into my eyes,
into my soul,
thinking *What a failure of a Mom*
I've been, allowing my child to be such spoiled,
to talk in such disrespect.

Not Ashamed of it

Lee and Lan were here.
We've been friends since I could
remember. I don't remember
why I made the choice.

“Be nice to your mother,”
Lee told me in a small voice.
I hate it when he does that,
pretending he is better,
that he can control me.

“Don't try, Lee,” I snap,
letting my anger flow freely.
I'm not ashamed of it.

What Kind of Friends are we Nowadays?

Lan looks at me like Mom does,
her short black hair dangling
in front of her face.
“You've been terrible, Mei.”

“Maybe I'm not the terrible one.
Think about yourself first,
pretending you know everything,
that you are smart,
better than everyone else.”

“You really want me to tape
our mouths up? With tape?”

Lan and I were taped up with silence.

“We’re sick of your humor.”
Lan rolls her eyes.

“Not we, you.”
I glare at them.

“Let’s watch TV.”
Lee stood up.

While he goes,
I hear him whisper,
“What kind of friends are we nowadays?”

Not Anymore

We go on my couch
we used to play on.

We’ve stopped that for
decades
decades
decades.

No one could take each other.
Not anymore.

Never

Lan switches on the TV.
“Watch what?”

The TV chooses a documentary
on the Silk Road for us.

I huff in despair.
“There’s no choice.”

We sit together in silence for
several moments that seem
like forever moments.

“When can we be
good friends again?”
Lee breaks the silence.

“Fine, never!”

“Mei!”

Lan screamed.

I said never.

Never is never.

Sucked In

“Stop!” Lee yelled.

“Just be quiet!”

Lan pushes at a button
on the remote in her anger.

That does it.

The TV glitches.

Glitches again.

Then the whole screen goes green,
glitches like my heart.

Then, we see it.

The green glitches,
every one of them,
turning into small
streaks of light,
coming out like a
green dust storm,
like a spinning and roaring...

Tornado.

Then it comes for us,
desperate claws in need of life.

Then we were in it.

Sucked in.

Forever Rage

The green streaks that
momentarily before
just seemed like glitches
were now sand streaks
all surrounding us.

I try to escape,

I try so hard.

The sand still twists me in.

I reach my hands out to
where I could see Lan and Lee.
They seem so close,
yet so distant.
I never needed them so much.

The rage never stops.
It's Forever Rage.

Black Out

After forever,
the rage stops.
I open my eyes
from shut eyelids.

A terrible stir
in my stomach
as gravity pulls hard
at me. Thrown out.

A hard thud touches my
back, like heavy thumping fists.
Dust flies up on my face.

I wipe with my cold frozen hands
the dust off.
Slowly opened my eyes.

I was nowhere anywhere.
My mind blacks out,
my life blacks out.

Sand All Over

"She okay?"
A voice.

"She's been here for more
than an hour." Another.

I open my eyes again.
Sand all over.
I repeat that in my head.
Sand all over.
Sand all over.
Sand all over.

A desert.

"She's alive!"

A circle of faces surround me.
They looked...
different.
So different.

Similar,
yet so different.

“You speak Chinese?”

I could understand some words.

Though they were
arranged differently,
pronounced differently,
or completely different.

At the Silk Road

My head hurts.
The scorching sun
burns me.
I couldn't think.

Then it hit me.
We were in the documentary.
We were at the
Silk Road.

She's Up!

I stand up slowly,
regaining my balance,
trying to feel it
at my own pace.

“She's up!”

“Hi,” I mutter.
Did they understand me?

“She speaks Chinese!”
A little boy jumps up.

“Though she sounds
a bit funny,”
a girl giggles.

“Have you seen
people that look like me?”
I say, even if they
couldn't understand.

The boy raises an
eyebrow, saying,
“I've seen someone
wearing clothes like you.
Not our traditional clothing.”

“Yes!
Where are they?”
I fill with hope.

The boy points his finger to my right.
“They were together, upset.”

I nod, thanking him.
I only understood the
word *upset*.
But I follow to my right.
Then I see them.

“Lan! Lee!”
I call with all
my voice.

They turn.
My heart rises.
It’s them.

I was happier than ever.
We needed each other most now.

A Smile

“What were you doing?”
I hear Lee.

I smiled at them.
Joy spread.

That was it.
A smile.

Warning

We see a
crowd near
a little shop,
trading pretty
silk clothes.

“It’s never good when
there’s a crowd.”
Lan says.

“Should we go?
Don’t want to miss out
on news about
grades on my last test.”

We ignore him,
then start to the shop.

A woman was frowning
upon the crowd.
She was speaking, "This might
be one of the biggest."

Lan glanced at us.
"Something is
going to happen."

"Duh, something is
going to happen. There's
always things happening."

I shook my head.
"Something serious.
I think it's a disaster."

Sandstorms

"Sandstorms always occur in the desert,
but this is different.
There's been a storm somewhere
away from here," the woman says.

"The winds from the
storm has escalated this.
Be careful. We'll stay in."

"A deadly dust storm.
We'll need a shelter,"
Lan speaks.

Homeless

We roamed.
Streets.
Other trade routes.

Everyone had homes.
But we, yet,
were homeless.

Tears

We are just at the Silk Road,
in a time many years ago.
I feel the tears coming.

Sandstorm Comes

Sand surrounds us.
Whirling.
Twirling.

We were only
to be sucked
into worse.

I start screaming
when gusts send
me spinning.

I cry.
Tears come.
Sand fills my body.

“Lan! Lee!
Where are you?!”
I scream, but
there was
nothing but sand.

It hits me.
Tortures me.
Sends me spinning.

Up Up
Down Down

Left Right
Left Right

Here
There
Spin

Left Right

Down

Down

Down

Down

Down.

Then finally,
throw.

Awoke to Infinity

I was thrown to the
deepest of earth,
deepest of dunes.

I stand up.
Knees shake.
Legs cooked.

Surrounded by dunes.
They reach to the
end of the skylines.

I was awoken to infinity.

Nothingness

Afternoon,
I've walked for
three hours,
exhausted.

Around me,
still nothing.
The storm has thrown me
into Nothingness.

Sleep

I was so tired.
I drop down, directly
on top of a sand dune,
my legs no longer
supporting my weight.

Search

The sun was starting to
go easier on me,
giving me a break
from the heat.

I knew that Lan and Lee
were somewhere here.

I walk slowly.
Steadily.
Save power.

I see the dark hair.
Short.
Funny.

Lee

Lee!

I scream out
his name
like it's a lifesaver.

He turns.
He looks back.
"Mei!"

I smile with such joy.
No words.

To See More

“Watch out!”

Lee shouts.

A bug approaches.

It was giant.

I was traumatized.

“Move!” I could only
hear the words.

I should’ve been out more.

To see more.

To be less protected.

Finding Lan

Lan is smart.

We need her knowledge.

We go over
dunes and dunes
of sand until we give up
taking a rest by
a sand dune.

“I’m thirsty,” I complain.

“I won’t make it out here.”

“Nonsense,” Lee said.

“We’re going to be fine.

Let’s go.”

I push myself up.

Sigh.

We go.

Walk again.

Run.

Climb.

Lan

I jump over.

Finally.

Down.

Lan.

On.

The.

Ground.

Lee and I pull her up.

Her face was burning.
Her skin was dry.
Sand filled her mouth.

We didn't use words.
We just comforted her.
No need for words.

She was Okay

Lan slowly opened her eyes.
She waved.
She was okay.
She was tired.
But she was okay.

Hugging

"You okay?" I ask,
forgetting my anger.

"Yes. I need to throw up though."
Lan smiled.

"Thanks for joking.
How do we get
back on route?"
Lee asked.

"I usually know stuff, but sorry,
I don't know anything today.
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have
gotten so upset. If it weren't for
me, we wouldn't be here."

"I'm sorry, too.
I've been a bad friend.
Coming through all
this taught me to appreciate."
I smile.

"Thanks for smiling," Lee said.

Right after, we group hugged.

Miracle

Then it happens.
The green sand comes back.
The whirling, twirling, glitch.

It comes for us from the sky.
Then we were all in again.
All sucked in.
All a miracle.

Home

It all happened so fast.
The TV was still glitching.
It was still night outside.
We were still on the couch.
We look at each other.
We knew we were home.

Last Message

The TV stops glitching.
The text appears across the screen.
Last message.

I hope you learned your lesson.
I hope you are good friends.

We never knew.

The Bird

Shanghai American School, Zhang, Hannah – 12

The bird flew.
Across the desert,
Sand, as far as the eye can see.
A small caravan, struggling through the sand,
Like ants, crushed by the foot of nature.
Slowly buried,
Gone.
The bird flew on,
Past a city.
People,
Loud bargaining,
Haggling over goods.
Dogs barking,
Children playing.
The bird kept flying,
Over a mountain.
Merchants climbed,
Fighting against freezing winds,
Don't slip, don't fall.
All around,
Stone, ice, snow.
The bird doesn't stop,
Over the grassland.
A herd of thundering horses,
Ready for trading.
A few tents send up smoke,
Little spots of red and purple dot the green,
Flowers.
The bird continues,
Over sea.
Ship sails,
Trading goods.
The sun shines on the water,
Glittering,
Like diamonds.

The bird flies on and on,
Infinite,
Never stopping.
Over the vast ocean of time,
A witness to history.

The bird flew,
Across the desert.
The small caravan,
Found,
Uncovered,
Taken away,
Displayed.

The bird flew on,
A city ruins,
Discovered,
Dug up,
Protected,
Recovered,
Displayed.
The bird kept flying,
Over the mountain,
More climbers.
This time in mountaineering garments,
And a flag at the peak.
The mountain,
Finally conquered.
The bird doesn't stop,
Over the grassland.
A herd of thundering horses,
For tourists.
Flowers,
All around,
Red, purple, and pink everywhere.
The bird continues,
Over a glimmering sea of diamonds.
Boats sail,
On motors and engines.
Ships still carry goods,
Still trading,
In the beautiful ocean of diamonds.

The Hourglass of Time

Shanghai American School, Zhang, Zhuo Qi Kiki – 14

Beneath the silver glazed crust,
golden ashes scintillating in the radiant hourglass
Time flows like sleek silk...
Fluctuating footsteps weaving with the melody of camel bells,
embracing each other,
composing the flowing rhythm
fading into distant dreams.
Dust-Laden history lingering in Dunhuang's air,
but the chill has subsided.
The sweeping snowflakes transforming paper fragments,
as they roam freely and look off into the distance.
I faded into Liangzhou,
as I walk through the snow at the base of the Qilian Mountains.
The road ahead unfolds like an unrolled scroll...

The Traveller

Shatin Tsung Tsin Secondary School, Chong, Lok Yan – 14

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

*Under the purplish pink sky
The sun, bright as jade, hid away
Beyond the sandy dunes
Turned into a starry night
On the caravan camel I ride
I sit and stare
At the beautiful sight
I ride along this path
Which many have travelled
before me
When the wind blows
Softly, gently
Smooth as silk
Whispers of the past
Voices, warnings and regrets
All on this unpredictable path
Basked in moonlight
Miles from my hometown
Embark on a new journey
To the west, I go
The goods I carry
Are important in trade
But more important is
Scrolls, texts, full of wisdom
To exchange with others*

*To learn more about this world
Discoveries, breakthroughs
Stories passed down
For generations to come*