



# Poetry

Group 1

# The Terracotta Warriors

*School of the Nations, Leong, Kaylum - 8*

The terracotta warriors,  
Standing straight and tall.  
The terracotta warriors,  
Standing five feet tall.

The terracotta warriors,  
Not moving an inch.  
The terracotta warriors,  
I won't even give them a pinch.

The terracotta warriors,  
Ready for war.  
The terracotta warriors,  
I hope they don't snore!

The terracotta warriors,  
Do they each shave?  
The terracotta warriors,  
Built to guard a grave.

The terracotta warriors,  
Do they brush their teeth?  
The terracotta warriors,  
I hope they each have a sheath.

The terracotta warriors,  
Never dying guys,

The terracotta warriors,  
Do they wear ties?

The terracotta warriors,  
What exactly do they do?  
The terracotta warriors,  
Do they each wear one shoe?!?

The terracotta warriors,  
They're really tough and strong,  
The terracotta warriors,  
Do they like to sing songs?

The terracotta warriors,  
Do they drink wine?  
The terracotta warriors,  
Are they like Einstein?

The terracotta warriors,  
Made of sharp steel.  
The terracotta warriors,  
wiggly as an eel.

# The Terracotta Army

*St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Ng, Sung Hei Sarah - 8*

Marching! Marching!  
Soldiers in armor,  
Follow the Emperor,  
Qin Shi Huang is the ultimate Victor !

Roaring! Roaring!  
Horses saddled,  
Cavalry and chariots,  
Leading this army is undefeatable!

Stomping! Stomping!  
Thousands of troops,  
Ready to charge,  
Bursting out from their tomb!

Waking! Waking!  
Buried for thousand years,  
Passing through different eras,  
The glory of the Terracotta Army lives forever!



# Poetry

Group 2

# A Thousand Miles Beneath our Feet - Terracotta Warriors

*Clearwater Bay School, Brown, Annabel - 9*

A thousand miles beneath our feet  
A king and his army were buried deep  
He lived 2000 years ago  
He conquered armies wherever he would go  
He was the first emperor of China  
There was nobody bold, braver or finer

In case his spirit liked to wander  
He built a world for the ever after  
In case his spirit got a little bored  
There was acrobats there to please  
And musicians to make music for his ears  
There were birds and horses and other animals  
They filled the tomb up to the brim  
Until there was no more room in the dim.

But alas the soldiers, all eight thousand of them  
Were made of clay with no two faces the same  
Stoney silent, not giving away the Emperor's secrets  
From their faces of painted colours

Years later this is what happened  
Some farmers dug for water they sought  
And out of the soil guess what peeked?

The farmer yelled oh golly by golly  
There's a face staring out at me!  
As soon as he found it, the colours ran away

Now steady on his friend cried  
Remember the legends we heard  
About human beings living beneath the soil  
The legends must be true  
For you have found the secret  
And the world will change because of you

But how will it change?  
Simple you see  
For legends can be true you know  
It may be creepy it can be freaky  
But there you go  
The story of the Terracotta Warriors  
The greatest tale the world will know

# The Bird of Time

*Kennedy School, Eyunni, Gayathri - 10*

## Part 1

What would she do if her day was not done,  
What would she do if she was only one.  
Her fear and sadness only getting worse,  
So the bird had said.

Who would she meet if one never came,  
Who would she meet if one would not stay.  
Her fear and sadness only getting worse,  
So the bird had said.

If she continues, her life be in danger,  
And soon enough, what would be left.  
Nobody knows, nobody will.  
So the bird had said.

## Part 2

What will happen when there is no news,  
To the Army The King of Qin once led.  
The warriors shall have a peaceful life the Great King had said.  
But this is not what the warriors wished,  
So the bird had said.

Is this the truth or is this a lie,  
The warriors wondered with dread.  
The King's words are always true,  
So the bird had said.

What will they learn in the years to come,  
Thinking of the tears their family would shed,  
They will be happy the King assured,  
So the bird had said.

Their life will be different from what it should have been,  
Different in a good way the King had said,  
Good for the King's ambitions, not for them,

So the bird had said.  
 There will be some benefit,  
 Something good the King had said,  
 Everyone will be safe and content the King promised,  
 So the bird had said.

### Part 3

Many miles from the town of Xi'an,  
 Lived a very great King called Ashoka they said.  
 He was known as the 'Beloved of the Gods',  
 So the bird had said.

He was obsessed with peace after a great war,  
 We shouldn't fight he said.  
 He vowed never to use his sword again,  
 So the bird had said.

The people in his kingdom were always very happy,  
 "What a peaceful life!" they said.  
 Everyone was joyful from young to old,  
 So the bird had said.

Why must we sacrifice the warriors' lives,  
 Our innocent soldiers in war, Ashoka said,  
 He stopped war with the power of Dhamma,  
 So the bird had said.

Back in Xi'an the King was getting ready,  
 for the last battle that he would have led.  
 And he heard of the King who stopped war,  
 So the bird had said.

"Oh my fellow warriors" was heard from the sunken pits,  
 "We must learn from Ashoka" he said.  
 He thought a while in his final resting place,  
 So the bird had said.

But in our present avatars we still have fights,  
 "Will we ever have peace" the bird said.  
 Oh why do we shout?  
 Why do we doubt?  
 Why are we intolerant?  
 Why do we kill?  
 Why do we feel hatred?  
 When will we find peace in our hearts?  
 And so the bird had said.

# A TERRACOTTA WARRIOR HAIKU

*The French International School, Garnier, Louise - 9*

HONOR, DIGNITY,  
FOR THE BURIED WARRIOR  
IS A DESTINY.



# Poetry

Group 3

# True Sons

*International College Hong Kong, Kwan, Tiff - 14*

A legendary art,  
Unfazed by the harsh cold,  
Its color fading over centuries,  
But sculptures remain  
Standing with ambition  
And courage.

A formidable art,  
With lifeless eyes focused ahead,  
Body stiff and tense.  
They have a halo of strength,  
Loyalty radiates from  
The army.

An ancient art, created  
With Yellow Earth and grit.  
Thousands of hands  
Molded, textured, shaped  
Materials into fine, sturdy  
Warriors.  
The true sons of  
Sweat and blood.

A funerary art,  
As eight-thousand staunch  
Soldiers,  
With chariots and horses,  
Protect His Majesty,  
The almighty, powerful  
Emperor Qin Shi Huang,  
White he rests eternally.

# New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

*Island School, Jain, Ravi - 13*

The gods, draped  
In the turquoise colors of the ocean and the golden flakes of the sun,  
Sat in their  
Elaborate thrones.  
As the wide sun sets,  
Swaying tunes waltzed through the wind,  
As erhu's,  
Pluck their horse hair strings,  
Amplified against  
The raspy, ornate skin of  
Snakes.  
Standing up from the  
Lavish feast, the gods,  
Entranced by the soothing melodies,  
Started to waltz across the golden floor, full of bliss.

The rays of the sun rose, trapping the  
Rural countryside of Xi'an in serene warmth,  
Shining onto the elaborate terracotta tiles of palaces,  
And onto the cracking bricks of the great wall, like a  
Decaying dragon, littering the grass with brown scales.  
The farmers and the workers, slowly rose from their  
Intoxicating slumber.  
Swiftly, the workers,  
Wearing only their loincloths,  
And their interwoven bamboo hats, set off for their  
Duty on the green fields of Xi'an.

With the foreboding clouds vanquished,  
And the sly rain nowhere in sight, the day was

Like the fair of a thousand countries.  
Even so, shrouded in cruel deception, the  
Death, and grief showered upon this day,  
Like a deadly snake,  
Coiled up underneath the prettiest of flowers.

Suddenly, thunder  
Rang from out of the sky, arousing those  
Clad in bamboo hats from their scattered fields.  
Ceasing only for minutes, the workers slowly resumed their work,  
Like a factory, their backbones the routine of many.

The carnival of colors in the landscape of Zhao  
Were dulled by the agonizing tears, and woe of China.  
A river of misery  
Eroding the cracking streets,  
A mahogany chariot danced loudly on the cobblestone  
Carrying the dead body of the emperor.  
Grasping in his cold hand were pills of mercury,  
The magical elixir of immortality  
Concealed under a white guise of death.  
Held in mourning, the people,  
Glancing at the deceased emperor, wept tears of agony,  
While hunched court officials, dragging behind their feet  
Cried farewell to their emperor.

Full of woe, the gods stopped their dance, and all of  
Heaven wept in sadness, except one, in the farthest corner.  
Jammed in the middle between heaven and hell,  
The lone Sculptor, loyal to his deceased Emperor,  
Performed his duty as a demigod to guard the  
Green fields and villages.

The highest peak overlooking the clouds, the Sculptor was bent over,  
Molding a clay warrior, clad in terracotta armor.  
With the carnival of anger and sorrow bellowing through their eyes,  
The gods descended upon the Sculptor.  
Surrounded by a wall of looming statues,  
With the gods by his side, the Sculptor resumed his job, adding faces to his  
Terracotta Warriors.

Erecting a mound of clay, carefully  
Slicing away at the terracotta with  
Needle sharp knife in hand, the Sculptor  
Swept down onto the terracotta mounds with outstretched hands,  
Raining down red clay onto the green lands below.

Suddenly, the sculptures were lost again in a flurry of speed, as etched Engravings appeared on still faces.

Swift, like the fastest hawk, the wind swept away the hanging statues,  
Falling to the green fields like clay angels, to vanquish the venomous spirits lurking below.

Taken by surprise, the poor  
People, wandered around to take a look at the angels of clay.  
Workers curiously patted the statues with their rusted digging forks and  
Their dirt-encrusted sickles, eroding slowly like old humans.  
Wondering what the commotion was, flurries of soldiers on gallant horses  
Clad with metal armor, interlocked with string,  
Slowly treaded through the wide fields, only to find  
Statues, covered with dirt, half buried into the green of the grass.  
Demanding for the statues, the bundles of armor slowly heaved the  
Terracotta Warriors from their resting place.

Dragging the red warriors on their majestic horses,  
The plated soldiers trundled their way through the fields,  
Not noticing the glancing eyes of the workers, still holding their sickles and tools.

The mausoleum, the foreboding and dark chamber of the dead  
Silently loomed over the plated soldiers.  
The horses, dead by the never ending exhaustion fell down,  
The young energy flowing through them all drained out.

Then, as the pack of soldiers wandered off slowly, a dark shadow  
Fell to the ground, slowly digging into the deep mausoleum,  
Scattering around the Terracotta Warriors into the abyss, preparing the clay warriors for  
battle.

Evil spirits, entangled in revenge and anger lurked through the dark  
Mausoleum of the emperor's head.  
Lurking in the shadows like a snake,  
Lunging out to strike with its deceitful fangs, filled with venom.  
Waiting and watching for the time to strike.

Born of dark catacombs of fears,  
A man appeared, wearing grey robes and holding a  
Red box, dripping with velvet blood.  
The man's skin slowly charred and peeled off,  
Revealing underneath a stone cold demon,  
Holding in his claws,  
An obsidian dagger, tinged with the poison of revenge and murder.  
Shrieking out loud, the demon  
Lunged at the emperor, frozen in pure horror,

A war cry erupted from the statues of clay,  
As a warrior, armed with  
Steel sword and wooden shield,  
Charged at the Demon.  
Howling loud, the  
Dagger and sword, enemies of each other connected,  
Sending stray sparks as they fought and stabbed at each other.  
The Terracotta warrior,  
Ran his screaming sword through the Demon.  
Dropping its soulless dagger,  
The Demon shrieked and ran, leaving a trail of  
Blood and poison running.

His blade now tinged with ghostly blood,  
The warrior slowly returned to his set place,  
Warding off the inner demons  
Of Qin Shi Huan Di, the Great Emperor.

# New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School (Secondary Section),  
Ho, Sam - 12*

The Men of the Terracotta  
They stand,  
still as stone,  
solemn like a holy temple,  
watching the years go by.

They stand,  
still as stone,  
solemn like a chapel,  
watching the years go by.

It was 2200 years ago,  
where the body of the earth,  
given shapes of life,  
looked at the crackling roar of the fire,  
and sent to stand guard  
for the great emperor,  
for all centuries to go by.

They stand,  
still as stone,  
silent as the skies  
watching the years go by.

They stayed underground,  
with a wary eye,  
until a fateful day,  
6 decades ago,  
they breathed their first gulp of air.

They stand,  
still as stone,  
Numerous as the sands of the desert  
watching the years go by.

They look at the hordes of men,  
from the pits of earth.  
They stand guard for the tomb,  
a place that never shall be found.

# 2200 Years Worth

*YMCA of Hong Kong Christian College, Amani, Shafa – 12*

2200 years,  
The pain inside her alone,  
Tears and her fears,  
Though they were not her own...

A woman of decades ago,  
Loving hand interlocked,  
But when loneliness replaced so,  
It was her world that rocked.

You must think I'm crazy!  
Where or what is their link?  
But, reader, can't you see?  
It might be beyond what you think!

Here I stand,  
To tell you a tale so bold,  
Opens in a big, great land,  
As we see it unfold.

Hair colored auburn,  
Right in the summer sun,  
Our protagonist saw a major turn,  
In which nowhere she can run.

Because these emotions were lost,  
They were not where they belonged!  
If there was a day we face sudden sadness,  
"What has really wronged?"

Those were the thoughts,  
Protagonist in her own head,  
Was this a sort of condition?  
It was definitely not in the books she read!

Which was unfair, this she did not come across!  
"I'll curse them in their rest!"  
It seemed all the light was at loss.  
When the blue made her clutch her chest.

Protagonist sighed,  
The loneliness ran in a whirl,  
For the guilt you felt when you had lied,  
How much sobs did that lure?

--~--

A small sin cannot compare,  
The woman clad in shabby clothing,  
When the love seemed to tear,  
Romance enough to have her sing...

Her man was a fine one,  
Masculine, poor boy was sent for war,  
Soldier was one of many sons,  
In a time that is now so far...

Oh how she remembers the scene in great,  
The smile she saw on his face,  
As if even a sacrifice was too late,  
Yet it still made her heart race.

Under the soothe of silence in right,  
Delicate leaves a show in the dark sky,  
Those two held each other tight,  
Time still had to pass a frozen time by.

When the two held choked cries,  
Tears in eyes that were so doe,  
When the sun was at it's high,  
The joy held low.

The woman cried till' no more,  
She doubted her eyes could see!  
Slumped against the plant of their core,  
She stayed leaning against the tree.

--~--

Pages flipped through,  
More than Protagonist could count,  
Here smiles in a puddle of goo,  
The sharp still inside to taunt.

Books strewn across the passenger seat,  
Even the stewardess warned in a tone,  
Protagonist threw an emotional fit,  
That should leave her alone...

When the country came to view,  
A busy place of work and work,

Xi'an, China  
Is where our girl lurked.

A study trip that came in the most mad of times!  
No matter what anyone say!  
Her voice still as sour as limes,  
Who'd visit the other side of the globe anyway?

The tour list was light in her hands,  
Blue with angles of pictures scattered around,  
Xi'an of many bright lands,  
Gave her what needed to be found.

“The answer is never placed conveniently”,  
A thing she pieced to fit,  
But no matter what you believe,  
Curiosity made a seat.

And so her footsteps lead,  
With a transparent shove,  
She forgave the words she read,  
And filled with sweetening love.

~ ~ ~

If there was a time,  
When the moon did not shine,  
The stars mattered like a dime,  
For she was “un-fine”.

When the day she wed,  
All the ceremony ran,  
The rain poured on the flower beds,  
Hand in another man.

When the day she danced,  
Her feet chained and heavy,  
When her eyes yearned another,  
She still loved unconditionally.

The woman from centuries ago,  
Had happiness behind a locked door!  
The key lost years ago,  
And even longer before.

When her arms became frail and old,  
She pondered the grim reminder of that day,  
When the story-book comes to close,  
She sees the love buried in clay.

When she was a maiden,  
Young and naïve,  
The hair on her neck stood,  
Her lover ready to leave.

The fights lasted long,  
The men shedding skin,  
The voice couldn't sing a song,  
Humanity lights dim.

It was the day life stood still,  
It's always been since they left,  
The fear and worries became real,  
When the land cries over death.

The soldiers that finished their breaths,  
Were summoned to lie in clay,  
She hadn't seen his lifeless eyes yet,  
Back in that swaying day.

8,000 faces to see,  
8,000 corpses dressed in gowns,  
8,000 feeling that even thee,  
Could not imagine her knees crashing down.

2200 years,  
The hate and sad climbing in mist,  
In the present ticking,  
It had swallowed the Protagonist.

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Protagonist jumps back,  
In confusion, oh so sudden,  
The information had only lacked,  
The crashes her mind ridden.

When now her tears exploded,  
In the face of many buried men,  
Clay encasing their souls,  
The woman's emotions she'd lend.

Yet Protagonist couldn't find the answer,  
One that would let her rest,  
And so had passed her mourning days,  
With her soul depressed.

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In a white hospital bed,  
When auburn hair turned gray,

Sat a woman still,  
A smile as she lay.

For the curse had now reached the skies,  
For the words lacked bites,  
For the pain missed the tides,  
For Protagonist sees to peacefully lie.

And now we see a frame.  
A painting of a woman in a frown,  
The woman was soft and tame,  
Clad in shabby clothes of brown.

Do you know when you feel blue?  
With no reason that reaches the ears?  
'Twas just a passing curse,  
Ready to hit one for years.

Be careful when things are all in high...  
Be careful for the love you've fallen...  
Maybe these days you'll sigh,  
With the start of "A Grieving Woman".

2200 years of fabrication,  
The victim will face,  
No more jolly laughs,  
No more when the heart race.

But in the brink of death,  
Anywhere across the earth,  
A feeling of eternal love and relief come crashing,  
2200 Years Worth.



# Poetry

Group 4

# Emperor Qin

*Elsa High School, Amias, Ellie - 16*

Thoughts of death worm in through cracks in the porcelain, through my open pores,  
a disease consuming me from the inside

I choke down another bitter capsule,  
though my hands now shake too violently to hold a glass of water  
Mercury pills. For immortality.  
Anything to cure me of this rancid impermanence

There are millions who lie in wait for my death. Peasants, rebels, conspirators  
I will not succumb to this wretched mortality, I will not succumb to this acrid affliction

What waits on the other side?  
My ancestors, perhaps. Endless oblivion. A labyrinth of torture. I lie in earthly limbo, living  
only to anticipate death

My single solace is a legion of my men, immortalized in stone, who stand ready to serve me  
even as my soul ascends  
They alone will accompany me into the abyss

My terracotta army with no mortality to fear, they will carry me triumphantly into Tian  
If the gods will it, they will drag me screaming through the hellish gates of Diyu

Yet  
I shall remain their eternal emperor  
Though I still swallow every chalky pill, though my vision begins to cloud over, I know that  
if I must succumb to this vile disease

if I do succumb...

I will not be alone.

# New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

*Maryknoll Convent School, Chan, Amelie - 15*

As the night crept in  
And darkness engulfed the sky  
A canopy of stars gradually found their way to the night sky.  
It was a peaceful and calm night.  
But maybe a bit too quiet.  
So quiet that it was peculiar.

Then something could be heard.  
A sound of a footstep.  
Then something could be seen.  
A shadow of a man casted on the walls of the cave  
His masked face faintly shone by the silvery moonlight.

The silence was shattered by the marching of an army.  
An army of warriors deep in the cave.  
They held their weapons and poised them  
Towards the man.  
The grave robber.

Shocked, the man stumbled  
Off the cliff, far far down.  
Then calmness conquered the night once more.  
The emperor is safe in his tomb.  
So are his treasures.

The warriors stood back against the stars,  
Fearless.  
And the night was clear.

# To History, From a Gravedigger

*Renaissance College, Mahbubani, Sarika - 17*

I do stop to wonder  
If the doors will hold strong  
If the world will stop to hear  
A dead emperor's victory song

I do stop to wonder  
What will survive of this still  
The day someone wanders over  
To break the entrance I fill

I do not stop to wonder  
What they will make of life in death  
The sound that bounces off clay walls  
Our victorious King's last breath!

Because I know the answer  
I write history on these walls  
There are no manuscripts to uncover  
Or diaries through which to trawl

There is only one story to be told  
Of a man so filled with might  
That he united entire worlds  
That countless guards stand ready to fight  
We do not wait for justice here  
We do not express vehement fury  
For the books he burned and voices he killed  
Your textbooks will be our jury

But only one dead body will be found  
It will not be one killed or enslaved  
The common man's words will not be remembered  
No warriors will wait in their graves

You will have much to owe to great men of your past;  
Alas, condemnation runs not with celebration—  
So I seal off the door and bury the tomb  
This sculpted history awaits exploration.

# Souls Entombed

*St. Joseph's College, Li, Parco - 15*

The tyrant had perished,  
A funeral was held.  
Workers and craftsmen  
Scrutinised the mausoleum as instructed.  
Little did they know  
They were to stay in the tenebrosity  
For ever.

They knew too much  
That they could not live.  
Soldiers outside flicked a switch.  
Click, thud, clunk.  
The inner passageway was blocked,  
The outer gate was lowered.  
None could escape.

They were trapped  
In their own work.  
Some wept, some bellowed,  
But most were too shocked to react.  
There were voices from far far away  
Of wives calling their husbands  
And children crying for fathers.

Years elapsed,  
Men dissolved into dust and ashes.  
Souls took refuge in the terracotta warriors.  
The clay figures which were once identical  
Took on the appearance of the different men.  
Each face was unique,  
All visages were melancholy.

Millenniums passed,  
A ray of sunshine glistened from a crack.  
The young curious farmer peeped into the hole,  
Astonished to find lifelike clay soldiers  
Painted in flamboyant colours.  
The pulchritudinous paint soon flaked off  
As the entombed souls fled from the jail of purgatory.

The farmer swore he saw the terracotta warriors smile.



# Poetry

Group 6

# Terracotta Haiku

*Korean International Springboard Programme, Hughes, Edward - 14*

Digging a deep well.  
A broken face in the mud.  
Chinese Warriors.