



Poetry
Group 1

We Are Living on the Silk Road

Rachel Tsz Kiu Ng, 8, Chinese International School

Hello! Welcome to my long and famous road.
Its name is the Silk Road.
I live in a giant sandcastle located in the middle of the road.
It is one of the symbols of the Silk Road.
I can see the hot Flaming Mountain like a volcano.
Loads and loads and loads and loads.
Camels are walking very slowly.
Oh no! They are not comfortable.
Sweat! Sweat! Sweat!
They sweat a lot and their screams echo.
Visitors shuttle between East and West along the Silk Road by vehicle.
I make friends with one named Cheryl.
She is an orphan twelve years old.
Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!
How in our looks we resemble!
She builds another sandcastle and stays with me so close.
We live together happily ever after on the Silk Road!



Poetry
Group 2

Camels on the Silk Road

Chrysanne Hiu Lam Chow, 10, St. Paul's Convent School

I glance up at my master
As he urges me faster.
Leading the camel pack
And carrying a heavy sack,
My hump's loaded with treasures
So much till no measures.
Trudging in desolate sand dunes
Wouldn't stop humming along tunes.
Sniffing at the aroma of spice,
Taking the pleasure at any price!

We stride in awesome pride
As we follow Zhang Qian's guide.
Going on an imperial mission
And sharing a superior vision,
Our hooves bear the national splendour
In honour of our majestic Emperor.
Carrying with us the world's finest silk
Merchants trade with their goats' milk.
Never mind the bandits that conceal
In order to reach for a deal.

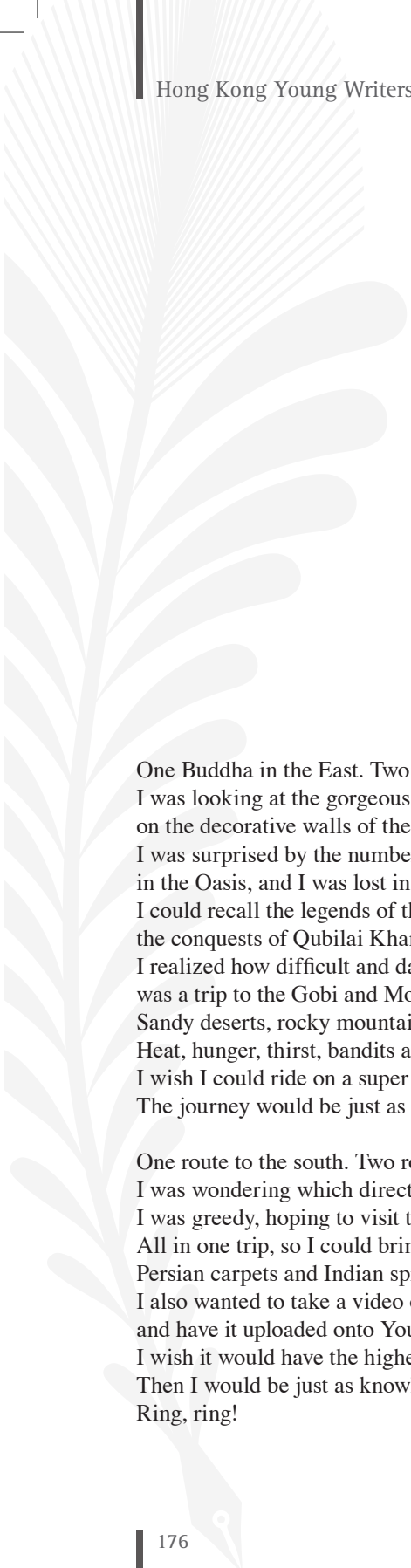
The Silk Road is no simple road.
From Zhang Qian the first route unfolds
Growing trails and pathways manifolds.
From one end in China we are led
To the other end in Rome we are fed
Tall tales and stories of mystery
Camels in caravans tell in history.

One Book Over Here

Inny Yeung, 9, Chinese International School

One book over here. Two books over there.
I was reading information about the Silk Road
and the history of Zhang Qian.
I was amazed so much by the stories
that I found myself nowhere in my room.
I could almost smell the wool, and taste
the goat head soup and steaming cups of tea.
I like melons from Lanzhou, grapes from Turpan.
I wish I could stay in a mud brick hut.
Sleeping there would be just as comfortable.
Z! Z! Z! Z!

One camel on my right. Two camels on my left.
I was asking the traders where I was
and how I could go home.
I was fascinated by the stories of their journeys.
They showed me items from their caravans,
I could almost see Indian ivory, Arabian horses,
and yaks from Himalayas.
I also tried the dried dates and raisins
and I loved the jades from Kashgar.
I wish I could accompany them
to the Mediterranean.
The adventure would be just as unforgettable.



One Buddha in the East. Two Buddhists in the West.
I was looking at the gorgeous religious paintings
on the decorative walls of the temples in Dunhuang.
I was surprised by the number of Buddhist cave temples
in the Oasis, and I was lost in their superstitions.
I could recall the legends of the Monkey King,
the conquests of Qubilai Khan, the deeds of Marco Polo.
I realized how difficult and dangerous
was a trip to the Gobi and Mongolia.
Sandy deserts, rocky mountains, hostile jungles,
Heat, hunger, thirst, bandits and adverse weather.
I wish I could ride on a super fast train.
The journey would be just as enjoyable.

One route to the south. Two routes to the north.
I was wondering which direction to travel in.
I was greedy, hoping to visit the Black Sea, Persia, India
All in one trip, so I could bring my family Italian jewels,
Persian carpets and Indian spices.
I also wanted to take a video of the journey
and have it uploaded onto YouTube.
I wish it would have the highest hit rate on the Web.
Then I would be just as knowledgeable!
Ring, ring!

Through the Eyes of the Great Silk Road

Jemima Ridley, 10, Kennedy School

I am the eyes of the great Silk Road,
And I will show you where to go,
Beautiful places you have never been,
Come with me and you will see,
What the world can really be,
The magnificent Silk Road.

First stop is the dazzling Qinghai Lake,
Its crystal blue waters shine as they wake,
Bright green mountains line the horizon,
Like a gleaming aquamarine against a shining emerald,
The graceful birds are so lucky,
For what a wonderful place to be.

The amazing Bayanbulak Grasslands come second,
Where miles of mouthwatering grazing beckon,
The sheep and the yaks can divine no more,
But then comes the great disheartening downpour,
It pours and it pours till it can pour no more,
The rain stops, the sun shines, and the yellow flowers bloom.

With angels and demons and pixies galore,
The Heavenly Lake's waters lap on the shore,
The Tianshan Mountains,
Topped with white velvet snow,
Guard the city's great waters,

Guard the great unknown.
Behind the great terrain of the windswept Lopnur,
There lingers a kingdom,
But kingdom no more,
Loulan, swallowed up whole by shifting sands,
Leaving only tombs and colourful coffins,
For archaeologists' inquiring hands.

Now comes the last stop of the ancient Silk Road,
The ghost city of Karamay,
Whose great tales have been burrowed,
By ghostly winds that rose through the town,
Roaring and howling,
Cloaking all in a feared sand gown.

And now that we have come,
To the end of what we began,
Nearly 2,000 years ago.
A journey through an inspiring land,
4,000 miles from Rome through to China,
A story we know is far from over ...

The Past, Present and Future of the Silk Road

Jordan Chan, 9, Beacon Hill School

Spurring on exhausted camels and donkeys across the desert road
Carrying bags of treasured gold walking on the Silk Road
Trading shimmering diamonds and crystal jade in a road show
Exchanging Chinese antiques and colourful silk as soft as snow
Curing human sickness with special herbs and spices for the old
That's the past of the Silk Road

Zooming cars and flying aeroplanes, no more suffering on the desert road
Speedy high-tech iPhones and iPads help businesses to grow
Exchanging fun games and education help many a child to be a pro
Exciting varieties of cultural food make people full
Buildings are like tall trees that can be grown
That's the present of the Silk Road

Fast trains that can move 1000 miles an hour on the desert road
Flying space shuttles that can take people to different planets deserve a toast
Amazing, tall, powerful skyscrapers can hold
Intelligent robots can perform human jobs cold
Millions of electronic gadgets being sold
And that's the future of the Silk Road

The Silk Road

Samantha Brooks, 9, Bradbury School

Silks and spices
Glass and gems
Furs and food.

Merchants travel
Upon stone and gravel
With camels and horses at their side.
They pass perilous rivers and monstrous mountains.
They trek through scorching deserts
Across lands of fear and excitement.
They bring gold and riches to distant places
When some go, they never return.

Some traders are never seen again
Be warned – this journey is no game!
They pass through treacherous weather
To reach their destination.
They see temples, mountains, villages and forests.
They come by statues and lakes
Hardly ever stopping to rest.

Some people they meet
Are pleased to greet
These foreign travellers to their land.
But others not so.
They are angry, upset,
They fear the newcomers will take
All their wealth and luck from them.

Grasses and spice
And freshly cooked rice
The sharp odour of garlic
Mingles with the smells of a soft gentle
breeze.
Traders will also smell
The scent of mountain dwellings,
Of camel dung and dirt.

The sounds of tramping feet
And sizzling campfires roasting meat.
Travellers hear and sometimes fear
The rumble of falling rocks.
The soft sounds of silks rustling
And the speedy noise of traders bustling.

In the night
The leaves whisper warnings
As the light of day is dawning.
There will be merchants chattering
And gems clattering
Whilst spices shake and camels wake.
Furs are dangling off the backs of horses
As the creatures trot along,
The sound of hooves clopping.

This road
Brings success to some
But also tragedy.
Lots of people travel
This wondrous path
Otherwise known as ...
... the Silk Road.



Poetry
Group 3

East Meets West

Anselm Chak Sum Au, 12, La Salle College

The mysterious route that links the East and the West,
Bringing trade to flourish at its best,
Extends through mountains, sea and sand,
It has done nothing but expand.

The Northern land route is the choice for this wealthy trader.
However, loading is tough, so he gets a blister;
Sweat falls from his glistening forehead,
Clothes all wet and his whole face red,
Packs galore on his horse,
Treading on the sand so very coarse.

Makes his way through the Shanxi provinces,
Further splits into three new routes,
Doesn't know which to take, so he winces.
Two routes go through a huge desert, so much so for his choices,
Then rejoins at the Kashgar outskirt.

The third route cuts through Tian Shan Mountains,
Reaches Kazakhstan, then it toughens.
Tossing between deserts and mountains,
The fate to the trader seems much the same,
Taking the deserts to avoid falling from mountains.

Venturing the wretched desert for the trader to cruise,
Horse staggers on uneven surfaces, he gets many a bruise.
Reaching the end of the path, he's filled with relief,
Then suddenly his eye catches something, trader stares in total disbelief.

From West Kashgar, the routes split twice;
Trader thinks, "Oh God, that's perfectly nice!"
As if the desert has heard his whisper, it plays along accordingly,
Nightfall and darkness creep up on him, what complete irony!

Blinded by darkness, the clouds become so tainted,
Saved by the stars, bringing the sky brightness so pure,
Trader gets the idea and begins to navigate, and endure
The deathly freezing winds of the midnight desert ...

The dim line of dawn begins to show,
Breaks up night with its flow,
Across the sky as white as snow,
Pack up that gear, it's time to go!

Smell of a new day is so sweet!
Make your decision in a heartbeat!
Take south to the Alai Valleys towards Uzbekistan and Afghanistan,
Stay away from the Karakum Desert, where anyone would become a madman!

At the end the trader hitches a ride on the Southern land route;
Somewhere near Merv, the trader gets involved in a dispute,
Where ruthless thieves loot a ton of his goods,
Feeling so glum he takes a walk to restore his moods.

Then the trader coincidentally crosses a caravan standing on the seaside;
He thinks, "That is definitely the next route I'm going, step aside!"
Now he has to sail along the Sea Route,
A grin glows on his face and a frown devours his heart.

Over the Indian Ocean Maritime System,
With a flicker of its hand, the sea says, "Welcome!"
Water splashes onto the boat,
After more attacks it won't keep afloat!

Due to the trader's rich knowledge of the sea,
He steers the boat away from Poseidon's fury,
Over to a location somewhat close to the Persian Gulf.
He's damp, cold and enveloped in black,
Then senses a sinister sensation on standby to attack.

The trader, unaware, has driven into a hurricane!
That bears a personality that isn't exactly humane,
That's the inception of Thanatos' disasters,
Transforms peaceful waters into deadly murderers!
From tectonic plates colliding to tsunamis raging,
Waves tower at 100 metres high!
Shadowing over the great blue skies!
To compare, the boat is less than an insignificant speck,
The wave takes a dive and now the trader submerges in the shipwreck.

The trader awakes on the sand so soft,
Smelling aromas as they waft,
He stands, and scans the scenery, realizes he's near Rome!
Gathering his remaining goods, he overflows with glee!

The trader encounters foreign people selling animals and artefacts;
Without further ado he quickly reacts;
Laying out his glamorous silk and his priceless jewellery,
And begins the flourishing of modern trade industry,
Happening between the Eastern and Western countries,
And brings the two closer together, a binder that lasts forever and ever...

Today, the importance of the Silk Road has gradually decreased,
And the use of technology has obviously increased,
With the invention of the Internet,
Countless trades are taking place on the Web!

This mysterious route that links the East and the West,
Has re-emerged in the Net, continuing to flourish, trading at its best!

The Ancient Silk Road

Clarice Tse, 13, Kiangsu Chekiang International School

Far across the world,
The Silk Road lies.
Sand hurled and twirled,
Upon the desert the sand scattered.

With the mist of sand,
Silent as space,
Mysterious as an ancient land,
Sounds from past whispered with the Silk Road.

Merchants hiked through the moistureless road,
The never-ending path.
Shiny, glamorous load,
Place to place through the sandstorm.

Shadows of camels reflected in an eye,
As the sun shines brightly across the desert.
Dusts of sand whizzing by,
Echoed with nature's concert.

Merchants,
A long way to go, still,
Across the deserts,
And up the hills,
Through the streams,
And along the roads.
Bringing along their valuables,
To the cities of great unknown.

Travel, Travelling, Travelled the Silk Road

Isabelle Kwan, 12, South Island School

I've heard tales
Of the Silk Road
'Cross land and sea,
By merchants bold.

Scorching deserts,
Perilous seas,
Along the Silk Road
I long to see.

I want to explore
Roaming the East,
I'd be remembered
Long after deceased.

Here is my chance
To travel the road
To tea and spices,
To trade shiploads.

The ocean spray
There's no turning back
My dreams have come true
I will travel the track.

Sailing the seas,
Finding new routes,
To China, Asia
Collecting loot.

Wondrous treasures,
Silk and jewels,
Wealth beyond measures
And curious tools.

The angry sun
Beat down on my back
I carry on walking
Clutching my sack

Night comes,
Shadows loom,
Mysterious sounds
In the desert gloom.

A fearless explorer,
Discovering lands,
Trading rare marvels,
And travelling sands.

Back on board
The sails soar
The cool breeze
As we left the shore

Suddenly slipping
Sails unpinned
A storm arriving
Whipping wind.

Thunder clouds
BOOM! CLASH!
The sky darkens
A lightning flash.

The ship collides,
It spins and rolls
Striking rocks
No control.

The waves crash,
Against the boat
Broken driftwood
Away they float

Thrown into the ocean
The ocean roars
As I swim
I pray and implore

I swim on,
The crew shouts
Filled with fear
I thrash about

I know tales
Of the Silk Road
Adventures passed
Yet to be told

Struggling up,
I strain, then sigh
I let myself sink
And close my eyes.

Steaming, Scorching, Sizzling

Jessica Lin, 13, Kiangsu Chekiang International School

Steaming. Sizzling. Scorching.
The burning ball blazes in the enormous sky,
Merchants and dealers trade nearby.
Some filled with greed, high as a sand dune,
Others longing for the ray of wealth to come soon.

Endless. Boundless. Limitless.
The golden desert stretched beyond horizons,
Never by the tick tock it wizens.
I was dawdling across this bewitching nightmare,
Hoping this would be worth it, behind my despair.

Sapphire. Slate. Sparkling.
Oh! What beauty the sky holds,
Yet full of desires, famished for gold.
Will I ever be able to survive out here?
Or is this just a dream, shattering into nowhere?

Ambition. Addiction. Aspiration.
An anonymous city flashed before my fate,
Uncertainty and curiosity strike, the city awaits.
As I, the piece of silk, continue my path,
Down the dry, dusty Silk Road.

The Journey

Marian Williams, 11, Kiangsu Chekiang International School

The bare desert stretches out, way beyond the horizon,
The bumps in the caravan are soothing,
Gentle moans come from some of the camels,
As they struggle under the weight of their cargo.

While they travel under the star-lit skies,
People dream of their homes
Away from the bare desert,
Nearer to civilization.

The lonely, dusty surface seems to stretch out forever,
It sometimes helps to think that someone, anyone is watching over you,
Like a guardian angel
Pointing towards the way that you must travel.

Under the dark, lonely skies,
Some pray for a safe journey,
Others pray for their families,
And there are those who make sure the camels are in good health.

Knowing the people who travel with you is important
For when on a journey such as this
Friends become family,
And family become friends.

Mira

Patrick Campbell, 12, Discovery College

Bustling bazaars that sold spices of all scents ...
Daring merchants who lived in makeshift tents ...
Picturesque deserts where the golden sand glowed ...
But face the reality, this isn't the real Silk Road!

What was once a thriving trade route,
Is now a region of violence and dispute.
Pointless fights are being fought sword to sword,
The winner isn't going to gain any awards.

At the same time,
It is also a region flooded with crime.
A thousand years ago it would have been silk and rugs,
Now the only things traded are weapons and drugs.

Mira was an ordinary girl,
Trapped in a sinful and wicked world.
Born to a migrant father and a drug-addicted mother,
She knew there wasn't a guardian angel above her.

At the age of eight, her father was dead,
Shot thrice in the chest, by a pack of racist skinheads.
By her tenth birthday, she was sick with an incurable illness,
Her mother left her at the orphanage doorstep, lying in stillness.

Months went by and Mira was still tallying the days,
'Till she would fall down, and pass away.
At one point, the pain was too much,
She was about to jump, but felt God's touch.

He told her, "Don't give up, keep on going,
And the suffering you endure will show signs of slowing."
So she kept pushing through, and then it was clear,
That the end of the sickness was getting near.

Twenty years later and she's travelling the Silk Road,
Helping kids who are carrying the same load.
With a bit of toil, and a bit of trying,
You can get through anything without dying.

The Story of the Silk Road

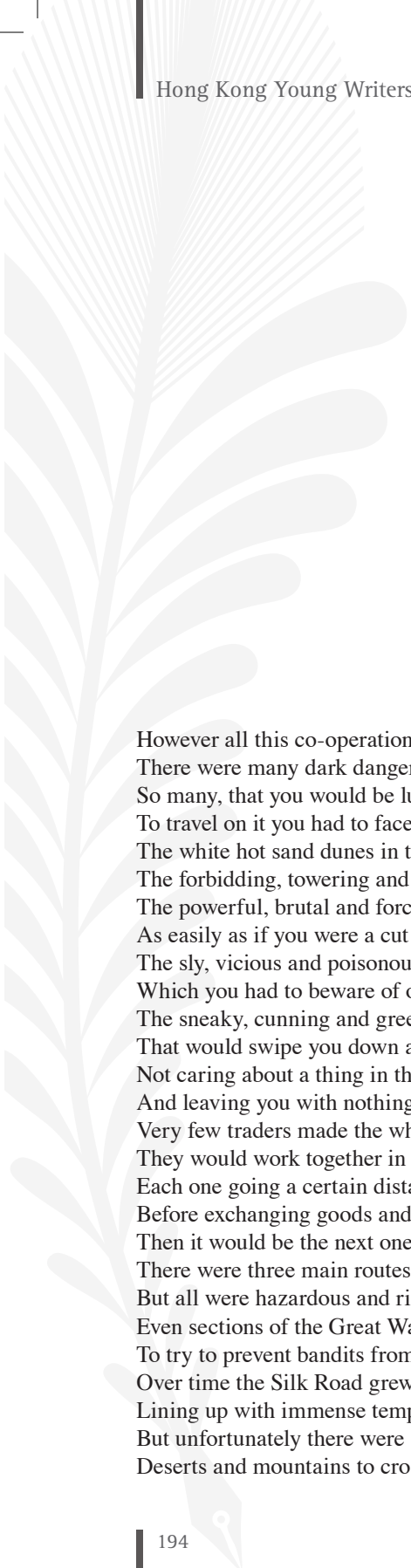
Rosemary Clark, 12, Zhuhai International School

Transport yourself 1000 years back

And imagine a lonely field with a few mulberry trees in it.
Everything is silent.
But if you listen closely
You can hear a hushed rustling.
It is a silkworm munching mulberry leaves.
Silkworms have a short life.
After they produce what merciless humans want
They get killed.
But their silk lives on and is spun into a cloth
That is legendary for its exquisite softness and beauty.
And this precious material begins a long historical journey ...

There is a road that tells an intriguing story.
A story about trading, compromising and discovery.
A Chinese traveller wanted to expand the silk trade
Therefore the Silk Road was born.
Its interconnected paths wind and twist on land and sea for 7000 miles
Travelling through many great places.
Starting its journey in China and making its way across,
Creating a new connection between countries.

There was a lot of trading through these roads.
Silk, jade, gold, spices and many goods were passed along.
When countries gave, they also gained
And this process repeated over and over.
It exposed China to different cultures, religions and arts.
For example, Buddhism was one that made its way slowly to China.



However all this co-operation wasn't easy,
There were many dark dangers of the Silk Road.
So many, that you would be lucky to survive the whole journey.
To travel on it you had to face incredibly bad conditions.
The white hot sand dunes in the desert,
The forbidding, towering and grand mountains.
The powerful, brutal and forceful winds that could knock you down
As easily as if you were a cut out piece of paper.
The sly, vicious and poisonous snakes
Which you had to beware of otherwise you would be in deep trouble.
The sneaky, cunning and greedy bandits and sand pirates
That would swipe you down and take everything you had,
Not caring about a thing in the world,
And leaving you with nothing.
Very few traders made the whole trip so
They would work together in relays.
Each one going a certain distance
Before exchanging goods and hopefully returning.
Then it would be the next one's turn and so on.
There were three main routes
But all were hazardous and risky.
Even sections of the Great Wall were built along it,
To try to prevent bandits from harming the trade.
Over time the Silk Road grew its own civilization.
Lining up with immense temples and booming cities.
But unfortunately there were still stretches of
Deserts and mountains to cross, with no city or water in sight.

By 760 AD the trade along the road had declined.
Overland trade became increasingly dangerous and
Overseas trade became more popular.
Those tangled roads and paths had finally come to an end.
It had been worn by the use of thousands of travellers,
It had been a great help in connecting us all together,
It has contributed in creating our present lives.
It has developed into
A well-known,
Unforgettable,
Incredible,
Historical road that is famous in China.
And is what we now know as and call
The Silk Road.



Poetry
Group 4

A Road of Friendship

Rachel So, 16, Heep Yunn School

Several years ago, my life was dull and I was bored,
I wanted to make friends with people around the world.
Lacking ideas of how to do it, I went to the wise old man.
'Kiddy, kiddy, no worries! Let me give you some advice.

Rush back home and pack your luggage with some food.
Once you are ready, buy two air tickets to China.
Ask your good friend to accompany you.
Don't forget to bid farewell to your family.

Check the itinerary on the plane,
Head to the Silk Road and start your trip.'
I followed the wise old man's plan,
Nervous and excited, I started my journey in Xi'an,
And I made a lot of new friends.

Xinjiang was my next stopover,
I walked a long way from here to there.
Never had I seen such beautiful views,
Joyful people and merry merchants everywhere,
I showed to them my MacBook, iPad, iPod and iPhone,
A cow saw them and cried 'moo' in an excited tone.
'Nice', said the Uyghur and urged me to stay.
'Goodbye!' I gave them my iPod as a souvenir and went away.

Enormous tanks, armed soldiers everywhere in Iraq,
Unappealing scenes were telling me to go away.
Running and hiding, I eventually made it to Turkey,
Oak trees spread their arms and provided me a shelter.
People cooked me a lamb kebab, it was yummy and crispy.
'Enjoyable!' I said to myself and I moved on to another place.

I smelt some herbs and curry,
Nice-looking women danced on the street.
'Do you want a naan?' asked an Indian woman.
I thanked her and gave her some Chinese accessories.
Awesome! I had Indian friends too.

Attractive Africa, I finally arrived there.
Friendly black people provided me a shelter,
Refilled my bottle with water and played with me.
In return, I gave them some Chinese tea.
'Cheers!' The Africans drank the tea on the clay chair.
Ah! The Silk Road is actually a road of friendship!