



Poetry
Group 1

Humpty Dumpty Climbs the Great Wall

Raphael Yun Fung Hui, 7, St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School

Humpty Dumpty goes to the Great Wall,
“The New Seven Wonders” is what they would call.
Eager to climb the world’s longest wall,
He says, “The Great Wall is the best choice of all.”

Wondering how long the Great Wall would be,
He is surprised with what he can see!
It is so big and tall,
Bigger than a shopping mall!

He climbs up the steps,
“Let’s see how far I can get!”
But then he starts to fret,
“This is not easy, I want a rest!”

He dares not look down,
For fear of tumbling down.
He sighs with a frown,
“I look like a silly clown!”

He summons his might,
“I must do it right!”
He reaches for the wall,
Do you think he will fall?

People from China gather and cheer,
Tourists from England toast their beers:
“Humpty Dumpty climbed the Great Wall!
Humpty Dumpty did not fall!
All the children and all the great men,
Sing the New Humpty Dumpty song again!”



Poetry
Group 2

I Will Forever Be Their Great Wall

Charlotte Cheuk Yee Lai, 9, St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School

I am an elongated fortress,
I am a two thousand-year-old boundary,
I am China's protection,
I am the Great Wall.

Born in the Middle Kingdom,
I was a natural structure on the mountaintop,
My mighty birth; a majestic monument,
Swaying like a dragon, a twelve-thousand-mile crawl.

Held within me are memories of tears and pain,
Countless builders turned into ashes for me to sustain,
I unified China for the first time in the Qin Dynasty,
People called me the Great Wall.

I witnessed the steady growth of China,
I stood guard as border control,
Merchants brought in goods, technology and culture,
I observed as China opened up to all.

I have encountered tribes subdued or conquered,
Provided shelter to many orphaned or widowed in war,
I symbolized strength for those who were vulnerable,
Throwing over my kingdom a protective red shawl.

For more than two thousand years I protected the frontier,
Withstood against invaders, Manchus and Mongolians,
Leaving the defiant footsteps on the cold hard ground,
Embracing me before their last breath, a courageous sprawl.

I have lived through many dynasties,
I survived bitter wars,
Praises for me were heard far, wide and beyond,
People called me “The Mighty Great Wall”.

But now there is advanced technology,
Weapons have turned nuclear; fighting in financial wars,
China no longer needs my physical protection,
Am I still their Great Wall?

Now many of my battlements are crumbling,
Leaving me a shallow layer of litter and dust,
I am no longer important,
Reduced to a tourist spectacle with souvenir stalls.

Now that my real work is finished,
I live only in the lyrics of the lullabies, legends and myths,
With dreams occasionally of the old bloodshed,
Carrying spears and flags amast, stood proud and tall.

I was an elongated fortress,
I was a two thousand year old boundary,
I represent the wisdom and endurance of China,
I will forever be their Great Wall.

New Tales of the Great Wall

Sophie Alvynia Liu, 10, Independent Schools Foundation Academy

Nobody will disagree that the Great Wall is a wonder
Emperor Qin Shi Huang was the grand designer
With the aim to defend China's northern border

Two thousand five hundred years old
A chain of mountains it majestically sits and unfolds
Looking after the country we are told
Established to protect our homes, brave and bold
Stretched across the land, shining like gold

On the moon it can also be seen
For it is such a spectacular scene

Tales of the Wall are well known
Heroes fought for a country of their own
Even with their life they guarded the imperial throne

Glorious history
Regarded national treasure, a cultural tapestry
Everything is now a brand new story
Admired for its architectural glory
Thousands and thousands visit (each from a different country)

Worldwide recognition for the ancient tiles
A total length of more than 13 thousand miles
Listed on the UNESCO world heritage file
Loyal dragon glows today in its noble style

New Tales of the Great Wall

Milly Moore, 10, Quarry Bay School

A New Tale of the Great Wall
Icy snowdrops fall from the sky,
Down they go from high, high, high.

Onto the Great Wall far below,
Onto the people in the snow.

The Great Wall of China just sits there,
Like a sleeping dragon that's come from its lair.

But that's not all; it's mighty and strong,
Northern China is where it belongs.

So was it built by many men?
Yes, it was built by thousands of them.

Qin Shihuangdi, the first emperor of all,
Had people build it far and tall.

Many died, a few million in fact,
But the emperors just said that was that.

A lasting structure, it stands there still,
Many people visit, I hope you will.

Sleeping Like a Dragon

Yumi Ng, 11, Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School

The Great wall for a thousand years
Sleeping like a dragon
Protecting us with his stony claws
Keeping out enemies with weapons.

A great view as we arrived at his shoulders,
A hard time walking down his tail,
A wonderful time going up,
A horrifying moment down the trail.

China is protected by this strong warrior,
So strong he cannot be destroyed,
The King commanded this work to be done,
As the servants' blood filled the soil.

The King commanded, "Quicker! Quicker!"
As the slaves built with stone and bricks,
The workers yelled for, "Mercy! Mercy!"
When the impatient king hit them with sticks.

Building the Great Wall was never an easy job,
Many people died and many parents sobbed,
Though the place became a red and bloody mess,
It's importance can never be robbed.

The Great Wall of China

Sofia Norton-Kidd, 9, Harrow International School Hong Kong

Sights like this I saw...

An agile ribbon stretching across mountains and valleys for miles and miles,
A long tight rope waiting for a walker to walk on,
A never-ending strip of towers and bricks forming a rollercoaster of rubble & stone,
Wan Li Wang Qeng – The Great Wall – threading it's way for over 3,000 miles.

Sights like this I saw.

Sounds like this I heard...

The pounding of the tourist's feet not dissimilar to the sound of the marching armies of old,
The sound of a bleating goat echoing around the eerie walls of the famous wonder,
The terrifying hissing coming from a Chinese beauty snake curled up amidst the stones.
The archaeologists tapping away to restore & rebuild, the same noisy hammers & chisels that
were heard when the wall was built 3,000 years ago.

Sounds like this I heard.

Smells like this I smelled...

The stench of the bodies that once belonged to the slaves that built the wall to protect China
from the north,
The smoky smell of a chestnuts being roasted in the dying autumn sun,
The musty air trapped inside the old fortress that saved & took so many lives,
The sweet fragrance of a single cherry blossom swaying behind the ancient bricks.

Smells like this I smelled.

Things like this I tasted...

The cold, bitter wind from the many marshes as salty as the terrific sea in a storm,
Grains of gritty sand from the vast Gobi desert blowing like splinters into my gasping mouth,
Fear from the soldiers that used to march 10 by 10, side by side down the long wall of death,
The choking taste of acrid smoke spiralling into the sky to warn others of the danger before them.

Things like this I tasted.

Things like this I felt...

The breath of the changing wind on my cheek as it courses down the length of the old wall,
The rough feeling of a stony castle from a fairytale that's been cloaked in an evil witches spell,
The slimy green skin of a croaking frog hiding in a small crack between one of the billion bricks,
The long gone feeling of the Chinese Emperor Qin Shihuang's silky robes brushing elegantly past me,

Things like this I felt.

The Mighty Stone Dragon

Noah Sadie, 10, Beacon Hill School

A magnificent breakthrough
In human history.
Its beauty can not be compared
With any other structure,
Built during ancient times.

It snakes across the border
Of China,
And Mongolia.
Like a dragon,
Defending its eggs.

Brave men once stood,
In the watchtowers.
Waiting.
To signal the alarm,
For coming enemies.

Workers built the Great Wall,
For countless hours.
Placing stone.
After stone,
After stone.
To erect this imperial wonder.

The Great Wall has prevailed.
For thousands of years.
Watching China,
For generations.

Some of the walls have survived.
But some,
Were damaged.
Turned to dust.
Lost.
Forever.

What will become?
Of this transcendent structure,
In the forthcoming of our planet?
Will it be wiped out?
Or
Will it be rejuvenated?
And made
More majestic and elegant?

The future is yet to be known.

Not Just A Wall

Ella Sofuoglu, 8, Peak School

A new day is here
The sun is rising
Here come the tourists
To walk on my back
Do they know all my secrets
What I've seen, what I've heard?

When they stop for a rest
When they seek a sunny spot
Do they feel a shiver down their spine?
Like I do when the wind blows from the North

When they click their cameras
Do they see what I see?
The spirits all around me
The people who died building me

When they ride their bikes over me
Do they know all the battles
That have been fought on me?
I felt no pain, but the bullets left a scar

When they admire my watch towers
Do they feel the fear
Of the soldiers who stood there?
Do they feel the bravery to face the enemy approaching?

Do they know all my secrets or even my name?
My name is Chang Cheng
I am not just a wall

Seasons of the Great Wall

Douglas Tak Him Tsang, 11, Ying Wah Primary School

Great Wall, a thousand-year-old giant,
Built with slabs and stones.
Over the years, he lies on the range,
Waiting for us to wake him.

Great Wall, a colourful scarf,
Pretty blossom flourishes everywhere.
Birds sing softly there,
Waiting for Spring.

Great Wall, a fierce dragon,
Fireballs flare far and wide,
Where no one wants to climb
On it for a summer picnic.

Great Wall, a red carpet,
Leaves falling leaves flow along.
Animals race for autumn food and bed
Great Wall witnesses all the rest.
Great Wall, a white dragon lies on a castle,
Soft snow covers all the squares.
In a jiffy, its tail disappears
In this winter's tale.

Great Wall, woken up by loud laughter
after thousand years, spreads his arms
offering a big hug to welcome us.
We read his beauty and his story there forever.

Great Wall of China

Inny Yeung, 10, Chinese International School

Oh, Great wall of China,
Your history is fame.
More than 2000 years,
You have stayed there long,
You have stayed there calm,
You have stayed there in silence.

Oh, Great wall of China,
Your body flows through China.
You stretch past provinces
You stretch past watch towers
You stretch past the land of a field of flowers.

Oh, Great wall of China,
Your service was well.
During time of war,
You gave us protection,
You gave us shelter,
You gave us pride.

Oh, Great wall of China,
Your path is full.
Nowadays around the world
We speak of your bravery,
We speak of your strength,
We speak of your might.

Oh, Great wall of China,
You are a wonder to us
Just staying there thus
Not doing anything much
You were our hero, the one that saved us.



Poetry
Group 3

Protection Lost

Hugo Christopher, 12, Kellet School

We had a wall
In the back yard.
Dad and me built it to keep the village boys out.
To stop them from trampling on the flower beds and kicking up the grass

It took many sweaty days in the yard
Building, painting and eating biscuits.

Protection

It became a part of my life
Every morning floods of sunshine seep over and through the cracks in the wall
Illuminating strange tinted light

I think to myself.

In china a huge rush of golden light cascades down its misty mountains.
Singing birds bask in the morning miracle.
For every brick the great beast holds a life
Thrashing, beating, accomplishment.

Dad the village boys are at it again.
Commander the Mongolians are at it again.

Don't worry son we're safe now.

'Great' - Is that really the right word?
A massacre of ages
A killing of kings
'Great' should be a voice for happiness
Rejoicing.
Not a graveyard for a thousand souls.

We never did finish that wall.
Bits chipped
Bricks missing
Forgotten in the back yard
Covered in vines.

The Wall of the Dragon

Issac Fung, 11, Shatin College

Through the misty clouds
Into the great mountains of the Lords
When the rule of the dragons reigned
When the Kings of old did rule
That was the world of antiquity
The time of Ancient China.

Walking in the hallowed halls
To palaces of splendour
And parlours of royalty
Notice the lining of silver and gold
The adorning pearl and sapphire
Enough to fulfil even a dragon's unbridled desire

Yet no wall of protection was in place
Where China laid bare its precious stones
Leaving its gem-like heart exposed
By greed she was regularly sliced
By the lusty hands of the Mongol tribes
Cried the Emperor "This country must be protected!"

The great dragons of old, answered his call
Yet they failed to halt
The Mongol invasions, led by the dragon Hullvarstay
The Evil One, bane of China
So they looted, they killed, and they slaughtered,
Hullvarstay himself among them, felling mighty warriors

Until the Great Dragon, Dragon of the Emperor, the great Kuldongstong
Himself, standing among the strewn bodies of his comrades
With an almighty roar, he launched himself
Against the Evil one, slayer of stars, traitor to China
And so they fought,
Till Kuldongstong was felled

The loyal dragons left standing gave a mighty roar,
Of mourning, believing all hope was lost.
But Kuldongstong gasped, and spoke
His last divine words,
“When the enemy draws near,
When all hope is lost,
Die in serenity,
And take the leap of faith”
Thus Kuldongstong, heir of Bredong, Died

Yet his body turned into stone before everyone’s eyes
The enemy could no longer pass.
Hullvarstay tried to break through
Yet he smashed his skull
On the winding tail of stone
And Hullvarstay, son of Besei, died.

Thus, the Great Wall was manifested
And Kuldongstong, Lord of the East
Has stopped the evil with his passing
The enemy ran, for they could progress no further
China prospers as the heir of the Dragon
The Great Dragon had not died in vain
And even now, you are standing on the body of
The embodiment of Ancient China.

The Fraud

Ben Large, 12, Kellet School

A stone titan which people pay
respects to every single day
unscrupulously looks you in the eye
and tells you every sort of lie.
For it is not at all deserving
of the acclaim and esteem it's earning;
this fraudulent structure claims distinction
yet its courage was mere fiction.

Built to be a mighty wall,
built to be impregnably tall
and yet seen from space, so paltry and small.
Through the worlds it snakes and winds
twisting through scenery of many kinds
the serpentine structure is a behemoth
ancient architecture as its zenith.

It stole from the lives of the poorest men,
their rights, goods, money and then,
forced them to work for hours a day,
whipped them if they went astray.
But if their judgment went awry
they were on their own and left to die.
To the world their names are a mystery,
forgotten in the swirl of history.

In the late Ming Dynasty disaster struck
the lord from his throne the rebels did pluck.
This was a battle the generals could not win
So they flung the gates wide and ushered the Mongols in.
The monumental goliath had no reason to stay alive
But still it persisted, determined to survive,
Though it had failed in its purpose pure
To keep the imperial reign secure.

The Great Wall

Yu Ching Lo, 14, Creative Secondary School

Snaking along shifting sands,
Is the edge of the world.
Wood, stone, and ochre earth,
Face the cliffs and its terrors.

Mankind ravaged,
Now Nature savages
This twisting barrier, tower,
And wall of stone.

So earth melts into mud,
Stone crumbles to sand.
And wood decays into dust,
Devoured by land.

Wave after wave,
And dune after dune.
Nature claws and scratches,
At the crumbling wall.

Marred by graffiti,
Scarred by Nature and man.
Time catches up
With this monolith.
This majestic
Great wall.

But voices cry out,
Protect this treasure! This pearl!
Not yet blown away by the wind,
Perhaps our efforts will prevail?

More Than Childhood Dreams

Marianne Lu, 11, Dulwich College, Beijing

In my life of a thousand years,
On my journey of a thousand miles,
From a single brick to a winding wall,
I've accompanied you all the while.
You still think yourself mighty,
You still think yourself grand, but
You have always been a wingless dragon,
Wriggling lifeless through the land.

I shall tell you your story now,
So you will never forget
Your laughable words, your disgraceful deeds,
And be forever seeped in regret.

The tale begins long ago,
When I was still young and free,
Arrogant you were, when you bragged to me,
On my journey to the sea.

You narrated imaginary battles
Of glory, gain and gore,
Where you faithfully defended Beijing
In the very greatest of wars.

But as the days turned into months,
And the months into years.
No sign of an invasion came.
And the enemies never appeared.

You still dreamt of glorious battles,
But your dreams shattered with each day.
And to this moment you're still here,

Waiting, but old and grey.

I may have not served my purpose in battle,
But I have achieved satisfaction.
My grandeur and significance,
Make me a famous tourist attraction.

They admire my majestic bricks that
Still linger with whispers of old.
They quietly recite the legends
Engraved upon my stone.

From dawn to dusk,
They come to recall,
Ancient massacres
That still gallops my walls.

They come and go,
Yet quietly revere,
My looming silence,
The hushed atmosphere...

Yangtze, I apologise,
For my actions when you were a stream.
For now I realise that I have achieved,
More than my childhood dreams.



Poetry
Group 4

Dear Peace, A Soldier's Farewell

Claudia Tam, 16, West Island School

As I near the border on foot, my bloody dagger drawn,
The Great Wall separating our warring nations begins to fade away,
Until I can no longer see the words etched in brick that say
We are a little bit too Different.

Where the wall once was, a young Chinese girl now dances in the moon's caress,
Gracefully pirouetting and weaving around nature's chi.
I watch Peace in silence, having understand the tongues of her soul,
The heavenly undulations of her spirit,
Without having to speak.

The evening drones of cicadas and crickets, of human hearts
Beating in unison to one drum under the elixir of sleep washes over me.
I see no enemies or wallflowers or Chinese or Mongols,
I taste no blood or pain or rivalry.
Only Peace rings true beyond any man-made Walls.

Saying that we are more than a little bit too different,
But that true difference lies in an appreciation for
A culture that is unconventionally beautiful in its foreignness,
A song that can be understood in its melody and not its words,
A Great, Great Wall that connects rather than divides,
A compromise that all of us,
Regardless of language or religion, calls Peace.

All the while, she is dancing, a dance that is more lyrical than tangible,
That conveys a message beyond words and understanding.
And then she sees me. Peace smiles. Peace waves.

Entranced, I draw near, perhaps longing to dance with Peace, but instead, I hit a Wall.
I hear the whispers of a thousand buried labourers wrapping around my throat,
Feel the scales of a Chinese dragon against my darker Mongolian skin,
Hiding Peace's beauty from my slanted eyes, even though we are
One in human likeness deep, deep down
Seeking love and attention and Peace,
Dancing the same dance in an open field.

When I open my eyes again, I only see endless trails of bricks that form
My side of Our Wall, The Great Wall, where I wave back to Peace
I can no longer
See.