



**HONG KONG
BUDDING POETS
(ENGLISH) AWARD
ANTHOLOGY**

2021 / 22

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Acknowledgements

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The staff of the **Department of English at The Hang Seng University of Hong Kong** who have borne most of the responsibility for adjudicating the award. We thoroughly appreciate your efforts.

All the **teachers and management staff** of participating primary and secondary schools across Hong Kong who have supported the award in their classrooms and encouraged students to submit their entries. The next generation of creative thinkers in Hong Kong will be inspired by your hard work and dedication.

Finally, **the participants** themselves deserve a special acknowledgement of their creative minds. This year's entries demonstrated an impressively wide scope of creativity and exceptional talents. We hope this collection will take readers on an inspiring journey of imagination and excitement.

**Dr Fung Kai Yeung,
Paul (馮啟陽博士)**

Head & Associate professor,
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of Hong Kong

In the academic year of 2021/2022, the Department of English at HSUHK continued to collaborate with HKAGE in adjudicating poems submitted by students in Hong Kong. The quality of the submissions is high. And our adjudicators have had a great time in assessing the entries. This year, the themes are 'Beauty and Love,' 'Honesty,' and 'Creativity.' Our team is pleased to read many outstanding entries under these themes. These outstanding pieces, of which I am going to highlight a few, are special insofar as they do not succumb to clichés or hearsay. They record authentic tones and emotions of humankind without falling into naivety or sentimentalism.

In *An Amazing Party*, the poet creates a series of carnivalesque sketches of creative figures. They are Mozart, Gauss, Einstein, Rubik, Van Gogh, Shakespeare, Aristotle, and Steve Jobs. These sketches are light-hearted and not unrelated to these figures' real lives. Coming from different historical eras, they are juxtaposed like a cinematic montage. Their lives intersect and even inspire each other. Perhaps this unexpected and even unwelcomed encounter is where creativity finds its hotbed.

Be Honest with Yourself is a candid reflection on the importance of being honest. Not to the others, but thyself. The poem touches on the complexity of the human mind. When one feels weak, it often seems easier to seek help from the outside world rather than from oneself. But the poem suggests that this could be a sign of escapism. 'Be honest with yourself,/ When other let you down./ You'll be the only one you need/ When no one else's around.' This poem should be read by students as well as parents. That honesty is truthfulness to oneself is a lesson that even the latter may forget.

The theme 'Beauty and Love' encompasses a wide range of topics in our everyday lives. But what is particularly encouraging is the increasing number of poems that highlight the poet's affection towards wildlife. In *Dying Elephant*, for instance, the poet captures the darkness of the money world by focusing on the avaricious gaze of the hunters. The increasing concerns over the well-being of our mother nature can be glimpsed in some of the winning titles: *Dandelion*, *Save the Wilderness*, *A Special Bond*, *Reawakening on a Winter's Day*, and *A Colourful Epiphany*.

Under the 'free selection' category, we witness some truly unique and experimental entries. One of them is a reinterpretation of the Chinese legend of Chang E. The poet uses a first-person narrative to depict the psychology of the moon goddess. The poem reinvents the tradition of myth writing. Traditionally, a myth avoids drawing an inner self for the hero or heroine to create a stable and action-based character. But here the reader is invited to study Chang E inside-out. Despite her solitude, the goddess can finally be liberated from the thousand-year-old tale.

I would like to thank my colleagues for their years of dedication in taking up the adjudication work. Most of all, I want to thank all the students who have participated in the Award. Your poems have inspired us. With the brilliant use of language and heartening moments found in your work, I see moments of hope and happiness. They are beautiful gems for reminding all of us how promising our future will be.

Keep a copy of this anthology as a treat. I trust you will be delighted when reading it decades later.

The Award

The Hong Kong Budding Poets (English) Award is a territory-wide competition open to local primary, secondary, international and ESF schools. It was organised by The Hong Kong Academy for Gifted Education and supported by the Gifted Education Section of the Education Bureau. The Hang Seng University of Hong Kong was commissioned to host the competition, adjudication and related training workshops for the sixth year in a row. The competition aims to provide a platform for more able students of English to extend their imagination and passion for writing and engage them in further training in poetry writing. It also serves as a channel for teachers to recognise and identify students gifted in English.

Workshops

To better equip participants with some key skills that would assist them in their writing, several workshops were hosted by the academic staff of The Hang Seng University of Hong Kong. Primary students could participate in *The Musicality of Poetry*, which aimed to provide students with a greater appreciation of how tone and rhythm impact meaning by focusing on song lyrics. Secondary students were offered *Poetry and Imagination*, which focused on equipping students with tools to appreciate poetry through imagination.

Adjudication

Entries were assessed on originality, use of language, artistic qualities, expression of the theme and construction. After two rounds of preliminary and final adjudication by frontline English language teachers, poets, writers and/or academics in the field of poetry and creative writing, at most 20 entries from the Primary, Secondary and Open Sections were recommended for awards.

Award Ceremony

On 19 July 2022, a joint award ceremony was held online to crown the winners and commemorate the work of all the finalists. The award ceremony was attended by students, parents, representatives from the Education Bureau and The Hong Kong Academy for Gifted Education, as well as staff from The Hang Seng University of Hong Kong.

Adjudicators

Preliminary Adjudication

Dr Paul Fung
Dr Anna Tso
Dr Amy Kong
Ms Sophina Chu
Dr Heidi Wong
Ms Ophelia Tung
Ms Amanda Hsu
Mr Rhett Yu
Dr Miguel Lizada
Dr Annise Lam
Dr Victor Zhang
Dr Holly Chung
Ms Christine Ng

Final Adjudication

Dr Alfie Bown
Dr Swann Joel
Dr Charles Lam
Dr Catherine Wong
Dr Miguel Lizada
Dr Gavin Bui
Dr Anna Tso
Dr Maggie Ma

Notes from the Editor

We have taken a 'light touch' approach to the editing of this anthology and have attempted to preserve the poems in their original form wherever possible. Where there are obvious errors that may interfere with understanding we have made sensitive changes. However, given that poetry is an artistic format, it was important to us that we lend the benefit of the doubt to our young writers for anything that could be interpreted as artistic style (even where not strictly grammatically correct). This has been a conscious choice and we hope you will read their work with this same approach.

Where necessary for practical reasons, we have condensed the spacing of some poems to allow it to present across fewer pages. Due to formatting constraints, certain poems may contain lines in a stanza which extend onto an additional line. Where this has occurred, the line has been marked with a superscript[†].

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An Amazing Party

Wong Yan Sum
Ambrose

Ying Wa
Primary School

Carrying my wonderful magic string,
I jumped onto the somersault cloud with the spring
That I borrowed from the Monkey King,
Flying to the party which was in full swing.

Righted myself, I landed at Pisa in a jiffy,
Still feeling giddy and dizzy.
Wait, I saw something defying gravity.
It's a tower leaning in reality.

Eager to meet my passionate, persistent and pivotal friends,
I left behind the tower and rushed to the hall's ends,
Wondering what things each genius recommends,
Because I like closely following the latest trends.

Admittedly, I was getting hungry,
Wanting some food cooked by Gordon Ramsay.
This time he roasted a duck with chilli and jelly.
It's crispy, spicy and extraordinary.

To celebrate our party "Historic",
How could we miss out someone who's terrific?
What Mozart composed just now was not classic,
But pop music with lyrics about the pandemic.

I noticed Gauss and Einstein were not singing,
But sitting in the corner and playing.
As accurate as computing, as fast as lightning,
They're turning the Rubik's Cube with a view to winning.

Van Gogh gave me his latest masterpiece,
Which showed a majestic temple in Greece.
He said it was once stolen by thieves,
Who were just caught by the police.

I asked Shakespeare to write about the temple,
But he counter-proposed writing about Aristotle,
Who was sitting at the bar table,
The presence of both was a miracle.

The party climaxed with Steve Jobs presenting the future traffic,
Which was not only dynamic but also automatic.
Together with my magnificent, marvellous and miraculous magic,
All the audience said that it was absolutely fantastic.

Yet, they all had the same question about the gala,
Asking why these great men were here.
Oh, my dear!
Look at the first letter of each stanza!

Adjudicator #1

What a fun and delightful tribute to creative minds! The poet is as playful as the Monkey King, and numerous creative figures in history (mostly in the West), including Mozart, Gauss, Einstein, Rubik, Van Gogh, Shakespeare, Aristotle, and even Steve Jobs have been mentioned. One of the most amazing surprises is that the poet has created an alliteration with the first letter of each stanza. To make sure that the readers would not miss it, the poet reminds the readers about the alliteration 'creativity', which is also the answer to 'the same question' people asked about the gala where great men were gathered.

Adjudicator #2

This is a really interesting poem from a primary student. To know about the history of literature and to present it in this way with a complex form including hidden meanings is very impressive for the age of the poet. There are also some good rhymes and a wide-ranging vocabulary. The only thing that holds the poem back slightly is that it feels like it doesn't really have your own opinion in, but rather it parrots what people often say about creativity and those giants whom we celebrate for their creativity. It would be even better if we had a sense of your own unique voice. That said, the poem shows great talent and skill, and you have a great future as a writer.

**Be Honest
with Yourself**

So Tsz Yu Tiffany

Diocesan Girls'
Junior School

Be honest with yourself,
To you, my friend, I tell,
With ploys and tricks around this world,
Please don't get fooled as well.

Be honest with yourself,
Know your weaknesses and defects,
When you know yourself well enough
Others' judgments will lose effect.

Be honest with yourself,
When others let you down.
You'll be the only one you need
When no one else's around.

Be honest with yourself,
Remember to trust your gut.
When hard decisions are there to be made
There's no need to say "if" or "but".

Be honest with yourself,
The mirror always lies.
When imperfection of yours, ugly as may seem,
May look great in others' eyes.

When Galileo claimed that earth orbited the sun,
People thought he lied and they put him straight to prison.
He stood up for himself, and proved them all wrong,
They finally found out where he really belonged.

Rosa Parks brought justice to the black men and the white,
She broke the rules, was put to jail, but still was very bright.
Finally one day she put an end to segregation,
The hero earned herself popularity and affection.

Be honest with yourself,
Even in pain, or much regret.
Remember that what bothers you much
Hasn't destroyed you yet.

Adjudicator #1

'*Be Honest with Yourself*' is supposedly an uplifting poem. By using the technique of repetition and listing of the line 'Be honest with yourself', the poet stresses the importance of honesty, not to others but to oneself. Indeed, instead of the seeming promotion of the virtue of honesty and integrity, the poem is advocating the equal importance of self-acceptance and self-esteem. The poem uses two examples of Galileo and Rose Parks to illustrate the idea of self-acceptance and self-confidence. It is only through accepting one's strengths and weaknesses can one be able to actualise their ability and change the world as Galileo did.

Adjudicator #2

Good use of repetition to emphasise the theme 'Be Honest with Yourself' in almost every stanza. In all stanzas that start with the same line 'Be Honest with Yourself', neat end rhymes can be found in the second and the fourth lines. Yet the highlight of the poem is in fact stanzas 6 and 7. The cases of Galileo and Rosa Parks are used as strong examples to show the readers how important it is to stick with the truth, stay honest, and not be swayed by others. The last stanza has pointed out the key too: stay honest to yourself. You haven't lost the battle, not yet, unless you kneel.

Award
GOLD
Theme
Creativity

**Creativity's
Crossings**

Hannah Katy Liu

Diocesan Girls'
Junior School

The sky is my canvas
As I see cotton as clouds;
Broccoli become bushes
Full of blackberry mounds.
Rainbows form from crayons
And icing sugar turns to snow,
While rulers are fields
Where pencil shavings are sown.

A broomstick is my paintbrush
Dipped into rivers of gold.
Raindrops are liquid diamonds
Putting fires to a hold.
Candle lids are my palette
And my mind an open curtain
Unleashing all my inner thoughts
Until I'm far from certain.

The smell of paper roses tingles my brain
As gingerbread dough becomes cardboard seams.
Sticky honey transforms into glue,
And I mold paper-white clay into my dreams.
Sweet-as-sugar blueberries form my eyes;
Scissors cutting through a satin ribbon—
Both helping me see the world without lies
And how creativity never dies.

Adjudicator #1

This poem is so imaginative. Every line has something to enjoy. For you, the whole world becomes a source of inspiration, excitement, and wonder. Everything you see makes you think deeper – and more importantly, it makes you want to create, too! You have a wonderful grasp of metaphor, imagery, and comparison. Your rhymes are good, adding variety and flow to the poem. In general, your use of language is really positive – there are no problems with vocabulary or syntax. Overall, this is a lovely piece of work. Thanks for your submission – and keep writing!

Adjudicator #2

For a primary school student, this is a poem that shows remarkable skill and writing ability. There is a great vocabulary, an ability to rhyme and half rhyme and a great sense of atmosphere. The only issue with the poem is that the conclusion is a rather mundane and common point about creativity, when it would be better to hear your own unique voice! However, this poem shows a great amount of skill and as such a young writer; it's obvious that you have a great future ahead of you. I encourage you to carry on writing and developing your excellent abilities.

**The Colorful World
of Creativity**

Lee Lok Yi

Good Hope
Primary School
cum Kindergarten

I love to write
It makes me set my creativity free!
I let those 'no's walk away from me
and soak in the world
where legends begin.

Clang! Clang! The music started,
a dancer escaped out of my hair.
I spun and twirled everywhere.
My books were my audience
and they applauded and shouted 'Bravo! Bravo!'

Next, I became a flying horse
soaring so high in the sky.
I became friends with an airplane that flies up high,
a rocket that's launching right up to space,
and the ball of fire peeking through the clouds.

Then, I fell into the world of wizardry!
I bought a wand at Diagon Alley
and attended Hogwarts with the heroic Harry.
We played Quidditch together
Oh! What a time I had in the world of wizards.

Now, I'd like to write all my imaginations
in this poem for you to see.
I suggest you to use your key
and open the cage where you keep your creativity locked up
Soon, you shall feel it traveling through your veins.

You may see yourself
as a teeny tiny fish,
escaping from those who want you to be their delicious dish.
You swim across the ocean,
finally escaping from their evil net.

Or you're falling down a rabbit hole,
dropping right into Wonderland.
You fell into some quicksand,
met a cat that has a big grin
and being chased off by an army of cards.

Write down what you can imagine
J.K. Rowling, Lewis Carroll, The Grimm Brothers
all bring great stories and happiness to others
A person who's creative is capable of lots of things,
including making the world more colorful and bright!

Adjudicator #1

This is a very lovely piece of work by a primary school student. I like the content which aligns well with the theme of creativity. The literary allusions fit perfectly in the context and bring us all along on the journey to creative works from the past to the future. The only pity is that the language convention needs polishing. For example, 'I suggest you to use your key' does not sound idiomatic in English. The last two lines are a bit weak too as an ending.

Adjudicator #2

I love your enthusiasm and excitement in this poem. You think all about the different types of creativity and imagination and put them in one place. What's more, for each experience, you give a neat and interesting idea to explain what makes it exciting – playing Quidditch, for example. This is especially strong about the airplane and flying– evoking all the excitement of space, clouds, and your sheer height above the earth. I think there's a lovely contrast between the experiences – water, earth, air, sound, and sight. So overall, this is really positive work, which maintains interest and excitement from start to finish. Well done – and keep writing!

Award
SILVER

Theme
Beauty & Love

The Willow

Cheung Tsz Lam

Diocesan Girls'
Junior School

There was once a flower
Who possessed healing powers
When she died her petals' sap
Could heal sickness in a snap.

One day her close friend fell ill
With a disease that could kill.
Each day the illness got worse
And the flower was no nurse.
Then she saw what she must do
Also the price to pay too.

The next time a typhoon came,
The flower did not stand straight.
Instead let herself be blown
To where her best friend slept low.
It was the slowest pained death
That had ever happened to a plant.

The flower felt her life force ebb
Till nothing else of it was left
Slowly her petals' sap moved
To enter in the plant's roots

The healed plant woke after long,
Aghast to see her friend was gone.
She had made a sacrifice
And given away all her life.
Gradually the immense guilt
Crept into her heart and built

She lowered her head and wept,
Forever cherished the friend she kept.

Till this day you can still see
This extremely special tree.
Every time a zephyr blows
You hear the cries of the willow...

Adjudicator #1

On the topic 'Beauty and Love', the poem titled '*The Willow*' tells the story of a flower and its feelings in response to the outside world. I appreciate how the poet described the tenacity and persistence of the flower through difficult times. I admire the desire to live life to its fullest with all of one's energy. The flower of love in the poem continues with life, despite the adversity ('Gradually the immense guilt/ Crept into her heart and built'). The diction and rhyming are natural and expressive. In many cases, the rhyming and word choice could be unnatural and artificial, which is not a problem here.

Adjudicator #2

This is a neatly written poem that shows literary elements of a fable or a fairytale, personifying the flower with healing powers and the willow, its good friend. The rhyme scheme is delicate, and the tragic mood is highlighted at the end. Despite the sadness, the story is in fact a true description of what often happens in the ecosystem. When plants and animals die, they become part of the food chain. Decomposers like bacteria and fungi in the soil turn dead organisms into nutrients for other living plants. In fact, every living organism has the healing powers the poet mentioned in stanza 1. The life cycle is never-ending.

A Little Paintbrush

Yip Ching Hei
Anabelle

Good Hope
Primary School
cum Kindergarten

I have a tail,
And it leaves a trail.
Swish, swish, swish I go,
leading my kids to grow
Different rainbows I create,
meaning lots of happiness she says.
What will be her summer in the coming days?

I have a tail,
And it leaves a trail.
Swish, swish, swish I go,
longing for my teens to grow.
Different waves that I create,
meaning lots of challenges every day.
What will be her autumn in the coming days?

I have a tail,
And it leaves a trail.
Swish, swish, swish I go,
Looking for my married girl to show.
The lovely paintings she shares with her kids,
meaning how deep is her love with a kiss.
What will be her winter in the coming days?

I have a tail,
And it leaves a trail.
Swish, swish, swish I go,
seeing this little girl getting old.
Her life is going with the cold wind blows,
meaning loneliness which flows.
Looking forward to her spring coming.

I am a paintbrush, I am a paintbrush, what colors do you want to seek in your life?

Adjudicator #1

On the topic 'Creativity', the poem titled '*A Little Paintbrush*' tells a narrative from the perspective of a little paintbrush. The image of a paintbrush is used throughout the entire poem and shows the world view of the paintbrush in its curiosity through different times. The use of repetition has created a strong musicality to the poem, both across stanzas and within lines ('Swish, swish, swish I go', 'I am a paintbrush, I am a paintbrush'), which I find appropriate for the genre. Overall, the poem is full of colour and fun and definitely showcases the creativity of the poet.

Adjudicator #2

The paintbrush is a perfect metaphor of creativity. With its strokes, colours are created, and new possibilities keep popping up. At the same time, it also witnesses the passage of time. The four seasons do not only refer to the passage of one year, but it means to refer to the summer, autumn, winter and spring of one's life. It is kind of the poet to place 'spring' at the end but not at the beginning. Most people would use 'winter' to refer to one's last years, but the poet chooses to put 'spring' at one's old age, giving a little hope, and also reminding the readers of the recurring life cycle.

All Around Us

Yuen Hei Wang

Ying Wa
Primary School

I am surfing on a divine wind aimlessly,
Viewing the scenery with a bamboozled gaze.
Why am I here? Where is this place?
I gape at the greenery inquisitively.
Appearing, frolicking children in their merriment,
Whose laughter echoes, echoes, in the air.

They battle with sticks and marbles in pairs.
Their twinkling smiles are full of the simplest enjoyment.
“Let’s create more games with these sticks!”
The children sow their seeds of imagination ardently,
The seeds sprout – how lovely! How lively!
Marveling at unremarkable sticks - me when I was six.

Creativity is always there, sneaking into our feelings,
Perhaps it is in the birds’ blithe cheeping,
Perhaps it is in the leaves’ effervescent dancing,
Perhaps it is in the lake’s tranquil rippling.

I drift to the past and meet a hall of faces, all famous,
Gleaming with the brilliant glimmer
Of their ideas that led the world to be brighter.

Mozart, Shakespeare, Hawking, C. S. Lewis...
The symphony of thoughts in their mind steals my soul.
In one is a void of nothingness – a black hole!
In another is a phenomenal literary masterpiece – Othello!
Their timeless brainchildren, sparks starting to grow and glow.

Memories wash over as eagles swoop by,
Of a bird wishing to be as free as eagles,
Bound to his comfort-tree by his own shackles.
Time flies and he lost his innate talent to fly high.
He could only look on as the eagles soared,
Deeply saddened.

Stirring from a deep sleep, my mind fountained.
The sight of a branch strikes a chord -
The unremarkable sticks I marveled at as a child.
The spark lit blossoms in everyone’s heart, treasured,
Simple scintillations evoke tides of pleasure,
My unseeing eyes can see a million miles.

All around us in the hazy sky,
Rived open, is the panorama of stars.
Ascend beyond my confining cocoon and leave the caterpillar;
Reincarnate as the vibrant, spectacular butterfly.

Adjudicator #1

This is a lovely poem depicting vividly the main character's dream and epiphany concerning the importance of creativity. Various images have been created to describe what happened in the dream, enabling readers to see and feel what the main character saw and felt. For example, while experiencing the dream, readers may also feel the main character's subtle change of feelings from recalling the happy moments of his/her childhood, to being inspired by creative people in the past, to feeling saddened by a lack of creativity and finally to finding the courage to be creative. Figures of speech have been used appropriately to make readers understand the theme of the poem. Rhymes are also used properly without distracting readers from enjoying the poem.

Adjudicator #2

What a lovely poem! The diction shows how good mastery of English the poet has, and the examples given demonstrate how well-read she is. I also love the childish innocents revealed in the poem, such as in the second stanza. The last stanza gives the poem a big lift, with a good metaphor of a butterfly coming out of its cocoon. What remains slightly inadequate is still the issue of creativity that lies at the heart of this section. I was hoping to see more innovation in ideas and forms that characterises young talents of this age.

Award
SILVER

Theme
Beauty & Love

Dying Elephant
Cai Yutong

Kowloon Tong
School

Tearing, tottering, tormenting-
The hunters never heard the silenced cry of the elephant,
before they pulled off its tusk
with brutal expertise.

Staring at the tusk,
the hunters crave for its pearl-like shine.
But the flame in their eyes, the crave for money, dazzled even brighter.
They want money, money, money to satisfy their hedonistic lifestyle.

Staring at the tusk,
the collector, thousands of miles away, imagines an illusion of a delicate ivory craft.
A crooked grin appears on his face,
the new craft would match the existing ivory exhibition perfectly.

Staring at the indifferent hunters,
With hopeless and helpless eyes,
The elephant stopped struggling.
And died silently.

Memories of racing on the wide grass field freely flashed through its mind.
"If you love my tusk, please stay there and appreciate it, but not pull it off and own it.
Beautiful things should be preserved in their natural form."
This is the elephant's lingering thought.

Adjudicator #1

The environmentalist author strikes me with his/her great description of human brutality against elephants. It is a counter-climax to the theme 'Beauty and Love' – the love for the beauty of an ivory craft is built on the cruelty of the ugly slaughter of wild elephants. The author calls for the protection of wild animals and it is a take-home message readers can easily obtain. That said, the poem slightly lacks sufficient polishing in terms of language and creative forms. It somehow falls into the category of the conventional in its wording and structure. I was expecting some “wow” moments but I have yet to see them.

Adjudicator #2

You've chosen a very interesting topic for the poem. It's not easy to write about: but I think you've done a very good job. I'm delighted at the way you think about everyone who is responsible – zooming out to the 'collector, thousands of miles away' with a grin. This is a very mature way to think about the problem of elephant hunting. You've got some great poetic techniques, but sometimes the rhythm becomes a little too variable – indeed, the last stanza seems more like prose than poetry. Overall, I'm really impressed with this work. Thanks for your contribution – and please keep on writing!

A Special Bond
Aliana Kwong

St. Paul's Co-
Educational College
Primary School

Staring at its dark sparkly eyes,
An instant bond was born.
The moment caught me by surprise,
Saying farewell left me torn.

My mind was swirling with flashbacks,
Its twitching ears. Its furry nose.
Round and round the circular tracks,
Day by day my anticipation grows.

And then one day, it just appeared,
Sniffing and twitching cautiously.
All my anticipation disappeared,
Tears of joy rolled down instantly.

Every day I rushed to its cage,
There it was waiting patiently.
We giggled as it performed on its stage,
As it danced on its hind legs gracefully.

Truly blessed that our paths converged,
Our eyes locked the second we met.
From this a special friendship emerged,
My best friend and an amazing pet.

Adjudicator #1

This is a really nice poem, and the range of language used for a primary level student is quite remarkable. The poet is obviously a talented writer and has a lot to offer, so I really encourage her to keep writing. There are some really nice images here and a good vocabulary of words that are used not only correctly but artistically, which is great. I'm not quite sure what animal it is, but perhaps that is the beauty of the poem. There are some nice rhymes and the rhythm is great for a primary level poem! Really well done on a great piece of work and keep going!

Adjudicator #2

This is a lovely poem about a favourite pet. You don't tell us what you are talking about until the very end – so, we pick up the clues one by one. I think this is a really good idea: it means that the readers must anticipate the 'amazing pet,' just like you did. Each stanza has lively and exciting language: when your mind is 'swirling,' when you 'rushed' to the cage. There is a wonderful pace and energy throughout. Perhaps you could give us some more clues about the pet – I'm still not quite sure what kind of animal it is! Overall, this was a very enjoyable poem to read. Thanks for your contribution.

Award
BRONZE

Theme
Beauty & Love

**The Beauty
of Nature**

Yeung Pok Him
Ethan

Diocesan
Preparatory School

The beauty of nature,
is unrivalled to all,
from spring to summer,
to winter to fall.

The green of the forests,
cyan of the sky,
and the navy blue of oceans,
blue as blueberry pie.

I love everything in nature,
from the elephant to the ant.
I appreciate God's gift,
but I wonder why some people can't.

The creatures of the Earth,
all special and kind.
God gave them all,
a soul and a mind.

Besides the Earth,
there's also the Sun.
There're sunrise and sunset,
watching them is tons of fun.

And finally, there're us,
The Homo sapiens.
We all have names,
from John to Damien.

God gave us talents
so we could create.
We invented lots of things
that's not up for a debate.

In conclusion, nature is great.
We should protect it, not let it decay.
We are responsible for our living environment.
We should keep protecting it every day!

Adjudicator #1

The poem discusses the beauty of nature at many levels. It starts by observing the four seasons, appreciating the forests, oceans, as well as the animals and plants. Then it moves on and talks about the mind and the soul, together with the relationship between God and the individual. To the readers' surprise, besides the mother planet, the Sun and the Universe are also covered in stanza 5. Besides the visual elements, the sound play of the poem is remarkable too. For instance, the *ababa cdcd efef ghgh* rhyme scheme in the 4-line stanzas has given the poem a delightful voice. Reciting the poem can bring pleasure to the readers.

Adjudicator #2

A simple and direct way to celebrate the gift of nature - the accessibility of language successfully highlights the sincerity of the persona's gratitude and the innocence of nature. The reference to the Christian religion and creation story in the poem reminds me of William Blake's 'The Lamb' and 'The Tiger' in Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience. It is true that God has created a beautiful world for mankind while human beings are not taking good care of it. However, are all creatures of the earth kind?

The Pure Soul

Leung Shek Yin

Diocesan Boys'
School

Down at the vast, shadowy depths of an endless valley,
Rested a single soul,
Abandoned by his most trusted, most beloved family,
Locked in a dimly lit cellar of cold-blue iced fowl.

Above lay sorrowfulness in despair,
Faintly echoing through the crooked heights,
Into a bottomless valley with chilly air,
Seeping through emotional bars, into a weary, betrayed heart.

An aura of loneliness filled the atmosphere,
As resonance tingled with the strings of gloom,
While flowers of epiphany were in bloom,
Before when understanding was refound in his empty loom.

In harmony did the lock fade,
As he pushed through bars of restraint,
Came a new dimension of a joyful parade,
Uncovered, melted with warmth, were the rusted, icy chains.

As Fate had destined it to happen,
The evening sun went to quench,
All but one candle went out, dampened in the night,
As if being carefully cherished, the flame of truthfulness remains.

Adjudicator #1

This poem celebrates the virtue of honesty. Words have been chosen carefully not only to help readers experience the theme of the poem vividly, but also to show richness in associations and allusive wit. Images such as 'flowers of epiphany' and figures of speech such as metaphor have also been used skilfully to illustrate how the epiphany of the pure soul resonates with the change in the external world, thus conveying the theme memorably. Although not directly explaining why the single soul was 'abandoned by his most trusted, most beloved family' and why 'all but one candle went out', the poet left clues in his poem for readers to make inferences and to construct the theme.

Adjudicator #2

The poem demonstrates the writer's unusual vocabulary range as well as his ability to structure and develop a poem through precise line cutting and stanza formation. The poet's apparent strength however seems to also be the poem's weakness too in that while the vocabulary indeed is quite rich and the words are correctly used, what results sometimes is a combination of abstract and literal ideas that do not translate to a clear image ('cold-blue iced foul' and 'lay sorrowfulness in despair.'). This of course may still be understandable as a young poet often ventures into these kinds of verbal experimentations in the process of their maturation as poets. The poet is thus nonetheless given due credit for being able to maintain the motif of darkness and despair through the choice of imagery. Finally, the poem's characterisation of truth as the sole flame that burns is a good and satisfying way to close the poem.

Award
BRONZE

Theme
Beauty & Love

**The Beauties and
Wonders of Life**

Pang Hay Yin
Hayley

Marymount
Primary School

**Line extends beyond page
edge - formatted onto
an additional line.*

Gazing at the dark, pitch-black sky,
Scribbling mindlessly in the cold, freezing air,
Wishing that my life was full of wonders and colours.
Or is that too big a request?

If I were a nightingale,
At dawn, when the sun rises from its bed, casting a ray of hope on the dreary piece
of land,[†]
I would glide across the azure sky, taking in all its beauty.
At night, when the stars and the moon are clouded by disturbing thoughts,
I would use my songs to bring happiness to the land.

If I were a deer,
At daybreak, when the first rays of life touch the ground, giving the sky a rosy hue,
I would gambol across the grassland, admiring the endless greenery.
At dusk, when the sun has retired to its home and the moon has begun its nightly
routine,[†]
I would dream of a new beginning, a new day, one without any sadness in it.

If I were a seahorse,
At daylight, when the sun's warmth and brightness reflect into the ocean waters,
I would roam the seven seas, marvelling the beauties of the waters.
At twilight, when the sun starts to sink back into the mountains,
I would return to my lovely home, where my loving family is, and watch over my
dearest siblings.[†]

But I am no nightingale, no deer, no seahorse.
I am a human,
A creature that is able to make its own life vibrant and full of happiness.

The sun starts to peek out from the mountain tips.
Its warmth and light comfort me, assure me that every life is meaningful and beautiful.
I am a human,
And my life is full of beauties and wonders,
That I shall love and treasure till the very end.

Adjudicator #1

The poem titled '*The Beauties and Wonders of Life*' begins with a grim imagery of 'Gazing at the dark, pitch-black sky/ Scribbling mindlessly in the cold, freezing air.' I appreciate how the poet adopts different characters to tell a story of beauties and wonders of life, as a nightingale, a deer and a seahorse. It is done so that readers may be able to see the poet's point of view. It is not a story of magic, or one of love and friendship. It is one of real life. It is a story we face in every way as a human being.

Adjudicator #2

This is a lovely poem that depicts the main character's realisation that life is 'full of beauties and wonders.' Words were well chosen to let readers experience what the main character saw and felt, for example, how it feels to be a nightingale, a deer, and a seahorse. Various images have also been created to present the shifts of thoughts and emotions, particularly the contrast between 'the dark, pitch-black sky' and the sun that 'starts to peek out from the mountain tips.' Near the end of the poem, the poet has also left room for readers to imagine what 'beauties and wonders' human beings may see in their life.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Beauty & Love

**Ta Prohm
and the Girl**

Law Hong Kiu
Rhea

Marymount
Primary School

The limbs I've grown in a thousand years,
Wrapping my temple in tight embrace.
Watching agonisingly as my mother disappears.

Now a tree full of life and grace,
I remember a young visitor of mine.
I would never forget that prepossessing face.

That day she sat beneath my shrine,
Praying to me, Ta Prohm the tree.
Sharing tragedies with tears that was divine.

Tales that touched me very deeply,
Tears that watered my limbs and veins.
An incident I've never mentioned lately...

One day a hunter hooked me in a chain,
With me pleading blindly for mercy.
The girl with love for me shared my pain.

She hugged against my chained body,
Purple veins spreading across her face.
Sadly I couldn't give her an apology.

The chains grew soft like lace,
So did the girl who saved me.
She slept beneath me for another three hundred thousand days.

Got my lucky blessing earned by she,
As pleasant her time in heaven would ever be.

Adjudicator #1

'*Ta Prohm*' is a poem figuratively describing the beauty of the ancient temple once hidden in the jungle in Cambodia. While the magnificence of the architecture of ancient Khmer Empire fascinates many of the historians, archaeologists and visitors of our time, the poet uses personification and reimagines the story of the temple (and the trees enveloping it) from the perspective of the temple. The choice of diction and the imagery of the body parts such as limbs and veins in the lines, 'Wrapping my temple in tight embrace' and 'She hugged against my chained body', vividly presents the image of the temple caged by the trees; yet the words 'embrace', 'touch' and 'hug' romanticise this entanglement.

Adjudicator #2

This is an interesting and impressive poem. It reads like a poem written by a much older and more mature student than a primary age writer. The form works well, with a break into a couplet at the end that gives the finale of the poem a nice impact. There is a good range of vocabulary used here and some interesting images conjured up in simple but powerful language. The rhyming also adds to the skill level of the poem and to be able to do this in English at this age is indeed impressive. Some of the images are a bit confusing and don't seem to fit in, but on the other hand this arguably adds to the weird atmosphere of the poem. Overall, this is a great effort and you should be very pleased and encouraged to carry on writing poetry and developing your talent.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Beauty & Love

***The Beauty
of Earth***

Lam Yuk Hang

St. Paul's Co-
Educational College
Primary School

Nature is full of sights to see,
Every flower and lush green tree.
With sandy beaches come crashing waves,
Cragged ravines hide deep dark caves.

From dark soil rises verdant life,
Claw chases hoof in healthy strife.
A trifling seedling poking through,
In years a great green giant rises into view.

Now oily waves fall upon littered beaches.
Buy here the great claws of terrified creatures!
As greed washes in, beauty recedes.
The people feebly condemn these deeds!

Behind fences you still find nature,
"But is this what we want?" we wonder.
Imagine what the world would be,
If only behind bars could nature you see.

Nature is our precious treasure,
But it's wealth we must not squander.
The Earth is our white dove,
Please treat it with care and love.

Adjudicator #1

A lovely poem with a cheerful vibe. It aptly serves its purpose of celebration of the beauty of earth as the title suggests. There is a wonderful note here in the poem to demonstrate the persona's admiration of the amazement of nature. However, the poet makes a drastic change in tone in the third stanza: 'Now oily waves fall upon littered beaches. The greed of humans makes beauty [of nature] recede!' By juxtaposing the two contrasting images of nature in the poem, the poet is using this cautionary tale to convey a message to all mankind: Nature is our precious treasure and it should be treated with care and love.

Adjudicator #2

A carefully crafted and poignant meditation on the need to preserve and protect the environment as seen through the eyes of a young person. The poem is both a visual and auditory delight in that it is able to sustain consistent imagery throughout while simultaneously deploying effective rhythmic and sonic devices such as alliteration and rhyme - it is a work that can and should be read out loud for maximum effect. Structurally, the work also has a clear beginning, middle, and synthesis. Overall, the poem (in terms of content, structure, and rhythm) demonstrates the young student's potential to eventually master the craft and it is definitely recommended that they pursue it and keep on writing.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Honesty

Honesty
Chan Kiu Fai

Lam Tin
Methodist
Primary School

Crack! I break my mum's favourite lace.
Then I imagine the angry look on her face.
Mum will roar like a lion.
She will beat me with her hands, which are as hard as iron.
What should I do? Should I tell her the truth?
If I tell lies, will I lose a tooth?

Stomp! Stomp! Clicked! Creak!
Oh no! Mum is back!
I feel like I have been cut on my back.
I have to decide whether to tell the truth or not.
I don't want to let her know it's my fault.
I can't think of anything in my mighty muddy mind!

I feel like I am pressed by a rock which is round.
In my mind, there is a sudden sound.
'Be honest! Be truthful! It's a virtue of a great man!'
And I decide to listen to it.

I walk toward my mum.
And I tell her what I've done.
Then I feel lighter than ever.
Mum surprisingly forgives me and tells me to be careful ever after.
This is the feeling of honesty.
I found it makes me happy.

Adjudicator #1

Using vivid descriptions, the poet told a story of how the main character decided to be honest and tell his/her mom that he/she broke her favourite lace. Dictions were chosen carefully to create sound effects to make the readers experience the story depicted in the poem. The poem also conveyed the main character's feelings successfully. As readers, we may feel the internal struggle regarding whether to tell the truth or not and the decision-making regarding how to uphold the virtue of honesty. Deliberate attempts to use rhymes can be identified by readers, but such use can be more natural.

Adjudicator #2

This is a simple yet rhythmically delightful and thoughtful poem that is quite appropriate and fun to read. As an entry in the Primary School category, we cannot of course expect deep and profound meditations on human existence. In spite of its simplicity, the poem demonstrates certain aspects of the poet's range of skills which can be developed later on should he/she choose to pursue his/her craft: an ear for poetic sounds such as onomatopoeia 'Stomp! Stomp! Clicked! Creak!' and rhythm at the end of each line; and the ability to develop a narrative arc that culminates into an insight in the poem.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Creativity

**Colorful Crafts
Come From
Creativity**

Jennie Katherine
Lung

Diocesan Girls'
Junior School

Creativity is a special ability,
A wise artist have the flexibility
To imagine and create different forms of wonderful arts,
Working with patience on the details of different parts.

Creativity is an extraordinary talent.
Chefs create their work while staying silent,
Until they finish their exceptional creation,
They let others appreciate it as an inspiration.

Creativity can produce something that nobody saw,
Knitters can knit so well that they can almost draw
Pictures with trees, tulips, tigers and turtles,
Which are nature's absolute favorite.

Creativity is to be able to construct something new,
Bakers will treat every second precious as a drop of dew.
They will not stop until their creation are true to life,
With imagination, they can even live in the wild.

Creativity is something that everyone can show
In their own simple and unique flow,
Architects, artists, app-writers,
Fashion-designers and teachers.

Are you thankful that you are gifted with creativity?
You could definitely use it at a special activity
That would encourage others to be full of positivity.
Please do not lock it up in captivity.

Adjudicator #1

The poem has a clear and consistent structure where the poet first gives a definition or a characterisation of creativity and then proceeds to build on it by providing relevant imagery. While occasionally prosaic and abstract, the examples used in the poem demonstrate the range of the poet's repertoire as well as her potential to versify effectively. The second stanza for instance shows an interesting understanding of the creative process from inception to creation to reception. The third stanza is both a visual and a rhythmic delight, illustrating the poet's developing inner poetic ear. Some consistency with the structure and the rhyme scheme would have helped but this does not significantly detract the poem's overall quality.

Adjudicator #2

I appreciate the hard work of this little poet from a primary student. The language convention is well followed, and the meaning is clear. On the other hand, I have to say that the lines are too plain to be interesting and the meaning is too explicit to be "poetic." The difference between a poem and a news report is like the difference between a painting and a photo. Unfortunately, this submission is closer to the photo than an artistic painting that is much sought after in this competition.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Honesty

**What the
Lies Will Do**

Chan Hong Chak
Horace

Ying Wa
Primary School

There was a kid who told tons of falsehoods.
He lied to all the people all for his own good.
He played with his brother's model in his room
And he knocked it to the floor. He was doomed.

The kid did not want to let others know
That he broke his brother's model with a blow.
He wanted to get rid of this severe trouble,
So he decided to lie (Well, he'd make it double).

When his mum and brother went inside,
They looked at the debris, very petrified.
"Oh my goodness!" they both shouted out.
"Horace, what on earth is this all about?"

"I don't know," the kid shrugged when replying.
But his mum just knew that he was lying.
"Lying," she said, "is never, ever fun."
"Tell us what you have really done."

However, the kid still refused to confess
That he was the one who made the mess.
"If," his mum said, "you don't tell the truth,"
"I'll be really hitting the roof!"

The kid had finally admitted.
But he could never play, not even a bit.
The kid then let out a very loud "No!"
However it's the outcome, he should know.

His brother laughed. Actually he had a plot.
Before the lie he had already thought,
"I'll break the model and lay the blame
On that silly kid, which Horace's his name."

He was happy with what the kid got.
However in his heart he deeply thought,
"What have I done? Why should I even make
My brother unhappy, for goodness sake?"

Knowing his model-breaking plan's a mistake,
He told his mum all the real and the fake.
Then he said, "Brother, I have been so bad."
"I'm very sorry for making you that sad."

However, it's only silence that remained,
And nothing that the brothers have gained.
If not of the lie, that avoidable cause,
They wouldn't have suffered from that loss.

Adjudicator #1

The poem titled '*What the Lies Will Do*' gives an interesting take on the topic of honesty. Instead of listing what honesty does for us, the poet addresses what lies do for us. By telling a rather elaborate story about lying, the poet attempts to show how lies cannot and should not be what we rely on when interacting with others. I find this an interesting take of the topic. While rhyming is often seen as important for poems, some lines were really artificial in making the lines rhyme, e.g. 'I'll break the model and lay the blame/On that silly kid, which Horace's his name.'

Adjudicator #2

I like many things about this poem. You are a good storyteller, with a clear and confident voice – I especially like the quoted speech, which adds so much drama to the poem. The story itself is full of surprises. The ending is surprisingly sad: it shows us how damaging lies are for everyone. I can see you've really worked hard on your rhymes, and I'm impressed that you kept the pattern going for the whole poem! Sometimes, it may be better to be 'natural' in your expression, instead of pushing to rhyme an unusual word. Overall, a really nice piece of writing, well done.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Honesty

**Honesty,
the lonely word**

Li Wing Yan

Ka Ling School of
the Precious Blood

Honesty, such a lonely word,
so lonely almost never heard.
Pretending to be someone else,
slowly forgetting to be ourselves.

Honesty, beautiful yet terrible,
It can warm up your vulnerable heart,
It can also make you fall apart.
I sometimes wish the pretty lies were true,
because I can't handle the painful truth.

Sadness and shame, hide behind one's laughter,
making it seem like it doesn't matter.
Fake smiles and friends, I'm sick of it all,
Only a few I can trust in this fake world.

Millions of promises made,
Millions of promises broken.
The same excuse over and over,
I've heard them all before.
The same mistake again and again,
I don't think I can bear it anymore.

Honesty is the most precious gift you can get,
don't let the person who gave it to you regret.

Adjudicator #1

This is an impressive poem for a primary student. The theme of honesty and loneliness is really powerful, and you are able to explore it in a unique and interesting way. Your voice as a poet is really coming through here. There are some good rhymes and some sense of form and rhythm, and you show a great vocabulary. Though the language isn't complex, it is used precisely and creates simple but powerful images. It's clear you have a great potential as a poet, and I would encourage you to pursue your writing and continue to develop your impressive skill.

Adjudicator #2

The poet demonstrated a balanced use of abstract and concrete words to express the theme of the poem: that honesty is precious, and important for us living in this social world. Rhymes were used naturally to enhance the key ideas. Certain images have been used to make readers feel the main character's feelings such as his/her frustration with fake friends. However, more novel and interesting images can be employed to express the theme. The poet may also consider making his/her feelings clearer and defined with less general observations. The use of language was appropriate to serve the communicative purpose of the poem.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**
Theme
Beauty & Love

Love, the Process
Li Sze Huen

St. Mary's
Canossian School

Homeless seeds thank the wind for spreading them around,
Verdant sprouts appreciate the raindrops for rinsing them down;
Fragile saplings savour the soil for its gentle nourishing,
Mature trees treasure the sunlight for keeping them flourishing;
Ripe fruits bless the orchardist for being careful,
Ancient trees praise the woodpeckers for remaining helpful.

Infants revel in the gift of birth,
Toddlers lap up their families' endowment of mirth;
Children thirst for knowledge, investigating new skills,
Teenagers indulge in each adventure, seeking thrills;
Adults brave the challenges they inevitably encounter,
Elderly cherish a life of memories, full of laughter.

No matter your state of being, love is rife,
There's always a way to express your passion for life.
Intangible in shape, yet perceivable in heart,
Love shall be with you from finish to start.

Let love be the bridge
To overcome evil and welcome good;
Let love bring you courage and hope
During your entire lifehood.

Adjudicator #1

The poem titled '*Love, the Process*' tells a narrative about love by going through the stories about seeds and children growing to become trees that bear fruits and adults living their lives. I applaud the poet's choice of images that anchor the rather abstract notion of love to more concrete stories. Towards the ending stanza, the poet assures that 'love is rife' and it can be felt by everyone ('Intangible in shape, yet perceivable in heart'), and ends the entire poem with a positive and hopeful note that love is powerful in bringing courage and hope. While the diction is not necessarily poetic or figurative, I appreciate the positive message.

Adjudicator #2

A very lovely piece of work from a primary student that shows a very positive attitude towards life and love. I am very impressed by the beautiful vocabulary employed in this work which shows how good and well-read the poet is. The first two stanzas are particularly well written, with acute observations of nature and society which are vividly described in the poem. The last two stanzas appear slightly weaker as they seem to suffer a bit from plain slogans. I think the charm of poetry is its openness to reader interpretation; not everything needs to be laid bare that explicitly.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Honesty

Truth and Lies

Tsang Hau Hei

Ying Wa
Primary School

There was first a sound,
as if a meteoroid had hit the ground.
Or as if all the drums had started playing.
Then the haze started clearing,

and I was formed.
A few hundred millions of years had gone,
after which, the lone creatures started prowling the world,
at first, all was well, but then the Lies unfurled.

Truth was locked up by the malicious Lies,
who was taken by surprise.
He had never thought that humans were deceitful.
He never thought that humans were untruthful.

Sadly, they were.

But, why, oh, why?
Why would humans lie?
The cause is none other than their self-centeredness.
Humans created Lies due to their thoughtlessness.

Lies were produced by mankind.
They imprisoned Truth in the most discouraging place they could find.
Nowhere else than the dark side of the moon,
Truth thought this was his doom.

Day by day went past.
Truth remained aghast.
Who knew this would happen to him?
It seemed like a long and atrocious dream.

Another million years passed by,
and God descended from the sky.
He gave the liars what they deserved,
then saved Truth from where he was preserved.

This brought light to the sky,
who wanted to cry.
Alas, all was fine from then on.
But I, the Earth, hope this could remain for long.

Adjudicator #1

The poem '*Truth and Lies*' is an interesting poem which looks at human nature from the perspective of the Earth. The persona views humanity's origins through the biblical account of creation, watching the course of human history from the time when Adam and Eve were banished from Eden, to the birth of Jesus Christ - and concluding that lies were produced by mankind. Indeed, through the voice of the Earth (which has been there from the beginning and witnessed everything), the persona is accusing humankind of being inherently deceitful: why would a human lie? The cause is none other than their self-centredness. Humans created lies through their thoughtlessness - and sadly, they seem never to have learnt from their mistakes.

Adjudicator #2

An interesting meditation on the tension between truth and deceit by primarily adopting the strategy of personification, bordering on allegory. The revelation that the speaker is apparently 'the Earth' at the end of the poem is a welcome and satisfying surprise. The poem could have been developed and enriched further by adding more imagery as the allegorization seems to be a little abstract and prosaic. The first stanza is actually a good start, in that it was able to paint the image of the beginning of time. More images could have been developed throughout the rest of the poem: what does a chained Truth look like for example? Is Truth in a box underwater? What does God's descent look like?

SECONDARY SECTION

Award
GOLD

Theme
Beauty & Love

Splitting Image
Chu Sui Lam

Heep Yunn School

My relatives would always say,
'You look like your mother in the olden days'
My mother would always reply,
'Someday that pretty face will wither and die.'

My mother would prop up photographs from the past
In which hourglass silhouettes, porcelain complexions last
Rosy cheeks against mine burning bright red likes roses
A bond of blood of which it discloses

My mother could not bear witness to the stranger in the mirror
Lines and wrinkles riddling once smooth skin became clearer
A swelling stomach distorts the hourglass outline into a haze
So she turned and trapped me in her gaze

My mother made sure my hair flowed
Ceaselessly in the brunette shade she had bestowed
By birth, and no changes could be made in any way
Just like in the olden days

My mother kept the kitchen bare
So my stomach would only be filled with the despair
of a 24-inch waist, and no changes could be made to how much the hourglass weighs
Just like in the olden days

Some say the Picture of Dorian Gray is a spectacular tale
But my mother relived the past on a much grander scale
She revived wilted roses by remodeling carnations
All to gaze at a once-lost complexion
I could not bear witness to my reflection of a lightweight hourglass
My unnatural figure would not get past
The burden of carrying another's beauty
And it crushing my own identity

My mother showered her Frankenstein with affection
But who did she love more, the authentic or the reincarnation?
Dear stranger in the mirror, have you surpassed
The bond of blood through your ties to the past?

Compliments from my mother only run skin-deep
Yet I feed on them for sustenance to keep
The thirst of love beyond appearances in lane
And reach the day when the bond of blood runs only in the veins

Someday this pretty face will wither and die
So Mother, let nature take its course and bid goodbye
To the roses laid to rest in time's tomb
In their place the carnations can bloom and grow strong

Adjudicator #1

This is a really weird poem and for that reason it is brilliant. There is a real sense of the figure of the mother both as a loved one but also as a strange, unsettling figure. The poem shows the voice of the speaker really coming through. On top of that, it has some decent rhymes and some half rhymes which contribute to the unsettling atmosphere. The literary references show understanding and awareness of the history of the genre, though they may feel forced at times if you use too many. Overall, this is a poem of real interest, and a powerful weirdness, which is fantastic to see for a poet so young. You have great potential so you should continue writing poetry and developing it.

Adjudicator #2

The mother figure in this poem is overwhelmingly oppressive. The readers can feel the pressure and pain of the daughter, which is expressed through the voice of the first-person narrative. The poet has mentioned Oscar Wilde's 'The Picture of Dorian Gray' and compared the mother's obsession with beauty to that of Dorian Gray, but obviously the mother in the poem is a failed case because she cannot stand looking at the aged appearance of herself in the mirror. The sadness and disappointment shall not end until the mother lets go of her past glory and obsession. Beauty beyond skin deep can set both women free.

Award
GOLD

Theme
Beauty & Love

Muted Melancholy
Amanda Wong

Maryknoll
Convent School
(Secondary Section)

The moon blooms with wistful grace
and dances in frozen tranquility.
Born amongst the golden stars, encased
in velvet dark.

The blissful wind cries out a melody
of bronze and gold and muted blue,
A chirping forms a hushed harmony,
The solitary nightingale warbles.

Longing for its distant lover,
a heart of marble amber.
It shivers and trembles, and rustles leaves
adorned with slivers of silver.

Divine passion woven into the skies,
with serenades and all that sublime.
With nothing left to fantasize,
the presence of the night remains.

Starlit snow drifting sweetly -
a transient moment lost in history.
Its bittersweet, incandescent beauty
lives only in our monochrome dreams.

Looking at the world through flimsy gauze,
Full of wonder and wordless love.
As if time was put to an impulsive pause,
everything gleams in transcendent peace.

The dreamlike twilight comes as a whisper,
New beginnings, serendipitous surprises.
The eruption of silence is too peculiar,
Hiding what's just beyond the horizon.

The glow of the night and approaching dawn,
The smell of early morning dew.
With serene hues of melancholy gone,
we start this day anew.

Adjudicator #1

I love the title of the poem (it's very suggestive!); and you set the scene very well. Your writing gives us precise and evocative descriptions – 'frozen tranquillity', 'hushed harmony', and 'monochrome dreams' are especially interesting phrases. In general, I felt a bit confused how the title links to the poem. Is it because of a 'transient moment'? 'Melancholy' to me suggests a kind of sad and reflective mindset – this poem is certainly reflective, but I didn't understand how the natural setting had an impact on the speaker's mind. All the same, there are lots of great ideas in this poem – well done for a really interesting contribution.

Adjudicator #2

This is an outstanding piece of work from a secondary student. It is a beautifully written poem with meticulous observations and a very vivid description. The word choice matches the feeling and thoughts intended, such as the "flimsy gauze" as a metaphor for wounds that may be the source of the melancholy. The approaching dawn at the end signals new hope beyond his/her plight. As a poem, the work reads great too. The only thing that slightly undermines the value of the poem is the creativity of the meaning. The delineation of "sadness to hope" is a bit conventional.

Award
GOLD

Theme
Beauty & Love

**Reawakening on
a Winter's Day**

To Tsz Yui Rhoda

Belilios Public School

A plane painted a white trail on the evening sky.
Such beauty did not move him.
Such beauty was unreachable.
Like skyscrapers he tried to reach the heavens
But felt like a loser, with aspirations unfulfilled.
In his eyes the world blurred into the darkest shade of blue
Salty streaks stained his cheeks
Breaking apart as all gets dark,
He was shattered that nothing else matters.

Echoing in his ears the carefree laughter of children
He watched as his little brother embraced the snow
Racing all day to find the most delicate snowflake.

Suddenly came a vague recall
A version of himself so small
Leaving trails on glistening snow
Marvelling at the sunset's glow
Adoring berries adorning winter's soul

Watching in awe as snowflakes vanish
Beamed with joy as all things flourish
Savouring the refreshing coldness
Built and hid in snow fortresses
Snowballs soaring across the air
Ecstatic beauty everywhere

Frost white mist escaped his bright beam
Despite how simple everything may seem
He forgot how delightful life could've been
Walls of his inner child crumbled at the seams
His inner child broke free as he woke from a dream

He shrunk into the child he once knew
Then all at once beauty came into view
The crimson clouds on the winter sky
Every little detail caught his eye
Ordinary, lovable

Cheerful, beautiful
Faces of unworldly children
Surrounded by laughter
Nothing else seemed to matter
And so he became part of the snow
His love for life dyed his world bright like years ago.

Adjudicator #1

In this poem, I am very impressed with the evocative language you use all the way through. In almost every line, you are helping us to imagine an unusual feeling or situation. Sometimes you use rhyme effectively, which helps to create shape and variety. So your language and imagery really are excellent, but I am also pleased to see the way you give us a story. At the start, 'such beauty did not move him' – at the end, 'his love for life dyed his world bright'. This change happens slowly, with different positive ideas coming in to change his negative view. The more I read this poem, the more impressed I am. It's very good work – well done, and thanks for your contribution.

Adjudicator #2

This is an outstanding piece of work from a secondary student. It depicts a once-disappointed and disillusioned man or woman finding him/herself an inner self on a winter day. I like the contrast before and after the "awakening" and how such an enlightenment is triggered by the children playing in the snow and a recall of important events in life. A lot was implied but not directly stated, but all is clear to view. The arrangement of the lines and phrases read well too, which creates a poetic space for the reader's imagination and re-creation. The only thing that I feel could be bettered is probably the idea of self-salvation, which is not totally new. If the poet could find a way of re-engineering the ideas and bringing them to another level of innovation, it would be perfect.

Where it Lies
Mok Pik Ching

Carmel Divine
Grace Foundation
Secondary School

Little Annemarie pondering life
Gazing at the magnificently dark starry sky
Those sparkly pearls beams into her eyes
Asking where the beauty in life lies

She asks the silvery glowing crescent
He said, the ocean is the most gorgeous of all
It's the heavenly incandescent shining water
that make the footprints of warm breeze seen
And angelic songlike voice of waves
swirling deep down to the bottom

Little Annemarie asks the ocean
She said, flowers are the most exquisite of all
Swaying lavishly elegant as the wind whispers
Blooming and unfolding as rain land on the soft velvety petals
Delicate roses bursting into rainbow colours
Or a bunch of gentle myrtles with gowns in purple

Little Annemarie asks the flowers
They said, your mother who planted us of all
Greets us with her smile sweeter than honey
waters us with the most pulchritudinous
So we can blossom under the fierce rainwater and storm
Bathed under the eastern golden lustre

Little Annemarie asks her mother
She said, darling girl, it's love
Deeper than the billowing blue ocean
Sparkler than the moon and stars dangling in dark
News a soul from grey to radiant
Fill you from hollow to full

Lost in the spirally abyss of sombre darkness
trapped in the lacklustre shadow
Love finds you in utter bleakness
Seeing ephemeral beauty of flowers wither and hope dash away
Celestial love shall last and stay
Never comes and passes as tide on flow

Little Annemarie looking up high
Gazing at the magnificently dark starry sky
Those sparkly pearls in see beams into her eyes
Telling her the beauty of life

Adjudicator #1

This sweet poem has shown a good mastery of the use of personification, repetition, metaphor, and a neat rhyme scheme. Through the eyes of the little girl Annemarie, the readers can feel the motherly love and the beauty of mother nature. The only drawback is that there are a few grammatical mistakes in the poem. For example, present tense ("Little Annemarie asks her mother") is used in the first lines of stanzas 2, 3, 4 and 5, but past tense is used in the second lines (e.g. "He said," "They said," "She said"). The inconsistency in tense use can create confusion. Also, in the second last line of the poem, the meaning of "Those sparkly pearls in see" is not clear because of the spelling mistake. Nonetheless, the poem is well-written on the whole. Good try.

Adjudicator #2

A very interesting and mystical lyrical ballad of Little Annemarie seeking answers for the beauty of life. The balladic rhythm and structure go well with the allegorical theme of the poem. A smart move to use the repeating structure of the stanzas to create a sense of lengthiness and hardship. Is there a reason for the missing punctuation marks in this poem?

Award
SILVER

Theme
Honesty

The Unseen Message

Riley Heart
G. Garcia

St. Clare's
Girls' School

The pages between the beginning and the end are 431 turns.
The distance between A to Z is 24 letters.
The time between January and December is 10 months.
Do you see me?

Your eyes are the ocean that comforts me.
I sink deeper and deeper as I drown in them, helplessly searching for your rescue.
Yet, why do you never throw a glance at the splashes created?
Please, please just look at me.

Three steps forward, three steps back.
This door is the borderline between the "what-ifs" and you.
I ponder whether I should be here or should I go back.
Would you understand me?

Heavy. Everything is heavy, unbearable.
The weight of my eyelids is unbearable.
The tears overflow but all is seen is black.
No, the truth had been there right in front of me.

I've accepted the fact that I won't be seen.
*Because the distance between you and I,
is everything in between.*

(read the italic lines with the poem and by itself.)

Adjudicator #1

The poem “The Unseen Message” on the topic of “Honesty” displays some raw emotions from the voice that has remained unseen or yet to be understood. I particularly enjoy the use of plain everyday words, rather than forced references or metaphors. For example, “Three steps forward, three steps back” shows both a good sense of musicality and a clear picture of the tension or stagnation. In this poem, the notion of distance is embodied by common objects and ideas that truly make the abstract notion more lively and one that readers can feel. I really enjoyed the poem. Well done.

Adjudicator #2

I like this short and evocative poem, which is a bit like a riddle. I think it is great that you’ve tried out some unusual techniques of conveying meaning – in particular, the use of italic lines to give us an important message. (Maybe this is inspired by George Herbert’s poem ‘My life is hid with Christ’, which has a similar technique). So I’m really pleased to see you trying things out – but I’m still not certain I understand the idea. Are we talking about a relationship between two people? (Also, the italic lines don’t seem very different if you read them in the poem, or outside of it.) With a little more concrete information about ‘you and I’, I think the effect could be much more poignant. Overall, this is very thoughtful and intelligent work. Thanks for your contribution – and keep on writing!

Award
SILVER

Theme
Beauty & Love

**What we were,
are and will be
(The chapter of us)**

Leung Yan Ki

St. Clare's
Girls' School

The thing in my chest beckons for you,
The thing in my head tells me to let go...

An array of possibilities with you, in your lingering kisses...
FORGET!

My name on the roll of your tongue, uttered in hidden alcoves and fluttered laughs...
Forget!

The tips of our fingers touching, detonating my heart
Forget...

The glimmer in your eye igniting into stars, mapping the constellations...
For...

I can't...

Not when the ghost of you breathes, warm, into the shell of my ears,
not when you and he have what we had, what we could've had — a twisted game of fate,
not when the dark is, plagued with your adoration for him, like I had for you...
Like I still do...

The siren in the sun, you were
Icarus, but a mere sailor enamoured of your lullaby,
until his wings scorched, waxing off the feathers, an ashen blur
tumbling, into your alluring sea, never resurfacing, never to fly.

I'll learn the language of pain again, if it means seeing once more, the smiles of glee,
even if they aren't directed at me.

In the shadows I shall remain, if you can beam in the skies, gleam in golden delight,
even if it is unable for me to reach to your heights.

If such a thing called destiny did exist in this fundamental reality,
we'd be beads of imperfection, strung to make perfection,
but Destiny would cut it with Time as its blade.

Is it a secret, that the universe be so cruel?

Leaving only one cog fitted, the rest so mismatched, jammed like a fool.

Tell me, my love, should I force the clock to tick, or should I give into fate's rule?

The cadence of our song, written on your end, so bitter, so pretty...
mine — waiting, biding, hanging — in eternity.

Adjudicator #1

In this poem about love, the poet has chosen words carefully to create a great emotional impact, making readers feel strongly the main character's feelings about beauty and love. Rhymes and figures of speech have also been used naturally to convey the theme memorably. Images such as the main character that decided to remain in the shadows and his lover who can "gleam in golden delight" as well as the contrast between images enabled the poet to create specific sensory pictures to enhance the theme. Overall, deep and subtle feelings have been conveyed by the poem, which readers may identify with at some point in their life.

Adjudicator #2

This is a creative and experimental poem with some great strengths. Whereas most of the poems submitted in the competition conform to an expected style, this one really breaks with convention and attempts to create its own rhythm which does work and is not easy to do. There are some rhymes and half rhymes here which work well, and the range of vocabulary is strong. There are also some images taken from mythology and the history of literature, which is nice to see, though they could be used in a more modern rather than conventional way. Overall, this poet shows great skill and potential and has a great future as a writer.

Award
SILVER

Theme
Beauty & Love

Dandelion

Lee Hei Lam
Charlotte

St. Paul's
Convent School

Somewhere, on a dim and damp road
sits a beautiful yellow dandelion
between bushes of wildflower and maidenhair.
She found solace in the cosy shrubs
despite not knowing how she got there.

April showers were good to the dandelion.
Sometimes they shattered on her petals
like thousands of fragile crystals that
dug harshly into her golden speckles.
But sometimes, they were sweet
like feathery tufts of spun sugar
or the touch of a gentle mother.
It felt pleasant.

Tick tock, tick tock—
her train of thought was interrupted by the eternal
tick of the clock,
tolling the hours since April has gone.
Her yellow petals had long ago transformed
into a dandelion clock,
tolling the hours since she had gone
with the wind.

She was now everywhere.
White and weak,
a fraction of the size and beauty she once had
she drifted in the wind without the notion of place.
The rain crashed on her
like a falling chandelier on her back.
It wasn't pleasant anymore.

Soon April showers came May flowers.
The dandelion was gone without a trace.
She had flown all out of place.

The lost dandelion asked the wind.
"Where, wind, O gentle wind?
Take me on your zephyr wings and fly away
while enamoured with the blossoms of May."

The kind wind whispered to the dandelion.
"Everything is set for you, a creation to bloom."

The dandelion let herself land wherever the wind blows.

Somewhere, on a dim and damp road
sits a beautiful yellow dandelion.

Adjudicator #1

This is a lovely poem that embraces the beauty of nature and natural laws. Words were chosen appropriately for readers to see and feel what the dandelion saw and felt. Imagery has been used properly to depict the change in the dandelion: the change from being a 'beautiful little dandelion' to being 'flown all out of place'. Figures of speech such as simile and personification, as well as sound effects such as onomatopoeia, have been employed to enhance the theme of the poem. As a reader, I particularly like the symbolic meaning conveyed by the dandelion.

Adjudicator #2

When I saw the title '*Dandelion*' I did not expect much. This topic has been written about a lot, and so I assumed I would most likely be reading cliché. I was wrong, however; this is an outstanding piece of work - creative and distinctive. The poem presents the life cycle of a dandelion in a beautiful way, creating fresh and fascinating imagery that is alluring to me. It is the life of a plant, which doubles as the story of an "underdog" forgotten in the corner. The wind acts as a force of fate, bringing life to somewhere unknown, but the dandelion has its own voice to make. The poem of course has more to offer, and I am sure different readers will have their own interpretations. What amazes me most is the ending, which is also the beginning of a new journal. What a lovely arrangement!

Award
SILVER

Theme
Beauty & Love

Eclipse

Mok Hei Tong
Hayley

St. Paul's
Convent School

The strong aroma of coffee brought her back
From her pragmatic daydream and contemplation
She gazed at the fluffy white cream with lines of black
Sighing once again at the blissful creation.

Beneath the grey sapphires that were her eyes
Laid a beautifully crafted masterpiece- the moon.
Perhaps when the countless asteroids collide
It left so much damage that it became a dune.

When the moon can only take so, so much
It may one fateful day crumble to its very core
The universe may notice the lack of its healing touch
The Earth may notice the absence of the sphere it had grown to adore.

But sadly, the moon had grown to not care
It had grown used to its massive craters and holes
It had grown to become merely insignificant air
It had grown used to the hollow abyss within the soul.

But wait.

For at the centre of the universe was a star
The Sun glowing and shining in all its glory
The warm and sultry rays seemed to rid the moon of its scars
And making the moon feel nostalgic and wistful as should a story

The Sun told the Moon that she was stunning
With her scars and craters and dents and so
Much like how an artist would admire his painting
Pupils dancing around and flickering so slow

He thought that her imperfect scars were pretty
She thought that her craters were hideous
He thought that she was a painting oh so lovely
She thought that she a creature in the dark so monstrous.

And so the Sun vowed to protect the globe
Against the countless asteroids like many warships
With his lucent and beaming rays embracing her like a robe
Forming the wonderful phenomenon called the Eclipse

Now the Eclipse only happens every once a year
But the sweet and amiable interactions do not
For the girl did take notice of the boy oh so dear
And got caught staring at his amber hues like a knot

The boy smiled and sat down real soon
He asked, "Do you know what the Sun told the Moon?"

Adjudicator #1

"Eclipse" is a narrative poem which compares the natural phenomenon of lunar eclipse with the romantic relationship between a man and a woman. While the moon conventionally symbolises chastity and changeability with the full moon representing perfection and new moon a new start, the poem breaks away from the tradition and depicts the scars and craters and dents of the Moon hideous. It is an unexpected twist. Yet it works in a sense that it helps emphasise the Sun's unconditional love for the Moon that he vowed to protect the globe. There is a discrepancy in this poem - as much as the persona tries to highlight the bond and the romance between the two in the line "Now the Eclipse only happens every once a year," I don't think lunar eclipse necessarily takes place just once a year.

Adjudicator #2

This is probably the most impressive poem I have read so far this year. It has the following features that make it stand out among all the entries: 1) a skilful integration of the metaphorical relationship between the sun and the moon into a love story of a boy and a girl, and it is done seamlessly. 2) a great balance of meaning and form achieved through a rhythm that reads well and a beautifully depicted narrative. 3) a succession of wonderfully crafted lines from the beginning to the end, and the ending is the climax!

Award
BRONZE

Theme
Honesty

Shapeshifter

Danica Alexis
Sales Agoncillo

St. Clare's
Girls' School

She went out of her way to earn love and acceptance.
She would squeeze into the confines of expectance,
so stifling, smothering and stale that it taught her
the art of shifting as swiftly as water.

In front of her authoritarian mother and father,
She was the diligent, gifted, brilliant scholar,
So subservient that she was never a bother.
In front of her wild friends who sought for thrills,
she was reckless and shrill and would drink until
the entire world around her seemed to still.
In front of the boys who threw her hungry glances,
she was a teasing flirt who made advances,
luring them all into her alluring trances.

Shifting and shifting and shifting all day,
For years and years she kept up this display
Until her world grew drab and gray
And her true self finally slipped away.

Adjudicator #1

“The shapeshifter” is an inspiring poem which conveys a didactic message in a figurative way. The poem uses the metaphor of shapeshifter to symbolise and condemn the consequence of the loss of integrity. When one gets out of her way to earn love and acceptance, it is merely like a shapeshifter that squeezes into the confines of acceptance and shirking like water. Artfulness creates deceit and loss of sincerity and ultimately will cause one to lose its shape and essence and finally one’s identity as one’s true self will finally slip away. The poem uses this powerful image and analogy to emphasise the importance of honesty.

Adjudicator #2

This is a very powerful and interesting poem, though its ideological position is perhaps a bit questionable. On the one hand, the poet seems to ask for empathy for the subject based on the context or their upbringing, but it then seems ultimately to be judgemental of the subject’s behaviour. The poet might think about which they want to emphasise, or perhaps it is indeed both. Some of the rhymes work very well and the structure and form show some skill. There are some nice terms and interesting word choices as well. Overall, there is skill and talent here to work on, and the brave subject of the poem also shows a creative ability.

Award
BRONZE

Theme
Beauty & Love

A Colourful Epiphany

Safwana Ali Khan

St. Margaret's Co-
Educational English
Secondary and
Primary School

**Line extends beyond page
edge - formatted onto
an additional line.*

You, my dear, told me yellow was what I reminded you of.
The colour of the ethereal sunset you oh, so love!
The colour of warmth, sweet honey and buzzing bumblebees.
The vibrant yellow sunlight that filters through the trees.

While you, my dear, were a serene blue.
The gentle whooshing of the tranquil sea breeze as it blew.
The ever-changing blue hues that made up the blissful sky.
You were my blue, my serendipity, the one who always lifted me high.

And when together, yellow and blue, we made a luxuriant green.
Like the vigorous spring after a cold winter, we were a sight to be seen.
Your comfort was like the shade given from the leaves of tall oak trees.
Hand in hand through endless grassy fields, with you, I was truly at ease.

But let me be honest here
so we're both in the clear.
I had forgotten that the seasons would eventually change
and so would our 'eternal' love which struck me as strange.

I realised you were nothing like the blue I thought you were
and all the colourful days I spent with you turned into a blur.
I was so captivated by our beauty and love that I failed to see
that the bitter winter would once again arrive and all the green would fade away
from me.*

The image of you proved to be nothing but a vague mirage,
nothing but an overwhelmingly enthralling orange in camouflage.
My dear, I am glad for I have learnt to read between the lines
as you, a bright and beguiling orange, resembled nothing but conspicuous neon signs.

And when together, yellow and orange, we made a dangerous, dangerous red.
Our ineffable red was the very flaming colour that my heart bled.
I only trepidatiously watched you destroy my weary heart from the sidelines
while ignoring the blooming red, the colour of large caution signs.

Adjudicator #1

A wonderful, measured, and visually crafted poem. It makes extensive and elaborate use of colours to highlight the contrast and the change in the relationship. Love poems, especially by adolescents, have a tendency to slide into overt sentimentality and uncontrolled, abstract dramatics. The poet however has demonstrated impeccable and necessary restraint in allowing the images and metaphors to effectively versify the experience. The poem however does occasionally slip away into prosaic language (most notably the third stanza which is noticeably shorter in length and quite different in terms of the quality of poetic language), but overall, this is a good work of a promising writer.

Adjudicator #2

The poem depicted an epiphany of love by relying on the symbolic meanings of different colours. Different colour words have been chosen carefully to describe the change in the main character's feelings about the romantic relationship as described in the poem. Readers are thus able to understand how the main character felt about the relationship with the passing of time. The use of colour words and different images worked together to enhance the theme of the poem. The poet has also employed rhymes, but sometimes they can be used more naturally so that readers will not feel distracted when they enjoy the poem.

Award
BRONZE

Theme
Beauty & Love

Home
Kristen Ma

Marymount
Secondary School

Pink like a blossom,
A sweet fragrance follows along,
Oh so soft and delicate,
But beautiful like a song.

I reach out my silky hands,
Your rosy cheeks they embrace,
I hold you closer to my heart,
For when I'm with you, I feel safe.

The flaming orange in the sky,
The twinkling teal tears in the sea,
What if one day we ran away,
Together, just you and me.

Over the shreds of rainbow strips,
Down goes our hand-made bike,
Broad brown bridges we build over lakes,
We'll make whatever we like.

A sweet gentle breeze is blowing our way,
Making our long hair dance and sway. We
start heading back as the sun stoops low, to
finally rest at a place we call home.

Adjudicator #1

This is a charming poem about a loving romantic relationship – in which the two people happily enjoy each other’s company within the freedom of nature. The imagery is poignant and interesting. There are moments where you should connect the image to the content of the poem more closely – e.g., in the opening line, what is ‘pink like a blossom’? The structure of the poem is good, telling a story about this relationship – the last two stanzas reach a point of relaxation and contentment. Your rhyme and rhythm are also positive features, though sometimes the rhymes sound a little forced (along song, bike like). Overall, this is a good piece of work, well done.

Adjudicator #2

This is a lovely poem made up of five stanzas of four lines, dealing with the topic of beauty and love. The rhyme scheme is one of the significant strong points of the poem. It’s powerful that the rhyme is broken in the final stanza and this use of half-rhyme and rhyme breaks throughout is really quite arresting and powerful. The student clearly has great potential as a young poet and hopefully she has a long and successful writing career ahead of her. The only area where the poem could really be improved is when it comes to the expression of an idea - at the moment it has a number of lines which seem almost cliched rather than presenting a new and unique picture of what beauty might be. It would be great to know what the student really thinks love or beauty actually *are* - rather than what she thinks others associate with these ideas. Overall, a wonderful submission in a fantastic competition.

Award
BRONZE

Theme
Beauty & Love

**The
Babbling
Brook**

Wong Chloe
Jing Ying

Good Hope School

I coaxed my friends to roam to the obscure world,
Trekking from the boisterous city,
We hopped, giggled, twirled,
And chattered down the valley

I ambled along the exquisite site,
Admiring the tranquil pace of a village-life,
Breathing in the aromatic side,
Discerning the melodious warbler— 'tweet, tweet!'

Indulge myself here massively,
Applauding the slow-moving and placid river,
I gradually decelerate my steps on the damp grass,
Whilst lauding the delicacy as a nature lover.

I feel eased in mind, wanting to deliver all my feelings candidly,
Alleviated all the stress of mines,
Like the dove passing swiftly in the azure sky publicly,
Along the plantation of pines.

It was assuredly a relief,
I obliged myself into the pace of the babbling brook tenderly,
I, provoked the mistiness and significance in my life journey,
Happening with many undisputed answers.

I loitered, I wandered, being full of gloom and doom,
Feeling as if I was being trapped in a room,
To no astonishments,
With few allotments.
I draw my friends along, and flow,
To join the babbling brook,
Lingering our flavours and knots,
Tending to appear like flakes of snow when wind blows.

A cluster of angels,
With unbreakable friendships-
Alike the two greyish shapes steered in the brook, swerve off, then come around anew,
A sheer comma drawn democratically with conviction.

Adjudicator #1

The poem is a poignant and visual meditation on the experience of trekking and hiking. Much like the outdoor activity itself, the poem is quite patient in its cataloguing of the various sights and sounds of the experience. The readers are able to visualise the process and is, in a way, part of the motley of friends that accompany the speaker. A notable shortcoming of the poem however is the poet's over-reliance on adjectives and adverbs that occasionally clutter (and not enrich) the poem's visual spectacle. The poet may also reconsider changing the alignment by flushing the entire poem to the left, instead of using the centre alignment.

Adjudicator #2

The brook in the poem is viewed as the spring of peace, serenity, and happiness. With a first-person perspective, the poet invites the readers to join her and her friends to experience the journey to the tranquil village and its brook. Visual imagery and descriptions that refer to the five senses have been used too. A binary opposition between the city and the suburb has been formed, which creates two worlds of stress and relaxation, noise and quietness, dullness and inspiration, etc. The second last stanza, however, shows that the poet realises that the brook can be a place of doom that traps one too. This may imply that the brook is only a place for a short escape.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Creativity

**Paradise
of Creativity**

Cheung Ka Man

Good Hope School

Cherubic angels roam freely,
In the celestial garden of creativity,
Looking for divine sparks of imagination,
Dancing around vigorously.

Their harmonious hymns
Call to me,
Like the silvery song of a siren
Their benign giggles,
whisper to me,
Like the lovely singing of the sea.

All spirits are high and lively,
As they dance in the lyrical sea of words,
Looking for ingenious ideas,
Waiting for themselves to be heard.

Behind the bushes, above the mountains,
hiding beside the tree,
are the golden specks of artistry,
waiting for themselves to be seen.

Finally,
A cry of gratification and glee,
Echoes among the trees,
The golden key shines brightly,
Aggressively trying to flee.

Oh, how beautiful it is,
That clever, curious creativity.
Some say it is dangerous dire, and dark,
While it is frankly,
Wild, wonderful, and whimsy.

Adjudicator #1

The poem is filled with lines of alliteration such as “silvery song of a siren,” “clever, curious creativity,” “dangerous dire, and dark,” and “wild, wonderful, and whimsy.” It is also interesting that the poet does not describe creativity as purely a positive force. The song of a siren, as most readers may know, is dangerous. According to Greek mythology, sailors are often mesmerised by the siren’s songs. They couldn’t help but fall into the sea and get drowned. Perhaps the paradise of creativity is just like J. M. Barrie’s Neverland - children are happy in the Neverland, but some of them may not be able to return to the real world.

Adjudicator #2

A very lovely little piece of work on creativity. The poet introduces us to the imagined world of creativity where innovative ideas flow everywhere, seemingly a dream for every poet! I am very impressed by the rhyming pattern and amazed at how the poet was able to find words that fit both phonetically and semantically. What remains slightly inadequate, I think, is that the poet writes about a paradise of creativity for the creativity section of this competition, which seems less creative as it is supposed to be!

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Beauty & Love

**The True
Beauty in Me**

Cheung Sze Man

St. Clare's
Girls' School

I stood in front of the mirror and stared at me
The person in the mirror was ugly
With her short frame and mismatched clothes
With her crooked teeth and big nose
I looked at her reflection up and down
My face contorted into a frown

A single tear rolled down from my too small eyes
And I continued to glare at my reflection as it dries
I stared at each of my knobbly knees
And thought to myself how could this be
How am I always lacking in beauty I do not know
But I still put on a tight lipped smile though my heart felt hollow

Water filled my lungs and I sank and went slack
I was trapped in a corner shrouded with black
In the metal cage of insecurity
I was trapped because I have failed at beauty
I couldn't break the lock, I didn't have the key
I was stuck in a life of sorrow and misery

Until you came
And helped me through the pain
A warm shelter amidst the cold and pouring rain
You didn't break the lock, you didn't have the key
But you made me realise and made me see
That the beauty I was searching for was always inside me

You taught me to make my own key
Showed me just how beautiful I could be
You said my eyes were small but they gleamed like the most precious gem
That all the riches in the world cannot be compared to them
You said that I don't smile much but when I do
I become the brightest person in the room

I have unlocked myself from my cage
And because of you I'm not stuck in a rage
Of all the things that I am lacking in
The thoughts in my brain no longer make me spin
I finally know what beauty is, I finally know what is true
True beauty is unconditional love and I have found it in you

Adjudicator #1

While the poem seemed to have been rather weak and prosaic, it more than made up for it through its gradual, measured, and sustained development of ideas in the subsequent lines and stanzas. Personal poems (most especially about the self) often have a tendency to be extremely dramatic and angsty. This poem however is able to utilise various images and creative modes of versification to bring about its meditation. Some lines are wonderfully articulated. My favorite would be “Water filled my lungs and I sank and went slack”; I like how it seemed to combine the experiences of drowning and crying and pairing such experience with notion of self-esteem. The poem is also able to sustain its metaphor of being locked and entrapped. While the work occasionally slides into prosaic language (especially towards the end), it is still nevertheless a wonderfully crafted personal mediation on beauty.

Adjudicator #2

This poem celebrates the unconditional love that makes the main character realise the meaning of true beauty. Despite the use of simple language and simple words, the poet was able to make readers understand what the main character thought about her appearance and the shift in her thoughts about the meaning of beauty. Imagery and figures of speech have also been used appropriately to express the theme. The poet used rhymes quite naturally, which did not distract readers from appreciating the key ideas of the poem. However, more efforts can be made to enhance the emotional impact of the poem.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Honesty

My Beloved Friend

Irene Kung

St. Clare's
Girls' School

I met you at six and became friends at seven,
"Tick, Tock" and now we're eleven.
Whenever I see you my heart skips a beat,
The beauty of your personality is enough to make me complete.

It was a fact to everyone but you,
That I have fallen so deep as we grew.
But you were so innocent without a clue,
That I thought my confession was long overdue.

When I finally had the courage to say what I had to,
The response that came in was misconstrued.
"Of course I do! You're my friend aren't you?"
My heart shattered through and through.

Since that day my world turned dark,
We kept hanging out as friends but I still longed in my heart.
Maybe one day you will soon realize,
What my words truly implies.

"Tick, Tock" I'll soon be eighteen,
Our destiny lies unforeseen.
As graduation is around the corner,
Our time together is getting shorter.

Maybe my love was meant to be unrequited,
The time we have left together still makes me affrighted.
Perhaps it's time to let go? I don't know.
Nonetheless, I wish I didn't feel so hollow.

Adjudicator #1

The poem titled 'My Beloved Friend' on the topic of 'Beauty and Love' is a poem about friendship. The poem traces the history and years between two friends, told from the perspective of one of them. This feeling of 'unrequited love' has been building up over the years in misinterpretation. Towards the end, the poet wrote 'As graduation is around the corner/Our time together is getting shorter.' I appreciate the more direct language that truly expresses the poet's feeling. This by no means suggests that the poem lacks imagery or is merely prose. Rather, the poem has been successful in showing the raw emotion of the poet.

Adjudicator #2

In this poem about unrequited love, the love story feels touching and real. The passage of time, in particular, is well expressed - although the motif of a ticking clock could have been carried further through the poem. Some of the emotional descriptions are rather cliché, and the poet would do well to think of more creative ways to express feelings: that the subject's 'heart skips a beat' when seeing their love, and that they 'make [the subject] complete,' is far too common a sentiment where it pertains to love - it's hard to take such expressions seriously. The simply-phrased introspection of the poem's final lines feels significantly more heart felt by contrast. There is clear potential in this young poet, and she may develop her skills further by thinking carefully about how to express familiar emotions in unfamiliar ways.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Creativity

Creativity

Kwok Yin Hei

Heep Yunn School

One's will to create
Is to compose a world
With streaks of white above the skies
Amidst the gentle waves there lies passion

Why, come abroad, O traveler
Let us soar to the lands of imagination
Guide the way with hearts of fire
Through the heavy mists your will reside

Weave the path with strings of colors
Mend the joints with clever words
Wouldn't it be grand—
To finish your line with an eerie halt?

And lo you fly, on the tip of the gentle waves
At last, eureka! Your destination lies upon the reefs
Is this where your journey ends?
Whereas your mind would be rested with care?

No, dare you not!
Let inspiration flow through the oars of your vessel
Let creativity dwell in your sea of thoughts
And a passionate heart to light the world

Tough times are when inspiration
Is needed the most
Construct a ballad with delicate strokes
And a poet awaits to amaze us all

Adjudicator #1

The poem titled 'Creativity' takes the form of a narration and expresses what the poet sees as creativity. Some of the messages are positive and inspiring: the notion expressed in the final stanza that 'Tough times are when inspiration/Is needed the most' is particularly interesting. While the message of the poem is positive and encouraging, the poem may seem to be too much of a direct narration, rather than to show the intended message to the readers. For example, the ideas of 'imagination' or 'inspiration' are really told to the readers, without much artistic modification. It is perhaps useful to keep in mind that imagery is an integral factor that separates poems from other genres.

Adjudicator #2

Through the eyes of the traveler in the creative journey, the readers see 'gentle waves' of 'passion,' flowing 'inspiration,' the 'sea of thoughts,' 'heavy mists,' 'the oars of [the] vessel,' and 'the land of imagination.' The imagery of the poem is mostly related to the ocean, which somehow reminds the readers of Homer's *Odyssey*, which is filled with danger and mystery. The sea cannot be tamed and it can engulf the traveler. Nonetheless, if the poet can take the challenge, overcome the tough waves, and find the hidden treasure, the creative work shall 'amaze us all,' as the poet has said in the last line.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Beauty & Love

What Matters Most
Christabel Cheah

Singapore
International School
(Hong Kong)

Hundreds of perfect selfies on Instagram she posts,
for beauty and love are only believable when she boasts.
She strives to be more beautiful and admired,
to be loved and desired.

She drapes new dresses over her sublime hips,
coating layers of lipstick onto already red lips.
She beautifies herself outwardly in an unending cycle,
a toll that grows internally into a downward spiral.

As strands of her hair begin to fall away,
and the number of likes start to decay,
her mind begins to descend into disarray.
Without her famed status and identity,
she feels insecure, because who is she without popularity?

She sinks in sadness and sorrow,
heart feeling empty and hollow.
She drowns in darkness and depression,
and restoring her beauty becomes a growing obsession.

But then comes a warm light of affection,
a hope that distracts her from perfection.
It is her family's love, compassionate and kind,
a warm embrace that soothes her mind.

"You're beautiful to us," they say,
driving some of her misery away.
Gentle hands wrap around her shoulder,
supportive arms tenderly holding her.
For their love does not judge, does not lie,
and is so boundless that it reaches the sky.

For true love is more important than the number of likes,
and is as beautiful as rays of sunshine on summery hikes.
And as she is surrounded by genuine love, she comes to a revelation:
to be kind and compassionate to others no matter the conversation,
to always be herself no matter the situation.

Love is real when it is from within,
it is beyond the shape of one's body or colour of skin.
Outer beauty creates covetousness and jealousy,
but inner beauty sings an assuring melody.
Love is patient and love is kind,
it does not envy, and is never confined.

An inner beauty that glows,
is surely the kind of love that matters most.

Adjudicator #1

This is a great poem, from a young poet with clear potential. The vocabulary used is impressive and wide-ranging, and the poet has a skill in creating an atmosphere in her poem. The rhyme scheme is interesting and shows ability, though at times the meaning seems hemmed in by a desire to rhyme. The only real limitation - I feel - is in the message of the poem. Is it really right to criticise the culture of Instagram in this way? It's definitely interesting to see that you are engaging with contemporary issues and using poetry to address them - this is really refreshing to see. The poem shows you will have a good career as a writer if you choose to pursue one!

Adjudicator #2

This is an interesting exploration of beauty in today's world. It starts by talking about a committed Instagrammer, who posts beautiful pictures (but is deeply sad inside). In the second part, we hear about the love of her family, which is far more supportive than 'likes'. You've used the third person ('she') confidently in the first part, which is strangely powerful - it feels like we are at a distance from the person, even though we get to know the details of her life. (And I guess this is what social media are like!) The second part feels a little bit looser, showing a very clear idea, but with fewer details about her life. It could have been interesting to make a close link to the topics from the start of the poem. In general, your expression and vocabulary are precise and effective, though there are occasional moments that feel clumsy - 'beautifies herself outwardly' is an odd phrase! Overall, this is interesting, expressive, and promising. Well done for making this contribution.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Beauty & Love

Muse

Jamie Ng

St. Paul's
Convent School

No matter how I think, how I linger and recall,
Your appearance is verily normal.
The prideful attitude displayed to the world,
The irking habits I am forced to endear,
Infinite reasons you scourge my life,
Yet somehow, you look divine.

The world I never relish,
But now I plead to see.
Pale hues turn vibrant,
Unveiling a sight of beauty.

Droplets rebound on the window sill,
I feel each tick, each drop.
Used to silence,
I hear rain for the first time.

Somewhere in time
I think I lost my mind.
The world keeps unfolding,
Proudly you stand in the centre,
Bounding me to earth
when adrift from my grisly mind.
Provoking me a feeling of life.

I question how and why,
Resembling perfection while I know not.
My vision is blinded,
Yet I now perceive the world
In a sense of beauty.

Adjudicator #1

Rather than descriptively talking about the appearance of the muse, the poet takes a more consciously subjective view. In this context, beauty is more than simply being beautiful. Beauty is an extension of self and how the self finds inspiration in the muse as well. Through the poet's eyes, it also appears to be a way of being connected to the universe and being there for an experience. As such, beauty can be entirely subjective, revealing the poet's own interpretation or even projection towards the muse, leading the poet to question 'I question how and why' to themselves.

Adjudicator #2

One of the poem's strengths is that it sets a clear and definitive contrast between the speaker and their state and the beloved. The poet is also adept at patiently developing the speaker's current disposition. There is also a sense of cadence, and it is quite evident that the poet's inner ear is working properly. A shortcoming of the work however is occasional tendency of the poet to slide into prosaic and abstract writing. There is also some notable inconsistency with the length of the stanzas. All in all, however, the work seems 'complete' in terms of its creative meditation on the impact of beauty on its apparent mundane life.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Honesty

Lores
Yu Chi Ki

St. Paul's
Convent School

Examine your heart a little,
You may, or may not remember the last lie you told.
Is there an unaccountable guilt, or a grotesque satisfaction,
Or a truth tossing and turning six feet under,
Yet to be unearthed from the depths of your heart's chambers?

Shaking away the sinister thoughts with all your might, you ask,
What's for dinner tonight?
Saccharine strawberry ice cream labelled 'Low Fat!'
And what's on TV?
Partisan news which will be replayed all week.

You've heard about honesty in lores;
You don't believe it is no more, yet

The truth is you and I are living in a society of
sensationalism senselessness selfishness
Full of sad souls subdued by even sadder ones,
Who turned into snakes, who work in stealthy ways
One generation after another –
Sinking
in successive sadism. And still,

Some of us are in search of a perfect remedy
Guaranteeing to heal their broken bodies, while
Others are in search of an unerring faith,
A safe shelter where they are embraced –
So why can't we let the infallible panacea
In our hopes and dreams, be
Our honesty to one another?

And yes, the truth is not always one-sided, and
Perhaps definitions of 'Low Fat!' vary –
But a little authenticity won't hurt.

Then someday we'd be free of sleazy age-old lies,

We'd be secure when we don't sugarcoat our words,
We won't need secret drones for spying,
Won't need to sit in silence
second-guessing people.

Open your heart a little,
It might be tainted, no longer innocent –
But it is not rotten to the core.
So honour the honest hearts in you & I, and
We'd experience honesty outside of lores.

Adjudicator #1

The poet used a combination of concrete and abstract words to convey her belief in honesty as the 'infallible panacea' for 'a society of sensationalism, senselessness, and selfishness'. Literary devices such as alliteration have been used to enhance the theme of the poem. Imagery has also been employed to present the poet's thought, but the poet may consider using novel and interesting images to present her perspective. Despite that limitation, the poet was able to express her thoughts clearly and to give readers a sense of her social milieu. Language conventions have been used appropriately to convey the theme of the poem as well.

Adjudicator #2

The poem's utilisation of an unusual concept ('Low Fat') to highlight the issues of inauthenticity and subjectivity of truths is an interesting manoeuvre which could have been developed further. The poem itself is actually quite insightful and provocative in its sustained meditation on truthfulness. I also found the use of alliteration in the fourth stanza quite interesting as the 's' sound (associated with snakes) can indeed be used to speak about deceitfulness and something sinister. A major weakness of the poem however is its tendency to slide into prosaic moralising, and thus sacrificing poetic language to bring about its message.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Beauty & Love

**Scars or
Aurora Stains**

Tong Wai Kiu
Sophie

Pui Ching
Middle School

Elegies, eulogised
Fiery oceans and clear eyes
Cerulean blood on her face
As she knocked on Crimson's door with grace
Were they allowed to drown and suffocate
Or should her storms of furore just abate

Anergies, agonised
Her skin as moonlight burnt their eyes blind
Silver brushstrokes painted her cheek
Gold planted on her lips, neither gentle nor meek
More than ripples of dawn, was it engulfing
Greed and desire, flawed wounds for loving

Theurgies, tranquillised
Was all she wanted leading to demise
Yet they were free, she was free
Who was she, no, who was she
Navy or carmine, or atrociously mauve
Raw desolation and rage, purely never suave

Pathologies, panegyrised
Calamitous beauty, seismic waves rise
Perhaps we could live only like an ephemera
But to spread those wings and find our heuchera
Oh to be provided a place, a home with no mirrors
That allowed beauty to be loved without priors

Adjudicator #1

The poem titled 'Scars or Aurora Stains' begins, rather melodramatically, with the dark imagery of 'Fiery oceans and clear eyes Cerulean blood on her face'. It is definitely interesting and unexpected from a poem in the topic of 'Beauty and Love'. However, as one reads on, it is especially fitting given the nature of the poem and its intended symbolism. It is through the contrasts expressed in the imagery (e.g. 'Raw desolation and rage, purely never suave' or 'Anergies, agonised/Her skin as moonlight burnt their eyes blind') that the poet shows the theme and meaning of beauty and love.

Adjudicator #2

The poem employs a lot of bold images and strong diction. It uses a broad range of diction to convey a sense of darkness to its readers. The lavishness of its language: 'Cerulean blood,' 'Crimson's door,' 'Silver brushstrokes,' 'Gold planted,' etc.) helps readers visualise vividly the natural phenomenon of aurora, the northern lights. The third stanza begins: 'Theurgies, tranquillised/Was all she wanted leading to demise/ Yet they were free, she was free'. The use of personification further enhances the sense of mystery of this beauty of nature.

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Kwok Hei Ting

Award
GOLD

Theme
Free selection

Schizophrenia

Lee Joo Eun

King George V
School

Chinks in my rusted armor leave me weak,
the empty void where my allies once stood
layered with a blanket of grey
that lay unmoving in the harsh wind of my memories.

Leaves of misery fall around me,
As shimmering raindrops of sorrow pound against my head,
the bitter wind of my memories slapping me across the face,
until they appear:

Those imaginary friends that mirror my movements.
that look at me with glowing eyes,
that stare at my glistening tears
and comfort me.

The surreal universe around me spins
and light shifts into dark
as my companions tread into the thick fog of my illusions
and don't look back.

The figments of my fabricated reality
fade away
as the pages turn
and the letters merge

until I am alone again.

Adjudicator #1

This is an excellent work describing a lonely “me” in self-imagination while reading. The word choice is impressive, the irregular stanza structure nevertheless reads well, and the connection between the sections is natural. The whole narrative comes to life under the poet's great penmanship. Although the poet does not try hard to rhyme everywhere, there is a good rhythm throughout. What remains slightly inadequate is the message. I wonder what the poet really intends in this poem besides some very gloomy and opaque narratives. There is a lack of balance between the well-crafted form and the depth of meaning.

Adjudicator #2

This is a great poem, well done! The topic of schizophrenia is a great choice and of course a brave and important one. The poem uses clear language to present what the schizophrenic experience might be, and you are able to capture some powerful images and present them here. It's nice that the poem does not rhyme in a direct way — supportive of the content which is, by its nature, not so structured. Overall, you show great writing skill here, as well as the bravery to deal with a critically important and sensitive topic in your poetry. Keep doing this and working on your writing and you will no doubt go on to be a great poet.

Chang E
Mindy Shie

Singapore
International School
(Hong Kong)

I spin in synchrony with the moon
Across the dark carpets of the home
of the gods
A landscape of silver monochrome
A cage, penance for my sins as I stole
From my husband the pills of the gods
Its glassy touch to my lips urged me
Past the songs of music and dance
Beyond the stars of the black heavens
Where blossoms of rainbow fire were lit by
the Emperor's court
Now I'm whirled into sleepless nights
Along roads where I do not belong
Tracing the ecliptic across cold immortal halls
My footsteps echo in solitude as I give chase
To the life I had ripped
From my own hands
I bang on the glass walls

It's so quiet between Earth and Sky.

At home they point at me
with their lanterns and cakes and
tell tales
Do you see her? The lady of the moon
She stole from her husband and had to flee
Now she's up there
All alone
Her and her rabbit
Her rabbit and her

Adjudicator #1

The Chinese legend for Mid-autumn Festival has been revived most vividly in this poem. Though most Chinese readers are familiar with the story, the use of the first-person perspective invites readers to put themselves in Chang E's shoes and experience what she has been through. The last stanza is well-written too for it echoes the first stanza and brings in the angle of the people on Earth who are celebrating Mid-autumn Festival, enjoying moon cake, good food, and looking up at the full moon in the sky. "Her and her rabbit" and "Her rabbit and her" remind readers of how lonely Chang E feels.

Adjudicator #2

This is a highly impressive poem. It's wonderful to hear a re-telling of Chinese mythology in English. If your readers only speak English (like me!), it's quite likely that they won't know the story of Chang E – so this is a good opportunity to grab their attention! In this poem, I'm very interested in some stand-out lines: 'so quiet between Earth and Sky' – really made me think. The word 'quiet' is about solitude, isolation, being in an empty space. It's very evocative indeed. Occasionally you run into words that sound like they came from a thesaurus - like 'synchrony' or 'ecliptic' – but they are used appropriately. Overall, this is lovely work – well done.

Award
GOLD

Theme
Free selection

Light

Chan Sum Yi
Marissa

St. Paul's
Convent School

By subtle twists and flicks,
A marionette
Made of flesh and bone
Came to life
She was traversing the unknown.
With nowhere else to go
And so she plasters a smile
On her porcelain face.

"You're a disgrace!"
Her shadows say,
The air around her sneers.
She wishes to disappear,
But she has nowhere else to go
And so she plasters a smile
On her porcelain face.

The unknown was unnerving.
dark and daunting
Crystals fall from her cheeks
Still, she must continue moving
The strings on her feet tug her
Begging her to move
But she's too tired
The strings snap
And so the doll fell.

It was a few days
until she awoke
And in the pitch black
She notices a subtle crack.
She cuts the strings
Attached to her puppet
Head, legs and arms
And walks towards the fracture.

Light seeps through the crack
So she walks toward
Where the spark
Flickers and burns.
Warm blood pumps and thrums
Through her body;
Her heart beats and stutters
And so she reaches
The end.

Wisps of light
Surround her
Dance and flicker
Like moths to a flame.
Mesmerized by the sight,
The girl stops
And a smile
Rests on her serene, peaceful, human face.

Adjudicator #1

The lifeless marionette in the poem reminds the readers of the story of Pinocchio, which is an allegory of how a person learns to gain his/her autonomy and freedom. At the beginning, the porcelain face wears only a fake smile, and the marionette is under many constraints. Yet, as she learns to feel and gain her agency, her heart beats and she cuts the strings that control her mind and soul. In the final stanza, the marionette is set free. She has transformed herself into a human with a peaceful look on her face. To take the poem to another level, the poet can also grant the silent girl a voice to speak her mind.

Adjudicator #2

This is quite a remarkable achievement for a poet of this age. The poem could - for the most part - be published in a professional anthology. The last line is the only part where there could be a slight weakness in that the poem seems to suddenly turn in tone and present a rather cliched image as a final point. Apart from that, the whole poem is really quite impressive. It has a broad vocabulary and calls upon some interesting language. There are some great images and quite a poignant conclusion at the end of the penultimate stanza. The idea of the marionette and what it says about humanity and what it means to be human is fascinating and it's great to see this rich history explored by a new writer in this way. Very well done on a great achievement.

constant

Tsang Nga Yi
Agatha

St. Paul's
Convent School

red rivulets cascade down marred skin
unspoken trauma engraved in scars herein
the torrid sanguinary waters a surreal blur
i lay back, relishing the aftertaste of liqueur

i await my rendezvous with slumber,
flitting between temerity and reality
a quivering breath all i can muster
the outside reflected upon this crimson sea

a daedal tapestry of bruises adorns my cadaver
my departing contribution to be uncovered
phantom purple, ghoulish green, spectral hues
woven by decades of resentment and abuse

a funeral garment embroidered with agony
stitched together by the same hands
that lovingly brought me into existence
that berated, decimated, obliterated me.

your hands were tied; my existence
guaranteed the wilting of your aspirations
16; you were so young when i
emerged, red-faced and wailing

occasionally i wonder
how it must've felt like
to have your life torn asunder
it crumbling before your sight

a glance from you, and i'd understand.

unadulterated loathing; a child entrapped
a sadistic variant of love, sudden slaps
metastasised into neglect and starvation
only exacerbated by my maturation

"you're good for nothing, I don't care"
coloured my childhood with despair
'you're the reason everything fell apart"
serrated sentences piercing my heart

the petrifying chill in my severed veins
an anaesthesia to my festering injuries
but as this tranquillity mollifies my brain
your adoring smiles, tender kisses plague my memories

did you love me? a question not for your ears

fatigued, I sigh; salvation looms near,
they say life is a rollercoaster, yet
the sole constant I've encountered here
was the ceaseless deluge of regret.

Adjudicator #1

This is a powerful poem that depicts the internal dialogue of the dying main character who fell victim to child abuse and related to it, teen pregnancy. A skilful choice of words and use of imagery enabled the poet to reveal the despair of the main character in a suicide scene. As readers, we are able to experience the complex thoughts of the main character and realize the serious consequence of social problems such as child abuse and teen pregnancy. Rhymes and figures of speech have also been used appropriately to enhance the theme. Overall, you have done a good job!

Adjudicator #2

This poem shows astonishing vocabulary and range of language for any poet, let alone from a student. Not only are interesting words used, but for the most part they are used in context and with a sense of meaning which shows they are properly understood. Often, complex or archaic language can appear forced and superficial, but here even the more unusual words are used to good effect. There is also a nice tone created in the poem. It feels unclear at times what the overall message of the poem is, though of course this can at times be part of a poem's charm. Overall, very well done on an excellent achievement - you clearly have a good future as a writer ahead of you!

What If?

Ng Lok Yin
Lorraine

Renaissance
College

I know this country well.
Where colourful corals,
Of all shapes imaginable
And aquatic animals
Of all sizes conceivable
Call home.

This country amazes me.
Where sandy yellow paradises,
Lively kangaroos,
And friendly people
All call home.

Where a "g'day" is all it takes
To put a smile on my face.

Summer holidays have flown by
Like a sudden gust of wind.
But I always feel certain
That there's still a missing piece

In my adventure,
In the heart of Australia's wilderness.

Somewhere deep
There's a burning flame.
Flames growing bigger and bigger with each heartbeat
Waiting to be set free.

I'm always scared.
Fearful of facing my fears,
Terrified of
Failing.

Once,
I failed to make a cut
For a sports team.
I never tried again.

Twice,
I stammered nervously
During a public speaking contest.
I never joined again.

Every idea, every goal
I dismiss immediately,
As if a machine shuts down
Automatically.

Self-denial really
Kills.
My confidence collapses,
Shredding into pieces.

One day,
Out of the blue.
My parents announced
That my dream may come true.

[cont.]

Jumping up and down,
Fists pumping in the air,
I packed my gloves that were the colour of the night sky
With a beanie the colour of the stars.

And just like that
We were off and away.

Our little car,
The colour of crimson
Bounced on the gravel roads
On a frosty, but pleasant day.

Gazing out from the window,
I stared at the blur of images
Passing by, rapidly.

In a blink of an eye,
We arrived.

Slamming the car doors shut,
I announced the start of the hike.

As I looked up towards the sky
I saw my goal, up high.

It was even more enormous in real-life.
It towered over me,
Over all the other houses in the city.

Walking over rocks and pebbles,
Hurdling through dove-white bushes
I gazed out at my surroundings in awe.

The sky was as vibrant as a vast ocean.
The clouds were as fluffy as soft pillows.
The frozen solid river below was crystal-clear.
It was the most harmonious painting of nature
I had ever seen.

But that "painting" didn't last long.
As we trekked through the boundless mountain,
The once vibrant sky darkened.
Turned into a nasty shade of gunmetal grey.

Beads of sweat began dripping down the sides of my forehead.
My shoulders started shaking slightly, shivering in the chilly air
As I heard the incoming, crashing thunder
Roaring furiously.

A sharp flash of yellow blinked,
It travelled across the gloomy sky instantly.
The sky cackled like a hideous, wicked witch.
But surprisingly, I felt strangely calm.
Strangely composed. Strangely still.
Until...

Award
SILVER

Theme
Free selection

What If?

Ng Lok Yin
Lorraine

Renaissance
College

[cont.]

Blood, the colour of red wine
Oozed out from my forehead,
Slowly trickling down the sides of my face.

I looked down at my aching knee
And it too, had blood seeping out.

I was in a daze.
Fighting back tears of tiredness and agony,
I blinked them away.
Two thoughts began circling in my mind
Like a flock of birds
Dancing in the night sky.

Should I turn back?
What if I can't make it?
Or should I go back on track?
But what if I fail again?

I couldn't make up my mind.

All of a sudden,
I realised that I was doing what I had longed to do.
For years.

So with a heave and a huff,
I staggered back on my feet.
And I slowly became free.

Adjudicator #1

"*What If?*" is a very captivating title. Indeed, we always tend to imagine the 'what if's in our lives. Just as in "*The Road Not Taken*" by Robert Burns, choices are an inevitability in life. From time to time and for various reasons, we like to ponder about the 'road not taken'. Sometimes it's pure escapism that drives us to do this. Sometimes we regret the course we took, and other times we find ourselves petrified by all the potentialities of a decision. Ultimately, however, the persona puts forward that the realisation of one's inner longing must take sway over all of these 'what if's. We should commit to our choices in life, as this is where our dream lies.

Adjudicator #2

This is an impressive and thoughtful poem that shows the ability to sustain a point over a long and impressive period. Though the language is simple, it does work and you are able to create some powerful images and a strong atmosphere. The range of vocabulary is strong, and you show an ability to weave language into your meaning. I think it is a great strength of the poem that it is able not to over-complicate, in order to make its meaning more evocative. The length - and the varying stanza size - does make it a challenge to follow through at times, but apart from that this is a great poem and you show really great strength as a writer here.

Award
SILVER

Theme
Free selection

**Event Horizon
- Reverse Poem**

Yuen Lok Tin
Joyce

St. Paul's
Convent School

The call of ambition resounds in the deep.
Deft dismissal re-coalescing stars.
Illumination, flickering and waning,
Light and dark clash, stars erupting—
A glance at the silhouette of her antithesis
Carving a path of re-ignition
Never again
Reveling in boundless shadows
She succumbs to the ceaseless call of chaos
No longer.

A bastion of order and creation
Flourishing in brilliant constellations
Once she weaved light
Onto chaos taken form
Unto the incarnation of darkness
Embracing herself
Upon starfire's luminescence
Turning her back
Against oblivion's swirling maelstrom
She goes, with balanced steps
For she is duty-bound.

Adjudicator #1

The poem titled “*Event Horizon - Reverse Poem*” is definitely interesting. The poem starts strong with the imagery of 'Illumination, flickering and waning' that gives a vivid visualisation. The continuation of the motif of light clearly demonstrates what the poet had envisioned in their mind (e.g. 'Light,' 're-ignition,' 'constellations,' and 'Upon starfire's luminescence'). I particularly enjoy the interweaving of long and short lines that creates a strong sense of rhythm and musicality (e.g. “She succumbs to the ceaseless call of chaos/No longer”) This is a strong poem that one can truly appreciate. I believe the poet has shown great potential and self-awareness in the writing process.

Adjudicator #2

A powerful poem about a femme-fatale-like persona's ambition. Just as the title “*Event Horizon - Reverse Poem*” suggests, the ambition of the persona creates a two-faced situation of both order and chaos, creation and destruction. The poem employs paradoxical and contradictory images such as light and darkness, to highlight the chaos of the situation. At first glance, the poem seems to be portraying a powerful (though destructive) female figure with agency. However, a sense of poignancy is created by the last line: 'For she is duty-bound.'

Award
SILVER

Theme
Free selection

**Sunrise,
para bellum**

Tsang Ka Hei Ellie

St. Paul's
Convent School

Droplets of water fall from the showerhead,
washing away the faint smell of rot.
Pins and needles prickle at your forehead,
and you're alerted of your decline in thought.

The flow of time slowly traces your face.
Rivulets of blood, sweat and tears
cover your fingerprints in many, tiny whorls.
You pray, for the pain of yesterday to be effaced
as the world dripped off your curls.
You scream, into the void of the universe
until something screams back.

See, life is a game of frayed nerves and missed moments.
You can either play
or crawl under your sheets and waste away,
turn into salt and decay.
Or you can fight.
Against the atom, the charm, the spin,
against the vacuum of the cosmos
and the stars burning therein.
See life as a worthy opponent.

Over yonder,
the sun has taken reign over the morning sky.
Shower curtains peel open and dark clouds drift away,
making way for a new day.
The far away roar of the city is as distant as today's dream,
but below the bellowing streets
and engine sounds that never cease,
A bird outside your window tweets —
Sunrise, para bellum.

Adjudicator #1

The title of the poem is derived from the full sentence in Latin, "*Si vis pacem, para bellum*" ("*If you want peace, prepare for war*"). This implies that the narrative is preparing for war. Though it is not clearly spelled out in the poem what kind of war the voice of the poem needs to face, the readers can assume that the war can be a difficult situation like a public exam, or an illness such as depression or insomnia. The monologue that runs inside the head of the narrative during the morning shower shows the ups and downs of moods, as well as how the narrative strives for a fresh start. Well done.

Adjudicator #2

I like the vivid imagery presented in this poem, from the bathroom showerhead to the 'bellowing streets' of the final stanza. The poet is good at wordplay and description. On the other hand, I am afraid there is a slight lack of creativity in this work, both in terms of language forms and ideas. It basically means encouragement for someone to rise above past pains and fight for tomorrow, something quite conventional and clear - a bit too clear to be an artistic work.

Award
SILVER

Theme
Free selection

Love Sonnet

Charlotte Datwani

St. Paul's
Convent School

A drop of heaven creeps into a home,
His warmth surrounds, it melts the walls they see.
Some golden beams reflect, they bounce and roam,
The two hearts beat, echoing with glee.

The days they fly away as if a dove
Forever in a book, plenty of tales
To tell their kids- A crystal of love,
How the night hides silver of daunting scales,

Their son with joy arrived, covered in whites,
Like angels descending below with pride,
that cries and pouts, inviting troubled nights,
who kicks and follows God's splendid guide.

Now old, they walked along to death to see,
the waltz of fate they watch embrace their dear.

Adjudicator #1

The writer is able to combine abstract concepts with vivid imagery. The poem is able to utilise visual imagery effectively. The first stanza demonstrates the poet's ability to not only defamiliarise conventional, everyday things ("A drop of heaven creeps into a home" to describe perhaps sunlight) but to also elevate the defamiliarised concepts as forms of poetic conceit (the sunbeams as a way to highlight the growing intimacy). This technique is repeated several times in the sonnet. In the third stanza for instance, the poet's description of the son covered in whites is both literal and figurative and is sustained throughout the stanza. Finally, the poem works well as a sonnet as the final couplet seems to summarise the poem's structure quite neatly.

Adjudicator #2

This poem celebrates love. From a reader's perspective, love as depicted in the poem can be understood as parental love and also God's love. A combination of concrete and abstract words has been chosen to convey the theme of the poem. Rhymes were also employed quite appropriately in this sonnet to heighten meaning. Considering the use of imagery, the poet has used particular images such as angels to create visual pictures, but he/she may consider creating or using more novel and interesting images to make the poem more memorable. There was a clear expression of feelings and thoughts in the poem, but its emotional impact can be enhanced.

Award
BRONZE
Theme
Free selection

Fate

Ainod Chan

HKUGA College

Prince Charlie and her princess Ms. Wright
Were ambling by the riverside
There came twilight, the last bit of sunshine
It's time for the lovely two to go home and dine
Everything seemed like a fairy tale

All of a sudden the rain was torrential
His instincts told him it wasn't conventional
"Whoosh!" – An arrow flew from an unpredictable spot
Went straight at her chest, a perfect shot
A bolt from the blue

His sweetheart fell, blood oozed everywhere
The reddish fluid dyed her coral black hair
He turned his head, gasped and collapsed
Kneeled down by her, hopeless and distressed
While despair gave birth, though buried beneath

He clenched her hand tight, not letting go without a purpose
Yet the end of the arrowhead had pierced her skin surface
Footsteps of Death echoed through the hallway
Lucifer examined serenely at his prey
Despair squirming, fighting, thrashing its way out

It was the last night of July
The diamond twinkled, shining upon the sky
He lost his destiny, shrieking sounds echoed
Depressed, melancholic as tears trickled
While despair slowly floated out

"You cold-blooded freak!" he shrieked, where was his soul
He was a walking corpse, as lunatic sank in the black hole
"Tweet!", "Tweet!" as birds sang mellifluous songs
Yet clearly he knew that it was dreary all day long
Despair surrounded, hope has been forgotten

Back he blasted like a psychopath
Truth wriggles its own path
Although she was dead, the love was solid,
The fire was burning, it cannot be extinguished
Mournful memories cannot be abandoned

His decision was made, wisdom was pushed aside
Twelve chimes in the dark, and then he dived
Tears and memories sank deep in the midnight
The hope crumbled, shattering the moonlight
Left everything deserted

Adjudicator #1

The poem "Fate" puts an interesting spin on the story of two lovebirds. The characters are described as sharing many of the same passions, but were separated by a cold-blooded fate. Left alone after his love dies in an unfortunate event, the man is portrayed as lost and desperate as a 'walking corpse,' (this image enhanced through 'as lunatic sank in the black hole,' 'Despair surrounded, hope has been forgotten,' and 'Back he blasted like a psychopath'). I really appreciate the poet's use of images that both carry the narrative and paint an evocative picture.

Adjudicator #2

This is a poem about fate. Through a combination of concrete and abstract language, the poet was able to construct a story about fate, as well as express the inner feelings of the main character when he witnessed his lover's fate and later met his own fate. There is some interesting imagery and metaphor, helping readers to see and feel what the main character saw and felt. However, the poet should consider how to make the emotional impact of the poem stronger and to make the theme of the poem more memorable.

Award
BRONZE

Theme
Free selection

Majestic City

Choy Tsz Kiu
Natalie

St. Paul's
Convent School

Shoulder to shoulder. The ants march along.
Going about their business in the city of Hong Kong.
Flashing lights, honking horns.
The construction never stops,
as the ants scurry to and fro beneath the tower tops.

A frenetic pace beating,
throughout the whole town.
A vibe, a space, a testament
of Asia's jewel in the crown.
And streams its brilliance from the rooftops.

But take a short ferry ride across the sea.
To the outlying islands that hold the key,
to a slower pace of life.
Step back in time, walk the trails.
The ants metamorphose into snails.
Breathe and relax, take in the river.
It's amazing what stillness and silence can do.
It calms us, it heals us.
It makes us feel new.
Being in nature, our hearts ring true.

Adjudicator #1

A deceptively simple poem (at first reading) that cleverly and effectively defamiliarises Hong Kong urban life. The rhythm and rhyme of the poem is also quite delightful, mirroring the poet's metaphors of choice in that the short, often monosyllabic words, punctuated by commas, periods, and line cuts can indeed be likened to moving ants in disciplined formation. The writer demonstrates a good sense for poetic language, both in terms of choice of metaphor and in the proper effective and rhythmic sequencing of words.

Adjudicator #2

I enjoyed this sensitive overview of life in Hong Kong. You've used the interesting images of ants and snails to contrast parts of the city – and use varied sentence styles and vocabulary to explain yourself. The form is neat and tidy: and I like the way you vary the punctuation at line-ends to keep us engaged. Personally, I felt like I'd like to see some more personal perspectives on the city. Poems can be very useful for connecting a big idea with a little detail: so I wonder, what's life like for each one of those ants? Nonetheless, this is a positive contribution, well done.

Award
BRONZE
Theme
Free selection

**In the Days
of COVID-19**

Chloe Chu

St. Paul's
Convent School

The plague has not quite gone away
Looks like it is here to stay
People are suffering every single way
Suffering from an infection scare
Suffering from uncomfy face wear
Suffering from not going anywhere
Many are longing for the day
That the virus will finally fade

How many cases are confirmed today?
Are you sure the face masks are all okay?
These questions I hear every single day.
Life goes on in a repetitive way
Online classes are the order of the day
Our heed is still to be paid
While boredom simply escalates.

I lean out of the window and there's nothing to hear.
The street is quiet far and near
Not risk-free and no risk braved,
I thought I would rather stay in here.
But high up there the sun sends gloating rays
And lures us to venture out for play.
I wonder if that is safe and wise
I wonder if Heaven hears our soulful cries.

Fashion items have had their heyday,
They now pale against protective aids
Masks and sanitisers are snapped up for dear life
By desperate citizens and the frantic housewife.
If we reflect on what the virus has taught us all,
Our hygiene standards should never fall.
This is a lesson we will always recall.

COVID -19, pray you go away,
I bid you leave us soon not late
Let everything get back on the rails
We have lived days like time in jail
But we will keep fighting tooth and nail
For health will once again prevail
Until then we stay strong and hopeful
That one day the world can thrive as usual.

Adjudicator #1

The poem titled "*In the Days of COVID-19*" is a timely piece on the ongoing global pandemic. The first stanza starts strong with the depiction of the all too familiar scenarios during the times of pandemic: 'Suffering from an infection scare/Suffering from uncomfy face wear/Suffering from not going anywhere.'" The poem also shows how human activities have been impacted: 'Fashion items have had their heyday,/ They now pale against protective aids' - very vivid illustrations of how the desire of survival comes to work and the perhaps impractical desire to look pretty fades away. I find the poem interesting and appropriate in offering an opportunity for self-reflection during difficult times.

Adjudicator #2

This is an interesting poem that records the experiences of living through Covid. You've found many things to include, and then in the final stanza, make a prayer for Covid to go away. I like that structure: and the rest of the poem could use some more organisation to make it completely effective. There is some adventurous use of poetic techniques, such as the repeated line-openings ('suffering') and repeated rhymes ('rail'/'jail'/'nail'/'prevail') - this helps us to focus on the point you are making. At moments they feel forced -think more about the idea you want to convey. Overall, this is interesting work, well done.

Award
BRONZE

Theme
Free selection

Save the Wilderness

Lai Ria Hoi Ka

St. Stephen's Girls'
Primary School

I gazed upon the sky,
and saw a beautiful sight.
It shone a mesmerising bright beam,
thus brought back traumatic memories.
I pondered to myself,
"Was it really time for me?"

On one fateful day,
I was separated from my home by a huge wildfire.
My home was wonderful,
as wonderful as an ending to a fairytale;
and within the last few minutes,
it burned in front of us.
I felt so vulnerable for the first time in my life.

My home grew hectic in seconds;
The scream of fears resonating around the forest.
I ran more than I could endure;
I ran until I fell to the floor.
At that moment,
I knew I was done for.

I asked myself continuously,
desperate to know the answer,
"Why have they come just to burn our home?"

As I took my last breath in the choking smoke,
I saw my answers flashing before I die.
I finally saw my family;
and finally knew the reason why.
I wished for justice and peace for the world of mine.

So please,
save the wilderness.
Whatever you may do.
Don't burn down the forest;
Don't ever forget the impact you put on us.
Because we are harmless
and you all know that too.

Adjudicator #1

The poem titled “*Save the Wilderness*” is highly interesting because it is similar in its writing to “*The Last of Us*”. While belonging to different artistic mediums, the messages about how humans leave their impact on wildlife, or how our society interacts with the natural environments, are very much comparable. As the poem suggests and alludes, humanity and nature are often intertwined. However, it is only when we face the unintended consequences, we would ask like the narrator: ‘I asked myself continuously, desperate to know the answer, “Why have they come just to burn our home?”’ I appreciate this message of self-reflection and search for answers.

Adjudicator #2

The poem is quite creative and strategic in its use of a forest animal to offer a profound meditation on the impact of deforestation and environmental destruction on nature. What is remarkable about the poem is how there is a clear movement from awe to horror, one that culminates in an impactful message to its readers. Another admirable aspect about the poem is the writer’s ability to maintain and sustain its speaker’s voice. The feelings of awe and terror are successfully constructed and developed through the speaker’s sustained innocent voice. The innocent, childlike voice ultimately allows the poem to be more accessible to its young readers as well as the grownups who determine the forest’s fate in their decisions.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**
Theme
Free selection

Utopia
Ivy Wang

Hong Kong
Adventist Academy

Utopia
Go to the abandoned island
Kiss the horn of the shark
A good night's sleep in the moonlight
With waves lapping the shore

I'm sitting by the sea alone
Staring at seagulls fly
From dusk to dawn, slowly, it flown
Watch the sunset indulge

Watch quirky clownfish, leisurely
Cats wandering alley
End of the road is gentle moon
Azure sky with crane bird

The roses blooming in winter
Gaze the dove kiss the crow
I implored the air as postman
And send all my thoughts out

Find treasures hidden in the clouds
Weave my love into pros
Lost myself in the evening breeze
And write letters with rose

Adjudicator #1

The poem is quite rich with colourful and vivid imagery. The precise line-cutting and stanza clustering make the cataloguing of images and details effective and focused. The images cumulatively are able to develop the poet's notion of utopia as a picturesque and idyllic locale away from the concerns of man. A glaring shortcoming of the poem, however, is in its failure to sustain its narrative voice. The first stanza, for instance, indicates that they are addressing someone to experience the idyllic state, but in some lines they switch to a first-person perspective. The poetic voice could therefore be a little more consistent. Some instances of problematic writing also occur ('From dusk to dawn, slowly, it flown' and 'Cats wandering alley'). With a little more proofreading and consistency, this would be an excellent creative meditation on the notion of utopia.

Adjudicator #2

This is a beautiful poem. I like how a Utopian vibe emerges from the lines where all the scenes come to life. Very good word choices too! In addition, I don't think the poet tries very hard to make the poem rhyme but the whole piece reads well. That said, I have yet to identify a clear message that this poem intends to deliver, aside from portraying a utopian scene. If the poet's goal is simply to describe the paradise that she dreams of, then this beautiful work may become less worthwhile than it should have been!

Award
**Honourable
Mention**
Theme
Free selection

**The Land of
Creativity**

So Nok Hei Megan

Po Leung Kuk Choi
Kai Yau School

Amidst the land of creativity,
Let your mind be clear,
Toss away anxiety,
Let troubles disappear.

Make space for fresh ideas,
Burst forth with bright lit sparks,
Do not believe naysayers,
Ascend the glass benchmark.

Nurture glowing embers,
Discard all deep despair,
Moulding clay that's tender,
Fingers filled with care.

Explore music, drama, art,
A feasting for the eyes,
Allow passion to rule your heart,
Soar high into the skies.

Seek out unknown angles,
It's your right to be unique,
Determination dangles,
Embrace it, take a peek.

Take risks in your decisions,
Banish fear and pressure too,
Only you can see your vision,
The future's up to you.

Adjudicator #1

The poem "*The Land of Creativity*" is all about letting go of the old and allowing space for the new. I like the opening in particular: 'Let your mind be clear,/Toss away anxiety,/Let troubles disappear.' This is really capturing the mindset of creators or writers specifically. I particularly enjoy lines like 'Seek out unknown angles,/It's your right to be unique.' It is encouraging and reassuring to hear that creators and writers can and should be unique and set themselves apart from others. Oftentimes the fear and anxiety of standing out (too much?) can really be a cause of writers' block, or obstacles for other endeavours of creativity.

Adjudicator #2

The poet has shown good skills in forming a neat rhyme scheme - all six stanzas of the poem follow the *abab cdcd efef* end rhyme structure. Alliteration can also be found across some lines, such as 'discard all deep despair' and 'determination dangles.' On the whole, short lines are used throughout the poem. It would be perfect if the poet can also form a rhythmic pattern with the short lines. Besides the sound play, the visual images of 'the land of creativity' are vividly described in the poem too. New ideas and innovation have been compared to 'bright lit sparks,' flying high, and overcoming fear and anxiety. One question though: cannot forces such as pressure and adversity in life also ignite creativity?

Award
**Honourable
Mention**
Theme
Free selection

Downpour
Summer Guo

King George V
School

Hope is the rain
Falling in bouts,
into the drain,
when you have no doubts.
Slithering to the city's core,
fresh and vigorous
We sing for more,
feign ignorance.

Yet when engulfed, we have,
it floods the streets-
screeching and ravaging, through
our city's grease, but
Trivial and ignored,
what good could it be?

For where is the rain,
when the earth cries?
When its skin is cracked, crusty
and dry
A downpour then, a miracle.
Do us good, but
that's atypical

Misleadingly sly, sky prowls
clouds crowd light and
thunder growls
Yet water doesn't fall-
broken promise, 'white lie'.

Some days we forget
the presence of rain when we talk, fret
when we're distracted, it trickles
back to the sea, till summoned up
and down it will drizzle.

Adjudicator #1

Hope is always perceived as a positive sentiment as it gives us the power to carry on with life. However, in this poem, the poet tries to offer us an alternative way to look at what hope is. Indeed, "*Downpour*" is a short lyrical poem which analogises hope with the natural phenomenon of raining. Hope, like rain, or more specifically, water, is vital as it is the source of life which 'Slither[s] to the city's core, fresh and vigorous.' Without hope, our life is miserable and without water, we are dead. And thus, 'We sing for more.' However, by naming this poem "*Downpour*," the poet reminds us of the problem of excessiveness. Though timely downpour can be a miracle, too much of it can be disastrous as 'when engulfed, we have,/it floods the street.' Excessive hope or optimism can make us imprudent.

Adjudicator #2

The sound play in the poem reminds the readers of the pitter-patter of the raindrops. A series of monosyllabic and bisyllabic words are used to form short lines in the stanzas. To take the poem to a higher level, the poet can try bringing in variation in the rhythm - when the rain becomes heavy (stanza 2), lines in the stanza can be longer, and words with more syllables can be used. In stanza 3, the earth (in a desert) is personified. However, the poet may want to tell the readers that the earth's cry is one with no tears. It is in desperate need for water, and those who suffer with the earth can be described too.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Free selection

Books

Ling Alicia
Zu-Yi

St. Stephen's College
Preparatory School

Books are filled with magic,
They sparkle lightly,
They shimmer in the air.

Books are enchanted portals,
They take you everywhere.
You could go from the couch
Of your living room,
To a land afar of magic power,
Or you could tumble down
A secret rabbit hole
To a place called Wonderland.

I've met Lord Voldemort and pinched his nose,
I've solved mysteries with Sherlock Holmes.
I've played croquet with the Queen of Hearts,
I've challenged Robin Hood to a game of darts.
(I lost!)

Oh, the places I've been
And the people I have met.
It's such a pity
We can't travel into books just yet.

Adjudicator #1

This poem celebrates the magic of books. The poet demonstrates a balanced use of concrete and abstract words to convey the theme of the poem. Imagery has been used to generate a visual picture that books may take readers into the different worlds, although more novel and interesting images can be created to express the theme. Both rhymes and figures of speech were employed appropriately to enhance the theme of the poem. The parallel structure used in the third stanza was particularly memorable and gave a touch of humor to the poem. Language conventions have also been used appropriately throughout the poem.

Adjudicator #2

This poem expresses a great love of books – they are so exciting that they seem to ‘sparkle’ and ‘shimmer’. There are some nice moments of rhyme - the third stanza is a strong example – and it gives us variety and excitement. You stay with simple, direct sentences, and use them very effectively. In this relatively short poem, I often wanted a bit more depth and detail: help us understand about Voldemort, Sherlock Holmes, and Alice in Wonderland. I always love to read poems about reading, so it was great to see this submission.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**
Theme
Free selection

Nature

Chloe Cheng

Po Leung Kuk Choi
Kai Yau School

Nature calls me with an amazing view,
Time to go see the pretty water dew.
All green trees and a beautiful cloud,
I'm so lucky there's not much of a crowd.

Feel the wind,
Feel the water,
Feel the Sun,
It's really hot, like a burning bun!

Ssh, Ssh, Ssh! Goes the wave,
As fast as a cheetah, it rushes in a cave.
Tweet, Tweet, Tweet! Goes three hatchlings,
They called for food like little hungry kings.

Fresh air gets breathed in,
Stinky garbage goes in the bin!
Windsurf here, windsurf there,
Thank you Wind, You bring us everywhere!

I look everywhere, there's the fog,
While sitting in the forest on a big, long log.
Appreciate everything in the wild,
The weather there is always very mild.

Shining rainbows, glittering stars,
Everything comes from nature, even your cars!
Don't chop down the precious trees,
They give us food, including yummy peas!

Crickets chirping everyday,
Chirp, Chirp, Chirp! They hop to play.
Tiny raindrops drip from the sky,
Drip, Drip, Drip! It sinks to the ground. Bye bye!

Nature is loved and beautiful in every way,
Animals and plants, I see them everyday!
Grass and flowers, animals galore!
Nature to me is never a bore!

Adjudicator #1

This poem celebrates the beauty of nature. The poet used familiar language to generate a clear picture for readers, and was able to express the theme clearly with an innocent, child-like tone. They have also made occasional use of onomatopoeia both to enhance the tone and to surround the reader in a vivid natural scene. However, the deliberate attempts to use rhymes sometimes may distract readers from appreciating the content of the poem. Language conventions were used accurately. The structure of the poem was interesting in that its form was evocative of nature (perhaps a tree).

Adjudicator #2

It's great to see a poem with so many different techniques: the anaphora of 'feel', the rhymes, the sounds, exclamation: these are all interesting features of your poem about nature. You've made a really positive effort with rhyme – and this helps the poem move quickly from start to finish. Having said that, I think your poem could improve with some more focus. I know that you want to talk about nature – but even if you think about one place, one time of day, or one sense, you will have a lot to talk about. Overall, this is a sweet and enthusiastic poem – thanks for your contribution.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Free selection

**From Mythology
to Astronomy**

Wong Hiu Wai

Po Leung Kuk Choi
Kai Yau School

The moody Mercury I marvel,
Who sails as the god of travel;
Seeing his hot and cold temper,
I dare not to attemper.

The virtuous Venus I beloved,
Who spruce up as goddess of love;
Sleeping volcanoes there are old,
To seek out there need not be bold.

The militant Mars I explore,
Who seizes as the god of war;
Seeming there is the soil of red,
Like the warriors with bodies bled.

The just Jupiter I ain't at odds,
Who surpasses all as god of gods;
Swirling there is Great Red Spot,
The star has the greatest plot.

Adjudicator #1

This is a lovely piece in which the poet imagines his/her exploration of the four nearest planets: Mercury, Venus, Mars, and Jupiter. Unfortunately, the four stanzas read like four discrete parts. I have yet to find enough cohesion between the four planets as a whole. Also, the poet tries too hard for rhyming and intentional wording may not be the best choice in the context. A poem must strike a balance between its meaning and form, and the over-reliance on one may be detrimental to the overall quality of the work.

Adjudicator #2

It's an interesting and bold attempt to employ mythological allusion as the theme of the poem. By having the persona talking to the stars as animated creatures - that is, ancient Roman gods and goddesses - the poem gives a hint of resemblance to Sir Philip Sidney's *Stellar and Astropil*.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**

Theme
Free selection

the autumn tree

Fu Cheuk Yiu
Tiffany

Diocesan
Girls' School

five a.m. in the morning
tranquil, so silent
hear its faint panting
as the winds make a lethal blow
its arms slowly succumbing, crumpling,
dangling mid-air
suffering, like a cripple
the flaxen hair, brightly
tangerine and crimson
plunging down the body
of a widow shedding her tears
as the streaks turn silvery
and creased, browned, while
the kids tread on the remains
of her former vibrancy

but the body stays still
and the veins seep into the soil
dry like parchment, but
its richness suffices,
like books that yield fruit
it looks up onto the dawning,
the flames from the sun warming its face
as the drooping arms make an endeavour
to stretch into the heavens once more,
and when spring makes its anticipated arrival
it will thrive once again, and
its soul will rejuvenate
as perseverance crushes the winds
and wins the final battle.

Adjudicator #1

What an unconventional and innovative way of depicting the season of autumn! While the poet adopts a traditional way of presenting the melancholic mood of autumn, the poem's analogy of the season with an ageing widow creates a striking and thought-provoking image for readers. 'brightly/tangerine and crimson/plunging down the body/of a widow shedding her tears [...], while/the kids tread on the remains/of her former vibrancy.' The poem offers a beautiful, if difficult, account of grief, both past, present and future. For many, autumn is a season of closing - but the poet, through the reference to children playing, reminds us that it is also a source of continuity and hope.

Adjudicator #2

This is a great submission and it's great to see a young poet developing their skills. The range of vocabulary used in the poem is impressive, and some of the words are used in very interesting ways. The poem uses nature and weather imagery in particular to conjure up an immersive atmosphere and for a poet of this age this shows remarkable skill. More could be done with the expression. What is the poem really ultimately trying to say? Its atmosphere is brilliant but its purpose is less clear. Overall though, a really impressive poem for this age.

Award
**Honourable
Mention**
Theme
Free selection

**'Parting is Such
Sweet Sorrow'**

Kwok Hei Ting

St. Clare's
Girls' School

'Beep—, beep—,' the plaintive sounds of heart-rate monitors in the hospital
Made visitors of the patient wept,
As their beloved took their last dying breath.
The pain, the sorrow, silently crept,
Into the visitor's heart,
When they and their loved ones were forced apart.
Thinking that those good days had gone by,
They had to sorrowfully say goodbye.

'Goodbye!' said someone about to board a plane,
'I'm going to emigrate,' she explains.
Her family and friends' lives are now filled with pain.
Their tears can't be contained,
Not knowing how to deal with the depressing days that remain,
They had to sorrowfully say goodbye.

In our lives, people come and go,
It's normal to grieve,
To not want to live,
It's normal to be miserable,
To be inconsolable.
But every thunderbolt has a golden lining,
Our bright futures are still shining.
After every storm, there's always a rainbow.
Our loved ones are the light that guides us out of the sorrow,
They are the balloons that lift us up in the midst of our turmoil.
Although goodbyes can tear our lives into parts,
We should always remember in our hearts,
Goodbyes aren't forever,
Because our love for those who are gone will never
Disappear, vanish, fade, or go away.
So let us see the light of day,
Instead of the darkness at night.
Although partings are agonizing,
And it seems like our hearts are always antagonizing,
There will always be a day when we and those we love reunite.

To succeed in letting our happiness last,
We must not dwell on the misery of the past,
Or else great opportunities in front of our eyes will pass.
Our glorious futures still await us,
So please remember, behind all the parting sorrow,
There'll always be a sweet sweet tomorrow.

Adjudicator #1

This poem describes the parting of loved ones in scenarios such as death and immigration, and then it goes on to tell people not to be sad because new opportunities might slip away if one keeps lamenting the old days. The positive message is of course much appreciated here, but the idea is certainly not new; it is rather conventional. In addition, the language and the form are also a bit plain and dull, lacking in artistic beauty that would characterise a poem. All in all, there has not been enough creativity in this work in terms of both the content and the form.

Adjudicator #2

This is a rather moving and poignant personal meditation on grief, loss, and moving on. It is quite relevant, timely and much needed most especially after the recent events (the waves and the decision to emigrate by many Hong-Kongers). One of the poem's strengths lies in its ability to develop this meditation systematically and patiently through its precise and measured line cutting. Each line is like a Lego block that builds on the previous feeling or thought piece by piece. A shortcoming of the poem, however, lies in its occasional tendency to slip into prosaic language and to venture into direct moralising.

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An Amazing Party

Wong Yan Sum
Ambrose

Ying Wa
Primary School

Carrying my wonderful magic string,
I jumped onto the somersault cloud with the spring
That I borrowed from the Monkey King,
Flying to the party which was in full swing.

Righted myself, I landed at Pisa in a jiffy,
Still feeling giddy and dizzy.
Wait, I saw something defying gravity.
It's a tower leaning in reality.

Eager to meet my passionate, persistent and pivotal friends,
I left behind the tower and rushed to the hall's ends,
Wondering what things each genius recommends,
Because I like closely following the latest trends.

Admittedly, I was getting hungry,
Wanting some food cooked by Gordon Ramsay.
This time he roasted a duck with chilli and jelly.
It's crispy, spicy and extraordinary.

To celebrate our party "Historic",
How could we miss out someone who's terrific?
What Mozart composed just now was not classic,
But pop music with lyrics about the pandemic.

I noticed Gauss and Einstein were not singing,
But sitting in the corner and playing.
As accurate as computing, as fast as lightning,
They're turning the Rubik's Cube with a view to winning.

Van Gogh gave me his latest masterpiece,
Which showed a majestic temple in Greece.
He said it was once stolen by thieves,
Who were just caught by the police.

I asked Shakespeare to write about the temple,
But he counter-proposed writing about Aristotle,
Who was sitting at the bar table,
The presence of both was a miracle.

The party climaxed with Steve Jobs presenting the future traffic,
Which was not only dynamic but also automatic.
Together with my magnificent, marvellous and miraculous magic,
All the audience said that it was absolutely fantastic.

Yet, they all had the same question about the gala,
Asking why these great men were here.
Oh, my dear!
Look at the first letter of each stanza!

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Creativity

**Creativitys
Crossings**

Hannah Katy Liu

Diocesan Girls'
Junior School

The sky is my canvas
As I see cotton as clouds;
Broccoli become bushes
Full of blackberry mounds.
Rainbows form from crayons
And icing sugar turns to snow,
While rulers are fields
Where pencil shavings are sown.

A broomstick is my paintbrush
Dipped into rivers of gold.
Raindrops are liquid diamonds
Putting fires to a hold.
Candle lids are my palette
And my mind an open curtain
Unleashing all my inner thoughts
Until I'm far from certain.

The smell of paper roses tingles my brain
As gingerbread dough becomes cardboard seams.
Sticky honey transforms into glue,
And I mold paper-white clay into my dreams.
Sweet-as-sugar blueberries form my eyes;
Scissors cutting through a satin ribbon-
Both helping me see the world without lies
And how creativity never dies.

**The Colorful World
of Creativity**

Lee Lok Yi

Good Hope
Primary School cum
Kindergarten

I love to write
It makes me set my creativity free!
I let those 'no's walk away from me
and soak in the world
where legends begin.

Clang! Clang! The music started,
a dancer escaped out of my hair.
I spun and twirled everywhere.
My books were my audience
and they applauded and shouted 'Bravo! Bravo!'

Next, I became a flying horse
soaring so high in the sky.
I became friends with an airplane that flies up high,
a rocket that's launching right up to space,
and the ball of fire peeking through the clouds.

Then, I fell into the world of wizardry!
I bought a wand at Diagon Alley
and attended Hogwarts with the heroic Harry.
We played Quidditch together
Oh! What a time I had in the world of wizards.

Now, I'd like to write all my imaginations
in this poem for you to see.
I suggest you to use your key
and open the cage where you keep your creativity locked up
Soon, you shall feel it traveling through your veins.

You may see yourself
as a teeny tiny fish,
escaping from those who want you to be their delicious dish.
You swim across the ocean,
finally escaping from their evil net.

Or you're falling down a rabbit hole,
dropping right into Wonderland.
You fell into some quicksand,
met a cat that has a big grin
and being chased off by an army of cards.

Write down what you can imagine
J.K. Rowling, Lewis Carroll The Grimm Brothers
all bring great stories and happiness to others
A person who's creative is capable of lots of things,
including making the world more colorful and bright!

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

Dying Elephant
Cai Yutong

Kowloon Tong
School

Tearing, tottering, tormenting-
The hunters never heard the silenced cry of the elephant,
before they pulled off its tusk
with brutal expertise.

Staring at the tusk,
the hunters crave for its pearl-like shine.
But the flame in their eyes, the crave for money, dazzled even brighter.
They want money, money, money to satisfy their hedonistic lifestyle.

Staring at the tusk,
the collector, thousands of miles away, imagines an illusion of a delicate ivory craft.
A crooked grin appears on his face,
the new craft would match the existing ivory exhibition perfectly.

Staring at the indifferent hunters,
With hopeless and helpless eyes,
The elephant stopped struggling.
And died silently.

Memories of racing on the wide grass field freely flashed through its mind.
"If you love my tusk, please stay there and appreciate it, but not pull it off and own it.
Beautiful things should be preserved in their natural form."
This is the elephant's lingering thought.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

A Special Bond

Aliana Kwong

St. Paul's Co-
Educational College
Primary School

Staring at its dark sparkly eyes,
An instant bond was born.
The moment caught me by surprise,
Saying farewell left me torn.

My mind was swirling with flashbacks,
Its twitching ears. Its furry nose.
Round and round the circular tracks,
Day by day my anticipation grows.

And then one day, it just appeared,
Sniffing and twitching cautiously.
All my anticipation disappeared,
Tears of joy rolled down instantly.

Every day I rushed to its cage,
There it was waiting patiently.
We giggled as it performed on its stage,
As it danced on its hind legs gracefully.

Truly blessed that our paths converged,
Our eyes locked the second we met.
From this a special friendship emerged,
My best friend and an amazing pet.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

**The Beauty
of Nature**

Yeung Pok Him
Ethan

Diocesan
Preparatory School

The beauty of nature,
is unrivalled to all,
from spring to summer,
to winter to fall.

The green of the forests,
cyan of the sky,
and the navy blue of oceans,
blue as blueberry pie.

I love everything in nature,
from the elephant to the ant.
I appreciate God's gift,
but I wonder why some people can't.

The creatures of the Earth,
all special and kind.
God gave them all,
a soul and a mind.

Besides the Earth,
there's also the Sun.
There're sunrise and sunset,
watching them is tons of fun.

And finally, there're us,
The Homo sapiens.
We all have names,
from John to Damien.

God gave us talents
so we could create.
We invented lots of things
that's not up for a debate.

In conclusion, nature is great.
We should protect it, not let it decay.
We are responsible for our living environment.
We should keep protecting it every day!

Award
**Poet of
the School**
Theme
Honesty

The Pure Soul

Leung Shek Yin

Diocesan
Boys' School

Down at the vast, shadowy depths of an endless valley,
Rested a single soul,
Abandoned by his most trusted, most beloved family,
Locked in a dimly lit cellar of cold-blue iced fowl.

Above lay sorrowfulness in despair,
Faintly echoing through the crooked heights,
Into a bottomless valley with chilly air,
Seeping through emotional bars, into a weary, betrayed heart.

An aura of loneliness filled the atmosphere,
As resonance tingled with the strings of gloom,
While flowers of epiphany were in bloom,
Before when understanding was refound in his empty loom.

In harmony did the lock fade,
As he pushed through bars of restraint,
Came a new dimension of a joyful parade,
Uncovered, melted with warmth, were the rusted, icy chains.

As Fate had destined it to happen,
The evening sun went to quench,
All but one candle went out, dampened in the night,
As if being carefully cherished, the flame of truthfulness remains.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

**The Beauties and
Wonders of Life**

Pang Hay Yin
Hayley

Marymount
Primary School

**Line extends beyond page
edge - formatted onto
an additional line.*

Gazing at the dark, pitch-black sky,
Scribbling mindlessly in the cold, freezing air,
Wishing that my life was full of wonders and colours.
Or is that too big a request?

If I were a nightingale,
At dawn, when the sun rises from its bed, casting a ray of hope on the dreary piece
of land,[†]
I would glide across the azure sky, taking in all its beauty.
At night, when the stars and the moon are clouded by disturbing thoughts,
I would use my songs to bring happiness to the land.

If I were a deer,
At daybreak, when the first rays of life touch the ground, giving the sky a rosy hue,
I would gambol across the grassland, admiring the endless greenery.
At dusk, when the sun has retired to its home and the moon has begun its nightly
routine,[†]
I would dream of a new beginning, a new day, one without any sadness in it.

If I were a seahorse,
At daylight, when the sun's warmth and brightness reflect into the ocean waters,
I would roam the seven seas, marvelling the beauties of the waters.
At twilight, when the sun starts to sink back into the mountains,
I would return to my lovely home, where my loving family is, and watch over my
dearest siblings.[†]

But I am no nightingale, no deer, no seahorse.
I am a human,
A creature that is able to make its own life vibrant and full of happiness.

The sun starts to peek out from the mountain tips.
Its warmth and light comfort me, assure me that every life is meaningful and beautiful.
I am a human,
And my life is full of beauties and wonders,
That I shall love and treasure till the very end.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Honesty

Honesty
Chan Kiu Fai

Lam Tin
Methodist
Primary School

Crack! I break my mum's favourite lace.
Then I imagine the angry look on her face.
Mum will roar like a lion.
She will beat me with her hands, which are as hard as iron.
What should I do? Should I tell her the truth?
If I tell lies, will I lose a tooth?

Stomp! Stomp! Clicked! Creak!
Oh no! Mum is back!
I feel like I have been cut on my back.
I have to decide whether to tell the truth or not.
I don't want to let her know it's my fault.
I can't think of anything in my mighty muddy mind!

I feel like I am pressed by a rock which is round.
In my mind, there is a sudden sound.
'Be honest! Be truthful! It's a virtue of a great man!'
And I decide to listen to it.

I walk toward my mum.
And I tell her what I've done.
Then I feel lighter than ever.
Mum surprisingly forgives me and tells me to be careful ever after.
This is the feeling of honesty.
I found it makes me happy.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Honesty

**Honesty,
the lonely word**

Li Wing Yan

Ka Ling School of
the Precious Blood

Honesty, such a lonely word,
so lonely almost never heard.
Pretending to be someone else,
slowly forgetting to be ourselves.

Honesty, beautiful yet terrible,
It can warm up your vulnerable heart,
It can also make you fall apart.
I sometimes wish the pretty lies were true,
because I can't handle the painful truth.

Sadness and shame, hide behind one's laughter,
making it seem like it doesn't matter.
Fake smiles and friends, I'm sick of it all,
Only a few I can trust in this fake world.

Millions of promises made,
Millions of promises broken.
The same excuse over and over,
I've heard them all before.
The same mistake again and again,
I don't think I can bear it anymore.

Honesty is the most precious gift you can get,
don't let the person who gave it to you regret.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

Love, the process

Li Sze Huen

St. Mary's
Canossian School

Homeless seeds thank the wind for spreading them around,
Verdant sprouts appreciate the raindrops for rinsing them down;
Fragile saplings savour the soil for its gentle nourishing,
Mature trees treasure the sunlight for keeping them flourishing;
Ripe fruits bless the orchardist for being careful,
Ancient trees praise the woodpeckers for remaining helpful.

Infants revel in the gift of birth,
Toddlers lap up their families' endowment of mirth;
Children thirst for knowledge, investigating new skills,
Teenagers indulge in each adventure, seeking thrills;
Adults brave the challenges they inevitably encounter,
Elderly cherish a life of memories, full of laughter.

No matter your state of being, love is rife,
There's always a way to express your passion for life.
Intangible in shape, yet perceivable in heart,
Love shall be with you from finish to start.

Let love be the bridge
To overcome evil and welcome good;
Let love bring you courage and hope
During your entire lifehood.

Award
**Poet of
the School**
Theme
Creativity

I'm a polar bear
Mak Hiu Nam

Baptist (Sha Tin
Wai) Lui Ming Choi
Primary School

Hello I'm a polar bear!
I live in the cold air,
there's ice and water all over here
because I live in the arctic fellow dear.

I eat meat like fish,
it surely is something to be relished.
I live on the ice and water,
but only seldomly see sea otters

I love to sleep in winter time,
since it's so cozy during that long-time.
I've always dream about sleeping all year
but it's just so boring, dear.

The enjoyable thing to do when not sleeping and eating is...
playing with my friends and family, Mr and Miss
but... because the air pollution and oil leaks,
they will be all gone, less than few weeks...

And don't forget about the plastic bags,
they make us feel sick but at least no rags!
It's very hard for us to live like this,
so help us fix it please!

Don't use plastic bags anymore,
that's what we polar bears are looking for.
Im sure the factories know what they are doing,
and hope they are on the way of undoing.

Help us now for our future,
we are endangered because of the torture!

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Honesty

No More Lies

Sophia Hannah Lam

Canossa School
(Hong Kong)

Soha was a lazy lad
who just wanted to get by.
He would always find an excuse,
and even tell a lie!

He broke his grandma's vase,
a fact that he denied.
Try to be like Washington,
step up and regain your pride!

He didn't do his homework
and claimed it's not assigned.
Recall the lesson of Pinocchio,
the teachers would not be kind!

He started having nightmares,
his lies screamed in his ear.
Reject the boy who cries wolf,
be truthful and have no fear!

He thought really hard and really long,
a simple answer met his eyes.
Always be honest and always be strong,
bid a firm goodbye to lies!

THE SCIENTIST

Wang Qianyue

Ching Chung
Hau Po Woon
Primary School

An old scientist was sitting in his lab chair.
His failures were echoing around his lair.
He shook his head and sighed.
In those long years, he had tried and tried and tried.

But alas, God always had no pity for him.
He was so sad and thin and grim.
He wanted someone to talk to, but no one had ever come to visit.
But then ... a magnificent idea hit.

He took off like an arrow,
he was shivering with delight to the marrow.
His brain churned again and again,
his boredom and sadness all went down the drain.

His mind broke from the box,
he had opened all the locks!
Even the old lamp on his desk stared up at him,
The room itself wasn't so dim!

It was an explosion,
that rusty old face that looked like it had severe erosion,
suddenly glowed gold and bright and shiny.
The solution was there - it was fantastic - it was mighty!

He jumped and shouted, 'Hooray!',
He saw a way, a way,
To make fiction into reality.
He smiled and sang and danced happily.

Award
**Poet of
the School**
Theme
Creativity

My Lego City
Yip Kiu

Chun Tok School

I built a Lego city.
The city looked like a strawberry.
I built a Lego sea.
The sea looked like a blueberry tea.
I built a Lego mountain.
The mountain looked like a chocolate fountain.
I built a lot of Lego trees.
The trees looked like triangle cheese.
I built a Lego sun.
The sun looked like custard bun.
Yummy!

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

Hero in my Heart
Chu Hiu Yan

Farm Road
Government
Primary School

Once, there was a boy named Bob
He was lazy about finding a job
He just wanted to play
Until one day

He saw a man in the street
The man had nothing to eat
So Bob gave him some food
The man said, 'You are so good!'

Bob asked him why his life like this
And asked who he is
The man said he was a lazy boy
Just want to play with his toy

But after his parents passed away
So he didn't know he can live in a what way
Then the man told Bob
He needed to find a job

Bob knew that he needed to find a way
That can let him live in a good day
He tried his best and his confidence continued to grow
He became rich later but he didn't forget that man—his hero

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

Looking for love

Cheung Chin Wah

General Chamber
of Commerce &
Industry of the
Tung Kun District
Cheong Wong Wai
Primary School

My name is Dusty
Everyone thinks that I am dirty
And no one notices my beauty
I study how to be pretty

All day long
I am piling up and up and up

I want to be friends with somebody
But I am swept away by everybody

I am sad
Because I can't make any friends
They hate me
Then I went to the other place

I want to be friends with the dresser
They sweep me off
I want to be friends with the sofa
They sweep me off

Fall and fall, I fall onto the corner
I found an old toy
Long forgotten by the owner
I'll make toy my friend forever
No one knows I'm here
I won't drop my tears
No fears anymore

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Creativity

**Learning
from animals**

Esther Lee

Heep Yunn
Primary School

We can learn from animals around us
Take, for instance, an octopus
She takes care of her babies till her last day
And finds food for them without a delay.

Or a squirrel that hides its nuts
Or takes it around its relative's huts.
It takes care of the one's it adores,
Sharing the things it stores.

Or the myth says that storks bring babies
Delivering happiness to the families.
She flies up high in the blue sky,
Waving happily to say goodbye.

Or a groundhog knows when spring is near
Looking at its shadow to see if it's clear.
He knows the weather well
Like a magic spell.

Or an owl has sharp eyesight,
Hunting for the prey at night,
Travelling in the deep dark woods,
Enjoying the quietness of the neighbourhoods.

Next time when we see animals around,
Write all the amazing findings down.
In no time we will find a big surprise
Being creative makes us wise!

Award
**Poet of
the School**
Theme
Creativity

Creativity is...
Ho Mang Wo

Hon Wah College

Creativity is born in my dreams,
where I see colours of many jelly beans.

Creativity is also seen in cartoons,
where things are bright like the moon.

Creativity is also created in books,
where we can meet characters like Captain Hook.

Creativity makes us feel free,
it makes everyone feel happy and full of glee!

Creativity can teach me new things,
like how to bring happiness to the world.

Creativity helps me learn more about myself,
like how sometimes I feel like being an elf.

Creativity is very important,
and always needs reinforcement.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Honesty

Honesty

Wong Yik Ting

Hong Kong Baptist
University Affiliated
School Wong Kam
Fai Secondary and
Primary School

Honesty is a handy tool,
great for uncovering lies,
you might fix something cool,
and hear the victim's cheerful cries.

Honesty is a jack of all trades,
always and option to be played,
and watch as the opponent's smile fades,
then grin as truth wins and the fake dismayed.

Honesty is a backstabbing dagger,
it reveals when you cover it,
and you cry in anger as backwards you stagger,
as all your lies gets brightly lit.

Honesty is bad news and trouble,
yet your reward for the act might double.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

**My dream garden
of love and beauty**

Chui Pui Ying

Ma Tau Chung
Government
Primary School

**Line extends beyond page
edge - formatted onto
an additional line.*

O, in this vivid picture of spectacular colour and beauty, I was so absorbed.
Warm and sunny morning of the early Spring,
Flowers of all kinds, blooming in the garden beyond.
All colours. All beauty.
All are great dancers twirling in the wind.
Then here came my soul,
Gliding gracefully into this lovely garden with fruit trees.
There, like a bird, singing, swinging joyfully on a bough, hopping fearlessly from
bough to bough.*

O, my smile slowly faded where drifted in a gloomy cloud hanging over me.
Here a rose hanging on a thorn in a lonesome spot indulged wantonly in flattery on
her beauty,*
as any girl could be.
Flushed with pleasure of being praised be just a swarm of heartless bees which
came buzzing for honey,*
Disffusing perfume of arrogance and coldness.
What a pity the rose is beautiful but,
alas, does not show love to others.

O, let myself be flooded with joy that rose in my bosom,
while rejoicing at gales of laughter that greeted my soul,
while being overwhelmed by that wondrous sight after the thorny rose bush,
that all those flowers of love which grew there make.
Here's ivy, diffusing the perfume of lasting friendship which blossoms into love,
affection and fidelity.*
Here's the flower iris, who cherish lasting frendship.
Here's a warm inviting place to flock, to laugh,
to smile the smile of one having intense feeling of love aroused in her bosom.
Here's such a place teeming with life and love.

O, come true a dream my soul dreamt to have beauty which goes hand in hand with love.
Love transcends everything to weave the garlands of life and colour.
What a lovely deep sleep, a moment of joy, I fell into!

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Honesty

I Could Deceive
Lam Ho Fung

North Point
Government
Primary School

I love Zoom – my eyes light up as the cameras switch on,
Eager to learn in the comfort of the sweatpants I don,
Yet, something else calls me – I hear this thing whisper my name
The voice is from the internet, "Wouldn't it be fun to game?"

Boom! A jolt of excitement courses through me as I win,
A difficult level to beat – from ear to ear, I grin.
The teacher's lesson goes in one ear and out the other,
Victory makes me laugh, a laugh I feel forced to smother.

Old habits die hard, I cracked the code, I figured it out,
Looping a prerecording of myself, there is no doubt
That I am able to watch YouTube without getting caught,
It's easy to be a hacker, at least that's what I thought.

During online chess, my mum looms like a shadow, "How's class?"
As fast as lightning, I switch tabs - a test of speed I pass
"Just looking at a dictionary, was taught a new word,
Deceitful? Deceptive? Disingenuous? Memory's blurred"

Blurred from not paying attention, but Mum does not know that,
Content with my answer, she departs. My lie doesn't fall flat,
Days and weeks go by, my fixation goes out of control,
Been surfing the net daily, sucked in like a blackhole

What goes up must come down, my teacher's voice rings in my ears,
"Something's wrong. What's causing your failure? It's time to switch gears."
I've learnt my lesson. I start to listen, begin trying.
No gaming. No YouTube. No online chess. No more lying.

I could deceive teachers. I could mislead my parents too.
But never could I lie to myself - a truth I can't skew
Classmates and teachers pop up in the online classroom,
I am over the moon and that's because I still love Zoom.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

**See Your
Own Shadow**

Chow Chuek Yin

S.K.H. Chai Wan
St. Michael's
Primary School

Under the sun, I see my own reflection.
Step by step, I found more of myself.
Stop for a while, take a breath.
I let my brain rest for a while.

Under the light rain, I see the wetness of the ground.
Step by step, I know more of myself.
Stop for a while, take a breath.
It's natural to rain.

Time passes by. I found myself growing.
Step by step, I found time is precious.
Stop for a while, take a breath.
It turns out that growth requires continuous learning.

It turns out that truth, growth and beauty are inseparable in life.
Knowing that caring for others is a form of showing love.
Understand that discovering your beauty is a form of loving yourself.
If you can love yourself, you can love others.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Honesty

My brother

Lam Tsoi Yee
Nap Nap

S.K.H Lee
Shiu Keung
Primary School

My little brother swears on my mum the first time.
And if he was there, he would never break the glass.
My little brother swears on my mum the second time.
And if he was there, he would never step on the grass.
My little brother swears on my mum the third time.
And if he was there, he would never miss the E-class.

To be honest,
my little brother always tells lies.
To be dishonest,
my little brother always tells the truth.

In the future,
my little brother wants to be a lawyer.
In the real world,
my little brother might be a liar.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

Beauty and Love

Lam Wing Tung

S.K.H.
St. Clement's
Primary School

**Line extends beyond page
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an additional line.*

Be a person who has a beautiful heart

Enthusiastic about loving people

A person who uses love to get along with people gains everyone's trust

Unstoppable love will not blow away as soft dust

To love someone, we will find out the most precious gift of our life

Yes, true love can also bring out the meaning of "where there is love, there is no darkness"

Affection is a meaningful thing and as spectacular as life

Not to be apprehensive about anything because the person who loves you will solace and help you, when you are*

Discouraged or having any difficulties

Love can fix all the mess

Overcoming problems and lead to success

Valentine's day shows the beauty of love

Enjoying the time with the people you love

**What if I Were Not
an Ordinary Bird?**

Chan Shun Hei

S.K.H
Tsing Yi Estate
Ho Chak Wan
Primary School

I am ordinary
Always make life honestly
Fly in the lowland
Sleep in the forest
Wander around everyday
Day by day, those trees are the same
The flowers know my name

My world is confined
I always lag behind
The others with all the laughter, some even despise
Despise makes me cry
Crying tears the sky

I need a change
They all think it strange
They see me usual
I want to be unusual
I invent my life
My forest has to be alive

The city is beautiful
My life has to be wonderful
I make up my mind
Go look around and be creative to try
Round the clock, create funny ideas
Share the ideas with new others

I become passionate, no longer stagnate
The city is my new racecourse
Dancing down the running stage
How wonderful I can sing
In the Bright sky, you can see me high

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

**At the
Valentine Dance**

To Amelia Yi Wun

S.K.H.
Yan Laap Memorial
Primary School

One day I went to school
I saw a poster of the Valentine Dance
I thought of all the romance
Who in the world would I go with?

As some other people came across
They all started to put on lip gloss
We all went to class
I kept thinking who I'll go with
Maybe it was kith and kin

All the girls wanted to go with this guy
At lunch time he sat next to me, why?
He asked me to go to the dance with him

Three days later
It was the Valentine Dance
I sat next to the guy
He got me a cup of punch
But I just had my late brunch
I thought I looked ugly
But he said I looked lovely
I felt so touched that I blushed
Beetroot red

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

**Love Playing
with the Beautiful
Four Seasons**

Tang Yi Lok Luis

St. Charles School

It is raining beautifully from heaven in Spring
The lion falls in love with flying
Flying in the rain is so peaceful but exciting

In Summer the sun is always lovely
In the river there is a swimming monkey
She enjoys the warm water and makes the day funny

Here we can see an Autumn tiger
He loves to play hide-n-seek with his friends in the cool atmosphere
The playful game makes their friendship fonder

A Winter becomes pretty white because it is snowing
The rabbit feels grateful when ice-skating
As sliding from the top of the hill is so relaxing

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

Beauty of Nature

Chan Sheung Ue

Tsuen Wan Catholic
Primary School

Flowers, trees, bushes and grass,
vivid colours, what a mass!
Birds and insects start to sing.
Chirp, tweet, hum and buzz in Spring.

Sunshine, breeze, rain and thunder,
Summer sky makes you wonder.
Germs and viruses evolve.
Problems for doctors to solve.

Acorn, nuts, pumpkins and maize,
Harvest sheaves of knotted rays.
Autumn's the time to reap crops,
Keep your tie-dye and flip flops.

Iceberg, glacier and snow,
Fish are silent down below.
Ask human the destroyer,
'Will it be the last Winter?'

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

Splitting Image
Chu Sui Lam

Heep Yunn School

My relatives would always say,
'You look like your mother in the olden days'
My mother would always reply,
'Someday that pretty face will wither and die.'

My mother would prop up photographs from the past
In which hourglass silhouettes, porcelain complexions last
Rosy cheeks against mine burning bright red likes roses
A bond of blood of which it discloses

My mother could not bear witness to the stranger in the mirror
Lines and wrinkles riddling once smooth skin became clearer
A swelling stomach distorts the hourglass outline into a haze
So she turned and trapped me in her gaze

My mother made sure my hair flowed
Ceaselessly in the brunette shade she had bestowed
By birth, and no changes could be made in any way
Just like in the olden days

My mother kept the kitchen bare
So my stomach would only be filled with the despair
of a 24-inch waist, and no changes could be made to how much the hourglass weighs
Just like in the olden days

Some say the Picture of Dorian Gray is a spectacular tale
But my mother relived the past on a much grander scale
She revived wilted roses by remodeling carnations
All to gaze at a once-lost complexion
I could not bear witness to my reflection of a lightweight hourglass
My unnatural figure would not get past
The burden of carrying another's beauty
And it crushing my own identity

My mother showered her Frankenstein with affection
But who did she love more, the authentic or the reincarnation?
Dear stranger in the mirror, have you surpassed
The bond of blood through your ties to the past?

Compliments from my mother only run skin-deep
Yet I feed on them for sustenance to keep
The thirst of love beyond appearances in lane
And reach the day when the bond of blood runs only in the veins

Someday this pretty face will wither and die
So Mother, let nature take its course and bid goodbye
To the roses laid to rest in time's tomb
In their place the carnations can bloom and grow strong

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

Muted Melancholy

Amanda Wong

Maryknoll
Convent School
(Secondary Section)

The moon blooms with wistful grace
and dances in frozen tranquility.
Born amongst the golden stars, encased
in velvet dark.

The blissful wind cries out a melody
of bronze and gold and muted blue,
A chirping forms a hushed harmony,
The solitary nightingale warbles.

Longing for its distant lover,
a heart of marble amber.
It shivers and trembles, and rustles leaves
adorned with slivers of silver.

Divine passion woven into the skies,
with serenades and all that sublime.
With nothing left to fantasize,
the presence of the night remains.

Starlit snow drifting sweetly -
a transient moment lost in history.
Its bittersweet, incandescent beauty
lives only in our monochrome dreams.

Looking at the world through flimsy gauze,
Full of wonder and wordless love.
As if time was put to an impulsive pause,
everything gleams in transcendent peace.

The dreamlike twilight comes as a whisper,
New beginnings, serendipitous surprises.
The eruption of silence is too peculiar,
Hiding what's just beyond the horizon.

The glow of the night and approaching dawn,
The smell of early morning dew.
With serene hues of melancholy gone,
we start this day anew.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

**Reawakening on
a Winter's Day**

To Tsz Yui Rhoda

Belilios
Public School

A plane painted a white trail on the evening sky.
Such beauty did not move him.
Such beauty was unreachable.
Like skyscrapers he tried to reach the heavens
But felt like a loser, with aspirations unfulfilled.
In his eyes the world blurred into the darkest shade of blue
Salty streaks stained his cheeks
Breaking apart as all gets dark,
He was shattered that nothing else matters.

Echoing in his ears the carefree laughter of children
He watched as his little brother embraced the snow
Racing all day to find the most delicate snowflake.

Suddenly came a vague recall
A version of himself so small
Leaving trails on glistening snow
Marvelling at the sunset's glow
Adoring berries adorning winter's soul

Watching in awe as snowflakes vanish
Beamed with joy as all things flourish
Savouring the refreshing coldness
Built and hid in snow fortresses
Snowballs soaring across the air
Ecstatic beauty everywhere

Frost white mist escaped his bright beam
Despite how simple everything may seem
He forgot how delightful life could've been
Walls of his inner child crumbled at the seams
His inner child broke free as he woke from a dream

He shrunk into the child he once knew
Then all at once beauty came into view
The crimson clouds on the winter sky
Every little detail caught his eye
Ordinary, lovable

Cheerful, beautiful
Faces of unworldly children
Surrounded by laughter
Nothing else seemed to matter
And so he became part of the snow
His love for life dyed his world bright like years ago.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

Where it Lies

Mok Pik Ching

Carmel Divine
Grace Foundation
Secondary School

Little Annemarie pondering life
Gazing at the magnificently dark starry sky
Those sparkly pearls beams into her eyes
Asking where the beauty in life lies

She asks the silvery glowing crescent
He said, the ocean is the most gorgeous of all
It's the heavenly incandescent shining water
that make the footprints of warm breeze seen
And angelic songlike voice of waves
swirling deep down to the bottom

Little Annemarie asks the ocean
She said, flowers are the most exquisite of all
Swaying lavishly elegant as the wind whispers
Blooming and unfolding as rain land on the soft velvety petals
Delicate roses bursting into rainbow colours
Or a bunch of gentle myrtles with gowns in purple

Little Annemarie asks the flowers
They said, your mother who planted us of all
Greets us with her smile sweeter than honey
waters us with the most pulchritudinous
So we can blossom under the fierce rainwater and storm
Bathed under the eastern golden lustre

Little Annemarie asks her mother
She said, darling girl, it's love
Deeper than the billowing blue ocean
Sparkler than the moon and stars dangling in dark
News a soul from grey to radiant
Fill you from hollow to full

Lost in the spirally abyss of sombre darkness
trapped in the lacklustre shadow
Love finds you in utter bleakness
Seeing ephemeral beauty of flowers wither and hope dash away
Celestial love shall last and stay
Never comes and passes as tide on flow

Little Annemarie looking up high
Gazing at the magnificently dark starry sky
Those sparkly pearls in see beams into her eyes
Telling her the beauty of life

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Honesty

**The Unseen
Message**

Riley Heart
G. Garcia

St. Clare's
Girls' School

The pages between the beginning and the end are 431 turns.
The distance between A to Z is 24 letters.
The time between January and December is 10 months.
Do you see me?

Your eyes are the ocean that comforts me.
I sink deeper and deeper as I drown in them, helplessly searching for your rescue.
Yet, why do you never throw a glance at the splashes created?
Please, please just look at me.

Three steps forward, three steps back.
This door is the borderline between the "what-ifs" and you.
I ponder whether I should be here or should I go back.
Would you understand me?

Heavy. Everything is heavy, unbearable.
The weight of my eyelids is unbearable.
The tears overflow but all is seen is black.
No, the truth had been there right in front of me.

I've accepted the fact that I won't be seen.
*Because the distance between you and I,
is everything in between.*

(read the italic lines with the poem and by itself.)

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

**A Colourful
Epiphany**

Safwana Ali Khan

St. Margaret's Co-
Educational English
Secondary and
Primary School

**Line extends beyond page
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an additional line.*

You, my dear, told me yellow was what I reminded you of.
The colour of the ethereal sunset you oh, so love!
The colour of warmth, sweet honey and buzzing bumblebees.
The vibrant yellow sunlight that filters through the trees.

While you, my dear, were a serene blue.
The gentle whooshing of the tranquil sea breeze as it blew.
The ever-changing blue hues that made up the blissful sky.
You were my blue, my serendipity, the one who always lifted me high.

And when together, yellow and blue, we made a luxuriant green.
Like the vigorous spring after a cold winter, we were a sight to be seen.
Your comfort was like the shade given from the leaves of tall oak trees.
Hand in hand through endless grassy fields, with you, I was truly at ease.

But let me be honest here
so we're both in the clear.
I had forgotten that the seasons would eventually change
and so would our 'eternal' love which struck me as strange.

I realised you were nothing like the blue I thought you were
and all the colourful days I spent with you turned into a blur.
I was so captivated by our beauty and love that I failed to see
that the bitter winter would once again arrive and all the green would fade away
from me.*

The image of you proved to be nothing but a vague mirage,
nothing but an overwhelmingly enthralling orange in camouflage.
My dear, I am glad for I have learnt to read between the lines
as you, a bright and beguiling orange, resembled nothing but conspicuous neon signs.

And when together, yellow and orange, we made a dangerous, dangerous red.
Our ineffable red was the very flaming colour that my heart bled.
I only trepidatiously watched you destroy my weary heart from the sidelines
while ignoring the blooming red, the colour of large caution signs.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

Home

Kristen Ma

Marymount
Secondary School

Pink like a blossom,
A sweet fragrance follows along,
Oh so soft and delicate,
But beautiful like a song.

I reach out my silky hands,
Your rosy cheeks they embrace,
I hold you closer to my heart,
For when I'm with you, I feel safe.

The flaming orange in the sky,
The twinkling teal tears in the sea,
What if one day we ran away,
Together, just you and me.

Over the shreds of rainbow strips,
Down goes our hand-made bike,
Broad brown bridges we build over lakes,
We'll make whatever we like.

A sweet gentle breeze is blowing our way,
Making our long hair dance and sway. We
start heading back as the sun stoops low, to
finally rest at a place we call home.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

**The
Babbling
Brook**

Wong Chloe
Jing Ying

Good Hope School

I coaxed my friends to roam to the obscure world,
Trekking from the boisterous city,
We hopped, giggled, twirled,
And chattered down the valley

I ambled along the exquisite site,
Admiring the tranquil pace of a village-life,
Breathing in the aromatic side,
Discerning the melodious warbler— 'tweet, tweet!'

Indulge myself here massively,
Applauding the slow-moving and placid river,
I gradually decelerate my steps on the damp grass,
Whilst lauding the delicacy as a nature lover.

I feel eased in mind, wanting to deliver all my feelings candidly,
Alleviated all the stress of mines,
Like the dove passing swiftly in the azure sky publicly,
Along the plantation of pines.

It was assuredly a relief,
I obliged myself into the pace of the babbling brook tenderly,
I, provoked the mistiness and significance in my life journey,
Happening with many undisputed answers.

I loitered, I wandered, being full of gloom and doom,
Feeling as if I was being trapped in a room,
To no astonishments,
With few allotments.

I draw my friends along, and flow,
To join the babbling brook,
Lingering our flavours and knots,
Tending to appear like flakes of snow when wind blows.

A cluster of angels,
With unbreakable friendships-
Alike the two greyish shapes steered in the brook, swerve off, then come around anew,
A sheer comma drawn democratically with conviction.

Award
**Poet of
the School**
Theme
Creativity

**Life is an
Artwork**

Chiu Chung Yin

Christian &
Missionary
Alliance Sun Kei
Secondary School

Life is an artwork

you paint yourself as a teacher or clerk
you can be anything you wished
as long as your imagination exists
Life is an artwork

it is drawn depends on what you want to be
creativity is the key

with creativity, you life may still be in trouble
without creativity, your life would be unstable

Life is an artwork

infinity innovations are inside this artwork
creative leads to innovations
uncreative leads to Plagiarism
Creative opens millions of doors for you
uncreative closes billions of windows for you
The power of creativity is immeasurably mighty.

Award
**Poet of
the School**
Theme
Creativity

**Enthralled
(Creativity)**

Chan Cheuk Yau

CUHK FAA
Chan Chun Ha
Secondary School

Among the sheets of paper,
I have inscribed on with the pen in my hand,
There was a girl who loved to caper,
In a smile-less land,
To make the people of the land smile eagerly,
Because of her enchanted performance.

There was also a boy who dreamt of strength
And dreamt of becoming a hero
To defeat the awakening monster large in both breadth and length.
However without friendship, his strength will always be hollow.
Even though he held his friends at arms-length,
They still showed him that they cared, and took out the monster together with a blow.

The pen in my hand glided on the papers,
And my imagination continues to flourish.
I daydreamed about a talentless, but hard working painter with a canvas,
And the sailors whose dress was outlandish,
And who defeated the hideous sirens disinterested towards their chorus.

As these ideas continue to flourish in my mind,
In my dreamland, they slowly became refined.
As I fantasised happily in my dream,
The sensation of creating enthralled me with their gleam.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Honesty

Lies

Wong Tsz Hei

Fung Kai Liu
Man Shek Tong
Secondary School

Lies are like knives
They do not physically kill lives
But the impact on the heart is big
As big as a hammer on an egg

Lies are like stings
They do not ruin physical things
But the heart would bleed in pain
As killing as thunder and heavy rain

Lies are like punches
They do not knock people out in inches
But the road to recovery takes ages
As long as how zoo animals are kept in cages

Lies are simply dishonesty
They do not carry a bit of dignity
But many people still tell them
As common as rings with a gem

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

**The
Repainted
Rainbow**

Ng Wing Chi
Vinci

Holy Family
Canossian College

I
used to believe that
black was the only color left in the world.
There is no raging red;
No tropical orange;
No vivid yellow;
No calming green;
No boundless blue;
No opulent purple.
Only the hopeless black is left in this doleful world.

I
was walking in the woods,
where it feeled like a menacing maze full of brambles
that tingles me every minute when I ramble.
I was a wireless marionette
who walked mindlessly like a stray cat.
My cheeks were flaming with hot tears.
Despair was all I heard in my ears.
People stormed past me wave upon wave,
I was left alone brawling in the cave.

Year in and year out,
my depression still remained devout.
Perhaps life started to pity on me,
granting me a brand new hobby.
My dying heart replenish with joy
as I've found something I enjoy.
Gardening is my white knight
who saved me from the dark where there was no light.
The colors of flowers lightened up the little world of mine,
reconstructing the colorful rainbow I once deeply declined.

I
am not alone.
There is a lighthouse ahead of me,
guiding me to surmount every adversity.
May we all put on a bright smile
and set off bravely against our emotional rivals.
Because
Every cloud has a silver lining,
and the Rainbow will eventually find the way to its unique coloring.
So do we all.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Creativity

**The world
with creativity**

Law Ho Lam

Homantin
Government
Secondary School

Creativity is a special skill
Everyone can create fantastic things if they wish and will
Like God creates picturesque view
Watching it with a wonderful feel

Beach is a marvellous place for relaxing
Heard the sea gull shouting
Step on the smooth sand feeling
Watching the lovely red sun falling

Under the lovely red sun
A wizard on the island is eating a bun
By the way it looks like a palatable bun
Wait! Why does he put on a gun?

I want to find a place
That quiet like in space
Without anyone evil say
Please give me back my warmth cave

Creativity is a special skill
It can be use to build up high high hill
Oh no! I suddenly remember my expensive bill
Let's go work harder and no more chill

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Honesty

Honesty

Ho Chun Lok

Hong Kong
Chinese Women's
Club College

Honesty,
a friend I've known since I was small.
She is always there to keep my sanity,
even when I wanted to steal in a shopping mall.

Without honesty,
everyone would only focus on personal profit.
People would be partnering with dishonesty.
Relationships would come to bits.

Without honesty,
my whole world would fall apart.
Lies would be spread in the community.
Telling only the truth is such an art.

Honesty,
I love you as deep as the sea.
With you, honesty,
my world will be guilty-free.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

Raining

Lin Yuet Tung

Our Lady's College

Whatever the weather,
the trees and grasses are rustling,
rain which floating in the air is hustling,
these two hands tightly clasped together.

Award
**Poet of
the School**
Theme
Creativity

**The Rainbow
of Life**

Chow Wing Nam

Po Leung Kuk
Vicwood K.T. Chong
Sixth Form College

Corruption, darkness, toxicity,
the world is oh so dreadful.
It's so dull and colourless,
Everything is like a mess.

The earth seems as if it's sketched with just one hue,
Everyone looks so blue.
But I'm sure everything is not as bad as it seems,
Allow the colours of rainbow to fill up the seams.

Optimism, positivity, happiness,
is all that you need!
Let the colours seep into the emptiness of your soul,
Infuse them into your heart's deep hole.

Perhaps all the negativity is only your hallucination,
Or maybe it's just your imagination.
So don't let those inner demons ruin your day,
Let's beat them with creativity to keep them away.

Go paint a picture or write some stories,
Maybe that'll make you forget your worries .
Express your emotions through the work of art,
Don't you think that it is smart?

You can feel a burst of creativity inside your veins.
Your passion for art is burning up like flames!

Go grab a pen and start sketching,
Or snatch a brush to start painting.
Put time, effort, and love into your work,
Because you'll feel proud afterward!

Inside your heart,
I know there's an inner child.
Let the little you splash out the colours of rainbow,
and let your imagination go wild!

I'm sure there's a rainbow hidden in every soul,
But maybe it is being hindered by the monsters inside,
turning the visions into misery.
But I can guarantee
if you express your creativity
you'll create the best piece of art in history!

So get up and step out of your misery zone,
don't be afraid because you're not alone!
So let's paint the world together,
with vibrancy and vigor.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

What is love, really?

Lai Chin Yui

Rhenish Church
Pang Hok-Ko
Memorial College

Mother, Father, we need to speak.

There's something that I've been thinking for the past few weeks.

I always feel like I have butterflies in my stomach whenever I see her.

My face blushes red whenever she walks past, my mind goes blur.

Her hair flows like a river, gleaming under the sunlight,

The rays so bright, she's my only spotlight.

Her eyes look like diamonds.

Her voice sounds like an Angel above the sky.

Whenever she's near me, I can see her shine as bright as a firefly.

Mother, Father, is this what love really feels like?

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Beauty & Love

Beauty = Love?

Liu Ga Jin

S.K.H. Li Fook Hing
Secondary School

Love and beauty,
Connect and bound,
Love by the majority,
Always sought but never found.

Beauty brings Love,
And Love turns into wish,
Tempt you and can't resist,
Outcome just a blush.

Young with beauty,
Really brings you Love?
Old and weak,
Really without Love?

Love and Beauty,
Connect and bound,
Beauty can be made,
But Love can it be found?

Beauty never stays forever,
It fades through time,
Shatters and breaks,
Only Love ever stays.

Love has value,
Yet you haven't realised,
It cares and heals,
Always stays by your side.

Beauty isn't Love,
Beauty is all you want,
Love is all you need,
It will never be the same.

Award
**Poet of
the School**
Theme
Creativity

Brushstrokes

Chan Bo Wen

The Hong Kong
Chinese Christian
Churches Union
Logos Academy

Paintbrush, dancing across the canvas with colours of every kind,
Twirling, twisting, turning, a dancer across a sleek, snowy stage.
Figures of marble, garlands of vine—straight from her mind,
Marvellous, magical masterpieces despite her young age.

Pen, spilling out inked wonders with monsters and men,
Creating utopian universes unknown and bright.
Fathomless, fantastical features—a solid ten,
Vibrant and flamboyant, despite being black and white.

This spectacular ability belongs to you and me,
Fiction, films, fascinating works of art.
Pick up a piece of paper, put down your device—anyone can take part.
Hours of enjoyment, light lilted laughs they guarantee.

It'll soon become too late for you to atone,
They're force-feeding you material too abundant to number.
Do this, do that! Break these, make those!—your eyes filled with wonder,
So banish your iPad, throw away your phone!

Indulge in a more fruitful, fabulous, free activity,
Sketch, sculpt, scribble, shade, anything of the sort!
Create something that's entirely yours—not as a last resort;
Use your creativity.

Award
**Poet of
the School**
Theme
Creativity

Creativity is Dead

Wan Tsun Hei

Jayden

Wa Ying College

This place could have been a forest
where wishes of many were alive,
but long has it been a desert
where hardly any dreams survive.

Never had this bothered me,
nor had I come to know
the reality until I stood
at the first fork in the road.

Between two paths with different views,
I finally got to choose.
The brighter one was against my will but
I never wanted to lose.

Many artists would have lived their dreams
but failed. The stakes are high.
I guess I was not alone,
not taking the road less travelled by.

I sepulchred my dreams
and the castles I had yet to build in the sky,
in hopes that it pays off
with a future my drawings can never buy.

It is no surprise this place
is a piece of barren land instead,
as we have always been told that
creativity is dead.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Free selection

Schizophrenia

Lee Joo Eun

King George V
School

Chinks in my rusted armor leave me weak,
the empty void where my allies once stood
layered with a blanket of grey
that lay unmoving in the harsh wind of my memories.

Leaves of misery fall around me,
As shimmering raindrops of sorrow pound against my head,
the bitter wind of my memories slapping me across the face,
until they appear:

Those imaginary friends that mirror my movements.
that look at me with glowing eyes,
that stare at my glistening tears
and comfort me.

The surreal universe around me spins
and light shifts into dark
as my companions tread into the thick fog of my illusions
and don't look back.

The figments of my fabricated reality
fade away
as the pages turn
and the letters merge

until I am alone again.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Free selection

Chang E

Mindy Shie

Singapore
International School
(Hong Kong)

I spin in synchrony with the moon
Across the dark carpets of the home
of the gods
A landscape of silver monochrome
A cage, penance for my sins as I stole
From my husband the pills of the gods
Its glassy touch to my lips urged me
Past the songs of music and dance
Beyond the stars of the black heavens
Where blossoms of rainbow fire were lit by
the Emperor's court
Now I'm whirled into sleepless nights
Along roads where I do not belong
Tracing the ecliptic across cold immortal halls
My footsteps echo in solitude as I give chase
To the life I had ripped
From my own hands
I bang on the glass walls

It's so quiet between Earth and Sky.

At home they point at me
with their lanterns and cakes and
tell tales
Do you see her? The lady of the moon
She stole from her husband and had to flee
Now she's up there
All alone
Her and her rabbit
Her rabbit and her

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Free selection

constant

Tsang Nga Yi
Agatha

St. Paul's
Convent School

red rivulets cascade down marred skin
unspoken trauma engraved in scars herein
the torrid sanguinary waters a surreal blur
i lay back, relishing the aftertaste of liqueur

i await my rendezvous with slumber,
flitting between temerity and reality
a quivering breath all i can muster
the outside reflected upon this crimson sea

a daedal tapestry of bruises adorns my cadaver
my departing contribution to be uncovered
phantom purple, ghoulish green, spectral hues
woven by decades of resentment and abuse

a funeral garment embroidered with agony
stitched together by the same hands
that lovingly brought me into existence
that berated, decimated, obliterated me.

your hands were tied; my existence
guaranteed the wilting of your aspirations
16; you were so young when i
emerged, red-faced and wailing

occasionally i wonder
how it must've felt like
to have your life torn asunder
it crumbling before your sight

a glance from you, and i'd understand.

unadulterated loathing; a child entrapped
a sadistic variant of love, sudden slaps
metastasised into neglect and starvation
only exacerbated by my maturation

"you're good for nothing, I don't care"
coloured my childhood with despair
'you're the reason everything fell apart'
serrated sentences piercing my heart

the petrifying chill in my severed veins
an anaesthesia to my festering injuries
but as this tranquillity mollifies my brain
your adoring smiles, tender kisses plague my memories

did you love me? a question not for your ears

fatigued, I sigh; salvation looms near,
they say life is a rollercoaster, yet
the sole constant I've encountered here
was the ceaseless deluge of regret.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Free selection

Fate

Ainod Chan

HKUGA College

Prince Charlie and her princess Ms. Wright
Were ambling by the riverside
There came twilight, the last bit of sunshine
It's time for the lovely two to go home and dine
Everything seemed like a fairy tale

All of a sudden the rain was torrential
His instincts told him it wasn't conventional
"Whoosh!" – An arrow flew from an unpredictable spot
Went straight at her chest, a perfect shot
A bolt from the blue

His sweetheart fell, blood oozed everywhere
The reddish fluid dyed her coral black hair
He turned his head, gasped and collapsed
Kneeled down by her, hopeless and distressed
While despair gave birth, though buried beneath

He clenched her hand tight, not letting go without a purpose
Yet the end of the arrowhead had pierced her skin surface
Footsteps of Death echoed through the hallway
Lucifer examined serenely at his prey
Despair squirming, fighting, thrashing its way out

It was the last night of July
The diamond twinkled, shining upon the sky
He lost his destiny, shrieking sounds echoed
Depressed, melancholic as tears trickled
While despair slowly floated out

"You cold-blooded freak!" he shrieked, where was his soul
He was a walking corpse, as lunatic sank in the black hole
"Tweet!", "Tweet!" as birds sang mellifluous songs
Yet clearly he knew that it was dreary all day long
Despair surrounded, hope has been forgotten

Back he blasted like a psychopath
Truth wriggles its own path
Although she was dead, the love was solid,
The fire was burning, it cannot be extinguished
Mournful memories cannot be abandoned

His decision was made, wisdom was pushed aside
Twelve chimes in the dark, and then he dived
Tears and memories sank deep in the midnight
The hope crumbled, shattering the moonlight
Left everything deserted

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Free selection

**Save the
Wilderness**

Lai Ria Hoi Ka

St. Stephen's Girls'
Primary School

I gazed upon the sky,
and saw a beautiful sight.
It shone a mesmerising bright beam,
thus brought back traumatic memories.
I pondered to myself,
"Was it really time for me?"

On one fateful day,
I was separated from my home by a huge wildfire.
My home was wonderful,
as wonderous as an ending to a fairytale;
and within the last few minutes,
it burned in front of us.
I felt so vulnerable for the first time in my life.

My home grew hectic in seconds;
The scream of fears resonating around the forest.
I ran more than I could endure;
I ran until I fell to the floor.
At that moment,
I knew I was done for.

I asked myself continuously,
desperate to know the answer,
"Why have they come just to burn our home?"

As I took my last breath in the choking smoke,
I saw my answers flashing before I die.
I finally saw my family;
and finally knew the reason why.
I wished for justice and peace for the world of mine.

So please,
save the wilderness.
Whatever you may do.
Don't burn down the forest;
Don't ever forget the impact you put on us.
Because we are harmless
and you all know that too.

Award
**Poet of
the School**
Theme
Free selection

Utopia
Ivy Wang

Hong Kong
Adventist Academy

Utopia
Go to the abandoned island
Kiss the horn of the shark
A good night's sleep in the moonlight
With waves lapping the shore

I'm sitting by the sea alone
Staring at seagulls fly
From dusk to dawn, slowly, it flown
Watch the sunset indulge

Watch quirky clownfish, leisurely
Cats wandering alley
End of the road is gentle moon
Azure sky with crane bird

The roses blooming in winter
Gaze the dove kiss the crow
I implored the air as postman
And send all my thoughts out

Find treasures hidden in the clouds
Weave my love into pros
Lost myself in the evening breeze
And write letters with rose

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Free selection

**The Land of
Creativity**

So Nok Hei
Megan

Po Leung Kuk Choi
Kai Yau School

Amidst the land of creativity,
Let your mind be clear,
Toss away anxiety,
Let troubles disappear.

Make space for fresh ideas,
Burst forth with bright lit sparks,
Do not believe naysayers,
Ascend the glass benchmark.

Nurture glowing embers,
Discard all deep despair,
Moulding clay that's tender,
Fingers filled with care.

Explore music, drama, art,
A feasting for the eyes,
Allow passion to rule your heart,
Soar high into the skies.

Seek out unknown angles,
It's your right to be unique,
Determination dangles,
Embrace it, take a peek.

Take risks in your decisions,
Banish fear and pressure too,
Only you can see your vision,
The future's up to you.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Free selection

Books

Ling Alicia Zu-Yi

St. Stephen's College
Preparatory School

Books are filled with magic,
They sparkle lightly,
They shimmer in the air.

Books are enchanted portals,
They take you everywhere.
You could go from the couch
Of your living room,
To a land afar of magic power,
Or you could tumble down
A secret rabbit hole
To a place called Wonderland.

I've met Lord Voldemort and pinched his nose,
I've solved mysteries with Sherlock Holmes.
I've played croquet with the Queen of Hearts,
I've challenged Robin Hood to a game of darts.
(I lost!)

Oh, the places I've been
And the people I have met.
It's such a pity
We can't travel into books just yet.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Free selection

**The
Eccidentesiast**

Hu Kai Yui

G.T. (Ellen Yeung)
College

The world ahead got blurry, the trees hard to distinguish.
Perhaps my eyes fell wat'ry, as the lights of midnight extinguish.
"For whom, for what, am I living?" This question is unforgiving.
I shout it out in my head, but the answer seems to be missing.

The street rats glance at me from the corner of their eyes.
They're avoiding my question, they're anticipating my demise.
Their expressions almost taunt, a-mocking my misfortunes.
Perhaps I am too laughable - a victim of God's extortions.

Quaff a coffee in one gulp, and look at the night behind.
It is harsh, it is dark, and the stars do seem unkind.
The taste was sour and salty, quite unnatural, and vile,
I relate, for I am also masking bitterness with a smile.

"For whom, for what, am I living?" Did I just hear myself yelling?
The street rats drown in a ditch, whilst the streetlamps continue twitching.
Somewhere on the asphalt I litter my coffee tin,
Like I've done to my dreams, for ambition's a deadly sin.

After all, I am trapped, lost, without identity.
What storytale shall I construct, to live up to my legacy?
Must I find a topic, for my life to closely follow?
Must I expand the storyline, or do I leave my plot hollow?

Why has no one taught me, shown me what to do?
Or is it just simply that, none's ever gott'n through?
I've died, I've survived, I've rott'n and revived,
I frenzy, but I've yet to really feel alive!

My alphabet will shatter, my syllables will fall,
My lyrics will surrender, my melodies will stall!
Perhaps we're all dyslexic, for words are far too small -
Too small and too generic for the anguish I recall.

The language we are speaking is English but with a twist:
There are no words with meaning - my emotions don't exist.
My ardour ails in agony as the body burns in blame.
Her carcass cried in cruelty; my dearest died in vain.

The streetlamps have died, the moon hangs a-high,
I may as well be troubled by nobody strife, yet
I must blindly run, I must aggressively charge,
towards the laughable world marionetting my life.

I propose a challenge to finish this epistle,
though my prayers and demands are utterly superficial.
A rotten shout is still too faint, far too brittle -
to outsound a whistle of their harsh starting pistol.

Award
**Poet of
the School**

Theme
Free selection

Beautiful lives

Kwong Yin Chun

Bonham Road
Government
Primary School

Let lives be beautiful like spring rain.
It brings hope to all the things.
Birds fly in the sky like the kites.
Fish swim in the sea day and night.
All our lives are full of bright.
Do anything as we like.
We should understand what is right.
Don't be regret in our lives.

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Hong Kong Chinese Women's Club College	Ho Chun Lok	<i>Honesty</i>	PotS	173
Ma Tau Chung Government Primary School	Chui Pui Ying	<i>My dream garden of love and beauty</i>	PotS	151
North Point Government Primary School	Lam Ho Fung	<i>I Could Deceive</i>	PotS	152
Our Lady's College	Lin Yuet Tung	<i>Raining</i>	PotS	174
Po Leung Kuk Vicwood K.T. Chong Sixth Form College	Chow Wing Nam	<i>The Rainbow of Life</i>	PotS	175
Rhenish Church Pang Hok-Ko Memorial College	Lai Chin Yui	<i>What is love, really?</i>	PotS	176
S.K.H. Chai Wan St. Michael's Primary School	Chow Chuek Yin	<i>See Your Own Shadow</i>	PotS	153
S.K.H. Lee Shiu Keung Primary School	Lam Tsoi Yee Nap Nap	<i>My Brother</i>	PotS	154
S.K.H. St. Clement's Primary School	Lam Wing Tung	<i>Beauty and Love</i>	PotS	155
S.K.H. Tsing Yi Estate Ho Chak Wan Primary School	Chan Shun Hei	<i>What if I Were Not an Ordinary Bird?</i>	PotS	156
S.K.H. Yan Laap Memorial Primary School	To Amelia Yi Wun	<i>At the Valentine Dance</i>	PotS	157
S.K.H. Li Fook Hing Secondary School	Liu Ga Jin	<i>Beauty = Love ?</i>	PotS	177
St. Charles School	Tang Yi Lok Luis	<i>Love Playing with the Beautiful Four Seasons</i>	PotS	158
The Hong Kong Chinese Christian Churches Union Logos Academy	Chan Bo Wen	<i>Brushstrokes</i>	PotS	178
Tsuen Wan Catholic Primary School	Chan Sheung Ue	<i>Beauty of Nature</i>	PotS	159
Wa Ying College	Wan Tsun Hei Jayden	<i>Creativity is Dead</i>	PotS	179



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