



Poetry
Group 1

You Are the Yangtze

Kinsey Fong, 7, Kingston International School

You are a magician,
Who makes people's lives amazing
Endless war days end,
Constant development begins.
People shout, "Hooray!"

You are a fighter,
Who pushes the boats,
Sail along the narrow river,
Rush down the mountains,
Without fear.
People exclaim, "Bravo!"

You are a kind mother,
Who feeds the needy,
Who cares for the sick,
Who protects the weak,
People say, "Thanks!"

You are a friendly dragon,
Welcoming all the friends
Who arrive here every second.
People cheer, "Yeah! Have fun!"



Poetry
Group 2

The Mighty Yangtze River

Alantha Zhang, 10, Clearwater Bay School

The mighty Yangtze River as long as can be,
Is an amazing sight for everyone to see.
Rowing down the river you hear monkeys shouting,
Wonderful peaks make you stop pouting.
The Goddess Peak shines as the tallest peak,
And there sits a dam called Three Gorges Dam.

Flowing through China and through the emerald peaks,
It is a marvellous dragon.
As the boat motors rumble on,
The dragon sounds like it's trying to speak.

Do you know that poets in the past,
Were motivated by this nature's wonder?
Do you know that Chinese heroes,
Have had kingdoms here to conquer?
Do you know that the Yangtze River,
Is as long as China's history?

Now all the glory has been washed away,
As we humans have our way.
Dumping all sorts of rubbish in.
Dolphins and fish are already dead.
Polluting, polluting and polluting,
Won't there be an ending?

Stop pouring waste into the river,
Stop being mean to the environment,
Or our water will lose its charm,
Nor will we hear the monkeys shout.
Try keeping the Yangtze River clean,
So one can enjoy it crystal clear!

The Melody of the Yangtze River

Carol Lam, 9, Bradbury School

I stand on the weathered, grassy banks of the Yangtze River.
It is dawn and the trees around me quiver.
The tuneful melody of water bubbling
And rhythmically sloshing
Fills my ears and makes me remember
Mama's told-to-me childhood memory on a starry night in December.

"During the floods I had to carry the rice.
It was none but heavy and not very nice.
Ming and Sing, your uncles, carried spice.
Those floods were terrible, and they happened twice.
I was only five and seven those two times,
But those floods destroyed my trees of lime.
Three years later, the biggest blow came,
Nothing from then on would ever be the same.
A dam was going to be built.
The inaudible shock could be felt.
We would have to move home,
Move everything, even our combs."

Now two different melodies greet my ears.
One is the splashing on the great white dam that was here
When I came. The other a soft melody that is just ... different.
Accompanying that is a sweet, musky scent.

Suddenly an alto voice sings.
I look around but see nothing.
The voice continues loud and clear,
It's very pleasing to my ears.

“Ohhhhhhh ... I’m the Yangtze River!
 When it’s winter my cold waters make you shiver.
 I start at the top of a tall mountain,
 And my water runs faster than that of a fountain.
 I span 6,300 kilometres from Qinghai
 To the coastal city of Shanghai.
 And then I flow into the East China Sea.
 For me it’s as easy as you can see!
 But when it rained, I meant, really poured!
 I could flood ... bolted your doors!
 And when it didn’t rain
 It’d be a drought ... I’d cause a pain!
 That was in the past.
 Technology develops fast.
 Some people made a dam
 But not in this an expert I am!”

The singing stops as suddenly as it came
 I think of it as ‘the sound with no name’
 But then another melody comes quick and fast.
 This one is more rhythmic than the last.

This is bass-low and loud
 This is quick-witted and proud.

“(Thump thump) Oh ho ... I’m the Three Gorges Dam!
 Oh yes ... I am!
 I’m in Hubei Province.
 And I make the water dance.
 I was made of concrete and stone.
 Working so hard made the workers lie prone.
 22,500 megawatts is my capacity.
 I light up many cities.
 I don’t just do that, you know,
 I control flooding, message to floods: no, no, no!
 Apart from flood control I also facilitate irrigation
 I’m especially useful for watering rice plantations.
 I can also be used for navigation, there are water locks.
 And so that big boats can pass safely, there are no rocks.
 But many a village had to be flooded for building me
 It was a big sacrifice for them, you see.
 Now I am here and working hard.
 (Thump thump thump thump)”

"Darling, what leads you here?"

My mother's voice rings loud and clear.
I say, "You lived here once, mother?"
She replies, "Yes, but now we live yonder.
We live in a big city
That's ever so pretty.
But I will never forget my past.
Dusk is coming, let's get to our boat fast.
We spent a whole day here, did you know?"
I shake my head. "The river talked to me, during its flow."

As we leave I hear the bubbles, sloshes,
And the pounding splashes.
I hear the melody of the Yangtze River.
Yes, I hear the melody of the Yangtze River.

A Tale of Woe from a Yangtze River Dolphin

Chrysanne Chow, 11, St. Paul's Convent School

The first time I set my eyes on the waterways,
I thought the picturesque landscape was really ace.
To the multiple tributaries, over ten provinces cling,
From Qinghai to Shanghai, then Chongqing to Nanjing.

No ordinary dolphins were we, baiji of the Yangtze!
Once a princess, but drowned and reborn to be free.
Along the river we upheld love, peace and prosperity.
We then became a sign of charity – 'Goddesses of Yangtze'!

Despite our legendary fame, our fate was the same.
Day in and day out, we played the most dangerous game.
To avoid the wicked hooks and motor blades that sting,
Dads and moms endeavored to train each precious offspring.

I treasured my many friends and a cousin called Annette.
One day we travelled miles from home, Hubei to Tibet.
While swimming upstream we came upon an engulfing net,
Everyone escaped in cold sweat, but no sign of Annette!

The disappearance of Jack and Jill, Phoebe and Phil,
Forever and always gave me indescribable chills.
Then came the day when Dad and Mom did not appear,
Then I knew dolphins had to be orphans in sad fear.

Amid the fisherman oars and engine roars we fought.
Over the deaths of partners we were distraught.
With little available prey we could barely stay.
Miserably the pack was forced towards doomsday!

In spite of our title as 'national treasure',
Humans were too greedy to take any measures.
Then came the sweet care when we became so rare.
Woe to baiji who had never lived a life that's fair!

Looking now from heaven down to Earth,
A distance of six kilometres is the place of my birth.
We could only admire Yangtze standing out in clear relief,
A mighty river with no dolphins is the reason for our grief.

Trekking Alongside the Wonders of the Yangtze River

Hellas Lee, 10, Beacon Hill School

Trekking through the elevated plateau,
In Qinghai, Tibet.
Sensing an elongated, exquisite river nearby
Bringing country to city,
Plateau to the South China Sea.
From Qinghai to faraway Shanghai.

On the twisting bank I pace,
Leaving the country-styled plateau,
With antelopes leaping high above.
On to astonishing Sichuan,
A major agriculture production base,
That has survived a devastating earthquake.

While the river streams through eleven provinces,
In six thousand, four hundred and eighteen kilometres,
I cherish the experiences of the crystalline river water.
Travelling through all the provinces,
Experiencing the unique traditions,
Tasting the historical, cultural and economic developments.

Following the river on and on,
Until I approached a city leaving the waves behind,
It was Chongqing, a major city of southwest China,
One of the direct controlled municipalities,
And one of the national cities of China,
With the bustling sounds of people.

Not a long way afterwards,
I arrived at the Three Gorges Dam,
Recording all the history behind it.
The difficulties from floods caused by the river,
All minimised by the dam,
The destruction, injury and death prevented.

Finally at Shanghai,
The mouth of the river to the South China Sea,
Waves splashing near the city.
From the mouth, I see the distance I have come,
Memorizing the calmness and the agitated sounds
Of my journey alongside the Yangtze River.

Time's River

Kareem Abuali, 10, Kellett School

It flows through history in the East of China,
Its water sheds immaculate drops of time,
Glistening blue in the length of rhyme.
The rhyme runs forceful from the streams of Qinghai,
A journey of 6,300 kilometres to try.

Man was born and brought a change.
His needs gushing, using the river and all its ability.
How it suffered, but it is still standing,
And standing so powerfully.

In droughts, the river feels cursed by the sky,
No cloud would sprinkle its delicacies.
So man feeds it more,
Until the sky decides to pour.

The swollen river threatens the life of farms,
But no soul or body it harms.
It is anxious to be innocent and good,
Because the country has given it
Love.

The Three Gorges, in the midst of Chongqing and Yichang,
Is not known to be good or known to be bad.
Cultured temples along the banks eye streams swaying swiftly,
While some rest under its gentle surface.

The journey seeks another world,
It leaves a long path of discovery behind.
Every handful of water blessed by nature,
And only nature knows why,
Then the Yangtze River meets the sea at the edge of Shanghai.

The Life Force of China

Liam Fung, 10, Chinese International School

Oh, oh, oh, old Yangtze,
Your blue sparkling waters flow down the Tibetan mountains,
As you pass through countless towns and cities.
You meander gently through valleys and gorges.
Indeed, you change the lives of myriads of people.

Oh, oh, oh, old Yangtze,
You carve your way through dry, flat land,
And flood the plains.
You provide a life source for the Dongting and Poyang lakes.
You are our guardian.

Oh, oh, oh, old Yangtze,
Your waters snake through complicated crossings and canals,
As you weave through the waterways.
You start in Hukou and seek the estuary.
You make your way to the farmlands.

Oh, oh, oh, old Yangtze,
Your silt floods the farmlands with rich soil,
And your waters crash against the rocky cliffs.
You bring life to the soil.
You help the farmers place rice on their tables.

Oh, oh, oh, old Yangtze,
You reach as far as the East China Sea,
And unite the whole of China.
You stretch so far, as far as Shanghai, Nanking and Chungking.
You are our life.
China's life.

A Yangtze Raindrop

Rory Thomas, 8, The French International School of Hong Kong

I'm a little raindrop falling through the air
A thousand friends are with me, it's really quite a scare
Getting faster and faster, a hundred miles an hour
The wind howling all around us getting louder and louder
Splash! I've landed – I don't know where I am
A river, I think, but which one I'll have to wait and see.

Snowy mountains with tree-less slopes, it is really cold
The water is so icy, but here's the sun blazing like gold
It's getting warmer now and the mountains have become flat
Now I see people in small huts and animals too
Yaks, sheep and ponies eating in grassy fields
The mountains are in the distance now, reaching for the sky.

I'm moving at speed, and have travelled over 500 miles from the start
The air is warm, the river's wide, I must be at its heart.
People cross the river in skin coracle boats
Herdsman's black wool tents line the banks, with sheep grazing around
Whilst many types of water birds look after their young and nests
Onward, through pine forests meadows and fields.

Faster and faster I go, foam rising from the bed
The sides of the river narrow, look out ahead!
Passing through gorges, I bounce from rock to rock
I'm scared, crushed and bashed against the sides
This way, that way, upside down, round and round
Miles and miles of rapids and rocks, when will it ever end?

It's now so calm as I enter a lake
Moving along slowly, how long will it take?
Man-made dams have changed the landscape, it's really quite unnatural
Stone, cement and concrete block my way
The waters dark here, changed by mud and silt
Big fish join me now, carp and sturgeon, look! A dolphin too.

Flowing steadily now I enter the land of fish and rice
Mulberry trees and stone bridges, it's really quite nice.
Towns and villages spring up all around
Here the river is wide and deep by many, many feet.
Big boats from the ocean go back and forth all day
Freshwater crab play and shrimp dance all around.

Fifty plus miles wide at its mouth the river is right now
3,988 miles I've travelled, I don't quite know how
The end is near; the Yellow Sea is now in sight
This journey has been my best so far, a shame it's at its end
I've travelled the length of the mighty Yangtze River
China's longest, widest, biggest and best.

The Life of the Yangtze

Ryan Mak, 12, Diocesan Boys' School

Drop, drop – we are brave, beautiful raindrops
Fall from the sky into the Yangtze River
Join friends from the Tibetan Plateau top
March towards the sea with all our power.

Move, move – we pass Tibet, Sichuan, Yunnan
To Hunan, Anhui, Jiangsu and Shanghai
Bring good harvests to the fishermen
Provide fertile land so farmers' yields are high.

Race, race – we race with the Yellow River
Bring prosperity to the Chinese economy
With luck we win as the longest river
Help to improve transportation swiftly.

Cry, cry – for the river is polluted
We will be angry and cause a great flood
Please do not make us contaminated
Since we will wash away the heavy mud.

Fall, fall – people enjoy the waterfall
For it is really grand and impressive
When the river pours from a place that's tall
Creating a huge force that is massive.

Build, build – engineers build the Three Gorges Dam
Use the force for power to generate
To minimize floods that people condemn
And help large ocean liners navigate.

Flow, flow – we flow into the East China Sea
Slowly become relaxed under the sun
To turn into vapour that is once again free
High into the sky to become as one.

Drop, drop – we drop back into the Yangtze River
When the air cools us down in the bright sky
Again, our life cycle repeats over
And we start again our amazing ride.

The Dolphin That Rode on the Wind

Samantha Brooks, 10, Bradbury School

An air of sand on a mountain breeze,
A golden river twisting through the trees.

Old dolphins leap and dance and play,
While the Yangtze weaves on through the day.

Full of ancient history,
To us, the river's a magic mystery.

After many years the splashing stopped,
The baiji dolphins no longer hopped.

Things had happened to make it change.

People came.
They came through day,
They came through night.
And the last baiji dolphin
Struggled to fight.

The people brought oil
The people brought ships.
Money was the word,
On everyone's lips.

They came from places all over the world
And they had danger and death in their wake.

Pollution wrapped the river
In her blanket of grey,
And the last of the sunlight
Drained out of the day.
They did not help it
They just watched it fall.
And the last baiji dolphin,
Was no more.

And to this very day today,
The dolphin on the wind has something to say.

People, if you're listening now,
Hear this sad and tragic sound.
It comes deep from the depths of time
From when the forest of the Yangtze
Smelled of lemon and lime.

It happened centuries ago,
When the golden river was in full flow.
Pollution took what mattered most,
The weakened river was her host.

Gone was the wind
Gone was the sun.
Gone was the happiness and fun.
The Yangtze River had a tale to tell,
And I hope that I have told it well.



Poetry
Group 3

A Cloud I Am

Amy Ling Ching Man, 13, Po Leung Kuk No.1 W.H. Cheung College

A cloud I am, floating in the sky.
I don't know how long I can fly.
I would so much love to see the world
Before I have to say goodbye.

I start at the source of the Yangtze River,
That's the Qinghai Tanggula glaciers.
The ice of the glaciers competes to glitter;
I will never forget its splendour.

'A tiger is leaping across the rocks';
He's got a lot of energy to show off!
The tides surge rapidly over the rocks;
The flow and the foam they never stop.

I fly to the Golden Sands River to see –
I see children riding log flumes.
I hope to form a team to adventure,
To explore the deepest gorge just for pleasure.

Children dream when sleeping on the lawn;
Farmers sing when there's a bumper crop.
At the first turn of the Yangtze River,
At Shigu in Yunnan Province.

I go ahead and stay at Fengdu;
The little temples are arranged like steps.
In this town are a lot of hungry ghosts;
Each night they play their horror shows.

Then it's Wuchang by the Yangtze River;
I go to the Yellow Crane Tower.
I'm touched when thinking about the poem
Written by the great Tang Dynasty poet.

The Oriental Pearl Tower catches my attention;
It's shining under the sun.
Shanghai is a prosperous city;
Everybody is on the run!

The setting sun gets rounder and rounder;
The sky and the river have joined together.
A bird soars across the sky with its partner –
It's the best place for couples to saunter.

Time shall go and never come back;
I try to freeze the picture but I fail.
But still I am very happy,
As I'll die with no regret.

I'm proud to have travelled the Yangtze River;
I'm proud of the splendour of the river.
Although I know I'll soon disappear,
The beauty of the river I'll always remember.

The Mother River

Caitlyn Chan, 12, Island School

On a brilliant, cloudless day,
Across the robust land and nation,
The Mother River lay.

She extended her body around,
The great China towns
And the borders that she surrounds.

The wide river channel meanders and weaves,
Through grasslands, mountains and leaves,
Flowing for 6,418 kilometers and flashing the nature in its glory.

Where civilisation was discovered 27 thousand years ago,
Now flows the wild-rapids of the Three Gorges Dam,
The almighty sons of the powerful river banks.

When the Mother River is in anger and rises furiously,
Her strong currents swallow up villages, houses and people injuriously.
But the bold, courageous Gorges Dam helps to protect them expeditiously.

Workers and farmers awake
To bathe and wash in the lake,
From the blessed waters of the Mother River.

Why is she blessed?
From the water reflection we could divest,
The history and wonders of her crest.

For thousands of years, she has generated careers,
For men who trade, convey, travel and unravel
The treasures and the secrets of the unknown.

Habitat to endangered species,
We are united as allies,
By the great Mother river.

At night, when the world rests,
And the stars glisten from the west,
The river hushes and hums a lullaby, drifting the birds to sleep in their nests.

With the river's long years of help and assistance,
Fame, wealth and power had become China's significance.
And gradually, other countries were outdistanced.

Change

Christopher Tse Ho Kan, 12, Bishop Hall Jubilee School

As fierce as a warlord's heart
As cold as an assassin's art
As wild as a Songjiang market,
It roared.

I stood on the bank,
Watching this moment,
Where the world turned around,
And everything changed in just one moment.

The stormclouds rushed to the shore,
Like a crowd of determined athletes,
Like the flocks of birds that came before it.
It streamed toward the dense city centre.

It stole from everyone in Old Shencheng that night,
Reminding us all at once of destruction, of time passing.
And it made us gasp in wonder:
In Shanghai, you get used to being the centre of power.

A Life So Much Like a River

Hannah Jun Han Na, 13, Xi'an International School

It is beautiful, it is powerful,
I can feel its flow.
It is wonderful, it is graceful,
I can see the ups and lows.
'Tis the Yangtze River.

It is lonely, it is weak,
I can feel the painfulness.
It is hateful, it has no mercy,
I can see the madness.
'Tis my life.

I stand still and feel,
The wind wraps around me
And lifts me up to the clouds.
I float and look around and oh, what a sight I see!

I see myself racing along the banks of the Yangtze.
It is endless, it is like my life,
The life I am running now,
The life I almost gave up in strife.

I realize that if I give up the race now
I will miss all of the wonderful views
And I know I will regret
If I do not correctly choose.

I run and run and feel
The strong flow of the river beside me.
I want to give up, it seems so hopeless,
I cannot believe in me.

But I stand still and close my eyes.
I listen and the wind whispers to me,
'Don't ever give up, lift your face, Child.
Let your spirit free.'

I open my eyes and lift my face.
I make a promise that I am determined not to break.
I will keep on racing with all my heart,
Even through all the aches.

It is all right if I take it slow,
I will be able to see
Everything more clearly, even the smallest things.
I just have to believe in me.
I let the wind carry me back to reality
And I see the world differently.
No longer will I be in darkness,
I will reveal the real me.
Every step I take is new,
Every breath I take is precious.
I will make my life worth it,
I will set it in focus.

A short time, I have learned many things,
The things that may be the most important in life.
Thank you, Yangtze,
For teaching me the great lessons of life.

And I look up to the sky,
Take in the fresh air,
And whisper,
'This is a new start, I will not fail.

Thank you, my dear Yangtze
Thank you, forever and for all.'

Hope, Despair, of the Yangtze River

Heloise Dunlop, 12, The French International School of Hong Kong

Hope, despair,
Of the Yangtze River.

Serpent of life,
Coiling through gorges,
Cleaving mountains.

Scenery changes,
She moves on,
Unchanged.

Famine, earthquake,
On either side,
The boundary of peoples,
She passes by, unmoved.

A ladder into the clouds,
The source of plenty
Since time immemorial.

Untamed,
Violent,
She is merciful,
The life of her nation.

Tamed,
Disrespected,
Turned to man's uses,
She became a destroyer.

Respect the great river.

Ode to the Yangtze

Jasmine Bootwala, 13, HKUGA College

Majestically your waters flow
Down the long and winding gorge,
I see the sunlight dance on the river
And hear the sound of laughing water.

Through mountains and valleys, off they go;
Chiming and roaring their happiness shows.
The water glowed – as if lit from within
On the banks of golden streams.

You witnessed the change of this glorious landscape,
Yet now your glory is tarnished
Because of the thoughtlessness of the human race;
Who pollute your waters with chemical waste.

Not showing any sympathy for the loss of your grace,
As your pure beauty fades gradually.
They chop your brown limbs on your banks without any mercy.
They leave you in a devastated state.

But now let's say this once and for all.
We won't let your position fall!
We'll take action and help save your beauty
So we can see your unique dignity.

We'll protect you because you're a part of our family
And pass it on through decades and centuries.
Let us shout from mountaintops
That we will take action and never stop.
So you'll stay glorious forever and always
For people to admire, cherish and praise.

The Finless Porpoise

Kang Ji Min, 13, South Island School

Swimming through the boundless splash
Hidden and grey, yet alive
With a ferocity as passionate as the river
The porpoise continues to thrive.

“Nothing is as great as the Yangtze River”
Say the ones who live at its sides
Meanwhile, under, deep in the depths
The porpoise continues to glide.

It swerves and ducks, twirls and rolls
Amongst others of its own kind
The finless porpoise, native to the river
Continues to swim, intertwined
With nature itself, of the great Yangtze,
And the life at the heart of its soul
With the chrysanthemums, pandas and many fish
The porpoise continues to roll.

At the sides, the energetic porpoise could see
Residents washing their clothes
They beat them against the weather-worn rocks
While the porpoise continues to flow.

Like a kaleidoscope, the water shines
Shimmering in the golden sun
The porpoise looks up, smiles and proceeds
To bask in its wonderful fun.

And later, when the moon comes out
Illuminating the great Yangtze
The porpoise stops to settle down
Happy, healthy and free,
Deep in the water, under the stars
The porpoise slows down to rest
Grateful for the Yangtze River –
Its home, its shelter, its nest.

The Woman from the Gods

Karen Woo, 12, Sha Tin College

Behold the Yangtze River, the woman from the gods.
So special and precious, even the king applauds!

Cartwheeling at the joy of being alive,
She destroyed many houses, half did not survive.

The gods thought, oh no! What have we done!
This was supposed to be a miracle not a burden.

They punished her by freezing her still,
Only summer may break the will.

She lay down across the land,
From the Tibetan mountains to Shanghai sand.

Her rippling waves of skin, used to be smooth and fair.
Now tanned and wrinkled by the sun's harsh glare.

Long silky hair now all gone!
Replaced with rock collected over an eon.

Clever nimble hands,
Erode the soil next to the croplands.

Her long thin legs kick and struggle,
Splashing the water on the people with a drizzle.

Why are you doing this Lady River?
Revenge! Revenge on the gods who have doomed their daughter.

I shall take my anger out on you sorry people,
Drench you with my flooding special.

Over the years came flood and tragedy,
No mercy was given, not even any.

After centuries of razing,
Yangtze quieted down and started thinking.

She saw a little girl under a slab of rock,
Crying in pain, she could not move under the block.

Trapped inside the wicked gap,
Struggling to move within the trap.

Another rock came from above,
Smashing her flat, with a power never dreamed of.

Then something struck in Yangtze's head,
She saw herself in that little girl, struggling with dread.

She regretted causing the fear, the pain and the deaths,
She repented for taking their last breaths.

In order to atone for her crime,
She helped people reach their prime.

Bringing them water day and night,
For growing crops in the moonlight.

She helped them travel from high open moors,
To low sandy shores.

She caught fish for the people to devour,
And soothed them to sleep at the late hour.

The gods were astonished at her action,
So astounded! They even offered freedom from her prison.

"No!" she said without wavering,
No fear was shown, and she said it without blinking.

The gods honoured her wishes,
Lady Yangtze would continue to nurse the people with hugs and kisses.

A Song of a River

Leung Hei Yiu, 13, Diocesan Girls' School

The river of Yangtze is a blood vessel
Transporting life to different parts of China
For centuries and centuries
To millions and millions of people
Like a heart, pumping blood
To different parts of a body

The river of Yangtze is a symbol of history
Representing one of the four ancient civilizations
For centuries and centuries
Of millions and millions of people
Like a ribbon, remaining the connection
Between the past and now

But the river of Yangtze
Has been seriously polluted
For years and years
By millions and millions of people
Like a conveyor belt, taking away trash
That we do not wish to own

Is that the end of a river
Once so beautiful and elegant
For centuries and centuries
Appreciated by millions and millions of people?
Or are we able to write
Some new pages,
The new tales of the Yangtze River?

I Live by the Yangtze River

Ophelie Desceliers, 12, American International School

I live by the Yangtze River
In winter it's so cold I could shiver
I wish to move away from it
But we can't even afford a candle to light
Every day, all I heard was unbroken flowing water
For I was the youngest daughter
Who didn't go to school yet.
Every afternoon I'd play in the water and get wet,
I'd come back home with a smile not a shiver
As I grow up, I started to like the river.
Its current is ever so smooth
During the monsoons it grows from a child to its youth
The river flows with all its pride-
And that is why I'd enjoy a ride
With the flowing water underneath
Sharp rocks are covered with water as if in a sheath
I still live by the river as I grow old
The stories of the Baiji dolphins are told
The river keeps flowing like silver
And that's the story of me and the Yangtze River

The Great River

Oscar Olesen, 14, International College Hong Kong

Roar O' Glorious River,
May none surpass your flow,
You behold helpless beings coming hither,
From ford to inlet they row,

Roar O' Glittering River,
Sparkling brightly from afar,
Each glint a flickering beacon,
Every one a brand new star,

Roar O' Righteous River,
Wash foulness from your banks,
Though humans scuttle to and fro,
Spreading evil 'pon your flanks,

Roar O' Sorrowful River,
Both glory and glitter the cost,
Of the humans' blasphemous actions,
Now both humans and rivers are lost.

The Yangtze River Needs Your Help! : A Haiku

Sabrina Yau, 12, Sha Tin College

The Yangtze River,
Is polluted and needs help,
Help clean up or else,

The Yangtze River,
Will perish without a doubt,
There will be a drought,

And many people,
Will die or have an illness,
So help us clean up,

The Yangtze River,
So everyone can live a
Long and happy life.

The River Flows On

Sarah Davidson, 15, Elsa High School

A child laughs
A mother kisses her baby goodnight
A bird sings a lullaby
And the river flows on

The thunder roars
The water kills
Deafening cries pierce the night
But the river flows on

The soldiers charge
The guns explode
The enemy falls in bloody heaps
But the river flows on

As the days roll into night
And darkness turns to light
Peasants live and die
And the river always flows on



Poetry
Group 4

By The River

Alexia Seroussi, 14, Elsa High School

By the Yangtze River she stood
All the memories were left for good,
The days she would walk by,
Coming home with such a sigh,
With beautiful sparkles in her eyes,
No one ever seemed to see her cries,
Every day, she would remember his reflection,
And to her, that was perfection.

She would look at the Kong Ling Shoal,
And she knew now she would no longer go on strolls
The mystery of her father will never be told,
It is a secret she can no longer hold,
It was the last time she went by the river,
She remembered it whilst she would shiver
She was taught that, the river would never stop flowing,
And she would never stop glowing.

The Listening

Cheng Yuet Yi, 16, St. Paul's Co-educational College

Listen

To the sounds of the tides

Go

Down by the riverside

In you

The Yangtze shall confide

They have sung the song for a lifetime
But nobody ever believed in the rhyme
For the river was full of dirt and grime
And though the capital called it tamed
To the people it was just the same

She was different, however
Always a fine listener
This solitary peasant maiden
By the world was she torn and beaten
But she was always with the Yangtze
Her visits to the river never ceased
She lay by the water
Serene and silent
To the breaths and ballads of the river she listened

They all called her mad:
What she should do was to find a decent lad
Not to stare at the river with such consternation
Well she didn't care what they all said
The river was her only consolation
She loved the Yangtze with an elation

One fine day the Yangtze realised her promise –
The promise she made in that rhyme sung by generations
The girl was again sitting by the water
Everything was as ordinary as ever
Out of the blue
She was overcome with visions
Of gold and silver and lavishness and splendour
Of kings and queens and marching bands
They were all on floating flats profuse and grand ...
She was back when the river was at its golden glory
How much she wished that these were true!
The glamour of the river's memories
Was beyond this naïve girl from the country

So every day after she was shown these imageries
She slacked from her work at the fuming factory
And kept begging the Yangtze for those dreams of finest delicacy
Again and again the river fulfilled her fantasies

You have every right to condemn her avarice
But she was simply a child of no harm or malice
She just wanted to see the world beyond her own
Unlike the crumbling burrow she had back home

Unluckily the story doesn't end here
The cunning river was tired of the girl's over-indulgence
She was no longer a companion of sincerity and innocence
The maiden began to receive mirages of dread and fears
The dark side of truth brought her to tears
But she still kept all these inside her head
She wanted nobody else to share her intimacy with the river
Although holding on to disasters
Wouldn't make her any better

Fortunately for the girl driven half mad
A fine fellow had some kind of premonition
He came to her sanity's reclamation
Down by the water he held her hand in recognition
He treated the crazed maiden without any discrimination
Eventually he was let into her twisted mind
Yes, peculiar memories of the Yangtze did he find
But he ensured her everything was fine
He said, "Now the scars are also mine."

She looked at him with starry eyes
Finally from the abyss of avidity did she arise
She bade her lust for the river's memories goodbye
But before that the fellow had one last piece of advice:
"I don't want to have your sorrows reprised
But to give your demons a final defeat
Tell the world about the Yangtze and her song –
That would have been an ultimate feat."

Now,
We could see the two going round the place
Verifying the age-old rhyme about the river
Saying that with all our hearts should we appreciate its allure
Because one day by the Yangtze in your daze
The dazzle of the old times may you face ...

Cry Me a River

Kenneth Lam, 15, HKICC Lee Shau Kee School of Creativity

The little girl living near the river is crying
 Because her mother is scolding her for lying
 She walks along the riverside
 Watching the birds flying in the sky
 The surface of the river is glittering brightly
 In the water, the fishes are swimming freely
 A turtle is creeping under the sun
 Stretching out its long neck to hunt
 Suddenly, a thunderstorm is approaching
 All animals are rushing madly
 Frightened by the horrible scream of the girl
 A python curls into a swirl
 "Mama, Mama, where are you?"

Not far away, a woman holding an umbrella is coming
 "Don't cry, don't cry,
 Mama will take you home,
 If you don't tell lies!"
 "Mama, I promise you, I won't tell lies again!
 Please don't leave me in the rain."

After that, they went out for a walk
 They played, they laughed and they talked
 They became closer and closer
 The years went by
 The woman was getting old
 Watching her daughter grow
 One day, the girl went to the port
 Sailing from city to city to find a job
 "Whatever you do,
 Please, send me a letter when you find a job."
 "Mum, please don't worry about me.
 I will work hard like a bee.
 I will come home to visit you when I am free,
 Take care of yourself when I am not here.
 If you have any needs, please call me!"

Years went by before she returned,
 The woman was dead
 The girl was so sad,
 "Mum, don't leave me by the river, I won't tell lies again!"

Shall We Visit?

Lam Tin Wai, 16, Heep Yunn School

Shall we visit this picturesque scenery some day?
Wriggling, crawling like a weary earthworm
Reluctantly writhing from the sea of indigo and turquoise
And eventually reaching the edge of this enormous dragon in the Far East.

Yes dear, we shall.

Shall we visit this venerable sight some day?
Behind the panoramic view of nature
This worm has seen countless people
With their grins and beams and tears and sobs on their faces
Through centuries, quietly it lays.

Yes dear, we shall.

Shall we visit this magnificent civilisation some day?
From providing water for irrigation to farmers
Who travail and leave baskets of sweat in fields
To offering merchants a path of trading and doing business.

Yes dear, we shall.

My dear, shall we visit the Yangtze River?

Yes, yes, some day we shall.

It's My Life

So Fung Ki, 16, Heep Yunn School

I lived in the Yangtze River,
A peaceful place with fish everywhere.

But something happened that changed my life forever.
I am now a loner suffering immensely, saying my last prayer.

THEY constructed a dam for the good of them,
THEY neglected our rights when they made this plan.
Navigation and exploration never end.
Our river is polluted by dyes, chemicals and steel plants.
Sewage chokes us, we suffer and gasp.

There came the horrible hunters with metal rods,
"Bang!" We were scared and got caught.
Fishermen came with Zeus's thunderbolt,
"Buzz!" the fish were shocked.
The only way out was blocked!
My friends were strangled and they squawked.
The fishermen laughed loudly and continued their talk.
They cast the nets and my food was withdrawn.

The water is now poisoned and unclean.
The gorgeous gorges can no longer be seen.
The dam is like a killing machine,
"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"
It exterminates fish and baby dolphins.

Cruel dam and callous fishermen,
Why did you slaughter my friends?
THEY disrupt our life again and again.
Unwillingly our fate is in their hands.
There is no way for us to defend.

Alas! When will the tragedy of the river end?

Who Am I, Exactly?

Stefanie Law Yee Kiu, 15, Diocesan Girls' School

Yearned to be famous;
Desired to be known.
When I was just a child,
I was a dreamer.

After some hard work,
Success
Had arrived.
I was a star.

Naturally, photos
And songs of me
Can be found.
I was a legend.

Growing older,
Fame became important.
In that international competition,
I was a third-place winner.

Teased by my friends, animosity aroused.
My anger was a red, red flame.
I cried, I screamed, I yelled.
I was a destructor.

Zinc, iron, aluminium
And waste.
Thrown to express their anger.
I was a trash-collector.

Even as they did that, I continued to cry.
To control my emotions,
They agreed to grant me a crown that cost billions.
I was royalty.

Receiving a crown meant paying a price.
Millions of my family members left and resettled in other places,
Many of my old friends went to heaven.
I was a loner.

I missed my friends, whom I treated as my family.
Sickness followed.
I stank and my conditions continue to worsen.
I was a patient.

Visualizing my past,
I started to understand how selfish and foolish I was.
With the help of the magic crown, I learned to control my tears.
I was a student.

Each of us needs to learn to be satisfied.
I am the third longest in the world.
Yet, I am already the longest in my country.
I am a river.

Rejoice with what we already have,
Why bother chasing to be the best?
I am already one in a million.
I am the Yangtze River.

Death of the Yangtze River Dolphin

Tara Jasmine Lee Boyi, 17, Diocesan Girls' School

Floating slowly by, she drifts garlanded
With plastic bags like subtle jellyfish,
That softly smother the dolphin's pale head.

Those shiny bottle caps are her coronet.
Her veil, which sheds a shadow sheer as skin,
Is a fine entangled nylon net.

Long faint lines slide down her spine –
Faint scars from fishing net fiascos.
Her skin is tainted by chemical filled brine.

A creature once so lively in that element
Is forever lost to litter – what a crime
For us to lament.



Poetry
Group 6

Oh! My Great Yangtze River!

Wong Ka Ming, 16, Hong Kong Juvenile Care Centre Chan Nam Cheong Memorial School

Oh! My great Yangtze River!
I'm proud of you.

Your water gives lives to millions of human beings.
Countless histories are recorded along you
Which bedeck our Chinese culture.

Oh! My great Yangtze River!
I'm proud of you.

Your fluid nurtures agriculture.
Crops, vegetables, fruits are grown beside you
Which bring a substantial amount of wealth to our country.

Oh! My great Yangtze River!
I'm proud of you.