

# Poetry

Group 4



# Sahara and I

*Canadian International School, Liu, Sherene – 15*

Sun, sand, Sahara  
It's just me, myself and I  
I can't turn back now  
Unforgiving sands lie ahead  
Turning back is not an option  
Turning back means death

My time is running out  
I'm trapped in a sand timer, trapped in a foreign land  
I don't know how long I have left  
The scent of tea decays in my pack  
Just like how I am losing myself  
To the endless abysses of sand  
My camel is on the verge of collapse  
Watching it takes its every step cuts me deeper than a knife  
The ruthless Sahara spares no mercy  
Every step may be my last.

Sunlight vanishes  
Its gold thins into silver  
The sphere of night illuminates the endless stretch of darkness  
Tonight is the Mid-Autumn festival  
Back home, the courtyard glows with lanterns and laughter  
My family sat around the marble table  
They share mooncakes and delicacies  
But I can only share the moon.

I'm at wit's end.  
The illusion of the once prosperous Silk Road slipped out of my fingertips  
Like the very fabric it named after, revealing its true identity: hemp  
The once dirty fabric used on my camels is now on my back  
I lie amongst the cold constellations.  
Stars above shining like millions of diamonds, only a merchant could dream of.  
My eyes close as I submit myself to the unforgiving Sahara.  
Then the sound of faint footsteps extends my last breath into several  
In the midst of darkness, I hear my wife's voice – Jun qi, hui lai...

# The Thread of Two Eras

*Carmel School – Elsa High School, Shtorch, Ofek – 15*

In the depths of Chang'an's ancient embrace,  
Zhang Qian, a messenger, sought the unknown space.  
With silk wrapped, secured tight in heavy packs,  
He left the safety towards the anticipated tracks.

Across the grand Taklamakan's burning sands,  
He traveled to faraway lands.  
The desert air shimmered in the dry heat,  
With blisters on his parched, weary feet.

Strange cities rose from the thick, granular desert dust,  
Fulfilling the Emperor's sacred trust.  
East met West in a conflicted trade of gold,  
Stories of the journey destined to unfold.

However, centuries passed, and shadows fell,  
Silence casts a sleeping spell.  
The muffled whispers faded low,  
Buried deep in sand and snow.

Now mountains bow where the iron tracks span,  
Rewriting maps first drawn by a wise man.  
Dr. Li, a scholar, watches the gāo tiě fly,  
Racing underneath the open, azure sky.

Hundreds of nations join the band,  
Connecting the endless sea and shifting land.  
Fuel and oil flow through the line,  
Where silk's value was once divine.

In the eye of the modern light,  
Dr. Li commemorates the ancient night.  
The past and future softly align,  
In a pattern that was once cherished and remains so fine.

From dusty trails to rails of steel,  
The miles contract as landscapes reel.  
Timeless echoes of the past now guide  
Our future on this global ride.

The shimmering silk has lost its crown,  
As demand falls and tastes go down.  
We hunger now for faster things,  
For humming wires and lithium springs.

What took a lifetime now takes a day,  
As the vast distance simply start to fade,  
The world is just a step away.

# The Song of Chang'an

*Carmel School – Elsa High School, Wigisser, Aline – 14*

I am Chang'an, carved from dust and dawn,  
My stories etched in stone and silk, long drawn.  
Along my lantern-lit streets, echoes of the old world murmur, yawn.  
I open my gates—the footsteps of ages shifting through me, memories long gone.

The Silk Road awoke: a tremble of hooves and whispered hope,  
Caravans journeyed with song and stories, from tongues unknown they spoke.  
From distant rivers, their spices glowed golden, rich as aged oak.  
And through my walls, their wandering ideas slipped beneath time's cloak.

Crimson and lapis blue bloomed across my streets under the sun.  
Persian strings wove their desert-born melodies, weaving worlds that steadily spun,  
Their loud echoes curled through my ancient walls, long after songs were done.  
In that shared music, distant lives became one.

But time came, relentless and endless, dusting roads that once shone.  
Arabian tunes faded into history, like ashes nearly gone.  
My lanterns dimmed, lighting the streets now alone.  
But, in the stillness of the night, old stories linger as one.

Yet still, I stand, strong where the ancient road laid,  
New voices, cross my chambers – a new world is made,  
Steel bridges rise where Caravan bells once rang.  
Ideas now travel faster than the dust I sang.  
I am Chang'an, and the road lives on.

# New Tales of China's Silk Road: The Thread–Puller's Ledger

*Chinese International School, Kim, 金雅琳 Haru – 15*

Twenty–two centuries is a long time to keep a secret.  
But the dust of the Hexi Corridor remembers  
the weight of a million footsteps.  
It remembers Zhang Qian,  
not as a statue,  
but as a man with cracked heels  
and a throat full of grit, wondering if  
the horizon was a promise  
or a cliff.

We call it a “Road,”  
as if it were paved and static,  
but it was always a pulse.  
A slow, rhythmic heartbeat of pack mules  
carrying more than just shimmering bolts of larvae–spun dreams.  
They carried the sour tang of grapes to Chang’an,  
the blueprints for paper that would eventually hold the world’s heartbreak,  
and the quiet, subversive math  
of zero.

There is a specific kind of silence in the Pamirs.  
The kind that makes a traveler look at a stranger, and see  
not a rival,  
but a mirror.

Two men,  
smelling of different spices and identical sweat,  
swapping a handful of dried dates for a scrap of news about a city, the other  
will never see.

That silence has been broken now.  
The hoofbeat is replaced  
by the low thrum of the China–Europe Railway,  
a steel needle stitching the continents back together.

150 flags  
fluttering in the wake of a freight train,  
carrying solar panels and lithium,  
the new silk of a cooling planet.

But look closer  
at the fiber–optic veins buried  
beneath the old camel paths:  
the “Road” is no longer made of dirt,  
but of light.

We are still trekking westwards,  
still hauling our inventions like heavy packs,  
still hoping that on the other side of the desert,  
someone is waiting—  
to trade their story,  
for ours.

## The Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Anit, Aalicya – 15*

Merchants walked on paths that intertwined  
Camels carried heavy loads behind.  
They charged heavy prices,  
For silk and spices  
A journey in which cultures combined.

## The Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Aswani, Abhay – 15*

Villagers in ancient China would trade  
Spice and silk, on the ground they laid  
Through the deserts they'd roam,  
Dreaming always of their home,  
With each step, a memory would fade.

## Sports and Love

*Creative Secondary School, Au, Long Yin – 15*

In the arena of hearts, we lace up our dreams.  
Chasing passion like a ball across the field.  
Your smile is the goal that sparks my fervent screams.  
A victory kiss where defenses yield.  
We dodge doubts like agile player in flight.  
Hand in hand, scoring stadium lights.  
Love is the sport that keeps us playing all night.

## The Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Bhambry, Kaayra – 15*

Silk, spices, porcelain, luxury items,  
Items I protect with my heart,  
Like a knight protecting the kingdom,  
Knights against bandits, like history goes,

Risking my life to get these goods from one side of the world to the other,  
Over getting beaten by these merchant bosses for just to stay alive,  
All i want is to be free from this labor ,  
Dive back in bed and wake up as if it were all a bad dream and i am free for this labor which i  
shall die doing .

## The Unfolding Path

*Creative Secondary School, Caballero Parreira, Noa – 15*

The map is merely lines.

No true terrain is how we think.  
A thousand trails the desert knows,  
Not one road fixed as the wind blows.

No single gate, no destined fate,  
But the shifting of sand beneath the soil.  
When stumbled upon, sings a simple song;  
“Why do you walk along this path?”

Are you the audacious merchant,  
Trading comfort for the spice of risk?  
Or are you the seeker? Uncovering new philosophies  
In quiet mountain tops?

The pathway evolves.

Expect the turmoil, embrace the detour,  
For the journey itself  
Is the worthwhile prize,  
The wisdom that shapes  
Who we become.

# The Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Chan, Yee Shum Amber – 15*

The heat wave struck their dream  
Oasis water has turned into steam  
From the east to the west  
Their ambitions didn't rest  
May their anger towards Xiongnu scream

# The Road that links souls

*Creative Secondary School, Chiu, Wing Tung Natalie – 15*

I open my gleaming eyes  
A road ahead  
I walk where sun and sand debate  
With spices and silk., in my woven crate

I step ahead  
Footprints spread  
I trade my silk for a foreign song  
The distance short, the journey long  
Hong home home  
Here, here, there  
Far away--

I feel the stars, a different chart  
Diamonds in the sky,  
they align,  
bright and shine  
a compass voicing Northway stitched to my heart  
Same silver smile  
lights my way  
Two souls meet --  
In his gold, in my silk

## Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Crosson, Michael Andrew – 15*

Silk and spices, treasures bright  
Intrepid journeys, day and night  
Legends shared, cultures blended  
Kingdoms linked, friendships forged

Rivers crossed, Mountains scaled  
Old routes trodden, trade unveiled  
Ancient dreams in every load  
Destiny unfolds on the Silk Road

## The Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Dong, Yuquan – 15*

Across the desert's golden wave,  
The Silk Road winds, age after age.  
Camels trudge with bells that chime,  
Carrying silk and tales of time.  
Mountains rise, then deserts fall,  
A path where cultures meet and call.  
Old stones hold secrets, faint and dim,  
Of journeys made, of hearts that hymn.  
The road lives on, not just in dust,  
But in the bonds that still we trust—  
A bridge between the east and west,  
Where every step is a story blessed.

## Threads of the New Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Hasan, Aanas – 15*

The journey starts at Xi'an's dusty ground, which marks the beginning of ancient routes. |  
A caravan of hope, where futures spin.  
Not just of spice and treasured jade of old,  
but fiber-optic stories to be told.  
The cranes perform their migration between desert territories and coastal locations.  
Building bridges, more than we have seen before.  
A sea of data, not just merchant ships,  
Connecting continents with open lips.  
The future path becomes unclear – multiple uncertainties about what exists in our way.  
Trade pulls people toward it in the present day.  
A billion souls on borders soft and far,  
The promise represents a single star.

# The Ballad of the Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Ho Cheuk Hei, Julio – 15*

I departed my home, behind me the sound of cries.  
A merchant is no merchant without struggles.  
Our caravans, stocked with silks and fruits and dyes  
We departed from Xi'an to Madras, unknowing whether we will end in shambles.

When the Sun's warm rays illuminated the lands  
We journeyed forth, through the valleys and sands.  
When only the Moon's cold beams remained  
We camped fearful, praying our lives sustained.

The Sun rose for the twentieth time, we entered through the jade gate into a corridor of mountains,  
Passing through the majestic mountains and lakes that spanned beyond the road we walk  
We knew not to stop, for we did not desire our bodies to become fountains.  
At these times, we at least had the Moon to talk.

The Sun rose for the forty-second time, we traversed the valley into Kashgar, around me the sound of cries.  
The aroma of fine saffron wafted through the air, the market's vitality contrasted our spirits  
We had no time to grieve for those who met their demises  
The Sun rose for the forty-fifth time, our caravans stocked with spices and fruits and dyes and silks.

We continued as the snake chases its tail  
Our hearts determined but our bodies frail  
Following a trail  
Along the eternal road that continued without fail.

## In the Shadows

*Creative Secondary School, Horgan, Isabella – 15*

In the shadows of sun-kissed dunes,  
The wind whispers promises of wealth,  
I tread the eternal path of the Silk Road,  
A merchant of dreams and ill health.

In the day I barter spices and silk,  
Colours of distant lands woven,  
Each hue a tale, each string a life,  
I weave and heave until the sky falls dark,  
But when my eyes grow weary, It takes its mark  
Bandits, dark scepters in the sand,  
Hungry for gold, mischief planned.

In the bustling bazaars,  
Where the camels sway, laden packs heavy,  
Trust, a fragile coin in this passage,  
Ensuring the goods don't get ravaged  
Hold steady, Hold fast,  
Pick a path and make it last.  
For each of us weaved in this loom of time,  
We are all but fragile threads,  
In the shadows of sun-kissed dunes.

# Untold Journey of Sands

*Creative Secondary School, Huang, Zixuan – 15*

Beneath the vast and azure sky,  
The Silk Road stretches, where the adventures lie,  
Bustling market,  
Morning haze,  
Merchant barter in a mystery maze.

Camels plod through the sunlit sands,  
A tapestry of history trekking through the lands,  
Interlace,  
Everlasting,  
Whisper of history pervades, of trading.

From the east to the west, stories unfold,  
Persian carpets, spices rare,  
A fusion of worlds in desert air,  
Echoes of history,  
Boldness with Bravery,  
On the manuscripts in assembly.

New tales of Silk Road,  
Emerge in the shadows of time,  
Where the old and new in harmony chime,  
We find our roots on the feet, with rhyme.

# Threads Across Time

*Creative Secondary School, Hung, Tin Yan – 15*

Long ago, on dusty ground,  
Brave travelers went westward around,  
They carried silk, both bright and fine,  
Along a road that shaped time's line.

They met new friends from faraway,  
Shared foods, ideas, and art each day.  
The road became a shining thread,  
That joined the world where people tread.

Now trains and ships cross land and sea,  
New roads for all — for you and me.  
Though times have changed, the dream's not old,  
We still share stories, brave and bold.

The Silk Road grows again today,  
In every word and step we play.  
New tales are waiting to unfold,  
Along the path once paved with gold.

# The Silkworm

*Creative Secondary School, Ip, Hoi Ching – 15*

Within China where silkworms made,  
It was the secret of the silk trade,  
Where workers hold the thread, making the fabric of the state,  
To steal the secret it would be a forbidden fate.

The emperor from the Byzantine Kingdom, wanting wealth,  
Sent out two monks full of courage and stealth,  
Hatched a plan for a daring mission,  
To steal the silkworms back to their kingdom was their ambition.

The monks went through a journey, from the west to the east,  
Through harsh deserts and more, the challenges never decreased,  
They trekked through daunting mountains and weather,  
All for the promise of gaining a fortune together.

Reaching China where the secret was born, the gate was crossed,  
Saw the silkworm eggs being born, to steal them would come with a deadly cost,  
With hollow bamboo canes beside,  
The silkworm eggs were hidden inside.

They passed through guards watching the monks go,  
Hiding through dark plateaus where cold winds blow,  
Back to the Byzantine Kingdom, were not interposed

## The New Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Jin, Ka Yan – 15*

Way back, camel bells jangled  
Over sand that stretched so far.  
Silk wrapped tight in cloth  
Rode to where new people are.

Now trains zoom down long tracks,  
Boxes hold stuff from everywhere  
Spices, tea, cool gadgets ,too,  
Chatting online, no need to stare.

Grandpa talks about old camel trips,  
I draw trains zapping fast.  
The Road's like a long ,long strings  
Tying old times to what's happening last.

## All Roads Lead to Silk

*Creative Secondary School, Leung Wai Lok, Torres – 15*

All roads lead to Gold.  
As the people walk with bags in hands.  
Consider the road to be old  
When the grasslands turn to badlands.

The bags rustle with a mirth.  
The clop and clap of the horses.  
Towards June they set off to the yearth.  
Projecting the sun on the courses.

## Links Across the Sands

*Creative Secondary School, Li, Yuehan – 15*

Long ago, folks loaded silk on camels  
and walked west, feet sore from sand.  
Tired and dry, they found a tent—  
a man gave fruit; they gave silk,  
and he sang a song. That's how the road began: sharing, not stones.

The road went quiet; sand hid its tracks.  
Then it woke up: trains rumble where camels walked.  
A Spanish driver hands a box to a Chinese loader—  
a kid's drawing of a panda and orange inside.

A woman stirs tea in a Chinese bowl;  
African flowers bloom in a Chinese home by dawn.  
This road is about people: a Nigerian girl writes her name in Chinese;  
a Chinese boy bakes bread from his Uzbek friend's recipe.  
Strangers turn to friends,  
one kind thing at a time.

## The Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Liyakathali, Asfiya – 15*

Through deserts so wide and grand  
Traders journeyed with goods in their hands  
From China to Rome  
They created new homes  
Hand in hand the people walked the lands

# My Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Lu, Xingkai Kevin – 15*

O! My Silk Road!  
You are that attractive and wealthy  
Generously giving money.

O! My Silk Road!  
You are a killer  
brutally taking away thousands of lives.  
You embody bloodlust  
countless deaths  
cannot even satisfy you?

O! My Silk Road!  
You possess a magic eye  
that can see through people's deepest minds.  
Spitting the endless treasure and lofty titles  
to men  
with courage and bravery  
throwing caution  
into the sand and dust  
granting them  
what they deserve.  
Swallowing men  
with timid and faint of heart  
trapping them in your dungeon  
with an endless hellish trail.

Still remember—  
The bravest man  
Zhang Qian's Legacy.  
Entering the Middle East  
just like stepping on Mars  
Terra incognita.  
Walking between the dunes and bushes  
seeing the sun rise and set  
tempering travellers in an endless loop  
die and rebirth  
All the way to Venice.  
Smelling the scorched cheese and crust.  
Bringing pepper to dishes in Chang'an's palace.

Zhang Qian.  
A pioneer.  
Father  
of the Silk Road.  
You two are twins  
win-win together  
leaving their unique marks  
on the paper of history.

O! Silk Road  
My Silk Road!  
Remember  
just around the corner  
You will be Great Again!

## The Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Mahnoor, Maryam – 15*

Under the hot sun they walk

Travelling west with their flock  
On golden dust they tread  
With stories to spread  
In the heat side by side they talk

## People and Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Mao, Shuran – 15*

The endless, rippling sand,  
Camels, merchants, and pilgrims  
They met in caravanserais, dusk-stained and bizarred,  
With hands that gestured first for price, not names.  
A Chang'an clerk showed a bolt of lustrous silk,  
A European appreciates it with a cryptic quirk.  
They shared a plate of figs and salted bread,  
And through the trade tongue, clumsily, he said,  
"In my home, when this star," he pointed west,  
"Touches the mountain, fathers call for rest."  
The other laughed, "For us, it marks the prayer."  
And in that moment, hanging in the air,  
Was not the silk's fine weight, or coin's dull gleam,  
But the shock that different worlds could share a dream.

## The Last Trade

*Creative Secondary School, Nguyen, Duc Anh – 15*

The trader traded spices throughout his life.

The sun was shining, birds singing  
The lone trader adventured through the town of Turfan  
The bazaar was empty, and bells were ringing  
Shops were quiet, each without a guardsman

A camel's loud footsteps were approaching  
A wave of relief accompanied the lonely trader's grin  
The riders galloped with haste, no thought of stopping  
A sword by their side, then they were upon him

The trader traded his spices for his life

# Threads of Trade

*Creative Secondary School, Oyedele, Henry – 15*

Spices and treasures,  
In the hands of traders,  
Legends are born,  
Knowledge exchanged,  
Roads of adventure,  
Ocean to desert,  
**Ancient pathways**  
Destiny fulfilled.

Every day, Every week, Every year  
All traders travel, far and near  
Silk, more valuable than gold  
The road, long and old  
Treasure, from king to king  
Opulence, treasure sings

# Journey into the night

*Creative Secondary School, Poon, Cheuk Kit – 15*

In the midst of journey,  
I was stuck in a silent strath,  
With my body  
Dragged towards a warpath.  
Heartless wind howling in the night.  
My Eyes, corrupted by the sight.  
My Blood, slithered down different paths.  
My Legs, huddled like a fearful calf.

Drowned, and down I went,  
The sea of thought.  
Through the ebb of sadness, to  
Flow of fleeting hope.  
So it is I, who witnessed myself fall like  
Shooting stars.  
The stream was flowing endlessly to  
The South, to the soil of my Town.  
She brought me to the past life.  
And everything flashed forth in  
My teary heart.

Icy Thoughts blackened my faithful mind.  
Dusk devours the rayless sun, hope consumed by  
moonless sky. Eyes closed, ears shut, brief candle  
of Life pulverised to dust. All Earth,  
But one dreadful thought.

# The Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Singh, Sukhnam – 15*

Golden sunset glows  
Silk floats along desert breeze  
East meets West in peace

## The Silken Path

*Creative Secondary School, So, Tin Lok Brandon – 15*

Wandering around the silken path,  
Where traders barter dreams and craft.  
The sands that blinded the eyes,  
Can't stop the hands that weave the wise.  
They stomp, stride across dried oasis,  
Like whispers of trade in sunlit spaces

Wandering around the driest path,  
Where money comes and goes.  
I look at the camel and think  
Of burdens borne and the tales it knows,  
Must have been told.

Wandering around the longest path,  
Where history echoes through the generations.  
And I look it with my own eyes  
The road that's walked by countless nations.  
Shall be driven by dreams in motions.

## Trades of Greed

*Creative Secondary School, Sudhakar, Amartya – 15*

A long time ago, back when silk was king  
Spices and gold, people would bring  
Concealed under disguise  
Promises full of lies  
Everyone hustles for their bling

## On the Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Tai, Ching Yan Elise – 15*

In carriages, goods crossed the sand,  
Silk and spices from a distant land.  
With scents of fine spice,  
Their trips were nice.  
Uniting the world hand in hand.

## Growing Apart

*Creative Secondary School, Tsoi, Man Lok – 15*

We used to do everything together,  
like two pages pressed in the same book.  
We walked the same hallways,  
told the same jokes,  
knew each other's looks.

But lately, you're somewhere else.  
You sit with different friends,  
and our conversations feel like  
they're starting to end.

We still talk, but it's different now,  
like a song I've heard too many times.  
I don't know the words anymore,  
and neither do you.  
We've forgotten the rhymes.

I miss the way it was before,  
when I didn't have to try.  
Now I'm waving from across the room,  
and you're walking by.

## The Beautiful Earth

*Creative Secondary School, Tsui, Wai Shing Carlos – 15*

The earth is blue  
The earth is green  
She is just like our mother  
There are animals and human  
living in the earth  
She looks a ball round and big  
Blue sky  
Clean ocean  
Fresh air  
Green trees and planets  
We all love her  
And protect her  
Everyone lives in the  
Lively and lovely earth  
Mother earth, tell us your story  
Of your love and of also your fury !

# Tales in the Faraway Lands

*Creative Secondary School, Wong, Hoi Yan Elda – 15*

Hearing tales in the night,  
The legends and stories come to light.  
Walking on the yellow brick road,  
The road to all the riches and gold.  
Where dreams flourish,  
Where things are possible on a star's wish.  
The road that connected the world,  
The start of 80 days around the world.  
The road that made the trip possible,  
In a world where people think everything is impossible.  
Camels riding through faraway lands,  
Just like Alice lost in Wonderland.  
In every land a curse and a blessing,  
Where people trade for things missing.  
Trading for things they lack.  
Hoping to go back,  
To Peter Pan's Neverland,  
To what they call their homeland.  
Now that it's late into the night,  
I'll be back reading in tomorrow's light.

# Silk Road

*Creative Secondary School, Wong, Ngo Athan – 15*

Swiftly thee go,  
The horsey will show  
On the blurry road  
Undecided where I'll go

Thou tongue wets my finger  
Holding it up,  
Humidity within the wind  
Ambiguity lays ahead

Though there seems to be some foam  
Somehow pungent, musty  
Through the sorrows  
I have been engulfed

Vibrant colors slowly folds  
Full of shunning holes.  
Mi pinna blows  
Quack Quack the passerbys go.

By the journey relations bonds,  
May they prosper and threefold.  
My horsey slows,  
Looking at the endless road, it has come to a bittersweet close.

# The Silk Road as a Poem

*Creative Secondary School, Wong, So Ching Justice – 15*

Traversing through the sandy dunes of Xinjiang  
Where Uyghurs tune their Pipa at Kashgar  
As a way to express their farewells with music  
To the Han merchants who travel abroad  
Who wanted to explore westwards towards their neighbours.

Thus the Silk Road started.

The Hans met many great men outside  
Crossing through the harsh sandstorms of Afghanistan  
Many perished and never see the light of day  
But the trade must go on  
Textiles and fur were exchanged  
In return the Hans gave them porcelain and silk

The Silk Road continues forward

Heading northwards to Tajikistan  
Mountainous terrain made merchants dread  
But the route was worth it  
They visited the bustling streets of Khujand  
Culture was rich as layers of silk  
And both sides were to meet again

Traversing westwards to the bustling streets of Iran  
Merchants saw the luxury goods they could produce  
The Iranians might've thought the Hans were filled with greed.  
But they weren't in fact  
The Hans were doing business like normal  
Ivories and precious stones would've made one drool like never before  
Therefore deal was on, and in return they shall receive spices and tea

They're so close to connect with the western world  
Through the Turkish terminal of Istanbul  
The major hub to bridge the east and west  
Turks were just as hospitable as the other Muslims and Arabs  
And trade was as normal as an infighting in their home country

Finally they reached Italy, the cornerstone of the West  
Trade was good as always  
Horses, slaves, glassware...  
All that was normal for the West to have

But that was all about to change  
The rise of Ming Dynasty isolationism  
The Ottoman Empire blockade  
Maritime trade routes  
All that made the Silk Road obsolete and costly

It is the only way it should have ended.

## The Dragons

*Creative Secondary School, Wong, Tsz Yan – 15*

When the ancients started the silk road,  
The dragons from east and west intertwined,  
The interactions between both dragons enhanced.  
But when the partners began to escape from each other,  
The silk road has decayed.

About the time the technology started to proceed,  
The head of china has had an brilliant idea –  
To restart the silk road, virtually.  
The dragons rejuvenated  
They intertwined with each other even further than before,  
And more dragons has joined the transition,  
The history has started to go toward again

# The Gingko's Tale

*Diocesan Girls' School, Kwan, Yuet Hayden – 16*

I,  
the  
Gingko, stand  
At the crossroads,  
ancient and wise,  
My leaves whisper  
secrets beneath endless skies.  
For centuries long, I watch and see,  
As threads of the world weave through me.  
I silently stand witnessing history pass by.  
A Persian poet, with verses like streams,  
Saadi's words blossom like sunlit dreams.  
\*Gulistan's wisdom bloom in my shade  
Tales of justice and compassion, forever relayed.  
Xuanzang the monk, fearless and true, Trod my paths  
where the wild wind blew. He carried the sutras, sacred and deep,  
Trudging the valleys and plains while everyone is asleep.  
Then came the merchant from far-off seas, Marco Polo,  
shaping new destinies. From Venice to China, his footsteps traced.  
The laughter of cultures and stories embraced.  
The roads once carved by camels and carts,  
Now pulse with railways, markets, and hearts.  
From ancient silk threads to global trade,  
My roots hold stories that never fade.  
I stand,  
roots deep  
in time's  
own core,  
Watching  
as new tales  
open new doors.  
What was once known,  
becomes whispers anew,  
A constant dance of what's old and what's true.

\*Gulistan is a collection of poems and stories by Persian poet Saadi, just as a rose-garden is a collection of flowers. It is widely quoted as a source of wisdom. Perhaps it is the most influential work of prose. (from wikipedia)

# Spun From The Same Thread Of Silk

*Diocesan Girls' School, Mak, Hei Tsit – 16*

Caskets of silk rattle beside me,  
As we journey back the way we came.  
Drowsily watching soft sand swirl in the wind,  
I doze off under the caravan's warm canvas.  
The thumping of the camels carries me into  
A mirage inside my own head.

Dunes shift and stir as winds blow from afar,  
Sweeping me into foreign lands.  
There, an old man, back bent like windswept trees,  
Spots me from the oasis where he stands.  
Tottering over, he beckons me closer,  
Ambling past a cerulean lagoon—

Yet, instinctively, I step back.

★★★

*I questioned the merchants of my homeland,  
Why trade only silver but not acts from hearts of gold?  
They said those foreign façades concealed cunning trickery,  
And that we are not kindred, and never will be.*

*They told me their incense hid their rotten hearts' stench,  
Compassion to them would be ointment to charred flesh.  
They bade me to care for those within our lush lands,  
For we were not kindred, and never would be.*

*Deep down, I wished they were all wrong.*

★★★

Fingers gnarled like ancient branches  
Slosh a basin of newly-fetched water towards me,  
Tempting my throat, dry as parched earth,  
To choose sensibleness over prejudice.

I gaze into the man's wrinkle-bordered eyes to see  
Nothing but reflections of clear skies and sincerity.  
Gingerly, like a dewdrop passed between leaves,  
The basin is passed to me.

And I accepted, slowly and meekly.

★★★

Wrinkles creasing, his gaze softens,  
As if I had let him peer through my heart.  
Eyes twinkling like light dancing on the lagoon,  
He speaks to me, voice like a folk tune's melody:

*"Dusky complexions, cinnamon eyes,  
Ink-black irises, honey-toned skin.  
Silk embroideries of a hundred different dyes,  
But all are spun from the same spindle.*

*Along this road you will find,  
Stories of many kinds.  
But all these tapestries of tales, too,  
Are woven from the same loom.*

*Are we that unlike, you and I?  
Under the watch of the desert's star-studded sky,  
We are all but mere threads of crimson silk,  
All tied and intertwined together by the hands of Fate,  
As stitches of one silken shared patchwork piece."*

# New Tales of China's Silk Road

*ESF Island School, Chand, Nimisha – 15*

Our stories are woven, our history is stitched  
From silk threads that travel anywhere we've hitched.  
The routes, the caves, this labyrinth of ways,  
It's immortal, this road, our marks have all stayed

These hills and sand dunes, mountains galore,  
This road carries secrets that wind up on shore.  
Like a string tugging hard, binding us together,  
Connections and bonds, this road is a tether.

Routes and pathways, wide and narrow,  
Oxen, camels, carts, and barrows.  
Long and winding, perpetually mobile,  
Everlasting centuries, this road is global.

Footsteps ascend, against the dry of the soil,  
The barrels lurch forward, hear the sloshing of oil,  
Hooves of horses, the bumping of carts,  
The adrenaline, the pulsing, the beating of hearts.

Listening intently to the riddles that are told,  
Unearthing the ground to find fortune and gold,  
There's variety and diversity, from influence, we learn,  
Interactions, these actions, there's so much to earn.

The scent of wood, the taste of the unknown,  
The warmth of fire, and the connections we've sewn,  
The spices, the textiles, the paper, the tea,  
There's silver, there's gold, there's jade and ivory.

Distinct aromas rise, wrap around with ease,  
Bustling with continuity, the trade will never cease.  
Evolution at its finest, we receive and we give,  
We share and we create, find a purpose to live.

We sell and we buy, we exchange and barter,  
"How much will this be, how about 10 for a starter?"  
This land is a history, this route is an archive,  
Lived through the ages, where we fight and hierarchize.

The sands carry stories, the winds carry words,  
Whispers of a folk tale, both ancient and unheard.  
Mythologies and religions, scripts, and scrolls,  
Everyone tells a tale that's been kept in their souls.

A tale of a sorcerer, or one of a god  
A tale of a monster behind a facade  
A tale of a hero, and villain with a mask  
A tale of a commoner with an important task

There's sinister stories that reek of evil  
And bravehearted soldiers, "Oh so medieval!"  
Beneath your feet in this road that we stride,  
Lie all of the secrets that we did confide.

Each person is a thread, every footstep is a stitch,  
No matter the poor, the middle class, the rich.  
Our paths that cross, the paths that meet,  
We weave this tapestry from our very own feet.

A scholar, a merchant, a poet, a bard  
An artist, a musician, a sage, a guard  
We write, we sell, we recite and project  
We draw, we sing, we ponder, we protect

Generations through time, the silk never stops weaving,  
We continue to develop, we're advancing and achieving.  
Everything is connected, we carry the links in our heart.  
The stitches are impenetrable, they'll never fall apart.

We're woven together by our hopes and our dreams,  
And you could stop to examine the thread on these seams  
All the strings lead back to from where they were sowed,  
We know it all began on this very Silk Road.

## A Merchant's Ode

*ESF Island School, Cheung, Sin Ying – 15*

I traced the map with a careful, calloused thumb  
Over painted streaks where snows never melt  
Where mountains rose like frozen drums  
And valleys whisper secrets none had felt.  
My father spoke of restless dead  
Where only fools for foreign gold dwelt,  
His voice, once thunder, is silent now  
Yet echoes linger in the bitter chill,  
Stern and cold, it guides me still  
As I prepared to walk the path he once knew  
With bolts of silk, and burdens true.

The final lanterns guttered on the wall,  
It's smoke, a ghost against the stone.  
The western gate, a dark yawning mouth,  
Breathed shadows where no light had flown.  
The trees were ribs, stark silhouettes,  
Caged against a starless dome.  
The dark was wool, thick and deep  
Where every shadow nursed a hungry void.  
For hours then, the only world was sound,  
My every breath, my hurried steps,  
And the shudder of the wheel,  
Against hardened scars along the ground.  
No star, no flame,  
Only the silence of the night,  
I felt the road beneath me ache,  
Memory carved in every break.  
The road, the road, the endless road,  
It drinks my silence, it takes my ode,  
Each breath is heavy, and each step is bold.  
Each mile a story yet untold.

Then,  
Dawn unveiled a sudden blaze,  
Of colour, sound and warm reprieve.  
The market roared with colour's flame,  
And scarlet banners cracked in haze,  
As bronze bells sang above the crowd  
Voices bright, echoes loud  
Spices burned with fragrant heat  
Cinnamon, pepper and saffron sweet.  
Bright flutes and cymbals welcomed morning's glow  
As incense curled in threads below.  
At once, the weary night dissolved away  
Its shadows drowned in the break of day,  
The market's heat became my own,  
Its pulse alive and its tempo grown.

So I spread my silks beneath the sun,  
Admiring the work that I had spun.  
Under the glow of the pale morning light,  
They shimmered bright  
And came to life.  
A river of colour, bold and bright.  
Plum-blossom threads, as jade rivers spun,  
Of mountains crossed, of roads so long,  
Of journeys etched in merchant's song.  
The fabric whispered snows and seas  
Of jasmine fields, of cedar groves

Then,  
Came a merchant, robed in crimson flame,  
Gold trim flickered, proud in name  
He weighed the silk with practiced care  
Eyes eagle-sharp weighed what was fair.  
We bargained hard, his voice a blade  
Each offer cut, a counter was made.  
Coins clattered bright, upon the wood  
A chime of silver, clear and true  
Hands were pressed, and laughter rose,  
The deal was struck, the bargain closed.

And in my wooden cart remains,  
Bolts of silk, waiting to be sold  
A story yet to be told,  
A story yet to be bartered,  
The old road hums beneath its clay,  
A path of dust, of dawn, of fame.  
But that's a story for another day.

And so I have walked where he once dreamed,  
Each thread I sell, each cloth I fold,  
My father's voice, though silent, stays  
Silk remembers, silk endures,  
Woven in roads, in nights, in days.  
The road is long and the world is wide  
But I am never far from his side.

## Eulogy for the Soul of Silk

*ESF Island School, Tsang, Chun Yin Chris – 15*

It begins with fire.

It begins with wrathful tongues of flame,  
boiling water hissing and spitting,  
unleashing its fury and grasping at the air.

I am plucked out by delicate hands.

Unravelling into a strand  
thin as wisps of incense smoke,  
pinched by feminine fingers  
molded by decades of craft and *kesi* experience.

Then

Then the loom spins,  
each fibre of my being meticulously held in place.  
Thousands of interwoven strands, and life bursts forth.  
Flowers spring to life from the sleeves and cuffs,  
Lush golden chrysanthemum petals steal the rays of the sun  
and shine it as their own.

Dragons dance and weave around the waist,  
The pearly orb glowing in the *Fuzanglong's* clawed grip.  
Birds sing their holy song from the collar,  
Slender legs of cranes  
gracefully perched upon plum blossom branches that do not know fall.

A robe,  
fit for a *Huangdi's* heavenly mandate,  
a second skin for those that knew the texture of divinity  
and the face of god.

Then

Then the grunt of a camel,  
reigned by masculine fingers.

Wooden wheels rattle  
and the malevolent desert storms howl..

The frost of Tianshan's mountains melt  
and give way to the fine dust of Persian sands.

Dirt roads  
stitch together the borders of continents.

Traded between rough, myrrh stained hands of traders,  
shielded in the sanctuary of caravanserai walls.

Stories, muttered on ancient dialects,  
needed no shared language to understand.

Finally

the lagoon water sparkles  
on the barnacle encrusted wooden stilts.

Bamboo is replaced by grand marble columns,  
great bronze statues in place of guardian lions,  
the clunking of oars replacement for the chirp of crickets.

Gentle hands, excessively adorned with extravagant stones,  
lift me out of my coffin and into their vision of paradise.

They gaze at me  
with hungry eyes and an opulent sparkle,  
chasing the golden coloured reverie.

Until

Until the petals die,  
the dragon's whiskers tear  
and the birds are strangled silent.  
In the sterile plexiglass cage  
my voice is ripped away.  
Sharp lights stab and bleach my bones.  
Air conditioners hum and  
deliver the punishment of eternal winter.  
Perfect petrification,  
Perpetual anguish.

Fleeting glimpses of eyes,  
quick as camera shutters,  
seeking fake, flashy sparkles.  
The robe stays, the reason does not,  
The idea of turning man into masterpiece,  
of mortals into monuments,  
withers away.

They take pictures of the patterns,  
but are blind to my path.  
They adore the idea of the journey,  
but cannot bear the dust on their feet.  
They crave the mastery of the loom,  
but their hands are too delicate.  
They yearn to feel the robe,  
but squeal at the sight of silkworms.

It ends with ice.

# Forgotten Highway

*ESF Island School, Zabbialini, Luca – 15*

No phone call announced the birth of this highway  
Only the parched gust of wind and a thief stealing forgotten spices,  
Odours of cinnamon and clove across the vast, barren dunes,  
With only remnants of its flavour lingering in the selfish air.

Along the golden road where each brick holds a soul  
A thirsty vein searches for a pulse that will never arrive.  
The oasis lies just beyond reach, across the unforgiving sun,  
Near a half dried prayer, where the sand begs for mercy.

In the merchant's pouch where scattered worlds unite,  
bruised gold of roasted saffron and the ache of silver.  
The weight mimicking the gravity of a denied thirst,  
And an unquenchable greed for trade.

History wasn't carved into polished scrolls or slates of marble  
But engraved into the sheath of a blade,  
disguised beneath rough layers of wool and cotton.  
It lived in the wounds of feet against the shattered dreams

All steps needed precaution, accompanied by a lie that whispered paradise

But take a closer look at the palm of your hand  
The blueprint of the world is built on these looming ghosts  
On a path that didn't fade but shed its skin  
A road that learnt to fly and a path that mastered light

The coffee in your porcelain cup  
It is only a traveler of the lost, cradled so softly in the steel of a container ship.  
The glass beneath your thumb, crafted with rare earth and unfavorable labour.  
This era of new jade, the time of new silk  
Sown by hands that share the same breath around the curvature of the earth.

The stitch of your sleeve and the foreign fire of your palate,  
Connected by sets of tight knit wires of human desire  
Drawn from sources straight to your marrow.

The Silk Road is not structured to be mourned  
It is the pulse beneath the skin of the earth,  
And if listened closely, under the shuffling of cars and the horns of angry drivers  
The whistle of the sand and the soft chatter of trade lie amidst the chaos.

## Past, present, future

*ESF Sha Tin College, Wong, Hugo – 14*

Of stories in groups, told in speech,  
The tales along a long vast scene  
Of years, speaks truth upon a tale,  
Where silk and love bond in Venice.

Down the lush herbs below, lay there  
An elder, caring for her toad,  
She dreamily remembers an  
Old venture upon the Silk Road.

Once long ago, I was a girl,  
When Father took me traveling,  
Over dusty caravan trails,  
Shifting through Gansu's plains molding.

Trotting straight sandy, crunchy ground,  
Listening towards the men's trades,  
They barter sleek, vibrant fabrics,  
That ever swishes, flows, and shines.

Father grabbed legions of silver,  
For one silky, smooth, orange robe.  
Just before the daylight sets down,  
I saw something that made me probe.

I saw glitter of a figure,  
Surrounded by capsules that house  
The spices which smelled like roses,  
He smiles heartily with a muse.

He grabs my hand tightly with a  
Welcoming force inviting me  
To gaze down on top sunny peaks,  
Upon the lively city line.

Centuries pass through dusty roads,  
The once uneven, harsh terrain,  
That made camels stagger in fields,  
Grows into a well-paved long lane.

Centuries pass through dusty roads,  
The once unicellular routes,  
A mere trail has now become a  
Golden Age of Eurasian fruits.

I saw glitter of a figure,

All too familiar to the eye,  
Recognised the warm heartfelt smile,  
Centuries pass, still feels the same.

He lifted me up in a trance,  
With little twinkles in his eye,  
As if forever searching for  
The gentle silk to his wise jade.

The boy I saw, met with, danced with,  
Has grown gleefully the same course  
The prosperous Silk Road crossed in  
Union, culture, ideals, and trade.

He took me on his camel's back,  
Lightly on a smooth vast oval,  
Till we reach the Queen of cities  
The gates of Constantinople.

Once we reached the tall city gate,  
He looked me a loving future,  
He lifted me up in a trance,  
Told me an entailing future.

The birds began to chirp in a  
Harmonious melody thus  
Forever shows the spectacle  
Of the union of two spirits.

The story of the ages, from  
Where minds link in a silky art,  
From the cherry trees blossoming,  
Gliding in between love heartfelt.

The grandest city I have seen,  
Stands guard by bustling yellow stars,  
Looks to the bright merchant stalls where  
Silver tusks, Persian spices charrs.

He dashes eagerly towards  
The wandering traders around,  
Speaks a language not shaped by group,  
But shaped by arts, culture, and trade.

Traders hold jewels from Persia,  
So dazzling it rivals kings' crowns,  
And fragrant spices from Indus,  
Goods that make men feel like rich kings.

He led me to the halls of the  
Immense Higha Sophia dome,  
Swiftly fell down on his right knee,  
And asked me for my hand in home.

I looked as in a fever dream,  
The tales only found in thrillers,  
Falls on with a flick of a trail,  
A trail I follow saying "Yes".

Now looking at the roads below,  
Stretching from the depths of Europe,  
To far reaches of Tang China,  
I envision a long life here.

One that blends culture together,  
Ideas, not mute, but spoke clearly,  
Where trade flows like fluid water,  
Where a Silk Road breathes unity.

Centuries pass through paven roads,  
Now what is left is nothing but  
A remembrance for what was  
An old Silk Road once so vibrant.

At night the place is a ghost town,  
So desolate the only things  
Heard are the rain droplets at night.  
The stench of flesh rots through bodies.

Through the pile of bodies thrown out  
Towards the dirt pavements of earth,  
No one now lives in this ghost town,  
A town ravaged by a black death.

Fresh new victims have black blisters  
That burst out painful pus and blood.  
The old victims are distorted,  
Their rotten flesh being severed.

I walk slowly to my husband,  
He used to contain eyes filled with  
Joy, charm, wonder, and fun laughter.  
Now what' s left is a stare of death.

His face has lots of molten scars,  
Dark blisters that scream eye to eye,  
He vomits his blood left and right,  
And lets out loud heart-wrenching groans.

Sombre sobs fill the silent room,  
I pray for the perfect outcome,  
Where we could explore once again,  
Dreams to live in a Silk of life.

But as he takes his final breath,  
I look down to accepting that'd  
So as he takes a final breath,  
So does the Silk Road come to end.

Centuries pass on deathly roads,  
An elder from the patio,  
Sees structures in familiar ground,  
The same ground from those years ago.

She glances more to the structure,  
And sees a bright boy known to hers,  
He speaks with a musical tone,  
While gazing towards sunny peaks.

Once again trade and life happen  
Once again on to the Silk Road,  
With new modern technology,  
What new heights would and could be flowed.

And as the wind blows once again,  
She goes back to care for her toad,  
She dreamily remembers an  
Old venture upon the Silk Road.

# Whispers Of Silk

*ESF West Island School, Pozzato, Stella – 15*

On the Silk Road many hear the whispers of a wind so ancient  
They stand still before it and the world listens, patient  
It flows through the mountains, slipping into any ear in sight  
To merchants who bathe in the ethereal moonlight  
Spilling secrets into laughing traders as they spin tales  
Retelling grand stories of emperors and forgotten trails  
Weaving images of China's rice paddies and sapphire lakes  
Where the water droplets glint in rivers that bend like giant snakes  
Following the treasures from ancient forts and mountains way up high  
Their chatter echoes in the caravans beneath the endless speckled sky

But soon the night has ended  
And the sun emerges from the grass fields, splendid  
The streets awake, filled with the sound of voices  
As everyone hears the bargains and rejoices  
There are merchants, explorers and missionaries  
Trading cinnamon, cloves and rosemaries  
As the myriad of scents fill the air  
The market is bustling throughout the town square  
Foreign spices dance in fragrant smoke  
As the luscious silks allure the townfolk  
Under the fading stars, the jewels gleam  
As dreams of fortune flicker and faces beam  
The road becomes alive with celebration and heated offers  
Everyone's goal: to fill their coffers  
The salty tang of the rolling sea tickling tongues  
While fresh breezes fill merchants lungs  
Everywhere faces lit up with great pride  
At the vision of different cultures being unified  
From rolling farmlands to windswept coastlines  
Their hearts beat as one, as everyone's smile shines

Thanks to the Han  
A dream is realised finally by one man  
Connecting east and west  
Leaving even Marco Polo impressed  
The stories told will be remembered forever  
These countries' relationships will never sever  
The Silk Road's legacy is not money or gold  
But the bonds forged and the tales told  
Generations gather beneath the limitless skies  
Weaving a brighter future, where harmony never dies

## Echoes of Transformation

*Heep Yunn School, Chan, Yin Kwan – 15*

Silk was a surface, a whisper, not the essence.  
It was the camel's groan atop the world,  
where worn leather whispering tales untold,  
a bazaar's breath, thick with time and dust.  
The Silk Road, a raw nerve, pulsed with song and shadow—  
a scar upon the earth, reflected deep in my soul.

They called it progress, yet it felt like loss,  
a stripping away of truths I held dear.  
Now, a screen glows, a cold new parchment unfurls,  
where algorithms hum with voices bartered and bled.  
Efficiency's dance, a sterile, silent dawn.

Two figures still meet, though the well is now a wire,  
a desperate reach for what's real, what's human.  
The weight of change crushes, a relentless tide,  
yet from its undertow, a strange resilience blooms—  
transforming not just the world, but the very self  
I thought I knew, with every code code, every fading echo.

# Merchant of Silk

*Heep Yunn School, Wong, Hei Tung – 16*

Bidding farewell to Chang'an, well checked,  
I step on the trade route, with no glee.  
Crossing the Great Wall, the desert, and mountains,  
Bearing goods that aren't mine to claim,  
Yet driven by the promise of pay,  
For people living across the Sea.

Markets shimmered with silks and exotic spices,  
Yet I dare not linger any longer than needed.  
The weather, as random as dice,  
No more wasted moments I shall spend.  
The whisper of traders, the calls of price  
Echo through sand where the Sun never bends.

A sandstorm rages without a sign,  
Clouding my vision and the road.  
Fistfuls of sand waft in the howling gale,  
Shattered and glowed.  
I stand lost, seeking shelter from this bane,  
And wait till the wind no longer blows.

Days merge into nights, and nights back into days,  
The journey presses on until I catch a splash of blue.  
Sniffing the salt in the air,  
I cast aside the journey I just went through.  
Goods are loaded onto ships with a fleeting glance  
I leave, beginning anew on a path without an end.

Here on this road, where histories blend,  
I return to my homeland rich with gold with fumes exhaust.  
Resting on my camel, which I tenderly tend,  
I survey the lands that greet me like old friends.  
Amid the whispers of the wind and swirling dust,  
I am more than a merchant— I am woven into the flow.

# The Silkiest of Roads

*HKUGA College, Chan, Nong Ching – 15*

The silkiest of roads,  
selling goods to those  
all around the globe,  
connecting thousands of merchants to gold,  
trading culture, oh so bold  
for two thousands of years and so,  
building large businesses from zero,  
supporting the lives of most,  
a two-way long and winding road,  
built from the order of a throne,  
and many cups of tea for the soul,  
a land of dreams old,  
became a real success that shows,  
why China is the one with goals.

Walking further along the road,  
experiencing many trades in the zone,  
traded some silk for gold,  
rags to riches in a few minutes or so,  
the value of your products rose,  
up way beyond what you were told,  
multiple traders with humongous loads,  
watching your products go,  
you see why a name was given to this road.

# Ode to the Silk Road

*HKUGA College, Chan, Sin Ching Kirin – 15*

The Han Dynasty started it a long time ago,  
Across the big desert where the hot winds blow.  
It wasn't just a road, it was a giant trail,  
Where traders moved things, even through a gale!

They brought the Buddha from faraway lands,  
Carrying statues across the gold sands.  
Then came Paper and the Arabic script,  
I bet those old travelers often tripped!

When the Mongols came, the road got really safe,  
No more worrying about a scary waif.  
People shared stories and a whole lot of food,  
Trading with others put them in a good mood.

Even though the old stones were under the dirt,  
Nobody got too badly hurt!  
China still remembers the things that they shared,  
Because back then, everyone cared.

But the story's not over, it's evolving and good as new,  
With a 'Digital Silk Road' for me and for you!  
Instead of just camels, we use cables and 5G,  
To send all our data across the deep sea.

There are shiny new trains and big ports for ships,  
To make sure our "Belt and Road" never has slips.  
We're building the future with robots and light,  
Connecting the world and making it bright.

## My First Visit

*HKUGA College, Cheung, Si Ching – 15*

Passing along the crowded street,  
Merchants welcomed me with a greet.  
I made my first successful trade,  
And found my perch, all my worries having faded.

The stalls and booths were closely laid,  
With goods that were skilfully made.  
Fine silks were sold and spices were traded,  
To tempt the eyes of men and maids.

A cart was stacked with handmade clay pots,  
For just a coin, I bought one from the lot.  
To feel the clay from where it originated,  
A simple yet useful treasure I traded.

I kept on exploring this bustling place,  
Never had I experienced such a fast pace.  
People hurrying through the busy road,  
While I was looking for something sweet for my soul.

The sun dropped low, it was time to go.  
Merchants were packing up with a flow.  
The market area is quite empty now,  
In just a fleeting second, I wonder how.

All the goods from the stalls were gone,  
Marking the end of my visit, my feelings are fond.  
I leave the street carrying the knowledge I gained,  
Oh Silk Road, see you again!

# The New Silk: Woven Anew

*HKUGA College, Lam, Chelsea – 15*

They trekked where only camels trod,  
With pouches of silk, their fragile load,  
A thread of trade upon the sod,  
A lonely, dusty road.

Now satellites chart the paths of light,  
Digital silk in fiber streams,  
Grids that harness the sun's clean might,  
Replace the citizens' old dreams.  
Not just for goods and minds now meet,  
In schools and classrooms, a shared domain,  
A vision both high and discreet,  
On high-speed rail and undersea lane.

And at the center, where tides are hurled,  
The Pearl of Orient, with harbor deep,  
Does not just trade with all the world—  
It is financing the age-old leap.  
With trades and stocks, it builds the span,  
The junction where the modern flows,  
Reviving the ambitious plan  
That every continent now knows.

One hundred fifty threads are spun  
From this great loom, both bold and vast,  
A fusion that has just begun,  
Connecting the future to the past.

# The Golden Dust

*HKUGA College, Liang, Muk Yin – 15*

Winds once touched the desert floor  
Where Zhang Qian's horses crossed the Great Wall's end  
A great empire then opened up the door  
On the road which time could never bend

From red roofs to domes of sky blue  
Where Tashkent saw the frost of winter come through  
Passing through the Hindu Kush and the Persian plains  
The world was wrapped in long chains

The sound of camels and the shimmer of loom  
Rough jade pieces, scrolls to outlast doom  
Heavy sacks of cloves, the smell of burning incense  
The distance tired souls, the travelling was intense

The ghosts of caravans still on the tracks  
But now the golden dunes carry all their words  
There is no other way to turn the past back  
As old routes reawaken and new songs are heard

Foreign robes and the dust of golden shimmer  
The night falls and the sky becomes dimmer  
The silk, our silk, ever more adored  
Modern challenges that bring in great rewards

# The Past, The Present & The Future Of Silk Road

*HKUGA College, Ng, Wei Luo Jason – 15*

Beneath vast skies, Zhang Qian and his men set out  
They explored deserts where threats lurked about  
Some vanished, kidnapped, lost without report  
Then found by travellers who brought their passport

International trade revived the road  
With spices and silks and sugar sold  
Marco Polo wrote what he saw  
His stories filling every classroom's awe

Connect the abandoned land with a strand  
Solar panels let the Masdar City stand  
Reunite kids from around the world by playing Fornite  
Dazzling screens flash through the deep desert night

Different cultures blend with grace  
Sacred knowledge finds its place  
The buried old ways would rise anew  
Governments would share a new view

# Interwined

*HKUGA College, Wong, Helena Ho Ching – 15*

Long ago, in days of old,  
China sent out threads of gold.  
Silk was packed and journeys were made,  
Across the lands, a path was laid.

From China to Rome,  
From desert to snow.  
They shared gold,  
The silk we now hold.

Camels walked through wind and sand,  
Bringing in gifts from every land.  
Spices, stories, songs and art,  
Each exchange a brand-new start.

I walk through the road where deserts meet,  
With tea and silk, the world feels sweet.  
Each face I see, a tale to share,  
New friends await to share their care.

A Roman child would taste green tea,  
An Indian would learn calligraphy.  
A Persian poet wrote with grace,  
Inspired by a Chinese vase.

The road was quiet for a while,  
But now it stretches mile by mile.  
Ships and trains and planes now go,  
Following routes from long ago.

Today we meet with open hands,  
From snowy hills to desert sands.  
We trade, we share, we learn and grow,  
New tales begin where old ones end.

# A Conversation with Time

*International Christian School, Hung, Lok Yan Kristobel – 15*

The canorous rhythm of merchants meandering along the land,  
as silk, spices, and ideas cavorted from hand to hand  
is now replaced by a languid caravan on its final strode,  
the final testament of the gamut of the Silk Road.

Then side by side Time and the Silk Road stood,  
exchanging one last glance, before she left for good.

“Have I done enough?”  
asked the decrepit Silk Road.

“You link across the world that never ceased,  
connecting the philosophies of the East,  
and the pith of the West”  
replied Time.

“But will they be left asunder?  
A world without their encaptivating blend—  
I couldn’t help but wonder.”

“In memory, mind, and time again,  
Look not at your gifts with disdain,  
You pervade yourself through all paths of history,  
Intertwining yourself in every lexicon, dulcet, and story.”

And thus, the canorous rhythm of merchants meandering along the land,  
as silk, spices, and ideas cavorted from hand to hand  
was now replaced by a hope for the future to know her trace and restore her face,  
as the Silk Road sunk into Time’s warm embrace.

## Where Lands Meet

*Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Yim, Hong Nam Allison – 15*

Bring me a path where lands meet,  
Where tea leaves sing, and music sleep,  
Caravans that move under the moon's soft light,  
They witness evening becoming the night.

Remember merchants who dreamed of the day,  
Trading treasures time once touched,  
The road, peril, where fortune collide,  
Amidst the markets, the people and the tide.

Travelling through, this new Silk Road,  
They were troubled and frightened, but hope still shone.  
The people who first trekked to the East,  
Found places where silk was treated as gold.

As lanterns flicker and stories are retold,  
Culture and history meet along this road.  
Across the Pacific, Africa and Europe,  
We tie the gaps with rope to keep.

With spices and silk, generations connect,  
A journey of friendship where lives intersect.  
The New Silk Road allows us to travel on,  
And reach new points of 'adventure', 'trade' and 'rove'.

Reaching the end of the long belt road,  
Through vast deserts, and heights, and worlds,  
In each step they carve out new homes.

Imagine the pathways that beckon for more,  
With every encounter, new stories flow,  
This is the tale of the new Silk Road.

# New Tales of China's Silk Road

*Pui Kiu College, Ho, Yue Yin Eunice – 15*

Clop. Clop. Clop.

I blinked wearily.

Clop. Clop. Clop.

My lips were dry.

Clop. Clop. Clop.

I licked my lips.

Clop. Clop. Clop.

My lips were still dry.

I'm so tired.

My eyes dropped to my water pouch.

I can't, not now.

If I drink now, it'll be all over.

Just like the others.

Hey, wasn't that bastard over there?

The one who caused all of this.

I slowly lifted my head up from my camel's back.

there wasn't a person in sight.

Hey, it's all his fault.

That slimy sleazy weasel.

Clop. Clop.

Always... finding a way to make a quick buck.

Clop. Clop.

But it's okay, cause he's recieved his due now.

I grinned languidly.

"Haha... hahaha. Cough... cough... ha..."

What an ugly sounding laugh.

Trafficking... how have I gotten myself into this.

They say, that you only really feel regret when staring death in the face.

"You'll be set for life if you help me."

Now they were buried under the sand.

All of them.

Passing off as merchants, we had managed to come so far.

I want water.

But one of those— things... they managed to get out.

And alert another caravan.

Clop clop.

So we scattered, and—

and what?

We had a tussle and...

and I won.

Somehow, among all the scum,

I managed to live.

Gah...

That's not right, is it?

I was the weak and fragile one.

I was the one with brains, not brawn.

I stared at my dry limbs.

I was manipulated...

I would've never won the tussle.

Yes, I was a good person.

I was innocent.

Curse them all.

I want water.

So what happened?

Clop Clop.

Clink Clink

Oh. A new sound.

Ah, that's right.

That weasel, convvining bastard.

threatened me.

I swallowed.

No spit.

I've been fading in out of consciousness for a while.

That glint of blue... so far.

Clop. Clop.

If we betray them together, that weasel said,  
we would become rich!

In the end, he had took all the money,  
and fled.

Now I was lost.

Clink. Clink.

Curse that weasel.

Clop.

Almost... there.

Splash.

Salvation.

Hitting the ground, I kneeled down and furiously drank the purtrid water.

Time matters not.

Satisfied, I filled up my bottle.

When I was about the scoop up the water, I looked down,  
and,

A dirty looking weasel looked back at me.

# This is the Story of the Silk Road

*Sacred Heart Canossian College, Chan, Annabelle – 16*

Transcending from webs of routes,  
Hours exploring land and ocean roots,  
Impactful exchanges of multiple nations,  
Sparking a blend of civilisations.

Inflamed tapestries that flowed,  
Sacredly embroidering the Silk Road.

There once was the mighty Emperor Wu,  
His order and hence Zhang Qian adhered to,  
Embarking on an envoy with much crew.

Silks and spices traded in grand embrace,  
Trails of caravans in a bustling place, Open  
markets thrive with treasures extend,  
Realms of adventure that never end,  
Year by year, the story, an ongoing trend.

Overland pathways stretched from east to west,  
For it is the Sichou Zhi Lu, at crest.

The Fable of the Lion and the Hare,  
Harsh weather struck, yet these tales still bear,  
Embers of literature lingers in the air.

Substantial struggles strangled, Instability,  
threats, barriers entangled, Legends like  
La Marco Polo of Italy, Keenly ventured  
on, a united soliloquy.

Robust economies, exchanged cultures,  
Oasis of trade, where history sutures,  
A symphony of echoes, through ages they flow,  
Deeds drive diversity, as futures gleam and glow.

# Between Dust and Destiny

*Singapore International School, Jiang, Angela En Qi – 17*

There are three ways to read this poem: only left, only right, or straight through together.

**First traveller**

**Last traveller**

I leave Chang'an

City of jade, incense, silent emperors

Now neon, steel, humming circuits

Under a pale horizon,

Twilight swallows city walls

It shifts; the journey begins and time stretches beneath our feet

Saddle creaks under the weight of morning,

Lanterns flicker

Morning spills gold across the rooftops, and I step into the  
unknown

Neon lights flicker against glass towers, and I step into  
history's shadow

Silk folds like whispers, carried from loom to packhorse

Algorithms hum like oracles, carrying futures I cannot  
touch

Cargo fragile, weightless yet heavy with meaning

The desert unfurls, a manuscript of sand

At inception, uncertainties unfurl like rivers of shadow

Mountains loom, endless and silent

Bridges vanish into fog

Spices, gold, stories tucked into crates

Secrets await

Horses step

Footsteps

carefully

echo

Will we reach the next city?

I walk where history never ends.

The first mile is nothing—stones and silence, the low sound of  
hooves breaking into the dawn like a drumbeat that will not  
stop.

Across deserts, rivers, mountains without end, the map of  
the world stretches and tears, repaired again by trade and  
the stubborn will of travellers.

A cry

Or wind.

Sand

Network

*Chóu, fān hóng, liú lí*

Data, codes, pixels

Scents that speak across centuries

Patterns that speak across continents

Salt on my lips

Spices

And all

hidden in cedar chests

Alone

Together

Did they reach Chang'an?

Did they reach us?

I cannot know.

But, still, footsteps multiply behind me

The road unwinds forever.

Caravans move like arteries pulsating across earth.

Unveiling,

Carrying languages,

Customs,

Prayers,

Echoes of distant lands

Secrets of strangers

I breathe in

I clutch

Light heats my face, winds carry news of afar

Twilight stirs and presses in

Birds carry me across fields

Stars blink back

Rivers meander, unanswered

Path folds through pages

I follow horizons

I follow shadows

Fear

teaches me

Patience

I vanish into legend

I stay kept in stories

Sand scratches

Silence presses

I carry hope

I carry echoes

Run past deserts, past mountains, past cities that once thrived  
and fell, chasing horizons that are never still

Pause at ruins, touching walls that remember laughter,  
trade and tears

The road is mine, the sky mine, the past and future mingling  
beneath every footfall

The road whispers, telling of journeys that shaped the  
world and journeys still to come

My children may never know the path I walked

My children may never escape the path I've built

And finally, become wind

And finally, the Silk Road carries

Carrying the stories off all who dared

Bending into history, into memory, into endless horizon

I am the first to see the rising sun

I am the last to touch its fading light

And when I vanish

May the dust sing of me.

May the network still hum my name.

Did you hear me?

Did you reach us?

I leave Chang'an, but Chang'an

never

leaves me.

# New Tales of China's Silk Road

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Chan, Toa – 15*

A road is not just stone and sand  
It is a reaching, helping hand  
A bridge that stretches, long and true  
To make a friend once strange to you.

The ancient path where camels trod  
Now feels the modern train abroad  
Not carrying silk of kingly gowns  
But hopes that bloom in bustling towns.

From city lights to plains so wide  
New tracks of trust are laid beside  
The old, where careful words are learned  
And promises are earned.

They share a wire, a line, a port  
A common, future-facing thought  
A cargo ship, a steady plane  
Can carry more than merchant's gain.

It carries laughter, songs, and skills  
It forges shared tomorrows' wills  
For when we build a road together  
We make a bond no storm can sever.

So let this new old roadway be  
A growing, vast, and friendly tree  
Whose roots are deep in ancient years  
Whose fruit is joy, and not just tears.

A road that asks not "Where are you from?"  
But sees a shared and rising sun  
And writes, in steel, and earth, and sea  
A brand new tale of unity.

## Caravanserais

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Ho, Yu Chin – 16*

Caravanserais

are dingy, marred and

barren, arches blanketed in sand humps. It echoes of dull silence, yet

once whispered of the smoke of cassia and

the glint of porcelain vases. Solidi embossed with all its victorious glory

were slipped through the worn fingers of one merchant to another amongst

the chatter, in exchange for silks,

silks that shone of persimmon under the desert sun

of a day when it was golden.

## New Tales of China's Silk Road

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Luo, Ying Tsz Trista – 16*

They walked where no one walked before,

With silk for sale and distant shore.

Their footsteps made a whispering thread

To weave the East and West, and spread.

For centuries the camels growled,

With stories, spices, fortunes told.

A living bridge of art and trade,

by countless hopeful journeys made.

Though now the winds blow dust and sand

Forbidden paths, sea to land,

A million dreams in footprints lie,

Where stars once watched the camels cry.

# New Tales of China's Silk Road

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Oh, Jia Wei – 15*

The renowned Silk Road  
Connects the East to the West  
Sparking acts of trade

East's tea and paper,  
West's wine, textiles and metals,  
Economies bloomed.

Across land and sea,  
Communications began,  
Traditions were shared.

Religions, music,  
Philosophy and poetry,  
Shared across the roads.

Alliances formed,  
Envoys exchanged for knowledge,  
Jealousy concealed.

Silk moth eggs stolen,  
Slavery along the road.  
A dark history.

Roads monopolised,  
The fall of an empire,  
Leading to decline.

# New Tales of China's Silk Road

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,*

*Tang, Lai Yin Ota Yuma – 15*

Long ago, on the old Silk Road,  
Camels walked through sand and snow.  
They took silk from China far,  
To places where people like to go.

Spices, tea, and nice things too,  
Ideas shared from east to west.  
Over big hills, hot and cold,  
The old road tried its very best.

Now a new road is here today,  
Belt and Road, with trains and boats.  
It started in twenty-thirteen,  
And links up lots of different folks.

From China's shops full of small toys,  
Trains go quickly to far-off lands.  
Clothes go one way, milk comes back—  
Buying and selling hand in hand.

Dancers move in old stone caves,  
Workers build in very cold air.  
Some people smile, some feel sad,  
Life has good parts and hard ones there.

Ports and roads in other places,  
Jobs for some, but big debts too.  
Dirty air comes with new things,  
Happy wins and worries are new.

More than one hundred countries join,  
Sharing hopes across the sea.  
The new Silk Road is very big—  
What will happen? Wait and see.

Old roads talk soft, new ones shout,  
Friends grow close like climbing plants.  
The Silk Road story never stops,  
The road keeps on going on

## The Tale of a Trader

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Wong, Hoi Kiu – 15*

The morning sun on Chang'an's gate  
Lit the first footprints, slow and great.  
A trader, old and gray,  
Recalls the bright mosaic day.  
One by one he glared,  
Spices sang and scripts were then shared.  
No map, no guide, just stubborn trust,  
In dust that rose like phantom's dust.  
The road dissolves to ghost and sand,  
A vanished thread from hand to hand.

# A Turning Songbook

*St. Paul's Co-educational College, Gao, Zehan – 15*

[Into the Night]

The tourists dissipated, pompous shops rolled the gratings down. The wind  
*Blew into steel mills, into the ramshackle tents, into the rumbling cement*  
A drifting migrant's pen, away from the greyness of the houses...  
But there a fire-gatherings at night, the moon-crescent lake shines  
And these listeners arrive there with light bamboo boats  
And listen to a bard's flute snaking through the vines  
Like smoke, like silk, stars in every tongue...  
And wait till dawn, the curtains raised, each took on their own song:

## II. [A Battle Song for the Soldiers]

“Dread passed through Jade Gates instead of spring  
The Sun cast harsh shadow on the general's tent  
Thirteen soldiers' stance against a thousand's battering  
Their silence louder than all the oud's dissent:  
The streams ran dry by the brooding siege  
Drilling for water feeding on leather  
Emperors alter aids out of reach  
But if skies stand – so our spears and endeavour”

The boundless grass and nomadic lands along the Cheshi Trails  
Interludes at a stream where a Water Moon Buddha statue stands  
Names of armies now refracted partially by overgrowths of horsetails  
Only the walls held by loyal hearts so we can work on our errands:  
For one to pace with the mountains ahead, the ground  
Must be firm beneath your feet. Ask what fed the blossoms –  
*And what beauty is to sacrifice, whose sweetness it could suffice?*  
*When the stance they stand past without their names. But grass remains.*

## III. [A Paean for a Traveller]

Bring the silk and lacquerware, for grapes and blood-lorn horses  
Stripped of all amenities, enjailed a decade by enemies  
He still proceeds  
Again. The lumbering city gate ajar, the bright exotic lights seep through  
The crevices and hinges, opened by two feet unshaken at the fringes  
– Of clashing plates. And proceeds  
He needs no wreaths or ribboned coffins, but sufficed with a trail of shops and inns  
With mixed languages. His sword can settle in the stones, there grows a meadow...  
– His strung heart swung never to rest, beyond life he proceeds  
His boat retraced the Yellow River, and parked at the bight of the heaven's moat  
His camel grazing in a field of asters, his luggage floating through star clusters  
– I'd believe – the Captain's tailwind – proceed until we cannot perceive

Some old roads unseen holds your feet from astray,

Some lives past must be living shifting between sands  
Some horizon seekers must connect in-between ways  
Some waited their sundered names recalled by inkstands  
*Not for namesake, but to alight the sceneries seen, drench  
In beauty that stands regardless of us. Devote with reverence.*

IV. [A Ekphrasis with A Requiem Beside the Taoist Tower]

Murals live and breathe with our breaths, and peel with our breaths  
They only live when seen, die by over-exposure of their beauty...  
They witnessed dust-born empires crumble into dust-filled deaths,  
The kneeling families along monks and merchants at their gravity

The clay faces merciful after centuries of prayer, after their faces  
Torn by careless vagabonds, treasures sold to museums and palaces.  
Those stone seals conceal dormant words, and would wake upon morning  
Once new eyes can find them dawn. Some dusts are worth disrupting –

But the empty stubs with their past holy disposition shipped  
To contextless displays among excited chatters, what solemnity embedded  
Between our blood and their weathered surfaces are drowned in another  
Crystallized senselessness of hefty history. We must uncover  
Their fragmented faces, rising the chains of future with balm and the sutra book  
Of changing chapters, spread by new feathered-wings, and now to look  
At the same evolving world with brand new eyes. Shave the mishaps  
Into grass plains, wipe the smoke to unravel skies. Link light and taps  
Beyond torn roads, and we shall not run in hyperbolic laps,  
Built intransient beauty: beguiled smiles cannot light the fire watchtowers  
We will not build a second Troy out of the same wooden powers.

V. [A Prayer to the Lands in an Alleyway]

History forgets, paper forgets, glory or shame never remembers. I live only for ulterior motives  
Acquired by staring through slanted alleyways and wired mansions. And found nothing  
Behind lagging eyes dragging well-suited wet steps though the streets. I hear only windy echo chambers  
Rippling; like a scratched vinyl concert recording, my plea for another medium of answer beyond,  
Beyond the sprawls and interzones. Out of gas, out of air, where a meditative slowness hover  
And waits for witness – though it needs not to be. Forms a communion of new life, new time, new stories

Are the mossy knolls of foggy vibrancy with deep crimson and mellow springing around,  
And the monochrome glaciers shelves sidetracked by the nomadic vultures without blossom or decay  
Are one in the same. These places bore no echo: the buttes they speak separately from you.  
Blurred seasons, evergreen, evermore, all changeless low shrubbery. And then, a petrified exotic branch...

A promise: Threw it, back a boomerang, and flickered dazzlingly. I cannot contain it, and let it swim  
Away, – I would chase burnt-in shadows of the camel prints, until the thunder and further  
Are ambient installations. Then reveal its consummate sparks, splashing over us in the elevation  
Climbing higher through lattices of thinning air. This is one end – there are more over other seas, – but hark!

Nameless bones and boneless names. Monoliths of all kingdoms gathered paling one rocky cliffs:  
It claimed nothing to build its glory, no lives, no war, slow morphing earth is a towering chant.

*And there, beauty was, negating dynasties. All thrive and fail over this glow – from the same dust...  
Only when chasing a broad and loving intent-less-ness, could it unfold and grow into peace. In us  
flow.*

VI. [Another Night]

And reader do you see your new road on the breeze  
The one that ran through your galaxy  
Like cool clay into you brought to your blazing country

And reader do you see the ones left behind by the train  
If they want to stay, let them dream and wane  
They will find another way and wind up the same:

*(The iron and sweat would return to the crust;  
The lost lamb finds a land where grass is robust;  
Buds through the asphalt would breath away the lust;)*

And reader this is no graveyard of psalms  
For you feed on them through every night long  
They flutter into patterns on your aging palm:  
*Away on the bamboo boat  
Anew and new stories*

## Silken Maps

*St. Paul's Convent School, Mok, Hoi Ching Valerie – 15*

luminescent fabric, silk—soft and grand,  
a moon—pale highway spun by human hand.  
it crept past deserts where the sandstorms blow,  
and drew the wary empires from below.

first came the caravans, a patient trace  
the camel's gait, the donkey's plodding pace,  
with Hàn flags above them, lifting high,  
like cloud—born guides against a boundless sky.

suspicious lands would watch the boxes pass,  
and weigh the worth inside each corded mass  
till one light touch undid the careful clutch,  
and treasure bloomed beneath the curious touch:

there was yú, like river—washed and sunlit green,  
and cí, with a moon—cold, flawless sheen;  
tight—rolled chá leaves that held the mountain's breath,  
and xiāng liào waking senses nearly dead.

but none outshone sīchóu—the star, the queen!  
a liquid whisper, soft yet fiercely keen,  
hungering to become a beguiling dress,  
and draped the world in wonders, east to west.

in turn, the givers gathered gifts unknown:  
from Dàyuān, horses like the wind made flesh  
their manes like rivers, thunder in their tread,  
and eyes that held the whole sky overhead.

from Kāngjū, glass that captured light and from—  
a captured sunset held in crystal dew,  
as if a craftsman, in his fiery art,  
had stolen fragments from a morning's heart.

from Dàxià, silverwork like frozen lace—  
Each curve a lyric, every line a grace,  
as though the metal dreamed of being air,  
And settled, shining, into form, right there.

and Ālābó gave its frankincense, a prayer  
in solid scent that smoldered, sweet and rare,  
to wrap the road in aromatic hymn,  
and bless the long miles growing faint and dim.

no longer was the highway pale or lone  
it gleamed, woven, and full—grown,  
with threads of jade and glass and silver spun,

and frankincense that smoldered like the sun.

each shade a story; every hue, a tongue  
the old road danced where all the colors clung  
beyond a path for merchants' careful loads,  
it was something brighter, where the future glowed:

a living loom, where hands from every shore  
could weave the world that had been dreamed before  
not silk for kings, but understanding, spun  
to wrap us, warm and restless, into one.

# The Road

*St. Paul's Convent School, Chan, Yan Nam Clara – 15*

I see a road; but not a road.

A string of red on a map; melting  
Into earth and sand and gritted rock  
Across the continents, over the sea  
Over war-worn ships and waiting docks

The Road was alive, in my mind:  
Pulsing with a fire-like sheen  
Undulating in the breeze  
Softer than the cotton I slept on  
And shining like robes of a time before me  
But you could walk on it –  
On sandals or Hanfu shoes  
Every step hatched and  
Borne from tender cocoons

And no men's lands would push wide their gates  
Of ore-wrought sheen and melded wood  
Practicing the arts of exchange and trade  
In tongues that hold silk, arched and smooth

And yet all art ceases in a way.  
Shadows spin under sharp-stand dials;  
Silk decays and frays like under flame.  
Bells toll in brick-laid echoes;  
And opacity thins under layered prints.  
The clouds overhead wisp to and fro  
And time rolls up the Road.

But with the city's ore-wrought sheen  
Another path hangs, shifting  
And looking closely, I see a road;  
But not the Road.

A trail of pen on parchment; naming  
Lands now known and empires grown  
Contrapments flash at extended hands  
And with new names and old thread  
There lies embedded the red-wave pulse  
Of a Road reborn again.

# The Melting Teapot

*St. Paul's Convent School, Yui Ching Hayley, Sum – 16*

The Teapot's journey began  
At The Dreaming of the Tiger Spring  
Where it grasped at the naked stream  
And the Water from the Dragon Well leapt  
Into the ceramic body  
Effervescing, billowing  
Rippling outwards, the flutter of wings

Before the guardianship of Mount Tai  
And the merry-making of farmer and artisan  
The Teapot was infused with the knowledge  
Of entangled Chinese constellations  
Of paper pulped and rivers of poets' tears  
Of silk's smooth glide, like the parting skate of lovers  
With unseemly cartography  
Alone it trekked, heavy with Longjing leaves  
Its white ceramic skin scorched by life's  
Idleness

On one faithful afternoon  
Drained was a gaiwan of its mellow green tea  
The residues of tea leaves meandering  
On the ceramic base  
Revealing the form of waves  
The contours of possibility  
And in those divining patterns of Longjing leaves  
A line of smoke gesturing at the direction of fate

And so the Teapot departed the Huashan mists  
The fragmented quartz amassed by the Tianzi peaks  
And ploughed its weary way  
Across marshes, deserts, tributaries  
The savaged lands, the barren lands  
Lands thirsting for life  
And at once  
As if the brew had brimmed with desire  
It whistled a war-cry, for the tea was ready

And with a puff of smoke  
Possessed by the soul of the Ming treasure voyages  
The Teapot became a soldier raging  
Through thickets of timber, marshes of overgrown weed  
Yuccas chafing ceramic undaunted  
By the stratum of folly underfoot  
Switchgrass cravatting a handle encumbered  
By the heftiness of ambition

The Teapot traversed the Road  
Its spout pouring the aristocrat's Longjing tea  
Into hands of many hues  
The blend tasted by unfamiliar tongues

The Longjing brew was proper, should Avicenna and Confucius meet  
The Iranians mused upon tasting the Chinese drink  
*Lab suz, lab duz, lab reez*  
A chant sparkling in the heat  
Scalding hot, sealed by lips  
Brimming to the top  
Persian syllables *Be'ārmā'īd chāi*  
*Have some tea*  
A simple request uttered  
By every man woman and child

The Teapot then set foot in the arid Southern Asia  
And Chinese green tea grew milky  
The Afghanistans hailed it *Qymaq chai*  
For their locals had revered it so  
Bowed heads and civil hands, offering  
A cordial cup, soon familiar to British and Dutch  
Tasting a rush of milk, a tinge of cardamom  
The Teapot had wriggled its brows  
Expecting tainted sacrilege, but no it was  
The poised blend of culture

And when the Teapot began shivering from the crisp Ramadan  
Its brew was revitalised by the fires of Iran  
It morphed into the head of a dragon  
Prancing about the Muslim lands  
In the fire-leaping festival of *Charharshanbe Suri*  
And as the Iranians were merely the playthings of Fire  
They could not divine the origins  
Of the smoke skulking in the air  
And in that Zoroastrian celebration:  
Man merging with fire  
Fire flocking with foreign tea  
A congregation dancing  
With the teapot whose foreign steam rose  
And blended with the joyous Persian flames

With fortnights' passing, its lid began to droop  
Then, a splash of rainbow  
A flurry of hollers from a galvanised village  
A well-groomed man drifted near  
Eyeing the teapot, he splashed the hues of Holi  
To complement its divine Longjing taste  
He held the pot up to the sky  
To let Vishnu's palm cradle its gift  
Then came the roar of eager lips  
A congregation of rainbow limbs

Extended ceramic cups, porcelain canisters  
Tin cans, caddies  
And even the *Dalits*  
(Yes, the untouchable and the outcasts)  
Waited with bated, cupped hands  
The ground royal with colours  
Every priest teacher and trader  
Tasted fresh aristocracy  
The caste lines dissolve in its steam

Entering Egypt, the Teapot slotted itself beside  
The mystique of the brass briqs  
It seemed an unlikely friendship  
The rich presence of the Chinese teapot pressed  
Against the svelte figure of Egyptian briqs.  
As if growing conscious of its size,  
The Chinese teapot stood in earthen-glazed conviction  
And displayed brushstrokes of mountains and misty peaks  
The Egyptian briqs, slender and sun-kissed  
Learning of the beauty of oriental lands  
Shone with the burnished glow of desert sands.  
And equally, boasted its hieroglyphs of heat and haste  
And the briqs, suave and spirited  
Replied with the clatter of a marketplace  
The uproar of night bazaars, syllables in deserted winds  
The briqs poured the Nile's wisdom, and it pulsed along  
To the tempo of caravans, of camels treading past

Then the Teapot embraced the Turkish streets  
Crowded with perfumes  
Tasting the elation in the air,  
It whistled in agreement  
Longjing tea leapt into tulip glass  
*Ince belli*, the Turkish had hailed it,  
The oriental liquid in Turkic glass  
Proudly hung in the night sky  
The Chinese teapot, master of tracing constellations  
With Dragon and Phoenix etched in its mind  
Now poured mapmakers' dance  
Into a Turkish glass  
All of oriental astronomy bespoke  
In the reflection of Longjing in Turkish glass  
And the Turks, with eyes turned upward,  
Sipped the Dynasties who charted the heavens  
Hither, the Dragon Gate,  
The Pole Star's didactic hand,  
Transcribed by a swirl of Longjing  
The Chinese teapot sat, its spout  
Pointed eastward, bequeathing  
The Azure Dragon and Vermilion Bird  
Then the Turkish learnt of cardinal directions  
And nestled themselves in the Three Enclosures

A communion of skies  
Teapot and tulip glass, East and West  
And when the journey was over  
The wearied teapot contained  
One last pan-roasted Longjing leaf  
Its spout now charred by the fires of Charharshanbe Suri  
Body soaked in with Holi's kaleidoscopic shades  
Rims chipped from the banging of pots in a Nowruz's kitchen  
The base cracked in protest of the Ramadan chills  
Sipping the last drip of the herbal brew  
And in its final pour into a gaiwan  
The Longjing leaves nuzzled  
into a phoenix's silhouette

Before the Teapot finally cracked  
Its spout traced arteries in the Gobi sands  
Routes criss-crossing like estuaries  
In memory of its arduous journey  
The lines were penned by historians as  
The Flowing Road of Silk

# Weightless

*Victoria Shanghai Academy, Ng, Hailey – 16*

through space  
aimlessly drifting around a never-ending vacuum  
Let the stars be the only witnesses to my grief  
Let my existence be observed under planets' watchful gaze  
while their inhabitants remain oblivious to the formation of asterisms  
solely made known by the faint twinkling of misery

How I wish someone would wonder  
about the origin of the glow above  
How I wish no one would ask  
why a shimmer in the sky had been left alone.

I slowly sink into the ocean bed  
wishing the sand would blanket me while I sleep  
I feel the currents' cool caress  
like fingertips skimming across my salt-stained skin  
my tears dissolving into the vast waters  
hiding my melancholy within the chorus of sea life

How I wish someone would search beneath the waves  
and discover me in desolation  
How I wish no one would dive underwater  
so I would be left in isolation.

Explanation from student when we sent the submission back to ask why this poem was on the topic of China's Silk Road..

*'My poem aims to express the tumultuous emotions of the various people who had lost their lives while traversing the Silk Road, as although there were many great achievements made due to the Silk Road, it was still a dangerous journey that involved people whose names and lives have been lost. Many are forgotten, and the stories they brought with them are lost to time, but every traveler had been unequivocal in laying the foundation of this ancient network. I wanted to bring to attention the hardships faced by the travelers of the Silk Road, which are often overlooked by the various accomplishments, and honour those who had sacrificed to enforce the legacy of the Silk Road. '*

Creative Writing

# Poetry

Group 4



# Silk Road, Bell and Dream

*Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Ho, In Tong Kelly – 15*

I saw a camel on the sand,  
Slowly walking, far and grand.

Its bells ring, soft but light,  
Over the sand was so bright,  
They bring history from long ago,  
It's about the trip that they had walked, you know.

Skil and nice spices, hand with hand,  
Across the sand, where our first dreams stand.

Xian's dusk paints the sky like become glow,  
Where traders smiled and told what they know.  
Few lanterns lit in the far road.  
But good wishes lit the way, we have been told.

That warm light are still shining, soft and clear,  
Even now, it's still so near.  
Now our screens glow, big and bright,  
Linking friends from day to night.  
From morning sun to evening rest,  
We reach our world, just like the best.  
Yet I still hear those old, old bells,  
On the roads, where sweet dreams always dwell.

No gems or spices now we will bring,  
But small green shoots that love can bring.

Cultures mix, just like the sun on the sea,  
Old roads wind, our new paths run free.  
A silk thread ties us, joy and tears,  
We make our world, through all the years.

Hand with hand, beneath the sky,  
Old bells chime, new dreams fly.

Pines whisper tales as wind blows through,  
How that old roads helped us grow, it's true.  
Roots stretch far, across the earth,  
Linking to everyone, for all our worth.

No high walls block, no lines divide,  
Just warm hearts that beat side by side.

# New Tales of China's Silk Road

*Pui Ching Middle School (Macau), Tang, Hei Tong Joyce – 16*

The desert still awaits the dawn here.  
The sand rises and falls slowly  
as if it had long known  
how to get through the road ahead.

In the past, when traveling,  
everyone had to hold their breath  
and carefully gaze at the horizon  
for a signal to go.

But now it's different.  
The high-speed train has directly arrived here.  
When the car door opened,  
the distance between people did indeed shorten a lot,  
but this land still maintained  
its original sense of weightiness.

Silk has started to flow on this land again,  
but this time it's not like  
what people used to remember in their minds.  
Instead, it has transformed  
into something that can be processed and sent.

It slides from people's fingers  
to the screens of their mobile phones,  
from the words typed on the keyboard  
to the prices spoken by the mouth,  
from one person's voice  
to another's ears,  
and is also altered  
by some crossed signals in the middle.

In the past, camels would wait by the well  
for people to come.  
Now, the place where people wait  
has become the train platform.

From time to time  
we would look down to check the time.  
A train ticket would light up for a moment  
and then disappear quickly.

When we took a step forward,  
we were not repeating the old path,  
but choosing how to keep going.  
As we keep moving forward,  
in fact, we ourselves  
are also changing along with it.

# The Loom of Roads

*Shanghai High School International Division, Kaiser, Michelle Sophie – 14*

In Chang'an's dusk, where incense flows,  
A loom was set, a loom that knows.  
Lian, with patient mind and hand,  
Fed moonlit fibers through the land.

Her father wove for coin and trade,  
But Lian watched what threads displayed.  
No blossom, crane, or patterned seam,  
But visions vast as childhood's dream.

They curled like rivers toward the west,  
They rose as mountains, peaks possessed.  
They blazed like dreams too bright to bear,  
They whispered songs that filled the air.

Each strand, a compass in disguise,  
A hidden star, a watcher's eyes.  
Each knot, a tale the road would bind—  
A prophecy the winds remind.

Then one cold dusk, a traveler came,  
His sandals torn, his body lame.  
He begged for rest beside her fire,  
And watched her weave as threads grew higher.

He spoke of roads that twisted wide,  
Of fields and hills that forever hide.  
She wove his journey through the night,  
And saw his village come to light.

The woven map began to gleam,  
A living road, a silver stream.  
He followed dawn where silk had led,  
And found the fields he long had fled.

By morning light, the story grew:  
How Lian's threads could guide the true.

Soon weary travelers came with cries —  
The shunned scholar, seeking truth of skies;  
The poor merchant craving richer stores;  
The battle-bound soldier bearing burdens of wars.

They crowded close—  
They pressed—  
They pled—  
“Spin silk of futures yet unsaid!”

But Lian feared, and wisely knew,  
That visions bless as much as bruise.

For knowledge glitters, fierce and wild,  
It tempts the king, it snares the child.  
It feeds ambition's ceaseless flame,  
Yet leaves the seeker bowed with shame.

Still one there was who would not rest:  
Zhao the Golden, with silken vest.  
He bowed with honey, spoke with grace,  
But hunger darkened in his face.

He promised safety, wealth, renown,  
A seat of honor in the town.  
But every vow was thick with lies,  
To take the loom and bind its ties.

And when the moon was thin and cold,  
He broke the threads her shuttle rolled.  
He split the loom, he tore the skein,  
And scattered stars across the plain.

The desert blazed with burning lines,  
A thousand roads, a thousand signs.  
They split the sky, they scarred the land,  
They traced new worlds with unseen hand.

And in that storm, Lian stood still,  
Her heart a well, her eyes iron will.  
She knew the gift could not remain,  
For mortal grasp would forge its chain.

So through the dreary dunes she walked alone,  
Her arms around the final threads sewn.  
Digging where shifting sands conceal,  
And laying the silk where none may steal.

The desert took her secret deep—  
Yet legends never die, they sleep.  
And sometimes when the night is clear,  
A golden thread may reappear.

Not maps of coin, nor trade, nor throne,  
But paths the soul has always known.  
It points no crown, it names no king,  
It binds the heart to everything.

For silk is time, and time is flame,  
It weaves all lives, yet none the same.  
It crosses empires, fades from sight,  
Yet burns within the endless night.

# Threads

*YPICA Lee Lim Ming College, Dela Cruz, Rhianne – 16*

Sand and sun, way back when,  
A thin road stretched beyond the pen.  
From Chang'an's walls, a crew stepped out,  
To see what new worlds were about.  
They packed their silk, their hopes, their grit,  
And just... went for it.  
Markets buzzed in lands unknown,  
New friends made, new stories told  
Spices, art, and shiny bowls  
They traded more than stuff, you know?  
They swapped the thoughts inside their soul.  
This road was alive. It had a goal.  
Then quiet. Gone. For years and years.  
The path was lost to dust and fears.  
But plot twist flash to now.  
The signal's back. We don't know how  
To stop it. Bridges cross the plains,  
Not just with goods, but minds and brains.  
Now trains and wires do the ride,  
With digital dreams packed inside.  
It's us. We're next. We hold the thread.  
The old road's sleeping, but it's not dead.  
We text, we post, we link, we stream  
We're stitching up a bigger dream.  
Our voices are the newest seam  
On history's wild, shared, endless theme.

# The Lessons of Silk

*YPICA Lee Lim Ming College, Mercado, Lexy Hannah Mae Buyayo – 17*

Rousing to the fresh smell of spring mulberry trees,  
extending the house's yard as far as the eye sees.  
In the sunny courtyard, young leaves are stripped.  
Each mulberry leaf, silkworms slowly nipped.

Mother is sat beside the loom, humming and weaving.  
Sisters twist and lace each thread, perfection achieving.  
Father checks the silk, his judgement firm and kind.  
Soon he will journey afar, with new markets to find.

When my father leaves, my mind's tinged with worry.  
All I could do was tend to mulberry trees in a hurry.  
With deep yearning to follow, yet tethered to home,  
my comfort lies in gifts from where my father roamed.

Forward in time, the world changes, and I did too.  
Flourishing my own trade, stepping in my father's shoes.  
As I journey beside him, who knows what we'll meet?  
In distant lands where goods, gold, and gossip greet .

Silk left my hands, returned as scents and spice,  
and treasures unnamed from markets of paradise.  
I curiously relish unfamiliar tastes and foreign faces,  
the chatter of animals, and charming, structured places.

With each new trade, a knowledge deeply obtained,  
stories of strange people, their ways unchained.  
It sends me in awe how my world suddenly expands,  
things I'd never have known had I stayed in my lands.

Yet journeys aren't always smooth, with dangers lurking;  
harsh terrain, great weathers, and hidden bandits smirking.  
With our little caravan, I learn from every risk we survive,  
through storms and thieves, we keep the trade alive.

I dream of mulberry leaves beneath the spring sun,  
of my mother's melodies, and my sisters' weaving spun.  
Although through my venture, I discover the world's surprise,  
half of me wonders, the other never says goodbye.

From silks and spices, I challenged my wit and skill,  
and bravery awakens in the heart that dares to will.  
I see how trade binds people across distant streets,  
and wisdom grows in each step where the journey meets.

My father's teachings now show in every market and square,  
in every world woven into the fabric that we wear.  
Though home's soft light calls, the road shapes who I'll be,  
a boy who tended silkworms, now roaming endlessly.

# The Gleaming Road

*Yuet Wah College, Macau, Wong, Pak Hou Paco – 16*

I wake, in a prosperous land  
A majestic metropolis they call Chang'an  
Sunshine gilded the western gates  
Weaving a thread which retold our fate

Then there rang the rolling of wheels  
Of wagons we rode with a compass we'd wield  
Behind us shrank the image of home  
In front the lanterns of salesmen shone

Oh, winds they blew, yet we marched with effort  
Scorched by the heat of the Gobi Desert  
Each our own gods to whom we prayed,  
Together, we hoped to live another day

Our lanterns led to a fire-lit oasis  
Where steeds, seeds, beads and creeds were traded  
A babel of tongues in a thriving marketplace  
With silk, tea and porcelain in our customers' embrace

And far beyond our lands we traveled  
From Africa to Europe, our stories unraveled  
Their threads wove into our grand design  
Making a tapestry where minds intertwined

At last, our caravan had turned east  
We returned with newfound wisdom unleashed  
Familiar streets hummed with a different tone  
A transformative symphony our people had sewn

And through the years, our thread has spun  
Enlightening our people, together as one  
A two-way stream of skill and thought  
A living spring for all we sought

I saw our paper framed a foreign word  
Our compass guides a ship unheard  
Our blooms take root in native soil  
Our insights clear our minds embroiled

Now futures trace an iron way  
To forge the brighter, shared today  
A new silk map in fiber light  
The stage on which the world unites

And now I wake, with open eyes  
To see that brighter future rise  
The Road we'd followed far and wide  
Now gleams within our nation's pride

# Poetry

Group 5



# The Stain of silk.

*ESF Renaissance College, Nanwani, Rumi – 16*

A diseased breath grasped my face, then burrowed through me. Tentacles, digging within. Head tilted back, bulging from the throat – gagging, spasming, as it withers deeper, until it grasps onto my soul. And then it wouldn't let go.

I was one of the few who survived.

Dawns bleed, sun's rot,  
Day after day, night after night, we travelled.  
Their coughs slither across my skin.  
I grimace at the blood spilt on the floors,  
The gouging eyes.

My mothers whispers still linger,  
Her voice warm, pressed to my naive ear,  
Telling me everything will be alright,  
Telling me it would pass,  
That bodies do "strange things" before they heal.

Then she was gone.  
We buried her close to the road,  
Far enough so no one would trip.

The sickness didn't chase us.  
It walked.  
Sometimes it rested  
Sometimes it felt like it forgot us entirely,  
Which felt worse, somehow.

In the mornings we checked ourselves silently.  
Tongue. Throat. Breath.  
Any warmth which stayed too long.  
Any tremor we couldn't explain  
As a cold or hunger or poor sleep.

The road was never empty,  
Despite it feeling that way.  
Tracks pressed into the mud,  
Hooves thumping, masking Earth's hum.

People moved by us,  
A closeness I didn't ask for.  
Their odour threaded itself through the same air,  
Tangy with spices, which stung my nose  
Sharp and sweet, masking rot – or pretending to.  
I couldn't always tell which.

I learned the road had a name,  
Spoken in pieces, translated badly,  
through many mouths.  
The Silk Road.  
They swore Chang'an was safe,  
Lungs still pink,  
Streets loud enough to drown a cough.

They thought distance could be a bandage, And walls could keep out air.

A merchant laughed as he crossed,  
The sound echoed wet in his throat.  
He swallowed it down, and smiled wider.

Sickness doesn't arrive like an army.  
It doesn't.  
It rides the softest things,  
Breath shared too close,  
A sleeve wiped across a mouth,  
A handshake that loiters,  
A second too long.

So tell them Chang'an is safe,  
The east is clean.  
Because the road listens,  
And keeps walking,  
Patient as hunger,  
Carrying what it does,  
Without leaving a mark –  
Till it does.

I remember my mother,  
The last warmth of her voice,  
The next day, gone.  
We laid her close to the road,  
Far enough so no one would trip,  
Close enough to hear the world that still passed her by.

When I walk, I don't see her.  
I carry her.  
A hard lump under the skin,  
Heavy, quiet –  
Resting where my ribs meet my breath.

And I know,  
The road doesn't end,  
It keeps you.

# The Silkworm

*ESF Renaissance College, Wheeler, Anna – 16*

Baby; be a minute old–  
Soon; before time runs thin again and you are  
Twenty and one before me  
My legacy a shawl draped onto you  
Of the finest silk  
A woman could spin  
And it slips from you as you slip from me,  
As time allows – as it has always done.

Your bare back glares  
You blame me  
*'Our scapula is what is left of our wings,'* I say  
Yours are clipped.

Baby; do not want what I want  
Should you want it – weave whatever worlds you want with it  
Gorge yourself on glory  
So far, so near, so close – not far enough  
Grab at it with your tiny hands; squeeze it coarse and rough

By mealtime, you'll have outgrown your rags,  
Learnt the ropes  
You'll have emerged from your cocoon; silver at your back, already–

For the day you wish to weave what I weave;  
Want what I want  
Be who I'm not  
Is the day, I am sure – time will stop.

I am a mother first;  
My womb a semblance of union

I had not yet known of the cages I held so close to us  
The bars looked like wine glasses in my hands;  
The stem, a dagger  
The chalice; my own round belly  
That I took a sip out of, every high noon  
You made me ache.

The stories we'd craft on the satin  
Felt like the lullabies I'd sing  
And Chang'an roared year after year  
With the stories of our silk  
The same silk spun to hate us;  
That would tell the tale of the women who had come to continue in every wound;  
Where pinprick after pinprick  
Sharpened and stung in the same hisses of poison rebirth–  
We bend to our looms again.  
Take pride in it, like a pig with its belly full, harvested alive and well,

Ecstatic and breathing  
Where we dance in our riches and slip on our coins

Baby; do not slip.

On your twenty–eighth day– you shed something.  
A new skin, new life, something translucent  
Your limp wings lay next to you in holographic whisper  
Opalescent

Baby, I dreamt of you in miracles– salty shimmers, the croak of wood  
And the ail of women you created  
The sneer of sisterhood  
The world beyond our window, and our city, and our roads;  
And our feigned riches  
Merely shaped by hoofprints; wheel tracks, footsteps  
That fade away with every change in season, change in wind;

Baby, do not change again.

And I rest on my cushioned knees; still bruised  
And I blink, and the hoofprints have changed  
And a new era arrives  
And I sink into the walls of this house  
Where history is told in whispers far too thin  
And women like me lay draped in our own skin  
Too aged to be silk  
Painfully human

The day I had to let my Baby go,  
Out came a silkworm  
Born from my womb  
Coiled in my hands  
My baby  
Stillborn.

# Echoes

*Victoria Shanghai Academy, Chan, Ava – 14*

the echo of a historical journey  
woven into the seams of our reality  
silk  
spices  
and the spirit of  
humanity  
exploring the connections of  
millions of souls  
paving the way  
to a bright future

but some things are left  
unspoken  
inked on an invisible page  
the blood that ran  
the shadows that stole  
the lives of many

# Threads of Kosmopolitês

*Victoria Shanghai Academy, Law, Marco – 16*

He walks a road forged for the masses, not for harm,  
a sacred path to bridge those like him, divided by east and west.  
Kosmopolitês, that for once needn't trade with arms,  
but timbran wealth from Terra's shared bequest.

The skyful opulence of silk and silver, saffron and jade,  
slipped through his hands like the wind, sun and rain.  
The elements, fire, wood, earth, metal and water cascade,  
an amalgamation of cultures now woven remains.

He gifted arab numbers for the Greek's new math,  
written on paper borne from his comrade's Chinese hands,  
which gave light to thoughts in every distant land.  
Together, he witnessed the collective human mind expand.

Centuries Kosmopolitês walked the Silk Road,  
Through vibrant markets breathing faith and knowledge.  
Where Buddhist sutras met the Gospel's code,  
He wove the threads of millions, all from a small moving cottage.

He rested, framed by the vast desert, mountains and steppes,  
beneath the beautiful stars, the only light for miles afar,  
this dark, common sky that all share was his only map,  
a covenant of kinship, for them, not at all bizarre.

Kosmopolitês wakes. Now, data streams where spice-laden winds once blew,  
and cargo hulls of commodities replace the caravans' trust.  
Where bridges once stood, great invisible walls stand,  
and constant violence pierces the markets unmanned.

Those ancient stars, few and blurry, that witnessed the vows of old,  
find no reflection of that light in those who now traverse the Silk Road.  
It seems all those centuries of camaraderie are untrue,  
as we, the same, once again turn against each other for good.

Threads of silk, that once crossed borders, that once entwined many hearts,  
is now frayed, unspun, a severed work of art.

# Yellow

*Victoria Shanghai Academy, Wong, Hang – 16*

i look back at my village

it's green and blue and white

i stare into the deep distance

it's all

y e l l o w

i might find gold

giraffes and grapefruits and garlics

or i might perish

lost in the deep howling depths of the

y e l l o w

i might find people

see pretty things that my people's eyes have never seen

or they might kill me

leave me to die in the empty desolate

y e l l o w

i might find nature

understand the beauty that the wide world can offer

or a snake might kill me

eat me in the dark dangerous

y e l l o w

but it should be fine

i hop onto my camel

and tug on the rope

taking a first step into the

y e l l o w

Creative Writing

# Poetry

Group 5



# Silk Road

*G.T. (Ellen Yeung) College, Chiu, Long Tin Isaak – 16*

All saints converge in the dynasty's heart,  
Priceless treasures enticing merchants halt;  
Boundless adventures await,  
An errant choice seals a mortal's fate.

Along the dusty trails where camels tread,  
Buddhist proselytes chant; their insight spread;  
Sandwiched by mountains, girded around by sand,  
Dormant cordyceps recovered by careful hands.

Skirting Tianshan, escarpments rise and test,  
Bandits lie concealed; avalanches deny rest;  
Precipitous cliffs, where scarlet ravines remain—  
Baptized by fire, the plains stretch out again.

Westward the lutes of Persia sound and call,  
Mythic lore and ballads echo through the hall;  
Violet grapes and sumptuous cloth unfurl,  
Treasures and tales from every distant world.

Along the deltas, rivulets braid east to west,  
Halfway from Tang, halfway to Rome's behest;  
Damascus blooms with roses in the air,  
Aram's famed prose beneath the merchant prayer.

Across the mounts, the caravans reach shores,  
Where Punic echoes haunt forgotten wars;  
Cargo holds their names; the keels take pride—  
They sail on perilous, shifting tides.

At last the odyssey finds its woven end,  
Yet Silk Road trade and memory transcend;  
Tea, porcelain, and stories westward send,  
China's legacy rides the restless wind.

# Road of Dreams

*G.T. (Ellen Yeung) College, Leung, Yu Fung Christie – 17*

In front of me rested a book, “China’s Odyssey”  
Pages clasped together begging, “Read Me”  
On the cover loomed thousands of ships brimming with load,  
Under the picture was inscribed, “Silk Road”

Silk Road? Deserted, diminished, desolate.  
Promises of magnificence on an empty slate.  
What used to flourish in that day and age?  
I asked myself as I flipped to the first page.

Unwound back through the passage of time,  
Where envoy Zhang Qian in Xi’an stood poised to depart.  
I yelled, “Why travel to uncertainty when you could save a dime?”  
He said, “This dream is the fabric that carries our art.”

Along the way I met monks and smiths,  
Grasping treasures merely once whispered in myths.  
From incense to saltpetre to silk in seams,  
To them, the most valuable remained their dreams.

To pioneers and scientists I raised a question,  
“Why chase the winds of trade?”  
They spoke of exchange with a bold vision,  
Stemming from dreams their children had made.

Following the sparkle of China’s jade,  
I was led to Istanbul where businessmen did their parade.  
A cascade of sapphires, ivories, and gold,  
Shimmering bright rays as fulfilled dreams unfold.

As I raced through a time-lapse of horses, spices, and wools,  
I embraced ideas, religions, technologies, and new tools.  
Roaming merchants, pilgrims, scholars, and artisans,  
With a shared dream to explore, cradled in their small hands.

That’s when I realised  
this road wasn’t made of silk, tea, or a porcelain cup.  
It was instead built  
on dreams that never quite gave up.

As the pages of history flapped itself shut,  
Echoes of journeys still linger in my eyes.  
A new road of silk starts to weave itself in my mind,  
Threading another dream to keep it alive.

# Poetry

Group 6



## The Green and Purple Camel

*Korean International School Springboard, Chan, Hin Yuen Hinton – 10*

The camel is so big the colour is green.  
She lives in the purple desert and her name is Candy.  
She had a camel friend named Billy.  
Billy a purple camel.  
Billy and Candy play in the brown desert.  
Candy gives Billy lots of candies.

## The Luxury of Fur

*Korean International School Springboard, Hung, Wing Hung Iden – 13*

Furs from the North, so soft and so rich,  
Luxurious treasures that bring style and charm.  
Silky and plush, with a glossy delight,  
They wrap us in warmth, comfortable through the night.

Timeless and lavish, a true work of art,  
Furs tell a story—each piece plays a part.  
From chilly winters to lands far away,  
They brighten our lives in a wonderful way.

## The Camel on the Silk Road

*Korean International School Springboard, Kim, Chemin Patrick – 9*

Long time ago was a camel named lego  
As big as a man  
Lego the camel has brown fluffy fur  
Masters of the camel Lego, a boy named Brownie and man named Cookie.  
Slowly and carefully,  
They travel on the Silk Road,

The man, the boy, the camel and a band.  
The man walks on the hot Ground  
The camel steps on the sand  
The boy's water was not Found  
And now they are a thirsty band.

## The Camel Facts

*Korean International School Springboard, Lee, Wing Yan Andelyn – 13*

The camel lives in the hot desert.  
A humpy bumpy camel with four legs.  
A brown camel with skin thick as a wool coat.  
They like to walk in the sun and find water to drink.  
They need to ride a caravan to the silk road.  
Humpy Bumpy camels walking on the sand  
They dance, they play and walk to the silk road.

## Porcelain Treasures

*Korean International School Springboard, Sung, Sangeun – 13*

Porcelain is classic,  
Oh, so artistic—  
A smooth treasure  
That makes us whimsical.

It's radiant and refined,  
A special find,  
With fragile beauty  
That dances in our mind.  
Pristine and versatile,  
It's a pretty sight.

From sophisticated to delicate,  
It's used every day,  
Bringing gloss and timeless charm  
In a lovely way.

So here's to porcelain,  
Elegant and durable,  
A magical treasure  
From a faraway land!

# Poetry

Group 7



## The Silk

*Korean International School Springboard, Bi, Taryn Liane – 14*

Silk, a treasure, luxurious and bright,  
A craft of beauty, shimmering in light.  
Soft and delicate, as light as a bird,  
Worn by kings and queens with royalty.

Rich and flowing, with a glistening grace,  
A journey unfolds, from China's embrace.  
Through winding paths, to Europe it flows,  
A legacy woven in history's prose.

## One Voice Can Change the World

*Korean International School Springboard, Chor, Damien – 18*

In ancient halls where whispers weave,  
He didn't travel to Europe's shore, but eastward bound, to western routes explore.  
A voice rang out, determined and brave.  
With ink and brush, he dared to believe.

In Han Dynasty's time, beneath history's weight  
He sought the truths that few could see  
His wisdom shines through ages past  
Through lessons wise, he showed the way to grow.  
With pen in hand, he wrote with care,  
He told his men of what was fair

Ban Chao, the brave, who took a stand.  
His legacy across the land.  
His cleverness shone through the silent nights.  
With courage, he claimed his rights.  
And the echoes of his voice were very strong.

For every voice, both loud and soft.  
Can change the world and inspire all.

The strength in our voices, strong and clear.  
For Ban Chao's legend will resound through time.  
Each voice can find the strength to stay.  
Transforming darkness into light.

## The Magic of Glassware

*Korean International School Springboard, Chu, Ka Lok – 15*

Glassware is colorful, refined, and delicate,  
With whimsical sparkles that bring us cheer.

Each piece is a treasure, a true work of art,  
Handcrafted with elegance, modern and clear.

Translucent and smooth, they capture the light,  
From vibrant designs to decorative patterns.

Glassware is unique, a traditional delight,  
Sophisticated and bright, forever evocative.

So let us celebrate glassware, radiant and rare,  
A magical world that fills us with flair

## Textile Trade

*Korean International School Springboard, Chung, Taemin – 14*

In a world exotic, so unique and fine,  
Textiles tell stories, a cultural sight.  
Silk and wool, cotton and linen divine,  
Each fabric exotic, a true work of art.

Soft yet light, and colorful too,  
They wrap us in elegance, in shades rich and luxurious.  
Traditional patterns, vibrant and widely,  
Handcrafted with care, they celebrate fate.

So let's preserve these treasures, both timeless and grand,  
For in thread lies a story, enduring, versatile.  
From warm, vibrant blankets to intricate twirls,  
Textiles unite us across the whole wide world.

## Livestock Friends

*Korean International School Springboard, Lau, Yu Yan Ian – 14*

Horses gallop strong and fertile,  
Camels healthy, oh, can't you see?  
On the routes where they all are gentle  
Fertile creatures, prized and wellbred  
In our world, they help us all.

## A Thread Across Time

*Korean International School Springboard, Lowther, Jessica Kate – 19*

Two thousand years, a thread was spun,  
From China's heart to the setting sun.  
Silk in hand, they dared to roam,  
To lands unknown, far from home.

## Whispers of Spice

*Korean International School Springboard, Ryan, Ffion Angela – 17*

In the warm glow of bright colors,  
Tasty and full of unique flavors,  
Exotic cinnamon twirls softly,  
While sharp pepper brings the rich taste of the world.

## Valuable Trades

*Korean International School Springboard, Wong, Jing Yuk Euan – 15*

These precious treasures, gems, and gold,  
Silver and vibrant stones, unique tales told.  
Crafted by ancients, with skill and delight,  
Radiant, sparkling, shimmering bright.  
They enrich my journey, inviting and bold.

Precious metals and gems, billions of years old,  
Zircon, the oldest, a wonder to behold.  
Natural diamonds, formed in grandeur's embrace,  
Rare and elusive, a captivating grace.  
Priceless and exquisite, in nature's pure state.

Peridot and garnet, rich and bold  
Sapphire's gleam, ruby's fiery glow,  
Diamond's brilliance, jade's allure too.  
Both metal and gold, in beauty entwined,  
The vibrant gems danced on the Silk Road.

# Horse Soldiers: A Long Distance to Europe

*Korean International School Springboard, Wong, Pak Him Joshua – 18*

Heavy people in a sand blizzard  
Oddward people are thirsty with no water to drink  
Rivers to drink from, preventing thirst  
Satisfying sight as soldiers meet, then start fighting  
Environment is beautiful, but sandy

Slopes say you need to be careful and watch where you're walking  
On the road, flat grounds have no grass, only sand  
Legendary people know the past  
Dawn breaks before sunset, heading to another country  
Imperial days in the Silk Road  
Excited to reach Europe  
Roped in for days in the hottest desert, the Silk Road  
Solving the route to Europe via the Silk Road

Aim in the direction you're heading

Leap over the rivers and lakes, avoid the shooting arrows  
Opinionate your team soldiers to decide to go  
Not every soldier is hurt or thirsty  
Guard the roads so the soldiers can't cross

Dusk falls when a sand blizzard sweeps the Silk Road  
Innocent people kneel in the sand; if they please, they continue  
Stranded people sit in the sand with nothing to do, thirsty  
Trace the footsteps that the wolf made  
A person rides their horse along the Silk Road to Europe  
Noble people ask soldiers to reach Europe and find the emperor  
Countless meters of the Silk Road can't be seen  
Exit Silk Road carefully, don't get caught

Thoughtless people don't know how to get up the horse  
Overreacting people get stressed about where to go on the Silk Road

Existing people say go left instead of right; if they lie, you're lost.  
Underground caves might cross beneath, but they never do  
Reset the Silk Road so it doesn't confuse travelers  
Offensive people don't want to fight, but they must  
People on the Silk Road can't see others from far away  
Edible goods are sold across the Silk Road

## Worthy for the Brew

*Korean International School Springboard, Yeo, Yeu Joen Darren – 16*

All the way from China,  
Rich, earthy, smooth.  
Sweet and fruity,  
Smells refreshing and nutty—  
Made my journey so worthy.

A warm cup of aromatic tea,  
Every sip tastes so delicate.  
Floral and warm,  
All the bold flavors—  
Made my trade so worthy.