



# Poetry

Group 1

# Fireworks Along the Pearl River Delta

*American International School, Cox, Walon - 7*

Fireworks are as loud as drums.  
They are as colorful as a rainbow.  
They are as beautiful as a flower.  
Fireworks are as shiny as a giant star.  
They are as bright as the moonlight.  
They are as fast as a rocket.  
Fireworks are as twirling as acrobats.  
They are as tall as a giant.  
They are as crazy as me!

# Four Generations

*Beacon Hill School, Chan, Hayley - 9*

The first generation is my Great Grandfather  
He was born in 1912 in an active city called Guangzhou  
He was a brave warrior who fought in wars  
This is the way he served his country

The second generation is my Grandfather  
He was born in 1932 in a little city called Huizhou  
He was a very poor farmer that grew vegetables and raised animals  
This is the way he survived in difficult times

The third generation is my Dad  
He was born in 1967 in a growing city called Shenzhen  
He is a successful business man that invests in properties  
This is the way he makes a living for his family

The fourth generation is Me  
I was born in 2007 in a beautiful city called Hong Kong  
I want to become a caring and helpful teacher when I grow-up  
This is the way I would make a better world

The Pearl River has flowed through many generations in my family and will continue to carry on

# New tales of the Pearl River Delta

*Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School,  
Ho, Man Wui - 6*

The beautiful sun rises  
But I can't see  
I climb on my dad  
Who is as tall as a tree

These are hills, those are trees  
Along the river I grow  
The roaring wind blows

Wave goodbye to my parents  
Say goodbye to my teddy bear  
Accompanied with friends  
Sing together and aloud

All walk towards the jungle  
Start our adventure  
Some run fast, some walk slow  
Goodbye my friends

Alone I climb  
High and high up the hills  
Forest and forest surrounding me  
The higher I stand, the colder I feel  
Like a seagull carefully lays eggs on a cliff

No time feeling frightened  
Claim for survival  
Burning sun passes  
Nightmare comes  
Fight against tigers, fight against lions  
Keep away from spiders, run away from snakes  
The beautiful sun rises again  
Sunlight is warm  
Wind is gentle  
Follow a stream down  
Current is weak, current is strong  
Hold the raft tight, and land safely

Alongside the river, villages bring up  
people, shelter us from danger

Home I return  
Bed I sleep  
Thanks to Pearl River Delta  
This is my homeland

# Song of a Kapok Tree

*St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Chu, Priscilla Lorraine - 7*

On the bank of the Pearl River,  
I lay and listened.  
Burble, burble, burble.  
The river brought the delta to life.

On the bank of the Pearl River,  
I crawled and heard.  
Moo, moo, moo.  
The oxen plowed the fields nearby.

On the bank of the Pearl River,  
I stood and listened.  
Ring, ring, ring.  
The bicycles passed by.

On the bank of the Pearl River,  
I knelt and heard.  
Roar, roar, roar.  
The factory machines worked non-stop.

On the bank of the Pearl River,  
I fell and listened.  
Rumble, rumble, rumble.  
The bulldozers uprooted my family for another high-rise.



# Poetry

Group 2

# The Pearl River

*German Swiss International Primary School, Sheethal Kumar, Mehak - 10*

Watch it quiver, mystery river  
Shining, glimmering, radiantly moving from destination to destination  
Sunrise daintily reflects on the meandering river,  
from rice fields to superior towers,

The shadow of the moon  
bonds the silent earth and the elevated heavens  
asleep and snug in their beds, no one is disturbing them now....

# The Pearl River Delta Mirror, A Poem

*International College Hong Kong-Hong Lok Yuen, Short, Penelope - 10*

Timeless, the river gently flows across land,  
as graceful as a ballerina.  
The everlasting colour of cobalt slowly passes me,  
while the wind sweetly hums a lullabye.  
Lap, lap, lap, the sparkling sapphire dances daintily downstream,  
the sun's golden rays permeates the vast shade of trees.  
Birds brightly burble muted chirps of ecstasy,  
while panda's fumble foolishly through bamboo shoots.  
The luscious grass shudders in the crisp wind,  
as the flowers sway calmly.  
Breath-taking it is, watching the minutes seem like hours  
Finally the world exchanges the bright colours,  
for mellow shades of watercolour.  
As the world gradually melts away,  
dusk descends, I am snapped back to reality,  
as I turn on my heel and blissfully walk away.

Walking through a forest, stunted and shredded,  
Factories are now camouflaged with a thick blanket of soot.  
The river is a dense charcoal that mirrors the swollen sky,  
is shimmery with oil blooms.  
Sparrows sadly sulk ear-splitting chirps,  
while the sounds of industry buzz around in my head.  
Whirr, whirr go the grimy machines in the toy factory,  
as the smell of diesel and oil fumes overwhelm me.

I wish I could go back in time,  
I close my eyes but I know there is no escape,  
this is reality, this is forever.

# Pearl River Delta

*ISF Academy, Chow, Christopher - 10*

Oh Pearl River Delta, what a nice name you go by.  
What rich soil and pristine water you have for food.  
Is that the reason why?  
my grandma's dumplings make me in a good mood?

We would not have a delta if we didn't have the Xi Jiang,  
But we mustn't forget about the Bei Jiang, up in the north.  
Last but not least, we have to pay tribute to the Dong Jiang.  
With all three rivers, our Pearl River Delta can move forth.

Quiet, peaceful, tranquil, and calm,  
your humble beginnings slowly began to flood.  
No longer something that is as small as my palm,  
your rivers no longer run with water, but mud.

With newfound prosperity, it is good to look to the future and beyond,  
but the delta struggles with the development it spawned.

You are the fastest growing economy  
in the world we live in today.  
You make people prosperous, like my family and me!  
Your efforts to our world go a long way.

Once, you had farms, fields, and small villages.  
But look at you, all grown up now!  
You've given a lot of people many privileges.  
All the lights and skyscrapers make me say, "Wow!"

"Factory of the World" is what people call you,  
because you make so many different things!  
Samsung, Apple, Sony, and Nokia too.  
All of your products are fit for kings!

But we must be careful with the future of you,  
because not only can water float a boat, it can sink it too...

# If Chinese White Dolphins Could Speak

*ISF Academy, King-To Chung, Julian - 8*

In the big blue sea of PRD,  
Fishes bathe among huge waves.  
I am a Chinese White Dolphin. Please bear with what I say.

Here, my families have lived for thousands of years,  
Water always crystal clear, stars shining like chandelier.  
My world started to change several years ago, oh dear! Oh dear!

Congratulations, workers of world's longest bridge-cum-tunnel, Hong Kong-Zhuhai-Macau  
Bridge,  
Making Zhuhai and Macau easier to reach.  
Construction noise is deafening me, and reclamation is destroying my niche.

PRD has become a megacity of millionaires,  
Where sumptuous seafood is consumed at vanity fairs.  
Overfishing leaves no fish to spare, and I become as hungry as a bear.

Macau is world's biggest gambling city,  
With many turbojets arriving at its jetty.  
Collisions with propellers leave me in misery.

Shenzhen and Hong Kong combined is world's busiest shipping terminal,  
With cargo ships crisscrossing-unstoppable.  
Oil spill is ruining our dolphins' carnival.

In the future sea of PRD,  
Fishes bathe among huge waves.  
I am a Chinese White Dolphin. Would I stay? Should I move away?

# The Changing Pearl River Delta

*Kau Yan School, Leung, Yuen Ching Erin - 10*

Splashing and swishing,  
Stomping the rice,  
Little feet running through  
Tiptoeing like mice.  
I see jade green fields,  
Clouds drift in the sky,  
Singing birds, buzzing bees  
And, the sun is up high.

Time passes quickly,  
The nine big cities grow,  
Road and towns start to transpire,  
Chinese people flow.  
Ships, cars, trains and planes,  
Reeking smoke fills the land  
Waste dumped in water,  
People rich and grand.

Without fields around me  
It's not the same,  
Factories multiply  
Delta got fame.  
I look back with sadness,  
Letting out a sigh,  
Nothing to enjoy  
Thinking of this, I cry.

# The River of Pearls

*Kennedy School, Gross, Isabella - 10*

The Pearl River Delta flows and drifts, it's a perfect blue.  
When the sun touches the water it turns to glistening gold,

All at the river of pearls,

With it's pearl cities by its side,  
The cities never rest,  
The heart beat of the cities roar,  
Bright lights at night, buildings busy  
And cities growing all the while,

All at the river of pearls,

Trade those goods for better things,  
Strike a deal while you can,  
Gold and treasure to bargain for,  
So precious and wealthy,

All at the river of pearls,

Tugboats heave,  
Container ships charge through the water,  
Ferries travel busily to and thro,  
Dainty fishing boats tinkle upon the river like feathers,

All at the river of pearls,

All you can hear is the cities chatter,  
The hustle and bustle of the people  
And the foghorns, deep, low, rumbling roar,  
All you can see is the cities lights and the golden lake,

All at the river of pearls.

# I am The Pearl River

*Peak School, Gupta, Joshya – 10*

I am the origin, I am the destination.  
I am where comes true every imagination.  
I am the artery, through which life breathes,  
I am awake making things, when the whole world sleeps.  
My shores are always buzzing and humming,  
Because of me, millions of homes are running.  
I am turning the wheel of fortune to the East,  
I am where the world gathers to celebrate and feast.  
I am where centuries of wisdom, past and present, miraculously culminate,  
As everyone tries to comprehend me, I humbly smile and continue to fascinate.



# Poetry

Group 3

# Blind

*ISF Academy Secondary Division,  
Chun, Rita - 12*

Clear across the horizon,  
Where the sky embraces the sea;  
Where the black velvet cloak shrouds  
The priceless black diamonds' never-ending  
glitter and gleam;  
Where the salty wind gently whispers across  
your cheek,  
The Pearl of the East dances.

She flashes kaleidoscopic rays,  
Twisting the colours of the rainbow,  
manipulating them,  
Changing them into different patterns each  
second.

Blindingly bright, yet so eye-poppingly  
attractive,  
To the extent that people come from all over  
the world just to see her.  
One would wish to reach out,  
And perhaps steal one of her numerous  
silvers of prismatic light;  
Or even capture her with a camera's  
emotionless lens.

But you should realize that she's only  
winking, flirting,  
For you to be deceived by her alluring  
demeanor,  
For you to be tricked by her well-perfected  
act.

From a distance, yes, she is stunning,  
But once you're past her shimmering, hard

shell of an exterior,  
You wouldn't even bring yourself to  
acknowledge  
That the horrible havoc underneath,  
however melancholy, was part of her.

On her streets, people brush by briskly,  
Like clouds of bats, full of disorder, illness,  
infection and plague.  
How is it that we became like this,  
As blind as bats to our behavior,  
To the world around us?

If you looked around and tried to see,  
If at least their eyes were beautiful,  
Then you would not even be able to catch a  
single man's eye,  
As they are too busy looking down at the  
piece of technology  
That has wrapped itself around his brain,  
clouded his sight.

The poor cowering beneath minute roofs  
that seem to be falling apart,  
Exhausted after yet another day of work,  
Sadness filling their eyes like tears.

So blind are they,  
To be so oblivious,  
Not bothering to offer a seat to another in  
need,  
To blink nor to nod with acknowledgement  
to a neighbor.

The air reeks of smog and smoke,  
Making countless pairs of eyes itch and  
water,  
Yet they just argue that it isn't true,  
Unbelieving and unaware of the pollution  
that clog their senses, blinding them.  
Let him take the blame, they say,  
Let my neighbor suffer.  
No love, a loss for such a seemingly romantic  
city full of blinking lights.

What good is a Dahlia,  
A pretty flower that lacks a scent?  
And what good is a wondrous city,  
When it has no heart?

They say that eyes are the windows to the  
soul,  
But how are you supposed to peek through  
the windows  
When they sew the curtains shut,  
When they refuse to open their eyes,  
And become blind?

# The Megalopolis

*ISF Academy Secondary Division,  
Li, Nicole - 12*

As the glow of sun fades away,  
Street lights begins to sparkle.  
The lights of the city come alive.  
It has a melody of its own.  
A city, a dragon of lights.  
A caterpillar developing into a butterfly,  
Like the Delta transforming to a city.

Nighttime falls in the loud city.  
Lights blinking,  
Stars shining,  
Yet the streets are busy and crowded.

Nighttime falls in the hushed country.  
Wind in dark and towering trees,  
Farmers with plenty of crops,  
The night is still, only the sound of wind

Hundreds of years ago,  
Rolling golden fields stretch miles and  
beyond.  
Houses loosely dispersed, silent as a grave,  
Sugarcanes and palmettos.  
Blue skies adorned by wonderous white  
clouds,  
Hills covered with lush green plants.  
The Delta was a humble caterpillar in deep  
sleep,  
wrapped tightly within its cocoon.

The meadow grass cemented down,  
From growing under the pavements of a  
town.

Skyscrapers guarding the city like an army,  
with trails of headlights beneath its feet.  
The butterfly spreads its wings,  
Ready to soar towards wealth.

The fog creeps on little cat feet,  
Grey blankets cover the city with poison.  
Villages long gone,  
Along with its history and culture.  
People selling their souls for wealth.  
The polluted grey sky is toxic,  
Damaging our health and environment.

Traditional culture fading away like a photo  
losing its color.  
No kicking shuttlecocks or flying kites,  
Instead it is videogames and computers.  
Farmers wake as the sun peeked its head  
from the horizon,  
Businessmen are on their toes when the  
opening bell rings.

The future is unseen through the foggy  
skyline,  
The improving economic development or  
culture and nature.  
What is the price to pay?  
How long is the butterfly going to live?

# Night on the Pearl River Delta

*South Island School, Brooks, Samantha - 13*

Soft foamy waves slosh against traders' boats  
As they enter the harbour.  
The moonlight beams down on the murky waters  
And fog curls like fingers.  
The emerald green water sounds like dancing pebbles  
A scent of fish lingers in the air  
Like a Hong Kong market; yet on the Pearl River Delta.

Boats pass through the busy intersection  
Hidden by the cutting waves and mist from the city.  
Traffic lights sparkle in the distance; glowing  
Reflections glinting on the water.  
The whistles and horns are like beacons of sound,  
As though the boats at sea are speaking.  
Speaking through the waters of the Pearl River Delta.

Far inland, children look out yonder window,  
Searching for the telltale fin of a pink dolphin.  
And hope to see  
A rosy body gliding among the ships.  
Boarding boats, bustling, bearing large cargo,  
The docks are alive and teeming with life,  
As captains and their sailors prepare to journey out into the Pearl River Delta.

An icy fist of a breeze batters the boats on the harbour,  
Carrying whispers from North and South.  
The stars twinkle merrily at everyone within range,  
Everyone who finds comfort watching the inky peaks of the Pearl River Delta.

# A river speaks to its people.

*The Mission Covenant Church Holm Glad College, Leung, Fong Ling - 17*

Pleased at your love  
Your effort on my side  
Farming in small rural villages  
Gives me fresh air and abide

Sincere, gentle and leisurely  
Observing your care  
Caring for each other with your gentle ways  
And no one will feel hurt here  
Everything I give you  
You are surrounded by farmland  
Without money, hi-tech and finances  
You still think I am a wonderland

Now, only money on your side  
Factories, hi-tech, finances tear my skin  
You did not see my wound  
Still take your knife and enter in

Where is my fresh air ?  
It is swallowed by factories  
I lose my green trees, white clouds and golden sun  
Should I be happy with the name——World's Factory?

Indifferent, hypocritical and frightening  
No care with each other  
And estranged by working and money  
Gradually, you turn into a stranger



# Poetry

Group 4

# The Magnificent Place

*Heep Yunn School, Chan, Lok Hei Zara - 16*

Minute yet vital, dense yet rich  
The east and west collide  
Packed with cultures, swirled with races  
The place where fortune lies

When people dream about this wondrous place  
They end up with a sigh  
But the prosperity of this thriving place  
Is something no one could deny

While this striking place is filled with laughter  
The sky is coloured by smoke  
The dirty land made lamb to slaughter  
The dark ponds filled with hooks

Wrapping's a piece of useless paper  
Without a decent gift  
Crystals will never glitter like diamonds  
Its mask will soon be lifted

# New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

*Island School, Chui, Adrian - 14*

In my youth,  
I filled the banks with life,  
Trees rustled in the fresh spring wind,  
The fishes danced in crystalline river.

In my youth,  
I saw the curious tiger stoop to drink  
Water cleansed in mountain spring.  
The eager monkey leapt up the riverside  
tree,  
Guzzling at its fruity treasures.

In my youth,  
I watched the humans settle and come,  
Hoisting their heavy wooden rods over their  
shoulders.  
They respected me,  
Loved me  
For the fish I gave.  
They offered a prayer to the goddess Mazu  
And I.

As time went on,  
Man grew stronger.  
The cities raised into the sky.  
I dedicated myself to supporting the homes  
of man,  
Like a clam protecting its glamorous pearl.

I saw wars ravage the land for years on end,  
The animals forced into hiding,  
The ancient trees topple onto the dirt.

The years fly for one so eternal,  
But this time  
They have come too soon.

At last, they turned to me  
Having not stated their bloodlust.  
They filled my veins with poison,  
Forced me to swallow their rubbish.

Fish who once thrived now grew stiff and  
cold,  
The plants wither away, sick from the causes  
of man.

Oh, isn't it ironic, my dear reader,  
That the once well of life  
Now seals the fate of whoever drinks from it.

# New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

*Island School, Makino, Erika - 14*

Theres a hustle,  
at the very edge of Asia  
Where three rivers connect  
at the Pearl River Delta

You can hear the voices of travellers,  
as they seek to find shelter  
in the great big cities  
at the Pearl River Delta

Men straining their backs  
As they try to carry extra  
just to earn more  
at the Pearl River Delta

But all goes quiet  
as the lights go out  
and the city falls to darkness  
at the Pearl River Delta

# An Unknown Legend

*SKH Lam Woo Memorial Secondary School, Tsoi, Kwai Ling - 17*

Passing on an unknown legend,  
Exceptional emerald entered an empire,  
Awoke a dormant dragon lining on the frontier,  
Radiated around the whole country,  
Leading to the emergence of a new century.  
Restored its past glory,  
It fled from west to east,  
Various tributaries joins and meets,  
Extended to the Southern China Sea,  
Reunion the memories of you and me.  
Day by Day,  
Exports and imports frequent in these regions,  
Like Shenzhen, Guangzhou, Zhuhai and Kaiping,  
Tale started from then on,  
A wonderful civilization of China--Pearl River Delta.