

# Cu Writing in English

-Volume XIII/2014-



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

-Volume XIII/2014~

# Preface /

It seems strange, but a creative awakening can be found in the bright glare of a small classroom, at 8:30 am on a Monday—a setting otherwise known as the antithesis of the greenhouse of inspiration. But that was how many of us started writing. Poetry, something that had been generally reserved for dead faces and lecture halls, suddenly became something intimate, something ours. This was how many of the poems in this collection came to be—none of us published writers, but all of us with something to say, a story to tell, an experience to share, in that small classroom in Li Shau Kee Building on a Monday morning.

In this year's edition of CU Writing, we invite you to walk with us through our search for meaning and understanding in our lives. The poems here are divided into two categories, 'questions' and 'answers', to reflect that universal search for growth and identity. It is by questioning and seeking answers that we grow; thus, our poems also take on this vacillation between questioning and answering, searching and finding. In this push and pull of understanding, we transition into different stages of life. Yet, there is always something that anchors us in our changes. It can be a realization of who we are, which anchors our views of the world; it can be as simple as a can of coffee, which anchors our memories of the past. Therefore, each section can also be separated into the categories of 'transitions' and 'anchors'—transitions, for the growth we gain while asking questions, and anchors, for the answers we get that anchor us in our metamorphosis.

The words of Mr. Keating, played by the late Robin Williams, sum up our endeavour here eloquently:

“We don't read and write poetry because it's cute. We read and write poetry because we are members of the human race, and the human race is filled with passion. And medicine, law, business, engineering, these are noble pursuits and necessary to sustain life. But poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for. To quote from Whitman, “O me! O life!... of the questions of these recurring; of the endless trains of the faithless... of cities filled with the foolish; what good amid these, O me, O life?”

Answer: that you are here; that life exists, and identity; that the powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse; that the powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse. **What will your verse be?**”

We are not accomplished writers, but we have written these words. They were true for us, and we hope that they were true for you, too.

Natalie Liu  
Harriet Lai  
Sharon Ho  
Editors

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Questions  
//  
//  
//  
Transitions

“I don’t know where I’m going, but I’m on my way.”  
— Carl Sandburg, *Incidentals*



**These are Photographs of Me***Law Mei Ling*

An apple on a tree  
 Falls with gravity  
 A fish in a pond  
 Three seconds of memory  
 An empty train on rail  
 Unknown destiny

**Playmates***Cecilia Yau*

You can't water a teddy  
 Like you can't paint the grass pink  
 I eat the cake before it cools  
 Watch the clock, or you'll be late for school

Joey is building a silver castle  
 I leave my noodles on the table  
 But flower is my friend

My tiger howls whenever the lightning strikes  
 I watch the rabbit flash his shiny teeth  
 And my nose wrinkles with joy

We scream as the fairy comes through the door  
 My tooth is in the bubble pool  
 So you may climb the slides

**These are photographs of me***Rowena Chiu*

Look down the shadows  
 of my body,  
 slow-paced.

Lights spark,  
 beams chase each other  
 like dancers.

Bare trunk collects  
 the rings  
 in my wheyface.

**A Boat***Crystal Lau*

For the first time  
 I met so many ships  
 They came to me, saying  
 "We are all the same"  
 But I see their engines  
 I see their armor

I sailed to the center  
 The waves hit me hard  
 The rain splashed on me  
 The storm roared at me  
 They watched me tilt  
 They teased me

For the first time  
 I knew what Darwin meant  
 I made my way through storm

The shore seemed close  
 I could already feel the breeze  
 I could already see the soft sand  
 One final paddle  
 was all I needed

I reached land  
 It was not breeze,  
 but another tornado  
 It was not sand,  
 but quicksand  
 It was no safe harbor,  
 but another battlefield.

I was such a little boat.

**In Celebration of my 21st Birthday***Jenny Ng*

3  
 2  
 1

now that I am twenty-one  
 chilling out seems so fun!  
 ready to meet my buddies  
 Cathy, Kitty, or Suzie Li?  
 "Stay, and don't be drunk."  
 "Study, and don't you flunk."

in my mother's eyes I didn't really grow,  
 no different from that cute five-year-old,  
 who screamed at night from a nightmare  
 of the neighbouring dog's bark and glare.  
 She gently patted my back and whispered  
 "Girl, do not panic 'cause Mommy is here."

and I have forgotten for how many years I treated my mum as a total stranger.  
 "Hey mom, I won't be home for dinner, my friend Lucy has no meal partner."  
 "Let me heat the soup for you—you should sleep earlier after your shower."  
 "No thank you, I'm full from pizza so just leave the soup on the counter."  
 "My dear, your gift. Isn't it fair to spare some time for Daddy and Mommy?"  
 The gift—a Barbie cake once loved; happy birthday to me. I owe you a sorry.

**Half Done***Teresa Lam*

Squeezing myself into the rush hour crowd,  
 I am curious to know if it is going to rain soon.  
 I hope not, my arms are too weak  
 To bear the burden of an umbrella.

I saw recent photos of you on Facebook,  
 You look amazing with that short turquoise hairdo.  
 I wonder if Boston is still snowing.

The guitar has been hibernating for months,  
 I guess it is prime time to play it for a while.  
 But how am I to begin without you strumming the intro?

This song was half done, by us,  
 So So So La So.  
 I begin to feel worried about forgetting this half, of us,  
 So So So La So?

**Coffee is Not My Friend***Junie Yip*

I take a sip from the cup.  
     Eyes shut,  
     taste buds wait for  
 the invasion of foreign bitterness.

Gulp.

Coffee,  
 how I wish we have never met?

I stare at the frozen page.  
     Fingers tremble,  
     heart quivers under  
 the reign of intrusive stimulant.

Defeated.

Coffee,  
 how I wish we have never met?

**Days and Nights at the MTR***Cherry Hung*

I know you are struggling to trace the scent after you smell the same scent of shampoo in the MTR compartment, but you simply do not have enough space to move.

I know you are struggling to hold the handrail but in that split second when the train stops abruptly, you cannot, and you only feel a great force of pressure from the army of passengers at the far end of the train.

I know you are struggling to stop swaying by balancing yourself but the hem of a lady's coat is all you can grab.

I know you are struggling to avoid eye contact with the other people just 20 centimeters away, so you take out your smart phone and pretend that you have a very important e-mail to check.

I know you are struggling to make your act more real but the damn data is so slow that your phone only shows an empty page, and you cannot possibly stare at a blank page for more than 10 seconds or you will look like an idiot.

I know you are struggling to focus on what you are doing but the beautiful young girl standing next to you catches your attention and you think to yourself, "we are probably at the same age, why am I not like her?"

I know you are struggling to enjoy the music from your high quality earphones because the Mainland tourists are talking loudly about how they patronize the Hong Kong people with the luxury goods and milk formula they buy.

I know you are struggling to avoid falling into the gap because you immediately lean on the glass and close your eyes like a zombie after you get on the train.

I know you are struggling to shut your ears and wonder if you are look that stupid to the MTR staff when they announce, eating or drinking is not allowed on trains, or in paid areas of stations; please hold the hand rail, don't keep your eyes only on the mobile phone.

I know you are struggling to move your hand away from warmth of the lady's hip in a crowded train because you are afraid of being accused of sexual harassment.

I know you are struggling to stop yourself from defending Kim Soo-hyun when you overhear some passengers discussing how rubbish is his acting in You Who Came from the Stars.

I know you are struggling to walk to the MTR platform of Kowloon Tong Station as fast as possible, but deep down in your heart you feel lucky that you are still a student so you still have a little control over the pace of your life, not like the office ladies who walk past you in their tall clicking heels.

**In the room of my own***Cherry Ma*

There is no hurry. Gently let me down.  
Slip away without turning around.  
Leave not a trace. I do partings well.

A part of me has withered away,  
The remaining part has grown older  
On this wintry day.

Parting tastes like a loose milk tooth,  
A childhood on the tip of my tongue, with a tint  
Of rust that lingers and stains my spit.

Many a night I will stare  
Into the silent spaces.  
I shall not loiter long. I do partings well.

**Nostalgia***Catherine Wu*

My nostalgia  
In the sounds of rain outside the window  
slowly goes out.

At the tip of sparks of the cigarette's end  
It grows into a plume of smoke  
scatters silently.

And on the messy desk nearby  
It condenses into  
half a bottle of remaining alcohol.

My nostalgia  
Falls into a bottomless well  
In its darkest shadows  
rouse the deepest ripples.

**I Always Wonder Why***Savannah Yam*

I always wonder why,  
birds stay in the same place  
when they can fly  
anywhere on the earth.

Then I ask myself the same question.

I always wonder why,  
girls lock themselves in a golden cage  
with high-heels and handbags  
when they know they can shine  
everywhere with their pens and ink.

I always wonder why,  
I have to stay in the tiny little cage,  
curling and pleasing everyone.

I always wonder why,  
Terrible scornful looks of mine,  
captured in the photo.

And there is always an anonymous red bird  
beside me.

I always wonder why...

**Conflicts***Leanne Chu*

4. she threw away Barbie doll  
and built a truck with Legos.
6. she yelled rudely at him  
and hid his bag in the girls' washroom.
8. she cut her hair short  
and joined the basketball team.
10. she became a school prefect  
and earned many prizes.
12. she smirked at their heavy makeup  
and whistled "Hotel California".
14. she bought herself a skateboard  
but her father threw it away.
16. she wrote her first love letter  
but it was torn into pieces.
18. she wanted to become a carpenter  
but her parents did not support her.
20. she met a boy who owed a restaurant  
but their chats often stopped after 10 seconds.
22. she wore a dress and looked into the mirror  
but did not see herself.



**Red Sap***Waylin Yu*

Gone once again  
 Up to the mountain, down to the village  
 Off to visit an old tree  
 The same type that produced red sap  
 Used for sustenance, varnish, adhesive  
 To nourish, smother, bond the People  
 The sap my aunt was forced to harvest in her youth

She went on to become a teacher  
 At an institution, not a school of thought  
 The only class struggle was in the form of equations  
 It was here she cultivated her pupils  
 Teaching them One did not equal all  
 That "rusticated" did not always equal "educated"

Her younger brother followed  
 At a young age, a paramount leader told him he had two hands  
 And gave him a plot of land next to an old tree  
 In exchange for his hands  
 As to not laze about in the city

Unable to understand how something shared could be given or received by one man  
 He asked a farmer for guidance  
 Who went on to ask his fellow commune members  
 The proletariat could not provide an answer but offered to buy his land instead  
 He sold it, tree and all, in exchange for books

Up on the mountain, I wondered  
 What the Madame actress would have called them  
 Most likely a ghost word: "bourgeoisie"  
 That isn't rooted in the soil  
 Only engraved into the bark

When I arrived, it was too late  
 The tree was uprooted  
 The trunk cut, stacked, and shipped  
 All that was left was the bottom  
 Trunk connected to roots, upturned  
 Fanning from East to West indiscriminately  
 A cross-section revealed 5000 rings

Below, a Great hurdle of scarred land and snaking green  
 Separating me from the city over yonder  
 A farmer old enough to be my father called out, asking if I'm lost  
 I did not answer, unsure

**Words***Natalie Liu*

When I was five I surrendered  
 the language I held by right.  
 I traded their clattering syllables  
 for the resin-smooth words  
 of ghost-white faces and gun-metal ships.  
 I took the education they brought and breathed it in,  
 forced the smokey language down my throat,  
 and laughed to see the rolling syllables in my breath.  
 My mouth, stuffed full of undulating sounds,  
 is my own, yet not my own.  
 I threw away my inheritance  
 for castoffs from another land,  
 traded it with silver from my coffers  
 and bowed the invaders through my doors.  
 Now my language is slippery in my fingers,  
 the square syllables cut the insides of my mouth,  
 and when I speak, I bleed changeling blood.

**An Infinite Journey***Harriet Lai*

My brain is made of glue  
 nothing comes out  
 disgusting disaster and  
 confusion everywhere----

I see some birds fly over the hill  
 where are they going?  
 can they arrive their destination on this  
 blue planet?  
 I know, an angelfish withers when she  
 swims over the ocean  
 they can never hear the applause

I cannot swim  
 and what if I do not know where I am  
 travelling to?

the journey has just started  
 such a perfect container of struggles and  
 ambivalence and constipation

there is no lamp post, not even light  
 voices stir into the glue--  
 "based on me, and create your way"

There are too much whirlpools  
 and there are always eagles  
 where is the strength  
 to rescue myself from drowning?

use an axe to make an axe  
 not easy  
 never been comfortable  
 like splitting my soul

I thought I could be Shelley  
 probably I am only Frankenstein  
 or probably  
 other possibilities.

**This poet 斯人***Peggy Sou*

斯人 非 詩人  
 This poet is no poet  
 This poet is a beast  
 In wilderness he dwells  
 In the darkness he yells

斯人 非 詩人  
 This poet is no poet  
 This poet is a breeze  
 In grassland he breeds  
 In farmland he sows seeds

斯人 非 詩人  
 This poet is no poet  
 This poet is a wit  
 With experience he teaches  
 With intelligence he preaches

斯人 非 詩人  
 This poet is no poet  
 This poet is a kid  
 With innocence he wanders  
 With patience he ponders

斯人 非 詩人  
 This poet is no poet  
 This poet is a creed  
 For people in him believe  
 For nature through him retrieve

斯人 非 詩人  
 This poet is no poet  
 This poet is a weed  
 For everything everywhere he exists  
 For nothing nowhere he omits

斯人 非 詩人  
 This poet is no poet  
 斯人 非 詩人  
 This poet is no poet

**Sometimes I forget my name***Crystal Lau*

Sometimes I forget my name  
 When they call me daughter  
 they give me food  
 When they call me lady  
 they give me a seat

“Which one would you like to wear today?”  
 Obedience, conformity, deception  
 The mask must not fall off  
 Tears will glue it well

I look into the mirror,  
 Who do I see  
 Who am I looking at  
 Who are you

The person in the mirror answers,  
 “I am you,  
 I am your best friend”

Sometimes I forget my name,  
 but who else remembers?

**Does not complete***Leanne Chu*

I search through an empty room,  
 hoping not to find.  
 Indeed, the absence of an object –

A book that entertains, enlightens;  
 A book that ensues from our unfinished conversation  
 but does not complete.

It comforts a heart as a heart crosses the strait;  
 It strengthens a soul as a soul is dearly  
 missed.

**If on a winter's night, a traveller***Catherine Wu*

Like walking into the fields of wilderness  
 I wandered into a strange night  
 The stars forgot to shine  
 The moon hid behind the clouds  
 A tune of my favorite song  
 approached from the mystic distance

That was a grief-tinted  
 little side track from a film  
 With its influence  
 I felt like encountering a stranger or an acquaintance  
 or hearing the night wind weeping upon the fields

But on this winter's night  
 nothing actually happened.  
 Only myself lingering on the corner of the street  
 idly listening to my favorite song  
 waiting until morning came.

**A stranger on a lazy afternoon***Yan Wing Hang*

Splashes of colour  
 the setting sun  
 Shadows casted on the wall  
 colour of crayons  
 Arms crossed  
 tanned against a cluster  
 of red untamed love  
 Face tilted to the side  
 masked in a halo of light  
 The sky is ablaze  
 with streaks of lurid pomegranate  
 And burning with such passion  
 that tells a story I've dearly known  
 is the heart of a stranger.

**Starry Night***Bowie Wong*

The blue is swirling  
 In the sky  
 Shining, blinking  
 Listening to my heart  
 It beats so fast  
 And then so slow  
 Peacefully rests in my arm  
 And in brushes  
 I paint  
 The stars  
 See!  
 They start to glow  
 Brighter and brighter  
 Until dying out  
 Disappearing in the darkness  
 And the blue is getting dim  
 Dissolving into the small huts along the hills  
 Falling  
 Never shining again

**A pane of glass***Sy Wang Hin*

I pressed my hands upon glass.  
 It was winter on the other side.

Children roamed the snowing streets,  
 young couples watched the stars above,  
 an old man smiled at his long, happy life.

Out of these, a curious face came closer,  
 a young man enjoying the flowers of youth.  
 He looked into my eyes, curious, fascinated,  
 and waved for his friends to come.

“Sarge, time to go!”

The teenager is now the reflection of a weary soldier.  
 The snowy street a burning image.

I turned and walked away.

**Contempt***Law Mei Ling*

(How do you feel today?)

The world is black and white, sometimes grey, sometimes.

(How do you feel today?)

We see hatred, we hear  
Voices of contempt, we smell  
Corrupted rust.

(How do you feel today?)

The Emperor's New Clothes is in vogue  
With deer dressing up like horses  
Workers flattering their bosses.

(How do you feel today?)

As attention could not be raised from a march,  
I am building a spaceship to Mars.

(Pretentious fool, my ship is full)

**Click to Like***Sy Wang Hin*

I liked  
your post  
yesterday  
about the pancakes that you ate  
honey and chocolate sauce atop.  
Unrest at Ukraine a link to it  
I took. Riots then a coup d'etat,  
today, Russia sends its troops.  
Fresh off the headlines, an  
editor chopped six times at his  
back. Sign the petitions, liked.  
Let's get back to the pancakes.

**Ghosts***Terry Chung*

Balls of pearl rolling in the curry sea  
The squid sizzle on the barbecue  
Echoing with the snips from the beef cutter  
Smells of garlic, onion and the iconic stinky tofu flamingo across the streets  
Encouraging workers who just came off from night shifts  
Bringing bowls and bowls of cornucopia  
And some cheap warmth to home

走鬼呀 (Ghosts! Flee!)

The shout ripped this perfect harmony  
Hide-and-seek is more exciting at night among adults  
The ghosts do not only chase and catch but also crash and crumble  
Fish balls suffocate on the cement floor  
Bovine and swine organs lay dead in corners covered in dirt  
Red sweet sauce splashed on the ground bloodily  
Right, something is dead, part of Hong Kong

They say they are dirty  
(Only if a fat belly is an illness)  
They say they are obstructive  
(Only if you count ghosts as well at midnight)  
They say they are illegal  
(Only when the lawmakers are friends with chain stores)

I wish all ghosts would flee

**Learning to Love Hong Kong***Jenny Ng*

Because it has no pirated kung-fu movies.  
 Because the Victoria Harbour divides Hong Kong Island and Kowloon Peninsula.  
 Because the water of the Harbour is contaminated  
 and because the Victoria Park is more loved than the Harbour.

Because we all look forward rather than backward.

Because I wander in the countryside  
 I have seen splendid bauhinia flowers  
 And azaleas bloom in June and July.

Because my thoughts intertwine with my movements  
 My dream with the gold it floats  
 My anxiety with my sweat

Because I fold my arms at the gateway to Lo Wu

Because I have stared at my mother at arm's length  
 Because she is a well-off Chinese warehouse  
 Because I blushed when my siblings invited me to reunion dinner  
 Because they persuaded with insincerity

Because to have your roots is to have a family  
 Because my mother will provide me with unbearable amounts of pocket money  
 Because brothers love to be fed and shaded while I resist

Because it is risky and too risky to share her pride  
 Because it is a threat

**Learning to Love Hong Kong***Vicki Chan*

Because it was a special harbor, said my History teacher  
 Because it is an International Financial Centre, said my Economics teacher  
 Because it is a place with beautiful mountains, said my Geography teacher

Since there are warm reminders of no pollution beside the polluted harbor  
 Since there are kind mainlanders supporting us financially out of charity  
 Since there are shopping malls replacing the mountains

Since we cut down trees to write "Be green" on papers

Since it is decided by China to be different from China

Since loving Hong Kong means loving me, said China  
 Since you must love me if I love you, said China  
 I want you so much that I want to own you  
 So you have to love me,  
 Said China

Since it was where I was born to be the future hope  
 Since people said I should as I will be the future hope  
 Since I need to,  
 Because I am the future hope  
 Of Hong Kong



**Words in a Book***Fok Hiu Tung*

Once you  
 upon a time brought it  
 you browsed the shelf into the schoolbag,  
 a pair of pink eyes popped out above the toilet and on buses  
 it was the white rabbit who froze you and you hid it under the blanket at midnight  
 asked you to unwrap secrets underground with eyeballs following its neat footprints  
 you held it in your palm to feel its weight across the spotlessly white fields where  
 and stroked its fur to and fro with fingers you then jumped down the rabbit hole to  
 to view adventures ahead in kaleidoscope embrace unsolvable riddles and croquets  
 but the journey had already been embarked and stand on your head to view the world  
 its prelude penetrated your mind like drapery after the journey, you laid the rabbit aside  
 rolling down to you for you to walk up to dusting the shelf, you are enchanted again  
 with the smell of wood, carbon and soil yet its suit torn and wrinkled as years went  
 you brought your tour guide home not vigorous enough to be your comrade  
 raised its arm and clothed it you could not dream the same  
 in the see-through still, you put it at your  
 armour suit bedside

**Words in an Electronic Book***Fok Hiu Tung*

I barely know the secrets of your code  
 yet I unfold and add meaning to them  
 So line up properly for my inspection  
 "Pack tight" so I can see most of the troops  
 I don't care if you are like sardines  
 "Spread" so I can mark each one  
 Or if your head or feet are cut off  
 arms and  
 legs stretched

let me reduce, reduce and reduce your size  
 You think you are more prominent than others, huh?  
 clothe you in red or splash a can of yellow paint over you

You?  
 a word  
 only

**A temporary wound***Lo Pui Shan*

My dear, it doesn't matter. I began to like the places we had visited.  
 It is just a wound, I had thought you are different,  
 Like the ones I used to have. But for some reason you had to be different.  
 The city has too much of you and me.

My dear, don't fear I'll be hurt. Retreat was my way to go,  
 Gaze at me not with your glistening eyes. When it was the easiest one.  
 Consolation is no good to me. And thus I was out.

Rushed, turned and stumbled. My dear, believe me, it is just a wound.  
 In the maze, I moved forward, My dear, don't take it seriously,  
 Lost and forgotten. For I've been long used to this.

I was glad to have you in my life, when  
 Your eyes uplifted mine. Then,

**To: 1/F-orever Block-ed Heart***Peggy Sou*

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,

How many letters can a letter enclose?  
 How much love can a profession of love disclose?

Can stamps stamp my heart?  
 Can weighs weight your art?

When sealed shall friendship be sealed?  
 When unsealed will eternity be unsealed?

Sweetly encased my sweetly  
 Dearly embraced my deary

Wishful wish  
 Prayerful prayer

Reply me  
 thy Reply

With Love  
 Signed

I

**Yuanyang***Terry Chung*

Clank!  
 My cold yuanyang arrived  
 earlier than he did  
 It was the first time he was late

He loved to date me at this sort of antique cha chaan teng  
 saying, "even the lights exude the taste of Happy Together"  
 I always wondered  
 how could a Hong Kong restaurant be like Argentina  
 but I knew your reply:  
 feelings can't be explained.  
 Right, life was too hard to be explained  
 I sipped my yuanyang  
 and closed my eyes  
 as if I could hear your voice again,  
 "The right amount of bitterness from coffee  
 brewing with creaminess of the milk and fragrance of the tea  
 it is more intoxicating than wine  
 who dares speak of disharmony anymore?"

Hiss  
 My phone shook  
 shining five words  
 "my dad found us out"  
 I inhaled, hard  
 haven't yet exhaled to receive the next shake  
 Hiss  
 "it is our end"

I stirred mechanically  
 come and go, come, and go  
 Milk tea and coffee had been blended long ago  
 even the ice cubes had dissolved into nothingness  
 diluted the original bronze  
 this color sucks

Suddenly  
 I wished I could just be Ho Po-Wing, saying  
 "Let's start over"  
 Yet, we did not have a foreign place to consume our years  
 nor were our lives directed by Wong Kar-wai  
 We were just two powerless –  
 "Mum, What is Yuanyang?"  
 "Coffee with milk tea. Also a pair of birds, a boy and a girl, which make a pair."

Rumble, rumble.  
 The vexing sound of the ranch hood crept into my ears  
 But I was not vexed  
 Right now  
 I wish I could be a buff of smoke  
 go with  
 the  
 wind.

**Hide and Seek***Christa Lam*

We used to play Hide and Seek,  
 No exception this time.  
 You are an expert at this game,  
 In a second you disappear.

Shadows fall; your residue scent fades away.  
 Counting from ten, your legs can no longer wait,  
 Without any notice you slip away from me  
 Silently.  
 No signal, not even a sound.

Born as a leopard, chasing is my routine.  
 I can see an antelope, escaping from my sight every time.  
 I barely see your face but your hair;  
 I cannot hear you when you are near;  
 I cannot see the smile or frown  
 On your unpredictable mask.

You use 'dangerous' to describe me,  
 But your word,  
 Like a knife, points to my chest,  
 Aims at my heart,  
 Quick and sharp enough to make me bleed.

My heart hurts, but it is not a fatal wound:  
 Intimacy, the taboo I can never commit.  
 Stay near me, or far away from me;  
 Distance, seems concrete, but abstract;  
 Fall, in valley; in the trap, dilemma's found.

And I have already forgotten your faint smile  
 Before you turned around.

**Solitude***Savannah Yam*

In my little world,  
 there is never a "we"  
 \_\_ and me are good friends.  
 Unfortunately, the \_\_ is a "me".

"Me" and "Me",  
 Making good friends.  
 Ridiculous nonsense.  
 I wander lonely as a cloud.

How about this?  
 If possible, you should find me a \_\_ .  
 I want a "you", not a "me",  
 not a "Me" and "Me" are good friends.  
 How pitiful I am!

In classrooms,  
 \_\_, \_\_ and "me"  
 "me", \_\_ and \_\_  
 \_\_, "me" and \_\_  
 Anywhere I sit,  
 There is no one who sits next to me.

If possible,  
 Please find me a "you".  
 I can pay you  
 millions of dollars.

JUST GIVE ME A "YOU".

**Then**

The hope that disappeared  
 When you said those words  
 heart  
 And cut me open

It can no longer be found...

You made me different.  
 Helpless  
 and Breathless...

Who cares about first love?

I thought you were the One  
 Now I know

No one can ever love me

I am lost  
 I am dying  
 I am ready

To surrender

**And  
Us**

*Sarah Michelle Cruz*

**Now**

I see it in your eyes  
 You opened up my

So I can shine like an unstoppable sun

The darkness is gone.

I am Speechless  
 In your warmth  
 But my fears disappeared

When you showed me love again

It's true  
 Destiny has chosen me to love you

The way you love me

You give me hope  
 To breathe again  
 To live again

In your arms



Answers

Answers

“With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world.

Be careful. Strive to be happy.”

— Max Ehrmann, *Desiderata*



**The old guitarist***Zhang Yifan*

I still have that guitar  
The only evidence of those days

I met her when I was a young musician  
Wandering in streets and lingering in restaurants  
Her eyes were bluer than robins' egg  
Her voice swift as a lark's dance

The streets saw two wanderers  
Dancing to each other's songs  
We were poor but happy together  
Time flew like a carousel

One morning she gave me this guitar  
Thanked me for the happiest days  
Then she disappeared  
Like shining dew to the morning wind

I had many jobs since then  
Carpenter, gardener, hawker  
Once I almost had a family of my own  
Eventually it was all gone in the wind

Only this guitar followed me  
Over the years, stop after stop  
Gently reminding me of those days  
Stirring the blurred line between dream and memory

I still have that guitar—  
Inside the empty body, full of yesterday  
Crooning a song she wrote  
I struck strings of memory

**Tell Me About the Stars Again***Natalie Liu*

Tell me about the stars again,  
how the biggest brightest stars  
collapse into themselves  
like pins plunging infinity  
through the fabric of time,  
finding God in their freefall.  
Tell me again about how  
on the edge of that abyss  
a minute can pass for a thousand years  
and falling is a breathless suspense.  
Tell me again about how  
light is smeared across time and space  
whirlpooling into a sink no one can see  
and that is the only way you know  
that there is nothing there.  
Let me tell you how  
when I say I miss you  
I say it with mouthfuls of rain  
and all the silences in-between songs

**Funeral Jazz***Kathy Sun*

Set up the clocks, take out the telephones,  
Give the barking dog a juicy bone,  
Invite the performers and with band music,  
Bury the coffin, it makes people sick.

Let aeroplanes fly over the sea and across countries,  
the sky is also for birds and clouds—no worries,  
Put apples and oranges before the public doves,  
I will do everything and love everyone he loved.

He was not my North, but my South, my East and West,  
He was a mess but I gave him my best.  
Now I have to stop being emotional and move on for good,  
I knew our love would last forever—I know it would.

The stars have never been so dazzling: come out every one,  
Put up the moon and wake up the sun,  
What we once had will be written in the stars  
And every single scar all over my heart.

**I Do Not Want to Write a Poem***Teresa Lam*

I do not want to write a poem  
because I know you do not have an interest in literature.

This afternoon, I went to a new coffee place  
and I had a nice cup of latte.

Oliver is probably unemployed.

I was a customer and he was a salesperson.

There is no more shop – he quit his job.

Perhaps I should just write a poem, for you,  
now that I have already had it half completed.

I would like to eat your salad. “Want some tomatoes?” Sure, I do.

The street was quiet and dark.

These I know by heart: A stands for Andy, B for Basquiat, and C, of course,  
is Chung.

I guess I would still be confused this time next year.

I am a sketchbook with unfinished drafts.

Unrequited love is not fatal, but it often causes a stir in the mind.

The street is crowded with new shops and people.

If he does not text me again, then what should I do?

Yesterday, I read your book, and today, I will carry your bag.

The silent phone suggests that I go to bed.

The street, of course, will forever be ours.

**Changgan Memories, Li Bai***Bowie Wong*

Riding a horse  
You're galloping  
with the sounds of branches  
That I picked  
from the plum blossoms  
at my front door

We've known each other  
since we were born  
Trust is the only thing between us.  
I married you at the age of 14.

Too bashful as I were,  
I never looked at you into your eyes  
I didn't even reply you as I was too shy

At the age of 15,  
looking at you  
I vowed to be with you  
forever,  
my strong belief leading me to wait  
Where I never see you coming back

You decided to go  
When I was 16  
to where the rapids hit the stones

the water flows high in May  
The apes gibber lonely to the sky

The walkway on which you used to return  
Has grown moss with disuse  
Thick and hard moss  
that can't be swept away

The fall chill has come earlier  
with the falling leaves  
and the pair of yellow butterflies  
flying to the west garden  
Together  
in August.  
My heart has withered.  
My sadness has made me grow old.

Please write me a letter  
Tell me when you will be back  
I will always be here  
waiting for you  
No matter how long the way is  
Until the end of the world  
Until the wind wouldn't blow

**Just Another Fairy Tale***Kathy Sun*

She was long gone  
He did look back  
She did not look back  
He turned away  
She left the castle  
Life was bitter and dark  
She did not understand why he did not  
want to give  
He did not understand why she still  
wanted more of him  
She wanted him to give her the best  
He gave her the best of everything

Life was sweet and bright  
They were madly in love  
He took her hands and brought her to  
his castle  
“Will you marry me?”  
He kissed her hands and asked  
He fell in love with her at first sight  
The prince saw her while he was hunting  
There was a very beautiful lady living  
in the woods  
Once upon a time

**Because People Come and Go***Phoebe Cheung*

Start up the engines, turn up the stereos,  
Lure your voice from stasis,  
Unleash all the chaos and with a deafening beat,  
Lock up your sorrow, let the party begin.

Let ground currents sizzle underneath  
Carving on the ground the words: I am still alive.  
Shed all articles on your body  
Strip until we are all naked

You are not my pointer.  
Not my work and my life,  
Not my spring, my summer, my autumn, my winter.  
I didn't know that love is ephemeral: I was naïve.

Wake up and celebrate with the celestials.  
Hang up the Moon and ignite the Sun,  
Gather the sea and green the woods.  
Because people come and go, and everything is going to be fine.

**Memories in Brown***Vicki Chan*

Somebody cracked it open, I know it  
I know it by the sound; I know it by the scent  
I know it is Mr. Brown, in which sweetness is embraced  
By the taste of bitterness, and just like the good old days  
Those days we met at covered playground, with our cans  
Those days we endured lots of sleepless nights, just for  
Those shitty past papers, which had gathered us to fight  
Those days we became like pandas, copying the answers  
Those days we cried together, and shared our laughter  
Those days we spared all the time we had for each other  
Those days we swore that friendship would last forever  
And yet, now, the moment we are still holding this can,  
Still wearing a tired look, and still staying up as always,  
Things can't be the same again, like the opened coffee  
Evaporating as time goes by; losing the awesome smell  
Leaving the rest in our mouth, with a much richer taste

**Evergreen***Bowie Wong*

Together we grew some plants,  
We watered them with tears of joy,  
of sadness and of forgiveness.

We were never good gardeners though.  
Soil and seeds of different kinds are put together  
In pots either too large or too small.  
But the sprouts never complained.  
Instead, they said, "We grow better this way."

One day, the plants said they wanted to see the world,  
So we took them to breathe the Scottish air.  
Then, one of the saplings said it wanted to go to Dublin,  
The others said they wanted to feel the sunshine in  
Essex, Ottawa,  
Hawaii, Vancouver,  
Los Angeles and Tokyo, so we let them go,  
for we had told them how and when to come back.

Four years have passed,  
They're not saplings any more.  
Their roots are settled, grasping the soil of memories tightly.  
They will blossom as long as the sun moves,  
the stars shine and the birds sing.  
Sing, sing the Song of Innocence and Experience  
to commemorate this evergreen.

**Trace (I Did Not Attend My Graduation Photo Day)***Zhang Yifan*

There is no photo to prove that I have ever been here  
 Or that I have ever been a part of this group  
 Five years, my best years on this campus  
 What do I leave behind?  
 What do I take away?

My dorm is clearing out garbage for the semester  
 Hallways are being cleaned  
 Large piles of cans and bottles, books and newspapers  
 Soon I will be cleared away too  
 To make room for the new

I did not make many friends, not in my department  
 A transfer, a latecomer from a questionable country  
 I was used to being an outsider

I did not make an impressive student either  
 I have failed a course  
 I have tried to apply for graduate schools and failed them all

Yet I guess I managed to leave a trace in the hearts of a precious few  
 Those I woke up with in the morning  
 Those who heard my darkest tears and most desperate prayers  
 Those whose stories I heard  
 whose hearts' burdens I shared

I do not have much to take away  
 But old clothes and old books  
 Stories to tell myself  
 And memories to hold on to

**A Story of a Red Bean***Harriet Lai*

This is a story of my grandma, and her red bean

my grandma calls it “missing”  
 when you miss  
 you will shed tears  
 my grandma never eats red bean soup  
 吃了心不好受, she always says

red bean soup is sweet, her face is wet  
 I stare at my “grandpa” the stranger  
 慧嫻來看你啊啊民!  
 She lights three sticks of incense  
 passes them to me  
 I put it in the ashes, carefully  
 scared of getting burnt  
 by the dropping ashes

will missing end up in ashes?  
 I only know bones will

ashes condense her time  
 e v e r y t h i n g t h e r e i s s l o w  
 I know how grandma misses  
 how hard she misses  
 she cooks red bean into her own wound  
 a wound that probably never healed  
 in her blood, in her bones  
 until someday she becomes ashes  
 and red bean becomes her shadow  
 inseparable

grandma has never left Guangzhou  
 “grandpa” either

grandma's house is big  
 there are heaps of red beans  
 inside her heart

finally learnt the taste of red bean  
 on Tomb-sweeping Day

**I will be telling my daughter***Cherry Ma*

That happiness is  
 As simple as seeing a butterfly sunning its wings,  
 Or the common toad on the cool damp earth,  
 Or the peeling of plastic phone covers. I will tell her  
 That it is OK to eat that extra slice of pizza, or chips,  
 (for they are really bags of air with a hint of chips)  
 Or ice-cream, or digestives (though they don't help with digestion).  
 I will tell her that relationships need not be complicated:  
 She can have a love-hate relationship  
 With the snooze button, and a long-distance relationship  
 With the gym. I will tell her to floss twice a day  
 And make her dentist proud. And pick a perfume  
 And pick a tea, and pick a book, and the moon  
 Shall be her hammock. She can stretch her arms  
 And catch the fallings stars. They burn  
 And leave trails of blisters, like those on my fingertips  
 From long nights of sleeplessness and guitars.  
 And the blisters remain, a row of tiny balloons that itch.  
 But they will open up into buds  
 Of poems meant to be sung  
 In her own voice, in her own tongue.

**My mother and I***Sharon Ho*

The train leaves,

My mother a restless woman  
 watched the tumor inside her grew  
 larger and larger so  
 large that she could no longer bend  
 forward but cry and crave for candy  
 like a child

The train arrives at the station,

When the doctor cut that nine  
 pounds of flesh from her  
 stomach she watched through  
 clenched teeth  
 the terrible beauty in the bloody mess.

The train leaves again,

And now like my  
 mother I fidget and watch my body  
 changes in shapes and colors knowing  
 I will endure the cracking bones and  
 confectionery and blotchy ripening that  
 no one but only,

only a mother can bear.



**The Rain***Junie Yip*

Take out your raincoat.  
Hooray!  
The rain is here to stay.

Grab the heavy umbrella,  
I'd say.  
The rain won't go away.

It wakes the earth from  
Winter sleep.  
And this is what we need.

It ruins my brand new shoes  
with mud,  
who cares about flower buds?

Drench yourself in  
the shower of nature.

Forget it,  
I am not a pet.

Indeed, some people can  
feel the rain,

while others just get wet.

**Can't sleep***Yan Wing Hang*

Toss a coin  
and say a prayer  
Fingers crossed  
a little braver

Tainted glass  
razor sharp  
Painted rainbows  
the wings of larks

Fill the glass  
till the water's flowing  
The smell of brass  
and that of decaying

Soft drizzle  
and lying by the window  
sleeping pills  
life is simple

**Reading Sigmund Freud on the red van***Audrey Ma*

On the red van I am reading Freud  
His beard hangs down from the screen  
Man in the front only spots  
Ladies and their aerobics  
The beard t starts speaking, outside the  
window there is  
An anonymous tree, like those in  
another book  
The forever green woods in our  
memory  
He told me, forgetfulness is a fault  
The instinct to scream, also grant  
Cats, we know the sound of crawl  
For the sake of the sweat at the  
moment, spills  
Kindly choose high noon and hills  
Wet towel, think of the dried  
Dusk, cottages pass though the eye  
grounds  
Who will treasure eternity like me, also  
Understand the earth is a tidy  
darkroom  
When you are dreaming at night, your  
footprints quietly  
Visit you again, bring  
A jealous stranger and his

Umbrella which cannot identify  
doorplates, also grows quietly  
In your wardrobe, and in your glass  
Learn from my brush, my water  
You can't help enjoying the bizarre  
Perfect teeth in life, smile  
Every morning is ended before  
exposure  
In every single photographic film,  
We are anxious and unconscious  
Like me, you never ask for  
photographically processed  
Memories are printed on the hoodies  
Once there is a hole on the shoulder,  
has seen through  
Changed or filled, will make as a  
silence  
Like the images inside and outside the  
mirror pop together, in a second  
Is kite's failure to fly, landing in a  
second  
The beard nods, the student raising his  
hand at the back  
Can your fluctuation bear  
In the gap, something, and something.

**Coffee Shop***Phoebe Cheung*

A coffee shop is not a café  
 A café is where people get a dosage of caffeine  
 A coffee shop is where people get a dosage of cannabinoids  
 A café is where people relax and immerse themselves in a page  
 A coffee shop is where people relax and dive within themselves  
 This coffee shop squatted at the far end of the street  
 The smell of burnt grass with touches of sweetness and bitterness in the air  
 Men with cigarettes between their fingers loiter around the corner.  
 To enter or not to enter, that's the question  
 But the door opened and closed  
 and I'm in

I sat at the table  
 Hearing the hum of Dutch on the radio  
 There it lay  
 As innocent a piece of cake can be on the little white plate  
 What harm can it do?

The distinct taste of grass  
 A metallic taste that is almost like raw celery  
 That cannot be covered by sugar and flour and butter  
 A weird touch of bitterness that I can't quite describe

I took another bite  
 And waited  
 And another  
 And waited  
 But nothing happened

Then I feel it coming  
 Thud.  
 It's like I can't at tnhk srathgit  
 Thud thud.  
 My hair stuck to the back of my neck  
 Thud thud thud.  
 I tried to find a comfortable position  
 Thudthudthudthudthudthudthudthudthudthudthudthudthudthudthudthud  
 alllcandoistoconcentrateonmybreathing  
 In, out, in, out, inhale, exhale  
 Inhale, exhale...

The door opened and closed  
 I'm out  
 It felt like an hour  
 But in fact it was just a twelfth of an hour  
 a twelfth of an hour in my own body

They do not understand  
 The quietness  
 That allows me to think  
 The stillness  
 That allows me to be me

Skip gatherings  
 Ignore Whatsapp  
 Deactivate Facebook  
 Forgive me  
 I am not in the mood

I like to wander lonely as a cloud  
 Navigating through an estranged city  
 Without having to answer questions  
 Because I don't know  
 Because I want to go without a map

People spend so much time  
 Every day  
 On others  
 For others  
 About others

Once in a while  
 Let me be selfish  
 Because this is how I rejuvenate

**Vincent's Bedroom in Arles***Rowena Chiu*

I thought it is rectangular...  
 No.  
 Trapezoid?  
 Kind of.  
 The earth under my feet must have shaken all off.

I thought they can move...  
 No.  
 Just tilted?  
 Uh huh.  
 I feel like twisting my limbs when I look.

I think I want them to fall off the wall...  
 Yea. Who?  
 The paintings.  
 Why?  
 Peel off the skin of the wall,  
 or mine.

**Only Willows***Audrey Ma*

What overwhelms Beijing  
 Is willow.  
 Dots draw common trees,  
 Lines draw willows.  
 Common trees common flowers common fruits,  
 Only willow  
 Dazed, weeping those useless catkins.  
 Common trees are messages with compact code.  
 Only willows  
 Scattered knots tied for record.  
 Willows are almost backward,  
 Willows are almost mellow,  
 Willows are almost worthless—  
 Except their beauty.  
 They are not trees of carpenters,  
 They are trees of poets—  
 Trees of lovers

**A poet's brain autopsy***Sharon Ho*

To cut open a poet's brain  
 Well you first need a head  
 A near-extinct species  
 It is extremely difficult to obtain  
 Befriend the family  
 Bribe the mortuary technician  
 Or better  
 Find an angry student  
 Whose grade was  
 Brutally slaughtered  
 By his Professor of poetry  
 After the head is secured  
 It's all about precision  
 Mark the skin  
 Drill open the skull  
 The white grimaces at you  
 The scalpel wields great strength  
 Like the tip of his pen  
 Gliding skillfully  
 Across the jelly surface  
 With a deep thrust of the blade  
 The Earth is divided into two

The West is guarded by Athena  
 And the East  
 Always awaits  
 The second coming  
 Of the muses  
 In the epicenter  
 Each pump of the heart  
 Feeds it passion  
 From Homer Shakespeare Wordsworth  
 To Yeats Pound and Ginsberg  
 They carry within them  
 An immense treasure

A seed embedded  
 In the wrinkled brain  
 Like a dried up orange  
 Oh what beauty  
 Seize it  
 And let it sprout  
 On the Petri dish  
 So  
 You can harvest  
 A tree  
 Full of  
 Golden apples  
 And claim them  
 As your own

**Thirteen ways of looking at a cell phone***Lo Pui Shan*

I

Among many possessions in the bag  
 This mobile phone is the only thing  
 I want to pick up

II

The color of a panda  
 constructs a world of rainbow

III

With sounds, images, and words  
 I was fed

IV

Eyes locked on the monitor  
 Like or dislike—a matter of taste

V

The cell phone is mine.  
 Not mine.  
 It may be yours  
 perhaps not yours

VI

Is love only love?  
 Can Love be detestation,  
 Or jealousy,  
 Or anything else?

VII

It had been in a display window  
 It was in the bag  
 It is in my hand

VIII

I do not know it, this tiny cold box.

IX

Flowers are blossoming  
 Trees are growing  
 But it stands still.

X

I speak to it  
 It does not respond  
 When I look at it  
 It does not turn an eye on me.

XI

I warm it with my enthusiasm,  
 But its coldness rejects my warmth.

XII

I think I like it, I cannot live without it  
 But it says, "I don't need you."

XIII

I ask, "Who are you?"  
 It says, "I am simply who I am."

**The Camera***Cecilia Yau*

The camera waits in its box.  
 The camera denies that it belongs to the box.  
 The camera believes it is a temporal stay.  
 The camera longs for its owner to return.  
 The camera remembers being held and gazed at  
 The camera realizes those eyes were looking at things beyond it.  
 The camera is pathetically cheerful.  
 The camera counts the days with flashing digitals.  
 The camera sometimes messes about with the numbers.  
 The camera is always fooled by itself.  
 The camera never loses hope.  
 The camera patiently waits, until it runs out of battery.

**There will be snow upon my city***Ivy Choi*

## I.

There will be snow upon my city  
 Although I don't know when.  
 An icy petal will dance in the air  
 That will land gently on our hair.  
 The occupied dwellers will lift their heads  
 For the first time in hundred years:  
 A snowing scene in all its glory before us  
 That used to be a foreign treat.

Most will gasp in joy, surprised and amazed  
 When a flake rests on their palms.  
 White as jasmine, the crystal soon melts,  
 Leaving but a splash of chill.  
 This snowflake can be our emblem,  
 Make it our sunflower, we will say.  
 This untainted frost bestowed from heaven  
 Shall cleanse our land anew.

But suddenly a shiver spreads  
 From my palm to my beating heart.  
 This chill pierces my body through  
 And freezes my smile at once.  
 Among all the winters I have seen  
 Here comes the toughest one.  
 But I'd rather slumber in a shroud of snow  
 Than fake rest in a lukewarm tub.

## II.

There will be snow upon my city  
 Although I don't know when.  
 A deadly blizzard within my homeland  
 will bury all it can in white.  
 Our reach for the stars with the skyscrapers  
 will be cut off by an avalanche.  
 The past symbols will all be lost,  
 In this frozen harbor silently locked.

Along the frosted road we will stumble,  
 Stiff corpses often abandoned on the road.  
 Ears, fingers and other parts  
 All blistered and fallen apart.

Appalling indeed, but a well-suited ending  
 For spirits poor and vile.  
 The long-deaf scoundrels can finally rest  
 And put down their false pretense.

An icy inferno, some will cringe and curse  
 In this vast void, endless and pale.  
 We were kept too long in that tepid pen,  
 Even a breeze could sting our bones.  
 Yet when the first snow sizzled on our wiry roof,  
 We were awoken by the scorching drop.  
 There was never a haven, but a white-hot cage  
 That we mistook as a house of warmth.

## III.

At last a ray from the clouds shall touch  
 Our niveous home once more.  
 The silver sparkles upon the delicate ground  
 will polish our stage with a gentle gloss.  
 We had in our palm a flower of snow,  
 soon it will thaw into a weightless drop.  
 Let it fall, let it slip onto a daisy's leaf  
 And gift the young life with a dew.

The carefree children will play on top  
 Of the heavy layer of snow.  
 Their resounding laughter will pervade the town  
 and paint it with a serene hue.  
 Not aware of the frozen souls  
 Now lying beneath their feet,  
 They will keep singing the lively song,  
 Embracing the by-gones with their tune.

The visions foretell the days to come,  
 A future shadeless and far-flung.  
 The steps ahead are no less obscure  
 Yet the bright end's known to be there.  
 So we stoop our heads, carry on, and wait  
 Till we catch by chance a white spark.  
 There will be snow upon my city  
 Although I don't know when.

**To Kill is to Save***Christopher Hon*

When I was young and innocent,  
I had a dream, a simple dream,  
For all to be happy was all I ever wanted,  
This was my dream.

When I grew up I followed my heart,  
As a man of justice,  
I lived my life for every man,  
Hoping to become some sort of saviour.

Alas I am but a man,  
And my presence limited by time and space,  
As I save one another dies,  
Despair thus sat upon my face.

But then one day in my malady,  
I found a way to save more,  
Seeing as saving one saves only one,  
But killing one saves ten!

Ending a killer saves his would-be victims,  
Two, five, or ten— who knows?  
Thus the salvation of the good of people,  
Best lies in the bloodied hands of a divine executioner.

**The Oblivion of Happiness***Christa Lam*

Happiness, the most precious  
Yet the easiest forgotten.  
Business and work overwhelm it,  
Our heart has no room for it,  
Only sorrow and solitude live.

“Happy” is one of the words  
We first learnt at school,  
Easy to understand, easy to write, yet  
easy to forget, like our childhood.  
Years pass,  
And we get used to oblivion.

When you were little, you smiled

when you got an ice cream.  
Think of the last moment you gave a sincere  
smile.  
And you suddenly realize that  
It was such a long time ago.  
Happiness is engulfed;  
Business remains until we die.

Life is a tug of war,  
Between making a living and seeking for  
happiness,  
You can only choose one.  
But remember,  
Your life only lasts for a few decades.

**What the Stars Must Look Like From Heaven***Sarah Michelle Cruz*

From Heaven,  
     the angels don't look up at the stars.  
 They must either be part of them  
     or above them.

From Heaven,  
     the stars must look like  
         Little fire flies.  
             A shooting star must be  
                 Flying away from an angel's catching jar.

From Heaven,  
     the stars must be like  
         Glowing grains of sand  
             Maybe the angels walk on galaxies  
                 Their feet warmed by the starry grains.

From Heaven,  
     the stars must look like  
         Remnants of jewels tossed into a black abyss  
     From above, the angels see them as  
         Old Wishes  
             tossed into a well  
         Glowing, like an old hope  
             that never died.

**Lightning***Waylin Yu*

Yes, ice is a solid form of water  
 Books are a more brittle form of tree  
 Air is sometimes comprised of extra crispy dead people  
 Everything is made of everything

But consider...  
 Two legs prevailed over four  
 Because it wasn't the number of limbs  
 It was the number of thumbs  
 And even though the starting materials were same  
 A precise protein sequence made them singular  
 Such a profound mess  
 Turning into men  
 Could not be accident

The sane would recognize the great fortune of being  
 Endowed with God's Divine grace  
 Yet it goes beyond ordinary, normal, sane  
 It is said to be what bottles catch  
 Rarely striking twice  
 Undeniable, unrelenting, a fundamental right  
 The good, noble uprighters  
 Are such because they are brilliant, they deserve it

...then again, after the good go  
 The cockroaches remain  
 Ah yes, the pests  
 It is the cockroaches that survive, almost always  
 Head, thorax, abdomen, antennae  
 Six legs and no thumbs



**The End is the New Beginning***Christopher Hon*

May your journey be the grandest yet,

*The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.*

In all the years of past,

*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.*

Christ will illuminate the path as you tread,

*He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.*

Heaven awaits its humble servant,

*Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,*

*I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

And there you shall take your place,

*Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:*

*thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.*

Eternal rest but everlasting life, the

*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life*

Lord God by your side.

*And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*



“Lost”  
YIU Yu Yan Mandy  
Department of Fine Arts  
The Chinese University of Hong Kong, 2014



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## EDITORS

Harriet is the typical Virgo - a blend of commitment, intelligence and attention to detail. Drawing inspiration from everyday objects, her poetry calls for deep resonance from her readers.

Sharon Ho is currently a second-year English major at the Chinese University of Hong Kong. She developed an interest for writing poetry in her creative writing class and has completed a number of poems. She also writes script and short stories.

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