

Poetry

Group 1



New Journeys to the West

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Lai, Cheuk Kiu Cheryl Trinity - 8

Part 1: The “Old” Journey

**I was born on Flower Fruit Mountain as “the Monkey King”.
I was “Great Sage Equal to Heaven” (齊天大聖), the real wild thing.
My mischief angered everyone in heaven and I was forever detained.
Finally Guanyin (觀音) punished me by giving my head a tight ring.**

I was commanded to protect my master Xuanzang (玄奘), a monk.
Together with a pig that was always drunk and another one that stunk!
The journey was full of hideous spirits and demons,
Who craved for Xuanzang's flesh instead of the real treasure in his trunk.

The harsh journey to the West lasted for years.
I felt we had travelled the whole hemisphere.
We had conquered demons of sins that disguised as animals or humans,
My Master had finally brought back new knowledge with cheers.

Part 2: The “New” Journey

**I was born on Flower Fruit Mountain as “the Monkey King”.
I was “Great Sage Equal to Heaven” (齊天大聖), the real wild thing.
My mischief angered everyone in heaven and I was forever detained.
Finally Guanyin (觀音) punished me by giving my head a tight ring.**

I was not called “the Monkey King” for nothing.
I had many weapons that are stunning.
My baton, Ruyi Jingu Bang (如意金箍棒) could bring us future magic.
I thus proposed to my Master to morph his white horse to an **Airplane**.

The journey on flight was full of wilderness and evil spirits.
But my hi-tech weapons made us fearless.
My baton was installed with **G.P.S.** to avoid the hidden dangers and traps.
Our life was saved from the evils that were vicious.

My Master's Buddhist scriptures from West were heavy and plenty.
Years to bring back the treasures were many.
My baton stored the scriptures onto my **Computer** via **iCloud**.
Now the **Data** upload were more speedy and steady.

Part 3: Old or New?

However the journey was started and ended;
Whatever way the scriptures were brought back;
Whoever was the hero of the Journey to the West;
There was something of which the baton lacked.

Teamwork meant that we worked as an unity;
Our **kindness** thawed the cruelty;
Though our obstacles were numerous,
Our **perseverance** conquered the adversity.

Though I started my life as a mischievous monkey,
With all my might I finished my sarcastic duty.
Devotion, belief in the Mission is our key,
Something which could not be replaced by new technology.

A New Mission

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Chung, Jacqueline - 7

After the last journey to the West
Monkey King celebrated his success
He filled his stomach with a dozen immortality peaches 1
Then he napped under a beech

One day came a messenger, who tried to wake Monkey King using all means
Monkey opened his eyes only to find that it was Year 2013
He had slept for a thousand and four hundred years
He couldn't wait to find his peers

A gentleman sought Monkey's help to make a new trip to the West
As part of a very secretive project
Monkey King nodded
Can I get a hundred immortality peaches as a reward?

Monkey hopped onto his Cloud Trapeze 2
And sped off in a breeze
On the way, he raced against a giant metal bird, not feathery
How come this bird is as fast as me?

He glided by Mount Everest
Mightier than Mountain of the Five Elements 3, where he was arrested
For five centuries by the Buddha
I'd better hide in Kuan-Yin's pagoda 4

He flew over market after market, neighbourhood after neighbourhood
Bedazzled by millions of multi-coloured goods
He used magical breath to morph his hair to gold, but still a shortfall
How can I buy them all?

He saw heaps of silvery rocks and reddish mounds
Dark viscous liquid coming out of the ground
Machines screeching and squeaking, leaving no peace
Should I take out my Jingubang 5 to fight these beasts?

He switched on his down-the-wind-ears and thousand-league-eyes 6 at a vantage
People of different colours speaking different languages
Laughter and joy in every occasion, big and small
Wouldn't it be great to befriend them all?

He spotted miles of roads of gravel and sand, unpaved in their entirety
Bumpy as the old horse trails in Tang Dynasty
Vehicles puffing on creaky tracks in slow ways
How come they have not advanced much from the old days?

He almost bumped into gigantic white windmills organised in arrays
Black panels lying on hilltops following sun's rays
Cables stretching out far on the dunes
Are they absorbing the essence of sun and moon? 7

After two years, Monkey King returned home
A gentleman, whose name was Uncle Xi, awaited him in a stately room
Monkey King retold his eye-opening journey to the West
Uncle listened with zest

At last, Uncle beamed a huge smile
There are goods to trade
Room to gain
And much to learn
It is all going to be worthwhile

So he summoned his team
And started a Belt and Road scheme

Footnotes

- (1) Immortality peaches are legendary peaches grown in the Peach Garden of the heaven.
- (2) Cloud Trapeze is a trick Monkey King learnt from the Immortal Patriarch where he can move one hundred and eight thousand miles with one leap.
- (3) This is the five-peaked mountain made with the Buddha's five fingers.
- (4) Kuan-Yin, the goddess of mercy, has saved Monkey King several times in the Journey to the West.
- (5) Jingubang is a golden cudgel, the primary weapon using by the Monkey King.
- (6) These are immortal powers that allow one to hear and see from afar.
- (7) In Chinese mythology, some spirits have the power to get energy from the sun and moon to become mortals.

Poetry

Group 2



XuanZang's Monkey King

American School Hong Kong, Kan, King Lun - 9

[A poem on XuanZang's changing perception of his disciple]

On the journey to recover the scriptures,
imprisoned in stone for stealing elixir,
I meet the Monkey King,
Rebellious arrogant and impolite;
greedy eyes glowing in the night.

I release him to help me with my quest
on this Journey to the West.
A band controlling the wicked ways of
a super speedy shape shifter on a mission.
His mischief requires constant supervision.

As we continue our odyssey,
I see a beautifully dressed lady
offering me delicious food to eat.
Viciously she's beaten by Monkey's kick
and brutally slain by his magic stick.

Outraged by his lack of mercy
and disregard for authority,
I expel him only to realise
Monkey had seen she was the demon
of the Bleached Skeleton.

As Monkey and I continue our journey,
we encounter a robbery.
Despite my commandments,
he makes meatballs of the leaders and is
needlessly savage to the bandits.

Angry, sad, and in distress,
I doubt if he can ever change.
I wonder if I have to make him leave,
but recall all he's done for me.

Even when banished from the voyage to the
West,
he returns to vanquish countless demons on
our quest.
I reflect that Monkey is
Loyal. Obedient. Powerful.
A faithful protector and a formidable disciple
ensuring my survival.

A king of monkeys,
now a deity.
The Buddha of Victory!

The Monk and the Three Disciples

Diocesan Boys School Primary Division, Shiu, Bernard - 12

“Retrieve the Buddhist scriptures for me,”
Gautama Buddha said.
So a humble monk and his three disciples
Went to do as he had said.

Xuanzang – a friendly monk
Is full of sorrow and sigh.
He abhors conflict and war.
He wouldn't hurt a fly!

Sun Wukong – the Monkey King
Has seventy-two looks.
He's as lethal as a bear
And as scary as spooks!

Zhu Bajie – a talking pig
Is the greediest of them all.
He eats and eats all day long,
Making him round and fat as a ball!

Sha Wujing – a loyal friar
Does not have much to say.
But when the demons come,
He's deadly as a shark is grey!

So then they set off to Dahila
With problems they had on hand.
They persevered and overcome them all,
That's how they got there in the end.

Through wit and teamwork,
The party passed the test.
They saved the Tang people
And went on to be the best!

Vision of Greatness, Journey to the West

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Joseph-Hui, Alexandra - 11

Mellow creaking, decrepit air conditioning
blowing softly,
I cradle in his warm embrace, and stare.
In his eyes, I see the sky, and the heavens,
Blues mix with stars mix with me,
I fall into the deep spell of his story.

How the strong, bold ape blocked the
essence of life from flowing into him.
He stopped the knowledge from blooming
out of the flower.

How he was engulfed in his own greed.
The desire for life's wonders,
Lust to capture immortality and keep it in
his pocket.
I watch the gentle movements of Gong
Gong's hands as they create arcs in the air.
He gazes right into me, and speaks to my
heart.
Every second, dust flakes flutter gently onto
his worn, ragged shirt.

Soaring, flying, the power surges forth,
As the frosty air swirls around the monkey's
shaggy head.
Inside, visions of greatness are churning,
Like currents of bolting electricity.

Weightless power, gliding through the
undying waves

In masterful grace.
The waves, bubbling and gurgling, roaring
with spite,
But he silences them
As he cuts through the vicious currents
Empowered by his own arrogance.

Racing, the tips of his toes bouncing lightly
As he leaped from stone to stone.
An athlete moving as fast as wind,
Driven by his ever charging ambition.

God towering over him, with the
Hope of immortality
Right there,
Within his longing grasp.

But it was all for nothing,
As knowledge is
Irreplaceable.

For he was
Foolishly,
Madly
Blind.

Poetry

Group 3



New Journeys to the West

International College Hong Kong, Pareja Lopez, Lucia - 13

The heat of this desert
Is a killer
And like a venomous snake
It hunts for
Me

I've been up
And sometimes down
The mountains of the southwest
Accompanied by the
Sun

The sun is empty
The only cloud
Is the breathing smoke of the fire
Igniting the
Sky

I am dying
Like this desert
And I feel my thirst scratching
The back of my
Throat

India is miles away
From China
And my feet are
Oh so tired of the burning
Sand

Every drop of life
Has been drained from me
And I feel like falling
On my numb
Knees

Like a river
I run and never look back
And like a fire
I keep gasping for
Air

I stop
And so do my heart and lungs
Standing before me
Are the rich fields of
India

The Journey to the West

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Chu, Webbe - 14

There once was a monkey fit to be a king
and in his possession were millions of things
But he was detained.

Piggy did something uncanny
and was banished to the mortal world
as he was greedy

Friar Sand was made to look like a monster
and these three had something to conquer
to accompany Xuanzang
to obtain the Buddhist sacred text

Our foursome has many hurdles along the
way
what do they face I hear you say

Demons spirits and a dodgy rabbit
But our heroes succeed
and gain Buddhahood
or should I say brotherhood

Poetry

Group 4



Westbound

Carmel School Association Elsa High School, Haviv, Oz - 16

七言律诗 *style*

“Our zhongguo is perfect,
All east Guangzhong’s our subject.
There is nothing else we lack,
Civility we dictate.
In culture we pioneer,
And science we by far lead.
Yet despite this something’s wrong,
Further knowledge must we seek?”

A man of gifts and talent,
For which he must be gallant.
New knowledge he will seek far,
Foreign cultures document.
Coastward philosophy’s known,
Up north barbarous people.
The west yet strange and eerie,
May hold some great great beauty.

Oh what lands’ll encounter he,
Friends or rivals will they be?
Politics may matter less,
If new music he brings back.
Calligraphic strokes endless,
Triumphant not war but art.
From flawless home ancestry,
To pursue the journey west.”

Journey westbound I’m to go,
To seek new worlds my breeze’ll blow.
Xi’an marks my journey’s start,
Qin Shi Huang bids me farewell.
In Qinghai I’ve heard not nought,
If not King Mu’s Kunlun trek.
Chengdu held our greatest pearls,
Sima Xiangru and Yang Xiong.

In Kashgar I see less Han,
And see legacies of Khan.
From there I hear twelve Muqams,

And through my eyes hear colors.
Here balanced are two cultures,
One familiar one less known.
More than silk’s traded on this road,
But Buddha Islam and Tao.

Over mountains of Pamir,
Lands of tales draw ever near.
In Persia poetry’s used,
To everyday life adorn.
In Isfahan beauty’s found,
In carpets of old and new.
The home of many empires,
Philosophies and healing.
A once cultural city
Wars have made her gold gritty.
Arabic learning widespread,
Mathematics developed.
Playing kanoun oud and ney,
To the atmosphere soften.
Sites marked by beliefs far flung,
Crossroads of kingdoms long gone.

Cross the sea’s islands not bare,
But humid breeze of spry air.
On these islands men seafare,
Sans one man that spread their name.
Not only do plants here grow,
Pots and pillars of marble.
Wisdom possessed great men here,
Thinking to challenge our own?

To Naples spread a rebirth,
And to see towns under Earth
Rediscovered are ideas,
To beautify what see I.
New architecture will pair,
With old thoughts that seem to be.
Great huoshan this place covered,
Who’s life’s seen and whos’ is not?

Far westward's seas not empty,
Land with new identity.
Two strange cultures here do meet,
Of mixed deities seen and not.
Three cultures this land here holds,
Sunset's old and sunrise's old.
With conflict met these cultures,
And out rose mestizo art.

Islands far west like our own,
And a language not unknown.
Boiled in feudal troubles,
But still time for writing prose.
China too was once like this,
Philosophy midst it all.
For the artists luck is wished,
The sun must rise but too set.

On realm's coast my ships docked,
To think this far I have walked.
Chinese spoken through the air,
But with traditions far different.
Here born was great Wang Yangming,
Birthed here kunqu and liangzhu.
Coastal goods I've never seen,
I've come home but home's still west.

“At last homebound I've returned,
Priceless knowledge I have earned.
Through mountains deserts and seas,
Foreign thinking I have met.
I have done what see could not,
And learned wisdom not on books.
I've brought back art from far away,
From my journey to the West”

Search for Immortality

International College Hong Kong, Ho, Clarissa - 14

China's sun
Shed tears.

The tears
Fell on the clouds.
They listened to lullabies
Day and night,
Sung by their parents,
The Sun and Moon.

A tear of sunlight,
Listens to the voices
Of Gods in heaven,
And it longed for
Immortality.

The tear transformed itself,
Into another creature,
For it had faith
The travel for immortality
Could be succeeded.

Journeys to the west,
The creature searched endlessly,
And found a tree of
Good and evil.
The creature lay wearily,
Under the ancient tree's canopy.

An aura of spirits,
Good and evil
Revealed their souls
Under the misty moonlight.

The tear dreamt of hell,
A place of havoc,
Where demons dwelled.
It found itself
Standing forefront
Of an endless wall.

On the wall,
The creature's name
Shone invitingly under
The funereal darkness.

The tear walked closer,
And closer,
Close enough
To cross its name off
The registry of death.

But the wall of death
Pulled the tear back
Like an irrepressible puppet,
Forcing it to write its name
Back on the wall.

The tear dreamt of heaven,
Where the Gods lived,
Finding a magical book
Of the immortals.

It opened the book,
And wrote its name in secret.

Its success was wronged,
As its name faded
In a matter of seconds.

Armies of warriors,
Creatures armed with countless weapons
Stormed in heaven's direction,
Fighting for the chance
Of immortality.

A monkey landed on the clouds,
From nowhere
And battled all armies
With his seventy-two

Different transformations.

The monkey wrote
Its name on the book,
But its name faded.

The monkey raged,
Awakening the Gods
To discover the
Millions of trespassers.

With a single spell,
It forced all
Creatures back to
The earth
Where mortals dwelled.

Journeys to The West,
All dreams are possible,
Except immortality.
The tear of sunlight
Now awakens,
With the discovery
That immortality was impossible.

But it continued
To dream more
Journeys to the West,
For there are countless places
Yet to be explored.

The Wanderer

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Lau, Nicole - 17

Trees line along the country lane.
Step by step I set foot on the soil,
As the morning dew twinkle
Under the rising sun.

Images of Xuanzang walking the exact same path
Come afloat in my head,
As I trace his footsteps
To find what he was looking for a thousand years ago.

The leaves in front start to shudder,
Clouds gather above my head.
Trees bend to form an arch
Inside which a mirror shimmers.

It is a peculiar urge that
Draws me closer to the portal,
An urge to venture into the unknowns,
To venture to the West.

I am paralyzed as I witness time flows by.
Where there used to be trees,
thick layers of sand now cover the tree stumps.
The morning dew evaporates into thin air under the scorching sun.

The lifelessness of the desert overwhelms me.
With the morning sun behind me,
I trek through the swirls of sand,
watching as the sand slowly bury the footsteps behind me.

Three Criminals, A Horse and A Wise Old Man

West Island School, Sloyan, Jennifer - 15

I

Three criminals, a horse, and a wise old man
embark on a journey to the west.

II

Embedded into palace walls,
the jade crane arches
silver wings
and scents the wooden peonies.
A dragon, far above, clutches
pearl in its jaws--has there ever been
such wealth? The Empire,
eternal.

A gold-encrusted room, in a gold-encrusted
city;
the gold-encrusted emperor bids the monk
farewell.

The monk
feet calloused
eyes weary with sight
leaves barefoot and thinks of the future.

III

A pig, bloated with sacred wine
courts the moon
and falls with her.
He does not rise, the second night.

IV

Have you heard, have you heard--
the Queen Mother's goblet!
Smashed, broken, absolutely

destroyed--

Shards of crystal goblet scatter
chaos at the banquet;
alone amidst the anarchy,
the general reflects.

The Mother, always knowing best,
drives him from the palace.
He will stew, in rage and sand.
Nothing can be done.

V

One stupid monkey pisses on the Buddha.

VI

Monk, monkey, pig, and ogre
pass the years with
blind luck.

Redemption-bound,
mercy-bailed,
together they best the once unbested:
mountain of fire,
demon of bone
monsters worse still.

Fourteen years, looking back
pass quite quickly
in company.

VII

Do you know,

monk and monkey
are but letters apart.

Perhaps two become enlightened
and two become redeemed;
perhaps one becomes a dragon
and all of them heroes;
but really, all they've come to be are
vagabond voyagers, and
world-weary wanderers--
good, good
friends.

Three criminals, a horse, and a wise old man
return from their journey to the west.

Poetry

Group 5



Xuanzang

Sacred Heart Canossian College, Wong, Lok Sze Louise -16

Flimsy cotton clouds
Ripple and flow
Beneath my soles
Flit and billow
Wrapping my torso

There is a man
Behind a desk
As I hover
Inches above the ground
I watch him flick
a thin bamboo stick

Captivating
The ink seeps into
Thin blankets of whiteness
Scrolls lying
On top of each other
Slid to spaces in between
Fitting like a puzzle
Going over the side of the desk
Tumbling in falls to the ground
Running into shelves

One lie open in view with
Two thin bamboo plates
Holding each end
While clean ivory
Is splashed with life
Of words in atramental black
His hand grips the pen
Tight as I grip my beads in hand
I see my name
Once
Twice
And many more times
A calling I have not heard in long

The brush dips into
An ebony ocean

Of wild imagination and thoughts
Comes out trailing strokes
Of raw creativity
Captivating
Entranced
In the first words I have read
Since the time when I travelled
Letters come to
Words come to
Lines come to
Paragraphs come to
Chapters
Of
Me
I let the clouds carry me down
Down
Next to man
Feeling as though blood is
Coursing under my skin
A swift current that does not exist
My eyes slide along the written characters
My brain swims in the field of sentences
Happy land of the Mountain and Flowers and
Fruit
Cave Heaven of the Water Curtain
Places I have never heard of
Chang'an
Gaochang
Samarkand
Nalanda
Places I have been to

Is this me?
Is this a story of me?

I do wonder

Yet I am almost sure of it

I see then

Names always next to mine
Wukong
A reckless child
A monkey king
A daredevil caged by a golden headband
A Sage Equal to Heaven
My loyal apprentice
Who awakened to emptiness
Baijie
A slothful sinner
A spirited fighter
My loyal apprentice
Who went with me
Into depths of most difficult places
Wujing
A pained redeemer
A quiet worker
Who guarded me
With the strongest will of mind
Yulong
An unfilial son
A trusty ride
Who carried me
In silent strength

Of worlds
Of fantasy
Of places I have never seen
Of 81 tribulations I faced
Before I reach the true scripts
Of tales about a journey
A journey to the west
So many adventures
So many trials
A hum of thrill
Resonates inside me
Quaking the air around me
Trembling, the clouds surround me

The man sets down his pen
The shaft warm from exercise
Radiating off heat in waves
Caught from the lingering palm
The brush droops tiredly
And man slumps exhaustedly
Leans back
And lets the weight of eyelids

Fall and shut him in embracing darkness

I shall visit his dreams soon
Go to his mind and
Voyage the land of fancy
Yet for now
I stand above the man and his novel
And immerse myself
In the sea of my companions
Written on scrolls of white plains

The words touch my soul
As I let myself float back to the heavens
The feeling imprinted
Engraved
Captivated
In my very being

Flimsy cotton clouds
Ripple and flow
Beneath my soles
Flit and billow
Wrapping my torso

The heavens
White and pristine
Is where I belong
I have come
From a long journey to the west

I see my name on
His
Journey to the west
Some of the same places
Yet a different journey

I look around the snowy clouds
And close my eyes
Thinking of the ink
On the snowy paper

And close my eyes
Thinking of
Wukong

And close my eyes
Thinking of

Bajie

And close my eyes
Thinking of
Wujing

And close my eyes
Thinking of
Yulong

And close my eyes
Thinking of
Their journey

Their journey
With Xuanzang

I was Xuanzang

I open my eyes
And find no other soul

No Wukong
No Bajie
No Wujing
No Yulong
And no such odd fascinating journey

The heavens stay frosty
Impeccable

I close my eyes
And drift to the man's imaginary land

I close my eyes
And dream that it was me

That Xuanzang in the story.

Paper Lines

West Island School, Lai, Kenton - 17

Look how everything is white, how thrilling
the blankness be, how exciting-
I have nothing, yet, there probably would be nothing
Until inspiration crashes down on me
Whilst I lay in the snow, inhaling.

I decide to hug it, I need to feel its
heat, its kick I need it head first, my saline
like the ocean to mile-travelled gulls
a pint to the drunk,
alack, in the deep blue sky flickers the final gleam. A comet.

Inspiration like the aborigines that gave iron bars, it must stay be behind
Breathing talent in bloody breaths bad breaths
Whipping out on rows of ditches in the white heaths,
until I accidentally wrung too much. It was only for show
Thereafter the snow, still frozen calls us back to the somme.

Not a comet but a moth.
Follows the moon and maimed by dawn
How many carcasses should be thrown into the furrows
If I rocked too hard and out the crib before they could speak
I regret it all since in the silent snow
There are only needless wars, wars, wars and wars

Nobody expected from me, nothing comes from
nothing. The snow gleeked and girded woud describes it best
my palsified fingers should be freshly printing poems now;
How disappointing.
Their foiled ashes tarnish it all.
Ashes ablaze and the snow, thawed,
every tear sagittate every stream a corpse
every streak, a spot of sunshine
it ate my air and I didn't resist. Puffing, wheezing.
I have a face
efface that smudged print,
bring in the photographer's flash
Bring the press

Bring me a dais draped in yellow and gold
Bring to me, what I ought
For all, was it worth?
I bow
Wilted snow rolled the red red roses like a carpet.
who disowned our limbs in between.
(Sleep, Sleep, Sleep by with me)

I exhaled, the lines were still empty.
I place my pencil on
paper lines.

Poetry

Group 7



Adventure Journey

Korean International Springboard, Chau, Kirsten - 14

Adventure

brave dangerous

fighting rescuing saving

Monkey Tripitaka Piggy Sandy

walking running jumping

caring faithful

friends.

The Long Voyage

Korean International Springboard, Hughes, Edward - 16

Voyage

long hard slow

Fighting hitting bashing

Tripitaka, Monkey, Piggy, Sandy

Kicked punched rescued

Sore happy

friends.