



Poetry

Group 1

Voice of the Gobi Desert

Good Hope Primary School cum Kindergarten, Ow Pei Yue, Aileen, 7

Find a friend in me, the Gobi Desert.
Billions of sand with shiny facets,
Hiding untold tales and secrets.

Can you hear my anger?
Howling sandstorms of hunger
Covering the skies with terror.

Can you sense my joy?
As Mongolians rejoice
Genghis' march to victory.

Can you share my zest?
As men succeed the test
To find dinosaurs' eggs' nest.

Can you feel my sorrow?
Missing the caravan road
Where Marco Polo once trod.

Can you help my friends?
Vanishing snow leopards at Tibetan end
And Bactrian camels with two bends.

Can you see my dream?
Clean waters from underground streams
Shall spring to oases in my realm.

Be a friend to me , listen to my heart,
Together a miracle we shall start
And make barren rocks depart.

The Lonesome Leopard

Tsung Tsin Primary School and Kindergarten, Kwan Lik-Fung, Nathan, 8

High on the barren creeks of the Gobi's rock,
Where the lonesome snow leopard rests on the log,
Curling up in its black spotted fur with its head looking up high,
The beam of the moon shines on its snow-white belly like neon light,
Gazing at the starry sky in its black marble eyes,
The quiet leopard waits for its prey at the still of the night.



Poetry

Group 2

The Tan-Shaded Sea

Chinese International School, Abigail Arnold, 10

The tan-shaded sea.
Tall waves reach up to the sky, yet never crash down.
They mock gravity,
Obeying only their unrelenting master,
The harsh, biting wind.

This tide only knows
To flow but never ebb, rising in the full moon,
Surging in the new.
A flood that inundates, swallowing the green shore,
But never recedes.

Pride of the village,
The pagoda beckoned the weary traveler,
The farmer in his
Green, fertile and moist field marked the hours of his day
By its bell's tolling.

No boat brings pilgrims,
Plows cannot carve furrows in shifting walls of sand.
The pagoda stands,
Rich yellow-red, rising above the amber flood,
As if to proclaim
"You may take my worshippers but I defy you."
But how long until
The spray of that sea etches away the ancient
Vermilion and gold?

Gobi Desert Life

French International School (Primary), Jiayi Gu, 9

Spring

Bald cold trees feel a tickle,
Young refilled Gobi bears wake and bicker.
The wind rests and closes its eye,
And slowly sadly says good bye.
The agitated animals aggregate affably.

Summer

As the bright sun shines,
The locals tremble and whine.
The worn out camels gaze,
The big hot fireball blazes.
Everyone baked in the hot oven.

Fall

The flame-coloured leaves fall,
Like beautiful ruby butterfly angels.
Some charming flowers bloom,
The fearful and angry wind booms.
The wind rules the whole Gobi.

Winter

A scary snow storm roars,
Pearl snowflakes accurately scores.
Everyone feels the breeze,
As they shiver and starts to freeze.
Whoosh! The Gobi turns all chalky.

The Gobi Desert

Good Hope Primary School cum Kindergarten, Yu Tessie E, 11

In a part of the wonderful world,
Lives the “Waterless Place”- The Gobi Desert

A waterless place
Being world number five.
Cactuses are everywhere, but-
Desertification comes,
Expanding because of human activities.
Fossils are found,
Gold and copper too.
Has also been once
Important to the Mongol Empire.
Jean-François Gerbillon is one of the explorers,
Katsnakov too, discovered a lot
Living things are there to be found, black-tailed gazelles, Bactrian camels, golden eagles
brown bears,
Marbled polecats, Mongolian wild ass and sandplovers. Snow leopards, and wolves
Never too hot or too cold to them
Or maybe some other,
Plants are another ‘one of a kind’ genius,
Quit drinking,
Remain small and short,
Shrubs, gray sparrow’s saltwort, gray sagebrush, needle grass and bridle grass
To survive in the harsh weathers, climates
Under the sunlight, evaporating the water
Vapor.

Will all of you, my friends, protect the desert.
Let’s protect our World, stop harming the environment!

The Gobi Wilderness

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Esme Drew-Prior, 10

A gust of wind blows as the miners delve,
Searching for glistening gold and copper,
You can hear the humming drone of conch shells blowing,
Echoing over the frost-capped dunes,
Catch a glimpse of the rare snow leopard,
Creeping silently through the arid mountains,
Gaze at the Gers where the Mongolian herders live,
In their warm, cosy shelter.

Walk for an eternity across the mighty desert,
Hide from the treacherous sandstorm that engulfs everything in its path,
Survey, the daredevil mountaineers labouring through a perilous ascent,
Touch, the grainy sands, pouring out of your blazing hot hands,
In the grasslands, help the nomads feed their livestock,
See the vivid orange sun slowly drifting out of sight,
Feel, the coldness brushing past your freezing face,
As the shadows shift across the steppe.

Thud-Crunch-Thud-Crunch,
Hear the scarce Bactrian camels race,
Their fleecy, soft coats, swirling in the breeze,
Look out for the amazing dinosaur footprints,
Still found in the ancient rocks,
Try to find the camouflaged lizards,
Playing semaphore in the sand,
Taste, the milk of sheep, camel and deer,
You'll squeal with delight or fright!
Come and explore the unknown.

You Can't Stop Me

Peak School, Alyysia Yuan-Pritchard, 10

Run, Run, Run, as fast as you can,
You can't stop me I am the Gobi man.

Swirling and gusting,
I have such amazing powers,
Morphing and transforming everything in my way,
I'm invincible and getting stronger by the day,
Fifth in the world but that is too lame,
I wanna be first and Gobi is my name.

I spread my reach like a pandemic disease,
Killing everything in my way and bringing you to your knees,
You're just a speck on my kingdom,
Leaving you displaced with infertile land,
You waste your time trying to stop me growing,
Holding back sand with the palms of your hands,
Your hands are no match for what I've become,
I am the only one.

Everybody blames me,
How sad it makes me feel,
It is not my fault I am doing you harm,
The wind is my friend and the sand is my soul,
Closing my eyes loses me in depths of despair,
It makes me sad to know that I'm uncontrollable,
It makes me depressed to know you don't care.

A new tale about the Gobi Desert?
That's me, but actually I'm old,
50 million years old so I'm nothing new,
Climate change is older than dinosaurs,
Too many humans are deaf to the cause,
Stop, stop, stop, can't you see what you've done,
You can stop me it only started as some harmless fun.

A Diamante Poem about the Gobi Desert

Stewards Pooi Kei Primary School, Chan Tsz Ching, Sukey, 11

Gobi Desert
Uncontrollable, harsh
Expanding, spreading, invading
Travelers, dunes, animals, Crescent Lake
Drying, growing, spanning
Incredible, wild
Waterless

Ghostly Army of the Gobi

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Amber Lloyd, 9

Trumpets honk,
Drumming soars,
Sounds of farewell to them all.
Off we go to the Gobi for war.

Clattering hooves,
Trembling ground,
Screams and tears of battle grounds.
Here we are, at the forefront of the war.

Sky is gloomy.
Wind is chilly.
Every night, we're out shivering.
Travelers think we are scary and eerie.
But all we are doing
is being sent to Gobi fighting.

People come.
People go.
Marco Polo, explorers and all.
Ghostly army stays here and fights.
whatever year, whatever century,
as long as there are wars.



Poetry

Group 3

The Fathers of the Oviraptor

Holy Family Canossian College, Leung Tsoi Man, Allison, 14

Gaiting on this squirming land
In grimy boots on shifting sand,
Burning red faces and greasy ears,
They know no fears—let alone tears.

Golden eagles are flying in the wild blue yonder,
Peeking at them like secret spies in ponder.
Camels say in their furry sweater,
How spunky, so spunky they are!
A rare snow leopard is strolling around
Admiring them without a sound.
Men continue with their brawny legs,
To scramble for bistré dinosaur eggs.

The desert may tan them with the scorching sun
And leave behind some traces of dun,
The desert may burn them with fiery flame
In this lengthy tough hunter game,
The desert may freeze them with frosty snow
And glaciare them before they know.

They trudge through the vast desert
Wearing stinky sweaty t-shirts.
These red flaming cliffy places
Are the colours of their faces.

Gripping the precious eggs prudently,
They grin at them victoriously.
Grabbing their hefty full backpacks,
'Who cares if our skin has turned black?'

Hope - I believe in you again

King George V School, Kellie Ling, 13

Goodbye, dear Oasis-
My basin of chances,
I had everything...

Including the never-ending energy supply
Gushing around like a rushing river.
I had fresh eager eyes pointing towards
The solitary lands which have now captured
My vitality.

Along with the loving smile of my dearest,
The tender expression my parent's faces displayed,
And the kindness showed by each and every stranger.
The lonely Gobi has seized
My happiness.

As well as the hard-earned green papers,
Stacked neatly upon each other.
At present, my safe consists of nothing.
The dreary desert has collected
My wealth.

Now, I have nothing.
Even those last drops of hope...

Who knew that
As I strolled through my ending existence,

Feelings of disappointment would plague me
At both what I did and didn't do.
Hope, where are you?

Who knew that
The sand storms, the sun would soon silence me?
Who knew that
The droughts, the dehydration would soon be my demise?
Hope, why bid me farewell?

My lips were a pair of grinding pebbles,
As I lay in the dry sand motionless,
Having waited for the desert to swallow me.
I felt the sunrays crawl on me once again-
Like an ant on a bare, bleached branch.

Swoosh!

Dark, deafening thunderclouds raced across the sky
As they reached to cover the sun.
The sound of rumbling rang in my ears, while
Glistening crystals dripped down from above,
And Hope tended to my crimson skin.

Rain.

Hope - I believe in you again.

My Life in Gobi Desert

Korean International School, Nabilah Ismail, 12

The Camel's Hump
The Camel's hump is an ugly lump.

The sand was soft and smooth, as we gently slightly passed through.

But slowly we travelled down through the dust and heat
Not a road from the Gulf to the Border but carried the print of the camel's feet.

The creek by the road was dry;
The sun like a burning wagon-wheel rolled down in the western sky.

The dust was white on the saltbush, the ruts were deep in the road,
And the camel behind me grunted at every lurch of his load.

A dust-whirl rose in the bushes and circled into the sky,
The shells on my harness rattled as its burning breath went by.

In the Gobi desert, around the dying place of the dragons, the skeleton of a bison was found, with its head toward the sky, as we passed and heard eerie sounds.

We saw dinosaur eggs everywhere, in the middle of nowhere. I started to shiver like an earthquake with great fear, that something shouldn't appear.

We ran and ran in a hurry, suddenly we were running out of energy and felt really thirsty. It was so plain here, how could we survive without food or water, "Oh dear!".

We all were so hot and soaked with sweat, and soon we came up and met a pet.
Discovery of a spiky cactus with thorns, we announced our existence to it but our bleeding finger mourns.

Now we have sore throats and wore big fluffy coats. We couldn't survive any longer, soon we might end up six feet under.

We had a hard time passing through all those branches, tick tock tick tock the time passes.

We kept going and met another family, they also felt unhappy. They all worked together as a team and they called their team 'Clean'.

And now we were clinging to a stream, with closed memory, gloom in our dreams? We drank as much as we could before continuing our journey and felt like we wanted to eat a turkey.

We couldn't believe it, we heard a helicopter flying towards us.

We prayed to God and cried a bit, and were happy to be saved by the rescue guy named Gus.

We went back home to where we belonged, such is right I will bear all the wrong.

Desertification

The ISF Academy, Secondary Division, Paul Lam, 13

Out from the dust
And the sands of the hourglass
Come the little men
Born of the dunes amassed

Their swords held high
And their hearts filled with an honor
A single file line
Each one of them a goner

Treading through the cold
With an oblivious quest nobody knows
March, march, march, and march
A warm dream that froze

To go battle with the worm of death
Blind stabs and thrusts
One by one they fall
Back to the dust

The men become the sandy burgeon of the desert
Meaninglessly detesting
As the death worm thrives
To shrivel back into clandestine

Note from the author

As the title suggests, this poem is about the desertification or the rapid expansion of the Gobi Desert. The Death Worm is a mythical creature said to roam in the Gobi Desert. I used the Death Worm as a symbol for desertification, and the sand men as a symbol for people. When the sand men fight the Death Worm and die they collapse into sand and expand the desert. I was trying to communicate the idea that people have caused desertification because of deforestation, but they have also tried to fight against it like the current Green Wall of China.

The Copper Mine of the Gobi Desert

The ISF Academy, Secondary Division, Lily Lee, 13

It's not without a certain amount of savage decadence do we
file our nails, our wicked-sharp bulldozers
and tear off her beige summer dress, grains crumbling as
the fabric pulls apart and reveals
soft
pale
skin
like the color of dawn, but a little more
helpless.
we dig them in, our bulldozer-nails
scraping up the deadskincrust
trapping grit underneath our ripper claws –
and yet
it's not until we gouge out her flesh
does the copper begin to pool
do we smile, in the unholy satisfaction we find
within our exploitations, our promised luxuries
within her soundless, silent screams
within Schadenfreude, and the other beautiful things we hide
behind meretricious fans and powdered faces and Chinese porcelain walls.
“... Here, you see?”
“She's a resourceful one.”
“She'll be worth so much out on the market.”
– or so they screech, the cacophony of a million voices
shrieks clanging against each other, decibels ricocheting off the charts
an earsplitting descant of amalgamated chaos-harmony
all of them demanding and rioting and pressuring
for a Legalization. a Compromise. a Deal.
and
so
the
gavel
falls
“... Ladies and gentlemen, please observe two minutes of silence for our much loved

comrade”
because the verdict is MINE.
and so it begins, firstly with
Inspection.
a pretty word, perhaps
for drilling holes into her skin
exploration, they said –
as hundreds test and probe and intrude
cold, ruthless eyes, desperate and starving and hungry for something that she can
never
understand.
... now, onto the actual operation
phase one: semi-autogenous grinding
and look! even the government has bought you
she should feel honored at this disgusting breach of privacy
but her blizzard-screams are soundless, shapeless
almost music to their ears
bagatelles in their conquest of her body’s demesne
a protest of rebellion, one rightfully muzzled.
~
she lies now, silently, sprawled and defenseless
on ancient Chinese grounds
as something divided, something conquered
as an empty shell of something once precious
with her skin ragged and
t
o
r
n
by all the machines and devices
used to torture her soul
because her body is only a canvas
grains punctured with drill holes
as they dig up her insides
and sell them for gold.

Hope

West Island School, Gowoon Kim, 13

The child's fingers stroke the constellations,
Like brush upon painter's masterpiece.
Her breath leaving evanescent touches in the air,
Her lips are violet, but her eyes glow with wonder.

The gazelle flees. Delicate steps upon the coarse earth.
Footprints light but deep enough to linger.
Dust billows behind, like dresses of dancers.
Desperate gait, locked with courage, spreads through air.

The bindweed blossoms at strike of midnight.
Petals as open as a gold trumpet amid a tune,
Lissom stem lilts softly to the susurrus breeze.
The soil is stiff, the winds sharp, but still the flower blooms.

The Bedouins pray silently as they make their way.
Every step they take, every turn they make
Could lead them to their saviour, or their grave.
But tonight, haze shrouds all. All but a slim sliver of sickle moon.

A silhouetted grey wolf howls, red eyes shining like stars.
What had happened? What could bring such a cry?
The sound echoes through the desert, haunting every corner.
But pain is no tool, so the wolf never howls more than once.



Poetry

Group 4

The Sand Says

Diocesan Girls' School, Chu Charmaine Antonia, 16

There are billions of us, reaching
From north to south.
We join hands,
We work,
We constitute,
A living utopia
Of golden gleam.
We are
The fifth of the world,
A piece of China land.

There are piles of us, who
Live with humans.
The Nomadic peoples,
The Mongols, we
Know them all.
We have been part of the Mongol Empire,
We have laid the Silk Road,
Ask us about the history,
We have seen all things.

There are loads of us,
We are legion,
Mountains surround us,
Grasslands and steppes of Mongolia protect us.
Have you seen the Tibetan Plateau?
We are the untouched beauty.
We have made all things together.

Do we know all things?
Yes, we have seen them all.

There are plains of us, to
Shelter the first dinosaur eggs,
Find fossils under us lying,
The mysteries unveil beneath us,
We are the keys to treasures,
We have seen all things.

There are units of us, to
Tint the nature in glittering gold.
We look up, to
Watch shooting golden eagles,
We feel the weights, when
Black-tailed gazelles sprint,
Marbled polecats make swift moves,
Bactrian camels troll above in turns,
Leopards sprint above,
Brown bears stalk us still,
Wolves howl the night awake.
We are to sustain the wild life,
We have seen all things.

When the clouds sink into the dreary dusk,
The roots of trees are drawn down in its heavy weight.
Are we remote?
No longer now.
There are many of us, to
Feel the burdens on our shoulders,
Smell the carts of solid tiles and bricks and
Baskets of slurry,
We see iron pillars,
We hear sounds of resounding hammers,
We are tintured by modern technology.
We have seen all things.

There are so many of us, to be
Rent apart from one another and
To be turned into massive mines.
Costly copper and gold deposits, they say,
Make much money.

Let me speak, let us speak!
Why are our bodies loosening?
Are we losing our minds and
Moving away from our home?

We are
expanding,
There is
No one to
Hold onto!
We have not,
Heard about
The Green Wall of China,
We are
Spreading to
Cover the
Green lands,
Into the air,
To colour the nature
With dust.

We know all things.
We have seen all things.

We are Grains of Sand

Holy Family Canossian College, Chan Sze Wing, Jessie, 15

We are grains of sand
that owns the Mongolian land.
We have a graceful dance
Like ballerinas we dance

On the Altai Mountains
we practise in the soft wind.
We do one pas de basque
like lively children we jump

We are grains of sand
a turnout as we stand.
Let's turn it to a battement
that we regard as talent.

We are grains of sand
en pointe on the plateau.
We do a pironette-turn
as calm as an urn.

We are grains of sand
doing a plié on the plain.
Let's strike a pose, an arabesque
both pretty and statuesque.

We are grains of sand
doing front splits on the land.
Let's practise for a grand jeté
the fullest split in the air.

We are grains of sand
doing a relevé above Ulan Bator.
Let's dance until the music ends
Let's shake our hands and we'll be friends.

Unseen Perspective

Renaissance College, Sarika Mahubani, 15

Trapped
Beneath the weight of the sand
Struggling to breathe
Akin more of my kind
Leaning against each other
Shared misery

Masked
By the voices of dunes
Scratching against each other
Orchestrated synchrony
Finding solace in
Invisibility

Hidden
By the shadows of dust
Cast on land
By the sun, defiant
To find my voice
Lost like leaves stamped white
By the arrival of winter

Lost
In clumps of brothers
Clusters of collarbones
Creases and calluses
Until I cannot tell
Where they end
And I begin

Unified
Formed into formidable
Faceless giants
Into a desert deadly
My identity
Is but an abstract idea
Like the sight of sunlight

Fabricated
Hidden histories
Impossible to distinguish
As I misplace the shape of myself
And embody
The body
Of the majority

Flocked
Together like family
Unchosen
Bound by bonds indestructible
Bonds invisible
I am lonely
But never alone

Requiem

St. Joseph's College, Justin Tang, 18

*In pace, in memoriam
the late olgoi-khorkhoi;
a sandy columbarium
there lay eternal joy.*

If heard you not this creature's name,
there's no call for dismay;
you need not shield your face in shame –
it's dead now anyway.

Before, believing its decease
was none but trivial,
pray let me weave my tale in peace,
about this animal.

Upon the flowing, bleak terrain
of Gobi's ancient dunes,
mythology depicted pain
in stock among its runes.

Though old wives' tale this seemed to be,
it rang with wisdom stark:
that Gobi knew no sympathy;
no place is quite as dark.

'Beware, my son, this wicked worm
that hunts to kill at night;
exists there not another term
describing worse a plight.

The few who lived to tell had seen
its hide incarnadine;
its foul secretions yellow-green,
it reeked of turpentine.

Its skin had so much potency
a touch meant instant Death;
it's useless begging clemency
you're helpless in its breath.

Remember then, when you decide
to brave the wilderness:

in Gobi does despair reside;
in that it's generous.'

Although his dear old mommy stressed
how vicious Gobi was,
this Mongol boy was so obsessed,
he vowed to get across.

And so, came round that fateful night,
the Devil's clutches broad;
the youngster gathered all his might,
and took his daddy's sword.

He walked and walked and walked and walked
and walked and walked and – stopped!
At once he knew he had been mocked:
it's just a rat that hopped.

The wretched wind swept o'er the peaks
in tunes monotonous;
The truth bore down his face in streaks –
he's not autonomous.

But just as sorrow harboured he,
a shadow lobed and large
soon manifested shockingly
upon him like a barge.

At once he shifted, just in time
to counter its assault;
for in the wake of fleeting rime
came thence a lightning bolt.

Immediately he swooped down on
the foul ferocious beast;
he brought his worthy sword upon
what then became deceased.

Well, you can well imagine how
triumphant he's received;
besides a hog they've killed a sow
not once more have they grieved.

*In pace, in memoriam
the late olgoi-khorkhoi;
a sandy columbarium
there lay eternal joy.*