

Cu Writing in English

-Volume XII/2013-

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C **u** **W**riting
in **E**nglish

-Volume XII/2013-

We believe that in the heart of every English major lives a dragon, an inborn unique creature with flying ambitions. Writing creatively in a sense, is not only a means to communicate, but also a tool to prove our own identities, and perhaps even a weapon to change the world.

Nevertheless, we are all surrounded by the sea. We are all under the power of a merciless society. The fierce storm set up the golden rules of the age - “Money is the Alpha and the Omega”; “To be practical or not to be”. The current has only one direction - either we are pushed forward, or drowned. Facing these monstrous waves the dragon hesitates. The suffocating storm would extinguish the spark of passion inside. The dragon would easily give up to struggle, and soon sink slowly to the bottom of the sea, where it would be forgotten.

「蛟龍得雲雨，終非池中物。」（《三國志·吳書·周瑜傳》）

Yet, according to Chinese legends, dragons are gods of the sea. The storm, though fierce, is a source of experience, strength, and opportunity, for the dragons to realize their own ambitions. The sea nurtures the dragon; the dragon masters the sea. Everything in nature seeks harmony. The dragon and the sea are one; English majors and the society are one- this is something we always ought to remember, something we so easily forget when we steep in the sea of people. For most of the time, it would only be our own stubbornness, timidness, and shortsightedness, which suffocate us. The challenges of the society help us to define ourselves. We draw out our pens. With fear and excitement, we sketch our lives; we draft our own destiny; we rewrite the game rules.

In this year’s CU Writing in English, we would like to present to you the dragon’s spark of passion. We would like you to accompany us English majors on the journey of struggle for self-excellence, through the themes of Thresholds, Solitude, Crossroads, Experience, and Remembrance. We often find ourselves standing in front of thresholds, wondering what the world is like on the other side of the door. We often come in solitude when we encounter the world beyond, facing challenges on our own. We often pause at crossroads in the middle of the journey, pondering what to do next. We often look back to our previous selves, becoming more mature and experienced. And the moments and the people that changed our lives will become our eternal remembrances.



Through our poetry, we would like to reveal the significance of these five elements to our growth. The composition of the themes strengthens us. They provide us courage to take risks, to break through the current and create our own paths.

Arlynn Alarcon
Antony Chun-man Tam
Joyce Wing-kwan Leung
Editors

Janice Tsang
Advisor

Dedicated to the memory of Michelle Kong

“Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann’d:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.”

“Remember”, by Christina Rossetti

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THRESHOLDS

We often find ourselves standing in front of thresholds,
wondering what the world is like on the other side of the door.

Thank you for your cooperation

Viktor Hildebrandt

Dooooors closing
Next station - Dschungmendaihoooooo
Doors will open on the left ... doooooors closing
Mind your step!
Look left, look right and slow down.
Please queue here,
Please move in, no standing on the steps,
Allways remember: No smoking, no eating, no drinking,
no screaming, no running, no cellphone,
no photos, no flash, no filming
and most importantly: allways beware of falling stones!
Don't do this and don't do that.
Mind your head and mind the step
Please beware of the slippery floor
(even though it might be dry)
Don't touch this!!!
Nobody canna cross it
No exit!
Look right, look left, slow down.
Lift going down,
doooooors opening, doors closing
lift going up,
doooooors opening, doooooors closing.
No entry!
Pieppieppieppieppieeeeeep
Thank you for your cooperation!



Confrontation of Two

Sally Choi-ling Cheng

A girl of delicacy and purity
 A girl with hair dark as the deepest sea
 with eyes that set everything free
 with soft rosy lips that only baby could be
 A perfect girl for every man to marry

A man in Armani, clogs up the suit with his calorie
 goes down on one knee with difficulty
 holding a red velvet box with a 3 carat Tiffany
My dear, will you marry me?
I am rich, though a bit bossy
I wouldn't cook and tainted my hair with greasy air
But I think dining with you in Peninsula is fair
I wouldn't waste time to talk with you the heavy fog
But I think you should be satisfied with the accompany of a blue blood dog
I wouldn't hug you when the temperature is low
But I think a Sable fur coat will be enough to keep you from cold
My dear, how would it be possible, for you to decline my proposal

A man wearing his finest coat, with all rips sewed discreetly
 kneels down and asks in his greatest sincerity
 staring at the girl with the eyes bright as stars plucked from the sky
My dear, will you marry me?
I am poor, but never destitute of love to you
I can't afford a meal in Four Seasons
But I will cook for you even the water is frozen
I can't support you a life of luxurious and sumptuous
But I can guarantee you days without bleakness
I can't provide you clothes at cost of causing animals' unnecessary harm
But I will give you warmth with my arms
My dear, would you please accept me

A lady with hair dark as black gold
 With eyes cold as crystal
 With crimson plump lips ready to be kissed
 Leans towards the man of poor
 And says
 NO

A gathering in an apartment that overlooks the harbor

Gloria Chan

*Come, come sit with me,
Have some freshly made brownies
And a cup of tea.*

...

*My past mentees are now AOs
And EOs and managers and directors,
They are on their way to becoming great people,
Pillars of the society, leaders of the city.*

I looked out from his window:

Across the waters
Skyscrapers compete
In brightness and in height
In reputation and in design –
Bank of China Tower,
Cheung Kong Center,
HSBC Tower,
Two International Finance Center,
Central Plaza...

Out-shining each other
Illuminating the harbor front
Breaking the skyline
Reaching into the fog
Stretching for the turbulent stars
Against the dark hilly backdrop.

Who do you want to become?

What are you aiming for?

How do you picture yourself in ten, no, five years?

How can you contribute to this brightness

And make it a part of who you are

And place your seal firmly on this land!

...

So, what have you been doing?

I went to a two week global business conference in Germany

To discuss ways to deal with the economic crisis.

I just won first place in a case competition and am going to represent Hong Kong to compete in Singapore next month.

I am helping ex-convicts understand legal problems and integrate into The community through a program organized by the Law faculty.

I have been reading (and enjoying)

Blake, Coleridge, Hemingway,

Eliot, and Kit Fan.

How can I contribute to this brightness

And make it a part of who I am

And place my seal firmly on this land

When what I desire is not the glamorous stars.



A Turn of an Arrow
Sally Choi-ling Cheng

Hey!
Follow the rules
Stick firmly only to truth
It doesn't make you look cool
to break laws and regulations as a fool
Those who diverted from pre-designed route
are said to be failures who cannot earn enough food
Ideas differ you from majority thoughts, have to preclude
An arrow points
directions to go
It will be better
for us to follow
Life with careful
planned schedule
is easy and comfy
Yet, don't you feel
a bit dozy or weary?
Life could be funny
Life could be spicy
It wouldn't be cheesy
with a bit more UN-expectancy

The Door
Tobias Heller

The door is closed. Open it up!
The door has a window to look inside.
The door separates two worlds from each other.
The door is a symbol for many different things.
The door can be freedom, but once it is closed,
the door is a prison with you locked inside.
The door can save your life, just imagine that it's
the door of your car, after you drove into a lake.
The door has a peephole, but on the other side.
The door, secret letters are slipped under.
The door stands between lovers when they have had a fight.
The door shall be broken down, cause it is in my way.
The door should be open, so give me the keys!
The door is the entrance to where I need to go.
The door gives me shelter although I want to be brave and walk through
the door knowing you would be on the other side.
The door is a test that I need to pass.
The door prevents my sight from seeing what's behind. Though
the door is not a barrier for my thoughts, so I walk through
the door in my mind that at least one part of me is where I cannot go, hoping
the door opens up any day soon.
The door is closed, yet my head holds the key to open it up
the door is not what it used to be.



Knife

Minkyung Park

It's a world full of danger
Since the evacuation of childhood
I was holding a knife in my back
Yet I harmed no one
So far the knife is clean and sharp

A friend of mine noticed the knife
She told me to get rid of it
No I answered
It's pointless, she pointed out
Walked to the window and opened it
See? There's nothing to be afraid of
She saw a quiet old forest
I reckoned of all the dangers in that jungle
I squeezed the knife more tightly

It was still a part of me, the knife
But I started to doubt its use
Did it really keep me away from harm?
Or did it keep me away from warmth?
I looked down at my hands
Picked the knife and put it in my pocket
No one could notice it
No one ever did

The time came when I encountered
Not a danger, not a threat
But something that was alerting
Something my instinct told me it's dangerous
Yet I couldn't use the knife
I was helpless, utterly helpless
Knife is just a knife
It's me who could only be strong enough
To decide whether you're taking the risk
Or avoid it and run away

I had no choice but to withstand
It was not a danger after all
I am disarmed now
Realized, being strong is different from being armed
I know the child in me
Still wants the vague safeness coming from the knife
But no, I answered
I will walk alone
Walk all the way up alone



On the rooftop of UC Gymnasium

Hannah Wing-yee Choi

On a steely cold morning,
In the first summer maze,
We sit smoking.
In twilight, the smoke condenses.
A mist of white-washed memory.
And our beer grew lukewarm.
The air scented with a refreshing blend of mint and tobacco.
It makes one drowsy and one awake.
In deep meditation, the four dormitories asleep.

*“What do you guys want to be?” you casually asked.
“I want to be someone useful, someone who can contribute her least to
drive the change of the big machine.” She answered.*

A nod of approval, she bowed.

*“I wish I can travel to distant lands and save those who are distraught by
maladies and disappointment.” He told.*

A murmur of admiration, he smiled.

*“And I hope I can comfort all those patients who are in pains and agony.
To give my best care and concern and love” she proclaimed.*

A round of applause, she blushed.

“How about you? What’s your dream?” you asked.

I stayed silent and just sipped my beer.

*“Tell us your ambition, Conquer the world? Comfort the ills? Or save the
world from its misfortune?” you invited.*

A plop of words, I answered.

*“No, none of these are what I dream of. I have nothing substantial wishing
to accomplish. I just... I just wish to see the world and witness how the
stars and sky might change with time. I just want to be a rock in this flow of
time, staying unnoticed and getting washed away eventually.”*

A dead silence. Everyone’s in confusion.

*“That’s doesn’t sound quite humble. I am right: You are ambitious.” You
laughed.*

Sitting at the exact same place,
I grope for the memory which should have faded a long time ago.
*You are ambitious. I hear him confirming.
Yes, perhaps I am. I shrug.*

A far cry from the crowd
“Daybreak, pals. Come.”
And we cheer for the sun.

This World Is Not Enough for Us

Antony Chun-man Tam

On the day of graduation
 The reset University Mall underground is empty as usual
 Chewing-gum-green trees are sad
 Because they are not invited

Students in gowns rush to Area 39
 Somewhere we see the grey sky for the first time
 Our N95 masks are not strong enough
 To hide our fear and excitement

We release the balloons
 Red, yellow, white, and blue
 Climb as high as aeroplanes
 And fall as scraps of a star

“Withered, Everywhere, Scattered.”

“Lame balloons are these days,
 In my universe they fly like missiles.”
 The Roasted Pig shows no mercy
 He looks even bigger than any one of us

The Yellow Rubber Duck becomes bigger too
 Styrofoam walls can no longer bind him
 He crushes the Sir Richman Science Buildings
 As if he is an invincible chariot

“This World is not enough for us.”

“Come, David,
 To the Sea, we should.”
 I think I see stars sparkling in the Sea
 Or in fact it is the whole Galaxy

All Roads Must Lead Somewhere

Arlynn Alarcon

All roads must lead somewhere
 To your wildest dreams
 To a busy road
 Or to a road unwalked

Like a red balloon
 No matter which direction the wind blows
 It will land at a distance
 Moving forward from the constant

No matter the burden on a camel's back
 No matter the limitations of a fuel
 They won't be where they are today
 No, tomorrow they will be far far away

All roads must lead somewhere
 Even if you make a wrong turn
 The miles connect the dots
 To another chance of freedom

So I tell her, keep driving
 Until all the fuel is used up
 Because all roads ought to lead somewhere

SOLITUDE

We often come in solitude when we encounter the world beyond,
facing challenges on our own.

Keep My Head Down

Ivan Kong-kei Yim

A cell inside is this-e-land.
Plenty of games make no frown.
Achievement unlocked with a single hand
So just keep my head down.

A cell inside is the city
With neighbours from different towns.
The ever-changing status shows my witty and pity
So just keep my head down.

A cell inside is the wisdom.
Will I attend the ceremony in my gown
One click brings me the knowledge kingdom
So just keep my head down.

A cell inside is the world.
Me, the King I crown.
I control the way it whirls
So just keep my head down.

A cell inside is Lone.
In time I drown
With nothing but crunching bones.
I can only keep my head down.

I Know You are Listening to that Song

Kiara Sum-wing Ngai

I know you are listening to that song yesterday midnight,
 although even wandering souls seemed to be asleep.
 No it didn't ring for once, your phone.
 I know
 you are listening to that song before we meet and still,
 you are listening to it.
 I know you are listening to that song when shoulders touch, breaths
 exchanged,
 when ammonium is the only fragrance left.
 I know you are listening to that song when you did not cry at your own funeral
 because there were too many, because there was no one.
 I know you are listening to that song when you stood inside an elevator,
 the size of a decent apartment – empty, barren and absolutely awkward.
 I know you are listening to that song when your eyelids flutter open this
 morning, when your gazes met, yours and the ceiling's.
 I know you are listening to that song out of the craving for a sound within,
 faint but convincing, a piece of fond childhood memory, a drop of dew caught
 up in her hair.

I know you are listening to that song for a way out, a solution to the equation
 that math does
 not solve, a curtain to shun beeping away.
 I know you are listening to that song in search of comfort,
 your own words in between the lyrical lines, in hopes of hearing
 the beatings of a heart as your own.

Conversation With The Famished

Candace Pui-shan Cho

We sit down;
 Smile at each other.

You tell me,
 Round the clock,
 You eat.
 You munch a lot.

I ask, do you ever stop?
 “Nonstop,” you say.

You never have the sense of fullness.
 You are hungry, craving for more and more as you eat.
 Still famished no matter how much you eat.
 You call it “ability”,
 Or even “success”.

You are still smiling at me.
 The same smile, the same face.
 Yet I know behind that smile,
 There is an unceasing famine in your heart.

In the end,
 You engulf a whole bunch of men.

So are you full yet?
 You give no answer.

The spirits of the men,
 Waiting for you at the Terminals,
 Along with their children and wives,
 Cry for you!
 Do you hear?
 Run sweat, blood and tears down the city,

Do you see?

You speak no word.
You smile,
The same smile, the same face.

You have tons to eat
But you refuse to feel full.

I feel sorry for you, sir.
You shall be famished for the rest of your life.
Go on starving when you are dead.

Oblivious insidious

Rebecca Fisher

I know you are listening,
It's early, you are getting ready for work.
Flashes of famine of pain of war,
All while you loop your tie.

I know you are listening,
The hum of traffic as you read emails,
The ticking of the crossing
While you sit head down

I know you are listening,
The rustle of a folding menu, a creasing sound
You have decided,
Blocking out the wailing and letting them drown.

I know you are listening,
Headphones in ears,
Treadmills and weights
Vanity and ego, a painted veneer.

I know you are listening,
Around the table sat,
Passing salt, passing comments,
Not a thought to crisis outside the door

I know you are listening,
As you click off the light
It's the end of the day
And you have learnt nothing.

Girl with a Pearl Earring

(Allude to Vermeer's painting and Tracy Chevalier's novel)
Joyce Wing-kwan Leung

*Look out the window
and slowly turn towards me now.*

I need to capture that moment.

No, just your head,

keep your shoulders and body turned towards the window,

now stop, no, a little more, stop,

sit still and look at me.

Perfect amount of light falls on her face,

And her magnificent wide eyes glitter.

Lower your chin a bit.

The line of her cheek is beautiful.

Lick your lips, mouth slightly open, please.

Yes, this is it.

I will paint the Griet as I first saw her

And the Griet with my wife's pearl earring.

O master, o master,

I do not deserve these earrings.

I do not wear turbans.

I am your maid, I am no lady,

I am not as innocent as you think.

I should not sit here

In front of the dark wall which makes me look lighter.

I can see the New Church outside.

O master, o master,

Can you see through my tearful eyes?

Can you see my lost mind in my tilted head?

Can you feel my pain in my ears,

Which you pieced with your own hands?

I am eager to tell you, but I can't.

The Brownout

Arlynn Alarcon

Groping my way through

I try to make it to the other side

This path used to be so familiar

I could've sworn I could walk this with my eyes closed

Until the light bulb finally gave up

Then I hit something hard and stumble

But no one's there to help me up

No one can see me in this darkness

Not like when there used to be light

And guidance was a whisper away

All I have now is this candle

It burns, but the fire won't last

As I look through a mirror

It illuminates me

But all I see is a stranger

CROSSROADS

We often pause at crossroads in the middle of the journey,
pondering what to do next.

Overcoming

Morten Eisby

There was a time
When I had to stop my car
From fear of crashing, as I could not see the road ahead
The darkness of my inner eye had blinded me
And images of disease, death and cripples
Had taken over my mind

Highways and mountains in the land of the west
Was to be my battlefield
90 days of overcoming
Yet, all I could do was run away,
Away from myself, ever running

But that silver lining helped me
It took my wheels, and held me
Like a mother held a lost child

This disease of the mind,
All powerful and terrifying,
Stroke me to the ground
Dreams of cancer in my cells
Immobilised me
I could not move,
Even though that car took me fifteen thousand miles

I looked into the eyes of my saviour
Sleeping like a child in the seat next to me
I swore that I would never let her leave that seat

But one cannot trust the mind
When it is diseased
Corrupted and torn apart, like rotten fruit
I did what I promised not to do

And now I can look at the world with a healthy eye
Now, I prefer to be awake than being asleep,
My shoes are light and my mind is clear
But worst of it all is
That the one who pushed the darkness away
Is not here anymore, as I too pushed her away

Joyless, Dusky Skies
Christopher Wo-hui Tsui

I am a victim
Of self-inflicted misery.
I am a victim
Of uncontrollable desire.

Should I choose the innocence of *her* eyes,
Or the exquisite intelligence I see in *hers*?
Let me escape from this excruciating confusion
And start a new life on my own.

Lingering in fantasies,
Drowning in nostalgia.
Yet I fear of being alone.
Can you hear me cry?

I am a victim of fate
Left with joyless, dusky skies.

A Play

Christopher Wo-hui Tsui

I know this is just a play

The softness of your lips on my cheek
The warmth of your hands in mine
The tender gaze that dissolves my heart
Belong to fictional characters

But please allow me to become myself
And hold you tight once more
Before the final curtain draws

The star

Sheera Hei-ting Chan

The stars scattered in the hollow sky.
The star glittered in front of my watery eyes.
It cast a thread of light on the ground
where no streetlamps were found;
it whispered in the wordless night when no birds sang,
like the Star of Bethlehem

The eyelids of the star never closed.
They watched over the broken footprints resting on the cul-de-sac.
Drops of tears might sometimes fall from its eyes
trying to wash away the murrey specks and scars
that could only be seen from the sky.

It twinkled,
night by night,
again and again,
to give a silvery signal, or a warning,
urging my feet to shuffle a little beneath its light –
not to the front, but to the right
to cross the dead space,
so I would be safe.

The Abandoned Left

Alex Chun-yin Leung

I wake up from a blink of my eye,
wondering how I managed to reach this far.
A group of polar bears stand before me.
But I want to see penguins.
Everything seems so wrong,
yet the reality is the truth.

There is not much time left,
for my teenage is about to end.
God did not keep his promises,
for my faith is never your law.
Everything seems so wrong,
yet the truth is the reality.

My paths are long set
inside a maze,
without my knowledge,
without my permission.
A trap can never be bypassed
for you have designed it out of your childish wisdom.
My sorrow.
Your muse.

There is nothing I can do
when facing my assigned truth,
as I choose my right path to my uncertainty,
slowly, carefully but casually.
I will walk through the fire on the 17th floor,
bearing in mind that:

wisdom is the key towards your maze,
and wisdom comes from the forbidden fruit;
while gazing at the left path I abandoned,
wondering if those stairs would have led me one floor closer
to the Earth's core.



Trees

Kiara Sum-wing Ngai

You jumped.
High,
high up
Onto that hill,
The hill
You died upon.
Trunks and
Trunks of
Burnt charcoal.
You tried to
Slow it down, buy
More time since
10 years ago.
You waited,
Watered
the Soil.
And yet,
And yet,
Trees are
Nowhere
To be seen.

In the Hong Kong School

David Ki-yam Ip

In the creative writing workshop
David read out his poem:

“Misee misee, I want to pursue my dream,
Be Patrick Stewart in the famous play.’
‘No no don’t be silly,
There is no use in enjoying popularity.’

‘Misee misee, I want to pursue my dream,
Be David Beckham in the football team.’
‘No no don’t be silly,
The football playground is very chilly.’

‘Misee misee, I want to pursue my dream,
Be a Teresa Carpio under the spotlight’s beam.
‘No no don’t be silly,
The paparazzi are very scary.’

‘Misee misee, I want to pursue my dream,
Be Jamie Oliver producing the delicious cream.’
‘No no, don’t be silly,
The kitchen floor is always slippery.’

‘Oh misee! Oh misee! Then what should I do?
Business executives are simply the tycoon’s tool,
Doctors and lawyers are never cool,
Life repeats and repeats like being locked in the zoo.’

‘Dreamy Jimmy, stop that panic.
Your life has to be realistic.
We are not born to be artistic.
Striking gold is always the most terrific.’



'No no missee.
This kind of life will make me crazy.
People I meet will make me dizzy,
And I have no escape from busy.'

'Dreamy Jimmy, stop yelling like the fairy tales' giants.
Remember to hand in your assignments.
Do revise till the midnight silence.
A good public exam is your best assurance.'"

What a cynical indictment.

Can we escape it?
Can we avoid it?
Can we
Make a change?

I do not want to put on the gown

Jessica Kwun

I do not want to put on the gown
because it is too big.
Last week, I saw Miley Cyrus on TV
and I thought she was cute.

Natalie is watching the Disney Channel at home.
I am Winnie the Pooh and she is the Mickey Mouse.
Harry Potter is not fighting with Voldemort —
he is hanging around with Ron and Hermione.

Honestly, I do want to try — I'll put on the gown.
I want to be adored, of course,
and I would like to have a pair of red high- heels please.
Kaka is trying hard to mount on them.

These are my favorite collections:

A stands for animation,
B for bracelet, and
C, of course, is comb.

I know I have to endure the pain that day and ever after.
I am a Louis Vuitton because there are many small things inside me.
Chanel No.5 smells like cigarette that can be addictive.
The tree is asked to stay strong in storms.

If he is talking playfully,

then I will laugh all the best I can.
This morning, I had espresso,
and this evening, I will have red wine to go with the steak.

The gown is there waiting for me.
I have no choice but to say "cheese" to the camera there.

Ju Ming's *Gate of Wisdom*

Joyce Wing-kwan Leung

Carrying three reference books in my hands
And two others in my backpack.
Walking out of the library
I suddenly noticed how huge and dark the sculpture is.
Great blocks of copper, fighting each other,
Standing before me, overlooking me.

I have been told in the first week of my first year:
“Walk through that sculpture,
And you might not graduate.”

I can hear people demming-beat in the square,
I can see couples feeding each other lunch on the benches,
I can feel the sun pressing on my forehead.

I stand in front of the great sculpture
Questioning
What happens if I pass through?
What is on the other side?
Would Shakespeare and reference books help me cross the boundary?
Or would they keep me standing on this side?

EXPERIENCE

We often look back to our previous selves,
becoming more mature and experienced.

Growing Path

Ivan Kong-kei Yim

20 years ago,
 You were a little puppy.
 You saw the sounds,
 You smelled the colours,
 And you heard the world.

14 years ago,
 You were a growing kitty.
 Your curiosity still stayed,
 “*Please me*”, you must say
 As you were the centre.

7 years ago,
 You were one of the wolf pack.
 You learned the ideas that were abstract
 The same you shall act
 Under the irresistible pact.

A moment ago,
 You felt like you were a lonely tiger
 When you were lying on bed.
 You expelled these from your head
 “*Since it is time to win my bread.*”

A moment later,
 You will be a money-maker or whatsoever.
 There is no way to change,
 As you are the sole killer
 Of your creativity of strange.

The flavours in my pot

Morten Eisby

Years have passed since I started
 Frying, boiling and slicing
 All the flavours in my pot

The taste changes
 From bitter to sweet
 From sour to salty

I go to the market everyday to find new ingredients
 Vegetables, meats and spices
 Red wine, extra large shirts, the beating heart of my girls
 The sweet smell of quotes from Nietzsche and Wilde
 A little bit of determinism
 Billy Wilders films
 Elephants marching to the sound of my mother smiling
 The morning breeze from the great dark ocean

I put it all in
 And I keep stirring
 Fairy tales from Arabia, speeding tickets from Oregon
 The flavour of first kisses from blonde girls
 The sight of roses in bloom and dead cows in the side of the road
 “*West side story*” on my TV and I can’t complain about my grammar
 Also, Jack Kerouac’s kidney will be good in this soup

My pot can never be filled and I keep filling it with flavours
 The sound of truth in the Mediterranean sea
 The very last dance with that girl (You know, that girl!)
 My family dying, slowly and with no complaints
 All the books I open
 Such as Proust and Verne in the towers of Paris
 All the words I see
 Tangled up in blue, blowing slowly in the wind
 I put it all in my pot, slowly cooking

I put it all in
The love I don't want to have
The places I read about, but have not smelled
The showers I have taken and the showers I will take
The walks through the city and everything my eyes have seen
I put it all in
And I keep stirring
Body and mind getting older
As I wash my bones in the water under the bridge
The flavours change everyday
The flavours in my pot

Clocks keep ticking (Based on Dali's painting)

Karla Torres

Sentenced to death penalty,
Like a heart beat
The clocks are ticking

Memories and dreams start to collide
Losing the sense of consciousness
Faded memories burned to dust

Desperate persistent
Reminding you to remember
Fighting to not wake up and face reality
Breathing becomes painful and pulse slows down
The clocks keep ticking
As time melts down.

1. The Burning of The Alive

December is the holiest month, celebrating
 Money out of the account, spending
 Greed and statuses, fawning
 Deceptive faces with indifferent looks
 Winter kept us cold, gossiping
 Earth in melting snow, warming
 A pathetic life with stupid jokes
 Poor Prometheus, the prey of eagle
 Had been punished, nevertheless
 Is known to be the friend of mankind
 With the stolen spark of fire
 What a gift, what a gift
 Gave mankind a civilization lift
 But wait a minute,
 Is that it?
 Fire, the double-edged sword,
 Maybe, it's a punishment from our Lord.

2. The Garden of Eden

Apple, the untouchable
 Steve Jobs made it possible
 No one shows up without a bitten Apple
 Typing...Typing...
 No one should be talking
 All heads down,
 Until someone is in her wedding gown,
 Typing "Yes, I do"
 And others remain oh so cool
 Typing...Typing...
 Will Jesus come to our rescue again?
 I don't know, we don't know

But the answer is probably no.

3. One city, two worlds

Food paradise for the rich
 Grassroots out of reach
 Empty castles, crowded holes
 Off limit for tourists' soles
 Howling in grief, nobody knows
 Officials corrupting, evidence shows
 Zillion voices, radical noises
 Some say brain-washing
 I say identity acknowledging
 Complaints a lot, rectification a jot

The Power of A Dollar

Ben Otfinoski

Ever exchanging,

Ever growing.

Alone it is depressingly anemic, solitarily meaningless.

However, when piled high, towering above our maples and morals

It becomes a voracious beast, swelling, bulging, bloated.

Bubble Burst.

Paper or plastic?

It takes a village to raise a child, but it takes a strip mall to raze a village.

This is the power of a dollar.

Lie in life

Sheera Hei-ting Chan

‘Childhood is the kingdom where nobody dies.’

Adulthood is the era when all humans lie.

People affirm the right from wrong
and their dignity will then grow strong.

When the “A+” on the paper shines,
the child is promised to be brought to Thai.
to expose his half-naked body
under the sunshine.

He ends up spending half day
at the local seaside.

The kid sighs and says, “daddy, you lie!”
begging for explanations with the crying eyes.
Illusion!

This is not a trick
but a truth
which is modified.

‘Don’t you still have fun in “TIDE”
when the sun rises?’

Who’s gonna cure this confused mind?

It is little but thinks big.

Maybe time and tide
will be his guide.

The teen sighs and says, “daddy you lie!”
challenging the plausible reason with the doubtful eyes.

Insane!

This is not a trick
but a tactic
to survive.

This is the nature of all mankind.

Composition

Kent Kin-wai Chu

A scale
Is to compare the ocean with a puddle.

A note
Is to buy a toy you like.

A pitch
Is a way to throw a ball.

A bar
Is a place you buy a drink.

A beat
Is a signal of your heart.

A key
Is a tool to unlock your door.

A line
Is words you read in a play.

A score
Is to show whether you gain the upper hand.

A sheet
Is to cover your body when you sleep.

And they all make music.

REMEMBRANCE

And the moments and the people that changed our lives
will become our eternal remembrances.

Remembering Twenty First of December, 2012

Candace Pui-shan Cho

My soul is wandering in a garden.
Edenic, beautiful, and familiar.
I carefully listen
To the melodies of the wind whispering in my ears.
“Dear, do not believe in what they say about today.”
The sparkling glitters on the river tell me not to forget this special day.

The sick rose had died long ago
And I shall cease to lament its long-deserved death.
Then I behold a vibrant, red rose
Springing, taking away my breath.
I’ve found the rose that will never wither
But will only grow fairer and fairer.

Rumour has been wide spread
That today the world will end.
And something may eternally remain unsaid.
But when you hold my hand,
My crippled heart beats again.
You promise me that there will be no more pain.

Have faith, you say.
Embrace the future days filled with sunlight.
Rough wind cannot sway
Roses of ours from growing with delight.
Yesterday’s hardest storm is all over.
You promise me sunlight for our roses forever.

I was in the darkest world of death,
But an angel has come to rescue me.
I could hear the birds sing to celebrate my rebirth.
So calm, so free!
I am now whole
With my body, heart and soul.

My vision becomes clear.
I now have a heart that beats.
I know there will be no more tears
From the moment you gave me the sweetest kiss.
It is the beginning of my world;
The beginning of our world.

A Sonnet

Rebecca Fisher

Across the dark room, it's hard not to see
Bambi eyes under beautiful lashes,
Bright blue iris, iridescent flashes.
A focused gaze, you are staring at me

I didn't want it, but you set me free
Around you, without you, my world crashes.
Such a vibrant world, all turned to ashes.
A double edged sword, how happy could we be?

It's not been easy, with so much heartbreak
Betrayal, mistrust, I always went wrong
I do not know if I can make it right

Smiles, looks perhaps, but my love is not fake.
Pain and suffering was endured too long
I have been stupid , you are my light

Boston's Marathon

Karla Torres

A runner passes
A camera shoots
The crowd rejoices
Normalcy embraces the day
At the cusp of its change

A second contains peace
the next disperses chaos
The gaiety of the moment
sours in an instant

The cheers turn to screams
Dust covers the air
Confusion replaces normality
Reality succumbs to a nightmare

A second changes with a bang
The world is altered in a flash.

The hallway

Kelvin Ka-wai Lee

Soccer boots everywhere,
 Clean or with mud,
 New or with scratches,
 A pair or alone,
 Just scattering around.
 An old wooden skateboard.
 4 wheels, little plastic wheels,
 Never leaves the hallway, not under our will.
 Bags and pullovers, bottle of beers,
 All our belongings,
 Ended up in there.
 This narrow hallway,
 Route to our era,
 By the time we are home,
 We would leave our memory and tears.

The Visit

Gloria Chan

In the depth of the nights
 I find myself
 In a deserted little hut.
 The dust on the wooden plank floor lay
 Inches thick,
 The boards creak slightly
 As my light footsteps touch and go
 Gently, towards the light switch
 In the dark empty place.
 With a small click, the room is bathed
 In a warm pale glow.

Then I see you there.

I have tried praying before, blinded by terror –
 “Please, leave me alone! Amen Amen Amen!”
 I have watched you leave before, shaken by disbelief –
 Disappearing silently into the echoes of the valleys.

Now here you are again.
 Standing next to the backdoor:
 The light behind it shines brighter
 Than the room’s pale glow.

I am no longer scared,
 I walk towards you and you slowly turn the doorknob:
 A field of sweet yellow chrysanthemums greets us
 On a little mountaintop.
 Skies blue, clouds white, grass green, flowers yellow.
 We step out into the sunshine,
 Feeling its warmth on our smiling faces.

Picking a chrysanthemum, I place it in your hair –
 You already have one put there.
 Your eyes fill with tears.

I just want to tell you that we all love you.

The Symphony

Ben Otfinoski

She was my true love.
 Not that met-on-spring-break-in-Florida-after-a-few-cups-of-jungle-juice
 Kind of love.
 No, not that at all.
 She was my heart, wrapped in a Snuggie, scratching my head with a smile
 Kind of love.

She was the shell to my soft body.
 She was the girl I would look at. No, more like marvel at...
 And just know.
 She was the laughter I loved to hear,
 She was the silence I loved to hang around.

She always knew how to smell like no other girl I had ever smelled.
 And she had perfect hair. I'll never find someone with perfect hair again...
 She always made me feel dangerous, feel alive, but always kept me myself.
 It was like she knew how to stir up my best while maintaining my boring
 ingredients.

Now she is just like a full moon in the rear view.
 A memory in the mirror that starts to hurt if I stare for too long.
 It's better to have loved and lost...

Every beautiful symphony played too soon
 Must hit a sour note and end.

Feng Shui

Nalanda Barber

I had been to dance performances before.

(Yes, I'm cultured.)

But these were not dancers;
 they were

wind
 water
 light
 silk
 fans
 red drums
 sound and movement and air
 all tied up in
 harmonious
 being.

And so,
 because I couldn't breathe for the words
 in their limbs

(poetry incarnate.)

I'm writing a poem about it.
 Somehow, though, my pen isn't as graceful.

Maybe I'll leave poetry to dancers, and stop.

Beautiful, blushing, bride-to-be.
I'm not quite ready to let her go yet.

Here comes the bride . . .
(big fat and wide . . .)
And dressed in brilliant, wonderful white.
(slipped on a banana peel and went for a ride . . .)

For now, she is
transformed back into my
Little Sister.
Just as pretty but twice as young
without it.

Chaque fois quand je te vois, je pleure.

I miss the floating white smoke of your cigarette.
I miss the tepid light of the rising sun on your bed.
I miss the apple sweet perfume on your shirt
I miss the heavy breaths of you in the dark cinema.

Je suis perdu, tous les jours, tous les soirs.

I find myself wandering in the CD shop, humming slow Chopin like you.
I find myself sitting in the café, sipping hot cappuccino like you.
I find myself riding a tram, facing the cool evening wind like you.
I find myself walking on the beach, wetting my feet like you.

Je vais m'enter, comme ça.

I will bury myself near the bus stop, and become a tree.
I will let my branches grow towards the sky.

Someday in the rain you will come to the bus stop.
Someday in the rain I will protect you with my arms.



“墨龍圖 (Dragon in Ink)”
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Department of Fine Arts
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