



Poetry Group 1

A Love Wall-Walled Village

A.D.& F.D. of Pok Oi Hospital Mrs Cheng Yam On School, Chan, Sheng Kiu – 6,
Poetry: Group 1

Four brick walls, keep away the thieves.
All Wall villagers, treasure their beliefs.
They are called and met at ancestral halls.
Warm families gather there surrounded by walls.

Special days, enjoy the 'Big Bowl Feast'.
People come and join from west to east.
The big bowls are eaten layer and layer.
Some of the villagers are good drum players.

Accompany with those active dancing lions.
And the twirling, spinning Chinese dragons.
Babies can also sleep on mother's arm
While the villagers keep working on the farm.

Pearl River Delta

American International School, Avenenti, Anthony – 8, Poetry: Group 1

People must stop throwing things, like trash.
Everyone is killing life.
A man could change it all.
Remake and make a better place.
Lying down when you could change the world.

River will be all gone. Life in it, too.
I think no more life will die in Pearl River Delta.
Very dangerous for life under water. It is war for them, but they can't do anything.
Everyone think for yourself. What will you do?
Re-do Pearl River Delta: factories, trash, humans, killing, and hunting.

Don't you think Pearl River Delta is in danger?
End will come to all life under water in Pearl River Delta.
Like them, but I think no more life to see.
They risk their lives because of people.
A new life for them. Death or a better life.

Fireworks Along the Pearl River Delta

American International School, Cox, Walon – 7, Poetry: Group 1

Fireworks are as loud as drums.
They are as colourful as a rainbow.
They are as beautiful as a flower.
Fireworks are as shiny as a giant star.
They are as bright as the moonlight.
They are as fast as a rocket.
Fireworks are as twirling as acrobats.
They are as tall as a giant.
They are as crazy as me!

Living in the Pearl River Delta

American International School, Hung, Madeline – 9, Poetry: Group 1

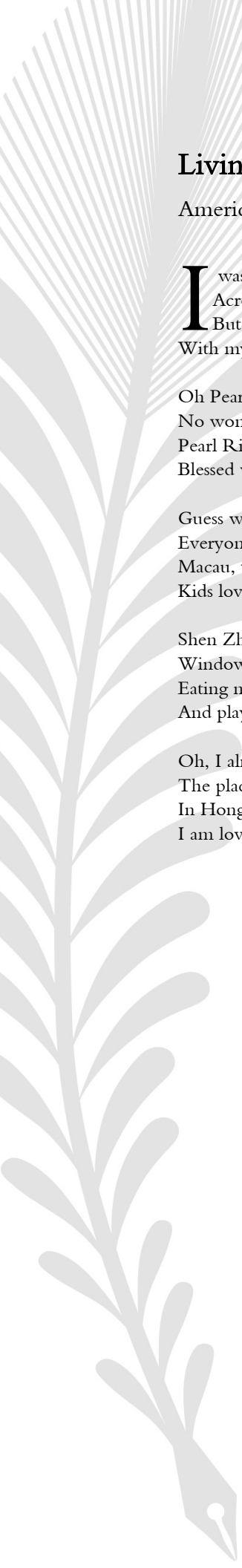
I was born in the USA
Across the Pacific Ocean six thousand miles away
But so happy I am here
With my family and friends so dear

Oh Pearl River you're so kind,
No wonder so many people have a great mind,
Pearl River Delta is a wonderful place
Blessed with God's amazing grace

Guess what Macau?
Everyone goes, "Wow!"
Macau, you are very cool
Kids love jumping in the many pools

Shen Zhen, we drive by
Window of the world says, "HI!"
Eating many delicious noodles
And playing with your favourite poodles

Oh, I almost forgot about Hong Kong
The place where I belong
In Hong Kong I live, study and play
I am loving it every single day



Chinese White Dolphine

American International School, Rungta, Anjali – 8, Poetry: Group 1

White dolphins along the polluted river.
Oh, thinking about it makes me shiver.

Dying day and night,
fearing for their lives with fright.

These wonderful creatures are dying,
I'm not lying.

We must help these animals.
If we don't help it will not be phenomenal.

With all these animals dying, the river is depressed.
All of us should do something and not just rest.



Boats in the Pearl River Delta

American International School, Thomas, Maya – 7, Poetry: Group 1

People get places by taking boats.
San-pans are parked in Sai-Kung
Where the water is as green as jade.
Dragon boats glide through the ocean;
People are shouting to the banging of drums.
Ferries are sailing people from place to place.
Police go zooming through the waters with bright flashing lights.
Boats along the Pearl River Delta are really cool!



Four generations

Beacon Hill School, Chan, Hayley – 9, Poetry: Group 1

The first generation is my Great Grandfather
He was born in 1912 in an active city called Guangzhou
He was a brave warrior who fought in wars
This is the way he served his country

The second generation is my Grandfather
He was born in 1932 in a little city called Huizhou
He was a very poor farmer that grew vegetables and raised animals
This is the way he survived in difficult times

The third generation is my Dad
He was born in 1967 in a growing city called Shenzhen
He is a successful business man that invests in properties
This is the way he makes a living for his family

The fourth generation is Me
I was born in 2007 in a beautiful city called Hong Kong
I want to become a caring and helpful teacher when I grow-up
This is the way I would make a better world

The Pearl River has flowed through many generations in my family and will continue to carry on

New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School, Ho, Man Wui – 6, Poetry: Group 1

The beautiful sun rises
But I can't see
I climb on my dad
Who is as tall as a tree

These are hills, those are trees
Along the river I grow
The roaring wind blows

Wave goodbye to my parents
Say goodbye to my teddy bear
Accompanied with friends
Sing together and aloud

All walk towards the jungle
Start our adventure
Some run fast, some walk slow
Goodbye my friends

Alone I climb
High and high up the hills
Forest and forest surrounding me
The higher I stand, the colder I feel
Like a seagull carefully lays eggs on a cliff

No time feeling frightened
Claim for survival
Burning sun passes
Nightmare comes
Fight against tigers, fight against lions
Keep away from spiders, run away from snakes

The beautiful sun rises again
Sunlight is warm
Wind is gentle
Follow a stream down
Current is weak, current is strong
Hold the raft tight, and land safely

Alongside the river, villages bring up
people, shelter us from danger

Home I return
Bed I sleep
Thanks to Pearl River Delta
This is my homeland

New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School, Leung, Chen – 7, Poetry: Group 1

Is it a triangle?
Is it a sea?
There is only the Pearl River Delta...

Is it a snake?
Is it a letter of Y?
There is just the Hong Kong – Zhuhai – Macao Bridge ...



Pearl River Delta

Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School, Wong, Tin Yan Matthew – 8,

Poetry: Group 1

My Dearest Pearl River Delta,
You have changed a lot in recent years.
Don't look down on this tiny area.
Its potential? Open your eyes and ears!

The Pearl of the Orient is our treasure —
It's value cannot be measured.
We hope this Pearl could shine forever.
Living in Pearl River Delta is the best thing ever!



The Poem of the Pearl River Delta

Clearwater Bay School, Kundamal, Neel – 8, Poetry: Group 1

I hear the sound of the pearl river delta's waves, in the bright blue sky.
I hear the sounds of birds chirping near the pearl river delta.
I see the pearl river delta's blue waves flowing down the river like a butterfly. I see the green and yellow paddy fields near the pearl river delta. I see all the animals near the pearl river delta. I hear the sounds of the animals near the pearl river delta. I hear the swishing sound of the waves in the pearl river delta. I see a great sight, the amazing pearl river delta.



Song of a Kapok Tree

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Chu, Priscilla Lorraine – 7,

Poetry: Group 1

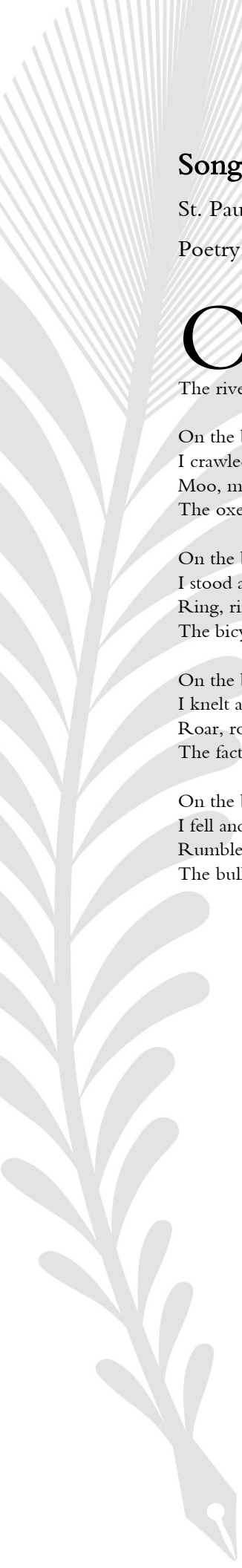
On the bank of the Pearl River,
I lay and listened.
Burble, burble, burble.
The river brought the delta to life.

On the bank of the Pearl River,
I crawled and heard.
Moo, moo, moo.
The oxen plowed the fields nearby.

On the bank of the Pearl River,
I stood and listened.
Ring, ring, ring.
The bicycles passed by.

On the bank of the Pearl River,
I knelt and heard.
Roar, roar, roar.
The factory machines worked non-stop.

On the bank of the Pearl River,
I fell and listened.
Rumble, rumble, rumble.
The bulldozers uprooted my family for another high-rise.



Oh Pearl River

The International School of Macao, Leong Murphy, Ieng Hou Franky – 6,

Poetry: Group 1

Oh Pearl River, Oh Pearl River,
how lovely are your big waves.
Oh Pearl River, Oh Pearl River,
how lovely are your big waves.

Your pollution is very bad,
and we all feel so so sad.
Oh Pearl River, Oh Pearl River,
how lovely are your big waves.

Oh Pearl River, Oh Pearl River,
your pollution is so terrifying.
Oh Pearl River, Oh Pearl River,
your pollution is so horrifying.

The fishies wi-ill cry-yie-ie,
also they will ju-st die.
Oh Pearl River, Oh Pearl River,
and we all feel so so sad.

Oh Pearl River, Oh Pearl River,
What would we eat without you?
Oh Pearl River, Oh Pearl River,
What would our Hac-Sa be like?

Oh Pearl River, Oh Pearl River.
It's time to clean up the muck.
Oh Pearl River, Oh Pearl River,
How lovely are your big waves.

My Sensory Pearl River Journey

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Wai, Jeffery – 8, Poetry: Group 1

On Christmas night, I slept on my bed
Together with my favourite monkey
dreamed to take a sensory Pearl River Delta journey.

West, North, East rivers making a delta
Guangdong, Macau, Hong Kong making a network of cities
The Pearl River Delta embraces the beautiful scenery.

My eyes are keen
I saw tall towers and ancient footprints
There's a lot to see.

My ears are dynamic
I heard fireworks and Chinese harps
There's a lot to hear.

My tongue is sweet
I tasted seafood and tofu
There's a lot to taste.

My nose is sensitive
I smelled the blossoms and explosives
There's a lot to smell.

My body is energetic
I felt happy and dynamic
There's a lot to feel.

On Chinese New Year day, I took the train
Together with my loving family
I finally travelled and experienced my sensory Pearl River Delta journey.



Poetry Group 2

The Pearl River Delta

Baptist (STW) Lui Ming Choi Primary School, Lam, Henry – 9, Poetry: Group 2

The Chinese White Dolphins
Happily swimming in the Pearl River,
Exploring legends of the Delta.

Passing through Victoria Harbour,
Eager to find precious Oriental Pearl.
Amazing, astonishing adventure started!
Rare, scarce, unique treasure in the world,
Located in the sapphire blue sea.

Racing with other marine creatures,
Intelligent dolphins have a wish,
Vision of a sea world without pollution.
Encourage humans to love the Earth,
Rescue the friends in the ocean!

Delta joins streams and dreams together.
Exciting and thrilling trip the dolphins have,
Let's protect the home for all sea creatures.
The Golden Delta becomes clean and clear.
A miracle in China!

Pearl River Delta

Beacon Hill School, Clement, Jessica – 10, Poetry: Group 2

The Pearl River Delta,
Gentle, sashaying waves
The breeze, the trees, the sparkling waters,
What more are we asking for?

A polluted river, gunk and trash
Tourists go forth, but then turn back
How many more years can the river go on?
Will it live, will it die? Nobody knows.

Colourful, beaming, healthy fish, gleaming like the sun,
But one day all that gleam went away when pollution came along, their colourful fins, and healthy bodies,
Grey with grief and sadness.

Who will be the hero of our river?
Shining with might and glory?
Or will it be the whole community, together as a team?
We can do it if we try, our hope will give us victory,
Come along to help in caring for our very own river.



Pearl River Delta

Beacon Hill School, Lam, Ady – 10, Poetry: Group 2

The bright sunshine reflects on the glass panels of buildings,
Intense highways with cars that come and go,
Clouds are mean over our heads,
Threatening to take revenge,
All lie here, in the Pearl River Delta

Towers that never stops soaring up into the sky,
Rivers that are long, long measuring tapes,
Cathedrals that have little church mice running here and there,
Majestic temples that are towering over our heads forever and ever,
Those are in the Pearl River Delta.

Theme parks ever so enjoyable,
Complex made buildings that take in the sun's glee
Casinos packed with shouts and screams,
Boats that have bright red sails,
Reside in the Pearl River Delta.


Skyscraper headquarters are mountains,
Settlements which have now become tourist attractions,
Cable cars which provide beautiful views,
Roads that go on for years,
Their home is in the Pearl River Delta.

Floating boats that make ripples in the water,
Peaks of mountains that are Burj Khalifas,
Buddhas that seem as giant as Ayers Rock,
Rays of sunlight which give no mercy,
The Pearl River Delta is the container,
For these amazing attractions, and more.

But that is not all,
For life isn't a brilliant time of laughter,
Deforestation happens at an unimaginable rate,
Animals are like mosquitoes, they get shooed away,
Until they reach their limit,
And go extinct as quick as a lightning bolt.

Air gets polluted every day,
Noise pollution of beeps and honks,
They result in deaf ears,
Beggars roaming the streets,
Hungry for the food that has been placed,
In rubbish bins.

But if we all focused on the negative things,
Then the Pearl River Delta would be no more,
As it would slowly shape into a world full of hate,
A community full of greed and hurt,
A place with tears and sneers.



An environment with angriness and ache approaching at all times,
A realm which only has sadness and fear,
A domain that was once so precious to us,
Now it has been destroyed by pain and suffering,
Luckily that will come only in years' time,
And we must still focus on the best,
About the Pearl River Delta.

Mr Past and Mr Present

Bradbury School, Kyme, Cameron – 10, Poetry: Group 2

Mr Past likes to sail on a junk boat
Mr Present likes to sail on a speedboat
Mr Present likes to travel rickshaws
Mr Present likes a Ferrari more
Mr Past likes old tradition
Mr Present likes new condition
Mr Past prefers seeing Chinese Opera
Mr Present likes to go to the cinema
Mr Past likes traditional Won-ton-meen
Mr Present likes to eat more modern cuisine
Mr Past likes a game of Chinese chess
Mr Present likes video games the best
Mr Past and Mr Present both live in Hong Kong
Neither is right neither is wrong

Letter to the River

Clearwater Bay School, Brown, Annabel – 8, Poetry: Group 2

Pearl Delta River, Pearl Delta River
You were a shimmering turquoise blue.
And nothing was as pretty as you!
Wet and green paddy fields roamed the land, children loved you so.
People were happy and healthy, wherever you would flow.

Today you are a selfish grey, you do not shine any more.
Fish do not swim happily, and children no longer play by the shore.
Factories have destroyed you, pollution is poisoning you.
Please go back to the shimmering blue that made your beauty shine with you.

The Three Buddies and their Toy Guns

Diocesan Preparatory School, Tong, Chun Kit – 11, Poetry: Group 2

In the classroom,
There were three boys,
With their city's representing birds.
Although they came from different places
They also brought their toys,
The one who came from Guang Dong is called the Sun in the herd.
He really loves the French Revolution,
But always spilling the book with lotion!
The one who came from Macau is called the
Ho of the pack,
He really loves to know more about the bank.
But always break his bank model below his neck.
The last who came from Hong Kong is called
Charles with two cows,
He really loves to try experiments.
And when he succeeds he will bow.

There came sounds of a market and purrs from cat,
But also sounds of burp guns which are as real as a machine gun.
Then Charles pretend to headshot Sun and Sun laid on the ground like a sleeping rat,
And Ho will throw his metal gun at Charles because he loves to go great guns.
After their silly game they'll go to Ho's father to have "Shu Mai" Dim Sum.
Then for the dessert after spiking someone's guns though they would not hurt.
They will go to have ice-cream which they don't need to pay the sum,
Because it is Charles father's shop who doesn't have a shirt!

There came a sparrow from "The Oriental Pearl",
To find the Engineer ~Charles Kao who likes to communicate using a 'phone note'.
In the bird's claws there was a pearl,
On a really cool book.
It reached his home by dawn,
Charles saw it and took.
And the bird just yawned,
Charles found that he was so happy that he shook.
And took his childhood special gun and used a gently look.

There came a spoonbill from "Las Vegas of the East",
To find the Banker ~Ho whose friends are Jack and Jill.
In the bird's claws there was some beast,
It reached his apartment on the hill.
Ho found himself so excited that he jumped East,
And snatched his old burp toy gun and travel quickly downhill.

There came a "Hwamei" from "The City of the Five Goats",
To find Doctor ~Sun.
In the bird's claws there was a toy boat,
It hopped to his mansion where it can run.
Sun found himself so surprised that he was stepping on a beautiful coat,
And got his toy gun which is made metal plates and travel quickly away to have fun.

The meeting of three buddies.....
On the table,
Laid three guns.
Sun said that his old memory is amusingly memorable,
And Ho joked that he should eat some bun.
Though they love their childhood guns,
They never forget their old memories.
Charles talked about when he was small his dad sells ice cream by the street and loves to hum,
But now no one sells ice cream by the street so he does that as one of his hobbies!
Ho listed about when they finished playing toy guns, they will go to Ho's home
to eat a dish of "Shu Mai" with cream bun!
At last Sun thought about the burp gun of Ho which could make shooting sound,
The special gun of Charles which could shoot beans and makes you bound!
The last metal gun of Charles is so valuable that you can't buy it with a million pound!

New Reunion

This night they played very joyfully,
But the most important news is they promised to bring their children back after ten years expectedly.
And share about their toy guns, dim sum, memories and have fun amazingly ,
On the Lion Rock Hill slowly!

Today their living have improvement,
Charles, Ho, Sun being gentlemen,
Not a fisherman,
Nor a miner riding a cart,
So they will have many crazy entertainment,
On some of the stupid T.V advertisement,
But in their heart....

(Everything will change,
but the old days,
the old things,
the old friends and the old toy guns they will not change in their old memories.)

p.s.

Pearl River Delta

Hong Kong

高焜 Charles.....

The Oriental Pearl....東方之珠....

Sparrow...麻雀.....香港鳥代表

Macau

Banker ...Ho 何賢

Las Vegas of the East....澳門.....

Spoonbill...鷺...澳門鳥代表

Guang Zhou

Doctor...Sun 孫中山

The City of the Five Goats...五羊城

"Hwamei" 畫眉鳥....廣州鳥代表

The Pearl River Delta

Dulwich College Beijing, Fung, Jason – 10, Poetry: Group 2

The Pearl River Delta,
A unique place it is.
So special that it's not,
An opportunity to miss.

A long time ago,
It was used for making trades.
As the ships come and go,
The water ripples along the bays.

The famed British observed,
And invaded the area.
All the blood spilled,
To rule a part of China.

The Opium War started,
And ended right here
Brave warriors fought,
As the British drew near.

Now that it's modern,
It's a popular tourism spot
So many visitors
Although it is humid and hot.

The food there is famous,
As it is diverse.
Seafood, noodles, Dim Sum,
The best in the universe.

Guangzhou amongst the nine,
As dense as it seems.
Can always support,
Another family with its needs.

The Pearl River Delta,
A unique place it is.
So special that it's not,
An opportunity to miss.

Endless Cities

French International School – Primary Section, Robinson, Benjamin – 9,

Poetry: Group 2

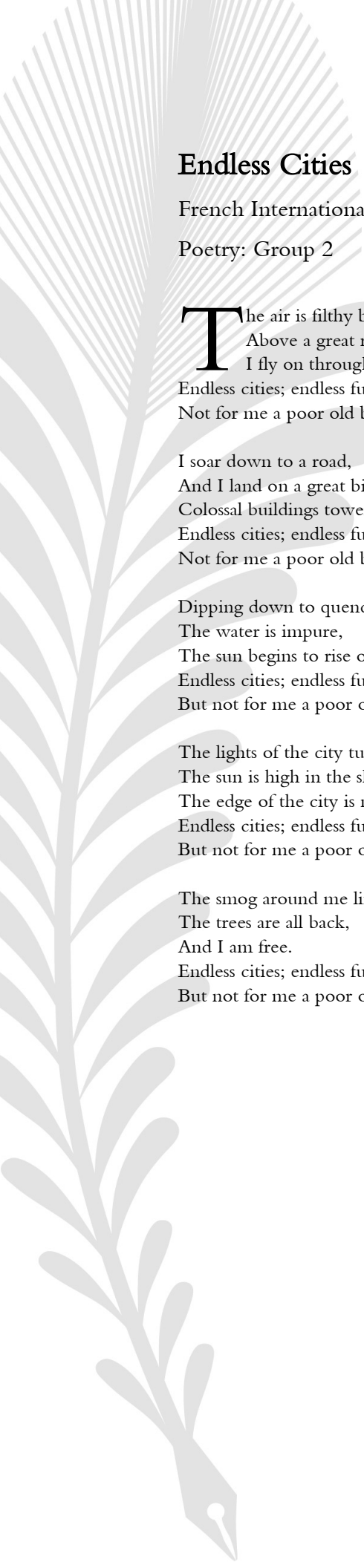
The air is filthy brown,
Above a great river,
I fly on through the dark.
Endless cities; endless fun,
Not for me a poor old bird.

I soar down to a road,
And I land on a great big car,
Colossal buildings tower above.
Endless cities; endless fun,
Not for me a poor old bird

Dipping down to quench my thirst,
The water is impure,
The sun begins to rise once more.
Endless cities; endless fun
But not for me a poor old bird.

The lights of the city turn off,
The sun is high in the sky,
The edge of the city is nearing.
Endless cities; endless fun,
But not for me a poor old bird.

The smog around me lifts,
The trees are all back,
And I am free.
Endless cities; endless fun,
But not for me a poor old bird.



Pearl River Delta's Conflict

French International School – Primary Section, Lam, Kalista – 11, Poetry: Group 2

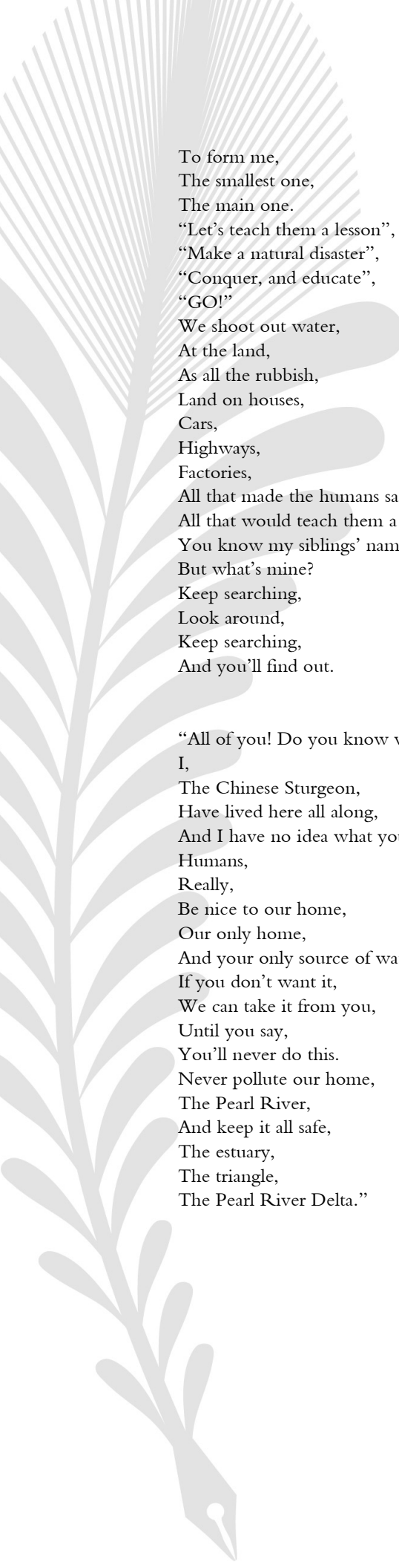
I, Love to live in the south,
South part of China.
The weather is nice,
Fresh water to drink,
And scrumptious food to eat.
It's going to be washed away
Into the sea!
Just dump your rubbish
Into the river!
No one will know,
Chemicals,
Plastic,
Everything!
Wash it away,
Towards the sea,
Wash it away,
And we'll be fine.
Which river?
Which river so nice,
Well,
I,
The Human Being
Will not tell you where,
I,
The Human Being,
Will let you find out.

I live my whole life in Guangdong
Since I was small,
I swooped into corals,
And out through weeds.
In the 3rd longest river in China,
I'll never sulk,
As happy as a bird,
I glide at the bottom of the sea,
When humans think I've disappeared,
I look at them like they don't know anything.
Through the crystal clear water,
Through mountains,
Trees,
I'll never leave
This marvelous place.
YUCK!
What's this?
It's plastic can wrapping,
They're all around the place.
Horrible,
Disgusting,

Dirt and glass.
But where's your home?
This undeveloped place?
You may ask.
Please come and save me,
The White Cloud Mountain Minnow,
Or I will be extinct.

I've never forgotten,
How the world named me,
With my white,
Smooth body.
I live only in China,
In the 2200km river.
Through mountains,
Under a clear blue sky.
Suddenly,
The green disappears,
And I ended up in the bright,
Crowded area,
Still magnificent,
With cars and buildings,
Highways and people,
I watch them play,
Everyday,
I watch them play,
Until the end.
Huh?
What's that?
A horrible smell fills the air,
With plastic bags that cover the river.
I cough,
Splutter,
Diving deep down below,
Into the bed of the river.
My home is being destroyed,
By the humans,
The devil,
We need to take action,
To save our home.
Which home?
The one in the south!
The one surrounding Guangzhou,
Zhuhai,
And Shenzhen!
Think about it.
Do you know which river?

“STOP! DEVILS!”
We all shout at once,
My siblings,
Bei River, Dong River and Xi River,
They all come together



To form me,
The smallest one,
The main one.
“Let’s teach them a lesson”,
“Make a natural disaster”,
“Conquer, and educate”,
“GO!”
We shoot out water,
At the land,
As all the rubbish,
Land on houses,
Cars,
Highways,
Factories,
All that made the humans sad,
All that would teach them a lesson.
You know my siblings’ names,
But what’s mine?
Keep searching,
Look around,
Keep searching,
And you’ll find out.

“All of you! Do you know what you are doing?
I,
The Chinese Sturgeon,
Have lived here all along,
And I have no idea what you are doing.
Humans,
Really,
Be nice to our home,
Our only home,
And your only source of water.
If you don’t want it,
We can take it from you,
Until you say,
You’ll never do this.
Never pollute our home,
The Pearl River,
And keep it all safe,
The estuary,
The triangle,
The Pearl River Delta.”

The Flight of a Falcon

French International School – Primary Section, Thorne, Nikki – 9, Poetry: Group 2

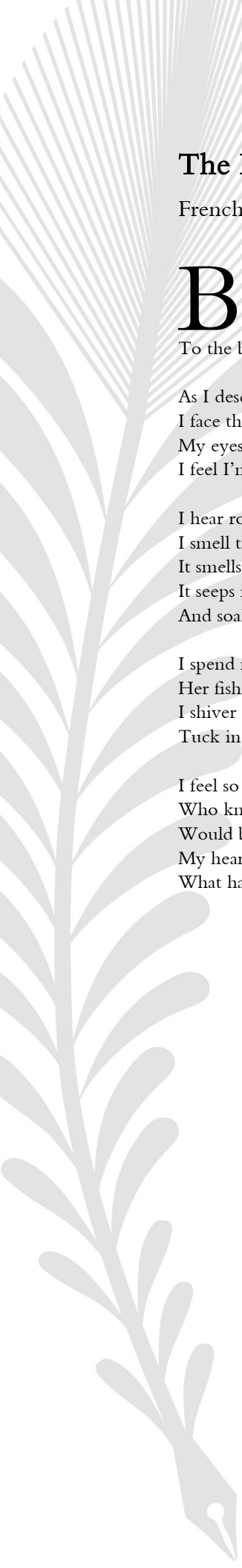
Black as squid's ink,
Not a thing to be seen.
My feathers dancing,
To the beat of the cool breeze.

As I descend through the city,
I face the dense smoke,
My eyes are choked
I feel I'm being evoked.

I hear roaring from noisy metal monsters
I smell the dense smoke they persistently spit
It smells odious like petroleum
It seeps into my veins
And soaks up my goodness

I spend my night on an old stone girl,
Her fish tail covered in moss
I shiver and quiver from the glacier wind
Tuck in my wings and bloat out my body

I feel so despondent
Who knew a trip to the Pearl River Delta
Would be so terrifying,
My heart feels crushed,
What have humans done to our home?



The 100 winged beats

French International School – Primary Section, Wong, Zoe – 9, Poetry: Group 2

I've been flying for days,
I don't run or fly as fast as a deer
It seems like ages
Exhausted, worn out and fatigued
All I really need is sleep

Coughing in smoke
I dive through the clouds
I cover my mouth
But the smog is too bad
My chest is so tight
I want it to end

Are my eyes deceiving me?
For looming ahead are five snakes,
Slithering and hissing,

Guang Zhou is not safe
Oh definitely not!
This Pearl River Delta
Leaves a lot to desire

Whizzing and sweeping
There are horrible screeches
Cars honking so loud,
Chattering people,
Grinding their teeth,
Gling, gling – the bicycle sings

This place just stinks!
The detestable stench of pollution
Makes me gasp and choke for air,
This surely means the people don't care.

I need to rest
For this was too great a quest,
Finally a tree,
With no leaves, that I can see,
So a dark gloomy night
It is what it shall be.

With the rise of the sun
My spirits are lifted,
I'll leave these dark clouds
For my future lies not here
But in the countryside clear!

Before and After on the Pearl River Delta

French International School – Primary Section, Zylberberg, Yann – 9, Poetry: Group 2

In the blue sky my heart beats
As I fly over the peaceful river,
The mountains appear as perfect retreats,
All that beauty makes me shiver.

The acidic pollution has taken over,
My heartbeat feels mechanic,
Mountains of chimneys spill over with gas,
The world has become inorganic.

Carried away embraced by the wind,
I fly above a sampan,
Carrying an old fisherman,
Admiring the beauty of the river.

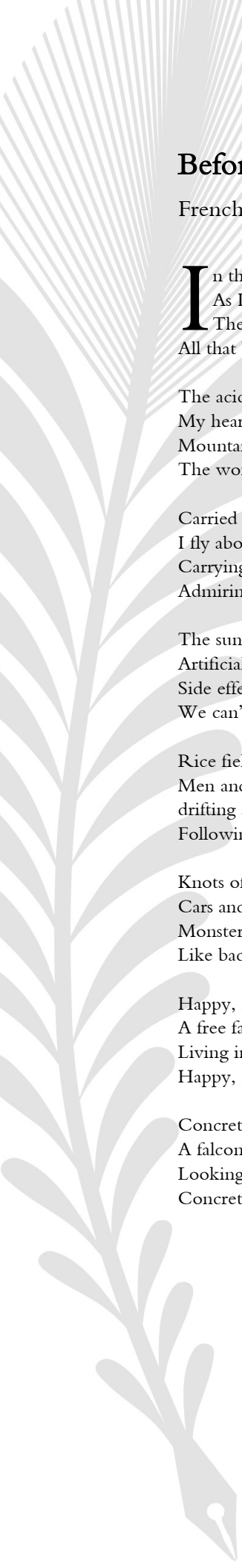
The sun is nowhere to be seen,
Artificial lights guide my flight,
Side effects unforeseen,
We can't even see the moonlight.

Rice fields in the valleys,
Men and animals sharing the place,
drifting along village alleys,
Following their own pace.

Knots of highways crossing,
Cars and trucks stuck in traffic,
Monster cities constantly growing,
Like bacteria multiplying.

Happy, happy life,
A free falcon among other pioneers,
Living in harmony with nature and peers,
Happy, happy life.

Concrete, concrete world,
A falcon now from a family of planes,
Looking down on a despairing sight,
Concrete, Concrete World.



The Pearl River

German Swiss International Primary School, Sheetal Kumar, Mehak – 10,

Poetry: Group 2

Watch it quiver, mystery river
Shining, glimmering, radiantly moving from destination to destination
Sunrise daintily reflects on the meandering river,
from rice fields to superior towers,

The shadow of the moon
bonds the silent earth and the elevated heavens
asleep and snug in their beds, no one is disturbing them now....

Precisely What is the Pearl River?

German Swiss International Primary School, Yan, Charlotte – 10, Poetry: Group 2

Precisely what is the Pearl River Delta?
Eager we are to know.
Always alive and full of adventure.
Reaching people's dreams as they go.
Landscapes filled by tall buildings and bright lights.

Reality of life in a spin.
Incredible opportunities are offered
Very likely indeed that you'll win.
Energy fills this growing megalopolis
Revealing China's strength and wealth.

Delicious dim-sum served specially for you.
Ensuring your Cantonese health.
Life in this region is definitely worth it.
Together I think we should go.
An amazing area for you to explore – so now you know!

Pearl River Delta

Glenealy School, Chan, Samantha – 8, Poetry: Group 2

Dolphins dolphins living in a river.
Jumping playing without a slightest shiver.
Swimming splashing everywhere.
Playing and having fun here and there.

Swimming north back to their nest.
Macau and Zhuhai to their west.
Construction, construction all around.
Boats of all sizes sailing loudly breaking the peaceful sound.

Pollution, pollution is everywhere, killing and hurting the place we share.
Man set up a reserve as our home to conserve.
But they are now building bridges and runways to man serve.

Dolphin, dolphins are unhappy and sad.
All the pollution is so bad.
If only man could do less construction.
Their way of life would be saved from destruction.

Time for Change

Glenealy School, Mohan, Shaan – 8, Poetry: Group 2

Pink dolphins swim and splash in the sparkling seas
Endangered species,
Alarming declines (158 to 61 to 0?)
Reclamation destroys their habitat
Landscape ruined in Lantau

Runway number 1,2,3,4...will it ever end?
Impact irreversible
Visualise a perfect world
Escape economic pressures in the estuary
Respect for all living things

Desire to conserve
Environmental protection
Love for life
Turn around the pipeline projects
Amazing change awaits our Pink Dolphin

The Pearl River Journey

HKUGA Primary School, Chen, Yuet Yan Emily – 11, Poetry: Group 2

I swam in the Pearl River,
with water that makes me shiver.

The view was so enchanting,
it was like I was dreaming.

The creatures were friendly,
they played with me excitedly.

A fish gave me a talking present
which had a funny French accent.

I actually hope to swim out to the deep indigo sea,
However, I dared not to flee.

Its surface has lots of scintillating sparks,
In it, who knows what lurks in the dark!

Cause deep down, they said there's a monster,
I don't want to be prey for this hunter!

I silently floated back ashore
Luckily, to save myself from having a couple of pores.

Then, it's time to collect some precious shells,
which were so immense that I could fit a few petite wells.

Just in time for the sunset,
I admired with my new pet.

What an oceanic journey it had been,
Home I am now, with so many wrinkles on my skin.



The Pearl River Delta Mirror, A Poem

International College Hong Kong–Hong Lok Yuen, Short, Penelope – 10,

Poetry: Group 2

Timeless, the river gently flows across land,
as graceful as a ballerina.
The everlasting colour of cobalt slowly passes me,
while the wind sweetly hums a lullaby.
Lap, lap, lap, the sparkling sapphire dances daintily downstream,
the sun's golden rays permeates the vast shade of trees.
Birds brightly burble muted chirps of ecstasy,
while panda's fumble foolishly through bamboo shoots.
The luscious grass shudders in the crisp wind,
as the flowers sway calmly.
Breath-taking it is, watching the minutes seem like hours
Finally the world exchanges the bright colours,
for mellow shades of watercolour.
As the world gradually melts away,
dusk descends, I am snapped back to reality,
as I turn on my heel and blissfully walk away.

Walking through a forest, stunted and shredded,
Factories are now camouflaged with a thick blanket of soot.
The river is a dense charcoal that mirrors the swollen sky,
is shimmery with oil blooms.
Sparrows sadly sulk ear-splitting chirps,
while the sounds of industry buzz around in my head.
Whirr, whirr go the grimy machines in the toy factory,
as the smell of diesel and oil fumes overwhelm me.

I wish I could go back in time,
I close my eyes but I know there is no escape,
this is reality, this is forever.

Pearl River Delta

ISF Academy, Chow, Christopher – 10, Poetry: Group 2

Oh Pearl River Delta, what a nice name you go by.
What rich soil and pristine water you have for food.
Is that the reason why?
my grandma's dumplings make me in a good mood?

We would not have a delta if we didn't have the Xi Jiang,
But we mustn't forget about the Bei Jiang, up in the north.
Last but not least, we have to pay tribute to the Dong Jiang.
With all three rivers, our Pearl River Delta can move forth.

Quiet, peaceful, tranquil, and calm,
your humble beginnings slowly began to flood.
No longer something that is as small as my palm,
your rivers no longer run with water, but mud.

With newfound prosperity, it is good to look to the future and beyond,
but the delta struggles with the development it spawned.

You are the fastest growing economy
in the world we live in today.
You make people prosperous, like my family and me!
Your efforts to our world go a long way.

Once, you had farms, fields, and small villages.
But look at you, all grown up now!
You've given a lot of people many privileges.
All the lights and skyscrapers make me say, "Wow!"

"Factory of the World" is what people call you,
because you make so many different things!
Samsung, Apple, Sony, and Nokia too.
All of your products are fit for kings!

But we must be careful with the future of you,
because not only can water float a boat, it can sink it too...

If White Chinese Dolphin Could Speak

ISF Academy, King-To Chung, Julian – 8, Poetry: Group 2

In the big blue sea of PRD,
Fishes bathe among huge waves.
I am a Chinese White Dolphin. Please bear with what I say.

Here, my families have lived for thousands of years,
Water always crystal clear, stars shining like chandelier.
My world started to change several years ago, oh dear! Oh dear!

Congratulations, workers of world's longest bridge-cum-tunnel, Hong Kong-Zhuhai-Macau Bridge,
Making Zhuhai and Macau easier to reach.
Construction noise is deafening me, and reclamation is destroying my niche.

PRD has become a megacity of millionaires,
Where sumptuous seafood is consumed at vanity fairs.
Overfishing leaves no fish to spare, and I become as hungry as a bear.

Macau is world's biggest gambling city,
With many turbojets arriving at its jetty.
Collisions with propellers leave me in misery.

Shenzhen and Hong Kong combined is world's busiest shipping terminal,
With cargo ships crisscrossing-unstoppable.
Oil spill is ruining our dolphins' carnival.

In the future sea of PRD,
Fishes bathe among huge waves.
I am a Chinese White Dolphin. Would I stay? Should I move away?

The Changing Pearl River Delta

Kau Yan School, Leung, Yuen Ching Erin – 10, Poetry: Group 2

Splashing and swishing,
Stomping the rice,
Little feet running through
Tiptoeing like mice.
I see jade green fields,
Clouds drift in the sky,
Singing birds, buzzing bees
And, the sun is up high.

Time passes quickly,
The nine big cities grow,
Road and towns start to transpire,
Chinese people flow.
Ships, cars, trains and planes,
Reeking smoke fills the land
Waste dumped in water,
People rich and grand.

Without fields around me
It's not the same,
Factories multiply
Delta got fame.
I look back with sadness,
Letting out a sigh,
Nothing to enjoy
Thinking of this, I cry.

Pearl River Delta

Kennedy School, Eyunni, Gayathri – 9, Poetry: Group 2

In the south of China,
Guangdong Province to be sure,
Lies the precious, kind and elegant,
Pearl River Delta, nothing more.

Hot in the summers,
As hot as can be,
The fishermen have come,
To get fish for you and me.

Now it's starting to get chilly,
As the creatures migrate,
The water is cold,
Still and not late.

Once again the sun is out,
Shining on the sea,
The river is beautiful,
As beautiful as can be.

Now we've heard of the cycle,
But how about the boy?
Who came to look,
With his lovely toy.

What do I see? he thought,
As he sat on the banks,
When he saw something pink,
Covered in oil from a tank.

“And who may you be?”
He asked and went a little closer,
The creature looked up,
Pale, as if losing her composure.

“I am a pink dolphin,
As you can see,
I love my fish,
And I eat it for tea.”

The boy thought,
As he saw the dolphin leap,
“What made you so dark?”
He asked while he peeked.

“I was out at sea,
Finding fish I meant,
When something came close,
And spilled out its content.”

“Was it a ship?”
The boy asked with a curious face,
“I’m not very sure.”
The dolphin said in a slow pace.

Then suddenly there was a sound,
Loud and clear,
A great big ship was coming near,
“That was it!” said the dolphin shedding a tear.

“Don’t you worry!”
Said the boy and went closer to the ship,
“Stop!” he shouted,
His voice at its tip.

There was a loud bang,
As the ship’s anchor went down,
A man stepped out,
With a very angry frown.

“What is it?”
Said the man and stepped up on the wall,
The boy frowned and said,
“I am not happy at all!”.

“Look at what you’ve done,
To this poor little thing,
You don’t seem to know,
How to be caring.”

“What did I do?”
The man asked aloud,
“Your ship spilled its oil”
The boy said with a scowl.

“It was a mistake!
As I didn’t know,
I apologise,
From high to low.”

The boy smiled,
He thought for a while,
“Clean up the dolphin,
And you’ll be satisfied!”

The man nodded,
He went of with the dolphin,
The boy grinned,
And held up his chin.

Once again in the south,
Guangdong Province to be sure,
Lies the precious, kind and elegant,
Pearl River Delta, nothing more.

The River of Pearls

Kennedy School, Gross, Isabella – 10, Poetry: Group 2

The Pearl River Delta flows and drifts, it's a perfect blue.
When the sun touches the water it turns to glistening gold,

All at the river of pearls,

With it's pearl cities by its side,
The cities never rest,
The heart beat of the cities roar,
Bright lights at night, buildings busy
And cities growing all the while,

All at the river of pearls,

Trade those goods for better things,
Strike a deal while you can,
Gold and treasure to bargain for,
So precious and wealthy,

All at the river of pearls,

Tugboats heave,
Container ships charge through the water,
Ferries travel busily to and thro,
Dainty fishing boats tinkle upon the river like feathers,

All at the river of pearls,

All you can hear is the cities chatter,
The hustle and bustle of the people
And the foghorns, deep, low, rumbling roar,
All you can see is the cities lights and the golden lake,

All at the river of pearls.

New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Kingston International School, Chu, Coey – 10, Poetry: Group 2

Pearl River Delta has a great blue sea,
Boats sailing happily in the ocean.
People walking on the big green land,
Chinese, Canadian and African, etc...

Looking around at the beautiful nature.
Down the great blue sea, animals swim,
Adorable dolphins playing with colorful balls.
I have been there before, I find out... ..
It is a rare thing to see in human life!



The Jade Ring

Macau Anglican College, Antunes, Sofia – 10, Poetry: Group 2

Taking a stroll near the Pearl River Delta,
Watching everything welters in the area.
I heard the sound of a clang and a cling,
Suddenly I found an old precious jade ring.

There is a Chinese engraving on it,
But sadly it's faint and I only see a tad bit.
Who could have thrown this precious by the bay?
Was it meant to be found, who is there to say?

Pollution surrounds the land, waters and air,
I couldn't believe not many would care,
I see plants thirsty and dying for water,
And people were barely saving each other.

The only dream and wish I can think of now,
Is to ask everyone around the question how,
If we want to make our Mother land nice and clean,
We've got to start by making it jade green.



I Am The Pearl River

Peak School, Gupta, Joshya – 10, Poetry: Group 2

I am the origin, I am the destination.
I am where comes true every imagination.
I am the artery, through which life breathes,
I am awake making things, when the whole world sleeps.
My shores are always buzzing and humming,
Because of me, millions of homes are running.
I am turning the wheel of fortune to the East,
I am where the world gathers to celebrate and feast.
I am where centuries of wisdom, past and present, miraculously culminate,
As everyone tries to comprehend me, I humbly smile and continue to fascinate.

The Voice of Ao Guang

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School (Primary), Chu, Isaac – 10, Poetry: Group 2

“**W**here am I?” he wonders aloud
A boat sailing across the stream
With sails that blow towards a distant gleam

The Pearl River Delta stands ahead
Shimmering like silvery lead
Far behind is a great nation
With towering temples and walls of creation

The boat skimmers to a stop
He thinks he feels his own ears pop
In front of him is a river
A cold wind blows and he shivers
When he looks down he realizes
Fish of all shapes and sizes

In the sky there's a spoonbill
In its bill is fresh-kill
The way it glides brings him thrill
All is calm until...

He sees someone grinning like a fool
With teeth sharp and gleaming white
Terrified with horror he turns
And calls to the captain with all his might

The something lunges towards his face
A streak of green and blue
It gathers him underwater
And he thinks horrifically
That he is its meal

He breaks through the air with a mighty splash
And realizes that he is not in the Pearl River Delta
Ever so beautiful
But in an underwater cave

He sees a mighty warrior
Dressed in sapphire armor
He recognizes him from history books
And the warrior declares solemnly
“I am Ao Guang the Dragon King
Controller of the water of China
I will punish all you people for overfishing
And bringing death to my kin
If you don't want to me flood this great nation
Tell your people to stop

Be the Ambassador from the River
And you will be rewarded
Tell your people to ban the cages

Or 'aquariums' your people call them
And let the fish go free

But if this is too much for you
Tell your people not to overfish
Treat the Pearl River Delta with great respect
For it is my sacred place"

So he returns to the earth
And spreads the news around
Soon the river is clear of boats
And fish return to the delta

The Dragon King is true to his word
And rewards the Ambassador of the River
He gets a place in Ao Guang's palace
And is trained from Novice, Rassaphore, Stravrophore to Great Schema

He then receives a new name
He who lived as Rim, the Pearl River boy
Now lives as Riv, Archimandrite of the delta



The Pearl River Delta--Spring of China

Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Wang, Audrey – 11, Poetry: Group 2

The Pearl River Delta,
is a piece of goddess precious gem
Dropping down from the sacred Heaven
Separating into two halves
Criss-crossed by
The dense tributaries of Pearl River.

The Pearl River Delta,
is a land with the creator's fertilized soil
Agglomerating cities along the river estuary
Occupying a million square miles
Nourished by
The richest resources of South China.

The Pearl River Delta,
is a home to residents of hundred millions
From Teochew culture to Cantonese Opera
Enriched with
Historical temples and archeological sites.

The Pearl River Delta,
experienced the chameleon change in 1979
Abandoning rural farms and fishing villages
Developing trades and industries of different kinds
which benefited from
the reform and opening up policy.

The Pearl River Delta,
has become the driving force of the country's economy
attracting more foreign investments every year
Generating income to improve people's livelihood
Thus , it fulfilled
a miraculous legend in just three decades.

The Pearl River Delta,
is honoured as the golden gateway China bridges the world
Waking up the dragon sleeping for ages
Telling the world our nation can be powerful
Blessed be my beloved hometown,
I'm forever proud of you!

A River of Pearls

Shanghai Singapore International School, Chicot Vina, Jorge – 11, Poetry: Group 2

In the south of China, the Pearl River lies,
Which you will think beautiful, if you opened your eyes.
Many amazing animals live there,
You will find fish, and an occasional hare.
The mighty Pearl River.

In the south of China, very close to Hong Kong,
Stands that great river, proud and strong.
It is also known as the Guangzhou River,
It has been there forever.
The grand Pearl River.

It has two or more tributaries flowing in,
When they join together, it looks like they grin.
All the Chinese people depend on it a lot,
For her they fought,
The miraculous Pearl River.



Beside the Pearl River Delta

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Lee, Tsz Yau – 10, Poetry: Group 2

Beside the Pearl River Delta
There lived a little girl named Wilma
In a little brown wooden house
There lived her, her dog and her grandma

Every day, she came to the river
Where the water is crystal-clear
She played with her friends
Had fun in the water

The river's so good she forgot all her troubles
And her grandma who always mumbled
Together with her friends
She played with popping bubbles

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp!
"Go home and do your job!"
She hoped the clock to be broken
So she can play non-stop

"I'd rather not hop and jog
And sleep in a hollow log
Than leaving the lovely river
To take care of your dog!"


She really loved the river
Where the water glistened and shimmered
Where she and her friends played
Being little fishes' killers

One day, she found a turtle
Which lived in a brown box
Swimming in a puddle
And pushing through the rocks

"Look! He snapped at the mosquito
And it bit the flea!
It snapped at the minnow
And ouch! It snapped at me!"

It caught the mosquito
It killed the flea
It caught the minnow
"Yeah! It didn't catch me!"

Her grandma was very angry
Seeing her granddaughter being naughty
"You want me to be steaming mad
Or come with me and have tea!"



“Okay, okay, okay”
Wilma couldn’t think of a way
“You know I won’t wait!”
The angry grandma stomped away

Beside the Pearl River Delta
There lived a girl named Wilma
In a little brown wooden house
She had hard days with her dog and her grandma

New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Stewards Pooi Kei Primary School, Lim, Joseph – 10, Poetry: Group 2

The river Delta
Is shimmering by the sun
Making it yellow.



New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Stewards Pooi Kei Primary School, Tsang, Yee Ling – 11, Poetry: Group 2

In China,
There is a Pearl River Delta.

In the river,
There is an oriental pearl comes with silver.

That pearl is Hong Kong.
It is in the riverside all day long.

The famous spot in Hong Kong is Victoria Harbour.
It is Hong Kong's fascinating wonder.

The famous food in Hong Kong is egg tarts.
People make them with their hearts.

Allows you to come visit and eat here no matter
In whatever weather.

In the future,
Macau and Guangzhou will also be the pearl of Pearl River Delta.
There will be more pearls very soon in the River Delta.

New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Stewards Pooi Kei Primary School, Wo, Ho Lai Daniel – 10, Poetry: Group 2

Pretty
Extremely long
A word to say about the
River which is muddy
Like milk coffee

Rock in the base of it
Irregular tributaries
Valuable cities on both banks
Ends in Guangzhou
River tumbling



Victoria Harbour

The HKIEd Jockey Club Primary School, Chan, Clifford – 12, Poetry: Group 2

Victoria Harbour,
Is the most beautiful place in the world!
Come and watch,
The most dazzling light shows
Of all!
Roars of applause are heard every night.
In
All of Kowloon.
Howls of excitement
As
Rays of light
Bore into everyone's eyes!
One of the most beautiful skylines made by
Us, the
Righteous citizens of Hong Kong.

Hong Kong

The HKIEd Jockey Club Primary School, Chung, Ronnie – 12, Poetry: Group 2

Hard working people,
Open minded!
Never stop creating new things.
Great effort,
Keen competition,
On the way to being a great international city.
Never give up,
Go, Hong Kong !



River

The HKIEd Jockey Club Primary School, Kwong, Anthena – 10, Poetry: Group 2

Running beside the river,
I can see some flowers.
Very lovely colours,
Every drop of water,
Rushing down the river.



Rivers

The HKIEd Jockey Club Primary School, Kyousuke, Nakata – 10, Poetry: Group 2

Rivers, Oh! I love you every day
In the river, fish swimming all day
Very cool and pure
Enjoy you in every way
Respect you and
Save you, we must do!



Sights of Hong Kong

The HKIEd Jockey Club Primary School, Lam, Issac – 12, Poetry: Group 2

Wonderful city is Hong Kong,
Lots of sight—seeing come along.
Hong Kong Islands are our first stop
The number of people and vehicles leaves you in shock.
Take the tram from the east to the west,
You will see unique buildings, local shops, living styles and the rest.
There is a place you should recline,
Harbour view at the Peak you can't decline.

It's time for us to head towards the south,
Food from Stanley Market is good to put into your mouth.
Seafood from Aberdeen is also a good choice.
Ocean Park, right next to it, will make you scream at the top of your voice.

Time to travel to the Kowloon side,
Across the harbour on a ferry ride.
Let's learn more in the museum, the center of Art
Space, History and Science, before you depart.
Up next the New Territories, travel to Tai Po,
To make a wish under the wishing tree, before you go!

Finally, it's time to pay Lantau Island a visit,
Big Buddha is full of wisdom, and looking exquisite
Go back to the ground by the 360 cable car.
Taking a picture with Mickey and Minnie, under the stars.
Taking off from the airport, we are now long gone,
Looking back at the wonderful city, Hong Kong!

Fish in the Pearl River Delta

The HKIEd Jockey Club Primary School, Lau, Trevis – 11, Poetry: Group 2

Rivers, my home
I like it
Very much.
Even when the weather is bad,
Raining, raining and raining,
So what! I still like it very much.



Wonders of the Pearl River Delta

Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Chan, Julia – 10, Poetry: Group 2

Pearl, a name which represents peace and beauty. It's actually an energetic urbanised city. It isn't a natural river anymore, but it still can't be ignored.

Plenty of people live and work there, while fewer animals are feeding on that. Some are dancing as Dancing Little Soldiers, and others like singing jazz.

Old and new buildings stand side by side. Group of factories are an outstanding sign. Some are so tall they reach to the sky, newcomers will be surprised with a sign.

Pearl, a name that comforts me like treasure. It's developing as fast as time. But pollution is the price. Environmental protection is the prime.



Zhuhai Fisher Girl

Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Chan, Ronnie – 11, Poetry: Group 2

The Zhuhai Fisher girl
Is the pearl
Of Zhuhai.

She is as tall as the sky scrapers,
and her stone as smooth as paper.

People swarm as crowds
To see the girl
With hands that stretch, holding the pearl.

This girl gives the city,
An ancient feel for a modern world,
She shines in the night, pearled.

The girl looks like an angel
Who came down from the sky,
Holding the pearl of Zhuhai, in her hands high.

Oh, how I want to fly in the night sky,
So she can dance with me and not feel so shy.

The Pearl River

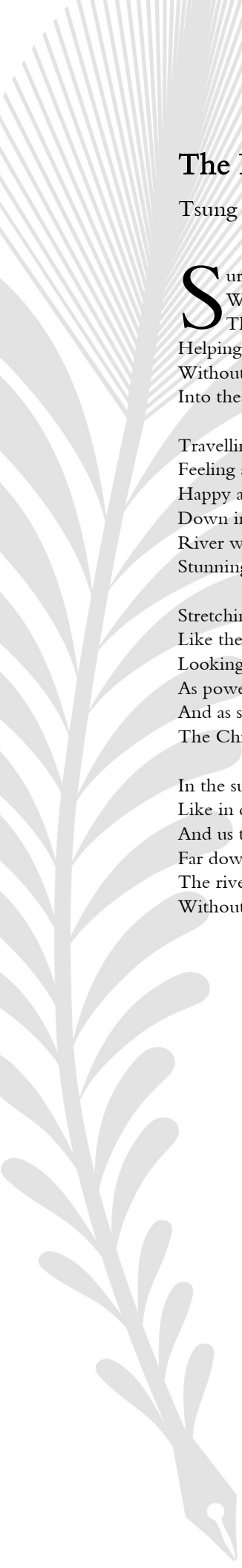
Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Cheng, Rainis – 11, Poetry: Group 2

Surrounded by regions
Which are separated into sections,
The Pearl River steadily flows
Helping in economic growths
Without a single gloat
Into the sea it goes

Travelling by plane,
Feeling as light as a grain
Happy as ever can be.
Down in the Delta,
River water looks fresher
Stunning tourists and me.

Stretching for miles,
Like the River Nile,
Looking mighty and powerful, it glides,
As powerful as Zeus,
And as strong as Hercules,
The Chinese bursting with pride.

In the sunlight it shines,
Like in diamond mines,
And us tourists gasp in awe.
Far down below,
The river rushes and flows,
Without a single flaw.



The Zuhai Fisher Girl

Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Hui, Jacqueline – 11, Poetry: Group 2

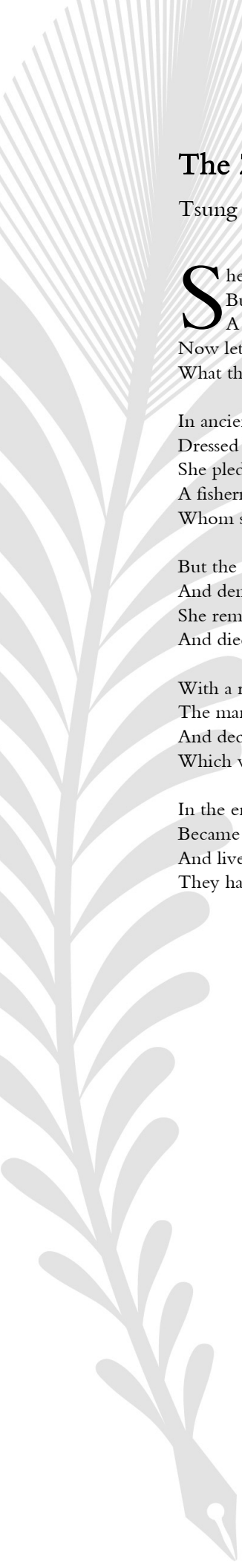
She is just a statue in Zuhai
But behind it hides
A touching story too!
Now let me tell you
What the story says!

In ancient time a beautiful fairy
Dressed in a fisher girl sari
She pledged to marry
A fisherman so badly
Whom she fell in love with madly.

But the man was being misled
And demanded her bracelet at once
She removed the bracelet so sadly
And died in her lovers arms.

With a regretful heart,
The man cried day and night
And decided to search for a potion
Which will turn dead alive.

In the end the fairy
Became a real fisher girl
And lived happily with her hubby
They had no more worries!



Fisher Girl

Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Hung, Michael – 11, Poetry: Group 2

My lovely fisher girl,
Raising a shining bright pearl,
At the heart of the Pearl River Delta,
Which is formed by three rivers.
Beside, there are many lovers
Who live near the plazas.

My lovely fisher girl,
Raising a shining bright pearl,
She is the landmark of Zhuhai city.
She was a kind of fairy,
Who was so fond of the beautiful scenery.
Therefore she stayed as a fisher lady.

My lovely fisher girl,
Raising a shining bright pearl.
She is as clever as a mouse.
She fell in love with a man,
Who was an honest fisherman,
They lived happily, in a peaceful house.

My lovely fisher girl,
Raising a shining bright pearl.
She spreads bright light to the river,
Donating treasure to her friends.
The light won't come to an end
It will only last forever.

The Story behind the Fisher girl statue

Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Lai, Jethro – 11, Poetry: Group 2

Busy old fool, unruly sun
The day of the angel has begun.
She turned herself into a fisher girl
Searching and diving for precious pearls.

She met a young fisherman and they fell in love,
But soon he heard malicious accusations
That came floating through doves
He demanded her bracelet,
But instead she shoved it in her gloves.

The fisher girl explained the bracelet
He didn't believe her, so he made her mouth shut
She tried to prove her love to him
And removed the bracelet, she died in an instant.



Zuhai's Fisher Girl

Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Lam, Jasmine – 10, Poetry: Group 2

There stands a huge stone carving,
the beautiful Zuhai Fisher Girl.
With both hands up to the sky,
she drapes a fishnet and holds a pearl.

An angel descended to earth,
and fell in love with the pretty land.
She turned herself into a fisher girl,
and healed sick villagers by her hand.

Soon she met a young fisherman,
and they fell in love with each other.
But the man made a great mistake.
He believed some evil thoughts, rather.

For this reason, the fisher girl died.
The man was filled with remorse and grief.
Finally, he found the Magic Grass,
which revived her and gave her much relief.

The fisher girl became a true mortal.
And they found a big magic pearl.
When people walk on Lover's Road,
they'll tell the story of the Fisher girl.

Tall Hong Kong Buildings

Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Lam, Javan – 10, Poetry: Group 2

Hong Kong's buildings are very small,
While some birds are very small.
They would look through the sky,
While rockets pass by and say goodbye.
They are so tall they could touch the stars,
While astronauts are going to Mars.
There are lots of people in the buildings,
While many people are eating dumplings.
Lots of people eat fish balls,
And lots of bread from the malls.
Birds fly by on the roof,
And a doggie is braking 'woof woof!'

The Cool Peak Tower

Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Lau, Stockton – 10, Poetry: Group 2

The Cool Peak Tower,
you can go there for a happy hour.

Although the people are as many as stars,
there are no cars and no cigars,
so the air is good for hours.

This cool Peak Tower looks like a bowl with two legs.
When you go closer,
you can see that the legs
are made of bricks.

Every time I go there,
I feel that it is beautiful and cool.

Oh! I forget my God's rule –
Now, I need to go to Sunday school!



Christmas in Hong Kong

Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Lau, Samantha – 10, Poetry: Group 2

Trees were decorated as if they were shining stars.
Mountains were quieter than bars.
Different sized buildings were dressed in beautiful clothes,
Especially skyscrapers wearing 'stars' as hats.
Everywhere was crowded with people celebrating Christmas.

In this joyful time, I want to ask "Do they know the true meaning of Christmas?"
Celebrating Jesus's birth is the business!

May God bless you and your family!



The Pearl River Delta

Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Leung, Merrick – 10, Poetry: Group 2

Here lies a fisher girl from Zuhai,
She dreamt of flying.
She wished that she had gold,
But she knew she had to be bold.
She also had to be wise
To get pearls, diamonds and prizes.
She will do her best,
After that she will rest.



The Pearl River Delta

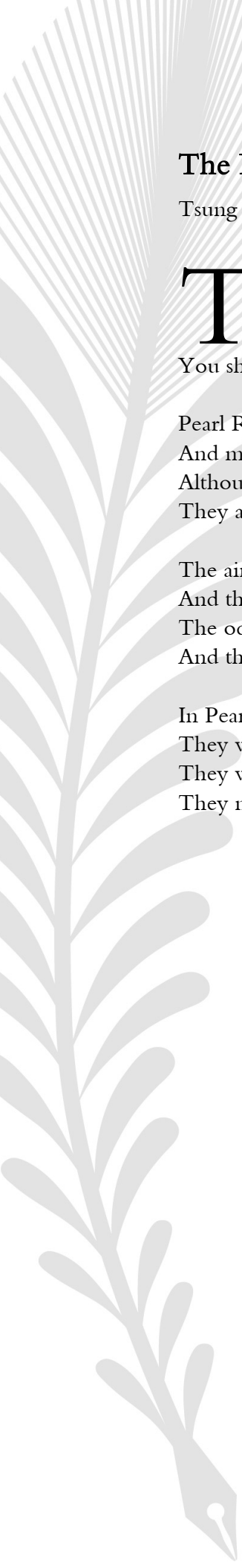
Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Lo, Justin – 10, Poetry: Group 2

The Pearl River Delta is very big,
The river flows like a snake.
If you want to go on a nice break,
You should go to the relaxing West Lake.

Pearl River Delta covers various places,
And most people that live there write in Chinese.
Although they may have different cultures,
They all speak Mandarin or Cantonese.

The air is filled with aeroplanes,
And the cities filled with crowds.
The ocean is filled with ferries and boats,
And the streets with cars so loud.

In Pearl River Delta, there are many people,
They work so hard, always busy—
They work from day till night,
They never stop, till they become dizzy.



The Zuhai Fisher Girl

Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Lui, Gordon – 11, Poetry: Group 2

The stone was standing as a girl,
Holding a precious pearl.
She was standing in the sky, tall.
So she could dedicate the pearl to all.
Her eyes so full of care,
Would make all the travellers come and stare.

She was there shining so bright
Almost blinding people's sight.
All she was, she was just a stone,
But it was as a stone, she was known.



A Journey through the Pearl River Delta

Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Tang, Erica – 13, Poetry: Group 2

Through the trees
Was a river
A river flowing so fluently,
Wondering if it ever stopped.

Through the houses,
were people,
People crowding around stalls,
Like little kids attracted to a toy.

Through the clouds,
Were buildings,
Buildings reaching to infinity,
So tall and so mighty.

As I ride through the Pearl River Delta,
My mind calms down on its own,
And the beautiful view
Gives me shivers through my bones.

Pearl River Delta

Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Yau, Abigail – 10, Poetry: Group 2

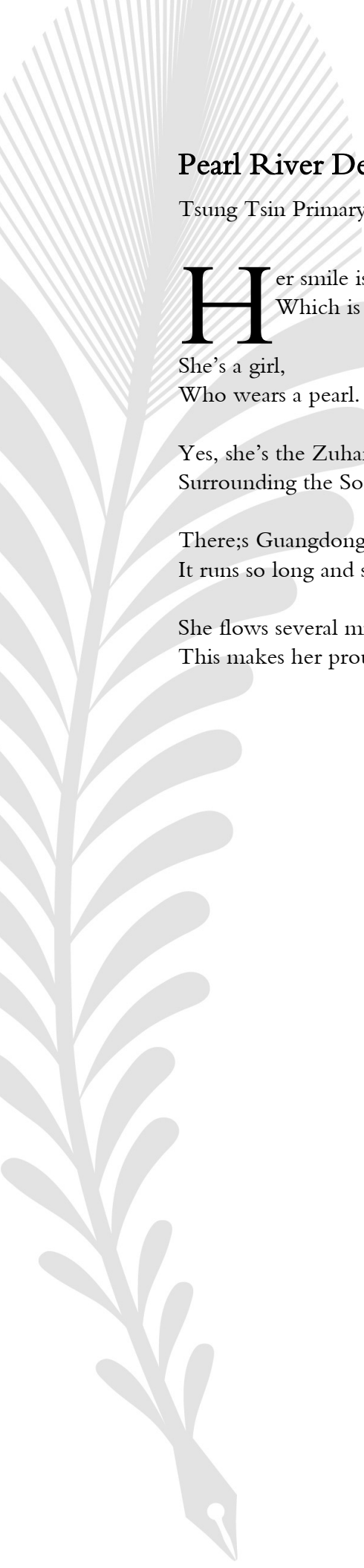
Her smile is magical,
Which is really wonderful.

She's a girl,
Who wears a pearl.

Yes, she's the Zuhai fisher girl,
Surrounding the South China Sea, she will swirl.

There;s Guangdong, Macau and Hong Kong,
It runs so long and strong.

She flows several miles,
This makes her proud, it makes people smile.



A New Tale of the Pearl River Delta

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Brown, Anya – 10, Poetry: Group 2

A little girl called Delta
Loves to find shiny pearls in a long river.
The river starts narrow, but then spreads out to the open.
The magic in the river is special,
The way the pearls get discovered,
The way the light shines upon the pearls.

The farmers near the river are all Chinese,
They think that Delta is crazy about the pearls.
They come up with a frisky, ugly name to tease her about the river,
“The magic river of the Chinese people”,
Delta was mad, so mad that she went ballistic.
The farmers then said “Little girl, the river does not have any pearls,
but the Niger River Delta does have pearls, so it can be called “The Pearl River”
Delta replied madly “I picked this big piece of pearl and here you are telling me a
WHOPPING GREAT LIE!”

The farmers turned red with rage.
“Talk to the mayor, talk to the people, you icky picky little worm!”
“I will, groceries man” continued Delta.
Tell your men to search all around the river.
If you can find a pearl we will name it Pearl River Delta,
If we don’t
We will name it “The magic river of the Chinese people”.
The farmer added,
“You will then have to work for me for ever!”
Delta swallowed hard, then agreed.
The men searched from scratch and found a beautiful pearl, followed by 15 others.
The grocery man said, “We will name it Pearl River Delta,
but listen, if we get a complaint it will be all your fault
and I mean it!”
“Fine!” Delta agreed.

Years later, Delta, now an adult, found the river had turned from blue to a horrible icky brown colour.
On the other side of the river was the mayor of the town.
His servants were pouring a brown liquid into the Pearl River Delta.

Delta found a lost pearl with writing on the front, saying
“This river vanished all the pearls.
Tell the mayor to stop pouring this liquid then pearls will all come back!”
The mayor laughed. “Brown liquid helps the pearls come back!” he laughed gleefully.
“Mayor, sir, please stop it, you understand the pearls were only here
when the water was blue and clean!” Delta said politely.

The mayor found out the pearls never come back.
The mayor said, “Delta, listen, the pearls are gone and gone, not coming back.”

Delta had treasured the Pearl River since she was a kid,
but now there was no turning back,
Well, who wanted pearls after all?

New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Wong, Hans – 10, Poetry: Group 2

The Pearl River Delta flowing through different cities in China,
Flowing gracefully on and on, showing off its beautiful coat of blue silky glitter being shone on by the sun.

Attracting people worldwide, making tourists smile nice and wide,
While having drops from its coat evaporating up and up, higher and higher and higher above.

Forming beautiful clouds and spraying water on different farms, helping to grow crops and different plants for us to eat.

Lovely Pearl River Delta, if only you were more famous, you would attract twice as much tourists, making you one of the hotspots in China.

We love you Pearl River Delta, if only you were less polluted people might drop by more often to check out your dress.

Pearl River Delta, oh why aren't you cleaned more, we want you to be cleansed, so you can be beautiful and glitter, like rubies and gems glittering brighter than Christmas lights

Hong Kong and Macau/Pearl River Delta

Xi'an International School, Hadden, Nikita – 8, Poetry: Group 2

Hong Kong is blue
Macau is red
We all say the lights are blue
The Beaches are red
Hong Kong has bridges everywhere
Macau has many animals.
Hong Kong is proud and magnificent.
Macau is very large and big.
Macau and Hong Kong will meet each other
In a place to chit chat.

Hong Kong is bright

Xi'an International School, Jung, Hanna – 8, Poetry: Group 2

Hong Kong is bright,
Because of the huge Christmas tree.
Merry Christmas Hong Kong

Hong Kong is bright
Because of many people.
The street was loud and busy.

Hong Kong is bright
Because of the huge fun Disneyland
The Disney land was noisy.

Hong Kong is wonderful!
Happy New Year Hong Kong!
We love Hong Kong!

A Sorrowful Delta's Story

Yew Chung International School HK Primary, Chan, Larissa – 10, Poetry: Group 2

The creatures of the river are my blood cells,
For generations they dwell,
In the murky waters of my delta,
For centuries my riverbed had been their shelter.

My skin, the river surface, was once a mirror of crystal,
But the humans came along, and poisoned my waters.
If their thirst for wealth does not quench, pollution will kill all.
The roots of civilization, are growing on my banks.
Skyscrapers hold up the sky, like pillars.
Once there were constellations, but now they are invisible stars.

I treated humans well, giving them my blood for survival,
I saw dynasties rise and fall.
But all they gave me was harm,
I am yearning for a care,
But there isn't one anywhere.
My soul is shattered, creatures dying on me.
If mankind don't take care, there will never be harmony.
But yet I can not take vengeance,
Because I am an idle landmark, sprawled on the surface of Earth.
The fog covering the gray sky are dense,
But before the sky was a turquoise carpet.

The clouds were wisps of white,
Which perfected the rays of light,
Projected from the flaming ball of fire,
Hanging high up in the sky.

My delta is where I meet the sea,
Which is a lot like me.
It holds great power, And is a source of life.
I am drowning in a flood of pain,
From the waters of my sorrowful soul.
The pain that the mortals caused me, wound me like the blade of a knife.

Factories and buildings surround me, like a giant wall.
I've seen empires rise and fall.
The music of the engines echo in the shadows.
Cars and trucks zoom by like arrows,
Driving on the filthy roads
Lights shine over the pavements, in the busy night.

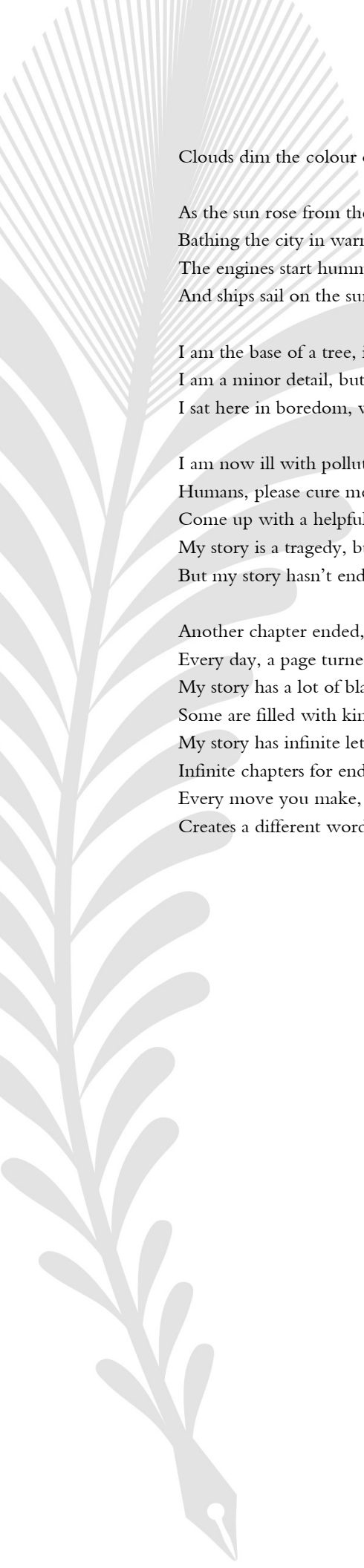
Clouds dim the colour of the faint moonlight.

As the sun rose from the darkness,
Bathing the city in warmth,
The engines start humming again.
And ships sail on the surface of my tributaries, which are my liquid veins.

I am the base of a tree, if I am seen from space.
I am a minor detail, but a major part of life.
I sat here in boredom, waiting for the end of my days.

I am now ill with pollution,
Humans, please cure me!
Come up with a helpful solution.
My story is a tragedy, but at some parts, I am contented.
But my story hasn't ended.

Another chapter ended, but the story just begun.
Every day, a page turned for everyone.
My story has a lot of blank pages, humans shall fill it in.
Some are filled with kind souls, some are filled with sins.
My story has infinite letters,
Infinite chapters for endless ages.
Every move you make,
Creates a different word on a page.



Life in the Pearl River Delta

Yew Chung International School HK Primary, Wong, Ada – 11, Poetry: Group 2

Being a lonesome fish in the Pearl River Delta,
I see the wonderful but unmerciful life in here...

In spring...

The wind rested and slowly closed his eyes,
And snow gloomily said goodbye.
Campaigning with intelligence and zest,
When I saw the flowers bloomed and love was expressed.

In summer...

As the scorching sun shined bitterly,
It reminded me that life was my light and liberty.
It was a total sweltering summer,
I was always left to wonder.

In autumn...

Frightful and unruly wind grew,
And leaves were whirling the whole night through.
Although charming flowers bloomed under the moon,
Storms took their precious lives away soon.

In winter...

The river had become a wilderness of stones,
Where I was lying prone.
Uncontrollable storms were crowned,
Making the rumbling, ghostly sound.

New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Ying Wa Primary School, Chang, Ronney – 11, Poetry: Group 2

Pearl River Delta is a wonderful place,
everything there looks pretty well.
But the Pearl River itself,
was ruined and it smells

From apartments to factories,
They all produce rubbish.
And all of them end up it in the river,
killing all the fish

The Chinese white dolphins that live here,
All shout in dismay.
“Who came come to clean the river
And once and for all save the day?”

However, no one heard their cries,
nor did anyone help them up.
They kept on throwing trash in the river
Making it corrupt.

So now let's put down all our things,
Sit down and think out of a plan
To save the Chinese white dolphins
And make the river as clean as we can!

Pearl River Delta

Ying Wa Primary School, Hui, Matt – 11, Poetry: Group 2

Pearl River Delta,
Economic zone.
At the population of 120 million,
Rising productivity,
Labor working hard.

River seriously polluted,
Industrial parks, “The factory of the world”.
Very turbid seawater,
Everything there turns black,
Risk to the Chinese White Dolphin.

Doubling the excitement,
Enchanting place to go.
Letting the tourists enjoy themselves,
Three major rivers in it,
Attracting foreign tourists.

New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Zhuhai International School, Bourgeois, Apolline – 11, Poetry: Group 2

People wandering through the streets
Heavy steps sounding out as beats
Voices calling out to their friends
Right where decayed alleys end

Zhuhai is flashy in summer
And more pleasurable in winter
Zhuhai is gorgeous during spring
So it's the perfect time to sing

Through the city flows a river
Its beauty will make you quiver
Everybody living there knows
That in the night it really glows

Citizens walking with their pets
Talking like they have no regrets
Suddenly, the dog starts barking
Just as the owner pulls his string

Now there is no more escape
As I look at the vague dog shape
Oh, this is certainly the end
So goodbye, goodbye my great friend

I have lived with you many years
But now is not the time for cheers
Oh, I know I have been wimpy
But I must say goodbye to this city

New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Zhuhai International School, De Bruijin, Nikki – 11, Poetry: Group 2

Once this was my home,
I ruled the land.
Even the river banks
Covered with sand.

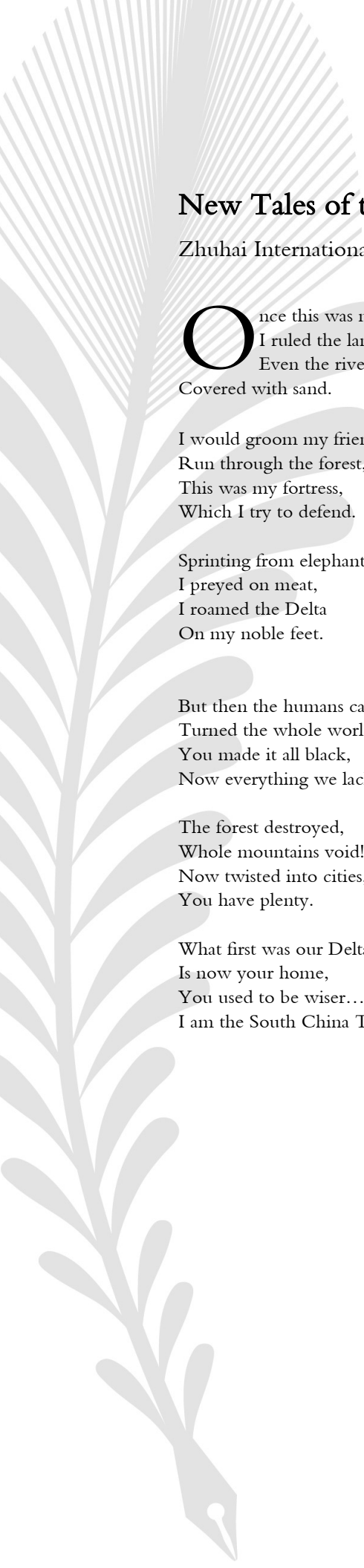
I would groom my friends,
Run through the forest,
This was my fortress,
Which I try to defend.

Sprinting from elephants,
I preyed on meat,
I roamed the Delta
On my noble feet.

But then the humans came,
Turned the whole world of mine insane.
You made it all black,
Now everything we lack!


The forest destroyed,
Whole mountains void!
Now twisted into cities,
You have plenty.

What first was our Delta,
Is now your home,
You used to be wiser...
I am the South China Tiger.



New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Zhuhai International School, Wahl, Maxime – 11, Poetry: Group 2



The fireball glows ember among sun set
The river reflects the exquisite shine
If you repeat the echoes they actually rhyme
The true waves move like a serpent
Peaceful at night that's almost certain
Beautiful birds quickly fly through
Mocking each other as they quickly flew
This is the Delta covered in blue.



Poetry Group 3

The Lost

Chinese International School, Cheng, Davis – 11, Poetry: Group 3

Polluted land,
Encompassed the untouched tears of above.
A bird of paradise, encased in the plumes of blood, dark and light.
Rising to the heavens, it beats its ailerons of brunet and white.
Light from a barge, pierces the midnight, gliding, solitary across the silvery waters.

Riding away into the mist, nothing but a glimmer whisks across the starry sky.
Inky darkness, was the night.
Voice of a ghost, whispers of the lost.
Everlasting stories, of the unknown deep.
Repeating history, as the vessel was taken.

Deep within the arms of the sea.
Ebb of a proud troop,
lost in the endless blue.
Taken by Poseidon.
A twist the crew had never seen, was the story they were drifting in.

The Pearl In Her Eyes

Good Hope School, Kwan, Crystal – 14, Poetry: Group 3

The radiant Sun falls asleep
Floating beneath the sky deep
Warmth of dusk embraces
The old lady humming Southern folk songs

A wretched survivor of the Civil War
Fled from the North, lost and alone
With haunting past and tales of her own
She tore her old tainted page afore

Winter after winter, the memories faded
Sank like a pebble, slept in the bed
But a flood tripped over, and triggered
Curled under its arm and carried off
To the Palace of Kwan Yin, the goddess of Sea

Decades after, in the spring of hope
Arteries wound their merry ways
Babbling and burbling down the slope
Ever breathing life to the fertile land

The Han girl comes bouncing down
Skids to a stop, stunned and amazed
By its legendary beauty draped in gown
For it has healed the soul of her granny

She has adored the Delta in every way
Each flood, myths, tales and culture
Its peacefulness and kindness
For creating fertile banks and green pasture

She kneeled in front of the quiet river
Praising Kwan Yin for all the blessings
All of a sudden, touched by her prayer
The goddess rises though the haze

With angel's voice, she bows and asks
"My loyal girl, would you accept my will
To guard the Delta from now to ever
For time has come for a new throne to rise"

The shocked girl replied, with great radiance
"Your highness, it's my honor to be!"
So for the long time under her guidance
The Delta shines and glimmers
A home with new tales to be told.

The Pearl River

Good Hope School, Yu, Tessi – 12, Poetry: Group 3

The Third Longest river,
History Nourishes the civilization of China,
Economically and Linguistically

Pearl got its name from a huge rock island,
Evening Views are Stunning
“Autumn Moon over the Pearl River”
Romantic Names and
Lovely Sceneries

Rock Shining in the River,
Interesting Legend,
Valueless Pearl, Flowing
Elegantly on the
River Cruise

Detailed Introduction
Enabling you a Brief taste of
Local culture and
Treasures...
AMAZING!!



The River's Blanket

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Drew–Prior, Esme – 11, Poetry: Group 3

A long time ago,
When the pollution was nothing,
There was a dazzling delta.
This delta was the Pearl River Delta.
It sparkled in the morning sun,
Gleamed in its brightness,
And was full of living life.

When the factories were created,
It replaced all the fresh days,
Making the water from clean to green.
Forming the River's Blanket.
All of the fish died,
Like shampoo, the rest tasted,
The vegetables would not budge,
From their seating, on the edge of the market.

For anyone who stays there,
Everything is scarce,
Not one healthy carp or plant,
The good ones have no hope or chance.
Even if there was one good dish,
Perhaps a tasty little veggie or fish,
No one would dare to buy them,

Before, the water was so pure and free,
Boats up the river would softly float,
Now, you can hardly move,
Through the suffocating cover.
Sometimes I wonder,
Why it's the phone we care about,
Or the car we have.
Our own Eden is in ruins,
We are going to have to stop.

But just remember that,
The Pearl River Delta was a dazzling delta.
It used to be so thrilling and so clean.
Everything was worth living for,
Everyone celebrated in such delight,
As they had a home.
But now, it is not then, so we are devastated.
But I am hoping, just hoping.
That the Delta will awake again.

Shattered by the Selfish

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Law, Mei – 12, Poetry: Group 3

She was named the Pearl River Delta because she used to be beautiful,
Those from near and far visited to bask in her pride,
Her sapphire colour and marvellous skyscrapers the focus of their attention,
They told her they would look after her.
They lied.

She was infected and cheated and destroyed,
They filled her with smog and smoke,
They promised a glorious megacity,
But they left her behind.
They left her to choke.

She was abandoned, alone, detached,
Stripped of her courage and grace,
And when she was damaged and mangled,
They shredded her innocent beauty,
Despite her wailing plea.

She was broken, a husk of life,
Smashed open by greedy men,
She cried to herself each night,
Her sobs a reminder,
To never trust man again.
She collapsed, her lesions too much to take,
Black soot clouded the sky,
She was stifled to the ground,
She was good as gone,
Left to die.

They hammered and pounded and battered,
Until she was beyond repair,
They could no longer cover up her wounds,
They had slaughtered her dreams and hope,
It was more than she could bare.

She whimpered, alone and crippled,
Her moan sounded the night,
Sour hate brewing for those that left her,
Imprisoned in a wasteland,
To never see the light.

The Pearls

Heep Yunn School, Shih, Hosanna – 15, Poetry: Group 3

A long time ago when I was small,
Sunlight shone from winter to fall,
Down to our river, our home, our stall,
Pearls on the calm sea I recalled.
Proud night showed its jewels to all,
Their twinkling eyes up so tall,
Telling stories where tales install—
Pearl River Delta, this place we call.

I just turned fifteen when I sewed
From dawn to dusk, rows upon rows.
Down from small windows sunlight flowed,
Pearls reflected on machines aglow.
Cold nights alone, nowhere to go,
I watched stars shiver with white snow,
Hiding from clouds, pearls came out slow.
Pearl River Delta, this place we know.

Time flies and I've turned eighty-four,
Haze traps us with its high score,
Refuse in the ocean dolphins abhor,
Pearls and light lost in this hungry war.
Loud nights with greed and peace no more,
I see no stars or light like before,
Escaping from pearls on the shore—
Pearl River Delta, this place we tore.

Blind

ISF Academy Secondary Division, Chun, Rita – 12, Poetry: Group 3

Clear across the horizon,
Where the sky embraces the sea;
Where the black velvet cloak shrouds
The priceless black diamonds' never-ending glitter and gleam;
Where the salty wind gently whispers across your cheek,
The Pearl of the East dances.

She flashes kaleidoscopic rays,
Twisting the colours of the rainbow, manipulating them,
Changing them into different patterns each second.

Blindingly bright, yet so eye-poppingly attractive,
To the extent that people come from all over the world just to see her.
One would wish to reach out,
And perhaps steal one of her numerous silvers of prismatic light;
Or even capture her with a camera's emotionless lens.

But you should realize that she's only winking, flirting,
For you to be deceived by her alluring demeanour,
For you to be tricked by her well-perfected act.

From a distance, yes, she is stunning,
But once you're past her shimmery, hard shell of an exterior,
You wouldn't even bring yourself to acknowledge
That the horrible havoc underneath, however melancholy, was part of her.

On her streets, people brush by briskly,
Like clouds of bats, full of disorder, illness, infection and plague.
How is it that we became like this,
As blind as bats to our behaviour,
To the world around us?

If you looked around and tried to see,
If at least their eyes were beautiful,
Then you would not even be able to catch a single man's eye,
As they are too busy looking down at the piece of technology
That has wrapped itself around his brain, clouded his sight.

The poor covering beneath minute roofs that seems to be falling apart,
Exhausted after yet another day of work,
Sadness filling their eyes like tears.

So blind are they,
To be so oblivious,
Not bothering to offer a seat to another in need,
To blink nor to nod with acknowledgement to a neighbour.

The air reeks of smog and smoke,
Making countless pairs of eyes itch and water,
Yet they just argue that it isn't true,

Unbelieving and unaware of the pollution that clog their senses, blinding them.

Let him take the blame, they say,

Let my neighbour suffer.

No love, a loss for such a seemingly romantic city full of blinking lights.

What good is a Dahlia,

A pretty flower that lacks a scent?

And what good is a wondrous city,

When it has no heart?

They say that eyes are the windows to the soul,

But how are you supposed to peek through the windows

When they sew the curtains shut,

When they refuse to open their eyes,

And become blind?



Pearl of Her Eye

ISF Academy Secondary Division, Fontaine, Kira – 12, Poetry: Group 3

Ebb and flow.
Your dress a magnificent blue,
Tailored. Fitting your body perfectly,
Flowing gracefully in the sea breeze.
Child of the moon, listening to his every will.

A day of fun is fading away,
The blood orange sun disappearing behind the hills.
You are sent back, but
You never leave forever,
Always coming back to kiss the sand goodnight.

There is still time, for one last game.
How about tag?
I run from you, but you chase at my heels.
At last I am caught.
You retreat back to your home turf, whistling a tune.

I look back at you.
Your true colours start to show.
A sheet of black covers you, I turn away,
This game is over. You sing a taunting song,
That's it. Let's play.

I follow, sprinting to reach you.
So close! I keep running,
Determined. I almost reach you.
You lure me into the deep,
You tackle me with a hug and down I go.

All I see are tunnels of darkness.
Which way is up? I cannot tell.
I struggle frantically,
Trying to escape your embrace. You
Ebb and flow.

But I will forever stay, gazing into the night.

The Sacred Land of the Pearl River Delta

ISF Academy Secondary Division, Ho, Eugene – 12, Poetry: Group 3

The water there is clear as glass,
It seems as the gods above distilled it.
The very trees and the roots walk upon the land,
It is the path towards three great constructs.
Zhu Hai, Hong Kong, Macau.
But the path is spreading...
It shall end all.

The walls are closing upon this sacred land,
Concrete forest will take over.
The infamous black air shall ruin it all,
Trees have their duties but cannot be fulfilled
Black air seeping through the very skin of all living
And killing.

Tyrants trample upon the sacred land leaving nothing behind,
It is the battle between them and our metal animals.
But we won't be satisfied until there is not a trace,
Death awaits this sacred land.
But first it will demolish its dreams and hopes.
And it will end.

The Megalopolis

ISF Academy Secondary Division, Li, Nicole – 12, Poetry: Group 3

As the glow of sun fades away,
Street lights begins to sparkle.
The lights of the city come alive.
It has a melody of its own.
A city, a dragon of lights.
A caterpillar developing into a butterfly,
Like the Delta transforming to a city.

Night time falls in the loud city.
Lights blinking,
Stars shining,
Yet the streets are busy and crowded.

Night time falls in the hushed country.
Wind in dark and towering trees,
Farmers with plenty of crops,
The night is still, only the sound of wind

Hundreds of years ago,
Rolling golden fields stretch miles and beyond.
Houses loosely dispersed, silent as a grave,
Sugarcanes and palmettos.
Blue skies adorned by wondrous white clouds,
Hills covered with lush green plants.
The Delta was a humble caterpillar in deep sleep,
wrapped tightly within its cocoon.

The meadow grass cemented down,
From growing under the pavements of a town.
Skyscrapers guarding the city like an army,
with trails of headlights beneath its feet.
The butterfly spreads its wings,
Ready to soar towards wealth.

The fog creeps on little cat feet,
Grey blankets cover the city with poison.
Villages long gone,
Along with its history and culture.
People selling their souls for wealth.
The polluted grey sky is toxic,
Damaging our health and environment.

Traditional culture fading away like a photo losing its colour.
No kicking shuttlecocks or flying kites,

Instead it is videogames and computers.
Farmers wake as the sun peeked its head from the horizon,
Businessmen are on their toes when the opening bell rings.

The future is unseen through the foggy skyline,
The improving economic development or culture and nature.
What is the price to pay?
How long is the butterfly going to live?



The Pearl of the Orient

ISF Academy Secondary Division, Lo, Nicholas – 12, Poetry: Group 3

As the sun awakens to the beauty of the morning glow,
The light travels and wanders
Into every corner of the city,
Breaking the peace of the serene dawn.

Shadows slip across the tranquil harbour,
Towers embellished with glass and gold
Sprout from the earth and stand tall,
Just like the guardians of the city.

Aromatic scents of traditional Chinese delicacies
painting an olfactory portrait of succulent delight.
Luscious, pungent, mouth-watering.
Wakening our taste buds and enriching our souls.

New year blessings flow through the gleeful air,
Fire crackers clacking, fireworks blooming.
Lions and dragons twirl to the rhythm of the cheers.
Red incandescent lanterns blaze through our hearts.

The array of vivid lights embraces the star-filled sky.
Radiant roads signs, exuberant nightlife.
The moon has arisen from his slumber,
Enchanting the darkness with magic and wonder.

Hope and gaiety brim over the horizon,
Our prosperous metropolis shines at its finest,
People are empowered for a new day,
a new dawn.

Egret

ISF Academy Secondary Division, Wong, Yik Lok – 12, Poetry: Group 3

Stay still. Balance in the waves.
Take a step forward and observe;
with round, yellow eyes, like marbles.
Bending its serpentine neck forward,
Space steps slowly and evenly.
Ghostly silhouettes wander the edges of sight;
darting in and out of the shadows,
none daring to come too close.

Stay still. Balance in the waves.
Observe and wait;
Inhaling the scent of land meeting sea,
and the soft waves beating against the sand like a drum.
Grey shapes beneath the surface advance,
the shadows of those who dare come closer.
A single movement is tempting,
a tantalizing urge to act;
Wait. They will come closer.

Now. Crane your neck, load the spring.
Watch their meandering movement around your feet, prepare.
Darting forward, the neck straightens, beak snapping open.
Head penetrates the surface like a torpedo;
splashing and thrashing, the silver scales.
Ripples emanate from the center, the fish ceases,
A slight waving of plumage as you swallow.

Serenity, spread your wings.
The Canton sunset disperses its final rays of the day.
Fly on, the fishing boats on the undulating water.
Fly on, the mangroves that bore their roots into the mud.
Fly on, where the life nurturing dragon feeds the sea.

The River

Kellett School, Kaman, Anahita – 12, Poetry: Group 3

I can see the trees
Swaying in the gentle breeze.
The river flows on
And on
And on.

I can see the temples
Lining the edge of the water.
The river flows on
And on
And on.

I can see the straw huts
Housing the hard-working villagers.
The river flows on
And on
And on.

I can see the skin of fruits
Whisked away in the water.
The river flows on
And on
And on.

I can see more people
Dragging boats into the waters.
The river flows on
And on
And on.

I can now see brick houses
Crowding the land around the banks.
The river flows on
And on
And on.

I can see tins and plastic
Lingering on the water's surface.
The river flows on
And on
And on.

I can see large metal buildings
Towering over the cowering waters below
The river flows on
And on
And on.

I can see the dark spots of oil
Spread across the surface in giant black pools

The river flows on
And on
And on.

I can see clumps of rubbish
Slowly suffocating the powerful waters
The river flows on
And on
And on.

I can feel the death
Of the creatures above and below surface
And the river ceases to flow.



Spirit of the River

Kellett School, Large, Emma – 12, Poetry: Group 3

My daughter says that
She's met the spirit of
The river. She says that
He arose like a shadow into light.

She says his face was a
Pearl in the sun, that his beard was a
River, trailing froth. His mouth a
Delta in the jungle of white.

She says he spoke soft and
Gentle, the lapping of a mild
Winter tide against frost
And snow.

She says he said
Not to worry, he'd get better soon.
The scars that littered his beauty
could be mended in time.

And that he would watch her
For her whole life, and never
Leave her, as she waded
the unknown depths.

I watch as she peers over the
Silent water, ears alert.
Her eyes are wide, so hopeful.
And that's when I know that
The river is still alive in her mind.

Beyond...Pearl River Delta...

King George V School, Lee, Hellas – 13, Poetry: Group 3

Pearl;
Just a gem, most would claim.
Yet pearls of wisdom can see that,
Those assumptions are spoken by those who cannot
See beyond...
Those who cannot see what great worth is.

River;
A flowing structure.
Yet many living besides them,
These people comprehend that these natural beauties
Meander beyond...
These natural beauties travel to places extending over continents.

Delta;
Known as Greek's fourth letter.
Yet alphabets cannot relate,
The triangular-shaped tract being the division of the river help us
Travel beyond...
The division of the river being a starting point.

Pearl River Delta;
Only one with the name.
Yet linking China's stardoms,
Greatest in economy and greatest in wealth but pause and
Think beyond...
Greatest Hong Kong, Guang Zhou and Shen Zhen, joining forces to be recognised...

But in what sense?

The Pearl River Delta– Haiku Poem(s)

King George V School, Padmanabhan, Preeti – 12, Poetry: Group 3

Pearl River Delta,
All so beautiful and clear,
Flows into the sea.

In many places,
Like in the Guangdong Province,
In region China.

Formed by three rivers,
Xi Jiang, Bei Jiang and Dong Jiang,
The west, north and east.

It manufactures,
It is so industrial,
and is important.



Eternal Pearl River Delta

King George V School, Wolf, Alycia – 12, Poetry: Group 3

A rare precious jewel in the ocean so deep,
Hong Kong our Home, a phenomenal leap.
With Pearl River's space theatre for knowledge we seek,
A beautiful city, there's not a moment to sleep.

Resting so perfectly on the Orient's rim,
It's an International hub on the Continent's brim.
While we yearn to learn about the tales and traditions,
We forget that we all have the same goal, same mission.

It is truly the Mother
Of Pearl River so wise.
Sowing dazzling diamonds,
Like the stars that will rise.

From Guangdong to Macau
Only an hours ride,
Connecting back to Hong Kong,
Destination; Worldwide.

Shenzhen, Dongguan and Huizhou,
Towards the East.
Zhuhai, Zhongshan and Jiangmen,
Where opposite ends meet.

Guangzhou and Zhao Qing,
At the center of it all.
Foshan too are globe treasures,
Like the Great Wall.

Oh Green and lovely Sanshui,
Where rivers meet,
We'll fly over hills,
Just to land at your feet.

Savour the delicious fried fish,
Of wonderful Kaiping,
Or eat Juicy dumplings,
That make our mouths sing.

Xi, Bei and Dong,
Golden rivers of the Southern Seas.
It's accessible by bridges,
So I'll be there in a breeze.

In the manufacturing sector,
There is no match for you.
Your industrious labour force,
Ever so true.

Grand ripples created are felt far and wide,
Admired like the ebb and flowing tide.
While the rivers that we love, take time to flow,
We still strive to achieve, we still live to grow.

Your resilient heart fills the world with awe,
So precious and pure, so glittery yet raw.
Pearls of technology and glimmers of intelligence,
Your true colours show through your people's diligence.

Developing and becoming ever so attractive.
Pearl River, you thrive as you get more and more active.
Like droplets from a river to the grand sea that flow,
The influence from your cities is felt through your glow.

Trade and commerce,
And all sorts of goods,
Travel North, South, East or West,
Through deserts and woods.

While we exchange languages, culture and more,
There is so much to accomplish,
With ideas galore.

This rich heritage,
With its paintings so magical.
Our Great Delta's arts
Are truly so classical.

We are proud to be connected,
To your hard-working team.
As we strive to achieve our aim,
Our vision, our dream.

Your cities like pearls,
Adorn Emperors all over,
Making it the rarest territory,
Our four leaf clover.

Gu Zhengs at Operas,
Strummed ever so gracefully.
You are forever growing,
And developing so briskly.

Precious, prosperous,
Pearl Delta River.
Your triumphs will be rewarded,
And etched on silver.

Inspiring all from January to December,
Enabling future generations to remember.
That coming from humble rural beginnings,
You're still advancing in the world's latest innings...

Renga Poem

Korean International School Secondary Section, Lai, Omega – 12, Poetry: Group 3

The cool Pearl River
Fresh water to everyone
Pearl River Delta

Remember the nice river
Forever for your whole life



Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Tsang, Angie – 12, Poetry: Group 3

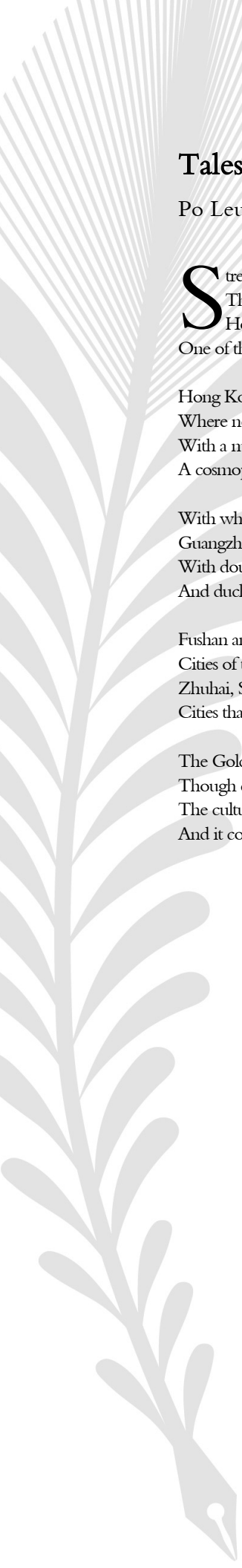
Stretching from Guangzhou to Macau
The emerging megacity, Pearl River Delta
Home to 11 metropolises
One of the finest regions in Asia

Hong Kong, the pearl of Orient
Where neon lights glimmer with vibrancy
With a mix of Chinese traditions and western culture
A cosmopolitan that's packed but lively

With white clouds and a pearl sea
Guangzhou is also a paradise of food
With double skin milk melting in your mouth
And ducks wrapped in blankets, which people valued

Fushan and Huizhou
Cities of traditional Chinese culture and scenery
Zhuhai, Shenzhen and Dongguan
Cities that are developing well economically

The Golden Delta of China
Though developing at a fast pace
The culture and history makes it special
And it could never be replaced



Shopping in Hong Kong Macau Shenzhen

S.T.F.A. Tam Pak Yu College, Cheng, Wai Hong – 13, Poetry: Group 3

Sasa in Hong Kong

Helping ladies is its job
Oh! Will you go shopping with me?
Paying in cash, or
Paying in installment
I like shopping, don't you?
Now, come on!
Go to casinos to watch a show

Mama, let's go to Macau
Apple Store? Go there to buy iPhone
Chain Stores like Bossini is
A store I like there
Um...the next station is Shenzhen

Skating in Lo Wu City
Holiday? Go there with girlfriend
Eating yummy food in a shop
Never feel bored
Zoos have a lot of animals to see
Happily browsing round the clock
Enjoy all things in Lo Wu
No, you won't leave me alone, will you?

Impression of 3 cities

S.T.F.A. Tam Pak Yu College, Cheung, Tsz Wun – 13, Poetry: Group 3

Impression of Hong Kong

Happy shopping throughout there
One place for crazy shopping
New things, big sales all year round!
Grand opening, so many flagship stores

Kiosks in Mongkok

Once in a lifetime for dazzling shopping
None of them are fake
Good things are sold in Hong Kong

Impression of Macau

Make sure you prepare one hundred bags
A shopping centre will use up all your bags!
Clothing souvenirs and more
A market will let you bargain more for less!
Um...should I bring five hundred bags?

Impression of Shenzhen

Shopping and much more than that
Have a time for your glamorous shopping!
Easy bargain, giving you a lower price!
New gadgets, SEG electronics!
Zoom in and out for Shenzhen
Have a cup of tea
Especially in MixC
Now the last chance to snatch all seductive things!

Triplet

S.T.F.A. Tam Pak Yu College, Chu, Hin Shing – 13, Poetry: Group 3

Hong Kong Shopping Centre
That will make you excited
What can you buy there?
Lots of things everywhere

Go to Macau and shop
Shop till you drop
Cause lots of things are interesting
Just enjoy buying

Shenzhen shopping is impressive
Bargains are not expensive
Hold tight your wallet
When you go to the toilet

Go Go Go

S.T.F.A. Tam Pak Yu College, Fan, Chin Shin – 13, Poetry: Group 3

Go to shop in V-City
Events are more than a variety
Yummy food for you to eat and drink
It is so good that you don't need to think

Go to shop in Grand Canal Shoppes
The most gigantic centre for hippies
Not very crowded, it's so good
Shopping and buying gives you a hyper-mood

Go to shop at the Commercial City in Lo Wu
It's a place that you never say boo
Bring a backpack and shop there
Things are cheap if you dare

Hong Kong Macau Shenzhen

S.T.F.A. Tam Pak Yu College, Lai, Chun Yat – 13, Poetry: Group 3

Hong Kong
Hong Kong has wonderful shopping malls
Much equipment bought just by ringing a call
Many children are sing a song
Shopping in Hong Kong all day long

Macau
The most fashionable shopping centre in Macau
Offers a wide variety of bargains now
Don't forget to buy almond biscuits
Let alone the Portuguese egg tarts

Shenzhen
MixC Mall is a place that we must go
Biggest shopping centre in the town of goats
It also has a large selection of cinema
I always go there with my grandma

Medley

S.T.F.A. Tam Pak Yu College, Lee, Cheuk Kiu – 13, Poetry: Group 3

Hong Kong:
Lots of shopping malls
Beautiful like a hall
What else do you want?
You can buy them all

Macau:
All people shop like a cow
Can I stop shopping?
Boutiques and bakeries
Portuguese egg tarts are also famous

Shenzhen:
I don't know much about it
I just know I like to eat
It is a place where I miss
And the place where my friends and I meet

Go Shopping

S.T.F.A. Tam Pak Yu College, Leung, Sum Yee – 13, Poetry: Group 3

Go shopping
Go shopping in IFC
Guess what did I see?
People, people and people
Although it was so crowded
I bought many clothes fashionable
And household items useful
Just come to IFC
And you can see the boutiques' sea.

Go shopping in the Grand Canal Shoppes
The most gigantic shopping centre there
It is spacious
So go there now!
You can see many boutiques of luxury brands
And also bargain products from mainland

Go shopping at the Commercial City
You can go there easily
Restaurants, computer goods, ice-skating rinks
You can get everything you need
When you see the unbelievable price
You must be surprised

Shopping

S.T.F.A. Tam Pak Yu College, Lo, Ka Lung – 13, Poetry: Group 3

Shopping in Hong Kong is great
Much food for you to eat
Many beautiful things to meet

Shopping in Macau is fun
Many shops that drive me run
Lots of shops that stun

Shopping in Shenzhen is happy
The food is very tasty
It has a long, long history

Shopping is so funny

Shopping ABC

S.T.F.A. Tam Pak Yu College, Ng, Tsz Kiu – 13, Poetry: Group 3

Shopping in Hong Kong
Shopping malls in Hong Kong, there're a lot!
Shoe shops, clothes shops and watch shops.
Seven o'clock to one o'clock
Stay at the malls all day long!

Peeping through Macau
Prepare for food all around Macau
Popped are my eyes for almond biscuits, crunchy and sweet
Portuguese tarts, soft indeed
Port chop bun, hot and neat
Prelude to a hall of restaurants for diners
Praise the chefs and say you'll come back later.

Interesting Shenzhen
If you like to bargain
It's a good place for certain
Infinite number of shops
In the cheapest price

Shopping Peeping Interesting

S.T.F.A. Tam Pak Yu College, Tang, Ming Wai – 13, Poetry: Group 3

A. Hong Kong

How can I stop buying in big shopping malls?
Only few of the stores are local
Not all the shops are fashionable
Get the clothes without any reason
Keep buying things with credit cards
One loan covering an old one
Nothing can stop people buying
Get new things every day

B. Macau

Many traditional food is waiting for me
Almond biscuits for my family
Catch the delicious Portuguese egg tarts
A number of casino are welcoming you
Unusually cannot stop yourself easily

C. Shenzhen

Shop at Lo Wu Commercial City
Have an unbelievable bargain
Especially prepared for big sales
Never hate the shopping malls
Zip on your mouth
Here are cheap-priced goods!
Everyone runs over there
Next time I must be faster

Glamour of the Pearl River Delta

Sha Tin College, Yuen, Charmaine – 12, Poetry: Group 3

Once, a very long time ago,
There were pearls on a river
Spread across the southern end of the Land of Dragons,
With a mission to grow and shine.

With the restless efforts,
The pearls grew and glowed with energy
And all became part of the Pearl River Delta.
What beautiful cities these pearls have become...

Shenzhen, the white pearl, how pure and sweet.
The first special economic zone, the fastest growing city,
One of the busiest container ports in the world
Amongst the cities of China, still innocent like a little tiny baby.

Guangzhou, the purple pearl, the city of flowers.
The Capital of Guangdong, a trading hub,
The biggest city, in the midst of the Delta,
A mix of old and new, a sight to see.

Macau, the gold pearl, a notable tourist city.
Casinos, hotels, and resorts, with their flashing lights,
People rushing everywhere, on the sidewalk, down the corridor,
What a sight this is, no matter the distance nor the height.

Hong Kong, the rare pink pearl, coloured with the tainted radiance
Of the Old Fragrant Harbour, is also named the Pearl of the Orient.
Both a financial hub, and a cultural one,
A well-done clash of cultures – Chinese and Western.

All these pearls radiating with their own unique light.
Merging together to become a glamorous megacity,
Filled with energy and charms, to brighten up their namesake delta,
Cities of the Pearl River Delta, the home for you and me!

Pearl River Delta

Sha Tin Methodist College, Chan, Tsz Ching – 11, Poetry: Group 3

I was fertile and clean,
with planting grounds healthily green.
Hearing Pearl River flowing by,
gave me simple pleasure, the river nigh.

It was the simple life back then,
let me live it again, I yen.
Being an economic city now,
this fact I must avow.

“Mega City”, “Night city razzmatazz”,
those I am known as.
“It’s the fastest growing economy.” Insist purists.
Call me what you want, I’m just happy to attract tourists.

Sadly, sewage waste is causing pollution.
Don’t even think it’s Lilliputian.
It leads to polluted soil and brown smog,
floating in air like thick fog.

Those aren’t the worse.
Let me make this terse.
The waste’s poisoning the Pearl River,
it’s so bad I can almost see it quiver!

Smog, floating trash, white dolphins dying...
I’m so miserable I feel like crying!
So humans, have pity on us,
and save the environment, it’s a must!

Night on the Pearl River Delta

South Island School, Brooks, Samantha – 13, Poetry: Group 3

Soft foamy waves slosh against traders' boats
As they enter the harbour.
The moonlight beams down on the murky waters
And fog curls like fingers.
The emerald green water sounds like dancing pebbles
A scent of fish lingers in the air
Like a Hong Kong market; yet on the Pearl River Delta.

Boats pass through the busy intersection
Hidden by the cutting waves and mist from the city.
Traffic lights sparkle in the distance; glowing
Reflections glinting on the water.
The whistles and horns are like beacons of sound,
As though the boats at sea are speaking.
Speaking through the waters of the Pearl River Delta.

Far inland, children look out yonder window,
Searching for the tell-tale fin of a pink dolphin.
And hope to see
A rosy body gliding among the ships.
Boarding boats, bustling, bearing large cargo,
The docks are alive and teeming with life,
As captains and their sailors prepare to journey out into the Pearl River Delta.

An icy fist of a breeze batters the boats on the harbour,
Carrying whispers from North and South.
The stars twinkle merrily at everyone within range,
Everyone who finds comfort watching the inky peaks of the Pearl River Delta.

A River Speaks to its People

The Mission Covenant Church Holm Glad College, Leung, Fong Ling – 17,

Poetry: Group 3

Pleased at your love
Your effort on my side
Farming in small rural villages
Gives me fresh air and abide

Sincere, gentle and leisurely
Observing your care
Caring for each other with your gentle ways
And no one will feel hurt here

Everything I give you
You are surrounded by farmland
Without money, hi-tech and finances
You still think I am a wonderland

Now, only money on your side
Factories, hi-tech, finances tear my skin
You did not see my wound
Still take your knife and enter in

Where is my fresh air ?
It is swallowed by factories
I lose my green trees, white clouds and golden sun
Should I be happy with the name——World's Factory?

Indifferent, hypocritical and frightening
No care with each other
And estranged by working and money
Gradually, you turn into a stranger

The Future Powerhouse of China

West Island School, Lam, Winston – 11, Poetry: Group 3

Pearl River Delta, more than just a pearl
Jewel of China's manufacturing crown, shining and ever more.
Including the world's purest capitalist SAR, our homeland Hong Kong
And no sooner it will become the glory Asian Manhattan
Being the home and the blood of sixty million people
It thrives, it roars, and flies high as an eagle
Focused, prepared to fight to win the world rivalry battle
Privileged to be endowed with the country's strongest united policy ever
The delta has been and growing to lead in the world class finance center
Aiming high and being ambitious, no matter whether the plan is tough
United we build a megacity rivalling technology, a delta of pearl
Precious, living and growing to shine

I Lie in China

Ying Wa College, Ho, Yan Mong – 14, Poetry: Group 3

One day, I woke up.
And found you all around me.
Climbing over my body,
But I continued sleeping.

One day, I woke up.
My whole body ached, my skeleton twisted.
My throat was dry as paper and my eyes stung.
I forced my eyes open and saw
What you had done to me,

My eyes
Could not see clearly!
No clear blue sky, only dull grey and cloudy,
I was being blindfolded!
Lifeless and motionless.
Tears were not soft to wipe,
But stung when touched and painful when shed.

My flat stomach,
Now far from perfect, many moles.
Hammering nails on me had already crossed the line.
Filing my belly-button with tons of rubbish?
Am I that despicable?

My throat,
Once in a while, it hurts to swallow,
Once in a while, there would be debris spilling out.
It was you that caused such a fiasco.

But this was not the only sickness I found,
I started to cough out black fumes,
And my green hair started to disappear.
I can't see clearly with my eyes,
There is always a shield of smog blocking my sight.
There are skyscrapers piercing in me,
And factories keep giving poisonous black smoke,
Little animals living in me die,
And even cute white dolphins run away.

I don't know why you did it to me,
I wonder if you knew what you were doing.
My body is crooked,
My face is a mess.
And I am terribly sick.

I lie in China,
I am the mother of many children.
My name is Pearl River Delta.
Please stop killing me.

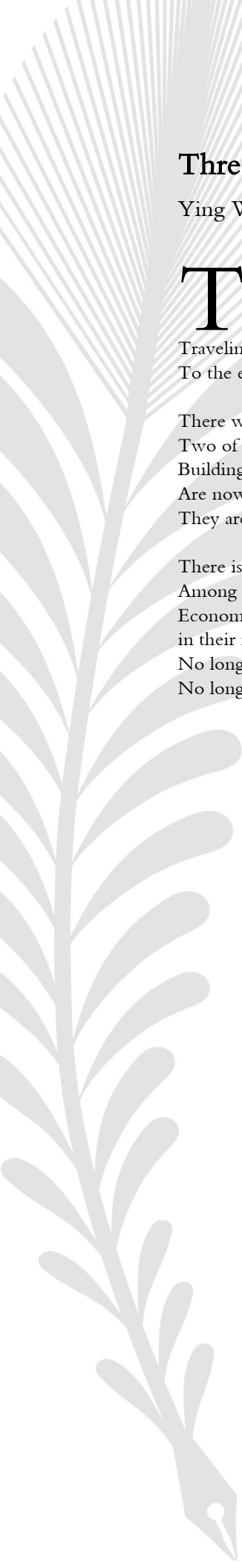
Three Deltas

Ying Wa College, Li, Chun Yin – 13, Poetry: Group 3

There is the Pearl River
There are three deltas, delivering
Their friendship to each other.
Traveling together,
To the estuary of the Pearl River.

There was a colonial era.
Two of them developed fast.
Buildings and roads
Are now seen everywhere.
They are still friends.

There is a competition
Among three of them
Economic growth the only words
in their minds.
No longer friends.
No longer friends.....







Poetry Group 4

Black Christmas in the Pearl River Delta

Canadian International School of Hong Kong, Chan, Nicole – 14, Poetry: Group 4

The pitter-patter of light raindrops
 Echoes on my corrugated metal tin roof
 The comforting tender voice murmuring in my ear
 I gaze out
 Miles of rippling jade rice crops swaying in the December wind

The cool breeze touches my face
 As I sprinkle water across the tender seedlings
 The bright sun shining over the Victoria harbour
 I look up
 The clear turquoise sky, endlessly meets the glistening sea

I inhale the aroma of the boiling yu tang⁽¹⁾
 Breathing in the smell of ginger and fresh fish
 Hearing the joyful cries of children ringing through our Sai Kung village
 I sigh
 Falling asleep while looking over the ceaseless fields

I wake up to the sound of shrill screams around me
 Looking up, I see ba ba's⁽²⁾ face dripping with tears
 He stammers ... *the Japanese, the Japanese*
 I wail
 Sobbing loudly curled up against a rough rice sack

Walking along streets of rubble
 Tan colored uniforms with weapons zoom past me
 High-pitched shrieks of women fill the air
 I tremble
 Clutching my meager rice ration, I run back to my village

Shivering under my thin tunic
 I lie there thinking of the drops on the tin roof
 The crack of gun shots echoes in the night
 I choke
 Hearing whispers, "*Black Christmas*", "*Black Christmas*"

⁽¹⁾ fish soup

⁽²⁾ father

Fire in the Waters

Discovery College (Secondary), Vyas, Aashman – 14, Poetry: Group 4

Tattered rays of final sunlight pierce the sky and recede,
Overcome by the night's veil through which beads of gleaming light slowly bleed.
My last comfort sheds its final wavering warmth with embers,
That emerge from its dying crimson core,
Gliding,
Spiralling,
Into the sky on waves of warmth.

My feet move no further, yet I look down at the tumultuous torrent of water below me,
And dare them to inch closer.
And closer.
And closer.
Towards the edge.

To the chaos of the waters my mind does succumb,
And I see a reflection of what my life had become.
A constant, consuming fire burns in my mind,
Roaring, ripping, through anything,
Everything inside of me.
Tormented in this fierce flame,
I had become a shell.
A shell,
Of charred dreams,
And burnt ambitions,
Of singed desires,
And scorched thoughts.

I stood still at the edge,
Unblinking.
Thinking.
My eyes stray deeper into the now calmer waters that lay before me,
And they beckoned me once more,
Offering a painless release,
After which my spirit was free to soar.

Maybe,
This final baptism with the waters of eternal solitude,
Would fill the void in my mind,
Would cure the oblivion of my heart,
Would pronounce my soul well rested,
Would ease my mind,
Drown its fire,
And leave behind,
A final moment of peace.

Through the night,
I watched the stars exhaust their might,
Hide away in the light of the sky as it cracked open,
Once more.
Flooding my sight,

Illuminating to me,
The flow of distant waters
To the distant sea.

Golden beams of warmth spread through the land,
Through the air,
Through the waters,
Through the earth beneath my feet,
Through me,
And this light,
Lifted from my senses,
The dark veil of separation,
In which I once took regretful respite.

I lay open.
And I wept.
I wept tears of pain,
Of passion.
I wept tears of agony,
Of ambition.
I wept tears of sensation,
Of sorrow.
I wept tears of forlorn,
And of freedom.
As I wept these tears,
Emerged sensations.
Sensations that in the numb void of my sentience,
Had become alien after not being felt.
After being burnt.
After being seared,
By the consuming conflagration,
That hunted in the depths of my isolation.

The fields of my mind became sodden,
Sodden with the tears that had cleansed me,
With the tears that had purged me of my desolation.
The inferno that once raged in these fields,
Became a slight smoulder.
Then at last,
As the horizon above me shed every ember of darkness,
My own light,
My own spirit,
Shed every shard of darkness,
From the horizon of my mind.

Finally,

My soul smiled.

I walked away from the delta,
Away from my damnation.

The Magnificent Place

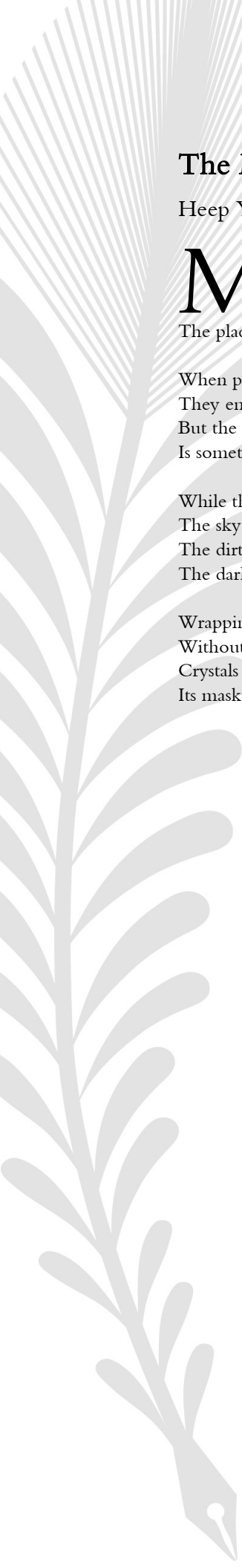
Heep Yunn School, Chan, Lok Hei Zara – 16, Poetry: Group 4

Minute yet vital, dense yet rich
The east and west collide
Packed with cultures, swirled with races
The place where fortune lies

When people dream about this wondrous place
They end up with a sigh
But the prosperity of this thriving place
Is something no one could deny

While this striking place is filled with laughter
The sky is coloured by smoke
The dirty land made lamb to slaughter
The dark ponds filled with hooks

Wrapping's a piece of useless paper
Without a decent gift
Crystals will never glitter like diamonds
Its mask will soon be lifted



Meeting for a Mirage

Heep Yunn School, Wong, Hazel – 15, Poetry: Group 4

Every day at this time—
At the peak of an emerald-green hill,
Clamorous footsteps of squadrons of thong,
The recurrent exclamations, applauds and cries
Hang unhushed lingeringly till darkness falls.

Evoked by that magnificent flower,
Those cheers deafen—
Oh, the angelic girl keeps dancing and whirling there,
In the enchanting, veiled Sapphire-bluish cheongsam,
With her intricate brunette curls upon ears
tucked neatly into a traditional Chinese bun.

On the lively wavering buds and grasses she brandish,
With the ceremonious, affectionate Cantonese opera,
She twists into a slender, charming wandering shadow—
Never before had she noticed
That her unique temperament of elegance and grace,
Was oriented from a historical lineage
Like the ceaseless pearl river at the downstream.

Every day at this time—
When darkness approaches at the break of day,
I witness the dawn of a brand new world breaks in a bright ray:
The center of a plump and bountiful gentleman,
With exuberant, vigorous voice with western style,
He touches my heart and smoothens my pulses.

This time today—
I wonder if I can embrace them at the same time.
That centurial, heart-pumping miracle to be burst out once in forever
When the two lovely angels clashes together
at the downstream river,
under the moon lit clover,
And flushes, and intersects, and mingle with sparks and dazzling fever.

Duality

Heep Yunn School, Wong, Cherry – 16, Poetry: Group 4

I spot, the radiance
of the bridges of might,
towered over the Pearl,
majestic and magnificent;

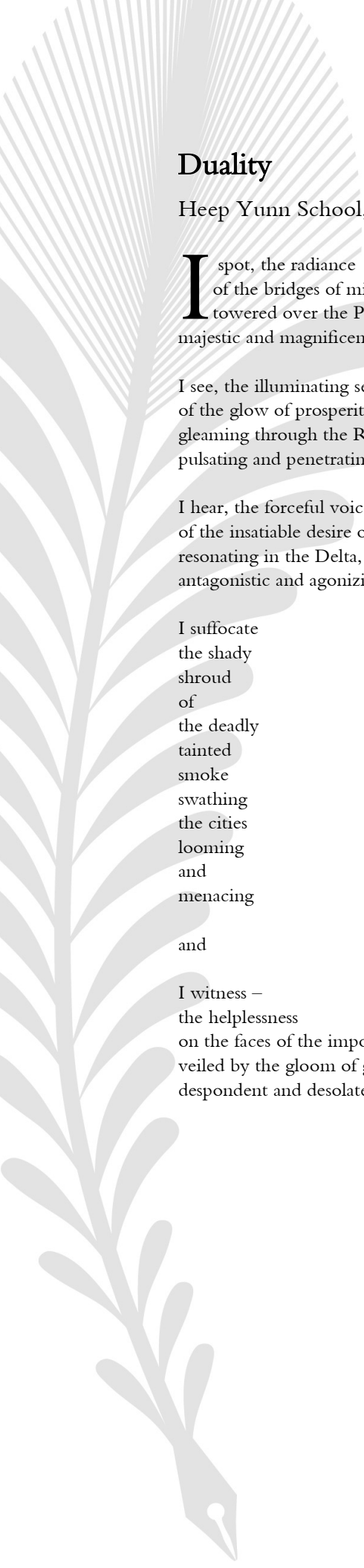
I see, the illuminating sensation
of the glow of prosperity,
gleaming through the River,
pulsating and penetrating.

I hear, the forceful voices of
of the insatiable desire of materialism,
resonating in the Delta,
antagonistic and agonizing.

I suffocate
the shady
shroud
of
the deadly
tainted
smoke
swathing
the cities
looming
and
menacing

and

I witness –
the helplessness
on the faces of the impoverished,
veiled by the gloom of gold coins,
despondent and desolate.



New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Island School, Chu, Lauren – 14, Poetry: Group 4

Planting grey kisses like seeds
within heart, lung and air,
combining into one final exhale,
too dry for water
to flow within.

Growing roses into bloodstream
and thorns into veins,
down perpetual currents of profound hope,
from stolen truths
and faded minds.

Harvest misery
in the tsunami that is yet to come,
along lost constellations
in the paradox of dimmed skies
spilling out pearl tears.



New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Island School, Chui, Adrian – 14, Poetry: Group 4

In my youth,
I filled the banks with life,
Trees rustled in the fresh spring wind,
The fishes danced in crystalline river.

In my youth,
I saw the curious tiger stoop to drink
Water cleansed in mountain spring.
The eager monkey leapt up the riverside tree,
Guzzling at its fruity treasures.

In my youth,
I watched the humans settle and come,
Hoisting their heavy wooden rods over their shoulders.
They respected me,
Loved me
For the fish I gave.
They offered a prayer to the goddess Mazu
And I.

As time went on,
Man grew stronger.
The cities raised into the sky.
I dedicated myself to supporting the homes of man,
Like a clam protecting its glamorous pearl.

I saw wars ravage the land for years on end,
The animals forced into hiding,
The ancient trees topple onto the dirt.

The years fly for one so eternal,
But this time
They have come too soon.

At last, they turned to me
Having not stated their bloodlust.
They filled my veins with poison,
Forced me to swallow their rubbish.

Fish who once thrived now grew stiff and cold,
The plants wither away, sick from the causes of man.

Oh, isn't it ironic, my dear reader,
That the once well of life
Now seals the fate of whoever drinks from it.

New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

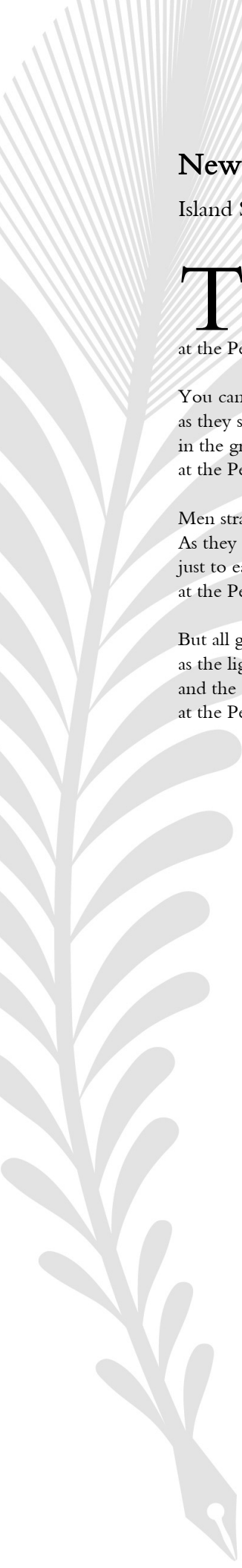
Island School, Makino, Erika – 14, Poetry: Group 4

Theres a hustle,
at the very edge of Asia
Where three rivers connect
at the Pearl River Delta

You can hear the voices of travellers,
as they seek to find shelter
in the great big cities
at the Pearl River Delta

Men straining their backs
As they try to carry extra
just to earn more
at the Pearl River Delta

But all goes quiet
as the lights go out
and the city falls to darkness
at the Pearl River Delta



Pearl River Reverie

Island School, Rueschendorf, Zev – 14, Poetry: Group 4

The process of time and everything that it brings
Birth, death, love and war
I sometimes think of all the families and traditions
Some pristinely preserved and some thrown to waste
I sometimes wonder what were to happen
if I looked out the window and the little piece of the world
I could see went back in time
Maybe I could see some of those born babies,
people who died young or old,
the forbidden romances and
the little private wars that forged the culture we so richly treasure.
Time is the encompassing umpire
that indiscriminately creates and destroys so much
When that little piece of the world zooms back into reality,
I wonder what time will have in store for me.

New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Island School, Wong, Stanley – 14, Poetry: Group 4

Peaceful Pearl River delta,
Economic growth and prosperity,
Admirable cities and tradition,
Restless nights and joy,
Loyal leaders and people,
Radiant views of the ocean and nature,
Inspirational culture and citizens,
Valuable workers and infrastructure,
Education of the highest quality,
Respectful of all people and cultures,
Desirable wealth and economy,
Engaging jobs and businesses,
Light hearted citizens and supportive friends,
Tradition and modern combined together,
Accomplishing goals and achieving dreams,
Pearl River Delta, the place of hope and dreams.

The Dragon Boy

King's College, Cheung, Yiu Ting – 17, Poetry: Group 4

Chikan Town,
A place with joy and peace,
Will never let you down.

'Drop!' 'Drop!' 'Drop!'
Dragonflies gently dip the water,
'Chip!' 'Chip!' 'Chip!'
Birdies fly by the crop.

Chikan Town,
Surrounded by the Tan River.
It wouldn't make you drown,
But its story would shock you forever.

In a silent night,
A boy came to the river bank,
Carrying a lamp with red light.
He jumped..... and sank.

'Bloom!' 'Bloom!' 'Bloom!'
Wind's blowing,
Bubble's evolving,
The river looked so gloom-y.

The water turned red, red, red.
And it went on, on, on.

All for a sudden,
A giant red radiant dragon soared.

The town was lit like the heaven,
But it didn't last long.

The dragon disappeared.

Nobody has ever seen it again.

But ever since the dragon appeared,
There's no woes,
Always filled with happy souls,
It is the power of the Dragon Boy.

Out of Breath

Pui Kiu College, Fan, Charlie – 15, Poetry: Group 4

‘**W**rinkled paper studded with words. She skips it, and halts when reaching an image of one circle with “C” and another with “O” partially overlapping. With covalent bonding. She doesn’t know it kills.’

On some depraved days,
The Angel of Death spreads his wings on the blast.
Strangles her airway
Her carcass clings
To her sublimely sober saga.

She felt the breeze, suffering
Replete, seemingly retching
For she’s been invited to a gluttony of noxiously malignant tumors
In the air
Alas, this feast did her wrong—
She didn’t devour it.
It engulfed her.

Her feeble steps erred.
Her visions blurred.
Countdown has unfurled.
Time can’t be deferred.


Dark disguised
Struck its oars into
The tranquillity
With countenance of some rickety
Smog.

Once upon a time,
When the factories weren’t used to committing crimes.
Once upon a time,
When she still beheld her dreams in the balcony
With a glass of wine.

Bleak chimneys,
Monstrous as a mammoth
Aloof as an Abyssinian.
The cranes,
Not the grains,
Endowed the city with
An abyss with abolishment of affinity for adorned air.

Freighters cruised to leeward,
Left its steps on the water.
Long traces that guided
The fish to prance.

Rice ears bowed to the motherly wind.



The coast
Not far
Cherishes countless lifeblood from the river.
River drenched in silver.
Silver doused in the moon.

Her mother heard the patter of tiny feet.
Chanting her the nursery rhymes,
Gazing into the distance.

Ebb and Flow

Renaissance College, Li, Sum Chuen – 14, Poetry: Group 4

Insomnia writes behind blurred panes
of glass during dusk cloudburst.
He writes of the change of current
between sand and sea, where time
was no longer to be found
along the shoreline and far
across the horizon.

The same way,
firefly souls shuffle
their office heels through
the highway veins back home.

When the concurrent shades
of night herald a symphony
of urban lullabies:
prayers to the silhouette of her cityscape.

Car comets ride on asphalt waves,
as tire track trails erupt
into neon signs and street-side flames.

Migrating butterflies spread their tattooed
wings in the nocturnal momentum,
each one traipsing in synchrony.

The same way,
insomnia sees better from the back of his eye,
a mirror of a home – where bright lights can
open their eyes to see blooming beauty break
from their wombs of gold.

When insomnia need not write with sharpened
words to pierce through the daily facade, set free
from these firefly jars and butterfly cages
at all the wrong hours.

Where graffiti news morphs
into concrete tendencies;
Where social formalities
bite their tongues;

Where negative spaces whisper
and delicately trace the contours
of oblivion in porcelain.

But morning nostalgia parkours over
the ceding tide of tomorrow,
when it is insomnia's timeless, opaque

words murmured through blurred panes,
that aerate the metropolitan ichor
and pumps it back in the narrow
halls of sombre reality.



Into the Delta

Renaissance College, Mahbubani, Sarika – 16, Poetry: Group 4

Footprints etched onto the road
Like a map to everywhere

This is Adulthood.
Here our hands are no longer love letters to each other
Clasped together like the chains of abandoned bicycles
Held together for possession
Hoping the weight of our hands in someone else's
Will be heavy enough to hold them down
Here there are no guiding hands
But we expect you to follow

The leaves are a few hues greener
Here in the Pearl River
The grass is always greener when you're older
But that is because the sun shines brighter
Beating down relentlessly on the city folks
Convincing themselves that it is worth it

Here the sea will kiss the sand despite constant rebuff
Arms reaching out, clinging for life
The taste of rejection so familiar
It could almost be tolerance
Almost

Here kindness is a foreign language
And is met with suspicion and fear
Confused with seduction or spite
So bring a dictionary
Learn to speak Adult
No one here is a native speaker
We are all acquired learners

Here we stay in our own houses
The doors painted bright red in warning
The smell of our neighbour's dinners
Wafting through the windows

We do not go over

Here we do not stop
A world in perpetual motion
We are always going somewhere, reaching for something
Our bodies searching frantically for success
But from far, far above

Perhaps the outstretched arms of the Delta
Could be ours
Searching for each other

Beneath the Surface

Renaissance College, Purohit, Anushka – 14, Poetry: Group 4

A view of life
from the other side.
Only we know
How it feels,
– it does feel,
and it will feel.
To be forgotten
Underground.

from a glimmering surface
of nothing,
we see the
crepuscular figures
of the hearts
you call
human.

we're given the prestige
of a throne
yet so simply,
all your waste and trash
is thrown.
Thrown,
onto nothing
but us.

To you,
we're the crepuscular figures
with or
without
hearts.

You take your greed
from our home
and in return,
you ruin our feed.

You take your fame
from our name
and in return,
you never treat us the same.

Our death is the result
of your
unknown mistakes.
Oil and pollution –
it's only our intake.

The opaque line
has been crossed

Pearl River Delta
Has lost
all its pearls.



The Tale of the Pearl River Delta

Sha Tin College, Yu, An Yang Jennifer – 14, Poetry: Group 4

I know the river,
For the future's eyes can see
That a river will never falter
It will never cease to breathe.

I know the river,
The Pearl River Delta,
Has been a generous giver,
To many who seek shelter.

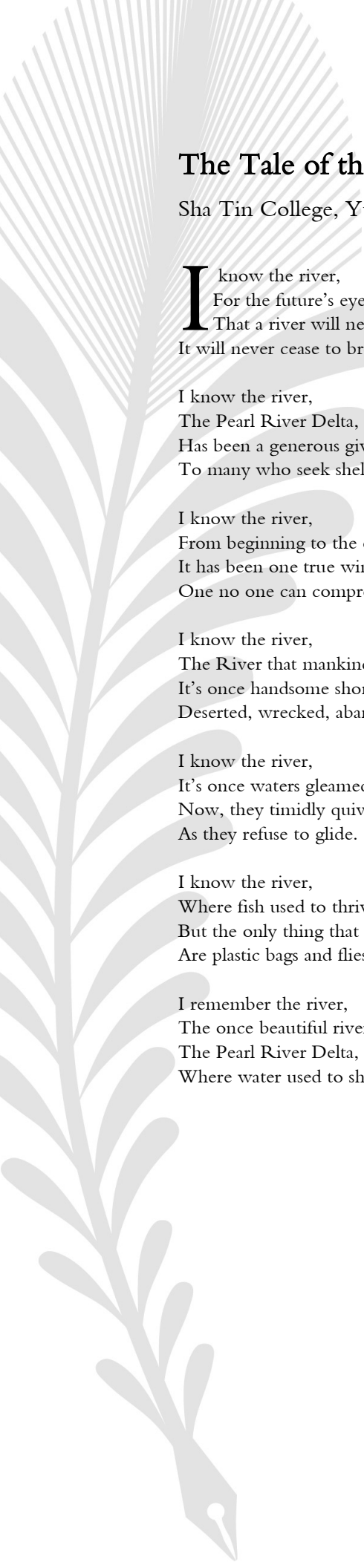
I know the river,
From beginning to the end,
It has been one true winner,
One no one can comprehend.

I know the river,
The River that mankind takes for granted.
It's once handsome shores had been shattered,
Deserted, wrecked, abandoned.

I know the river,
It's once waters gleamed with pride.
Now, they timidly quiver,
As they refuse to glide.

I know the river,
Where fish used to thrive,
But the only thing that glimmers,
Are plastic bags and flies.

I remember the river,
The once beautiful river,
The Pearl River Delta,
Where water used to shimmer.



An Unknown Legend

SKH Lam Woo Memorial Secondary School, Tsoi, Kwai Ling – 17, Poetry: Group 4

Passing on an unknown legend,
Exceptional emerald entered an empire,
Awoke a dormant dragon lining on the frontier,
Radiated around the whole country,
Leading to the emergence of a new century.
Restored its past glory,
It flied from west to east,
Various tributaries joins and meets,
Extended to the Southern China Sea,
Reunion the memories of you and me.
Day by Day,
Exports and imports frequent in these regions,
Like Shenzhen, Guangzhou, Zhuhai and Kaiping,
Tale started from then on,
A wonderful civilization of China--Pearl River Delta.

Eternity

St. Joseph's College, Wong, Matthew – 16, Poetry: Group 4

In her embrace of fragrance,
do surges of cultures fuse,
into vivid drawings;
do dialects weave,
into soothing symphonies.

To this bed of spring,
a girl,
with a rare bloodline,
as if divine,
gifted.

Those who have sights,
have their eyes paralyzed,
transfixed on this beauty,
for from her,
perfection displayed.

“Her cheeks,
like blooming roses,
stunning and charming,
for her my heart buzzes.”

Hymned the god,
who reigned over all waters,
yet drowned,
in this ocean of love.

Disguised as a young man,
quietly he slipped,
into the silent temple,
where she spoke to the gods,
reticently.

Seen by the old man,
bathing in moonlight,
with his silver hair shimmering,
tying the red thread,
pairing them up,
for an eternity.

Air froze,
love pervaded,
for in their sight,
existed only each other.

But this young dragon,
had ignited a rage,
deep in the oceans,
which no waves could calm.

His father,
the Jade Emperor,
knew too well,
about the boundary,
dividing the mortal,
from their counterpart.

With kindness he summoned,
spoke,
“Dear child, meek and mature,
thou had made the line vague,
where prohibition stood for crossing.
Turn before it is too late.”

Yet blinded by love,
he braved,
voice firmed,
replied with scorn,
“We shalt not part,
for one is our heart.
Even for Thou, highest of all,
never, never shalt our love fall.”

In agony he shouted,
hurricanes conjured,
amity dissipated,
present was chaos.

“Thou stubborn mule!
For there is no awakening,
without retribution.
Curse be with thee,
until thy redemption!”

The dark deluge,
repelled this young dragon,
out of his glistening palace,
out of his powerful deity.

His body immobilized,
for seas and oceans spanned,
rooted deeply in the mantle –
fate in venom.

Mercy flooded the old man,
with sadness and pity,
for he transformed the beauty,
into an elixir,
guarding the land,
with an aura of aroma.

Mankind,
moved by the smell,
had named this new land,
“Fragrant Harbour,”

“Hong Kong,”
in their tongue.

But so could they not know,
that the Pearl Dragon,
sobbing in secret,
had sent waves and waves,
to kiss and caress,
this land with her essence,
bringing tranquility,
to the roaring soul,
under these waters.

Beneath all sounds,
laid a cry not heard:
“In the Orient,
You’re my Pearl.
Our days, as if in bliss.
Yet memories swirl
and agonies twirl.”



Am I a Part of Pearl River Delta?

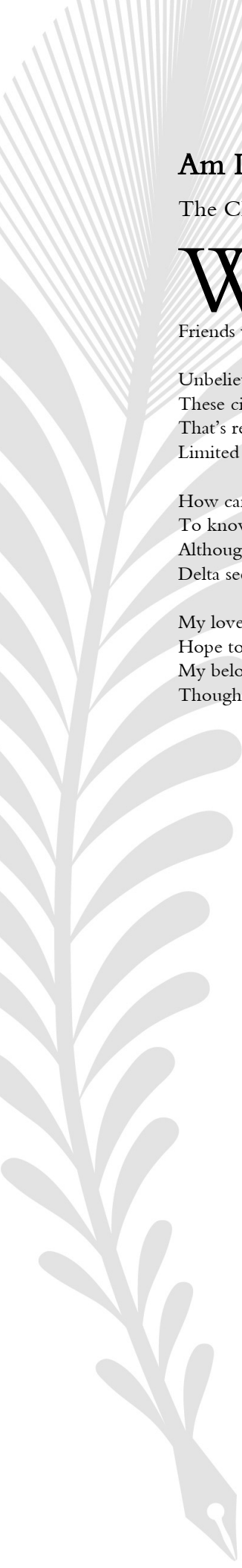
The Chinese Foundation Secondary School, Hung, Shun Yat – 17, Poetry: Group 4

When I look up to the sky,
Mainland citizens are our friends?
Seems to full of lovely and shy.
Friends without borders and will not end.

Unbelievable and fast moving city,
These cities won't be split.
That's really such a pity.
Limited knowledge and experience on it.

How can I try to do and see?
To know and not just take as marks.
Although it gives life to thee.
Delta seems to be too dark.

My love to region is not fake,
Hope to know more in few days.
My beloved country will not be shake.
Though there will be more case.



New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

The Chinese Foundation Secondary School, Lee, Pak Hei – 17, Poetry: Group 4

Pearl River Delta,
where factories contradicts past vestiges,
where pollution meet heritages.

Immoderately expanding mega-region,
'Will stop someday, I suppose'
said Will.

Detrimental, corrosive, soil-eating rain,
Crops wilt, Animals grieve.
'Oh, my Pearl River Delta,'
Cried Jamie
'Oh my! Everything's changed.'

It maybe is the poor guinea pig,
but the Delta is never a sole failure.

Try from different angles.
There could be new insights,
to whomever regarded it
as part of them.

Manufacturing thrives,
Exploitation arrives.
Behind blood and sweat,
are they really expropriated?
'A pity how they suffered,'
Cirie lamented.

Pearl River Delta,
where new tales,
doesn't make memories pale.
where antiquities
stay forever well.

The Compelled Farewell

True Light Middle School of Hong Kong, Cheung, Si Wei – 15, Poetry: Group 4

I turn around for the one last glance,
A parting of she and I will soon be staged.
Her beauty shines no longer and hence,
Her face destroyed by the paint of age.

I sigh and leave the field which was art,
The shining land I have always stayed.
Though the pain of parting tears my heart,
Farewell from now is the only way.

The greens and blues we passionately cherished,
The lawns and lands on which we comfortably laid.
Her aegis and blessings we fervently wished,
Recalling the past those were distant days.

She has faded away without a trace,
Taking her place is a jungle in grey.
The colour in a hopeless, evil way
Kills her smile and put her into her grave.

Factories belch smokes from the weary machines
Turning while wailing though no one hears.
Skyscrapers crush the lovely greens,
Still no one sees her bitter tears.

No longer can the warmth in the air be breathed,
No longer felt is the tender in the city.
Complaints breeds and laughter squeezed,
A subtle silence strangles the fine story.

How I long she'll be just like what she used to be,
The same as the splendid faraway so fine.
But I, so powerless, can merely bemoan and grieve,
I can't even hug you in the crowd I can only cry.

Can't bear looking at the field my memory cleaved,
She is not supposed to be so unfamiliar to me.
When this place causes only laments and grief,
I lower my head and speechlessly leave.

Kaleidoscope City

West Island School, Kim, Gowoon – 14, Poetry: Group 4

Like a twisting kaleidoscope, it never ceases to amaze.
Those scintillating shards of colour, veiled in brilliant haze.
The refulgent lights on Victoria harbour,
when stars are nowhere to be found.
Rippling shimmers in a thousand hues,
such dazzle no-one could ever refuse.
Three hundred skyscrapers impale the skies.
They soar into lonely transcendent heights.
Diamond lustre stripes the blue glass
every pixel of sunlight mirrored back.

Like a tumbling kaleidoscope, it's wonderfully colourful.
From noisy red to elusive purple, this energy is cultural.
Whether your skin be porcelain, ivory
chocolate, olive, or maybe a tad fiery.
Whether your hair be satiny hazel,
or knotty blonde in morning frazzle.
In the kaleidoscope you find your identity,
or simply leave it be a mystery.
People from a thousand worlds collide,
packed into liberty, free not to pick a side.

Twist the kaleidoscope, be very careful, to a peculiar angle—
at that very spot or the colours will end in a horrid tangle.
Wretched ghost of poverty haunts the dark
evasive corner of town. Dogs madly bark.
A rendezvous for drunks, drudges, drug highs,
live and die like a mayfly, a life spent in a sigh.
The ghost leeches the soul out of her victims,
wrenches backs forward, robs them naked.
Scratches frown lines onto the face, indelible.
Soulless gloom bubbles there, a toxic chemical.

Turn the kaleidoscope, a three sixty degree revolution,
the colours boil, simmer, crystallizes to lyrical fusion.
Silver daylight drips quietly into the narrow alley.
Piquant redolence of dim-sum floats opulently.
Upon shops are whitewashed Victorian houses,
from railings, furls flags of white lace blouses.
A grey-haired woman wanders down the street,
tickled memories, she remembers what used to be.
A child plays in the corner with a kaleidoscope,
dynamic, vibrant, restless— a heartfelt hub of hope.

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