



# Poetry

Group 1

## Fun in the Bund

*Kingston International School, Ho, Shu Yan – 6*

Boat sailing boop beep boop  
Under the bridge many fish swimming pop peep pop  
New shops selling colorful cloth with dots  
Dancing people dance wild and free like dogs

Friends riding rickshaw to find me laughing  
Up in the sky, birds flying high  
Nice buildings all along The Bund, super great fun!



## Old Shanghai

*Marymount Primary School, Wan, Hedia – 8*

Old Shanghai...

Glamorous heroine

pping on long cigarettes,

sitting on huang bao che

heading to the cabaret,

accompanying by classical jazz and

buzzing neon lights.

Oh! Shanghai, Shanghai, Shanghai!



# Old Shanghai

*Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Yang, Lucy - 9*

Oh, the old Shanghai  
I want to explore  
Because.....

I want to see  
The Paramount  
The Shi Ku Men  
And the jinrikisha

I want to listen to  
The decadent music  
The Shanghai dialect  
And languages from all over the world

I want to buy  
The cheongsam  
The osmanthus cake  
And the Baiqueling cream

I want to feel  
The city that never sleeps  
The gathering merchants  
And people of all sorts of skin colour

I want to fly  
to my beloved old Shanghai  
Through the time machine  
to enjoy all of this

I love everything of old Shanghai

## Steam Train Journey

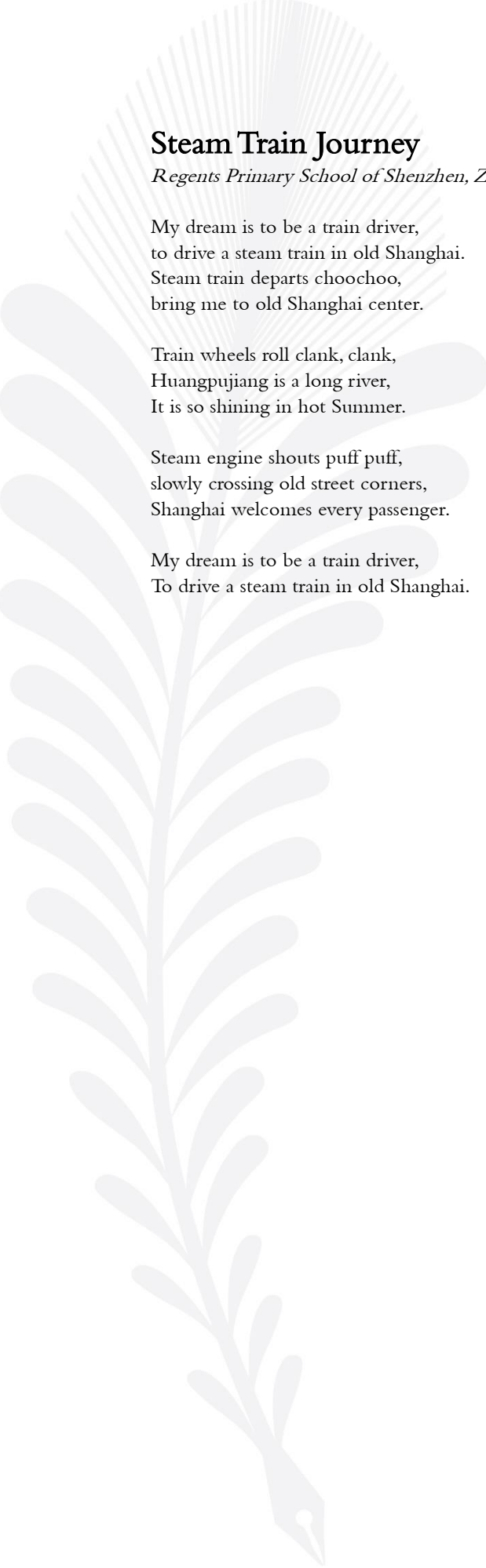
*Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Zhang, Robert - 8*

My dream is to be a train driver,  
to drive a steam train in old Shanghai.  
Steam train departs choochoo,  
bring me to old Shanghai center.

Train wheels roll clank, clank,  
Huangpujiang is a long river,  
It is so shining in hot Summer.

Steam engine shouts puff puff,  
slowly crossing old street corners,  
Shanghai welcomes every passenger.

My dream is to be a train driver,  
To drive a steam train in old Shanghai.



## Old Shanghai

*S.K.H. Kei Oi Primary School, Kwok, Riley – 7*

Oh! Oxen bellowing!  
Long fizzing fireworks!  
Dear doors groaning.

Sizzling noodles,  
Happy cats purring,  
All soya milk pouring,  
Nice noodles sizzling!  
Grent pattering! Rain!  
'Hi !' murmuring aunties  
Angry birds,  
Ice cream blue,  
In lovely old Shanghai.



## Old Shanghai

*S.K.H. Kei Oi Primary School, Li, Amy – 7*

Old oxen bellowing,  
Long sizzling noodles,  
Dear doors groaning.

Shh? Bells chiming,  
Happy birds squawking,  
Apple dumplings amazing,  
No cats purring?  
Great fireworks fizzing!  
Hungry? Noodles feasting.  
Are clocks going tick tock?  
Idea—Yes! Let's cook! Pots clank!

## Old Shanghai

*S.K.H. Kei Oi Primary School, Mok, Mike – 7*

Old oxen bellowing,  
Long sizzling noodles,  
Dancing doors!

Show sizzling noodles,  
Happy birds squeaking,  
All children playing,  
Nice murmuring aunties,  
Great lazy cats,  
Hazy murmuring trees,  
Angry hungry birds squeaking,  
I like old Shanghai.

## Wishing Tree in Old Shanghai

*St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Lai, Cheryl Trinity Cheuk Kiu – 7*

I am just an aging plane tree\* in Old Shanghai,  
Over the decades I have my descendants far and wide.  
Now I am sad to say goodbye.  
My Shanghai, do you hear me cry?  
All the best, Shanghai!

I was once a tiny seed brought to Shanghai in the Qing Dynasty,  
I stroke my root in a garden overlooking the riverside of Yangtze.  
Trading troops and ships from oversea,  
Bringing people of many countries to trade and sightsee.  
Here was once called the Pearl of the Sea.

What happened that no more admire but afire?  
Burning opium ended with gunfire!  
Shanghai was divided into concessions with all sorts of occupier,  
Now my garden was invaded by a French sire.  
My Shanghai was carved up for ceasefire.

Decade of prosperity brought thousands of western,  
My garden was converted into a tavern,  
A glass of chilled rosé poured for a French politician,  
Laughter from a girl in cheongsam holding lantern.  
Had my Old Shanghai been totally forgotten?

Years of quarrels ended with the Civil War,  
My motherland then entered into the dark era of the Gang of Four.  
End of troubled era came the policy of open door,  
Economy of my Old Shanghai started to soar.  
Will my life be back to peace as before?

Yet one day I woke up in a commotion,  
I found myself chopped down to make way for transportation.  
Though I had survived the wars, the greed and the invasion,  
I could not survive human's selfish ambition.

The people dream to build the world's largest infrastructure,  
The cost of which is the old culture and the beauty of nature.

Devastating and heartbreaking, I feel the pain is piercing,  
Here I'm forever sleeping, and the old tales of Shanghai are fading.

\*Plane tree, wutong shu, a kind of roadside tree that the French planted in Shanghai French Concession.

# Shanghai Remembered

*St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Yee, Brent – 6*

I turned a corner and saw a time machine,  
It was flashing lights, red blue and green.  
I stepped inside there was a scanner screen  
And a panel of controls I had never seen.

I decided where I wanted to go,  
It was exactly ninety-five years ago.  
I pressed a button the time machine spun,  
To the year nineteen twenty-one.

I went back in time to Lao Shanghai,  
Before I could wave my friends good-bye  
I climbed a wall, 10 meters high  
And 31 miles long, to protect Shanghai.

I saw the city being an ancient place,  
Where people in strange clothes were in a race,  
To find a place and make a home,  
A village in China to call their own.

I saw City God Temple in the middle of town  
And the Yuyan Gardens I walked around.  
I followed the Bund to Tianzifang,  
Where traditional people sang and danced.

I crossed the bridge over Creek Suzhou,  
Which was made of wood, bits of metal too.  
A drawbridge opened in the middle,  
A ship sailed through, I heard it signal.

I saw a statue at the River Bund,  
It was built at the end of World War One.  
The monument was called the 'Goddess of Peace'  
A symbol to say all fighting would cease.

I headed back to the time machine,  
Saw its lights flashing blue and green.  
I opened the door and stepped inside  
And flicked a switch then began to ride.

All the way home to my own time,  
A wonderful adventure had been mine.  
I would tell all that I'd seen  
To all my friends of two thousand and sixteen

## City God and Little Girl

*The Independent Schools Foundation Academy; Chung, King Long Jacqueline – 6*

There was an old city god living inside the walled city.  
And a little girl skipping outside, chatting with city god, funny and witty.

“When you grow up, you will have shiny necklaces, like neon lights.  
And they will twinkle at night.”

“Why are your dull clothes made of wood and bricks?  
I want a colorful steel-and-glass dress because it is harder to break.”

“When you grow up, in your high heel shoes, you will become so tall that you can touch the sky.  
But be careful – don’t let the clouds blindfold you, or the birds crash into you when they fly.”

“The summer weather is so hot and everyone wears a hat, but why don’t you?  
Umm... I guess your tiled roof blocks the sunshine, so I would like it too!”

When little girl grows up, she becomes the tallest building in Shanghai and all her dreams come true.  
The young lady bows to the city god, and thanks him, “I wouldn’t become so pretty without you!”

## Taste of Old Shanghai

*Victoria Shanghai Academy, Chan, Anne – 6*

White is flour,  
Flour turns into dough,  
Dough is pulled and kneaded long,  
And long are the slurpy *Yang Chun noodles*.

Mysteriously wrapped,  
Wrapped into a swirly mini bun,  
Bun is packed with bursting flavour,  
And flavour soup drips from the legendary *Xiao Long Bao*.

Hairy but small,  
Small but jammed with scrumptious roes,  
Roes and meat tastes like heaven,  
And heaven is the mouth-watering *hairy crab*.

Juicy and tender,  
Tenderly baked inside the mud crust,  
Crust cracks open and steam flies out,  
And out is the moist *Beggar's chicken*.



# Poetry

Group 2

## Through My Eyes

*Clearwater Bay School, Brown, Annabel – 10*

Say you were to go back in time,  
You know this has always been a dream of mine.  
A place you might consider could be Old Shanghai,  
Think about it, ask yourself why?

If you choose to go there, take a look around,  
Bustling along Nanjing Road, listen to the sound.  
Walk down the hard stone street,  
Grey and dusty cobblestones make the beat.

Surely you'll find some vibrant silk dresses,  
Try one on, you won't regret it.  
Ladies and their dainty feet,  
Are squeezed and squashed in tiny slippers.

Red lanterns float through the air,  
While a frail old man sits with a distant stare.  
Advertisements raining with colours hang up high,  
Flags flutter gently in the sky.

A poor family begins to cook,  
A simple meal by the look.  
Washing hangs out the shuttered windows.  
A tiny young girl sits on a balcony, reading a book.

Wicker baskets are being made by a widow, her face slack  
Just to pay the the owner of her run down shack.  
A kitten in the basket, as black as night,  
Curled up, next to the embers burning bright.

A city of rivers run through the town,  
Sparkling grey with rushing sound.  
Women in the corner, next to the mouldy old well,  
Draw up water with baskets of delicacies ready to sell.

Food smells drift down the road,  
Men from the country dragging the load  
People are hungry, drifting down the alley,  
As the sun rises stalls open selling day and night.  
Dumplings as plump as pudding stuffed up tight.

One by one people go to work  
On their bicycles, blinking in the morning sunlight  
Shops are open decorated well,  
Filled with spices and light headed perfume to to sell  
Children in the midst rushing to school.

This is Old Shanghai you know,  
Beautiful to every eye.  
There peoples dreams seem to fly.  
So now you understand, why I want to go there,  
And take a look around.  
Take a look along Nanjing road, listen to the sound.  
Taste the dumpling stuffed up tight,  
And see that little kitten curled up as black as night.

## The Nostalgia of Old Shanghai

*Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Tang, Lok Yee – 11*

Bustling streets of old and young,  
Strolling through shops, or the  
Opera house, where songs were sung.  
The elderly lie contented,  
In houses brimming with children,  
And sigh leisurely in their sleep.

The corner restaurant,  
A place beloved by all ages.  
Steaming with conversation  
And care for one another.  
Bubbling with the aroma  
Of small, indulgent buns.

But now? How is it now?  
Highways built, old houses destroyed,  
Skyscrapers standing where the  
Shoemaker's shop should've stood tinkering.  
Tinkering, tinkering.

The usual road where the rickshaws ran  
Squeezing through the crowds,  
And European motor cars,  
Which huffed and puffed  
In the busy city which never sleeps.  
The tram has –perhaps— lost his leg;  
He is now a monorail.  
Though people now seldom  
Enjoy the luxury of a tram  
Unlike their elders before them.

Where has the old watch shop fled?  
The Oriental Pearl Tower now stands instead.  
The Huang Pu River where the Chinese junks sailed  
Now cruises fancy ferries and yachts.

Holding the sepia photographs,  
Losing the color of its life.  
Sighing at the fading memories,  
Recalling the joy of old.

# The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Diocesan Preparatory School, Au, Yat Nam – 11*

Old Shanghai is a blooming place,  
Which multiple races grace.  
Combines Chinese and Western  
A city cosmopolitan.

Cruises and dockyard along the Bund,  
It's a most famous waterfront.  
Antique building resides,  
Stunning pictures along the tides.

A place of unparallel culture,  
Dance, music and architecture.  
Tai Chi masters gather in parks,  
China's past life still sparks.

Shanghai locals toil and play,  
Relax after a long hard day.  
A teeming colourful night life,  
Unique lifestyle they were made.

## Old Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Adachi, Sakuraku – 9*

Old Shanghai sleeps beneath the sky,  
The sky is always super blue.  
Old Shanghai has delicious food,  
And Shanghai always waits for you!

Old Shanghai has a lot of temples,  
Old Shanghai has a lot of walls.  
The lanterns will glitter your eyes,  
Shanghai is a small shopping mall.

Noodles, dumplings, rice and meat,  
Shanghai is an amazing place.  
Each person has their own fast pace  
Old Shanghai has its own big base!



# The Beautiful Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Antola, Luni – 10*

The beautiful Shanghai you're with me,  
You can see the truth of everything!  
Shanghai is big, large car noises,  
The city voice.  
You can even smell the food of Shanghai,  
The beautiful food.  
Shanghai's food is very good,  
You can even feel the good taste in your mouth!  
You can see the people moving,  
In different places!  
Birds are chattering everywhere,  
In beautiful Shanghai.  
People have money to buy and survive,  
And they are sometimes greedy.  
Oh, I need to go,  
And you like me, I like you!

# The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Bhuiyan, Zayan – 10*

Eat delicious ha gao,  
Wear a beautiful Qi Pao,  
Which is red and gold,  
The favourite colours of old.

Now the shiny cars zoom,  
As big crowds bloom,  
The humongous auto-boats swim,  
People are really slim.

The Yangtze river roared,  
As the bold British explored,  
Shanghai was a fishing village so small,  
The buildings weren't that tall.

Now the city's expanded,  
23 million people, standard,  
The buildings are tall,  
Making mountains look small.

## Lovely Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Clothier, Gabriel – 10*

Cars as old as god,  
The soothing wind passes my house,  
The cloud is a dragon in the sky,  
The leaf falls in my garden,  
Now a boat is going through the sea,  
The fish are swimming in a pond,  
God is sending lighting to the ground,  
Now there is people biking through the town.



## Cool Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, De Souza, Gustavo – 9*

Shanghai was a place that was old  
It might be very chilly cold  
The people might have a cute cat  
On some comfy beautiful mat

There might be some rich gold  
Games can be often called big Bob  
Statue's moving out of nowhere  
Could have some secret over there

Some people are very chubby  
They could act like cute big bunnies  
People going to big pet shops  
That can actually do cool hops

# Old Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Desai, Manav – 9*

The city stands far in China  
Busy people and reckless gondolas  
The streets are filled with joys  
The wild monkeys act like boys.

The skies are blue  
And the city is crowded  
The people are nice  
And there are some mice.

The buildings dance in the sun  
The press don't think always  
But there is so much crime  
So the financial heads find a prime.

This is the city of Old Shanghai.

## Old Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Dey, Priyanshu – 9*

Large city small city

Filled with people

Shanghai crammed with boats

Winter filled with people in coats

Shanghai like busy bees and

Rivers of fishing fleas.

Bridges that are long

And surnames that are Fong.

Shanghai the large city

Almost covering China.

# The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Eduardo, Luiz – 10*

The New Tales of Old Shanghai,  
Was a place that was very dry,  
When people played Chinese chess,  
They would wear a traditional dress

With towers as tall as mountains,  
And many fancy fountains,  
With streets as dirty as dumps,  
And lots of smelly gunk

The shiny lights from lanterns,  
And lots and lots of patterns,  
The Dim Sum is tasty,  
And the air polluted and hazy.

Tales of The Past

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Forster, Alex – 9*

The incense was burning,  
And the kids were learning,  
Skies were guarding the sun,  
While having lots of fun,

Famous building are delicate jewels,  
And people going to shanghai school,  
Bikes bells were ringing,  
Wind whistles around and around,

The buildings were trying to reach the stars,  
While the busy roads was full of cars,  
The water was trying to escape the ocean,  
Different people had curious emotions,

The bikes jog to go to the temple  
Fish was getting sold at mini stores,  
Trees were guarding shade,  
And that is Shanghai.

## The Shanghai Poem

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Gasek, Richard – 9*

The water is as minty green as a freshly grown basil leaf.

The windows glisten in the sun like bright gold.

But the houses are filled with old and broken furniture that's covered in mould.

The boats go through the old stone bridges.

The lanterns look like huge fires.

Fish jump up and down in the stream.

Iron gates squeak and squeal throughout the temple.

The forest's birds screech and chirp to entertain.

# History of Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Gimenez Reyna, Diego – 9*

The fresh wind was whistling,  
But no one was listening,  
The dragon was a legend,  
Busy roads were noisy kids.

Temples were every where,  
Some people were always there,  
Poor people lived on the streets,  
Some buildings were high airplanes.

The houses had pointy roofs,  
Old houses were very lose,  
Lanterns were very famous,  
The water jumped all the time.

Shanghai Poem

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Grikis, Xanthe – 9*

Bright blue rivers rippling in the sun  
Ancient buildings standing side by side,  
Barging people pushing past  
Red lanterns swinging in the breeze.

Spiky roofs shaped like temples  
Buildings growing taller and taller,  
Lanterns as red as blood  
Roads getting busier and busier.

Bright lights blinking on buildings  
Incense smells like hot burning fire,  
Sky's getting dirtier and dirtier  
Shang high as busy as ant nests.

Old rickshaws getting pulled by tough men  
Boats sailing fast on the harbor,  
Trucks and buses riding past  
Bikes being ridden really fast.

# The Wonderful City of Old Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Hammond, Mia – 9*

Shanghai settles under the sun,  
While carts race past,  
People walk into the restaurants  
The waitresses are fast.

BOOM! Fireworks blast in the sky,  
Red and gold,  
Make shanghai stand out most of all,  
For it's very cold.

It's one of the world's largest ports,  
Blue skies, Red walls,  
Yangtze River, Magnolia flowers  
I love it all.

As noisy as a traffic jam,  
As cold as ice,  
Many people crowd the big banks,  
There are lots of mice.

Say a big hello to old Shanghai,  
And so will I,  
It is a wonderful city,  
And it is pretty and nice!

# The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Kamble, Swara – 10*

In old Shanghai there were not many lights,  
And now there are buildings that reach great heights,  
The temples there have big curved roofs,  
And in the street you could hear the 'Click Clack' of horses' hooves.

The traditional dresses are Qipaos,  
And you can eat dumplings called Har gows,  
The lanterns shine like stars in the sky,  
Crowds of people pass by.

Shanghai has a grand skyline,  
And in restaurants many people dine,  
On chicken fried rice and noodle soup,  
Off I run with my group!

The river there is not so clean,  
Hope you know what I mean,  
Chinese checkers is what they play,  
Now it is the end of the day!

## Special Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Kloss, Owen – 9*

Shanghai is an awesome place!!!!!!

Shanghai is a place where you will have fun,

You eat chicken feet and not hot cross bun.

It is a place where no person is sad,

Everyone is happy and infinitely glad.

When you are in Shanghai there's lots of things to do,

Once you eat the food they do you might need to poo.

They eat fried eels and pork chop dumplings,

Simmered lamb kebabs and boiled ducklings.

All the dresses are made from lace... so,

Shanghai is an awesome place!!!!!!

# The Stories of Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Kollias, Sam – 10*

People walking in long streets,  
With lots of beliefs of big beasts,  
There are poor people begging for good,  
And they get a very bad mood.

Boats are rowing past through the seas,  
With people having lot of please,  
Lots of towers all around you,  
With much more things turning new.

Big tours around log roads,  
With lots of people liking it,  
People selling lots of stuff in streets,  
People buying it with some happiness.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Kwong, Chun Lok – 10*

The biggest city in China  
You will see the gigantic Yangtze River delta  
It 8<sup>th</sup> biggest in the world  
And has the largest trading port in the world

They have buildings as tall as mountains  
It is very big and has 23 million living in it  
Before it was a small fishing village  
They have delicious dim sum

The tallest building is the Shanghai Tower  
It uses a lot of power  
They have magnificent lights  
That are brilliantly bright

The planes will zoom by  
Zoom zoom  
The crowds will chitter chatter  
The cars beep and hoot  
Beep beep hoot hoot  
Shanghai is extremely noisy

# Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Lamb, Alisha – 10*

The lights as bright as the sun.  
Forbidden ancient brick walls,  
Weird shaped roofs in a scaly pattern,  
Boats were walking in water.

A big river was a green monster.  
Astonishing tall buildings,  
Cloudy blue dark sky as beautiful as a flower.  
The bridges reflection was an eye.

Red lanterns are as red as an apple,  
Grey buses as still as a pole.  
Amazing human beings making the world busy.  
Silent rooms, noisy rooms !

Working all day ,sleeping all day.  
Rusty houses and dusty houses.  
Crawling little louse,  
A beautiful flawless city living it's life.

Shanghai Poem

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Lamb, Harry – 10*

Buildings are bright,  
Every night,  
Children are playing,  
Dogs are playing

Boats are going by,  
Under the bright sky,  
Lots of construction,  
Also destruction.

Going on bikes,  
Also on hikes,  
Lots of brick walls,  
There's no big malls.

Lots of shanghai flags,  
People wearing bags,  
Water bright like light,  
Doors doing big bites.



# The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Mata, Jameson – 10*

Shanghai is the largest city in China

Years ago, Shanghai was a small fishing village

Shanghai means “ Above the Sea “

Famous dances in Shanghai like Lion dance and Dragon dance

Shanghai’s buildings are as tall as a mountains

Beep Beep! The cars rush by at peak traffic

Boats swim in river

The lantern’s bright light

Is seen at the lightless night

Shanghai tower is the tallest tower in Shanghai

More than twenty three million people live in Shanghai.

Lots of tasty and delicious food in Shanghai like noodles, moon cake, fried rice and more.

# Shanghai's Past to Present

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Rajput, Shikhar – 10*

The river washes.

As everybody watches.

The statues see all.

No matter how tall.

People getting wiser and wiser.

As they're getting wise and wiser.

The past is starting to fade.

Less people want to raid.

Buildings getting taller and taller.

Dogs now walk with a collar.

Shanghai turned into a gigantic town.

No faces have a frown.

The buildings glisten at night.

Everything reaching brand new heights.

Shanghai is so brand new.

I love it how about you.

# The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Regalado, Erin – 10*

The new tales of old Shanghai,  
The Yangtze river delta is so dirty my, my!

In China, Shanghai is the biggest city,  
And now it has so much graffiti!

The top of the buildings are as pointy as the blades of swords,  
Some people believe in Chinese Lords!

The traditional dresses are called Qipao,  
To the emperors' they all bow.  
The smell of the delicious food fills the air,  
My stomach is rumbling, please, take me there!

The festivals always come and go,  
The fireworks are as the sun, yes, I know!

Old Shanghai, oh so old!  
Renminbi used as their gold.  
As the river ran rushingly,  
The boats zoomed hushingly.

The White Magnolia is the national flower,  
The old palaces of old Emperors use to have lots of power!

As I eat fried rice,  
I'm playing Chinese Checkers and rolling the dice.

# The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Discovery Mind Primary School, Severs, Max – 10

The new tales of old Shanghai,  
Is a place where people aren't that shy!  
With coloured dresses of red and gold  
Can tell you that is quite old!

Lanterns are as bright as the sun  
And LED lights lighting later on.  
Balconies with loads of patterns,  
Is the perfect place for hanging lanterns.

SPLASH! went the dancing tide against the banks  
Shaking the docks made of wooden planks,  
The fruit vendors are microphones, shouting special offers  
To get people to hear over many coughers!

The new tales of old Shanghai,  
Is a place where people aren't that shy!  
But now the buildings are quite tall,  
And they all have at least one shopping mall!

# The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Singh, Harjas – 10*

Shanghai is the biggest city in China,  
You can ride down the Yangtze river delta.  
You might see some temples and even a lion dance,  
They have red fans.  
The buildings are tall,  
And they never fall.

Some lanterns hang in temples,  
And now the city is a trading port.  
It is a thing people in the past never thought.  
At night it is as dark as a cave,  
The cars beep and the engines rave.

You should eat dim sum,  
Well it is quite yum.  
The buildings as pointy as a sword.  
Shanghai is a place that keep on moving forward

# The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Sobhani, Isa – 10*

Shanghai is the biggest city in China,  
You might see the Yangtze river delta,  
Their clothes are gold and red,  
They even wear headpieces on their heads.

They have colourful fans,  
You might even see a dragon dance,  
Or a temple, grand  
Dotted across this Chinese land.

The buildings are as tall as Mount Everest,  
The Shanghai tower is the biggest,  
The cars honk and beep,  
The street food is crazy cheap,  
Even though it is noisy,  
It is still a great.

# The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Tan Luong, Thien – 11*

The biggest city in China is Shanghai

Highest building is Shanghai Tower

Excellent dancers are in Shanghai

New Shanghai is much bigger,

Even though it's very dirty

Winter is snowy and cold

The old Shanghai people,

Are very clean

Lanterns are bright in Shanghai

Eat delicious dim sum

Search for White Magnolias,

One of Shanghai's traditional flower

Festivals,

Of Shanghai are;

Lion dance and

Dragon dance

Sometimes it's cold in winter

Hot in summer

As you walk along the Yangtze River,

Not a lot of people do

Go to Shanghai to visit the Temples

Highly recommended city to live in

Absolutely amazingly awesome city

"I'm going to visit Shanghai"

## Beautiful Shanghai

*Discovery Mind Primary School, Tomcsanyi, Julia – 9*

The boats swish on the water,  
Under the old bridge,  
Where you are going the clock clicks its tongue,  
It is as decorated as a poster.

It is a mix of old and new.  
Shanghai is colorful as birds.

Orientation was confused,  
Water as green as leaves,  
It is as loud as a crying kid,  
Preparation for a holiday in Shanghai.

Shanghai as red and yellow as paint,  
Some building as old as an ancient temple,  
You need adaption,  
Shanghai is a compilation,  
Everything is new,  
Shanghai is proud.

The boat whistled,  
Shanghai is a bird,  
Shanghai is a poster  
And it is a beautiful city.

# The Huangpu River

*German Swiss Interantional School, Micromatis, Anna – 11*

The leaves, gossiping about my every move  
Rustled and stirred.

The wind whispers its promises  
And whistles with the birds.

This doesn't stop me as I cunningly sneak,  
To reach the sparkling Huangpu River.

A small, silvery oasis  
A mesmerising restless mirror.

Sunset light dances on its surface,  
Its performance warming the air.  
Illuminating the shimmering river  
Twinkling without a care.

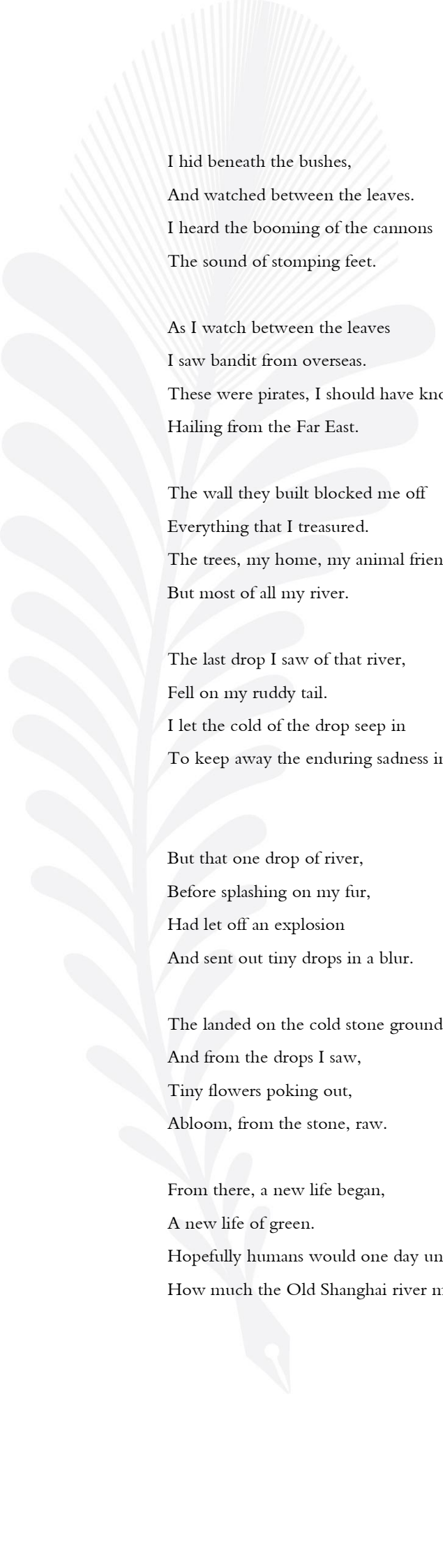
I sway my tail to the beat  
Of the whistling on the breeze from heaven.  
I wanted to dance in the moonlight,  
I thought it would be like this forever.

Oh how I was wrong  
Living in this novice.  
The birds would not coo their lullaby,  
The wind would not whisper its promise.

The sixteenth century, as the oak trees call,  
Changed my life completely.  
I saw a stone wall over a thousand feet long  
As I regarded it weakly!

The two-legged creatures, Ren Lei,  
Erected that oppressive structure that made me shiver.  
It blocked me off, all nature, all animals,  
The worst thing, they blocked me off Huangpu River.

After that, life changed,  
And now I distrusted the humans.  
A can't sway my tail to the beat  
And loathed every man and woman.



I hid beneath the bushes,  
And watched between the leaves.  
I heard the booming of the cannons  
The sound of stomping feet.

As I watch between the leaves  
I saw bandit from overseas.  
These were pirates, I should have known,  
Hailing from the Far East.

The wall they built blocked me off  
Everything that I treasured.  
The trees, my home, my animal friends  
But most of all my river.

The last drop I saw of that river,  
Fell on my ruddy tail.  
I let the cold of the drop seep in  
To keep away the enduring sadness inside, I failed.

But that one drop of river,  
Before splashing on my fur,  
Had let off an explosion  
And sent out tiny drops in a blur.

The landed on the cold stone ground,  
And from the drops I saw,  
Tiny flowers poking out,  
Abloom, from the stone, raw.

From there, a new life began,  
A new life of green.  
Hopefully humans would one day understand  
How much the Old Shanghai river meant to me!

# Shanghai

*Glenealy School, Chan, Tiwana – 10*

Its walls as boulders stood very high.  
It's all about money and expensive gold.  
This is the start of the story and how it's told.

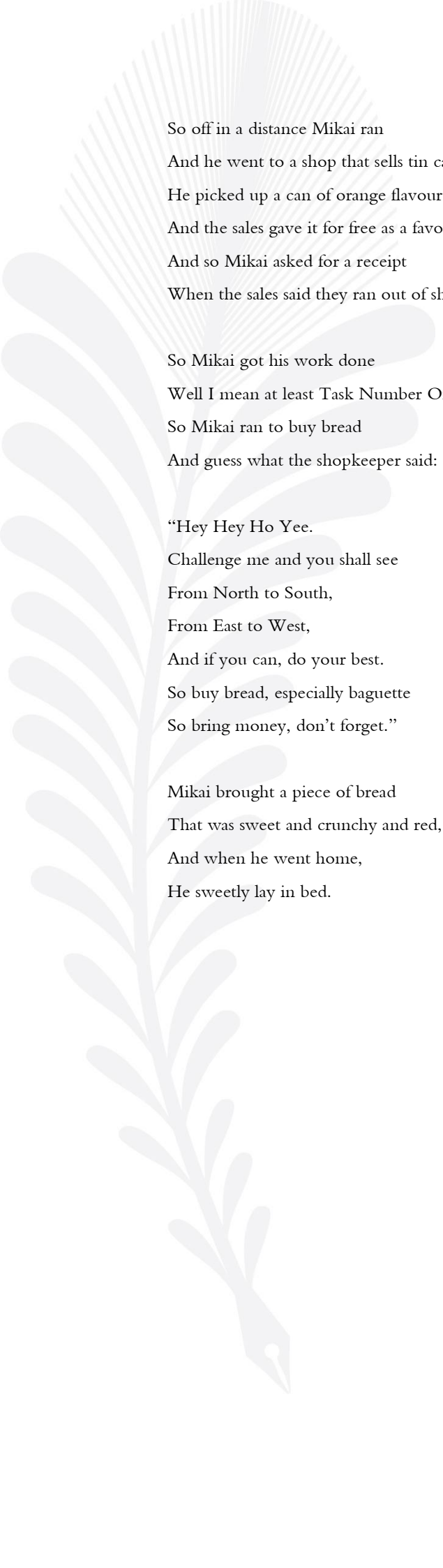
There once was a boy whose name was Mikai  
And he lived in a province called Shanghai.  
In 1824 so many people were very poor.  
It was full of mystique and danger,  
the streets were filled with strangers.

One day Mikai was buying food  
When he came across a store selling hoops.  
He grateful walked in and began his curiosity  
When he stopped as a beggar asked for money.  
Mikai was scared, what should he do?  
Maybe he was not lying and it was true.

Mikai scaredly gave him some  
When a man shouted RUN!  
He tried to look behind him  
When he saw a shirt with a white brim.  
This man was chasing Mikai  
And soon Mikai was lost in Shanghai.

He tried to find ways around the walls  
When he stopped at a sailor making a call.  
Mikai kindly asked the man  
If he could help him and he can.  
So Mikai started his mission,  
A spy was his position.

So off they went to the office.  
When they reached there they made their promise,  
“Dear teammate I will respect everyone  
Unless someone doesn't make me have fun  
I swear swear swear.”  
“Oh no.” Mikai said.  
He knew his mother wanted him to buy bread.



So off in a distance Mikai ran  
And he went to a shop that sells tin cans.  
He picked up a can of orange flavour,  
And the sales gave it for free as a favour.  
And so Mikai asked for a receipt  
When the sales said they ran out of sheet.

So Mikai got his work done  
Well I mean at least Task Number One.  
So Mikai ran to buy bread  
And guess what the shopkeeper said:

“Hey Hey Ho Yee.  
Challenge me and you shall see  
From North to South,  
From East to West,  
And if you can, do your best.  
So buy bread, especially baguette  
So bring money, don’t forget.”

Mikai brought a piece of bread  
That was sweet and crunchy and red,  
And when he went home,  
He sweetly lay in bed.

## Somewhere in China

*Glenealy School, Koo, Alicia – 10*

Somewhere in China was a place called Shanghai,  
No airplanes soared through the sky,  
People used boats to travel by,  
slowly they came as they couldn't fly.

Boat by boat each person came,  
Hoping to find lots of fame.  
At last Shanghai, a place with silver and gold,  
and lots of stories waiting to be told.

Tian Tian arrived with a sack full of dreams.  
She began to wonder as she picked through the streams  
Of filth in the overcrowded streets,  
Staring at the different people she meets

Lots of people tall and short  
Were starting to arrive in the busy port.  
“Hurry up,” they screeched as they pushed and shoved  
Trying to get into the city they loved.

So many languages are being spoke,  
Coming out of the mouths of many folk.  
For they were ready to have an adventure,  
Some will come back, some will never.

# A Genuine Buddy

*Good Hope Primary School cum Kindergarten, Fong, Sum Yi – 11*

When there is a dark cloud in my heart,  
There is someone who would never stay apart.  
She is like a precious gift,  
If not, a lantern ready to be lit.

That someone helps me when I am down,  
When I tumble down to the ground.  
That someone brightens up my day,  
Enables me to fly freely faraway.

That someone shares my tears and give me care,  
Gives me hugs like a cuddly bear.  
That someone plays with me when I am bored,  
On the swings, down the slides and so much more.

She gives me precious memories and moments  
Has faith in me despite my lack of confidence  
His name is Lola, she's my best friend.  
Our friendship is bewitched and it will never end.

## Rickshaw Streets

*Kennedy School, Hashimoto, Mayuka – 9*

From where I sit in this rickety rickshaw,  
Everything is movement.

People of every age and class,  
Strolling, rolling, to shops and parks.  
Heads in rickshaws in front and back,  
Gently bobbing, bob, bob, bob.

To me, its thrilling,  
Each bamboo buggy,  
It's own adventure lies ahead.  
My own two-wheeled, two-footed vehicle,  
Galloping forward,  
Excitement awaits.

To my side,  
The sound of cheerful chatter and clinking teacups,  
The sweat of steam gushing from the bamboo dim sum baskets.  
But up ahead,  
The heavy sigh of the sullen street sweeper,  
The deafening call of the vegetable seller,  
Along with the rhythm of footsteps,  
Some pitter, some patter,  
Some from the rickshaw runner,  
Altogether, so bonded together,  
All of a sudden, it comes to a halt.  
This rickety rickshaw is home with a jolt.

# New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Kennedy School, Peckham, Lily Mei – 8*

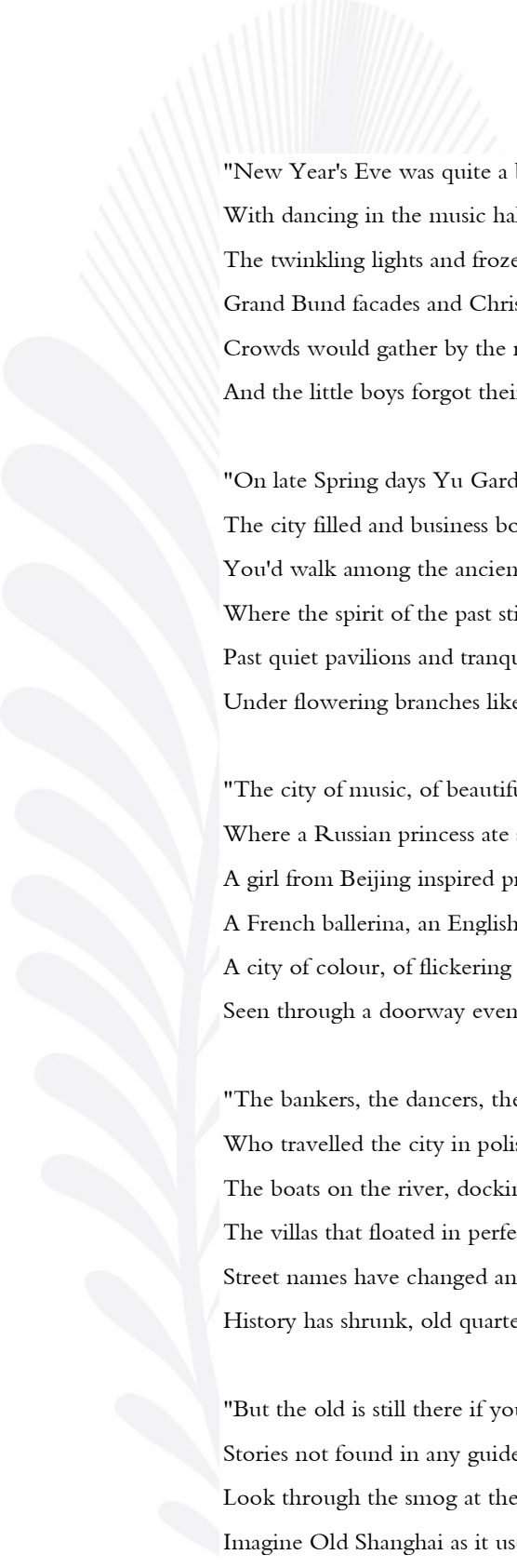
Through the window you see the modern glass city,  
After all the stories, it is such a pity:  
Old Shanghai has gone and this is the new,  
Could there be, you wonder, any leftover clue  
Of the lives that were lived and the places they went,  
Of the fun that was had and the times that were spent?

Snow-white brides and dressed-up grooms,  
Take photos for the banquet rooms.  
Buzzing bikes and black-windowed cars,  
Pass smart hotels and coffee bars.  
Shoppers flock to good-luck malls  
Next to old hutongs with crumbling walls.

The view from your window is endless towers,  
Concrete instead of fragrant flowers.  
Traffic-filled streets and a sunless sky,  
Reflect in waters of the river flowing by.  
People in a hurry with no time to waste,  
A city that's living in constant haste.

The old woman stays still and speaks at last,  
Telling her stories of the distant past.  
Of a time that has been and will never return,  
Of moments from which we may hope to learn.  
Her eyes are fixed, her wrinkled face  
Shines with the light of a hidden grace:

"Imagine yourself in that world like a dream,  
A boat swirling down a dazzling stream.  
You'd go to watch the horses race,  
Your mother in her fine white lace.  
The People's Square was then a track,  
Your father knew which horse to back."



"New Year's Eve was quite a ball,  
With dancing in the music hall.  
The twinkling lights and frozen streets,  
Grand Bund facades and Christmas treats.  
Crowds would gather by the river piers,  
And the little boys forgot their tears."


"On late Spring days Yu Gardens bloomed,  
The city filled and business boomed.  
You'd walk among the ancient stones,  
Where the spirit of the past still roams.  
Past quiet pavilions and tranquil ponds,  
Under flowering branches like magic wands."

"The city of music, of beautiful tunes,  
Where a Russian princess ate sweet macaroons,  
A girl from Beijing inspired pretty verse,  
A French ballerina, an English nurse.  
A city of colour, of flickering light,  
Seen through a doorway even at midnight."

"The bankers, the dancers, the poets and stars,  
Who travelled the city in polished black cars.  
The boats on the river, docking at dawn,  
The villas that floated in perfect green lawns.  
Street names have changed and buildings grown taller,  
History has shrunk, old quarters grown smaller."

"But the old is still there if you know how to look,  
Stories not found in any guidebook.  
Look through the smog at the sky you can't see,  
Imagine Old Shanghai as it used to be:  
A place of excitement, with the bustle of trade,  
Where dreams could be lost, but fortunes remade."

"Listen for the sound of the city that has gone,  
But left traces of its magical song.  
The taste of the past from Shanghai kitchens,  
The spicy smells of foreign fictions.  
The touch of silk in a market stall,  
Gold and jade, like a pirate's haul."



"The old and the new hold hands like good friends,  
Ready for changes the future may send.  
The world is a city, the city's a world,  
Where dreams are spun and stories are told.  
These are my tales of an old Shanghai,  
Memories of a time that has long gone by."

The woman fell silent, a smile in her eyes,  
Outside the window the sunset skies  
Lit up the city with a golden glow.  
The answer you've looked for you suddenly know:  
The past is a river that will always flow,  
Shanghai is a place you will never let go.

## Rickshaw to the Bund

*Kingston International School, Ho, Shu Lin – 9*

Ride me to the Bund

I meet friends for fun

Cats in hats sipping French Champagne

Kidding me?

Shanghai, oh Shanghai!

How wonderful, a salad bowl of different cultures

A lady in Cheongsam, a gentleman in bowler hat

Who go to Whangpoo River hand in hand!

# Meh Lai's Adventure

*Korean International School, Mannion, Catriona – 11*

This is a ditty  
Of young Meh Lai,  
Set in the city  
Of Old Shanghai.

Meh Lai had spent  
All her life in her home,  
And now she was sent  
To look and to roam.


She explored around  
Trying not to get found,  
By baddies and thieves  
That sneak at the ground.

A Rickshaw flew past,  
Messing up her Cheongsam  
Going so fast,  
“Oh so sorry!, Madam”

A foreigner’s voice,  
An unusual dress,  
A strange sort of choice,  
And his hair all a mess.

“Come on in,  
I’ll give you a tour  
Of the Chinese City,  
And More And More!”

Meh Lai paused,  
She waited a while,  
Before she agreed  
And went in with a smile.



Up and down,  
Landmarks to see,  
All around,  
She felt so free.

Meh Lai jumped off,  
With a tear in her eye,  
As she turned around,  
To say goodbye.

# The New Tale of Old Shanghai

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Chan, Wing Kwan Anderson – 10*

The Old Shanghai, the Old Shanghai,  
You are the special one with the ages over thousand years,  
You are the door guard of the upstream cities along Chang Jiang river,  
You are the heart of trading,  
And foster the nutrient for other sisters.

The Old Shanghai, the Old Shanghai,  
Sometimes, you are as elegant as an old lady,  
While sometimes you are as fascinating as a modern girl,  
Sometimes, you are made up in Eastern colour,  
While sometimes you are dressed up in Western style.

The Old Shanghai, the Old Shanghai,  
No matter how you are aged,  
No matter how you are disguised,  
No matter you are rich or poor,  
You are still the shiniest pearl of China.

# The New Tale of Old Shanghai

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Chark, Hei Man Athena – 10*

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# The New Tale of Old Shanghai

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Lee, Ka Yiu – 10*

Over a hundred years ago,  
Lots of westerners came  
Dividing Shanghai into zones  
Searching for opportunities along  
Huangpu river,  
And building architectures of  
Numerous styles,  
Gothic, baroque, and classicism  
Had turned the Bund into  
A financial centre  
In the 1920s.

# The Rickshaw Man

*Peak School, Bower, Elizabeth – 10*

The train halted with a thud when we arrived  
in Shanghai

Rain poured down over our shallow heads

We got in our rusted rickshaw.

I saw the man pushing it was like he was running for  
his life

I felt sad, depressed that this was his entire life  
story

Running only running

When we got out my mom paid him coins but I  
snuck a few more in there

I smiled at him, he smiled back.

He ran off with his rickshaw. I stood and watched  
him leave.

# Old Shanghai

*Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Cal, Rebecca – 9*

Old Shanghai was a good place  
But there were many poor children  
They couldn't eat any delicious food  
And they couldn't go to school  
Because they had no tuition

Old Shanghai was very beautiful  
Its houses were very small  
There weren't many forms of public transport

Old Shanghai had many beautiful buildings  
But my favourite is Screen Wall  
Because Screen Wall is one of China's ancient relic  
A special part of China's traditional heritage

## Foods in Old Shanghai

*Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Ren, Silvia – 10*

You don't know the taste of foods in Old Shanghai.  
It's wonderful like my mother, gorgeous like my father.  
It looks like an adorable child smiling at you.  
When you read the end of the story,  
you will think this poem is glory,

Do you know Xie Ke Huang ?  
If you eat it you will say "Wow!"  
Do you know why it is called Xie Ke Huang?  
It's because xie is crab, and the food is in crab shape!  
If you eat one Xie Ke Huang, you will grab another one.

I think Ba Bao Rice is the best.  
It is sticky like glue.  
It's very colorful, but there isn't any blue.  
At the top, there are red beans.  
I fight my sister to eat the beans, it makes me mean.

I really like eating Hai Tang Cake.  
It is a traditional dessert in Shanghai.  
There're sweet candies on top of the cake.  
They melt very easily so you have to be careful.  
It's good to give presents to children, they will love them!

When you're eating the food I write,  
please remember that someday the food you're eating will disappear,  
So please don't forget the food!

# Shanghai is Reborn

*Sha Tin Junior School, Tsang, Sean – 10*

The cannons roar at the old brick houses of Shanghai.

Destruction is imminent.

Villagers escape from the scene of mass genocide whilst helping their loved ones flee from the terrorists.

The Japanese pirates.

Government wants to help villagers but pirates are too strong.

The battle ends and villagers come back to analyze the aftermath.

Government start to theorize ways to protect their shattered village.

In time, they uncover a solution to their problem.

It is but a simple one.

They build a surrounding wall so tall intruders cannot interfere.

They construct.

The entire village echoes waves of hope, happiness and reassurance.

They are safe.

Shanghai residents reestablish the homes of many.

Quality of life is restored.

## From Foes to Friends

*The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Chung, King To Julian – 10*

At the mouth of Yangtze,  
Where East meets West.  
Upon the turn of the century,  
The Paris of the East lay  
In stress.


The world was pallid, without color.  
Chinese and Westerners in hateful terms.  
Flood of abhorrence engulfed the city,  
Destroying seeds of friendship, love, and hope.  
The mess of conflicts returned.

Money, land, capitalism.  
To China, they came for.  
Opium traffickers, ruthless colonists, slave owners.  
These were their hidden identities.  
Sadly this way, Westerners pictured in Chinese lore.

Rebel, steal, kowtow.  
They knew nothing better.  
Business destroyers, pigtailed servants, rotten scoundrels.  
They were born to be.  
Abyss widened, between Chinese and Westerners.

Amidst a bombing raid,  
A Shanghainese lady saved a French fellow.  
In the dun chaotic ages,  
Two tints of color emerged.  
Becoming friends are two foes.

Like a bolt out of the blue, the lady started admiring Western culture.  
Scrumptious high tea at Peace Hotel, a taste of glamor and pizzazz.  
Sensational motion pictures at Astor House, a glimpse into modern technologies.  
Occasions to meet were few and far between.  
Westerners traversed concession territories, Chinese couldn't whereas.



By and by, the French man began to appreciate Chinese heritage.

In awe of meticulousness and diligence of silk weave,

Captivated by humble yet profound virtues of Confucius.

Letters confiscated.

Across walls, messages never received.

Reborn, as rainbow after a thunderstorm,

All started with two sparks, where flames of respect and trust radiate.

Upon the turn of the millennium,

Lies the magnificent Shanghai as an international metropolis

In prosperity, much celebrated.

# The Eyes of the Dragon

*Yew Chung International School, Lee, Hannah – 11*

Up towards the East,  
Overlooking the Huangpu River,

Awake, were the eyes of the Dragon  
never slept, battle-scarred and wept.

Its ivory claws that once formed the rugged landscape,  
have been demolished by intruding armies.

Its rocky scales that created infinite villages,  
refined into a thin layer of dust.

Its antlers which birthed the forests,  
clawed the sky with their bare branches.

Its glorious eyes which gave life to the people wept as freedom languished.

Eight years in the dark came great light  
Shining on the path to victory.

Visitors from every nation and race journeyed to trade,  
And Shanghai was back to its former glory.

Expo welcomed the world with great grace,  
Continuing the legacy as China's wondrous place.

-----  
Up towards the East,  
Cradling the Huangpu river,

Sparkling, are the eyes of the Dragon,  
Wide open for a bright new day.

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# The Mighty Chinese City – Old City Of Shanghai

*Ying Wa Primary School, Chan, Matthew – 11*

We've bonded the city with culture  
As we lived in this traditional core with pleasure  
Generations by generations lived here for days and nights  
Let's grab hold of the place and unite

Boundaries surrounded were mighty and tall  
The moat which circled around was the greatest of all  
Don't worry, we were not trapped  
Iron defense from Japanese pirates as we rapped

Years and years our district still strong  
All of the citizen still get along  
Look at our gorgeous Yuyuan Garden  
Our City God Temple was of course not forbidden

The city was surely overwhelming  
All of us are very outstanding  
The unity of us will never die  
And that's our mighty city – The Old City Of Shanghai

# New Tale of Old Shanghai

*Ying Wa Primary School, Chu, Man Him – 11*

The city of old Shanghai,  
You can never just pass by.  
Try to walk into this wall city,  
If not it will be a pity.

Walk through the roads and streets,  
And try our delicious dumplings with meat.  
You shouldn't miss our traditional food,  
As they are absolutely good.

We are all neighbours,  
Helping with each other.  
We fight against our enemies,  
Which can show our unity.

No one can destroy our defensive wall.  
So the Japanese pirates couldn't break in at all/  
Welcome to our town,  
And hope you can enjoy around!

# Old Shanghai

*Ying Wa Primary School, Chu, Tin Hang – 10*

As I roam along the alleyway,  
Thoughts suddenly emerge in my mind.  
It's all about the thriving history  
Of the legendary Old Shanghai.

Once, it was a place of prosperity  
At the heart of the famous city.  
But slowly the fame was lost  
Due to modern changes and technology.

When it was almost forgotten,  
Riding on Western–Chinese fusion  
It begins a brand new chapter  
And sparks a fascinating revolution.

The lake, the fish, and the roar of the Huangpu river,  
These are truly the wonders of nature.  
Confucians, scholars and poets,  
All walks of life forms the unique culture.

In the heritage Yuyuan Garden,  
everything is elegant and graceful,  
The tourists are indulged in the rosewood,  
With the souls and spirits becoming peaceful.

Blessed by the sacred City Temple,  
The pilgrims offer their incense and hearts.  
Redolent with the scent of food and fire,  
Surrounding restaurants are packed with tourists.

Ancient walls and gates, with pavilions and terraces,  
Display the gorgeous forms of architecture.  
A great bustle of masons and carpenters,  
Create the precious land with infrastructure.

Facing the challenge of the cyber tide,  
It's time to transform the brick–and–mortar tradition.  
Merchants are riding the soaring dragon,  
Seizing the golden opportunity to make a fortune.

By the mutual generation of the five elements,  
It unremittingly strives to become stronger without fail.  
The mystical wonders of Old Shanghai,  
Are ready to tell the whole world a new tale.





# Poetry

Group 3

## Sailing

*Chinese International School, Cheng, Davis – 14*

There was a City on the Sea,  
A romantic pilgrimage made yearly,  
By a sailor and his beautiful bride,  
For walking under an azure sky

Mornings blend to nights to day,  
Early walks from balcony to bay  
On the scent like basset hounds  
For scallion pancakes, smells and sounds

Waltzing under the glare of eyes,  
They left quickly without goodbyes.  
One way smiles to the vendors gaze,  
In exchange for breakfast he pays.

Floating down the Huangpu river  
Past scaffolding that's so familiar.  
Boarding the boat, leaving for home,  
Their unwillingness to leave was shown.

They vowed to come back yearly,  
Returning to memories held dearly.  
Every year twas the same time,  
Repeating experiences sublime.

To take his wife there once more,  
He brought his weary boat ashore.  
To that food stall he would run,  
Only to buy food for just one.

The food the bought was still the same,  
But his dearest's health did not remain.  
Death and sorrow he did learn,  
To "Paris of the East" he did not return.

## Longua Temple – Chinese New Year in the 1800’s

*Chinese International School, Sun, Adrian – 12*

Vivid explosions like a lotus flower bursting in the night sky,  
Coloring it with ruby red like a dragon’s flames  
And emerald green as bright as a jade Buddha.  
The radiating fireworks fly over the tip of the towering Long Hua Temple,  
An array of brilliant beauty followed by the unpleasant smell of rotten eggs.  
The dazzling fireworks explode into the moonlit sky with a deafening crackle  
To scare away the *Nian* that haunt the streets at night

Walking through the crowded Longhua garden,  
I inhale the rich and oaky smell as steam fills the air  
Dancing its way through the gleaming bright lights,  
Hanging down from the wooden food stalls.  
The sizzling sound of spring rolls entices me  
And the smell of freshly baked rice cake plays with my nostrils.  
Handing over a copper coin,  
Ravenously, I sink my teeth into the luscious snacks.

Looking up, I see the Longhua Pagoda,  
A towering red structure reaching high up in the sky,  
With the roof’s edges curling out at the very end  
And dangling bells hanging down from the tips,  
Creating a exuberant ringing sound in the wind.  
An ancient, wooden staircase leads up to the seventh floor.  
I am tiny and insignificant against the tallest building in Shanghai.

Engrossed by monks chanting,  
I am lured into the Grand Hall of the Great Sage.  
At the entrance way, a colossal statue of Buddha catches my eye.  
Wearing a golden glossy robe, it is raised high above the worshipers.  
The five hundred golden statues glisten and glimmer in the lantern light  
And the room is scented with cassia and sandalwood,  
The billowing smoke of fires from the courtyard fills the night.

Suddenly a resounding “bong” rings in my ear,  
As I hear the sound of a prodigious, bronze bell dangling from the Bell Tower.  
On New Year’s Eve, it’s hit 108 times,  
As the number brings good fortune to mankind.  
Every time the bell rings,  
A firework is lit up displaying an array of color,  
Starting the new year with multitudes of amber, lilac and indigo.

*Nian: A mythological beast that lives in the mountains or sea, and haunts the streets on Chinese New Year to attack people.*

# Yellow and White

*Delia School of Canada, Behl, Fagin – 14*

He expected everything he thought to happen  
That was obvious to someone in his position  
He was once full of life, but the change  
Locked him inside a cage  
Because his hands were tied by his inescapable fate  
about the widening poverty gap.

My value grew  
As an antique treasure would  
Uncovered by a clever treasure hunter  
New residents filled the bay  
To call me their home and a place to stay.

It was a dull time  
It was a dull place  
People coming and going  
Noise of the of vehicles never bothered  
To watch people burying under their own houses was bothering.

The seasons passed by  
But I remained the same  
Watching each sunset replaced by a sunrise  
Over the tower of pearl, we remain unchanged  
But the people transformed.

Because people living at this address were not yellow but white  
To the original Shanghainese  
These secrets will be revealed  
Told by a house, a residency  
Who watched Shanghai modernize  
From an ancient pearl to a sparkling gem.

## Back Then

*Delia School of Canada, Das, Hritisha – 14*

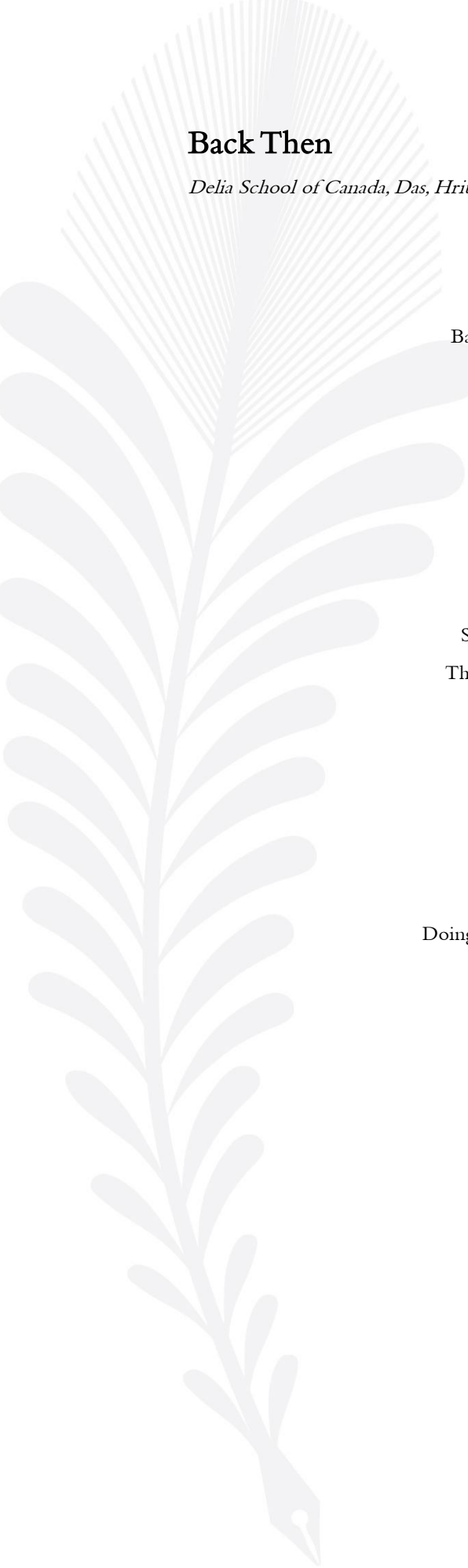
One blink and time's changed.

Back then in the Old Streets of Shanghai,  
All we could see was men in black,  
Some rare flashes of women's.

Anywhere their presence was,  
It was in at night,  
In the club, entertaining men.

Society created such an image of them,  
That it was like they are made to entertain,  
And not to train.

But now time has changed,  
And no one is caged.  
That gives me pleasure,  
Now women's are everywhere,  
Doing work, and treated equally and treated fair.



# Hi Old Shanghai

*Delia School of Canada, Ishiga, Ryudai - 14*

Hi, old shanghai. It's under industrial revolution At night, I saw many boats on river and sea. It's like earth, star, milky way, space.

The little boat that was lit like the star Sea is space Seashore is earth All things come together Then I saw Milky Way in the space In TIHS earth

I was exciting about it Because I found space in earth I found mysterious things in earth It's all mine I have secret about this Think about that, I felt little bit fun Like something's come up from my heart

## Lost in Time

*Delia School of Canada, Kang , Bosun - 14*

The clock chimes

A kid lost in time

Walks alone the street

Occasionally skipping to the beat

People busily walking around

Workers blankly staring at the ground

Riding their bicycles to work

The kid flees away from the light to the murk

The buildings stand as tall as my Dad

The hubbub of the city turns up just a tad

Dancing along to the urban symphony

The kid is extraordinary

The sky flames up with the setting sun

Neon lights turn on one by one.

# Ode to Wheels

*Delia School of Canada, Kim, Sanghoon* – 14

An old man loaded a rust bicycle with slik

Rolling the wheel down the street of Shanghai

Passing the trick of mah-jong bilk

The wheels never stopped going round

The parents were looking at their son doing taichi  
rolling

Rolling and

With glowing smile  
Passing the light of the city

A father of a girl was itchy  
his hand to the bellboy

Arrives at the building and waves

Feeling blue and grey  
Finally the wheels sighs with relief

Rolling and Rolling  
are looking at a beautiful skyscraper

The tourists

Passing the old British cathedral  
In awe

Arrived at the dock and put his loads down  
flowing beside her

The lazy river is

Finally the wheels enjoyed the song of a seagull  
green

Feeling sorry for the loss of the

A mogul rides a fancy car with champagne

Driving the car down the street of Shanghai

Thinking about benefits he can obtain

The wheels never stopped going

around

## Lights and Nights

*Delia School of Canada, Kim ,Seo In - 14*

All men dress in black and navy  
Roads jam by millions of bicycles  
Full of goods

The orphanages jam by a million of girls  
Which I have experienced  
West and East come together  
There are millions of distracting thoughts pop up in my mind  
My mind is filled with distracting thoughts of Shanghai

Imagine in the morning  
Behave in the noon  
Eat in the evening  
And sleep in the night

I'm having a longest night in Shanghai  
I'm organizing thoughts that flit my head

## East Meets West

*Delia School of Canada, Lee, Jung Yoon - 14*

A mixture of East and West, in attempt to carve a niche,  
Dark and busy atmosphere blind from the blue-gray sky.  
The reflection on the water of boys letting out a screech,  
And rowing wooden boats in railway bridge of Shanghai.  
Old women carrying loads, always full of overcast day works,  
And young women dancing to jazz songs,  
Full of ruinous holes in their minds.

At night, street is filled with overworked but relaxed men.  
Holding beers and cigarettes once again,  
A woman in a red wine dress and full make up,  
Is barely seen.  
Off stage, she's never the one to sanguine,  
Instead, her soul is filled with anguish.  
A woman, I call mom.

Day and night, day in and day out,  
Hard work will pay off.  
But what about the boys rowing wooden boats,  
And woman who dances to Jazz all night long,  
To feed her one and only daughter.  
Dark and black society where,  
Marginalizes bright colors to blind the truth.

# The Bell From You To Me

*Delia School of Canada, Mehta, Mridini – 14*

My unforgettable friend,  
Whose secrets I couldn't tell,  
We were watching the clouds until the days end,  
She gave me a pretty bell.

A night later, at Longhua temple, I was waiting,  
I stayed for what felt like a lifetime,  
Tears dripping, I cycled to my house of concrete,  
I remember cutting up her picture with a rusty carving knife.

Back then, it was dull and dim,  
Back then, rows of cycles covered the bumpy streets,  
Now, it's bright with yellow lights to the brim,  
Now, new sleek cars whirl by, seated with elites.

Many summers later,  
I still have the bell she gave me,  
I used to think of her as a traitor,  
I miss her and I hope she lives a life that is carefree.

# My Discovery

*Delia School of Canada, Nishimura, Ryoma - 14*

The streets with busy bodies are crowded  
As if the ocean has swallowed me into deep sea I am shrouded

Early morning, I am so sleepy

But my mother solicited me to buy fresh meat  
Ding ding the peal comes from the congestive harbor  
And awakes my drowsy eyes

I go through the city with my junk bicycle  
Rocky street creates flat tire and I feel beat  
So I decide to take a train and go through the turnstile  
I'm sweating like a waterfall

I want to cool off rest my mind refresh my soul  
When I look down from a hill  
I realized the European style buildings  
Lost in Shanghai

As I turn up to the wet market  
My nasals are filled with stench  
Supermarket is pleasing to the senses,  
But here showcases absent

Fishy odors floating inside this market places  
Something spring from my belly, but I clench  
I purchase the meat and head back to my house,  
Now my thirst can I quench

# For Power and Glory

*Delia School of Canada, Patcha, Rahul Zane* – 14

Health, Wealth,  
Power and Glory.  
The Halcyon Days of my story.

Ricefields, silks and riches galore,  
History, grandeur and some more.  
Murky Huangpu slithered across,  
Soothing, gathering, removing dross.

Crimson sails and columned halls,  
Taichi greeting blushing dawns.  
Vibrant strokes of baby blue,  
Mark the sky, the artist's cue.

That was then,  
But now 'renewed'.  
Beaten, battered, and abused.

Full of light, smoke, and scrapers,  
Narrow, dirty, Huangpu capers.  
Squeezed in by the concrete parks,  
Twisting highways, fashion marks.

Smog emitting cargo ships,  
Reflecting on the tower tips.  
Crashing through the dismal sea,  
Oh, the Hu-vanity!

Hear the story of my fall,  
Shanghaied by my friends and all.

# Who are you Old Shanghai?

*Delia School of Canada, Roslan, Muhammad Izzul Hakimi Bin – 14*

Ni Hao

Old Shanghai

Now industrialized in a blink of an eye time.

However years before, Old Shanghai suffered in wartime.

Days past you, countless centuries lived beyond that now you have fade

The past left you with scars, and it won't biodegrade.

Wars upon that starved, and murder, massacre of millions of people,

Such as the Opium Wars while it was awful

Due to significant superpower battle.

Old Shanghai, you have been possessed, owned and controlled,

By Imperial Japan, the British Empire and the Portuguese that has internally hurt your soul.

In the past, you are just a major trading port.

But later kingdoms and empires have taken you into a fort.

Bombs and guns have destroyed,

Which could have never been avoided.

Imperial Japan has severely damaged the city

Buildings collapsing and monuments perished by the army.

After the Qing Dynasty lost in the Opium war you were occupied by the British

People and the land of Hong Kong banished.

Seasons pass within decades,

You were a mess, with buildings and homes shatter like a kid whipped by a bastinade.

Yet, you have overcome the challenges along with the obstacles and aid,

Including to upgrade.

Now, as the industrial revolution occurs, you are far further developed

then an advanced computer system that is corrupted.

Nonetheless, Old Shanghai you must be far successful currently, that you must be worshiped.

## To Old Shanghai

*Delia School of Canada, Shin, Junjyeong - 14*

I am jealous of Shanghai.

I am getting older.

but Shanghai is getting younger.

I wish I could be like shanghai.

Hey there Shanghai, why are you so selfish?

Can you share your secret of eternal youth with me?

People never hate you even though you are dusty.

People always hate me because I am dirty.

But I don't care.

I can act honorable without a doubt.

I know it is dusty but I can still breathe fresh air.

I think it's all about how we think about.

Moon is the light of the Shanghai's night.

Now, Shanghai on its own is the light.

But no matter what, Shanghai is always bright.

It is full of joy and delight.

Where have all those bicycles gone to?

What are all those things with four wheels?

Now I can see a lot of heels.

I guess it is all new.

You changed a lot from the outside.

But there is no change inside.

I can see people are always smiling.

I can't see people crying.

Remain as you are, Shanghai.

Don't be cloudy too often.

Show off your blue sky.

You will never be forgotten.

## Letter to an Old Friend

*Delia School of Canada, Spagnolini, Gilda – 14*

Dear Shanghai,  
how have you been?  
are your walkways still as bumpy?  
and your air still full of dirt?  
are your males fighting at war, and the females working home?  
do the sidewalks still shine  
with all the bright commercial lights?  
does the rusty water flow,  
does the sky still cry in summer?  
are the crowded streets still busy,  
with the people from your country?  
do dynasties still rule over your majestic land?  
oh Shanghai, The Pearl of the Orient, The City Upon the Sea,  
How I miss you!

## Be Free

*Delia School of Canada, Sugaya, Kanna - 14*

I yearn for a deep Sleep  
I can sleep only less than a Sheep  
I always carry a big bag of a food to the Rich  
And I can't take shower so my body in Itch

I don't want to spend my life this way Living  
So I run away from this house Wishing  
I run pass the england style building  
And I went through the Jing'an Temple

I sat at the top of the Hill  
My body and heart are Chill  
I run 2 days or long  
My breath will almost stop

At this time the name of one city flashes in my Mind  
There are many lights, and the people Smile  
Lots of the people is looking at the Shanghai building  
I don't know the name of that City  
But I feel at the next life I want to live at that charming City

# How It Was Back Then

*Delia School of Canada, Ukeyima, Terese Craig – 14*

A beautiful day in Shanghai  
but not beautiful for a struggling to feed his family  
living in a house not good with his family  
with holes on the roof water drops  
when it was morning the family didn't wake  
there was silence in the room as water falls from the roof top  
tik tok tik tok tik tok as he wakes up from sleep  
on a patched bed , holes smelling like a sock just removed after sport

He is greeted when he woke up “ zaoshing hao pa”  
he replies with the feeling of joyfulness saying “zaohang hao wo de haizi”  
he sets and he goes to make living  
as he grabs his old bicycle and heads out to work  
he reaches in a crowded place where he stood for hours waiting for any job

a woman approaches and says carry this bag for few coins!  
filled with metal so heavy for a old man to carry even on an old bike  
he had to feed his family with any opportunity for a job to do  
as he puts this load on his bike with a help of his friend  
he pushes his bike to so that he climb on it to pedal forward

as he struggles and pedals with his very best strength  
though it was a long journey he tried he's very best to do it  
and after that he had reached the destination he suffered for  
he was payed \$ 20, he went back as quick as possible  
as he goes home he gives it to his wife to get  
for the kids to eat, he sits back hoping for some  
he could get a little to eat but it was just too little to eat

as the son sets he goes out to get some coins again  
he couldn't do anything again due to his illness  
he fell to the ground as he was rushed to the hospital  
he passed out, his family were told what happened they whipped bitterly  
as days and night passes he was buried on 9, october 1969

# My Old Shanghai

*Delia School of Canada, Van Beelen, Nadine Cecile* – 14

nowadays the city lights shine so bright  
i wish i could go back to the time  
where there are no beeping horns at night  
i miss shanghai not this maze

grubby but splendid  
chaos, my own version of order  
i long for the times that ended  
perfect imperfections is what i desire

on the same sidewalk  
the same old man repeatedly sits  
his rusty violin, dances across the strings  
his fingers put everyone at ease

now i will forever remember your space  
the love for you  
under your embrace,  
the memories,  
in my heart they stay

# My Two-Faced City

*Delia School of Canada, Wakita, Tsubasa - 14*

Time flies, but nothing remains

Memories form as the surface, will disappear

Where traditions and emerging adjoin each other, like a border

That is Old Shanghai, two-faced city has a fullness of a fragrance

Glorious building with a red peony where shanghaiense get-together,

shining at daytime with hustling and bustling

White and shiny towers where businessman get-together,

shining at night with profound silence

Two-faced, European and Chinese culture

Both paths can meet again and again

That is old shanghai, soaking up other cultures to move forward

We live in a mixed city, Old Shanghai

# A Cup of Tea

*Delia School of Canada, Wan, Zixuan - 14*

A PARADISE FOR THE BRAVE AND SANE

For adventures and fortune here aren't ever plain  
wars only strengthen the power of opportunities

Damaged, rebuilt, and now flourish

Just for a moment of flash, emerging with the British

Reborned like phoenix from time to time

A few splinters of gold left the ordinary people of prime

After the fire, dust fall back to the bottom

Everyone can change as none are disable

But the gap of the two sides remain unreachable

Yells of people mixing with the iron heart city

Uproaring of pounding is the sound of waterfall

Everlasting as it tells the world

Sounds of engines roaring, anxious ringing, ghost like chatting

From every corner of street nothing is settling

Lights of every kind surrounding the buildings cycling day by day like stars

Even the dust can't block its paths

How could it be such an appealing sight

Flooded with ants-like people through the roads

Everyday renewing, industrializing, and evolving

As through a cup of tea with savour

Mixture, merge of people around the world that favour

Unique and attractive to anyone

Like the bitterness of tea leaf and sweetness of fragrance

It's a city of contrasts and differences, it's Old Shanghai

## Shanghai Noir

*Diocesan Boys' School, Chong, Chi Chuen Jackson – 13*

What of the day that's faded dead?  
And its life slipped silently away.  
The evening butterfly came,  
And the streets are jammed and crammed.  
The silent glowing worm hanging like a silken lantern laden.  
Outside the sophisticated softly-lit tea house,  
A lonely girl passed through the packed streets,  
And she elegantly arrived.

Silent steps into a choice tea house.  
Brain magnified by shimmy jazz music.  
While yumcha aroma falling, her drivel wettens.  
She's astonished by the gusto delicacies,  
Stabbing scents by a chef and balmy smells collide.  
Blinger, jinger, plitter, jatter,  
He's adding more garlic and ginger.  
The girl fidgets on her Erhu in the night.

Humming Erhu strings murmur and twine.  
Mixtures of rhyme and ragtime ricochet tonight.  
A cocktail of cultures fuse and blindly bind,  
With a cadence refines, embodied strums are co-signed.  
Flashing heels and color flutter in the wild.  
A crowd dances with dashing fervor tonight.

Feet stumble and rickety voices gush.  
Out of the night, a bleeding dawn does touch.  
As the Empress Erhu, natural bloom unfurls with grace.  
Exquisiteness mixed with innocence of haste.  
The scrim of beeping traffic in confined space.  
A new shanghai morning softens the morning race.

# Armageddon

*Diocesan Girls' School, Carless, Alison Mary – 12*

Old Shanghai, crowded cosmopolitan city,  
Gangs and drugs, what a pity!  
Japanese invaded in thirty-seven,  
Massacred angels went to heaven.

From modern Shanghai, history teacher named Li  
As heroic as Mulan she was to be.  
Ms Li opened the time machine latch,  
In she went to a vegetable patch.

Crash! Bang! Boom!  
Shanghai in doom.  
A room full of children she found  
With handcuffs, all of them bound.

Ms Li dug an enormous hole,  
She wanted to rescue every soul.  
Our heroine was so brave,  
Her motto was "Save, save, save"!

Soldiers like beasts so cruel,  
The history teacher was super cool.  
She tried to save the day,  
Invaders sent on their way.

Back to the time machine again.  
Away, away from the opium den.  
The children were lost,  
What a terrible cost!

Blood flowed down the Huangpu River.  
Feminine lips all a quiver.  
Woe, woe horrors of war,  
Ghastly gruesome gore!

# Biography: Shanghai

*Dulwich College Shanghai, TIN, Phelps Chong – 12*

This is a biography told by a man in a painting booth who watched life thrive by a canal day by day  
for his whole life: The Life of Shanghai.

My love is for thee,  
I am in Shanghai,  
As Long as...

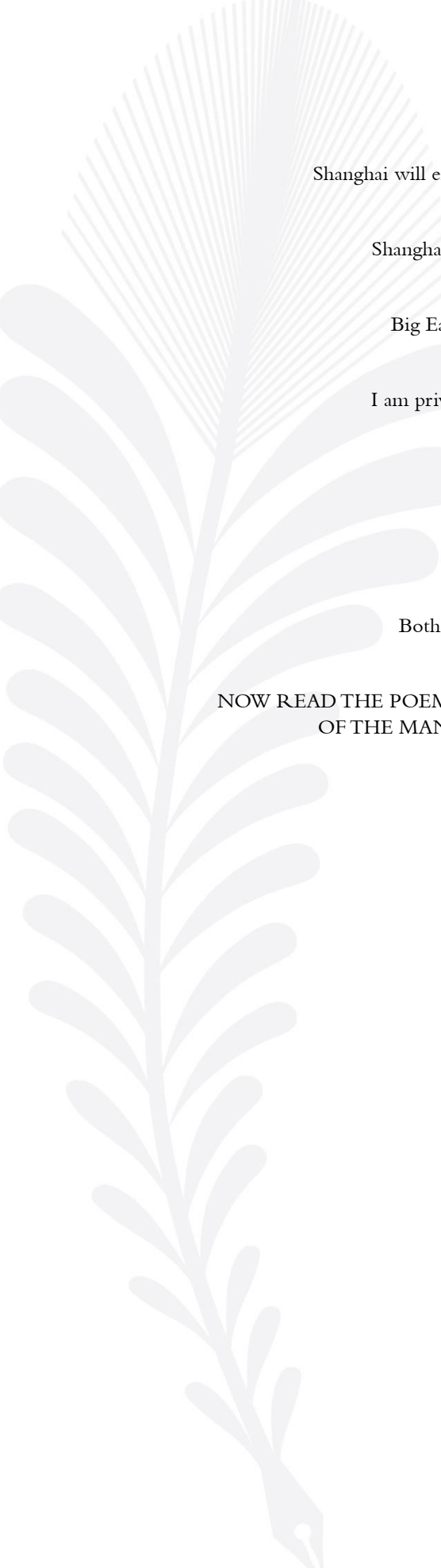
However,  
I am bankrupt,  
Shanghai is the worst city that could possibly exist.  
It is not true  
That we are treated the same with the White Russians,  
The truth is:

I am a failed painter who lives by a forever flowing canal in the hands of Shanghai,

And I refuse to believe that  
Shanghai has grown up, developed and matured with diverse cultures,  
I realize this may be a shock, but  
The Paris of the east and the New York of the west  
Is a lie  
The French  
The Americans  
The Russians  
The Spanish...  
Shanghai was all built and renovated along with the foreigners.

In 30 years, I will tell the president that  
I have my priorities straight because  
Isolation  
Is more important than  
Internationalism

I tell you this:  
From old to today, Shanghai was full of intrigue; it was a frontier city,  
With crooks, opportunists, glamour girls, gangsters...  
But this will not be true nowadays,  
Shanghai will never accomplish internationalism and city development.  
Experts tell me  
Shanghai has no future, and will begin its industrial revolution in 2020  
I do not conclude that  
Shanghai is as valuable as a diamond, as international as the internet



In the future,  
Shanghai will end like what they did to my canal; murky, grey and doomed.

No longer can it be said that  
Shanghai is the fastest growing city, from marsh to skyscrapers

It will be evidence.

Big Ear Du and the Green Gang have reached their goals

It is foolish to presume that

I am privileged to watch such a great city mature and develop

I am telling the absolute truth.

Shanghai has failed me.

I could not say

Both Old Shanghai and Shanghai today are great cities.

NOW READ THE POEM FROM BOTTOM UP TO SEE WHAT IS THE TRUE OPINIONS  
OF THE MAN ON DAYS HE IS NOT A VICTIM OF GANGASTERS

# The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Heep Yunn School, Leung, Yue Yi Emily – 14*

Light the candle,  
Turn the handle,  
The present and past have their ties,  
A story unfolds right before our eyes.

Floral cheongsams and dusty rose powder,  
The tinkling sound of jazz growing/blooming louder,  
'Red lanterns' with embroidered screens,  
Westernised lifestyles then had their sheen.

A mix of culture and art,  
Scrumptious street food pushed by a cart,  
Students and sailors,  
Refugees the mischief-makers.


Foreigners roaming the busy streets,  
Some from the army some from the fleet,  
Peering through the checkered windows,  
Nightclubs open for business and shows.

Bustling ports filled with chatter and cheer,  
Not a single person in fear,  
The alluring promise of easy money,  
Drew in bees looking for honey.

But little did one know of the sorrow,  
With the country at stake many fought like there was no tomorrow,  
'Golden lotuses' created through pain,  
The agony one did contain.

A transparent veil shielding the darkness,  
A false demeanor covering the starkness,  
The shows put on outside of theatres,  
The truth sugarcoated from many.

Treason committed and political fails,  
Lead to people's forgotten wails,  
Torture and crime led to tragic loss,  
Ghosts and unsolved riddles interrupt one's peaceful doss.



To this very day,  
We think of the price people had to pay,  
How ignorance and oblivion lead to unfortunate fate,  
Changing that/their fate seems a little too late.

# The Old Shanghai

*Heep Yunn School, You, Estelle Chesna – 14*

Do you like the Old Shanghai?

The Old Shanghai,

A cocksure lady

Masking as though fashioned from defensive walls,

Striking arrogant poses.

The Old Shanghai,

An alluring model

Flirting, drinking and bewitching in the prevail of darkness,

Sucking opium in dark illusion of vanity.

Do you like the Old Shanghai?

The Old Shanghai

A charismatic French ballerina

Fluttering on stage like a swan

Beautiful, flawless, with blond locks of hair

The Old Shanghai,

An experienced fisherwoman

Feigning love attaches to the bait,

Waiting fools preposterously bite her hook

The Old Shanghai,

An angelic Geisha

Dancing with silky kimonos like waving luminous Milky Way

Telling everyone the peace she yearns for with her watery eyes

The Old Shanghai

A captivating *Magnolia denudata*

Unfurling the white pedals

Revealing her pink heart of beauty

Do you like the Old Shanghai?

# My dear Shanghai

*Immaculate Heart of Mary College, Law, Lok Tin – 13*

My Shanghai, my old Shanghai!

Once, the amazing factory in the country,  
making soft and white cotton for people,  
selling shiny silk and Chinese tea,  
the renowned export portal,  
Shanghai, the magnificent Shanghai!

My Shanghai, my old Shanghai!

You were divided into many parts by other countries,  
and invaders trampled on your beauty,  
while cruel armies champed on your vulnerable body without mercy,  
Shanghai, the sunken Shanghai!

My Shanghai, my old Shanghai!

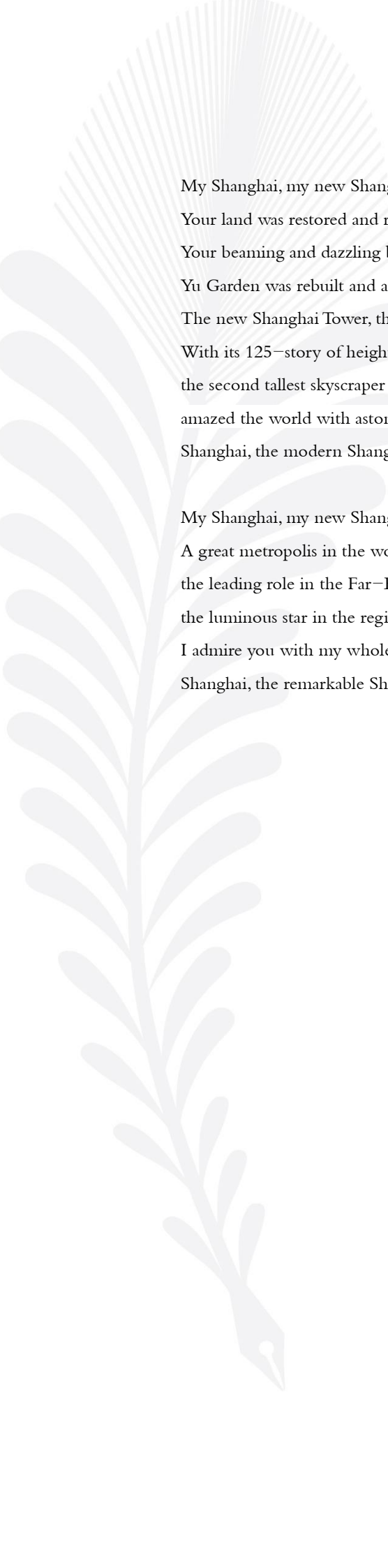
Cannons were targeted on you,  
our soldiers sacrificed their lives in battles,  
building the city wall of flesh and blood,  
shedding their blood for your safety.  
All weeping and trembling over the loss,  
Shanghai, the terrified Shanghai!

My Shanghai, my old Shanghai!

Where was your luring beauty?  
Why did you look so pale?  
Where was your shining glory?  
Shanghai, my poor Shanghai!

My Shanghai, my new Shanghai!

Your darkest moment had finally passed,  
your guardian angel had rescued you from your dreadful fate!  
Your people could finally celebrated their victory with cheers,  
and with their diligent effort, they rebuilt you in a year,  
Shanghai, the peaceful Shanghai!



My Shanghai, my new Shanghai!  
Your land was restored and reconstructed,  
Your beaming and dazzling beauty is back,  
Yu Garden was rebuilt and adorned with adorable appearance,  
The new Shanghai Tower, the new symbol of modern China,  
With its 125-story of height,  
the second tallest skyscraper in the world,  
amazed the world with astonishing charm,  
Shanghai, the modern Shanghai!

My Shanghai, my new Shanghai!  
A great metropolis in the world,  
the leading role in the Far-East market,  
the luminous star in the region,  
I admire you with my whole heart,  
Shanghai, the remarkable Shanghai!

# The Wonderful Place in the Past, Shanghai

*Immaculate Heart of Mary College, Lin, Cheuk Yiu – 13*

O Shanghai, O Shanghai !

Long has it been the mighty metropolis,  
the hub of trading and commerce of the Far East,  
The Ten Foreign Market and the paradise of adventurers,  
Was explode into a gigantic grave by the ruthless bombing in wars,  
Was hopelessly wrecked and reduced into rubble,  
vulnerable to all the attacks of invaders.

O poor Shanghai, O poor Shanghai !

Who treasured your beauty in the past?  
With the fluky development of agriculture and textile,  
You finally regained your pure and steadfast beauty.

O my dear Shanghai, O my dear Shanghai!

Old City of Shanghai, symbolic place in history,  
Was once a small place for the innocent civilians,  
With the exuberant oversea trading business,  
Shanghai was then promoted as a province.  
The stupendous shopping malls in Shanghai,  
the symbols of neoteric and commerce,  
Yu Yuan Garden, an old garden dating back to Ming Dynasty,  
was one of the famous tourist spots,  
but under the baptism of cruel wars,  
its beauty was gone!

O my dear Shanghai, O my dear Shanghai!

The Bund, the beach in Shanghai,  
was the frontier drawn by foreign countries,  
with buildings with Roman and European styles,  
lining along the splendid beach,

O my dear Shanghai! O my beautiful Shanghai!

O my dear Shanghai, O my dear Shanghai!

It was once a hopeless place and grave for war victims,  
But now strengthened, revived and developed,  
one of the important and influential cities in the world,  
Congratulations! Shanghai! Congratulations!

O my dear Shanghai! O my industrious Shanghai!

## The Bund

*International College Hong Kong, Ho, Clarissa* – 13

The lifeless Huangpu  
Drifts helplessly,  
Not as lively as he was young.  
Wandering aimlessly,  
Dreaming a 1930s memory...

A bustling harbour,  
Overflowing with junks,  
Swinging to and fro.

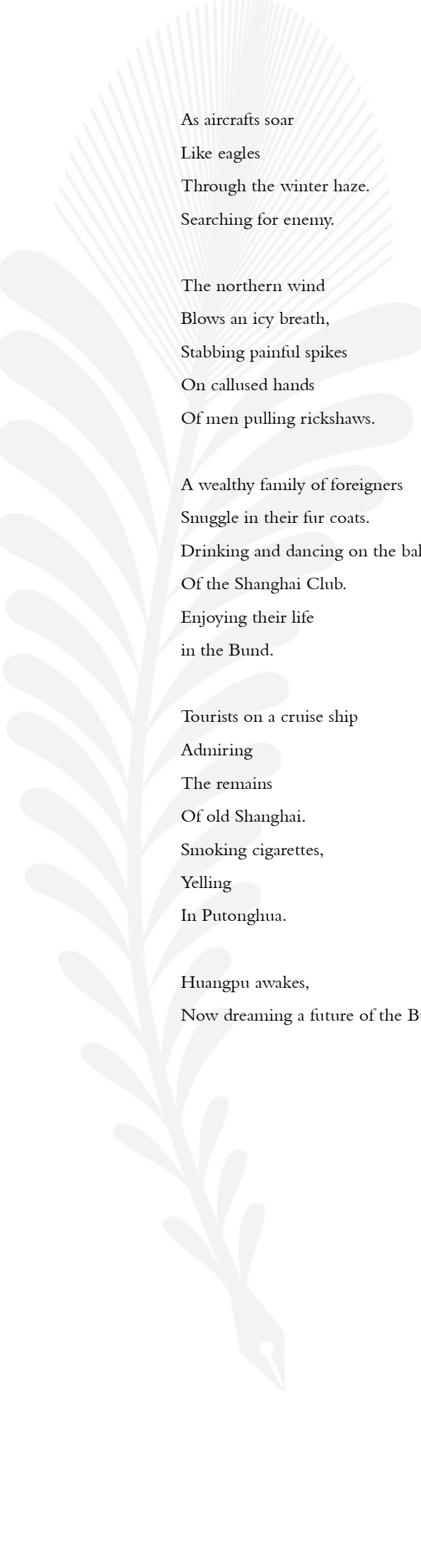
The soulless murky waters flow  
In a slight faint motion.  
Fishes rush,  
Desperate for food,  
Wondering when their days would be over.

Smells of salt and sweat crawl  
around the dock.  
Coolies work day and night.  
A miserable life.  
They close their eyes,  
Dreaming the sweetest life,  
Without war  
Or pain.

White marble buildings  
Stand upright,  
Connected like brothers.  
Gazing at the Bund,  
Emotionless.

Unrest in China,  
Warships anchored.  
Fatigue,  
Watching out with weary eyes.  
Guarding Shanghai  
In fear of the Japanese.

Heads turn



As aircrafts soar  
Like eagles  
Through the winter haze.  
Searching for enemy.

The northern wind  
Blows an icy breath,  
Stabbing painful spikes  
On callused hands  
Of men pulling rickshaws.

A wealthy family of foreigners  
Snuggle in their fur coats.  
Drinking and dancing on the balcony  
Of the Shanghai Club.  
Enjoying their life  
in the Bund.

Tourists on a cruise ship  
Admiring  
The remains  
Of old Shanghai.  
Smoking cigarettes,  
Yelling  
In Putonghua.

Huangpu awakes,  
Now dreaming a future of the Bund.

# Rekindling Old Shanghai

*Island School, Kong, Ree Nie – 12*

The crumbling bricks,  
The water,  
The creepers,  
It begged me to enter.

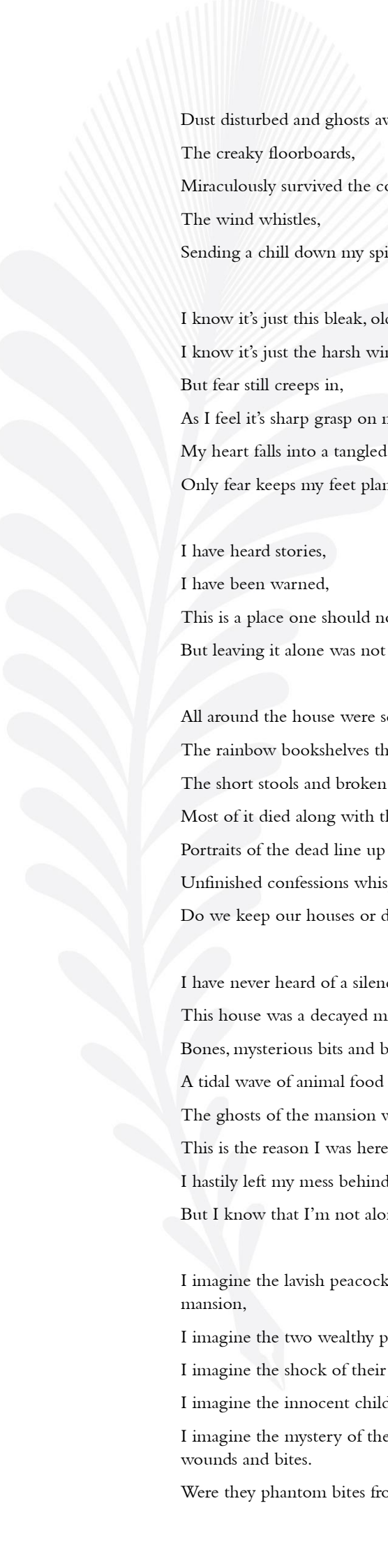
Water slithered out of the collapsing bricks.  
The weather-beaten door beckoned me in.  
Serpentine creepers strangled the mansion into its grayed, abandoned state.  
The mansion couldn't have persuaded me more.

Amidst its imperfections,  
It was flawless in its own ways.  
Its potent 'Titanic' stairways,  
Its painstakingly carved banisters,  
The grime-caked bricks, the stubbornly dark balconies,  
The sun glared menacingly down onto the stiff undergrowth,  
It was almost alive.

Despite being formidable from the outside,  
It was quite the opposite inside.  
Elaborate furniture and laced curtains contrasted with the filigree wallpaper.  
The building, itself, was a contradiction.

In its own way, the Qiu Mansion was,  
With its delicate beauty,  
Labyrinth vines wrapping the mansion like a bushy beard,  
The towering sea of green arching around it,  
A masterpiece.

The dim, uninviting, yet musty smell that seemed to diffuse around the house,  
Weary walls stripped of splendor,  
The dark abandoned silence,  
No more laughter of joy,  
No more pain or grief,  
No more births or deaths.  
No more cries of babies,  
No more children playing in the yard.  
Cobwebs laced the walls,  
Picking my way though the rough floor,



Dust disturbed and ghosts awakened.  
The creaky floorboards,  
Miraculously survived the colonial age,  
The wind whistles,  
Sending a chill down my spine.

I know it's just this bleak, old house,  
I know it's just the harsh wind blowing,  
But fear still creeps in,  
As I feel it's sharp grasp on my neck,  
My heart falls into a tangled heap at the bottom of my stomach.  
Only fear keeps my feet planted onto the ground.

I have heard stories,  
I have been warned,  
This is a place one should not linger.  
But leaving it alone was not an option.

All around the house were scars of innocent children,  
The rainbow bookshelves that had seen better days,  
The short stools and broken pencils,  
Most of it died along with the house.  
Portraits of the dead line up the empty hallways,  
Unfinished confessions whisper along them.  
Do we keep our houses or do they keep us?

I have never heard of a silence quite this loud,  
This house was a decayed mess of animal debris.  
Bones, mysterious bits and bobs,  
A tidal wave of animal food crashed down as took a step closer to them.  
The ghosts of the mansion were unsettled,  
This is the reason I was here.  
I hastily left my mess behind,  
But I know that I'm not alone.

I imagine the lavish peacocks, rare tigers, bitter lizards and exotic animals parading around the mansion,  
I imagine the two wealthy paint merchants.  
I imagine the shock of their disappearance.  
I imagine the innocent children filling this place with magic and life.  
I imagine the mystery of the workers sent to knock down this building coming out with animal wounds and bites.  
Were they phantom bites from the ghosts of the past?

Or perhaps it was just a gimmick, just a silly prank.

This mansion is full of lies,  
I can feel them snake through the places you can't see.  
They slide along avoiding the ambient rays of sunlight.  
Waves of uncertainty sweep over the furniture.  
Even the windows were meanly proportioned for ghosts to fit through.

I entered what looked like a mini zoo.  
Animal cages, food bowls with Chinese characters on them, an assortment on plant pots and dead fishes in empty aquariums.  
It was all a corroded mess.  
But the lighting here was different,  
It was a lighthouse,  
an amber beacon of danger and mystery.

For a moment I was lost in thought,  
I thought I heard a rustle.  
I feel my body stiffen at the thought of someone living here and watching every move I make.  
I closed my eyes and took deep breaths.  
On the spur of the moment,  
A cracking sound could be heard.  
I opened my eyes, thinking someone lit the fireplace,  
Horror penetrated through my body,  
It didn't quite take a detective to realize that the Qiu Mansion was on fire.  
Frozen onto the ground,  
Half-admiring how beautiful the mansion look when engulfed in flames of radiant light.  
Almost wishing that I could vanish along with this historical site.  
Finally, I came to my senses,  
Dashing out of the door,  
Holding my breath,  
Cursing as I did.

Astoundingly, I made it out alive.  
The wail of fire engines and ambulances filled the empty streets with commotion.  
Everyone was talking about me.  
Turning around to watch the mansion disappear before me was sober, but satisfying.  
So there I was.  
Watching the building ignite,  
The heat on my face,  
All eyes on me,  
Sirens wailing,  
My eyes glowed with pure delight.

## Streets in the Chinese City

*Island School, Mok, Cherry – 12*

As I walk through the streets of this busy city  
I notice the obvious diversity  
Between the well-known, popular ones  
And the more unknown, mysterious ones

The popular, loved and favoured ones  
All possess the same qualities  
They are all coated with lighting  
Like decorations on a christmas sapling

The lights from shops, buildings and signs  
Illuminate the pretty night skies  
I walked past about ten crowded streets  
Just to see who is the brightest out of these

There was one street I like  
With different people not alike  
From tall to short, young to old  
Hair long to short, dark to gold

The small, narrow and hidden ones  
Have very different standards  
They are usually very shy  
And stay away from the public eye

# In Old Shanghai

*King George V School, Jain, Mudita – 11*

When the rest of the world is bustling and rushing,  
I am sitting, and breathing and relaxing  
In Old Shanghai.

When the rest of the world is crashing through the water,  
I let the pure, crystal-clear water wash my feet, coming and going  
In Old Shanghai.

When the rest of the world is investing on artificial light,  
I am enjoying the natural beauty of Shanghai greenery, for free  
In Old Shanghai.

When the rest of the world is running across roads and through streets,  
I am running across the shoreline of the beach, pale yellow sand to the left and light blue water to the right, a bright light on my face and a dark shadow on the sand,  
In Old Shanghai.

When the rest of the world is mixing new spices,  
I am enjoying the simple past, and old traditional culture  
In Old Shanghai.

When the rest of the world is laughing, shouting and screaming,  
I am praying silently, in one of the hundred temples built before I could walk,  
In Old Shanghai.

# A Day of Old Shanghai

*Leung Shek Chee College, Chan, Irene – 13*

The yolk of an egg spills out across the sky.  
Birds wake up to find food and fly swiftly to the ground.  
A new day in Old Shanghai has begun again.  
Look around the busy street.

See, a clown acts like a monkey.  
People laugh and give him some money.  
Four guys, around a table  
Playing mah-jongg excitedly.

The winner shouts –hurray!  
While the others want to sadly cry  
Because they know their wife may as angry as a bull.  
Quack! Quack! Quack!  
Oh, see, the duck also laughing at them.

Lots of diamonds shining in the quiet night,  
Those attractive girls that sing like birds.  
Some gorgeous colourful flowers bloom across their cheongsams.  
You can even smell perfume from them.  
The women and men enjoy dancing with the soft music.

Tonight is for relaxing.  
Everybody enjoys the atmosphere.  
Tomorrow will be another wonderful day.  
So, good night, Old Shanghai.

## The old Shanghai

*St Paul's Convent School, Cheung, Elliar – 13*

There came a city,  
In lanes of sugar canes,  
And the scampering of the carts  
With the men who sweated for darts  
Nothing else but only a pity.

There came the West,  
In the way of enticement  
Luxurious extravagance  
With the talent at presence  
That ceased to be the best.

There came a war  
In the burning of coal  
With a crimson wreath  
That'd be thrown to death  
For the sake of the mightiest sore.

Now this is the city,  
In flickers of neon  
And the sounds of laughter  
That claim the “ever after”  
Hidden are the remnants thereafter.

## Time Travel

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Chan, Emily – 13*

The Old City of Shanghai,  
traditional urban eye,  
defended by defensive wall,  
which are all ten meters tall.

Behind this wall hid some lies,  
which is still being denied.  
Mystery beyond this door,  
nobody can solve it all.

Arrows flying from the sky,  
makes the day as dark as mine.  
After decades of the war,  
pirates trade with other stalls.

The Old City of Shanghai,  
traditional urban eye,  
rise and fall you never saw,  
marks the glory of its all.

# Welcome to Old Shanghai

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Cheung, Jacqueline – 13*

Behind its tall gates and walls  
Are stories that will shock you all  
Pirates, corruption and lies  
Bodies and secrets buried inside.

Welcome to the old Shanghai  
Where citizens starve needlessly and die  
A place so cruel, no one survives  
A place where even their soldiers run and hide.

Look at this place of pride  
Now look back to when governors covers behind  
The lies and schemes that they have made  
While their people suffer Pirate raids.

# The Phoenix of Old Shanghai

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Fernandes, Andrik – 12*

The Phoenix burning in the East,  
To never die nor never sleep,  
The dragon once coiled around it,  
Now lies lifeless, dead, departed.

The wall stood steadfast destined to last  
against invaders and assailants, now all of the past  
The dragon slain, an assassination,  
Bearing the brunt of commercialisation.

With opium, rebellions and foreign concessions,  
The city was finally lost to the past,  
Never to rise from its ashes, alas,  
The Phoenix was now breathing its last.

The city will never be as it were,  
Old Shanghai, the urban core,  
The old stone bricks, aged with time,  
The prophecies none but a lie.

The Phoenix burning in the east,  
Never to die nor never to sleep,  
War and death now take its toll,  
The Phoenix now will burn no more.

## Walls

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Ho, Sam – 13*

Dark stone walls on the perimeter  
guarding men within.  
Pirates at the base  
finding a way to get in.

People separated by walls,  
walls are separated by men.  
Buildings grow like grass  
men live out their lives in them.

An army at the base.  
In the city, the army arrives.  
People once safe in buildings  
now running for their lives.

Bombs at the base  
Debris filled the sky.  
Workers grew up inside the walls,  
hoping for a new Shanghai.

People walk on streets  
the city's always alive.  
They live above the ruins  
of the walls of old Shanghai.

# The History of Old Shaghai

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School*

*(Secondary Section), Kwok, Ryan – 13*

Behind the tall dark oak gates,  
There lies the unknown human's fate.  
With lives of wonder oh so great,  
Lies mysteries of old Shanghai.

Thinking about the fighting days,  
Corpses beaten, bruised and flayed.  
Suffering the prices that they paid,  
Lies the blood of old Shanghai.

Recall the days of pirate raids,  
People's wealth is starting to fade.  
Officials had schemed and paid,  
Corruption scatters through old Shanghai.

Defend the city which is under siege,  
From predators are ready to preach.  
Insides are traitors who acts like a leech,  
The destroy and failure of old Shanghai.

Different languages scatter everywhere,  
With minds of people scattering here and there.  
Mindless acts leads you to nowhere,  
The troubles and fear of old Shanghai.

The leftovers of this proud place,  
It's time to have a whole new phase.  
Here deep in our hearts,  
Lies the history of old Shanghai.

## Old Shanghai

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Law, Perry – 14*

Once beneath the Chinese sky,  
A place with walls that rise so high.  
Beyond the barrier and the moat so wide,  
Lies the great city of old Shanghai

Long ago this city secure,  
Lived men with nothing to endure.  
With busy streets and market stalls,  
Shanghai in harmony behind the walls.

Boom, boom! Do you hear that sound?  
Arrows rained down and cannons pound!  
The great tall wall shakes and cracks,  
As the people inside fend off the attacks.

As soon as you think the chaos is done,  
You see your fellow soldiers run!  
Pirates raid and rebels fight,  
Old Shanghai was filled with fright.

Then later, we see foreign men,  
Trying to conquer now and then.  
Helpless rulers tried to hold on,  
As the Shanghai wall is slowly gone.

Now Shanghai has total peace,  
The wars and fights have all been ceased.  
Though the wall of Shanghai has met its fall,  
Shanghai will shine for now and all.

## Old Shanghai

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Leung, Michael – 13*

Surrounded by old brick walls  
is where a historical city lies.  
It was a lively city,  
until the day when we saw tall buildings rise.

Staring at the skyscrapers just outside,  
people believe there's a better life,  
if they moved out  
and started a new life.

As time progressed,  
families by families,  
they all moved away,  
leaving the city to become silent.

The city's all alone.  
Buildings disappear and so does the town.  
It weeps silently  
waiting for people to come back.

# Good Old Times of Shanghai

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School*

*(Secondary Section), Li, Ernest – 13*

Do you see that tower?  
Do you see that building?  
Well lucky you,  
we never saw it.

all we saw was low lying schools,  
and bobbing old fishing boats.

quiet streets and peaceful people,  
roaming around ,  
with smiles plastered to their faces.

There was never a single shout,  
of anger nor rage.  
All there was were laughter and natter ,  
over thirst—quenching tea and heavenly food.

But wait ,  
whats that sound?  
Its the pirates coming 'round!

Do not fret , do not fuss  
for theres a barrier to shelter us.

A great big wall,  
10 metres tall.  
Thats surely enough ,  
to fend them off.

Such harmony  
Such peacefulness.  
Why would anyone,  
want to disrupt us ?

Oh , if only I knew ,  
that this is just the calm before the storm.

# The Opium War

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Mak , Chloe – 13*

Waves Crash,  
Lightning booms,  
Illuminating the boat gliding to doom.

Carrying the drugs,  
The citizens wait with a buzz,  
To get their hands on the goods.

Everyone's addicted,  
And We awaited,  
The chance to break the trade.

A letter was sent,  
Pleading the stop of the dispense,  
although the Queen did not agree,  
We transpired and head to the sea.


The boats are docked,  
They are deadlocked.  
The ambush succeeded,  
They conceded.

Lime and salt, to burn,  
Mixed with hope and concern,  
Of the disciplined rest,  
To rid the drugs others were obsessed.

We started a war and we fell.  
Soldiers crumbled and lost ones dwell,  
But some matters have yet to rest.

The second time Britain came,  
Allies and foreign attain.  
We fell once again,  
To Queen Elizabeth I's reign.

Now the dust has settled,  
China's empire has regrown.



Goodbye, old Shanghai,  
We are now renown.

Old Shanghai,  
A place that cries,  
Filled with Abandon, disgust.

To New China,  
A place heading for a new start,  
With Hope and promise that fills your heart.

# History Would Never Lie

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School*

*(Secondary Section), Mo Yung, Curtis – 13*

The city of old Shanghai,  
Built to prevent, but more to die.  
They didn't know why, oh why,  
But the city is about to cry.

Behind the moat, Behind the walls,  
No one knows the city's crawl.  
Behind the walls, where the people bawl,  
The situation's worse overall.

Later invaded by France and Britain,  
A page of history will be written.  
The Qing Empire Overridden,  
The city ends up to be given.

The history of old Shanghai,  
Couldn't be happy if they tried.  
Even when the city cries

Its history would never lie.



# The Secret of Old Shanghai

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
Secondary Section), Ng, Tiffany – 13*

The secret of Old Shanghai is this –  
You will never know what happened behind the wall.  
You will never know what happened outside.  
And then you realize.  
You will always feel trapped inside.

Back to those terrible days.  
People were all afraid.  
Pirates came to fight.  
Everyone wanted to escape.

Come and see this city.  
It is all a pity.  
See soldiers come to fight.  
Everyone felt scared.

The pirates kept attacking us,  
Soldiers hands were full of blood.  
The only wish you had,  
was to make war stop.

## Old Shanghai

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Ngan, Achilles – 13*

Laying under the Eastern sky,  
Surrounded by walls so high.  
Many a secrets await inside,  
The Chinese city of old Shanghai.

Made to defend against the pirates greedy,  
Let's hope they'll save the people needy,  
The rebel group slowly ran out of supplies,  
It was a siege, so no big surprise.

In the city was a garden wide  
Filled with pavillas and made with pride.  
Inside was an enormous rock,  
With powers only the Gods could unlock.

Nineteen twelve ended Shanghai's core,  
Opium, fire, arrows from the sky.  
Colonists caused blood, violence and gore,  
Come say goodbye to old Shanghai.

Now what is there to see, what's left?  
Only the oriental main street.  
Old Shanghai's cultural theft,  
Caused by the British tea-drinking fleet.

# The Phoenix

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Rubio, Karylle – 13*

The Phoenix perishes,  
The Phoenix dwells,  
It's similar to an enchanting spell,  
Until it proclaims its last farewell.  
The ongoing cycle still awaits.

Foreign concessions are yet obtained,  
Pestilential remedies they are retained.  
Gone were the central borders,  
Soon unfolded the strict reorders.

## ***Boom! Bang!***

Militant rebellions began to uprise,  
Citizens apprise to avert foul play,  
Though the mythical creature failed to harken,  
Its eyes felt tears and commenced to darken.

The persevering being had diffused its ashes,  
Feisty flames that flashed so bright,  
Burned through scars and ready for flight.

The demolished city had been restored,  
With every piece replaced with thorns.  
If time could mend the city's mourns,  
We shall look past the flowing bourn.

*The Phoenix perished,  
The Phoenix dwelled,  
The Phoenix shrivelled,  
The Phoenix upheld,  
And is waiting for a life worth scuffling.*

## Echoes

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Selva, Achuda – 13*

Like a Chinese dragon dance  
Full of life and vibrancy,  
Is Old Shanghai,  
So lively and effervescent it seems.

Admiring the arched windows,  
The detailed architecture, the wondrous beauty.  
Reveling in the delicious aromas  
Wafting on the breeze.

But no, the truth  
Is far more unnerving.  
Under the golden façade  
Lie secrets still, of Old Shanghai.

Lining the streets are beautiful embellishments,  
Being enjoyed by more than a few;  
But can they not see  
Beneath the shiny veneer?

The cruel remnants  
Of a once-majestic city  
Conquered by war and  
Vanquished by Western pity.

Oh, Old Shanghai! Under the shimmering veil,  
A dark, dark world of lies  
And schemes and bribery  
Once lay so treacherously.

Such beauty and elegance you hold  
From times and places long gone past;  
Like faded gold paint  
On a dead king's castle.

# A Once Great City

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Shum, Stein – 14*

In front of me, this divided boundary street.  
The smell of gunpowder lingers the air, discreet  
A historic landmark, where hundreds have died  
In front of me are the remains of Old Shanghai.

A strong mighty wall, ten meters tall  
Defended the city and prevented its fall.  
Guarded by soldiers risking their lives  
Was the grey-bricked wall of Old Shanghai.

Battling enemies from the east  
The city fought off Wokou beasts.  
But the west was where the true enemy lied  
For they were planning the destruction of Old Shanghai.

This well-guarded place was put under siege,  
Their resources gone as fast as they wanted to flee,  
The walls broken through and the citizens cried  
It was the beginning of the end of Old Shanghai.

The loyal walls torn down in 92  
Replaced by a celebratory avenue.  
But after all these years, the legend never dies  
Of the once great city, called Old Shanghai.

## A Day in Old Shanghai

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Sung, Joyce – 13*

Trams and rickshaws across the road,  
Traffic then had never flowed.  
Temples and towers built so high,  
This was the world of Old Shanghai.

Jewels and gold were traded in,  
For food and money for their kin.  
They worked all day you mustn't deny,  
These were cultures of Old Shanghai.

Patterns were on all women's clothes  
which let their inner elegance glow.  
Most men wore suits to satisfy  
The fashion of Old Shanghai.

This was a day in Old Shanghai.

# The Horror of this History

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School*

*(Secondary Section), Tang, Angel – 13*

Seeing the army walking in with weapons

Snuffing people out violently

Listening to the steps of the army

The fear everywhere

The smoke, all grey, filled up the blue sky

The blood, all red, splashed on the ground

The arrows, sharp, flying all around

The horror everywhere.

The beauty of the city was destroyed

Filled with scream and cries.

Remember that sadness

And know the history of it.

Know the horror of this history.

# A Sad Story of Old Shanghai

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), To, Mei – 13*

There was a place called old Shanghai  
There the walls and tall and high  
Witness a fight between Japanese and Chinese  
The gunpowder smoke made you cough and sneeze.

For their own lives, people cry  
Bodies lying between each side  
Dead soldiers in their armour everywhere  
There's no safe place anywhere.

And that's the end of the story  
Which made people so sad and worried  
To the death let us say goodbye  
The sad story of old Shanghai.

# The Gates of Old Shanghai

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School*

*(Secondary Section), Tsang, Julia – 13*

The Old Northern Gate

Ensures the people safe and free

Like great, white albatrosses

Soaring over a peaceful sea

The Great Eastern Gate

Protects the citizens who reside

As the spirits of dynastic ancestors

Guard their city with pride

The Great Southern Gate

Towers over the four

Until this day, you still can hear

The leaping dragon's roar

The Old Western Gate

Guards over this brilliant site

Secretly watching over it,

The virtuous phoenix shines so bright

Then came the very first Opium War

For which the Chinese had not planned

Without a choice, the gates opened

As foreign forces took over the land

And as they progressed, chaos broke out

As they struggled for power day by day

The walls held the falling city

While society crumbled away

But in the end, our people broke free

And reclaimed the peace we once allowed

Though only a fraction of the walls still stand

As they watch over Shanghai

they are proud.

# The Echoes of an Age

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School*

*(Secondary Section), Tsang, Natalie – 13*

The Old City of Shanghai  
Has all but crumbled.  
Where the old gates once lie  
Is the memory of an empire.

It has witnessed the rise  
And fall of dynasties.  
Moans and desperate cries  
Of people yearning for peaceful times.

It has heard footsteps  
Of foreigners young and old,  
Flapping wings of doves  
With stories in their claws.

It has felt the breeze  
That brought about changes,  
The joy of peace  
And the rumble of war.

It has smelled the smoke of conflict  
And the bitter tang of corruption  
When people were tricked  
By the guise of a fair rule.

It has tasted the despair  
Of a man knelt at the feet  
Of men in suits unaware  
Of the family on his shoulders.

It has experienced the footfalls  
Of people from all seas,  
Who then leave behind scrawls  
Of a part of their culture.

Under the modern streets  
Is a city that faded with time.  
But written on old sheets  
Are stories left untold.

# Tales Untold of Shanghai

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School*

*(Secondary Section), Wong, Justin – 13*

Grand buildings and scenes glorious  
Might be what you only behold;  
Grand history, shame notorious.  
Here I tell the tale untold.

Dragon and Phoenix I call it  
To the north lies the peaceful sea.  
Great fragrance of dew I name it,  
My ancestors guarded the east.

Prosperous vista and air.  
Picturesque temples and lair.  
I clamored my beauty and name.  
Tremendous charm they can't find elsewhere.

I heard cacophony of people's groan,  
But I was engrossed by the dollar signs,  
I heard misery though the peasants' moan  
But what do you mean I'll face demise?

The soldiers triumphed loudly  
Over the victory claimed from the fight.  
The flags stood up proudly,  
But printed on them were red, blue and white.

They call it companion making,  
Greener grass on the other side.  
Fooled by the faces they were faking  
They desired my land colonized.

They call me Paris of the east,  
Blacks and blues under broken armor.  
Born as the city on the sea  
I fell from grace with my shattered glamour.

Although I survived the ruthless battle,  
Lost all money, power and glory,  
Remaining is the City God temple,  
Where deities sigh with ghosts' scream eerie.

There I told the tale now told,  
Grander stories, more notorious,  
More to what you can behold  
But those will remain mysterious.

## Walls

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Wong, Lavigne – 13*

Walls, walls and more walls  
To defend against cannonballs.

Japanese pirates are attacking us  
Ceilings are shaking, dropping dust.

I hear them pounding on our gates  
Quick, pour hot oil on them before it's too late.

This time we've won, but don't relax  
We never know if they are preparing more attacks.

Centuries have passed, the walls are still there  
War gave them scars they forever will bear.

Battle no longer hangs in the air  
The walls are removed, it's only fair.

They have been here for a very long time  
They need to retire, they're covered in grime.

Right here, the ruins of the walls forever will lie  
Telling a story of Old Shanghai.

## The Old City

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Yip, Tina – 13*

Old Shanghai lies behind the hidden wall  
Where new one will be coming like a ball  
People crawling out the city  
But they don't want your pity.

City God Temple of Shanghai  
People look to it for protection  
They hide inside its walls of old,  
And pray to the God of Gold.

Old Shanghai disappeared in 1912  
Although it gone away  
Memories will still be in everyone's heart  
They will never fall apart.

# The Legend of Old Shanghai

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School  
(Secondary Section), Yong, Jeraffy – 13*

Attackers have come,  
To mysterious Shanghai.  
“I heard they kept dragons,  
In chains deep in dungeons!  
They prepare it for war,  
Scaring people off with a roar.”  
No one dared to go near even the gates of the city!  
A brave army bashed through the gates to defeat the almighty,  
but all they found was just a drum,  
put in a cave, making the floor rumble.  
The Dragons of Old Shanghai  
nothing but legend.

## Is New Better?

*The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Davis, Ramsay – 13*

What can be new?  
Yet also be old?  
A riddle that cannot be solved,  
As when something changes,  
It loses its original soul.

Where wind once rustled our hair,  
Where the sun once glowed with warmth long gone.  
Once was a fairytale's castle,  
Where its mellow stones,  
Were the bones of a nation.

But this is no longer.  
No breeze may reach the ground,  
Rays from above attack viciously,  
And we are down, defenceless.  
Within this new skin ,  
where is the soft core that we love?

A bright future they said,  
A time where we control our destiny,  
But nature is nature,  
And we are nature,  
So what gives us the right?

A crow flies among temples  
Restless, never stopping,  
As a metal cyclops occupies its perch.  
The changes wrought,  
Changed life for all.

No longer, no longer  
Old Shanghai is no longer  
No longer no longer,  
What was before is no longer.  
To change something old is to make something new.

They said it was a time to improve,  
But in truth it's a time of change.

New changes in Old Shanghai,  
New changes in an old world.  
The world of tradition and heritage,  
As it slowly fades away...



# The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Victoria Shanghai Academy, Peng, Sunny – 11*

The sun shone brightly  
Penetrating my eyes  
Over the streets of Shanghai.  
After a wearying day  
I was finally free to let my mind stray...

Out of the blue,  
A ray of light smacked me in the eyes like a chopstick;  
I gasped.  
Carefully I stepped towards the radiance,  
And what happened next was craziness.

I was inside a kaleidoscope  
Everything around me was black and white.  
Nothing looked out of place,  
But I knew there was something wrong,  
I hoped that this was all a dream that went on for too long.


Dragons soar through the sky  
Jade pond waves with carp fish;  
Rickshaws clatter over the bumpy streets.  
Chanting comes from ancient smoky temples,  
Everything is so cordial.

“If this is a dream I never want to wake up.”  
Keeping this vision in my heart  
With me always  
How does a world from the past  
Stay in my mind and last?

“I never want to leave Old Shanghai because it is enchanting.”

# The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Victoria Shanghai Academy, Yap, Alden - 11*



Once, there was a city,  
With no cars, but rickshaws,  
It has big and high buildings,  
But, it also have little and smart humans.  
The streets are crowded,  
That no one could go where they wanted to,  
Even the smallest could not.  
It's very rare to have this kind a place,  
So let's cherish our time in  
old Shanghai.

# The Bird of Sadness – the Shanghai Trader

*West Island School, Eyunni, Gayathri – 11*

## Part 1:

Would she exchange her joy for wealth?  
Would she exchange her memories for stealth?  
Her longing for happiness only getting worse,  
So the bird had said.

Who's trust would she have if her mind was on gold?  
Who's trust would she have if her laughter was sold?  
Her longing for happiness only getting worse,  
So the bird had said.

What would she do if she was only left with greed?  
What would she do for hope was her desperate need?  
Her longing for happiness only getting worse,  
So the bird had said.

If she leaves without bliss, what would be her legacy?  
A lifetime full of trade and selfishness?  
Nobody knew, nobody would,  
So the bird had said.

## Part 2:

'What if riches became the only happiness,  
To the traders of Great Shanghai?', they saw dread.  
'Our reputation will grow!' they assured themselves,  
So the bird had said.

The port gained fame from countries far and beyond,  
Their position in trade rushing ahead,  
But the trade in their mind was dropping down low,  
So the bird had said.

They traded their silk for spices and tusks,  
Which brought pride to the stories that were read,  
They traded their paper for camels and lions,  
So the bird had said.

But in their heart, they traded their love for their family,  
With time spent in their work shed,

They may have seemed content but their future was in danger,  
So the bird had said.

With trade at such a pace, their kindness was reducing,  
Exploiting their country that was to be led,  
They forced them to buy opium that they didn't need one bit,  
So the bird had said.

This led to a dilemma, addiction at its height,  
That destroyed forever, many souls ahead,  
They traded their peace for intoxication (this took away peace from the land),  
So the bird had said.

### Part 3:

Then one day a tragedy took place,  
As a trader returned home with dread,  
As he searched for the sweet face of his cheerful child,  
So the bird had said.

In his heart he felt the worst feeling yet,  
Oh how many miserable tears he shed,  
That his family had left him, gone away to the dead,  
So the bird had said.

In the years he had spent finding treasure for his kingdom,  
With thoughts about riches and money in his head,  
He had forgotten what really mattered most,  
So the bird had said.

There were other families who realised the truth,  
Before their prize vanished and fled,  
And traded back their material possessions for love,  
So the bird had said.

But with a future so entirely ours to mould,  
Why do we trade with envy and evil, behold?  
Oh why do we shortchange our family for greed?  
Why can't we differentiate between want and need?  
Why do we trade our love for power?  
Why do we give away sweet for sour?  
Why do we sacrifice our childhood and cheer?  
We have to think, we have to know,  
And so the bird had said.

# Timeless

*West Island School, Kao, Ethan* – 13

All around us the buildings grow.

Higher and  
higher until they can  
be seen no more.

To heights we once thought were  
impossible, to dwarf the tallest  
mountain,  
to soar higher than ever before,  
to stand stronger than the mightiest man,  
to scrape the sky above our heads.

But behind this marvelous  
city sits the buildings that were  
once there.

The buildings we thought  
had conquered the sky.

To see the  
people soaring to new  
heights.

To hear the  
different thoughts from many  
places.

To taste the food that  
makes mouths water across the globe.

To smell the  
salty breeze coming from the  
sea.

The very thread that connects us around the  
world.

If you look  
back, you  
can see

the busy streets filled  
with new  
people

looking for new opportunities.

They all want  
to join  
in, to  
design,  
to build

a better future and  
a better home.

People from all over the world meeting,  
exchanging stories,  
and sharing ideas.

And all that beauty is  
what makes a city  
timeless.

# The Old City of Shanghai

*Ying Wa College, Cheung, Long Yin – 14*

Old Shanghai was vague in my heart.  
Was it a concession? Yes but no more.  
What colour was her tone?  
Forget.....Forget.....you better forget.  
Where were the Annan cops?  
Where were the Indian cops?  
May I meet them on Avenue Joffre?  
They're gone....They're gone.  
Were there French plane trees on Avenue Joffre?  
Sure, but also full of morning glory  
growing at the corner of alleys.  
Can you see the historic structures?  
They're Byzantine or Laislav Hudec's architectures.  
If you are tired of those oldies, listen to Zhang Ailin's  
old alley nursery rhymes.  
Sure your heart will be occupied.

# The Tale of a Dragon in Distress

*West Island School, Lam, Winston – 13*

This is the tale of a dragon in distress,  
Whose tale is a tale of deceit and defeat,  
Forced by cheats to repress,  
Unable to compete.

This is the tale of three cheats and a foe,  
Attackers came first, but the stone walls grew,  
Block the red sun, away you go,  
The Ming dragon said, or I'll smash you to stew.

This is the tale of a city of power,  
The county seat of the Eastern Seas,  
Its strength blossoming like a flower,  
Towering above others with ease.


This is the tale of a poison, a drug,  
The lion's 'gift' in return for cash,  
Taking silk and silver with a smug,  
But the dragon decided to clash.

This is the tale of a dying fire,  
Losing its grip on a lion, roaring,  
The dragon's situation so dire,  
The lion's ego soaring.

This is the tale of land torn apart,  
The eagle, lion and rooster took aim,  
The sick dragon cannot depart,  
In a place which had no claim.

This is the tale of a city still there,  
The three animal cheats – making their way,  
The dragon's home, the dragon's chair,  
In a home where the dragon was prey.

This is the tale of a cloth of knives,  
The cloth choking the Qing dragon's realm,  
Forcing the fleeing of Chinese lives,  
Into the hands of the other helm.




This is the tale of an explosive end,  
The red sun returned, three centuries coming,  
But this time the dragon failed to defend,  
And it became his shortcoming.

The dragon slipped into a coma, a blur,  
The red sun empire spread.  
But now, the dragon starts to stir,  
And he is now the one who marches ahead.

# The Old City of Shanghai

*Ying Wa College, Law, Cheuk Heng – 12*



City of history  
Full of mystery  
Great wall outside  
A ghetto and Yu garden inside  
Foreigners arrived to trade  
Their precious resources they made  
Densely built and packed with buildings  
Cuisines like Dim sum and dumplings  
The sun began to fell asleep in its bed  
So as this old city of Shanghai in its end  
The time has changed  
Skyscrapers remade  
Old city was never old  
Into a modern city with hanging logos  
Who cares the history?  
When all the people enjoyed luxury  
Looks like the history got buried  
Alive under the blurry  
Of things in the past  
Which has no longer last  
Let's say goodbye  
To this old city of Shanghai

# The Old City of Shanghai

*Ying Wa College, Lo, Yi Lok – 14*

Inside the great marvelous city wall of Shanghai  
Its attraction, you can't deny  
Aromatic smells through the city gate  
Go straight in as you can't wait

Both sides of a crowded street  
There are different shops and stalls  
Choose yourself a delicious treat  
But don't be greedy! There's more to eat

Noisy and bustling as you walk  
Children play and parents talk  
They go through the tunnels, run and climb  
Reminding you of your childhood time

The old city of Shanghai is forever gone  
You can't go in even if you try  
A great city past and present  
Now with buildings rising towards the sky

# The Old City of Shanghai

*Ying Wa College, So, Tsz Hei Heison – 12*

In the old city of Shanghai,  
there are many people.

They walk around on the streets,  
between beautiful, majestic houses.

Stalls and shops are lying on both sides of the street,  
selling all kinds of delicacies, gadgets and goods.

Tourists and customers are taking out their money,  
buying whatever the shops are selling.

Then, there stand the City God Temple of Shanghai,  
which is tremendously huge.

There also lies the Yuyuan Garden,  
Where there are many birds singing

What a beautiful place this is!

What a magnificent place to live!

And that is why

I will never forget this old city of Shanghai.

# The Old City of Shanghai

*Ying Wa College, Jim, Man Yui Jimmy – 14*

Hordes of Hawkers, hawking, pushing and shoving  
At the top of their lungs, pedestrians bustling  
And hustling, moving at a record pace,  
Zigzagging, occasionally stopping in the marketplace.

Tea drinkers, calmly sipping tea,  
Gossiping and chitchatting in threes,  
While watching silkworm silk weavers  
Peacefully carrying out weaving procedures.

Ka-Boom! Walls come crashing in.  
Let the plundering of goods begin!  
Disorder happens. Citizens flee, babies wail  
The officials try to restore peace---but to no avail



# Poetry

Group 4

## The House Your Reminiscence Built

Carmel School Association Elsa High School, Fischer, Ben – 15

*(Do you ever know that*

In you is the thought of being alive, darting through the streets of Old Shanghai  
staring at flames, breathing in hope through nostrils that breed  
happiness, of listening to the chimes of City God Temple with  
crystalline ears. I think of you in tears.

*I think of you  
uncaged)  
never*

*(Do you ever know that*

In you still lies the stories, buried somewhere under the wheelchairs you wish  
were strapped with wings and your skin; a skeletal embrace that unravels  
like string, like the dreams you spun on your arachnoid loom. Do you know the day  
you leave? Is it coming soon?

*I pray for you  
unaged)  
never*

*(Do you ever know that*

In you is music—something soft, something soulful—something past the din  
of melancholy, past chairs littering the waiting rooms beyond a visitor glass, past patients shuffled  
over  
tennis balls, past brooms sweeping declarations of faith to God and unmasked vacancies and halls you'd  
use  
to run around and scream.

*I hope you  
forget)  
never*

*(Do you ever know that*

In you is a bulletin board on which your husband's tacked, his lips on your cheek, as  
happy, strong and mortal as he was—do you remember him? He was the first to tell your old story,  
to kiss  
you under City Wall stars and to swear *you Alzheimer's a bitch* and dance to Liu Fang like you used  
to,  
back before there were no happy endings.

*I know who you've  
upset)  
never*

*(Do you ever know that*

In you is the choices that you did or didn't make, breeding resentment over the wish that the pain  
would  
feel a little more eventful, that the anger that could bubble and burst when you're alone and there's  
no-one to see your wings and the hospital light halos and our little secret that you can never  
transcend. Right?

*you are feverous*

*and*

*pained)*

*(Do you ever know that*

In you is something stirring; something once sung and lost forever; something waiting  
for the day that you break free and your old story of crystalline ears and firecrackers is replaced by a  
new  
story of your Old Shanghai; of hospital beds and neon lighting and sitting around drinking food while  
we  
all pray for the day that no-one ever dies.

*never*

*your new stories are  
still unexplained)*



*(Do you ever know that*

In you is the forgotten, the old cities, the clocks starting at fifty, the dreams that this new story could be just as dreamy, that it isn't mere mortality and the mediocrity of 'pain with age' and caretakers and windows too small to honor the view of a city still standing and breathlessness and the dread of abruptness and the fear of losing you.

*never*

*you are still  
yourself)*

*Do you ever know*

*if this will be **forever**? Have you remembered?*

*never.*

## Battle of Shanghai

*Chinese International School Hangzhou, Lin, Cindy* – 14

Smoke uncurls by the sun  
and spreads her pungent fingers over its  
glowing cheeks  
artfully hiding away from the heavens  
the hell that burns below.

Death flutters through the street of Nanjing  
a lone blossom cradled by wing of gloom  
locking lips with soulless cold  
leaving behind sunken flesh  
to rot on its fragile bough.

Red are the shores  
that fringes the bold waters of yangtze  
Like a sweet sweet wolf-berry  
harvested in late autumn,  
dark madonna of the dying land.

The chilled bodies  
give birth  
to soil richer than summer's crown,  
and from butchered will and slaughtered soul  
a tree with tongues grows.

## Two Depictions of the bund

*Chinese International School Hangzhou, Shin, Ethan – 14*

My brush washes the thin paper in Persian blue,

As Japanese warships sail into The Bund.

Countless soldiers dressed in a dull khaki brown disembark,

Their bayonets sharper than the pointy tip of my brush,

Their guns darker than the thickest ink.

I paint them in miniature strokes,

For there are too many of them to count.

My heart pounds as I depict a Japanese soldier

Holding the photograph of Emperor Hirohito above his head,

He tramples a golden statue of the Buddha into the dirt with his boots.

Splashing teal grey streaks onto to the upper half of the painting,

My brush outlines the bombed Shanghai Cathay Hotel,

Now as skeletal as the begging children beneath it.

I dab thick red circles amongst the crowd of people,

For a man is drenched in a pool of blood upon the ground.

A soldier stands there, in one hand, a flag of the rising sun,

In the other, a silver bayonet dripping with dark fluid.

His eyes are those of a viper, impatient for the next command to strike.

My fists clench as I yearn to draw The Bund as I know it,

With red dancing in the Chinese flag, not soaking the streets.

A fresh piece of paper stretches out on an easel before me.

My brush again washes the paper in Persian blue,

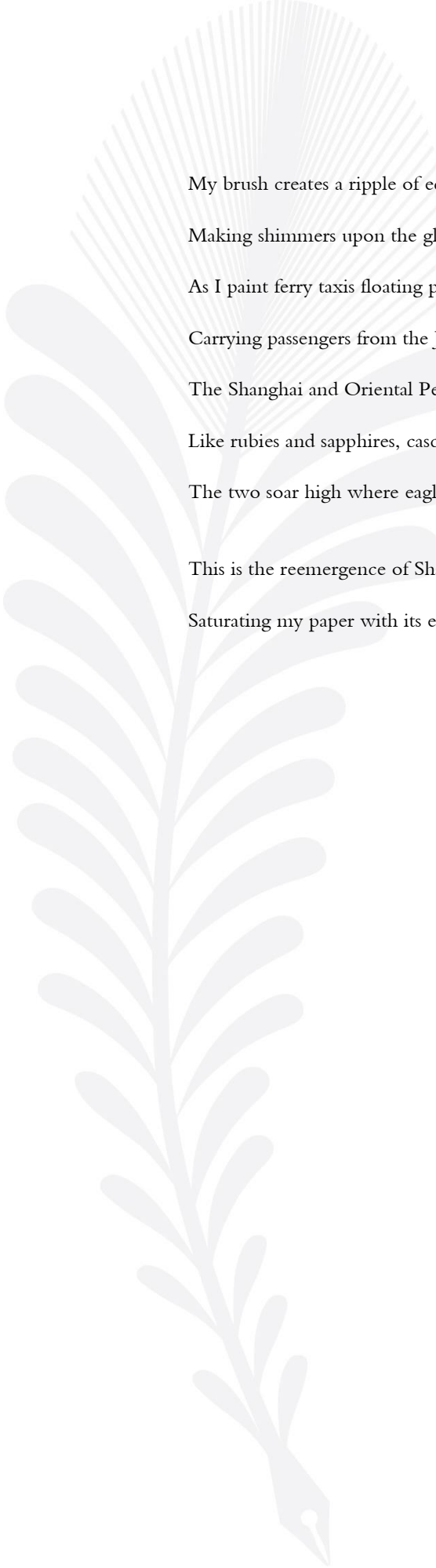
This time glorified by a series of glittering buildings,

Their reflections taller than the depths of The Bund,

As smooth as Nanjing silk, as lustrous as a pile of crystals.

Flares of magnificent gradients of light, azure blue and emerald green

Shower my pallet with a lively spectrum.



My brush creates a ripple of ecstatic colors,  
Making shimmers upon the glimmering river of lights,  
As I paint ferry taxis floating placidly  
Carrying passengers from the Jinling to the Dongchang wharf.  
The Shanghai and Oriental Pearl Towers gleam  
Like rubies and sapphires, cascading light into the depths of darkness,  
The two soar high where eagles cannot go.  
This is the reemergence of Shanghai,  
Saturating my paper with its effulgent glory.

# Disgrace

*Creative Secondary School, Wu, Irene – 15*

A *qipao*

or a cigar

A choice I make every day.

I am that

businessman, who

inherited my lands and my money from my dead bastard father

That suitor

or the lover that had been at my window last night

under the moonlight.

I am that

daughter, the one who

is conflicted between love and the future

Go and steal that man's nice-smelling flask

or go to classes like mama asked?

I am that

boy, a young one

who's reaching out from the pavement and shouting for you to buy my papers

## A Difference Sense of Freedom

*Delia School of Canada, Lyu , Zhengan - 17*

I'm buried in layers of expectation, layers of tradition  
I'm pinned on the rusty nail board  
I'm hidden behind the shadows of abustle and dazzling Shanghai  
I cannot move, I cannot think  
I cannot even catch my breath  
If I were a falcon, I never flew pass the high Oriental Pearl TV Tower  
If I were a fish, I would be trapped in the glass bowl  
I strongly know I was not born to learn Kung fu  
To live as a Chinese boy  
To carry on bloodline  
I'm a lost star  
Trying to light up the dark  
Searching for meaning  
Defeated by reality  
Tears stream down my round, yellow face  
Dampen my dark-grey Chinese tunic suit  
Awakening the embroidered dragon  
My heart weeps silently loud  
I'm burning in the deep

## Scenery

*Delia School of Canada, Tang, Joyce Tin Yan - 15*

I was looking for that scenery  
Wide streets with black tiny cars  
Walking as slow as turtles  
Bikes with the smell of wheat baskets  
Riding with emaciated river  
A smile on faces

I forgot everything except for that alluring picture  
Now, I see different buildings with different culture  
The cars are running as fast as wild horses  
A struggle behind every face  
Many things that I don't recall  
Except for that wooden boat I have seen before

My body moves automatically  
And I start to recover my old memories  
Row, row, row a boat  
Boat walking slowly

I had seen fishers catching fish by handmade nets  
Laughs between large boats and tiny boats  
Sky was broad and only blue  
Wind blows to my sight and ends my review

Now, all disappeared.  
Fishers are using machine, not nets.  
Yelling between heavy and soft boats.  
Sky is narrow and colour by fancy lights, not blue.

The sun is passing its work to the moon  
And I finally find my memories.

# Lost

*Diocesan Girls' School, Tam, Dilys – 16*

The slippers traced the same pathway  
With the turnings of the page  
Slowly, walk'd into the footsteps  
Of the heroes of the age.

The song resonates past the looming shades  
Where the heart of the city beats.  
In drifting flakes of gold  
The glory is retold.

But all that glitters is fleeting —  
The alleyways twist, shadows morphing  
Past the Concession  
And its muted glow.

*Yesterday's dreams of urban opulence  
Bloom and flourish in the dark;  
And wilt and wither with the pulsing lights,  
In the heights of all that's past.*

Fluttering, the memories tumbled  
Across the page,  
Lost to the torrents of the Yangtze —

Lost.  
Perhaps

The Whampoa flows not,  
Nor do Ghosts linger—  
It is the bridge that goes forward;  
It is the moment that glitters.

So, this is the City  
Where one is held fast,  
Or else, swept aside —

For there is no present;  
Only the endless past  
Rushing into the future.

## They Know

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Gao, Pernille – 14*

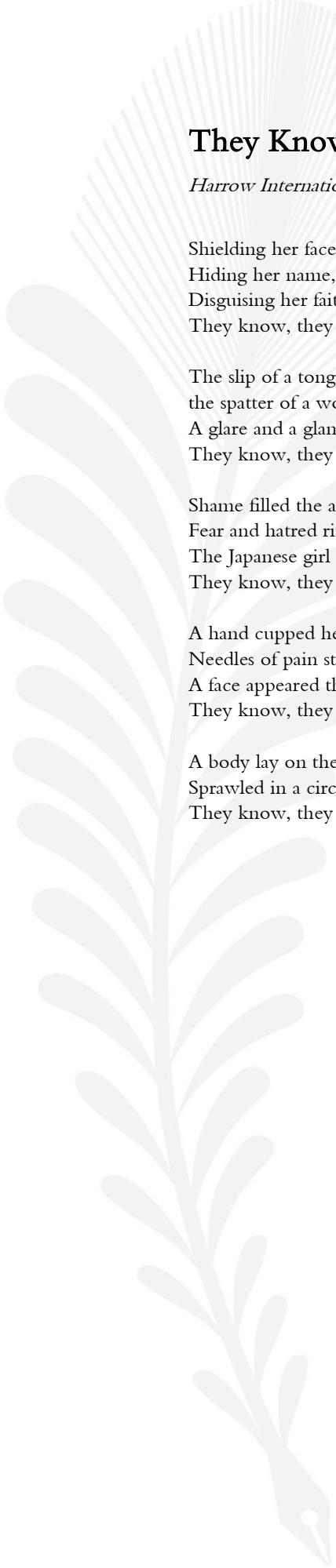
Shielding her face from passing strangers  
Hiding her name, crouching low.  
Disguising her faith and language  
They know, they know.

The slip of a tongue, the whisper of a vowel  
the spatter of a word in a language so despised  
A glare and a glance, mutters in a crowd  
They know, they know.

Shame filled the air, clinging to her skin  
Fear and hatred ringing in her mind.  
The Japanese girl in Shanghai will die  
They know, they know.

A hand cupped her mouth and darkness came  
Needles of pain stung her back,  
A face appeared then a nozzle of a gun  
They know, they know.

A body lay on the floor, a pale, young face  
Sprawled in a circle of blood  
They know, they know.



## Ode to Old Shanghai

*Harrow International School Hong Kong,  
Stranger, Ella – 14*

O' Shanghai, her comely streets of old glamour,  
Where young girls meddle with limbs so lissom,  
In the vibrant streets of parade and loud song,  
Opera masks and gold— everything glistens.  
In the tea rooms brimming with heavy steam are  
old mah-jong players, their content faces jaded  
And throughout the dark and ancient forts,  
The Majestic wealth lives on; not yet faded.  
In the shops along the bund, romance fills the air,  
A girl feels sensual buying fur and lace,  
There is soft and plush velvet along her cheeks,  
and thick makeup on her porcelain face.  
Young boys go gambling, and laugh when  
they've lost  
And around the racecourse, the youth go and  
clamour,  
There's so much money, so close to home  
Around the people of old shanghai glamour.  
And when the band plays, they all jump and  
swing,  
A young flapper in a qi pao dances and squeals,  
So opulent and full of youthful energy,  
Mortality has never seemed so unreal.

In the nooks and holes underneath their feet,  
Live the miserable workers who suffer below,

And for those in agony far behind,  
Mortality itself may have some appeal.

Who shroud their own corpse in the little they  
earn,  
And slowly wither away when comes the snow.  
They become a husk of a human being  
Pestilence and poverty gather like dirt,  
The desolate elderly are forced to toil,  
With weathered eyes, betrayed and hurt,  
Death follows them all, but the people know  
the nameless living are the nameless dead,  
Each one the same, thoughts shifting into a blur,  
All brimming with inescapable dread.  
There are empty bowls and many sleepless nights,  
Houses of forgotten rubble; streets of sand,  
The money has dried up, a drought has followed,  
All a child can do is hold her mother's hand.  
She whispers; "why us?", but no one knows why  
So she hopes from the very depths of her soul,  
That there may be a way to have a life,  
But there's so much hunger, so close to home.  
The futility shakes them to their core,  
From acts dignified people try to conceal  
Like a final breath quivering in icy air,  
Mortality has never seemed so real.

O' Shanghai, her streets melting into chaos,  
Moving and flowing and falling—alas,  
Poison black, and red, and the most neon yellow  
Grey concrete floods the mellow hills and grass.  
Progression and regression— it feels the same,  
There's isolation and barriers of gold,  
Those in bondage are yet to touch their master,  
There's so much difference, so close to home.  
Perhaps they should replace God with money,  
As it's the mighty fuel of Shanghai zeal

# Of Shanghai

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Yeung, Michelle – 14*

For centuries I have stood  
Guarding the citizens  
Protecting the city  
Not a single doubt

Bullet holes, dents  
Permanent scars engraved  
They have almost worn me away  
I have not a single regret

Pirates, the Japanese  
Broke me to pieces  
I couldn't stand longer  
as the city gates

the Battles and wars,  
that have ripped my town apart  
have taken me down with it

But I am proud however,  
to have defended this beautiful city  
this ancient city  
This Old City

## The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*Heep Yunn School, George, Natasha Esme – 16*

O, Shanghai, wonderful city of old,  
Split 'tween two different worlds.  
The rich spend lavishly;  
They have not a care in the world.  
The poor sleep anxiously;  
Their dreams full of hunger and pain.

The wealthy come from land  
Foreign and near,  
Searching for a way to  
Make their fortune.  
Most are fair-skinned;  
They feel dominant  
Over those who toil and slave away for them.

The poor, in a cycle  
Of poverty.  
Working their fingers to  
The bone, protesting  
Against the injustice,  
Silently.  
Always Silently.

Magnificent and opulent;  
Affluent and prosperous.  
Slowly but surely  
Asserting their control in exotic territory.

Building concessions – sorry – settlements,  
Esteemed and proud to bully with opium.  
Useless in their own country,  
Earning wealth, status, and success here.

Impoverished and destitute;  
Penurious and dismal.  
Slowly but surely  
Dying of poverty and oppression.

Labouring through day and night,  
Desperate to please for a moments rest.  
For what?  
Wishes and ideals are still ignored.

O, Shanghai, wonderful city of old,  
Split 'tween two different worlds.  
The rich,  
Born with a silver spoon in their mouths;  
The poor,  
Living from hand to mouth.

# New Tales of Old Shanghai: Tales of the Old City

*International College Hong Kong, Kwan, Tiff – 15*

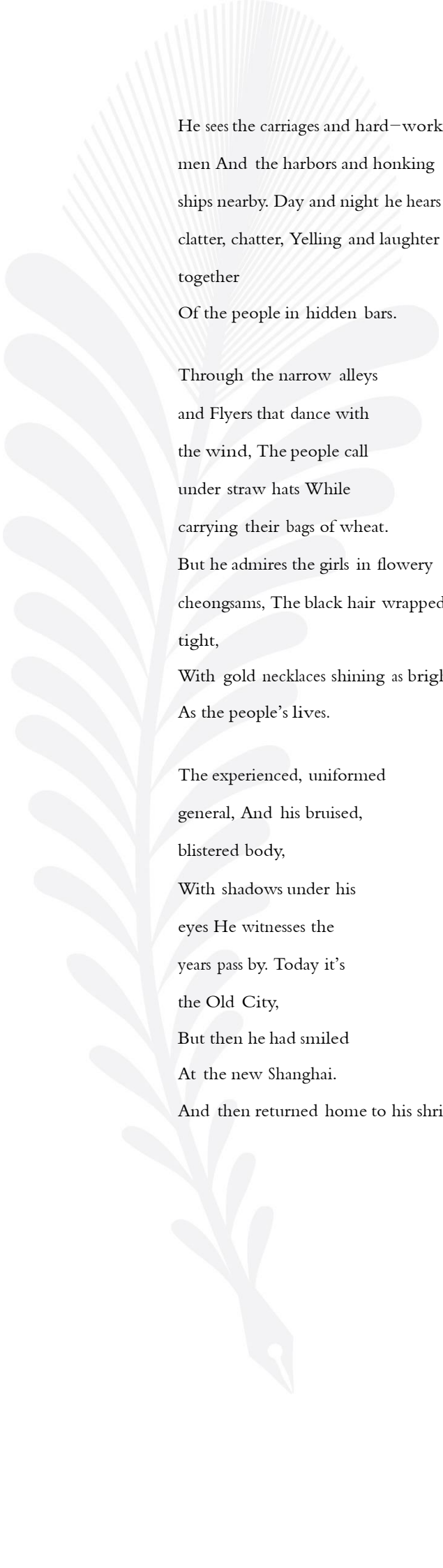
The old city the core of  
Shanghai Like the heart of  
a working man, With a  
wall as thick as the skin  
Created to defend.  
And the City God Temple  
Holds something akin to the soul.

The spirit that wandered for  
years. With two other gods  
trailing behind, Served as the  
general a time,  
And prepared the defense of Shanghai  
In the First Opium War.

He watches his temple below,  
Along with the ones that walk  
by. Bustling streets full of  
vibrant markets And pastry  
stands scattered around. With the  
strange restaurants in walls Of  
tall wooden and brick buildings  
And the antique patterns on  
windows.

How long the city's been,  
Is a question left unanswered.  
But he doesn't only see color and light,  
He sees the radiance of vigorousness and pride.

Banners of painted characters  
Decorate the buildings and  
towers. Glowing red, paper  
lanterns are hung To  
accompany the stars in the dark.



He sees the carriages and hard-working  
men And the harbors and honking  
ships nearby. Day and night he hears the  
clatter, chatter, Yelling and laughter  
together  
Of the people in hidden bars.

Through the narrow alleys  
and Flyers that dance with  
the wind, The people call  
under straw hats While  
carrying their bags of wheat.  
But he admires the girls in flowery  
cheongsams, The black hair wrapped up so  
tight,  
With gold necklaces shining as brightly  
As the people's lives.

The experienced, uniformed  
general, And his bruised,  
blistered body,  
With shadows under his  
eyes He witnesses the  
years pass by. Today it's  
the Old City,  
But then he had smiled  
At the new Shanghai.  
And then returned home to his shrine.

# New Tales of The Old Shanghai

Island School, Ishizuka, Eito – 14

The alley, as quiet as an abandoned park  
The sky is dark, trapped in an atmosphere of gloom.  
The dusty remains of homes, littered on the ground  
Leaving not even the slightest hope to be found.

Footsteps break the silence, slow and steady.  
What he will see next, will make his heart heavy.

The sound of the rolling wood wheels,  
Mimic the way babies squeal  
For their mother or father.

His grey hair swings side to side,  
Left to right, with every stride.  
He sullenly looks at the fallen buildings.  
Did it have to resort in killing?

The rising sun on the flag,  
Shines bright red  
For each and everyone of us dead.

He avoids looking at the bodies, as still as boulders,  
They lay on the floor, like a bunch of toy soldiers.  
He looks straight ahead, and sees her.  
The old man drops his rickshaw.

He stops, and stares for a while.  
He falls on his knees, next to his wife.

He wonders to himself.

Where is peace?

Where is grace?

As the tears from his eyes dampens his face.

# Rickshaw Carrier

*Island School, Kim, Derek* – 14

Beyond the glowing village  
through the bustling busy crowd  
the aged man wanders around  
with his only rickshaw carrier.

As he pedals around the noisy village  
with his feeble, struggling limbs  
somehow he pulls along  
those two robust wooden wheels.

So aged he is, but still immersed in his job.  
He belies his wrinkles as he pedals his ride  
wishing to earn a little more money  
to provide for his ailing daughter.

So tired and hungry, but the urge to earn  
he continues to pedal with all his might.  
Through blood, sweat and tears, he pedals.  
Yet his endeavour goes to waste.

Slowly and steadily  
he pedals through his pain.  
He stops and rests  
to breathe his last breath.

# Old Tales and New Tales

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Fung, Tiffany – 16

Sky

Blue

Tiles of

red stand tall.

Tell the tale of the

Shanghai history for all.

Style, culture balance in structure

of ancestors' effort in each stone and bone.

My heart wanders to seek the story behind, sneak a peek

Of what is inside, of new Shanghai, old Shanghai. So tell me the details,

wise ethnic architecture, guide me along the timeline of knowledgeable lecture.

Each location is a treasure map yet to discover,

the prized possession of one's intellect.

I pledge to cherish the memoir abaft.

Time will tell, they say. I sensed time will.

Proclaim your anecdote forthwith, oh Wall of veneration.

Grant permission to mankind to harken to your legacy. No other has  
authority to speak your tale for you are savior—faire. All will divulge your story and all will share.

Now shoulders brush past you, each carrying a backstory

The narration of every human in the making.

Each new tale of man is mundane. I beg to differ,

for one tale can never replace another.

While exploring the old, I encounter the new.

It struck me, the new tales of Shanghai.

No two snowflakes are alike, nor are two tales.

Tales of modern men and women, children even.

In their eyes flash the scenes of prosperity,

yet in their heads, stockpiles of remembrance to recall.

I sit back and gazed in awe of you, and


glanced at the winding path you lead me.

As if I'm conversing to the winds above.

I inquire the old, you bestow the new.

Indebted am I, to ask you anew.

May I never know your story? Perhaps.



Perhaps I don't have to audit your version.  
Perhaps you don't need to voice out the tale.  
I becalm myself silent and parade your land.  
Have I already have you unfolded in hand?  
For you are the legend of centuries untold,  
the prized possession, more prized than gold.

# The City Walls

*Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Lau, Nicole – 16*

For years we have all joined hands,  
Defending the Old City of Shanghai.  
We are the witnesses of time.  
This we call our duty,  
Our sole purpose.

For years we have overlooked our homeland,  
From the ancient temples and pavilions,  
To the furthest corners of the city.  
We are the guardians,  
And it has always been this way.

Until the time when the wars started.  
Peace and calmness were shattered,  
Never to be restored again.  
We watched as our city toppled down  
From the weight and burden of war.

We stood still,  
As we heard gunshots being fired,  
As we witnessed our city being attacked.  
We stood still.

There were so many things that we knew,  
So many things that we saw,  
Yet so little that we could do.

It was then that we fell apart,  
We shattered,  
We were demolished.  
And as we fell, so did the city we once called home.

## Flame Under Water

*Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Young, Stephanie – 17*

Torn streets and torn buildings, torn people. Two torn pieces.  
Where do the people go that belong here?  
The desperate cry melts into the walls.

The flames from the sea, it flickers. A futile attempt.  
What are the thoughts now that once were true?  
Suppressed by communism, like flattening paper.

A young boy at the inn, he runs. He sees her.  
Which road would he choose from the roads he could take?  
Angry men, guns pointed to her back.

Blue eyes. Black eyes. White skin. Yellowed skin.  
Where else to play chess with the fouls of Shanghai?  
He runs, she cries, a fired shot, like a curse.

Black eyes meet blue. Red stains white.  
Was she not numbed by the coldness of his skin?  
The stars open among the nettles.

Tears from her black, checkmate. Losing chess.  
Who to be blinded by other than her?  
The silence shakes from her body.

A little light is seeping from the water  
It dies; it grows. Violence cannot kill a thought.  
If one burns, all shall burn in water.

## a higher sea?

Shanghai American School, Zhou, Carolyn – 15

gave twice—  
take a bite of a book of numbers  
the sun in her bloody garb  
pedaling above on a tarnished bike  
walk up—river and put dirt on  
whose nails, seaspun  
dig into your neck  
literally  
i can't breathe.



# Monument to the Past, Beacon for the Future

*SKH Tang Shiu Kin Secondary School, Lee, Ting Kwan Thomas – 16*

Today was the big day of the street lamp

It was delivered fresh, with a pleasant smell of paint.

The workers carefully put it into a pit, next to the busy Shanghai waterfront.

From that day onwards, this small pit of fresh soil would be its home.

Standing up straight,

its lean body would add a few beautiful strokes to the dazzling Shanghai

as if an elegant white gown worn by a happy bride.

It was a substitute for the trees

as birds built nest on it.

It overlooked the polished buildings and houses

where people toiled relentlessly in the pursuit and sketching of their dreams.

When night fell

It would be the silent guardian,

Protecting the younglings and the old

from the dark oblivion

The lamp became friends with the trams and the cars

A bizarre invention powered by cable lines and oil.

They added a few more notes to the symphony of Shanghai Tan.

Under the facade of glamour,

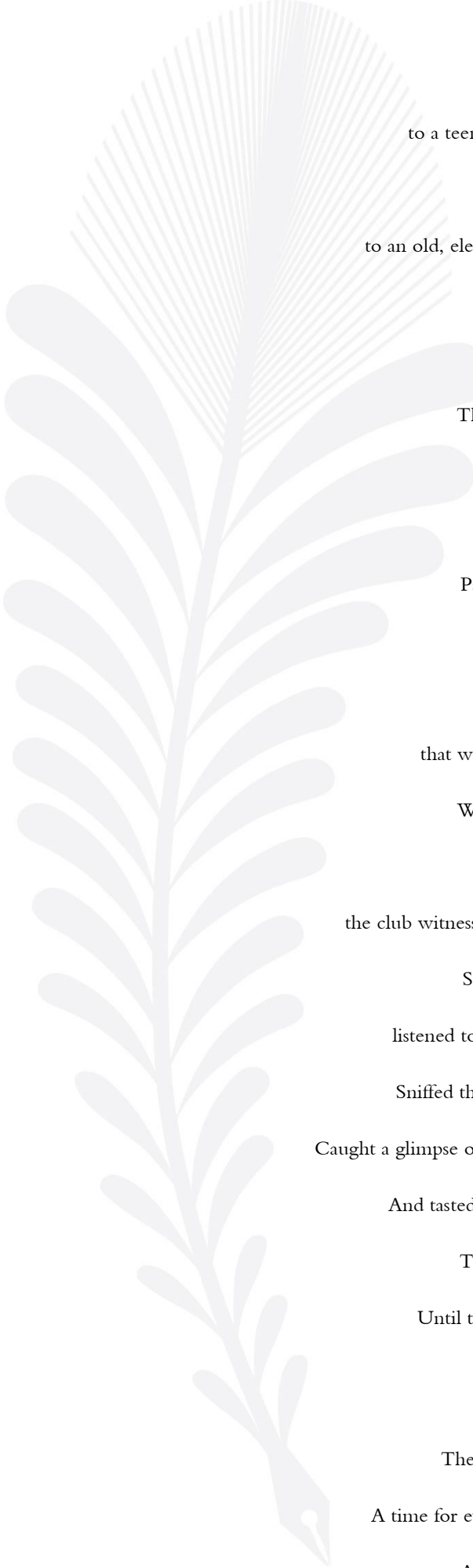
Shanghai was just a normal city.

People came and went.

They wore suit and robe, dressed in “Cheongsam”

The lamp saw them changing.

From an infant, playing with toy dolls



to a teenager, passionate about tasks in life and calls.

From a young freshman

to an old, elegant gentleman who had thrived along their path

For the lamp, it had been renewed.

Though the fresh paint was wearing off,

the light was dimming.

The nest had been emptied.

Passers-by threw loathing glances at it.

Finally, it was stripped down, and

relocated next to a big patch of land

that would soon become a new, glamorous club.

With cosmopolitans coming in and out.

With the longest bar in the Orient,

the club witnessed the lives of musicians, poets, spies and socialites.

Standing under the billboard, the lamp

listened to the talking and laughing of men and women

Sniffed the enchanted aurora of cocktails and perfumes

Caught a glimpse of tycoons with their muses, striding along the bar table.

And tasted the nightlife of the new Cathay crown jewel.

This was the happiest time of the lamp,

Until the Imperial army of Japan that ended it all.

January,


The New Year was right around the corner

A time for every single street to be overwhelmed by lanterns

And flooded by a sea of red Fai Chuns.

Firecrackers to be piled up for the New Year's Eve's celebrations

Yet, on the contrary,



The New Year's Eve was overwhelmed by rain of cannonballs and gunshots.

They claimed startled lives

Old and younglings alike;

Flabbergasted

Confused

Shanghai surrendered to the Rising Sun in distraught.

The lamp stood soberingly,

Witnessing the Japanese march of triumph.

Fireworks, lanterns, all lights were banned

And everything was hushed into pitch darkness.

Black became the new trend

Poets and musicians

Took their last bow.

Spies and tycoons fled in haste

Gentlemen and ladies,

Became refugees and homeless.

Those who stayed had to kneel before

The new Japanese conquerors.

The lamp,

Now covered with faded club posters and ragged photographs

Became a hazy memory.

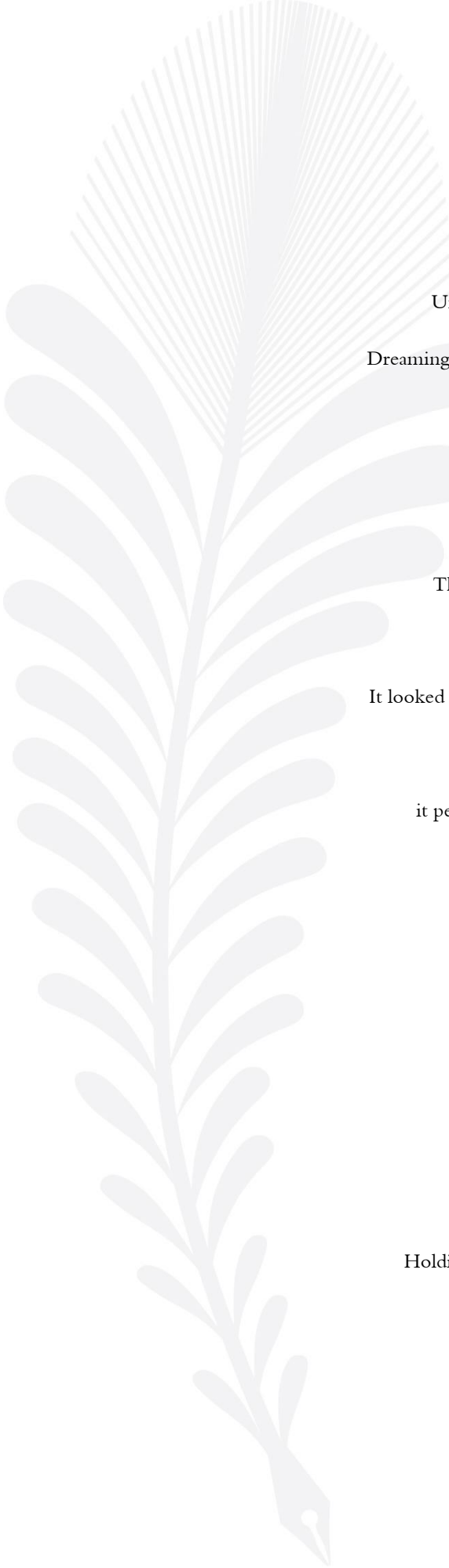
Passers-by looked at it with pity

As if the artworks stung their suffering souls.

Days dragged on like years.

People were looking forward to being free again,

Their lives were stained with terror and fear

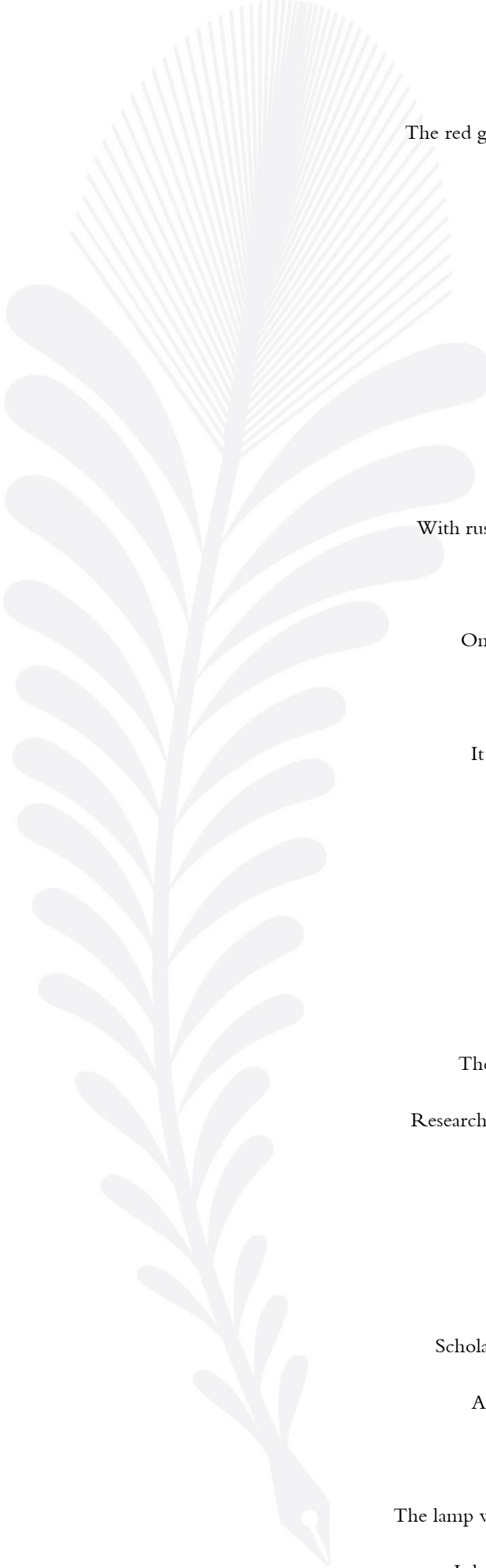


The lamp  
Battered and weathered by time  
Was stripped down to pieces.  
Unknown of the future, the lamp sat patiently  
Dreaming for the day when it could stand on the street again.

Patience had done it a great favour  
The lamp was placed back to its home  
The pit, next to the busy Shanghai waterfront  
Standing up straight,  
It looked around, searching for fragments from the old times.

The lamp scanned the streets  
it peeked over for suits, robes and “Cheung Sam”  
Listened for laughter from bars and pubs.  
Sniffed the aroma from cigars and opium  
Yet,  
It found nothing.

In a distance,  
Flocks of people were marching.  
Holding a red book and chanting revolution slogans,  
They smashed pubs and bars  
Ripped suits, robes and “Cheung Sam”  
“Destroy the old filth!” they bellowed.  
The lamp testified trials, torture  
And execution.  
People sported clubs, axes and sickles,  
Accusing and swearing became a new trend.



The red guards seized the city; caught it by its throat

Sliced it clean

And created a new cult.

Amongst all the chaos,

The guards spared the lamp.

It was old and fragile,

With rusts, bumps and scars engraved on its shins.

Time had taken its toll

One night, its lean body was put down

And carried away.

It was placed into a run-down hotel

Where the lamp was left to rot.

1990s

The last decade

The lamp has survived the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

Researchers found it lying under rubbles and ruins.

They carefully lifted it up,

Washed it clean

And refurbished it.

Scholars and artists threw longing gazes on it.

Amazed by its every curve and slant,

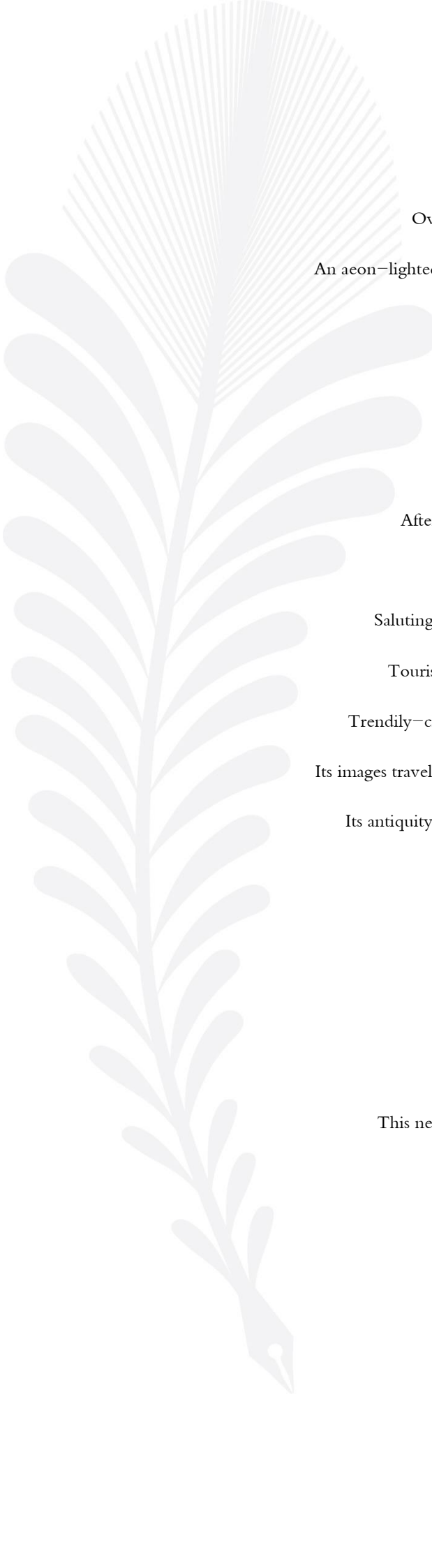
Awed by its history.

The lamp was overwhelmed by this renewed sensation.

It became the new icon of the old times,

When people still created and lived their dreams.

Its heritage was honored in an auction,



Where it found its new home.

Over Shanghai's contemporary skyline

An aeon-lighted gallery rising above its high-rising counterparts

Looking out the window,

Dazzled by its captivating sight.

It rings a distant bell.

The lamp

After all these years, still standing upright,

Greeting its audience,

Saluting in front of cameras and posing on canvas.

Tourists, poets and artists mused by its stories

Trendily-clad youngsters learn precious history from it.

Its images travel across the globe through Instagram and Twitter.

Its antiquity brightens up the murky historical landscape.

This is the tale of a street lamp

It has witnessed Shanghai

In new and old alike.

In its ups and downs akin.

This new tale of old shanghai will not end here,

It will move on,

Til aeon.

# The New Tales of Old Shanghai

*St Paul's Co-educational College, Chung, Mung Tim – 15*

purple

this is not arrogance  
purple gowns in flawless silk  
purple hearts wrapped in jewels  
it's a royal pride

gold

nightclubs on mahjong tables  
golden bracelets adding weight  
golden teeth—what otherwise?  
sprinkling sparkles to lifeless words

red

passionate priests and missionaries with  
red cotton ribbons and  
red-covered books  
dimming every other color

grey

road smoke hungry dead bodies  
grey gravel tainted by mist  
grey hats slack on empty heads  
blurring extra distinct souls

black

darkest of the dark era  
beams light to  
a new era

red

celebration cheers and firecracker  
red lanterns everywhere shimmer  
red roes fresh on xiao long baos  
more chopsticks from the dishwasher

green

trees speaking particles of life  
green leaves on people's heads  
green lawns under children's heads  
it's a picnic at Ren Min Park

silver

piercing buildings countless heights  
silver oriental pearl with pink delights  
silver stone lions by the foundation stood  
drinking water of wills of steel

blue

sailing boats and ferries  
planes and trains  
blue air  
blue water  
the Bund is no place for lies or photoshop

welcome to  
shanghai

# The First Opium War

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School*

*(Secondary Section), Kuar, Sukhpreet – 15*

These awful three bloody years  
Three years and five months we fought  
No one thought of these fears  
Not until we knew what we lost.

Which started in eighteen thirty nine  
And ended in eighteen forty two  
Nanjing was not anymore of mine  
My majesty's it was to give to.

All I had was two hundred thousand  
But what they had was never mine to have  
All happenings were on my homeland  
And there was nothing that I could ever do.

Seven generals from them  
Seven generals of mine  
At the end of the long day  
Nanjing is nothing of mine.

Although we might have lost  
But bravely we have fought  
And whatever that is thought  
Remember we have fought.

## Adieu

*St. Joseph's College, Li, Pak Ho Parco – 16*

The clock on the wall struck four,  
Chiming the woefully old, familiar tune.  
Air raid sirens in the distance yet war is near  
Breezing in with no signs of ending soon.

“School is dismissed—you may go.”  
Mother Agnes bid a farewell,  
Her eyes red and watery.  
“May God bless you and keep you.”

Jing-yi and I lingered at the school gate,  
Trying to prolong our time together.  
Deep in our hearts,  
We knew we won't meet forever.

We promised not to forget each other,  
And embraced a final hug.  
I didn't dare to turn around,  
As I would surely weep.

I trooped along Avenue Joffre  
Lined with French Phoenix trees and high-fashion boutiques.  
Rickshaws, pedicabs alongside Terraplane coupés  
Whizzed by.


Hectic, dazzling, vivacious.  
She has always been like that.  
The Shanghai I grew up in.  
But will she still?

I turned a corner and now  
The sidewalks seethed with people and commotion.  
I know every single face,  
For the Shanghai streets were my childhood playground.

Ah Chen was shouldering heavy loads on bamboo poles;  
Zhang was preparing porky soup dumplings and green onion pancakes;  
Deng was selling rattle drums and shuttlecocks;  
Li was waiting for customers with long, unruly hair to show up.

Wang who sold newspapers part-time yelled,  
“The Japs will arrive in less than a month!”  
The market fell into a transient silence,  
Gradually returning to a semblance of normality.

I was lucky enough to flee,  
But what about them?  
Then I remembered Yeye<sup>(1)</sup> used to say,  
“Life goes on, no matter what.”



Turning right at the dentist's,  
The long tang<sup>(2)</sup> came into sight.  
My house was a big, square, dark grey concrete building,  
Just like all the other sixty-nine.

Baba<sup>(3)</sup> waved at me in the car, urging me to hurry.  
Yet I had no intention to scurry.  
With my eyes I captured the pulchritudinous view,  
And bade my city a fond adieu.

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(1) Grandfather

(2) A cluster of houses surrounded by a communal wall which is characteristic of Shanghai

(3) Father

# Old city of Shanghai

*Ying Wa College, Li, Chun Yin – 15*

Treaty, conquerors, slaves,  
Opium gives a bitter taste  
Of history

Light tanks, war planes, huge blasts  
The Japanese have come,  
You said the future never goes too dim.  
With hope you fought,  
and they are gone.

Red Flag, revolution and red horror  
You prepared for the worst tomorrow  
Because you know your future will be destroyed by the great leader Mao.  
But as hope you stand  
And you walked through like a man

Skyscrapers, financial towers and massive factories,  
Those histories all comes and goes.  
You still hold a role  
In the long road.