HONG KONG BUDDING POETS (ENGLISH) AWARD

2025/26



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Acknowledgements

The Hong Kong Budding Poets (English) Award 2025/26 and the publication of this anthology would not have been possible without the dedication, professionalism, and generous support of many individuals and institutions.

We would like to express our sincere gratitude to Mr. Derek Ng and Mr. Bob To of The Hong Kong Academy for Gifted Education for their excellent support in making this year's activities and programme possible.

Many thanks also go to Ms. Stella Tang and Dr. Philip Chan for their coordination, dedication, and hard work throughout the programme. Their commitment to nurturing young writers and promoting creative English expression has been invaluable to the continued development of the Award.

Our appreciation also goes to the adjudicators, teachers, school leaders, and supporting staff who have given their time and expertise to the Award. Their encouragement and guidance have helped create meaningful opportunities for young people to develop their poetic voice and confidence in English.

Finally, congratulations to all participating students. Their poems reflect imagination, sensitivity, originality, and courage. This anthology celebrates their creativity and aims to inspire them to continue exploring the power of English, poetry, and self-expression.

Disclaimer

This anthology is designed to showcase students' creative works from the winning entries of the Hong Kong Budding Poets (English) Award 2025/26. Editing of the entries is kept minimal to preserve the originality of students' creative works. The content of the entries reflects only the views of the poets and does not represent the views of The Government of the Hong Kong Special Administrative Region. The Government accepts no responsibility or liability for the use of such information.

Dr. Shiu Wing Hoi, Cathy

Lecturer
Department of Curriculum and Instruction, Faculty of Education
The Chinese University of Hong Kong

Distinguished guests, fellow educators, and our brilliant young poets,

Good afternoon, and a very warm welcome to the prize-giving ceremony of this year's Hong Kong Budding Poets (English Award.

As a lecturer who spends every day teaching the mechanics of the written word, I am incredibly proud to stand here today. This is a milestone event for us. When we first step up and serve as the commissioned body for this prestigious competition for the very first time, we accepted with a mixture of immense excitement and, admittedly, a little bit of academic trepidation.

The thematic framework had already been established before we took the reins - we had to dive headfirst into a pre-determined landscape: the majestic permanence of our mountains, the boundless, invisible energy of the wind, and the winding journeys of our rivers. These are heavy, ancient, and mythic elements. They have been written about by literary masters for thousands of years. As educators, our secret worry when inheriting such timeless themes is always the same: Will the writing fall into predictability? Will we just read standard clichés about blue water and tall rocks?

Looking through the submissions from our young finalists, those worries vanished instantly. These children did something I often struggle to get university students to do: they breathed fresh, vital life into an existing mold.

These young writers did not just look at nature; they felt it. They took us on grueling, misty adventures up the steep ridges. They made us feel the crisp autumn air, and hear the playful wind chuckling over river stones. They reminded us, with heartbreaking sincerity, of our duty to protect our planet's streams from pollution. And in moments of stunning maturity, they showed us how the gentle flow of a river can offer a final, peaceful place of rest and memory for those we love most.

To our educators and parents here today: thank you for nurturing these voices. It is clear that you have taught these children not just how to rhyme, but how to observe the world with deep empathy and original thought.

To our finalists: every single poem submitted showed a unique spark. Some of you made us laugh with unexpected, ice-skating gibbons, while others silenced the room with raw emotional depth. You have successfully captured life-flashing moments in your ink, and that is the truest magic poetry can offer.

Whether your name is called for a top prize today or not, please remember this: you are already published voices, you are storytellers, and you have moved our hearts. Thank you, congratulations to you all, and let the ceremony begin!

Mr. Derek Ng

Programme Manager (Enrichment and Diverse Learning)
Talent Development Division
The Hong Kong Academy for Gifted Education

Good afternoon distinguished guests and, especially, our young poets,

It is my great honour and pleasure to stand before you today at the Hong Kong Budding Poets (English) Award Ceremony 2025/26. This year, we received over 1,100 poems from nearly 90 schools, each reflecting creativity and effort. Today is not simply a celebration of achievement—it is a tribute to imagination and dedication.

My heartfelt congratulations go to all our student poets. Your work on the theme "The Wonder of Nature" has truly inspired us. Through mountains, rivers, and wind, your words bring the beauty of nature to life, allowing us to see it, feel it, and appreciate it. Some of your poems also beautifully reflect our local landmarks, such as Lion Rock and Cheung Chau, bringing a sense of home into your writing.

Writing poetry is not easy. It takes patience, careful thinking, and honesty. Anyone can describe a mountain, but a poet helps us feel its peace. Anyone can mention a river, but a poet lets us hear its voice. Even though the wind cannot be seen, your poems have brought it to life. Behind every poem is hard work, and you have shown not just talent, but also determination.

Your poems gently remind us to notice the beauty that surrounds us every day. In moments we might easily overlook, you help us see something special. Through your words, we learn to look more closely and appreciate the world with greater wonder.

Every poem is an achievement, and every idea you express is valuable. Poetry is about expressing yourself, sharing your imagination, and growing through your writing. As you continue your journey, keep writing and stay curious. Let poetry remain part of your life—a way to understand yourselves and the world around you.

I would also like to thank the teachers, schools and parents who have supported and encouraged these young writers.

I would also like to express my sincere gratitude to the Education Bureau and the Centre for Language Education and Multiliteracies Research of The Chinese University of Hong Kong for their support in making this event possible.

In closing, let us celebrate the creativity and passion shown by all. Thank you to everyone who contributed to this meaningful occasion. Thank you.

About the Hong Kong Budding Poets (English) Award

The Award

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

Workshops

To better equip participants with some key skills that would assist them in their writing, several workshops were hosted by the academic staff from The Centre for Language Education and Multiliteracies Research. Students were offered The Beauties of Life & the Wonders of Nature, which focused on equipping students with literary devices to create and appreciate poetry through senses of awareness, gratitude and compassion – towards oneself, into the others, and to the nature.

To facilitate the importance of ethical use of AI in the writing process, an online training workshop on ethical use of AI tools was offered to students, allowing them to discuss and learn how they could use AI in their creative process ethically, and why they should do so.

Adjudication

Entries were assessed on Creativity and Originality, Use of Language and Word Choice, Theme and Imagery, with Emotion and Tone. After two rounds of preliminary and final adjudication by frontline English language teachers, writers and academics in the field of poetry and creative writing, at most 20 entries from the Primary, Secondary and Open Sections were recommended for awards.

Award Ceremony

On the 25th June 2026, a joint award ceremony was held on the campus of The Chinese University of Hong Kong, to crown the winners and commemorate the work of all the finalists. The award ceremony was attended by students, parents, representatives from the Education Bureau and The Hong Kong Academy for Gifted Education, as well as staff from Centre for Language Education and Multiliteracies Research, The Chinese University of Hong Kong.

Adjudicators List

Dr. Tony Wei

Dr. Zoe Chan

Mr. Ross Eldred

Mr. Shung Alex

Ms. Kyile Ng

Ms. Beneadette Li

Ms. Manki Eldred

Ms. Yu Chen

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Gold Prize

The River Pearls

CHAN Chloe Caroline

MARYMOUNT
PRIMARY SCHOOL

The snowy, light foam hugs each glassy drop,
each river wave stiff: a dried, sun-cracked blot
of day-old paint, upon this lifted rock,
a stony art palette,
on the mountain top.

A loose bracelet drips, from wrist to swift stream,
the sunken gem shines, with pearl-crowd gleam,
and on their thin wire, caught captive in weeds,
the earthly spheres spin,
bright under sunbeams.

She dives as the silver circle escapes,
and darts down the bank, where sweet sunlight shapes
shadows of ripe pears, which on her face scrape,
as she slips and slides down,
under leafy green drapes.

A glossed pebble lodged, stuck stiff like a brick,
the jewel hovers on top, then slides off too quick,
it wiggles and swims, caught in the trick,
of the gripping water,
which kidnaps so slick.

Curved tree silhouettes protect deeper parts,
navy ends here, whilst soft, baby blue starts,
teal secrets are hidden, in watercolour art,
'Slosh!' sways the stream as
jewel
and
girl
part.

The lake swallows and spits the treasure aside,
she's a frozen fox, with a prey-bird's sigh,
she steps into the mouth of the clawing tide,
where waves open wide,
to let her prize slide.

Nails dig like a claw, as she clasps at the gem,
flings off slimy algae, held at the stem,
the pearls softly smile, nature smiles back at them,
Giving one final look,
she bids farewell to the brook.

Adjudicator 1

This outstanding poem reimagines the mountain as a stony art palette and river waves as sun-cracked blots of paint. The narrative of a girl diving for a silver circle is rich with sensory detail, such as leafy green drapes and a clawing tide. The precision of imagery—shifting from the glassy drop to the pearl-crowd gleam—makes this a technically sophisticated work. This poem masterfully blends the natural world with artistic metaphors, such as the river described as 'day-old paint' on a 'stony art palette'—transforming nature into a curated gallery of experiences. Such imagery creates a sophisticated layer of meaning that transcends simple description, showcasing an exceptional command of figurative language. The poet's choice of verbs is particularly visceral; the water doesn't merely flow but 'swallows', 'spits' and 'kidnaps', lending a breathless urgency to the protagonist's quest for her 'sunken gem'. The imagery is exceptionally rich, moving beyond visual cues to include evocative textures like 'slimy algae' and 'sun-cracked blots.' The use of frozen fox and prey-bird's sigh adds a unique animalistic layer to the girl's movements as she battles against the 'clawing tide' whereas the final smile between nature and the girl provides a lingering resonance that beautifully resolves the tension. Overall, it is a highly imaginative poem that provokes thoughts.

Adjudicator 2

This is a brilliant and highly creative poem. You have a wonderful way of using words to paint a picture, almost like the 'watercolor art' you described in your verses. I was very impressed by your metaphors, especially comparing the river to 'day-old paint'; and the mountain to an 'art palette'. These choices show that you have a very strong imagination and a great talent for seeing the world in a unique way. The rhythm of your poem is excellent, and I loved the way you used sound words like 'Slosh!' to make the story feel real. Your descriptions of the girl as a 'frozen fox' and the water 'kidnapping' the jewel were very exciting and helped build a lot of feeling. You have a masterful command of vocabulary and a natural gift for imagery. This is an exceptional piece of writing that is a joy to read. You should be very proud of your work!

Gold Prize

The Unpredictable Sculptor

MA Hiu Ching

STEWARDS POOI KEI PRIMARY SCHOOL

He wakes — not weather, but an artist, alone,
in his studio of sky, with hands of gust and groan.
He doesn't think in calm, but in the form he'll strip or spare.
I am a temporary statue in his square.

I love and hate the draft that chisels at my face,
the sudden roar that reshapes this settled space,
arrests my pose, and tangles me in the lace
of his unfinished work. With anxious wonder, will he break the
composition I had tried to make?

He is not playing games. He is at work.
See how he shapes the wave's clay for the sailing shard to lurk,
then shifts the entire dune, a vast correction,
seeking a perfect, transient inflection.
A fickle master, yes — apprentice and foe,
who lifts your dust or lays your bedrock low.
The keenest geologist feels him blow,
and reads the story in the long, slow bow
of canyon walls, his masterpiece of erasure.

Beyond the field, his practice is the law.
He carries pollen scribbles on the air,
to draft the forest for a future day,
then prune its branches with a focused snare.
He sweeps the city's graphite smudge away,
then grinds the desert stone to fine display.
He drives the ocean's marble, wave on wave,
and in his gallery, nothing is meant to save.

We cannot tell him what his art should be,
but learn to read his sketches on the sea,
the barley's ripple, and the granite's seam.
We shelter from his sharp, defining stream,
or stand exposed to let his rough draft pass.
Though he may rage a stroke, or storm a mass,
or cease — a held breath in the studio's glass —
he is the breath that carved the Sphinx's face,
the sculptor we can never own or chase,
in whose wild studio we hold our place.

Adjudicator 1

This sophisticated work reimagines the wind as an artist in a studio of sky, where humans are temporary statues. The language is masterful, using geological and artistic terms like masterpiece of erasure and waves clay to describe the winds impact. It offers a profound meditation on the wind's role as both a fickle master and an apprentice to nature's laws. The poet effectively conveys the wind's power to grind desert stone or sweep city's graphite smudge. By framing the wind as the breath that carved the Sphinxs face, the author elevates a natural force into a timeless, unownable sculptor.

Adjudicator 2

You have done a magnificent job of using the metaphor of an artist to describe the wind. I especially loved how you described the wind as a sculptor who uses 'hands of gust and groan' to reshape the world. Comparing the waves to 'clay' and the city's pollution to a 'graphite smudge'; shows an incredible level of creativity and a very high command of the English language. Your words make the reader see nature as a constantly changing masterpiece. The poem has a beautiful, professional rhythm that feels like the 'breath'; you describe. You have shown a great talent for connecting big ideas, like history and geology, to the simple feeling of the wind on your face. Phrases like 'masterpiece of erasure' are very powerful and show a deep understanding of how nature works over time. This is a brilliant piece of writing that is both artistic and wise. You should be very proud of your ability to express such complex thoughts so beautifully. Fantastic work!

Gold Prize

The Wonders of Lion Rock

CHAN Yan Ling

ST. PAUL'S CO-EDUCATIONAL COLLEGE PRIMARY SCHOOL

Your ancient bones, of volcanic birth,
A lion carved from fervent earth.
With shoulders broad and head held high,
A silhouette against the vast sky.
The granite mane under sun and rain,
Stands testament to time's domain.

Emerald forests crown your granite spine,
Where blossoms bloom in crimson light .
Through moss-stoned clefts the streams descend,
Where nature's hymn in currents echoes blend.
The mountain brooks through every crevice flow,
To nourish the roots and make the Lion glow.

Here eagles write freedom with sovereign wings,
And boar families root through forest springs.
Where squirrels spiral up the bark's rough climb,
Frogs chant from dusk through humid night.
While fireflies roam the dark with drifting lights,
All woven into the deep pulse of the wild sight.

You are the edge where two worlds meet and mend,
Where glass and steel with fern and shadow blend.
On one side, steel titans erect tall and straight,
The other side, a dell's serene lively state.
No iron blade divides what you embrace —
The city's pulse and the forest's placid space.

More than a ridge of stone and ancient root,
You are the spirit carved in Hong Kong's pursuit.
Through storm and darkness, through shifting sand,
Your steadfast strength has taught this land to stand.
We guard your wonder and your emerald fire,
And carry forth the strength you always inspire.

Adjudicator 1

This is an exceptional and deeply moving poem about one of Hong Kong's most famous landmarks. You have done a wonderful job of giving the mountain a personality, describing it as a lion with a 'granite mane' and a 'granite spine'. Your choice of words is very impressive and helps create a feeling of strength and history. I especially liked the part where you describe the mountain as the place where 'two worlds meet', connecting the busy city of steel with the peaceful, green forest. Your writing shows a great deal of pride and love for your home. Phrases like 'steel titans' for the buildings and 'emerald fire' for the trees are very creative and help the reader see the beauty of the landscape. You have a natural talent for rhythm and imagery, and the way you ended the poem by talking about the 'strength you always inspire' is truly beautiful. This is a masterful piece of poetry that perfectly captures the 'Lion Rock Spirit'. You should be incredibly proud of this work!

Adjudicator 2

This powerful tribute reimagines a Hong Kong landmark as a lion carved from fervent earth. It masterfully contrasts the steel titans of the city with the emerald fire of the forest. The poet uses sharp imagery—granite mane, emerald forests, and sovereign wings—to celebrate the mountains volcanic birth and ancient bones. By declaring the rock the spirit carved in Hong Kong's pursuit, the author connects physical geography to cultural resilience. The steadfast strength of the mountain is portrayed as a lesson that taught this land to stand through storm and darkness.

Gold Prize

My Takeaway Dream with the Wind

TSANG Hoi Yau

ST. STEPHEN'S GIRLS' PRIMARY SCHOOL

I have a permanent date with the Wind,
Past the rows of sleeping silver fish at Cheung Chau Pier.

No menu needed. No fancy utensils.
We just share the horizon like a tablecloth,
Her childlike fingers spread it wide,
Sun's saffron yolk soaks the salted tide.

I hear the chattering crash of bottle-green waves,
Her song melts our teacups into twilight.
The ferry exhales a long, lonely wail— begging for a turn,
but she giggles and shrugs it off, whirling me closer.

Gently lying in banyan's hammock weave,
swinging slow and low.
I whisper school-day hiccups and giggles light.
Wind murmurs that smoke ruins her make-up,
puffing the grey out of sight.

The air smells of mango mochi dancing with her breath.
Black Kite circles like a nosy waiter—
"Refill?" he squawks through the tangled fish nets.
Wind breathes warmth into my cup and every sampan,
Leaving a trail of golden farewell sunset.

I wave goodbye as the night-shift breeze arrives,
Wiping our table clean with a rag of dusk.
Wind blows me a sleepy kiss and drifts towards the Cave,
Where waking bats flutter to welcome her home,
Folding her into their secret treasure chest.

And I walk on, cradling my leftover dreams
In a takeaway box, warm against my chest,
Tucked inside my salt-dusted head,
Until my endless dance with her.

Adjudicator 1

This is a magnificent poem that shows a truly special imagination! You have taken a simple trip to Cheung Chau and turned it into a magical story. Your creative ideas are wonderful, especially the way you described the sun as a 'saffron yolk' soaking into the sea. It was also very clever to describe the wind as a friend who 'giggles' and wears 'make-up'. Using the idea of a 'takeaway box'; to hold your 'leftover dreams'; is a beautiful way to end the piece. Your choice of words is excellent throughout. Phrases like 'chattering crash' and 'tangled fish nets' help the reader see and hear the pier perfectly. Even the smell of 'mango mochi' makes the scene feel real and local. You should be very proud of how you balanced deep feelings with playful ideas. This is a masterful piece of writing that is both creative and full of heart.

Adjudicator 2

A highly imaginative piece that treats a date with the wind as a culinary experience at Cheung Chau Pier. The metaphor of the horizon as a tablecloth and the sun as a saffron yolk is exceptionally original. The poet captures a whimsical intimacy with nature, where the wind murmurs that smoke ruins her make-up and a Black Kite acts as a nosy waiter. The auditory details of chattering crash and the ferry's lonely wail ground the fantasy in a real coastal setting. It ends beautifully with the imagery of leftover dreams cradled in a takeaway box, symbolizing a lasting connection to the wild.

Silver Prize

To the Wind

CHENG Chin Wing

DIOCESAN GIRLS' JUNIOR SCHOOL

In July or August's hottest, most blistering days,
Under the enraged sun's scorching, judgemental gaze,
I lope and bound, carefree, relaxed, around the field,
For your cool breeze acts as my invincible shield.

Trapped to the ground, my pain you've come to assuage.
I fly, up, up, up, away from the earth's restricting cage. Ascending towards the stars, the moon and into airspace.
All the while, your soft hands keep me in its warm embrace.

Playing feline catch in a meadow, there's danger lurking,
It would've crept up on me if you weren't always working.
You'd carry the scent of foxes, telling me to be cautious,
Light whips on the cheek, admonishing me for being reckless.

A cluster flying towards the south, with you as our leader,
Your currents lead us towards salvation from the cold reaper.
This journey to Mexico would never succeed if you were gone,
Your strength supports us, bringing forth spring and song.

Wisps of wind trace out the sharp line of my furrowed brow,
Your omnipresent spirit lingers, blowing away all my bough.
Giving me a chance to be released, a small window to escape.
I cast my burdens unto thee, leaving my worries to the landscape.

Dandelions flying through the air, bringing the scent of green,
Amber leaves cascading down, creating a natural autumn scene.
Your gentle hands weaving a soft leafy laurel, white and brown,
Adorning it upon my head, like the most beautiful crown.

This day, you took my hand and carried me to a distant bay,
Away from fun, away from peace, away from everlasting play.
You led me to this mountain, overlooking the earth so serene,
The moon illuminates the horizon, as it ticks to zero, my eighteen.

Now, as I sit on this mountain top, looking past the skylines, Past the boundaries, past the edges, past my life's confines.
My soul dissolves to the wind I have finally matured to be,
Goodbye, to the person that had nurtured me. I'm set free.

Adjudicator 1

A poignant coming-of-age poem where the wind acts as an invincible shield and a nurturer. The use of the monarch butterfly's migration to Mexico as a metaphor for the speaker's own journey to maturity at eighteen is highly unique. The wind is personified with soft hands that weave a leafy laurel for the speaker's head. It masterfully captures the bittersweet transition from being trapped to the ground to set free in the airspace. The final dissolution of the soul into the wind represents a profound maturity and a goodbye to the confines of a younger life.

Adjudicator 2

This is an excellent poem that shows a very high level of maturity and talent. You have used the wind as a beautiful metaphor for growth and guidance. I loved how the wind starts as a 'shield' for a child playing in the field and ends as a spirit that helps you 'mature' into adulthood. Your choice of words is excellent; using terms like 'assuage' and 'omnipresent' makes your writing sound very professional and thoughtful. The imagery in this piece is stunning. I could clearly see the 'dandelions flying through the air' and the 'amber leaves' forming a crown. The way you describe your 'soul dissolving' into the wind as you turn eighteen is a very powerful and moving ending. You have a wonderful ability to express deep feelings about growing up and finding freedom. This poem is a masterpiece of storytelling and emotion. You should be incredibly proud of this achievement. Fantastic work!

Silver Prize

I Am Wind

SUEN Wut Yan Caylie

DIOCESAN GIRLS' JUNIOR SCHOOL

I am Wind, the invisible hand of nature,
I choose to reveal, or conspire in shadows.
To purr out my power, or to brag and bellow,
I drift like a spy, an immortal creature.

Rager, I ride and perch on Mountains' echoes,
Howling my heart out, sending disasters and deaths.
Healer, when calm, soothing Earth with gentle breath,
My breeze comforts stressed souls like a graceful swallow.

Tell me, how shall Flora spread without its seed-navigator?
And how shall Sea live without its wave-maker?
Journeying through the forest, I am Flora's pollinator.
Drifting 'cross the current, I am Sea's mender.

Wandering along the coastal line, I decided to etch my own footprint.
Summoning my servants, Debris and Salt, I formed my masterpieces:
Twelve Apostles of Australia, bordering the shore with gentle creases;
Hunkered on Yehliu's open ground, the Queen's Head marks a noble imprint.

I am the artist of the sky, painting with clouds and rain and light,
Splendid colours of aureation, shining drops of dew and sleet.
I am the sculptor of the sand, shaping with wind and time and heat,
The shifting patterns of golden dunes, swirling curves beneath my might.

Humans discovered the truth, their resources are finite,
They kept searching for solutions, turning desperate.
So I strapped my gear on, getting ready to generate,
And my stainless, precious gift made the cities ignite.

Destined as Choreographer for Mother Nature,
I was awarded the Rhythm of the Seasons.
To perform endless, flawless dances is my reason,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter are whom I nurture.

Feel the gentle spring time as I carry tiny droplets,
See the tiny, thriving sprouts surging from 'neath the land.
Smell the humid heat of summer time me as I expand,
Hear the coos of creatures cherishing the warmth I bring.

Playful and naughty autumn time I turn the leaves golden-red,
Twirling them into fancy tornadoes with delicate technique.
But when Snow sends a message, I become furious, not meek,
My voice turns bitter, my heart turns cold, filling the whole world with dread.

And yet I will always return to who I am:
Rager, Healer, Crafter, Director,
From placid to turbulent, from whispers to roars,
I am Wind, the One and Only Wind.

Adjudicators' Comments

Adjudicator 1

Utilizing a first-person perspective, the poet presents the wind as a multifaceted immortal creature that acts as both a Rager and a Healer. The poem effectively links nature to human survival, asking how flora or the sea would live without their seed-navigator and wave-maker. The inclusion of specific landmarks, like the Twelve Apostles of Australia and Queen's Head, adds a sophisticated geographical layer to the wind's sculptor role. It also offers a modern commentary on resources, portraying the wind as a precious gift that allows cities to ignite with sustainable energy.

Adjudicator 2

This is a magnificent and powerful poem. You have done an incredible job of giving the wind a voice that sounds both ancient and modern. I am very impressed by how you described the wind not just as weather, but as a 'sculptor' and an 'artist' who created famous landmarks like the Queen's Head and the Twelve Apostles. Your choice of words is excellent; using terms like 'conspire', 'choreographer,' and 'pollinator' shows that you have a very large vocabulary and a deep understanding of how nature works. The poem has a wonderful rhythm, and it feels very grand. I especially liked the part where you mentioned the wind helping humans by providing clean energy to make 'cities ignite'. This shows great creativity by connecting nature to our world today. You captured the wind's personality perfectly—it can be a gentle 'swallow' or a 'bitter' storm. This is a masterful piece of writing that shows a lot of talent and hard work. You should be very proud of this work!

Silver Prize

What the Mountain Told the River

LEE Sze Long

STEWARDS POOI KEI PRIMARY SCHOOL

In a land of slow stone and quick light,
the river asked the mountain, one mist-threaded morning:
"Why are you certain, while I am all fight?
You keep your years. I only keep departing.

You wear time like a cloak of gathered rock,
where eagles stitch their nests into your seams.
Dawn touches you and does not leave a mark—
while I am scribbled over with forgotten dreams.

I've swallowed forests, scoured banks, gone black
with memory. I have no shape to hold.
I feel less like a journey, more like lack.
Why am I motion, if you are the mould?"

The mountain waited till her echo fled ,
then answered in a voice of weathered stone:
"Little sister, you see your path as thread,
but you are the needle, and the cloth is what you've sewn.

You are the moon's quiet conversation,
the sky's long sentence written without pause.
You are the willow's rooted meditation,
the galaxy's twin in your nocturnal cause.

You quench the hidden thirst beneath the fern,
you turn the millwheel of the seasons' worth.
The heron learns its stillness from your turn,
and towns along your banks draw up your breath.

And I—I am arrival. You are route.
You wear me down to make your alphabet.
A mountain cannot carry what you carry out:
the memory of snow, the taste of wet."

The river slowed. She felt her current learn
a new syntax, a deeper, winding theme.
She held the mountain's echo like a fern
holds rain—not as a mirror, but as a seam.

And in her flow, she understood the trade:
every wonder wears its own wonder, like a shade.

Adjudicator 1

This is a truly beautiful and wise poem. You have done a wonderful job of creating a conversation between the river and the mountain to explore the idea of identity. I was particularly impressed by your creative metaphors, such as calling the river a 'needle' and the mountain the 'cloth'. This shows a very high level of imagination and helps the reader understand that both strength and movement are important in nature. Your choice of words, like 'syntax' and 'meditation', makes the poem feel very sophisticated and professional. The rhythm of your writing is peaceful and flowing, much like the river you describe. You have shown a great talent for using imagery to show how everything in nature is connected, from the herons stillness to the 'memory of snow'. The ending is very powerful, showing that every part of nature has its own special value. This is a brilliant piece of work that shows a deep understanding of life and a great gift for poetry. Excellent job!

Adjudicator 2

This striking and rhythmic poem masterfully captures the existential dialogue between two forces of nature with a highly unique viewpoint, reimagining the river and mountain not just as static objects, but as philosophical counterparts. The poet showcases extraordinary creativity and an exceptional command of figurative language, utilizing the brilliant perspective that the river is the sky's long sentence written without pause. These vivid and original metaphors move far beyond personification, transforming a physical landscape into a visceral meditation on time, identity and purpose. The imagery is remarkably rich, moving from 'eagles stitching nests' into mountain seams to the memory of snow carried by the current. These delicate details add a sophisticated layer of commentary on how 'every wonder wears its own wonder'. Overall, the writer demonstrates powerful conviction and a masterful voice, making this an outstanding and thought-provoking masterpiece.

Silver Prize

The Swell of the Wind

TSO Yuet Gi Amelia

ST. PAUL'S CO-EDUCATIONAL COLLEGE PRIMARY SCHOOL

As you hustle across the land of green,
Your soft whisper dances between
The leaves who bow with grace,
And dandelions that rise in a daze.

Perched upon the trees the warblers sing their tune,
You caress their cheeks with a promise to return soon.
With their wings lifted by your might,
Your whistle sends them on a frenzied ¿ight.

Clutching each other at their waist,
The lovebirds' heels clattered with haste.
Seeping into their bones, your grasp tightens,
Your chilling howl, oh how it frightens!

Collars clasped, forearms folded,
They scurried in shivers as your power unfolded
Their shields, futilely fighting your growing groan,
Behind the panes, they plead for your merciful tone.

Alas you bellow with a ferocity none can resist,
Woven bamboo dismantled with a flick of y our wrist.
Sandbags backed against doors in vain,
As you extinguish the streetlights, only darkness remains.

Tapes crossed as a crucifix praying "No more!",
Crinkling of glass drowned out by your roar.
Trash cans drifting across the pavements like a feather,
This stormy tantrum of yours, they cannot weather.

Gripping the green by their trunks,
You rip their veins from the earth like a mindless drunk,
Leaves flutter and fall like confetti for your selfish blare,
Dandelions you had kissed were now stripped bare.

With that, your screech comes to a halt,
Branches littered across the asphalt.
You slip away with the twilight's final breath,
Rays of gold rejoice in your fleeting death.

Adjudicator 1

This is an incredibly powerful poem. You have done a masterful job of personifying the wind, showing how it can change from a gentle 'whisper' into a terrifying 'roar'. Your use of language is very impressive; words like 'ferocity', 'futilely' and 'merciful' add a lot of depth and drama to your writing. I especially loved the transition in the poem, where the wind goes from kissing dandelions to ripping trees from the earth 'like a mindless drunk'. This is a very strong and memorable image. Your ability to create a sense of atmosphere is excellent. The way you described people 'clutching each other' and 'pleading' behind their window panes made the storm feel very real and scary. The ending is also beautiful, with the 'rays of gold' returning after the chaos. You have a remarkable talent for storytelling through poetry and a wonderful command of vocabulary. This piece is truly professional and shows a great deal of hard work and imagination. Fantastic job!

Adjudicator 2

This poem masterfully captures a storm's volatile temperament, reimagining the wind as a mindless drunk that rips veins from the earth. The poet subverts the gentle breeze trope with highly unique perspectives—such as taped windows forming a crucifix of futile prayer. These vivid metaphors transform a natural occurrence into a visceral, frightening tantrum. The imagery is exceptionally rich, moving from dandelions in a daze to the crinkling of glass drowned out by a roar. Ultimately, the transition from the wind's growing groan to its fleeting death in the twilight provides a powerful, lingering resonance.

Bronze Prize

Enfold the Nature Embrace the Future

LEE Chun Ka

G.T. (ELLEN YEUNG) COLLEGE

You are a monster
Potent puissant powerful, but harmless
You are a specter
Spooky shadowy scary, but fearless
You are a glitter
Brilliant blazing bright, but lightless
You are a drifter
Silent swift slink, but not homeless

You cover the ground in vivid greens for us to play
The fresh flora flavor flits everywhere for us to brace
You cover the oceans in deep blues for us to lay
The sweet sunshine scent scatters everywhere for us to grace
You cover the sky in fiery orange for us to sway
The soft sandalwood smell shoots everywhere for us to chase
You cover the mountains in crisp whites for us to sleigh
The spicy stew sniff strews everywhere for us to praise.

The soft and gentle breeze hits the season well
The busy bees busk happily up in the sky
The hot and gusty air rings the season bell
The dainty dragonflies dart merrily with the spy
The dry and chill blast smacks the season shell
The clamorous crickets chirp lively to say hi and bye
The nippy and icy gale punches the season fell
The pallid pupas play lonely longing fast to fly .

You come with reasons
Wake us to feel the world with mercifulness
You leave with seasons
Make us to sip the future with joyfulness
You convey us with lessons
Rake us to embrace nature with thoughtfulness
You act like persons
Take us to enfold now and then with gracefulness.

Wind, you made spring full of affability
I can hear you humming in the sensory sprouting spring
Wind, you made summer full of sincerity
I can hear you whistling in the stunning sunny summer
Wind, you made autumn full of cordiality
I can hear you hissing in the active ardent autumn
Wind, you made winter full of amiability
I can hear you fizzing in the windy whimpering winter.

When we are not listening, you fight
When we are not screening, you fright
When we are not strengthening, you blight
When we are well governing, you alight
We affirm you our ambition with our adventure
We attest you our caution with our creature
We admit you our aspiration with our future
We assure you our precaution with our nature.

Adjudicators' Comments

Adjudicator 1

This rhythmic poem masterfully captures the wind's volatile essence, reimagining it as a potent yet harmless monster. The poet showcases an exceptional command of sound, utilizing dense alliteration—like fresh flora flavor flits— to mimic the winds restless energy. These linguistic choices provide a visceral sense of movement, transforming the wind into a specter that guides the seasons. The imagery spans a full sensory range, from the spicy stew of winter to fiery orange skies. By juxtaposing the busy bees of summer with the pallid pupas of winter, the author creates a vivid, cyclical narrative that reflects nature's amiability and might.

Adjudicator 2

This is an extraordinary poem that shows a fantastic command of the English language. Your use of alliteration, like ''fresh flora flavor fits'' and ''busy bees busk'', gives the poem a wonderful musical quality that is a joy to read. I am very impressed by your vocabulary; using words like ''puissant'', ''affability'', and ''cordiality'' shows that you have a very high level of skill. Your descriptions are very creative, especially how you linked different scents like ''spicy stew'' and ''sandalwood'' to the changing seasons. The way you structured the poem to show the winds different personalities—as a monster, a specter, and a drifter—is very clever. You have a great talent for imagery and for making the reader feel, smell, and hear the world you are describing. The ending of the poem is very strong, as it speaks about our responsibility to protect and respect nature. This is a brilliant piece of work that shows a lot of thought and heart. Excellent job!

Bronze Prize

Ode to the Unseen Sculptor

CHENG Cheuk Ki

STEWARDS POOI KEI PRIMARY SCHOOL

O, invisible sculptor of the sky,
Who etches whispers on the clouds so high,
With unseen hands you guide the kite's delight,
And carve its path through veils of crystal light.

In summer, you are earth's most gentle breath,
A whispered coolness conquering the sun's bright wrath.
You stroke the fevered cheek with palms of air,
And braid the grass with patience, strand by strand.

Then, turned to autumn's mischievous, brisk lad,
You snatch the hat and send it spinning, glad,
To race the russet leaves down cobbled lanes,
And chap the skin with playful, sharp complaints.

But oh, your strength! When winter's tales are told,
You roar, a Titan, elemental, bold,
And bend the ancient oaks in deep salute —
Your mighty spin ignites the turbine's root,
Harnessing tempests for the city's light,
You spin the turbine's silent, electric prayer,
A captured storm to banish mortal night.

Yet soon you tire of might, and drift, and sigh,
To where the drowsy, seed-crowned meadows lie,
A lullaby for blossoms yet unborn,
A tender touch upon the fields of corn.
O wild, untamed, and ever-wandering force,
The universe's own untethered horse,
You are the secret every soul can feel,
Yet no one can possess, or clasp, or steal.

So journey on, unseen, through dusk and dawn,
O breath of life upon the world's wide lawn.
Though I can never hold you in my fist,
With awe, I know it is your pulse I list —
The wonder that you ceaselessly impart,
The restless, singing atlas of the heart.

Adjudicator 1

This poem elegantly personifies the wind through the seasons, from a gentle breath in summer to a Titan in winter. The technical inclusion of how the wind ignites the turbine's root to provide city's light adds a modern, purposeful layer to the classical ode structure. The poet uses vibrant imagery like russet leaves and cobbled lanes to track the wind's mischievous journey. The wind is portrayed as the universes own untethered horse, a force that no one can possess, or clasp, or steal. The restless, singing atlas of the heart serves as a particularly resonant closing metaphor for the unseen pulse of life.

Adjudicator 2

This is a beautiful poem. You have done a wonderful job of using the wind as a symbol of both gentleness and great power. I especially liked how you described the wind as an ''invisible sculptor'' and a ''Titan''. These creative choices help the reader see the wind in a completely new way. Your use of metaphors, like comparing the wind to a ''lullaby for blossoms'' or an ''electric prayer'' shows a very high level of imagination and makes your message very clear. The poem flows perfectly, and your words create strong feelings of awe for the natural world. It is fantastic to see how you moved through the different seasons, showing how the wind changes from a playful ''lad'' in autumn to a strong force that can ''ignite the turbines root.'' You have a great talent for imagery and a very deep understanding of how to express big ideas through poetry. You should be extremely proud of this piece. Keep up the excellent work!

Bronze Prize

Nocturne for River and Moon

CHOI Hei Yuet

STEWARDS POOI KEI PRIMARY SCHOOL

On nights the storm has settled into silt,
the river stills its breath, its surface a black,
reflective mirror. The moon descends—
not from his sky, but from the sky within her.

He lays a path of liquid light, shouldering
a crown of moonlit flowers. From his glow,
a cluster of blooms shines—
white ones full of innocence,
blue ones tainted with bruises.

She accepts. With a current's careful hand,
she plucks a single bud—white from the blues—and
lifts it up: a gift, raw and unfiltered.

He bends—a breath of light across the dark.
She braids the stem into a strand of his reflected hair.
For a pulse, two worlds are one within that twist.

He whispers words the wind soon carries away.
She feels the words that never truly reach—
a faint echo where his voice must perish—
a cool script etched upon her skin.

He stays in his sky, forever floating .
She stays, married to the earth and storm.
This is no dream, no final separation.
This is the covenant of night:

Each evening, he pours his silent story down.
Each evening, she writes it on her skin in light,
and wears the crown of moonlit flowers, moving,
towards the sea's vast, forgiving page.

Adjudicator 1

You have done a masterful job of using nature to tell a story about connection and healing. I particularly liked the beautiful imagery of the ''crown of moonlit flowers'' and the idea of the river plucking a single bud of innocence from among the ''bruises''. These choices show an incredible ability to use symbols to explain complex feelings. Your metaphor of the river being ''married to the earth and storm'' while the moon stays in the sky is very powerful and moving. The poem has a peaceful, magical rhythm that feels like a quiet night by the water. You have shown a great talent for using descriptive language, such as ''liquid light'' and a ''cool script etched upon her skin'' which makes the scene feel very real. Your final image of the sea as a ''forgiving page'' is a perfect way to end such a thoughtful piece. This is a brilliant work that shows a very high level of creativity and emotional depth. Excellent job!

Adjudicator 2

A beautiful, romantic meditation on the relationship between the moon and the river. The river is personified as a woman who braids the moon's reflected light into her hair. The poet uses color-coded blossoms—white ones full of innocence, blue ones tainted with bruises—to symbolize a gift of raw and unfiltered truth. The metaphor of the sea as a vast, forgiving page where the river writes her silent story is a sophisticated and lingering conclusion. This covenant of night successfully captures the bittersweet nature of their connection: one forever floating in the sky, the other married to the earth and storm.

Bronze Prize

To the Silent Mountain

LI Cheuk Tung

STEWARDS POOI KEI PRIMARY SCHOOL

You wear not robes, but a specific green —
the frayed velvet of moss on your north shoulder's lean,
and a stubborn, bright rash of dwarf fireweed
clinging to the raw slope of a more recent deed.
You stand not as a king, but as a locked archive,
a keeper of weather in the cracks where lichens live.
And in your shadow, which is cold and sharp at noon,
I feel a draft from a deeper, quieter room.

Your slopes are not stitched, but scarred and seamed —
a runic script of deer trails, barely dreamed.
A single kestrel, stitching the air alone,
unwinds the thread I'd clutched as my own.
Clouds snag on your horned summit, slow and deep,
while far below, a river mumbles in its sleep.

The nuthatch chants its four-note, upside-down decree,
a language I am borrowing, not given for free.
You listen — yes — but through a quartzite ear,
to glaciers long since stilled, to seasons I can't hear.
You guide the wanderer not with a beckoning hand,
but by the simple fact of your being there to stand against the sky.

A sudden gust, smelling of pine and snow,
unlatches not my mind, but a window I'd forgotten how to know.
In your strong silence, which is not void but full,
I find a friend who has also swallowed dull
and brilliant things: a lightning-blasted spar,
the quiet bones of something that tried to climb too far.

And when I reach your stony, wind-scoured crown,
you do not greet me. The world is simply laid down —
hills in rumpled blankets, sky a blinding sheet,
and all that breathes below, a moving, faint receipt.
And in that cold, drafted air, I start to know
my own small, temporary heat.

So I go changed, marked by your granular grace,
your silent lessons etched not in my pace,
but in my breath's new, visible, transient cloud.
Mountain, keeper of the patient, weathering shroud —
where peace is not a gift, but a found, cold space between the stone,
and wonder is the chill that means I'm not alone.

Adjudicator 1

This sophisticated work views the mountain as a locked archive and a keeper of granular grace. The imagery of the frayed velvet of moss and the quartzite ear of the summit is exceptionally precise. The poet avoids cliché personification, instead finding a found, cold space where the mountain's silence is a full and meaningful friend. It masterfully explores the contrast between the mountain's strong silence and the moving, faint receipt of life below. The realization of the speaker's own small, temporary heat against the mountain's weathering shroud provides a profound meditation on human existence and the chill of wonder.

Adjudicator 2

This is a wonderful poem! You showed that you do not need ''big'' or complex words to tell a powerful story. Using simple language like ''a giant, old and gray'' makes the mountain feel like a kind character that anyone can understand. I really liked the image of the mountain wearing a ''coat of trees''—it makes nature sound very cozy and alive. The way you described the city as a ''sea of stars'' from the peak was a beautiful touch. You also did a great job explaining the feeling of being on top of the world, where the air is ''cold and thin''. This poem makes the reader feel brave and peaceful at the same time. It is a perfect example of how simple, clear writing can be just as beautiful and meaningful as a complex story!

Honourable Mention
ODE TO THE WIND
QI Chiu Ching

DIOCESAN BOYS' SCHOOL PRIMARY DIVISION

Mighty tempest
Gentle breeze
You surround me
A chorus of whispers and thunder

Ever present
In joy and sorrows
Holding, enveloping
Accompanying worry and celebration

You beauty is a charm
You beast is breathtaking
In your strength and gentleness
In every shriek, surge, waft and murmur

You kiss the wheatfields
bending golden waves soft and low
You caress the sailboats
etching the ocean's path as they go

You stir the ancient pines
humming the old forest's tale
You brush the tear-streaked cheeks
healing the hidden scars that linger and pale

You fan the flames of Red Cliff's fight
You carry the sails of Zhuang Zhou's butterfly flight
You murmur Shelley's verse through autumn's fade
You breathe soft tales where Eos' soft zephyrs gracefully glide
Omnipotent wind

Adjudicator 1

This is a truly magnificent poem that shows a very high level of learning and talent. I am very impressed by how you connected the wind to so many different stories from history and literature, like the battle at Red Cliff and the poetry of Shelley. This makes your writing feel very deep and smart. Your choice of words is excellent; using terms like ''omnipotent,'' ''zephyrs,'' and ''tempest'' helps create a powerful feeling of respect for nature. You did a wonderful job of showing how the wind can be both a ''charm'' and a ''beast''. I loved the way you described the wind ''healing hidden scars'' and ''kissing the wheatfields''. These images are very gentle and beautiful. Your poem flows perfectly from one idea to the next, and it is clear you thought a lot about how the wind touches every part of our world. You have a great gift for imagery and for bringing old stories to life. This is an exceptional piece of work. Well done!

Adjudicator 2

A sophisticated piece that blends natural observation with deep historical and literary allusions, citing Red Cliff's fight, Zhuang Zhou's butterfly, and Shelley's verse. It captures the wind as an omnipotent force that is both a beauty and a breathtaking beast. The poet uses sensory verbs like kiss, caress, stir, and brush to illustrate the wind's intimate impact on wheatfields, sailboats, and pines. The wind is portrayed as a healer of hidden scars and a carrier of autumn's fade. The free-verse structure allows the shriek, surge, waft and murmur of the wind to flow naturally through the chorus of whispers.

Honourable Mention

A Glimpse of Heaven

IP Hin Wang Mason

DIOCESAN BOYS' SCHOOL PRIMARY DIVISION

The air is thin, a frozen breath.
The rock is loose, a deadly fall.
Mist gathers.
With every step, my brain freezes.
Mount Everest, my childhood dream.
I can't give up now, can I?

My heart stops.
I brush away the fog. My eyesight is back.
I can't give up my dream, my destiny.
The mountain is steep, so steep.
My legs are sore, so sore.
I can't just fall by the wayside, can I?

Mount Everest, so elevated and immense.
Goddess of the Sky, full of elegance and grace.
A growing giant on the Himalayas, majestic and tall.
Yet eight thousand meters of ice
Buried more than eight thousand dreams.

Oh, why is this test so cruel?
The roof of the world, unreachable.
The death zone, impossible.
Am I near it? Am I? I stare at the blank space ahead.
The journey never ends. I shouldn't give up, should I?

The howling wind slams me to fall.
The thin air presses like the demon's call.
I hold on. I move on.
The white throne of Earth is in front of me, isn't it?
It is an illusion.
I sigh.

A hint of sparkle shimmers through the ice.
What is it?
I know what it is.
Mount Everest, the summit's crown.
At last, a touch of sky.
A glimpse of heaven.

Adjudicator 1

This tense, dramatic narrative chronicles the ascent of Mount Everest, personified as the Goddess of the Sky. The poem captures the physical and mental struggle of the death zone, where eight thousand dreams have been buried in the ice. The poet utilizes short, punchy sentences to mirror the hikers labored breathing and frozen breath. The juxtaposition of the majestic giant against the cruel test of loose rock and howling wind creates a palpable sense of stakes. The final touch of sky provides a triumphant and spiritually resonant conclusion, framing the summit as a rare glimpse of heaven.

Adjudicator 2

This is a very powerful and exciting poem. You did a fantastic job of showing the reader how difficult it is to climb Mount Everest. By asking questions like ''I can't give up now, can I?'' you help us feel your fear and your determination. I was very impressed by your use of strong descriptions, especially when you called the mountain the ''Goddess of the Sky'' and a ''growing giant''. These words make the mountain feel alive and very majestic. Your writing also shows a lot of emotion. You explained how hard the climb is for both the body and the mind, especially when you described the ''death zone''. The ending of the poem is beautiful, as the ''hint of sparkle'' finally shows that the dream is coming true. You have a great talent for building suspense and making the reader feel like they are right there on the ice with you. This is an excellent piece of work. Well done!

Honourable Mention

The Illusions of the Wind

WONG Ho Suet

DIOCESAN GIRLS' JUNIOR SCHOOL

Appearing in a weird, wacky world with a drowsy look,
I see clouds wandering 'round like in a fantasy book.

Poof! The wind is calm and cool. A gentle, fresh and light breeze.
Rustle! Leaves dance to the relaxing rhythm of the wind.
The sea ripples in return, as if flaunting its dance skills.
The crisp, salty tang of the sea lingers in my nostrils.
Splish! Splash! The waves are lapping on the children's toes, kicking.
Having a soft-spoken chat, laughing, playing, listening.

Oh! Something has cheered up the wind. It laughs out a strong breeze.
Could you ever imagine? It makes many things take flight.
Multi-coloured leaves in all shapes and sizes, scattering
Greenish, brownish branches, tiny ones, large ones, descending.

Oh! Something has upset the wind. It cries into a gale.
Swirly-swirl into the sky, and around the world we go.
First stop, the desert! The wind swooshes and the sand it hurls.
Listen! The swishy-swishy sound as all the sand travels.
The damp yellow sand showers in the sky, like fireworks.

Follow the wind's path to the vast, mysterious ocean!
Here it sucks up many droplets for a music concert.
Droplets make white, round-headed waves to the beat of the wind.
The wind is a conductor who controls the whole ocean!
Wind whisks the raindrops into a grand ball, droplets flying,
Just like every diamond in the world, rolling down my cheeks.

The wind whooshes by the weathered fossils, adding carvings.
Rocks who are arguing got silenced by their new look, clothes.
The wind is a sculptor who sculpts the fossils with its heart!
Oh! Like an elephant without food, it throws a tantrum.

Lightning strikes, and thunder roars, a raging storm has been formed.
Oceans are chaotic, like packs of hungry hyenas!
Furious tsunamis form, all things wash into my mouth.
I can taste so many things, the tangy water around,
The motor oil of the ships, the concrete on painted ground…
Wind is sucking in the whole Earth in its mouth, swallowing.
The hurricane it makes, as strong as a yeti in myths.
Suddenly, the sky is black, and all the things disappear…
Ring— My alarm clock brings me from dreams to reality.

The mighty wind! The mighty wind! The king of all nature,
Capable to choose to be whatever it chooses to bid:
Stronger than lots of strong men, or gentle like an angel.
Forever, the illusions of the wind will amaze you…

Adjudicators' Comments

Adjudicator 1

This is a fantastic and imaginative poem! I love how you framed the whole adventure as a dream that ends with your alarm clock ringing. It makes the ''weird, wacky world'' you described feel even more magical. You used wonderful ''sound words'' like Splish, Splash, and Swoosh, which make the poem very fun to read out loud. Your metaphors are also very strong; comparing the storm to ''hungry hyenas'' and the wind to a ''yeti'' shows a great imagination and a talent for choosing powerful words. You did an excellent job showing how the wind can change from a gentle ''angel'' to a mighty ''king''. The way you described the desert sand looking like fireworks and the raindrops looking like diamonds shows that you have a very special way of seeing the world. Your writing is full of energy and excitement, and you should be very proud of this work. It is a wonderful mix of fun, adventure, and great vocabulary. Keep up the brilliant work!

Adjudicator 2

This poem excels in using onomatopoeia like Poof!, Rustle!, and Splish! Splash! to create a cinematic, auditory experience. It cleverly personifies the wind as an elephant throwing a tantrum or a conductor who controls the ocean's music concert. The imagery of sand hurls in the desert and diamond raindrops ¸ying int o a grand ball is exceptionally vivid. The poet also portrays the wind as a sculptor that silences arguing rocks with new carvings. The dream-to-reality frame provides a cohesive narrative for these mighty illusions, ranging from gentle angel to mighty king.

Honourable Mention

THE RIVER OF HERTIAGE

YIU Ariadne Tsz Yin

HEEP YUNN
PRIMARY SCHOOL

My mother from China, a phoenix in spring,
My father from Denmark, where wild rivers sing.
Two rivers converge, now one strong embrace,
A child of two worlds, I stand with grace.

In a valley where two streams softly sigh,
One glitters like jade, the other, a shadow that shy.
Two rivers converge, now one strong embrace,
A child of two worlds, I stand with grace.

On their own, they trickle, mere whispers in the breeze,
Like frail little dreams that fade with gentle ease.
Two rivers converge, now one strong embrace,
A child of two worlds, I stand with grace.

But when these streams meet, a raucous roar swells,
With laughter and legends, their unity tells.
Two rivers converge, now one strong embrace,
A child of two worlds, I stand with grace.

When joined in my journey, they thunder and splash,
Creating a river, where hopes boldly clash.
Two rivers converge, now one strong embrace,
A child of two worlds, I stand with grace.

I am the wonder of nature, a vibrant bloom,
A symphony of splash, where wild waters zoom..
Two rivers converge, now one strong embrace,
A child of two worlds, I stand with grace.

In this mighty river, a torrent of dreams,
I listen to echoes, like laughter that beams.
Two rivers converge, now one strong embrace,
A child of two worlds, I stand with grace.

With each twist and turn, through whirlpools of time,
Together we flourish, in rhythm and rhyme.
Two rivers converge, now one strong embrace,
A child of two worlds, I stand with grace.

As a current surge strong, my spirit ignites,
With love flowing freely, through longstarved nights.
Two rivers converge, now one strong embrace,
A child of two worlds, I stand with grace.

From cultures combines, I swell with tide,
A fusion of fire, with nothing to hide.
Two rivers converge, now one strong embrace,
A child of two worlds, I stand with grace.

As I journey through life, with dreams that uplifts,
A powerful river now united, my radiant gift.
Two rivers converge, now one strong embrace,
A child of two worlds, I stand with grace.

Adjudicators' Comments

Adjudicator 1

This is a beautiful and heartfelt poem that celebrates who you are. I love how you used the idea of two rivers meeting to explain your background from China and Denmark. It is a very creative way to show how two different cultures can come together to make something strong and special. Your use of a repeating chorus—the refrain makes the poem feel like a proud song or a powerful anthem. It shows that you are very confident in yourself and your heritage. The words you chose, like ''jade'' and ''phoenix'', create lovely pictures in the reader's mind. You did a great job showing that being part of two worlds is a ''radiant gift''. The poem flows very smoothly, and your message about love and unity is very clear and moving. You should be very proud of this piece of writing because it is both personal and professional. Well done!

Adjudicator 2

This poem uses the convergence of two rivers—one glittering like jade and the other a shadow—to symbolize the speaker's dual heritage from China and Denmark. The repetitive refrain Two rivers converge, now one strong embrace reinforces the theme of unity, identity, and grace. The poet effectively contrasts the mere whispers of individual streams with the raucous roar of their combined strength. By declaring herself a symphony of splash, the author transforms cultural combination into a vibrant bloom of nature. It is a powerful, personal metaphor for how hopes boldly clash and flourish through rhythm and rhyme.

Honourable Mention

To Feel the Mountain

CHAU Nga Yiu Hannah

MARYMOUNT
PRIMARY SCHOOL

Feel the rays of sunlight
Land on your face,
Sun-kissing the skin
And your golden freckles.
Feel the coarse oak
And its centuries of life,
How it endured the rain
And storms throughout the ages.
Listen to its anecdotes
And learn how it lived.

Listen to the songbirds
As they sing through nature's voice.
Hear their sweet ballads
Or soothing, gentle lullabies.
Listen to the psithurism
As it whispers through the trees,
Orchestrating the rustling
In the tangled willows above.
Blow away all the stress
Of your busy, bustling city life.

Smell the rich petrichor,
Left in the logs and earth,
The earthy scent after rain,
That puts you in a daze.
Or sniff the verant grass,
Beside the gravel path.
The smell of wildflowers
Mixed with evocative perfume.
I could lay for hours there
And pretend I haven't a thing to care.

I wish I could stay at
The mountain forever.
But I have things to tend to,
A lot of things, in fact.
So I will come back often as I could,
To remain part of the rushing water,
To remain part of the old trees,
To remain part of the small wildflowers…
To remain part of this place.

Adjudicator 1

This is a beautiful and peaceful poem that does a wonderful job of using all five senses. I am very impressed by your choice of words, especially unique terms like ''psithurism'' and ''petrichor.'' Using these specific words makes your descriptions of the wind in the trees and the smell of rain very vivid and professional. You have a great talent for making the reader feel exactly what you are feeling, from the warmth of the ''sun-kissing'' rays to the ''coarse'' texture of the ancient oak tree. The way you contrast the stressful city life with the calm of the mountain is very relatable and moving. Your ending is particularly sweet, showing a deep wish to stay connected to nature even when you are busy. It shows that you dont just look at nature, but you truly feel part of it. This poem is calm, thoughtful, and shows a very high level of writing ability. You should be very proud of how you brought this mountain scene to life. Excellent work!

Adjudicator 2

A peaceful, sensory-driven meditation that invites the reader to feel the rays of sunlight and listen to the psithurism. The poet uses sophisticated vocabulary like petrichor and verdant to ground the experience in the natural world. The mountain is personified as a storyteller with anecdotes about enduring centuries of storms. The poem's emotional core lies in the reluctant return to bustling city life, making the mountain a radiant gift of peace away from urban stress. The desire to remain part of this place creates a relatable and moving emotional arc of longing.

Honourable Mention

The Language of a Mountain's Way

NG Wing C Charis

PO LEUNG KUK
CHOI KAI YAU SCHOOL

The mountains murmur much, mysteries old,
Their ancient hearts, they keep their secrets cold.
The sunrise spills like honey's golden glow,
A burning kiss on mountain tops of snow.
The pine trees dance like silent queens in waves,
Above the caves, the water flows and saves,
Its melted breath for the hot summer days.
The peak, it shoots right up with silver blades.
The wind's a wolf and whispers out a tune,
And howls so loud to greet the rising moon.
It sweeps across the valleys like a stream,
And tousles up the trees just like a dream.
An avalanche came tumbling with the sound,
Then a silence fell like dust to the ground.
A boulder fell from frost so long ago,
And showed what centuries had lost.
The clouds they kiss the mountain peaks so white,
They wrap the summits gently in the night.
The stars look just like seeds in gardens black,
Scattered by a hand that never looks back.
The moon pours down its silver light at night,
It paints the sleeping mountains soft and bright.
Wind appears again, surfacing to pray,
Speaking the language of a mountain's way.

Adjudicator 1

This is a truly stunning poem that captures the majesty of the mountains perfectly. Your use of descriptive language is excellent, especially the way you compare the sunrise to ''honey's golden glow''. This creates a beautiful and warm image for the reader. I was also very impressed by your creative metaphors, such as describing the stars as ''seeds in gardens black'' and the wind as a ''wolf''. These choices show that you have a very strong imagination and a great talent for personification. The poem flows beautifully, and your words make the mountains feel alive, ancient, and full of secrets. It is wonderful to see how you describe different elements of nature, from the ''silver blades'' of the peaks to the gentle clouds ''kissing'' the mountain tops. You have a natural gift for imagery and for setting a peaceful, magical tone. This is an exceptional piece of work that shows a deep appreciation for the natural world. Fantastic job!

Adjudicator 2

This evocative poem treats the mountain as a repository of mysteries old and secrets cold. The imagery of sunrise spilling like honey and stars like seeds in gardens black is beautifully rendered and highly original. The poet personifies the wind as a wolf that howls so loud to greet the rising moon while speaking the mountain's unique language. The poem effectively captures the silence that follows an avalanche and the centuries lost in a single boulder. By framing the mountain as a dream wrapped in clouds, the author creates a reverent and timeless atmosphere.

Honourable Mention

A Life Song on the Mountain

FUNG Keira Jinglin

ST. PAUL'S CO-EDUCATIONAL COLLEGE PRIMARY SCHOOL

Slopes of steep and slippery,
a journey of doubt, I plodded drearily.
Damp, sheer mist blinding and twisting,
as crystalline dew drops beaded the rugged tracking.
Breathe in, breathe out-
Sharp Sacramento pine needles loom and linger,
towering above, untamed chestnut-brown mountain hangers.
Obstructed by the rough, emerald ivy chains,
I tumbled. Cold. Damp. Wet.
The earthy sludge trickled down my mane.
I gritted my teeth in pain; my grasp of success is vain.

Cuck! Cuck! Cuck!
Wispy mist parts to reveal a velvet-red-robin,
perching proudly, whistling whimsically of hope and new begin,
radiating a cherry song that made me grin.
Under waves of mist, shades of pear, olive and sage merge,
dense carpets of nectared pastel flowers surge,
on honey golden sunlight, shamrock fuses with sapphire sky verge.
The splash of colors forms a breathtaking watercolor painting,
Lush freshness in my eyes, vibrant staining.
Rolling hills, gentle and humped backed;
glass shards, fractured and cracked.
Lively mountains that shape a rustic wall;
Hazy, faint fog blankets the crest like a shawl.
Shifting in obscurity,
in luminous fog, the mountain disappears mysteriously.
Lime-green leaves ruffle dryly when plush trees sway,
beckoning to find awe-inspiring scenery hiding away,
on my tongue, the taste of tranquility waltzes and plays.

Brushing the wet mud off my palms,
I triumphantly overlooked the city summit with calm.
Taking in the bustling city in one panromantic peer,
looking back, the strenuous hills just look mere.
Wildflowers are pieces of confetti on an enchanting landscape,
paired with vague rushing of rivers and bird's sweet melody shape,
all bring life to the mountain's cape.
Breathe in, breathe out-
The peak's cold, thin air reawakened my body as I enjoyed fruits of hard grit.
My heart beats in revival at the journey, which was worth it,
admiring the mighty beauty in wonders of nature's wild wit.

Adjudicator 1

This is a fantastic poem that takes the reader on a real emotional and physical journey. You did a wonderful job of describing the struggle of the climb, using words like ''slippery'', ''drearily'' and ''sludge'' to make the reader feel your effort. The way you transition from the ''blinding mist'' to the ''watercolor painting'' of the summit is very clever and beautiful. I am particularly impressed by your use of colour; phrases like ''shades of pear, olive and sage'' help create a very vivid and professional image of the landscape. Your vocabulary is excellent, especially your use of interesting sounds like ''Cuck! Cuck! Cuck!'' for the robin and creative ideas like the fog being a ''shawl''. You have a great talent for showing, not just telling, how hard work leads to a ''heart beat in revival''. The ending of the poem feels very triumphant and peaceful. This is a very sophisticated piece of writing that shows a lot of perseverance and a deep love for nature. Excellent work!

Adjudicator 2

A vivid sensory journey that tracks a difficult climb through emerald ivy chains and earthy sludge. The transition from pain to triumph is marked by the cherry song of a velvet-red robin whistling of hope. The poet utilizes a rich palette of colors—pear, olive, sage, and shamrock—to describe the breathtaking watercolor painting of the landscape. The mountain is personified through its humped back and the shawl of hazy fog that blankets its crest. Ultimately, the taste of tranquility found at the summit serves as a reward for the hard grit of the strenuous journey.

Honourable Mention

The Catch

FU Hoi Chun Duncan

YEW CHUNG INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

I still remember that Saturday twilight,
fish splashing in the river while the moon creeps high,
silvering the obsidian flow.

Engulfed in shadows, we cast our lines,
Artemis guides us over the mirrored stream,
waiting breathless, even when the wind blows
silver daggers, millions piercing skin.

At last, our line jerks!
We reel with Herculean might.
But Atropos snips life's fragile yarn—
the fish fades, drawing its final breath,
as waves roar like Poseidon's curse, crashing wrath.

In hubris we hooked a pregnant salmon.
Pity swells; remorse grips our hands.
We free her into the wild current's embrace—
yet Artemis frowns, her wild gaze enraged.

Honor calls: we cannot deny
a proper burial. Gently, we lay
the first catch to rest in its homeland,
waves calming as Poseidon smiles upon the bay…
but Artemis watches, forever displeased.

Adjudicator 1

This is a fantastic poem that shows a very high level of skill and imagination. I am very impressed by how you used Greek mythology to tell a story about fishing. Using names like Artemis and Poseidon makes the poem feel like a classic legend. Your descriptions are beautiful, especially when you write about the ''obsidian flow'' of the water and the wind feeling like ''silver daggers.'' These words help the reader see and feel everything happening in the story. The emotion in this piece is very strong. I can feel the ''hubris'' and then the ''pity'' as you decide to help the salmon. It is wonderful to see a writer think so deeply about nature, honor, and life. You have a masterful way of choosing words that create a serious and powerful tone. The ending is very clever, leaving the reader thinking about the different gods and their feelings. This is a brilliant piece of writing that shows a great deal of talent and thought. Well done!

Adjudicator 2

This unique narrative poem blends a fishing trip with Greek mythology, invoking Artemis, Atropos, and Poseidon to describe the struggle. The transition from hubris in hooking a pregnant salmon to the remorse of its death is emotionally resonant. The poet utilizes vivid imagery, such as silver daggers of wind and lines reeled with Herculean might. It offers a sophisticated commentary on honor and the human relationship with the wild current's embrace. The concluding image of Poseidon smiling upon the bay while Artemis remains forever displeased provides a complex and thought-provoking finish.

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Gold Prize

Mountains

TSANG Aisha Abdelaziz

COGNITIO COLLEGE (KOWLOON)

They rise in silence,
shoulders of stone carrying
a billion years of quiet.
Frost cracks them like slow heartbreak,
wind writes and erases their only diary
across bright snow.
We arrive small, loud,
ropes clinking, claiming victory
while the mountain simply stays—
the ancient verb "to endure."
At dusk a cloud leans its cheek
against the highest ridge
and even stone seems to breathe.
Stand still long enough
and the mountain lends you
some of its deep stillness—
not because you asked,
but because it has so much
it doesn't mind sharing.
Let the altitude slow your heart
until it beats
the same patient rhythm
as rock learning how to stand.

Adjudicator 1

This is a beautiful and thoughtful poem that shows a very high level of skill. You have done a wonderful job of making the mountain feel alive by describing it as an 'ancient verb'. I particularly liked the way you compared the frost to 'slow heartbreak' and the wind to a 'diary'. These are very creative and fresh ideas that help the reader see nature in a new way. Your description of the cloud 'leaning its cheek' against the ridge is a very gentle and lovely image. The poem has a very calm and patient rhythm that matches the 'stillness' you are writing about. You did a great job of showing the difference between humans, who are 'small and loud', and the mountain, which is quiet and strong. It is wonderful to see how you used these descriptions to show that nature has a lot of peace to share with us if we just slow down. This is a very mature and moving piece of writing. Fantastic work!

Adjudicator 2

'Mountains' is a deeply contemplative piece that excels in its juxtaposition of human transience against geological permanence. The personification—particularly the cloud leaning its cheek and the mountain embodying the 'ancient verb to endure'—is exceptionally evocative, grounding profound themes in tactile imagery. However, I suggest refining the simile 'like slow heartbreak.' It leans slightly towards the sentimental, momentarily disrupting the poems otherwise stoic and majestic tone. Additionally, tightening the enjambment in the penultimate stanza could further enhance the rhythmic pacing and mirror the 'patient rhythm' you describe. Overall, it is a sound, resonant effort.

Gold Prize

River

TSE Mei Xue Mamie

GOOD HOPE SCHOOL

As the sun arose,
Awoke the early choir.
Granite psalm harmonising
With the capella of silt's hymns.

By eight,
The flowing silk deepened to a clear azure.
An artist's palette appeared in the current.
The kois bled as low vermilion,
The crayfish's rust hid in the mossy green,
The tadpoles danced with their ebony tails,
The otters' sable brown is now slicked to a wet state.

The current bleached itself to a vast powder blue,
Streaks of clay red surfaced from below.
Tangled in fern green, enlarged claws clashed.

Noon burned a fierce cerulean.
The air above the silky surface parted with a deep shriek,
As if to tear the sky itself.
The vibrant palettes disappeared,
Leaving only the watermark on jagged edges.

A heron struck straight down,
Ripples of flawless sapphire,
tearing…
The current softened into a Carolina blue,
Clouds casting a dim steel blue.
A warm denim settled in.

The early choir now left without a trace.
Only the faint pulse of a handful of green-gold stars,
Dangling just above the surface.

Then the sun smudged the blue westward,
Leaving periwinkle…
Then a twilight blue…
Then a luminous Prussian blue…
For a moment, the canvas longed for an artist's palette.

But no.
The river is the relic,
The palimpsest of stars,
Holding all the blues of tomorrow.
That is what the river truly is, and ever longed for.

Adjudicator 1

This is a stunningly beautiful poem that reads like a fine painting. You have done a magnificent job of using color to show how a river changes from sunrise to night. I was very impressed by your vocabulary; using words like vermilion, sable, and periwinkle helps the reader see the exact shades of the water and the animals. Describing the river as an 'artist's palette' is a perfect metaphor that ties the whole poem together. Your use of sound, like the 'early choir' and the heron's 'deep shriek' adds a wonderful layer to the imagery. I also loved the final idea of the river being a 'palimpsest of stars,' showing that it carries the memories of the sky within its depths. You have a remarkable gift for noticing small details in nature and turning them into something magical. This is a very mature and professional piece of work that shows a great deal of talent. Fantastic job!

Adjudicator 2

'River' is an evocative piece that masterfully employs an extended metaphor of the waterway as a shifting artist's canvas. Its primary strength lies in its vivid chromatic imagery; tracking the passage of time through precise shades—from 'clear azure' to 'luminous Prussian'—is an inventive structural device. The opening auditory imagery of a 'Granite psalm' is also particularly striking. However, the poem occasionally reads too much like a catalogue of pigments. To elevate the piece, I suggest varying the sensory details—perhaps reintroducing the auditory elements from the first stanza later in the text to break up the visual lists. Additionally, refining awkward phrasing like 'slicked to a wet state' and correcting 'capella' to 'a cappella' will greatly enhance the linguistic flow.

Gold Prize

Ballads in Breezes, Elegies in Gales

NG Chi Kei

YING WA GIRLS' SCHOOL

From the first unseen stirring of dust,
From mountain ridge to river mouth to sky,
In breezes, ballads; in gales, elegies,
A shapeless bard tells of
The meaning behind each unpromised breath.

In a verdant corner of the world,
In weightless notes, the bard's song beckons
Its dwellers to fly, fly.

Wings spread, defy gravity to catch the tune.
Rooted elders wave, young leaves loosen to join the flock,
To flutter and flicker with the silver-seeded gliders
Following the music to a place of bloom, pink petals
Taking to the skies for one more dance in bright pink.

To where will they go?
Only the wind knows.

Yet as the same breath thickens into howl,
Wooden and concrete homes alike quiver and crack,
Petals bruise and blacken,
The seeds' blooming is unpromised,
When odes descend to elegies at any gust—

Wherein lies the beauty of the song?

O wind, I believe your wordless answer is this:
In the birds and leaves and petals' flight
On the widest roadless path,
You offer no refrain nor honeyed words.
When the next breath is unpromised, uncertain
To arrive heavy or light,
Is not each fleeting fluttering moment
All the more worthy of memory?

Adjudicator 1

This poem is a beautifully conceived meditation on the dual nature of the wind. Its greatest strength lies in the central conceit of the wind as a 'shapeless bard', cleverly contrasting the gentle 'ballads' of breezes with the destructive 'elegies' of gales. The imagery is often striking, particularly the 'silver-seeded gliders' and petals that 'bruise and blacken'. However, the poem would benefit from refining its diction to avoid redundancy. For instance, repeating 'pink' in the third stanza weakens the visual impact. Additionally, the concluding stanza borders on the didactic; allowing the imagery to speak for itself rather than explicitly spelling out the 'wordless answer' might yield a more profound, lingering resonance.

Adjudicator 2

The poem shows a sophisticated level of thought and a mature command of language. The central idea is the wind as a 'shapeless bard' that tells the worlds story. This gives the poem a unique perspective. The poem balances the winds dual nature, showing how it can be both a gentle singer and a powerful force. The imagery is vivid, particularly the description of 'silver-seeded gliders' and 'pink petals' dancing in the sky. These details engage the reader. The poem explores the uncertainty of life and the beauty found in fleeting moments. The conclusion finds meaning in the 'roadless path' and the 'unpromised breath'. The poem leaves the reader inspired by its hopeful final message.

Gold Prize

milky way

YU Yuet Magdalene

YING WA GIRLS' SCHOOL

stars sweep across the void
and with them, us, unwitting passengers.
upon our tiny blue-green buoy,
on the dark and deep, a placid water,
a silence still and poised
were it not for the

BRILLIANT BURSTS OF LIGHT, A BALLET THROUGH THE BALLROOM
PIROUETTE IN ORBIT AND AXES
SOLAR FLARES OF DRESSES
WHEN THE TANGO CRESCENDOS, COLLISION
HAND AGAINST WAIST, COLLAPSING INTO BLACK
holes.

and us, below,
seized in a ceaseless flow,
again and again, to love, to live, to know.
a tapestry woven with the threads of our souls,
a portrait painted with the ash of our bones—
yet, the barest speck in this broad tide's scope.

if so, how far shall our legend resound?
will the aeons ahead acknowledge a sceptre or crown?
are we above an ape? a feline, a hound?
what is sapience, if not the braggart's account?
in this current, skyward bound
we drown.

Adjudicator 1

Your poem is very creative and has many wonderful thoughts. Mixing space with a dance is a very fresh and original idea. Your choice of words is clear and effective throughout the piece. Phrases like 'brilliant bursts of light, a ballet through the ballroom' create a very beautiful picture for the reader. The main theme about our place in the huge universe is clear when you describe Earth as a 'tiny blue-green buoy'. You use good word pictures that support this big idea well. The feeling in your poem is interesting and changes from quiet to loud. Your lines about a 'tapestry woven with the threads of our souls' show a lot of heart. The ending line, 'in this current, skyward bound we drown', leaves a very strong impression. You show a good control of rhythm in many parts of this work. This is a very clean and thoughtful piece of writing.

Adjudicator 2

'milky way' is a compelling cosmic meditation that effectively juxtaposes human fragility against the universes vastness. Its primary strength lies in its structural ingenuity; the abrupt shift to capitalized text brilliantly mimics the sudden, violent energy of a celestial collision, disrupting the quietude of the opening lines. The imagery of Earth as a 'tiny blue-green buoy' is particularly evocative. However, the piece could benefit from some refinement. The ballroom metaphor ('tango', 'dresses') feels somewhat incongruous with the celestial scale and borders on clich. Additionally, the sudden reliance on rigid end-rhymes (resound, crown, hound) in the penultimate stanza feels slightly forced, detracting from the organic, free-flowing rhythm established earlier. Loosening this rhyme scheme would enhance the poems contemplative, existential tone.

Silver Prize

The Believer

LOK Tsz Kit

F.D.B.W.A. SZETO HO SECONDARY SCHOOL

I was twelve, throwing stones
at the water's face—angry at nothing,
or everything. My father had left
that spring. My mother was gone as soon as the wind.

Beneath the bridge, the river
took each stone without flinching,
closed around it, kept moving.
I sat until my anger cooled
like skipped stones settling
on the muddy bottom.

Years later, I returned
with grief that had a name.
The river had not changed—
same curve at the cottonwood,
same light breaking on the bend.

I remembered the boy
who threw stones, and saw
the river held them all:
the anger, the grief,
the quiet years between.

What it taught me:
to receive without judgment,
to carry without crushing.
Not to forget—to hold.

Water smooths the sharpest edges
not by force, but by staying.

Now when my mind goes mess and mad,
leaving me just sad and stressed,
I walk to where the water moves
calm and slow, clearing as it goes.

I do not ask it to fix me.
I only place my hands in the current,
feel the cold bless my wrists,
and listen.

Nature is the sound of faith.
The believer listens,
The believer stays.

Adjudicator 1

Your poem is beautiful and very special. You did a great job showing deep feelings through a river story. It feels real and original. Your choice of words is clear, simple, and strong. Phrases like water smoothing sharp edges by staying are wonderful. You use great word pictures that help the reader see and feel everything. The main message about nature helping people heal comes through perfectly. The feeling in the poem is very powerful from the start to the end. The change from an angry boy to a wise adult flows very well. The ending lines give a peaceful and nice feeling that stays with the reader. You show a big talent for writing with great rhythm and clear heart. It is a very clean, easy-to-read, and moving piece of art. This is truly excellent work, and you should be very proud of your writing.

Adjudicator 2

'The Believer' offers a profoundly moving meditation on grief and the enduring, absorptive power of nature. Its greatest strength lies in its quiet, reflective tone and the central metaphor of the river receiving stones 'without flinching', perfectly mirroring the process of emotional assimilation. The observation that water smooths 'the sharpest edges not by force, but by staying' is exceptionally well-crafted and resonant. However, the poem falters slightly in its later stanzas. The phrasing 'mind goes mess and mad, leaving me just sad and stressed' feels overly colloquial and disrupts the otherwise mature, lyrical voice established earlier. I suggest revising these lines to maintain the poems sophisticated register. Additionally, softening the final declarative statements might allow the poems beautiful imagery to resonate more organically with the reader.

Silver Prize

Children of the Wind

WUT Yik Yu

GOOD HOPE SCHOOL

Swish,

We are breathed into life by wind,
From the remains of kin.
Together we sprout from the earth,
This wide world is our hearth.

On our blooming golden petals,
Rays of sunshine settle.
Along the rustling of the trees
In the cool summer breeze.

From honeybees and butterflies ,
To moths and hoverfies ,
Partying in this sweet spring swirl,
Fairies too, twirl and whirl.

Roar,

Cutting through currents like daggers
We shall never stagger.
With our taproot and jagged leaves,
In this hailstorm it weaves.

We are the children of Zephyr,
Carry us wherever.
Neither Tempest nor Boreas,
Can kill or bury us.

Whoosh,

Yellow gowns fade into green coats,
Beside the sunlit moat. Transforming
into fluffy wear
In the crisp autumn air.

Gliding along the draft we flew
With puffball parachutes.
Our pappi dispersed like stardust,
Swept by the sudden gust.

Swish,

Nature's resilient beauty,
Reporting for duty.
Thousands of dandelions spin,
Fluttering in the wind.
Creator's magic amplify
Us to fly, and soar high
Whistling this song in A major,

Adjudicator 1

'Children of the Wind' is a charming exploration of the dandelion's life cycle, distinguished by its inventive structural layout. The use of onomatopoeic marginalia ('Swish', 'Roar') effectively mimics the winds auditory presence, anchoring the reader in the sensory experience. Furthermore, the synthesis of classical allusions—such as Zephyr and Boreas—with precise botanical terminology ('pappi', 'taproot') demonstrates commendable ambition and elevates the poems thematic depth. However, the verse occasionally falters due to forced rhyming couplets, particularly in the later stanzas ('beauty', 'duty'). The final exclamation, 'All hail mother nature!', feels somewhat trite and undermines the sophisticated imagery established earlier. I recommend loosening the strict rhyme scheme to allow for a more organic rhythmic flow. Focusing on concluding with a striking, original image rather than a familiar idiom would greatly strengthen the piece.

Adjudicator 2

This is a fantastic and high-energy poem! I love how you took the life of a simple dandelion and made it feel like a grand adventure. Your use of vocabulary is very impressive; using words like 'pappi','taproot,' and names from mythology like 'Zephyr' and 'Boreas' makes your writing sound very professional and well-researched. The way you described the seeds as 'puffball parachutes' dispersing like 'stardust' is a beautiful image that stays in the readers' mind. The rhythm of the poem is excellent, and the musical touch of whistling in 'A major' gives the ending a very happy and triumphant feel. You did a wonderful job of showing that nature is both gentle, with its 'cool summer breeze' and strong, surviving 'hailstorms'. It is a very creative and joyful tribute to Mother Nature. You should be very proud of your ability to blend science, mythology, and art into one great poem. Keep up the brilliant work!

Silver Prize

Geography Student Encounters A River

NG Tsz Yan Leona

ST. PAUL'S
CONVENT SCHOOL

nestled in a drainage basin
calf-deep in a river
whispering currents weave around my soles
water, the elixir of life
susurration turned symphony cares not for an audience
am i but a mere piece of jagged sediment
lodged in the river channel
if i linger long enough, will
fluvial erosion work its magic
bite at skin and flesh and bone and
dissolve my entirety?
will the hydrological cycle
send me adrift to high valleys
flowing down tributaries
skipping over rapids and braided streams
until particles of me
are deposited here once more?
what a hassle, i think.
i am human, and mere water
cannot erode me so easily.
with that i take my notes and shoes and leave
my footprint is then swallowed by a current.

Adjudicator 1

This is a delightfully inventive piece that successfully marries the clinical vocabulary of physical geography with profound existential introspection. Its primary strength lies in this unique juxtaposition; technical terms like 'fluvial erosion' and 'hydrological cycle' are cleverly repurposed to explore human vulnerability and impermanence. The poem culminates in a wonderfully evocative and humbling final image of the river swallowing the speaker's footprint. To elevate the piece further, I suggest revising the slightly cliched phrase 'water, the elixir of life', which momentarily disrupts the otherwise fresh, academic lexicon. Additionally, refining the rather prosaic transition 'what a hassle, i think' could enhance the poem's rhythmic fluidity and maintain the contemplative atmosphere more seamlessly.

Adjudicator 2

Your text is very good and has fantastic ideas. Connecting science terms with human life is a smart choice. Your choice of words is clear and effective. Lines like 'whispering currents weave around my soles' create a nice visual scene. You use interesting details that assist the reader well. The main theme about water and human actions comes across clearly. The feeling changes from deep thoughts to a funny ending. Your line, 'what a hassle, I think', is very amusing and original. The final image of a footmark vanishing in the water is excellent. It leaves a very clear thought in the mind of the reader. You show great control over the structure from start to finish. This work is a joy to read. Every single line feels fresh and holds a lot of energy. Your clever view of nature makes this text highly unique and alive. You should feel good because this short story is brilliant. It is an awesome creation that shows massive talent.

Silver Prize

A Wanderer's Whispers

LEUNG Sen Fung

ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

"Where can I find you?"
A plea of desperation
slipping from your quivering lips.
Grasping, begging, pleading
for a presence that evades your touch.

"You are not majestic like the colossal mountains,
nor are you serene like the boundless sea.
And yet, how can something so inconspicuous
be alive, with proof of its existence?"

Do not be mistaken, dreamer.
For in the magpie's frantic flight,
and in the windmill's tender sigh,
etched deep within nature's soul—
it is there, I promise, my presence lingers.

For I belong to raging rivers and calming seas,
to towering mountains and swaying trees.
My soul carved into your flowing hair,
a cool caress that leaves you bare.

I am the quiet whisper of aspen leaves,
the restless breath no soul perceives,
I am the splitting cries of thundered skies,
I am the wanderer who never dies.

So come seek me, dreamer—
find me in the hush of dawn,
my breath grazing your lips,
my footsteps indistinguishable,
yet undeniable
as the prints you leave behind.

So do not be mistaken, dreamer
For I am the wonder that accompanies you
hidden in the soft spring breeze,
veiled in the ruffle of your skirts.
I am the evidence of shifting seasons,
carrying away summer leaves
humming the song of autumn.
I am the promise of freedom,
the eternal call of fearlessness
and relentless ambition.
Do not be mistaken, dreamer—
for I am the wind,
and I have never left.

Adjudicators' Comments

Adjudicator 1

'A Wanderer's Whispers' is a charming and evocative piece that skillfully personifies the wind. Its primary strength lies in its delicate, sensory imagery—phrases like 'the magpies frantic flight ' and 'the hush of dawn' successfully cultivate an ethereal, mysterious tone that sustains the readers interest until the final reveal. The conversational structure between the 'dreamer' and the natural element works effectively to build intimacy and guide the narrative. However, the poem leans on a somewhat familiar poetic trope. To elevate the work, I suggest moving away from predictable end-rhymes (such as seas, trees or skies, dies) and exploring more unconventional, startling metaphors for the wind to heighten its originality and avoid cliché.

Adjudicator 2

This is a beautiful and very comforting poem. I love how you started with a person feeling lost and looking for the wind, only for the wind to answer back in such a powerful way. You did a wonderful job of showing that even though the wind is 'inconspicuous' or hard to see, it is everywhere—in the hair, the trees, and even the ruffle of your skirts. This makes the wind feel like a constant friend who is always watching over the world. Your choice of words is excellent. Words like relentless, perceives, and undeniable make your writing sound very mature and thoughtful. I also really liked the ending, where the wind reminds the 'dreamer' that it represents freedom and ambition. It turns a poem about nature into a poem about feeling brave and strong. You have a great talent for imagery and for making the reader feel peaceful. This is a very impressive and well-written piece of work. Well done!

Bronze Prize

Confluence of Truths

LAW Wai Ling

MARYKNOLL
CONVENT SCHOOL
(SECONDARY SECTION)

The streams of the Earth, they birth in stone
Then follow the shaft the sun calls their own.
Some race through gorges, carving ancient rocks
Some stride through meadows, lazy as flock.
They mirror clouds and carry salmon home,
In their own paths, they churn and roam.

O, Lady of the Rivers—disparate from the sky's bright blue,
Her flow is spectral, her current sworn and true.
She is the Styx, the keeper of vows.
The solemn vein beneath the underworld's brow.
Her banks are lined with watchers, grim and still,
Who serves the ferryman's unyielding will.

They say that blood runs thicker than water,
A claim of kin, of son and daughter.
But in her cold, abyssal, endless flow,
She thins the essence of the human soul.
All family ties, by mortal passion spun,
Cannot elude the coercive tide where her course is run.

The Styx is silver-gleaming, sunlit, fair,
But she knows not of how to spare.
When a promise is made and an oath is broken,
Blood and water would not be different.
To cross the streams is to know the art
Of how all waters drown the heart.

For all rivers share the same relentless art:
To pull the solid world, piece by piece, apart.
They carry mountains out to sea
In patient, hungry, dark necessity.
And so the deepest current knows its chore—
To bear the weight of every unseen shore.

Thus, even Styx, in her profound command,
Proves nature's wonders are not softly planned.
Her solemn pull, a force both deep and dire,
Mirrors the glacier's grind, the volcano's fire.
The greatest wonder is not just the bloom,
But the dark soil that cradles every tomb.

Adjudicator 1

Your poem is deeply evocative, ambitious, and brilliantly constructed. You have taken the theme of the river and elevated it into a powerful exploration of fate, myth, and nature's unyielding forces. The contrast between the lively, earthly streams in the opening stanza and the haunting, spectral weight of the River Styx gives your piece a magnificent sense of scale. Your use of mythic imagery—the ferryman, grim watchers, and solemn vows—creates an atmosphere both breathtaking and chilling. Phrases like 'patient, hungry, dark necessity' and 'the dark soil that cradles every tomb' showcase a mature grasp of tone and metaphor. Turning tropes like 'blood runs thicker than water' on their head reveals the absolute, indifferent truth of time and natural law. The rhythm carries a steady, relentless pull like the current you describe, leading to a philosophical ending that lingers. This is a remarkably thought-provoking, beautifully written piece.

Adjudicator 2

'Confluence of Truths' is an ambitious and thoughtful piece that successfully marries the physical reality of earthly rivers with the mythological weight of the River Styx. Its primary strength lies in its thematic depth, particularly the striking realization that all rivers share a 'relentless art' of erosion, effectively equating natural forces with the underworld's solemnity. The imagery of water pulling the world 'piece by piece, apart' is highly evocative and memorable. However, the poem would benefit from tighter metrical control and closer attention to phrasing. Certain rhymes feel slightly forced, such as 'lazy as flock' and the line 'Blood and water would not be different' abruptly disrupts the established rhythm and rhyme scheme. Refining the meter and smoothing these structural inconsistencies will elevate the poem's formal elegance to match its profound subject matter.

Bronze Prize

Oracle of the River

LEUNG Ka Yu Catherine

SACRED HEART
CANOSSIAN COLLEGE

O whispering water, oracle of night,
You chant in tongues of foam and silver breath;
Each droplet dreams beneath the star's faint light,
Of birth, of breaking, and of death.

Serpent of song, you coil through shadowed glades,
A crystal pilgrim crowned in drifting mist;
Your depths devour the moon as twilight fades,
Yet gift her glow where hearts are kissed.

You wear the sky's reflection as a crown,
Draped in dew and veiled in vapor's grace;
Each ripple hums where secret lore is sown,
A mirrored hymn of time's embrace.

O River, keeper of the key untamed,
Flow through the hollow hearts of gods and men;
Unbind my soul—let longing be renamed,
And I shall drink your light again.

Adjudicator 1

Since this poem is written by a secondary school student, the depth of the metaphors and the control of the rhythm are truly impressive. You have crafted a lyrical masterpiece that treats the river as a sacred 'oracle' and a 'crystal pilgrim'. Using these spiritual comparisons gives your work a timeless, mystical quality that goes far beyond simple description. I especially loved the vivid image of the water 'devouring the moon', which shows a sophisticated understanding of how to use nature to represent life and death. Your vocabulary is exceptionally rich, and your use of alliteration and rhyme creates a flow that is as smooth as the stream itself. It is rare to see a student write with such a reverent and consistent tone. You have managed to blend deep philosophical thoughts with beautiful, clear imagery of 'veiled vapors' and 'silver breath'. This is a mature and powerful piece of poetry that showcases a remarkable literary talent. Excellent work!

Adjudicator 2

'Oracle of the River' demonstrates a sound command of lyrical form and elevated diction. The personification of the river as a 'crystal pilgrim' and 'serpent of song' provides a rich, mythic resonance. The rhythmic cadence and consistent romantic tone effectively draw the reader into a contemplative, ethereal landscape. However, the piece occasionally leans on archaic apostrophe ('O whispering water') and familiar pastoral tropes (mist, moon, stars). To elevate the verse, I strongly encourage grounding these grand, cosmic abstractions in more startling, concrete observations to avoid the predictability of traditional romantic pastiche.

Bronze Prize

The Breath Borrowed from the Storm

NG Hoi Ting

ST. PAUL'S
CONVENT SCHOOL

They pound onto the thin walls of reflective glass,
and you whine and wail for the sounds to pass.
They scream into your ear as you wrap yourself under the sheets,
suddenly so sparse even with the fleece,
don't you wonder how something created before us could be so crass?

Leaves fall from branches and the sleeves come to place,
one layer thicker between each millimetre of distance underneath,
the reason why the breeze blew them away from your embrace,
red dry cheeks were never the matter before your eighteenth,
now stood alone under street lights with clattering teeth.

One strong blow with a snap and there it goes,
her reputation manufactured from the subway grate below.
It may have been a source of inspiration and fame,
but she deserved more than the man-made gust's claim.

Or, was the wind more than what we believed it to be?
Was the wind more than what we personified to serve our needs?

They carry life on their shoulders and backs with sheer will, spreading
across flowers in stacks through the hills.
Valentines bouquets and owned gardens that you admire,
breezing through must be an impossible desire,
for new faces that bloom as bright as the sun's rays,
all strong enough for more of their future plays.

Working in a trance to chase away the selfish specks
of dust and fog and dirtied air on top of rows of housing complexes,
our eyes open for another day to care for the glimmer in the sky,
yet they can't even stop without listening to our cries.
It wafts through the stagnant shadows between cracked bricks,
as we sigh to their rhythm with the sound of their flicks .

Stories and memories behind captures seem to mend into one,
hair that dances happily through their hands as it comes undone,
that perfect shot with a breath of nostalgia will forever be second to none,
with smiles of a teenage heart and sparks of last fun.
It blows again and you sit next to your five-year-old son,
same picture in hand as you retell your life one random month.
We can destroy their image as much as we want them to be,
but for once their wonders are born from their uncontrollable duality.
They make room for the young and vibrant through violent songs,
they carve the sculptures and art that wind up in tours.
The gap between the peace we seek and the chaos that calls,
murmur as it pounds again, against our doors.

Adjudicators' Comments

Adjudicator 1

'The Breath Borrowed from the Storm' is an ambitious, reflective piece that successfully captures the uncontrollable duality of nature. Its primary strength lies in its thematic depth, using the wind not merely as a meteorological force, but as a poignant vessel for memory, nostalgia, and the passage of time. The imagery, particularly the 'stagnant shadows between cracked bricks,' is highly evocative and emotionally resonant. However, the poem would benefit from tighter metrical control. The rhythm occasionally falters due to overly wordy lines, such as 'between each millimetre of distance underneath,' which disrupts the lyrical flow. Furthermore, the sudden allusion to Marilyn Monroe ('subway grate below') feels somewhat disjointed from the overarching naturalistic tone. Refining these structural inconsistencies and forced rhymes will elevate the piece considerably.

Adjudicator 2

This is a very deep and thought-provoking poem that looks at nature in a very different way. I was very impressed by how you challenged the reader to think about whether we use the wind just to 'serve our needs'. Your mention of the 'manufactured reputation' from the subway grate was a very smart way to show how humans use nature for fame. It shows that you are thinking about history and culture as well as the environment. The way you described the wind as both a 'violent song' and a 'gentle breath' shows a great understanding of the wind's dual nature. I also loved the emotional scene at the end where a parent shares memories with their son; it shows that while the wind is 'crass' and loud, it also creates the 'sparks' of our best memories. You have a real talent for taking a simple subject like the wind and making it feel like a complex character with its own story. This is a very mature piece of work. Well done!

Bronze Prize

Passing Through

WONG Pui Wah Evelyn

ST. PAUL'S
SECONDARY SCHOOL

Mountains wear a crown of clouds like kings that ruled before,
with emerald armies clad in green that guard upon the floor.
As rivers flow, the hills lay low to be brushed by the breeze,
that's filled with scents of roses sleeping underneath the trees.
Painted petals decked in bronze shine in beaming rays,
as dawn erases darkness in the golden light of day.

The Sun, my mother's hand, is resting right upon my cheek,
it leaves a gentle warmth that whispers words the Sun won't speak.
The wind, a ghost of blissful grace, goes rushing through my hair.
It leaves a lingering feeling on the face that I leave bare.
The bushes, armed and thorny, tug and scratch against my shin.
A sharp and sudden greeting where the wilderness begins.

The chatter of the squirrels breaks the silence of the wood,
a frantic, furry gossip where worn ancient oak once stood.
The chanting, hidden birds are drifting under sunny skies,
while rustling grass reveals where timid rabbits hurry by.
The forest hums with heartbeats, every creature plays its part,
a choir of living things that feed and beat within my heart.

To breathe is only borrowed time, a precious gift we hold,
more value than a mountain's peak or morning's glowing gold.
For in this fleeting moment, living love won't ever die.
The only truth we ever speak before we say goodbye.

Adjudicator 1

This is a beautiful and very well-written poem. You have done a wonderful job of using nature to describe feelings of peace and love. I particularly liked the personification you used, such as describing the sun as your 'mother's hand' and the mountains as 'kings'. These creative choices help the reader feel a deep emotional connection to the outdoors. Your use of metaphors, like the 'emerald armies' of trees, shows great imagination and makes your descriptions very clear. The rhythm of your writing is excellent, and your rhymes flow very naturally. You have shown a great talent for using all your senses, from the 'scents of roses' to the 'sharp and sudden' scratch of the bushes. It is wonderful to see how you used the ending to share a deep thought about how life is a 'precious gift'. This is an impressive piece of work that shows a high level of skill and a very kind heart. Well done!

Adjudicator 2

'Passing Through' offers a vivid, sensory immersion into the natural world. Your primary strength lies in crafting rich, tactile imagery; the personification of the sun as a 'mothers hand' and the 'frantic, furry gossip' of squirrels beautifully animate the woodland setting. The transition from observing nature to reflecting on mortality is poignant. However, your strict adherence to end-stopped rhyming couplets occasionally forces the meter, leading to slightly predictable phrasing (e.g., hold, gold). I recommend experimenting with enjambment or slant rhymes. This would allow your profound concluding meditation on 'borrowed time' to breathe more organically, rather than feeling constrained by a rigid structural rhythm.

Honourable Mention

The River of Vitality

LAU Chak Chiu Jack

CARMEL DIVINE
GRACE FOUNDATION
SECONDARY SCHOOL

Encased behind the silent walls of a forest dead,
Lies a river dancing, embracing her cold solitude and dread.
Her arms drooped low, eyes gazing at the stars above, hopelessly yearning for her past light.
Each movement whispers tales of sorrow in this lonely night.
Skin cracked, stained, and heart hollowed out by man.
Tears moisturize her darkened hands that once fed this ancient land.
What had robbed this wonder of nature from her beauty and might?

She had once flown elegantly, her skin glimmering in the Sun's warm embrace.
Fish swam in her crystal-blue body and admired her never-ending grace.
Birds and herds of animals hurried to acquire her life-giving sweat and blood.

The river travelled to ends of the land, reviving the barren elds.
The birds sang poems about the water from the rivers' hands.
The apes carved pictures of her plentiful yield.
She converged with the oceans, carrying that flow of life to the foreign lands.
Carrying her blood and grace to the corners of the world.
The birds and herds praised her excellence in unison.
"What a wonderful scene! What a beautiful sight!
The River of Vitality! The River of Right!"

Some apes arrived, stone tablets in hand.
"Thank you o' river! A goddess of grace!"
The apes grew stronger, reaching heights unknown.
Yet one can wonder if gratitudes' seeds had truly been sown.

After ages came new apes, this time with odd tools instead.
"Wonderful! There's always room for more."
Yet her generosity led to betrayal, as the apes carved their marks not on stone, but upon her.
Evolution and betterment as their mantra, all for Gaia they swore.

Walls severed her from the ocean, trash stripped her of beauty.
The apes craved for her life-giving blood, so her body ran dry.
It was all in the name of money, all for fleeting fame.
All in the name of mankind? All in the name of pain.

Deprived of her joy, rid of her gift of nourishment.
Stuck in this forest condemned for eternity.
Burdened with stains, her heart weary.
Who can help save this wonder of nature?

So that she can live in bliss once more.
Yet fear grips her heart tight, for it may be too late.
As the cracks deepen, the hands grow darker,
and the heart begins to fade.
May she feel free once more in the heavens she gazed upon,
taking care of nature's most beautiful stars once again.

Adjudicators' Comments

Adjudicator 1

This is a powerful and very sad poem that tells the long history of a river. I was very impressed by how you used the idea of 'apes' to represent humans, showing how we changed from being thankful and carving stone tablets to becoming greedy with 'odd tools'. Describing the water as the rivers 'blood' and the land as 'Gaia' makes the damage feel very personal and painful. You did a great job of showing how the river was once a 'Goddess of Grace' but is now a 'hollowed out' prisoner behind silent walls. The way you move from the 'River of Vitality' to a river 'deprived of her joy' is very effective. Your words help the reader understand that nature gives us everything, but humans sometimes take too much in the name of 'money' and 'fame'. The ending is very moving, as the river looks to the stars for peace because the earth has become too difficult. You have a great talent for writing stories that make people think deeply about the world around them.

Adjudicator 2

'The River of Vitality' offers a poignant ecological allegory, effectively personifying nature to contrast the rivers past life-giving glory with its current exploitation by humanity (the 'apes'). The poem's primary strength lies in its clear narrative arc and passionate thematic focus on environmental degradation, which successfully elicits a sense of tragic loss. However, the execution occasionally falters due to forced rhymes and slightly awkward phrasing, such as 'Tears moisturize her darkened hands', which disrupts the otherwise mythic tone. To elevate the piece, I suggest loosening the strict rhyme scheme to allow for more organic, evocative word choices. Refining the meter will also help sustain the elegiac mood without slipping into heavy-handedness.

Honourable Mention

Winter Gale

CHEN Yin Ching Camilla

GOOD HOPE SCHOOL

Cold wind cuts the edge of day,
pushing clouds slowly far away.
Sharp wind climbs the mountain high,
scratching white lines across the sky.

It leans hard on the harbor lights,
rocking ferries through rising night.
Cheeks turn red, pale and numb,
Fingers freeze, lips tight and dumb.

It whirls snow in a silver rush,
spinning flakes in a racing hush.
Howl and whip with all their might,
though endless day and starless night.

It shakes neon with quiet roar,
slipping cold under every door.
As sharp as blades of glass,
no warmth may dwell where cold amass.

It rings ice on the bare stone,
a thin, cold song, sharp and lone.
Stealing breath in the frozen night,
turning it small and faintly white.

Yet the gale won't slow or stop,
whistling loud from peak to drop.
High above trees and distant lands,
wind reshapes snow with unseen hands.

Adjudicator 1

'Winter Gale' offers a highly evocative portrayal of nature's raw, unforgiving power. Its primary strength lies in its sharp, sensory imagery; phrases like 'scratching white lines across the sky' and 'stealing breath... turning it small and faintly white' brilliantly capture the biting, physical chill of the wind. The personification of the gale as an active, sculptural force with 'unseen hands' is particularly effective at grounding the theme. However, the poem's strict AABB rhyme scheme occasionally forces awkward phrasing, such as 'where cold amass,' which disrupts the grammatical flow. I recommend experimenting with enjambment and slant rhymes to loosen the rigid meter. Allowing the rhythm to become more jagged and unpredictable would better mimic the chaotic, turbulent nature of a true winter gale.

Adjudicator 2

This is a wonderful poem that makes the reader feel like they are standing right in the middle of a cold winter day. You did a great job of showing how the wind affects everything, from the 'harbour lights' in the city to the 'bare stone' on the mountains. I really liked your description of the wind as being 'as sharp as blades of glass.' This is a very smart way to show how the cold can almost hurt. The rhythm of your poem is very steady, which helps it feel like a strong, constant storm. You used excellent sensory details, like the sight of a person's breath turning 'small and white' in the frozen air. It is also very creative how you described the wind as a sculptor that 'reshapes snow with unseen hands.' This shows that nature is always moving and changing the world around us. You have a great talent for describing nature in a way that feels very real and exciting. Keep up the great work!

Honourable Mention

Bold Currents, Final Union

WONG Hoi Ching Athena

GOOD HOPE SCHOOL

In mountain peaks beyond the lakes,
A tiny stream begins its journey's sake.
"Which way?" it asks as the river path divides,
"Shall I drift safe, or dare the tide?"

One way whispers calm, humming low like a bassoon,
The other roars fierce like a tropical typhoon.
It tips forward, trembling into the roar,
The churring white water, the unknown shore.

The Nile speaks low in its ancient old voice,
"I've slid past the pyramids, steadily by choice.
While empires sink into desert sand,
I flow unbound beyond time's command."

The Amazon rumbles, laughing deep in green,
"World's mightiest by volume, as the truth is seen.
One fifth of earth's freshwater to the ocean's shore,
I'm home to pink dolphins that people adore."

The Ganges glides gently, slow with grace,
Descended from Heaven's sacred place.
"Beside the Taj Mahal, I carry pilgrims' faith and tears,
Holding every whispered hope through endless years."

The Danube winds through Europe's grand domain,
Second-longest, crossing hills and plain.
"From Black Forest Shade to Black Sea blue,
Old and new empires, all I've walked through."

That once tiny stream now swells mighty and free,
Grown strong through risks one could never foresee.
"Behold my strength!!! Iguazu proclaims,
Its voice like thunder, booming with untamed flames .

From Nile's long centuries to Iguazu's fierce fire,
Through Ganges' soft blessing to Danube's sacred choir,
A single brave thread through the rise and the fall, The
scared small current who answered the call.

"Which way?" It still asks, though the answer is clear,
A silent surge, both restless and near.
It dared the tide, and in that restless venture,
Burned bright with courage, connecting the nature.

"At journey's end where I meet the sea,"
The river rejoices in returning safe and free.
"No treasure of silver, no jewels of gold
matters half as much as the courage it took to be bold!"

Adjudicators' Comments

Adjudicator 1

'Bold Currents, Final Union' presents an ambitious narrative, charting a stream's courageous journey as it channels the voices of the world's great waterways. Its primary strength lies in this imaginative personification, which effectively underscores the overarching theme of bravery and self-discovery. However, the poem's execution requires significant refinement. The rigid rhyme scheme forces awkward phrasing like 'connecting the nature' and 'journey's sake.' Furthermore, geographical inaccuracies—the Taj Mahal sits beside the Yamuna, not the Ganges—detract from the poem's authority. I strongly suggest relaxing the meter to allow for more organic expression. Additionally, revising the punctuation (avoiding multiple exclamation marks and softening the highly didactic conclusion will elevate the tone, lending the piece the profound resonance it strives for.

Adjudicator 2

This is a very exciting and adventurous poem! You did a wonderful job of taking the reader on a journey across the globe. By giving voices to famous rivers like the Nile, the Amazon, and the Ganges, you helped the reader learn about history and geography in a very fun way. I especially liked the part about the Nile flowing 'unbound beyond time's command.' It makes the river sound very powerful and wise. The message of your poem is very inspiring. You showed that even though the little stream was scared at first, it became 'mighty and free' because it chose to be brave. Your final lines about courage being more important than gold are a great lesson for everyone. You have a natural talent for rhythm and for telling a big story through poetry. It is clear you put a lot of thought into how different rivers have different 'personalities'. This is a fantastic piece of work!

Honourable Mention
Moonless Wind
LI Tsz Ching

HEEP YUNN SCHOOL

The azure sky is glistening, the Earth lies steady and still
When no one is watching, the two stretch to meet with desperate will.
One from the brightest top, one from the deepest pit.
The moon shines, and the wind howls,
but it meets only silence, stark and sheer.
So it transforms into a wall of hurricane,
enduring the pain and heartbreak it can't name.
Stars shimmer and shiver, the ground rumbles and groans.
The wind spreads far from Atlantic to Sahara,
from BC to AD, tearing lovers far from home.
The love never dies, and neither does the wind.

Across the obsidian sky, tears pour like shooting stars,
falling, landing onto the ground.
But the wind carries them to an unhealed wound,
where the Earth receives its scars.

And still the wind helps, with a breeze of sensation,
gentle and gracious, no longer pushing, no longer rushing.
It brings the fragrance of pine, the whisper of love.
It delivers the cool colours of galaxies,
a message drifting from above.
Echoing endlessly are the soulmates' calls,
the promise that they will ever recall.

Lunar eclipse, stunning and dark.
The two reunite in silence, the stars burn with extra spark.
The wind is there too, ruffling leaves and brushing waves.
Smiling softly, it sways to the rhythm their hearts crave,
nodding near them, sprinkling glimmers, sweet and salty.
This moment dilates, dreaming it could freeze.

A sliver of light descends, signalling the time has passed.
But nothing can contain the wind anymore; it refuses to stay in line.
In front of the moon, the sky and the Earth embrace defiantly.
The wind seeks the freedom that it deserves rightfully.
It disappears into corners and cracks,
where time and fate can't follow, where the light bends and stops,
humming the tune of love, the song that never fades.
Slowly, slowly, the light forgets the breezy hush.
No fight, no flight.
Just silence resting in peace, and with memories to breathe.

Adjudicator 1

This is a beautiful and very imaginative poem that reads like an epic legend. I was very impressed by how you personified the Ear th and Sky as two soulmates who are trying to reach each other. Using the wind as the character that connects them—carrying messages and 'shooting star' tears—is a very creative idea. Your use of time, moving from 'BC to AD', gives the poem a grand feeling, as if this story has been happening forever. The imagery in your writing is very strong, especially when you describe the 'obsidian sky' and the 'cool colours of galaxies'. You did a great job of changing the mood of the wind from a 'wall of hurricane' to a gentle 'breeze of sensation'. The ending is particularly peaceful, showing that even when the moment passes, the memory and the 'breezy hush' remain. You have a wonderful talent for taking big, natural elements and turning them into a touching story about love and connection.

Adjudicator 2

'Moonless Wind' is an ambitious poem that attempts a cosmic scale, blending celestial bodies with earthly elements to explore themes of eternal love and separation. Its primary strength lies in its sweeping, atmospheric imagery; phrases like 'tears pour like shooting stars' and 'the cool colours of galaxies' evoke a grand, romantic universe. However, the poem struggles with consistency and cliché. The narrative voice wavers, and rhymes often feel forced (e.g., 'calls, recall', 'dark, spark'), which detracts from the intended emotional gravity. To improve, I suggest refining the meter for better rhythmic flow and replacing predictable phrasing with more startling, precise language to ground the cosmic abstractions.

Honourable Mention
River's Healing
CHENG Yat Ying

MARYKNOLL
CONVENT SCHOOL
(SECONDARY SECTION)

I leave my hut seeking solace,
a hollow weight inside.
I am a failure to everyone I know,
So why would someone care if I am feeling low?

I wander to a river's edge,
where sunlight glimmers on the ledge.
The running sound flows by my ears,
As if saying how are you my dear.

Fish dart through reeds, flowers bloom on the stones,
while birds wheel through the endless sky,
a picture so beautiful it makes me sigh.
Water so clear I can see the fish,
Dancing 'round my feet as their tails swish.

I take off my shoes,
My mood less blue.
I step in the water,
And my worries grow smaller.
The water so cool,
so peaceful,
so calm,
so refreshing.

The gentle droplets splash on my legs,
caressing my calves,
comforting me.
consoling me,
calming me, and

washing away the unwanted thoughts.
Somber and anger, doubts and fear,
All are gone with some magical splashes.

I wonder and wonder,
Why do I feel so light?
I take a deep breath,
then close my eyes,
breathing in the cold and earthy scent,
feeling the cool, gentle splashes,
listening to the sound of water flowing,
and enjoying my time as the river gives my soul a
soft, gentle blessing.

Adjudicator 1

'River's Healing' demonstrates a commendable use of form; the staggered, cascading typography cleverly mirrors the physical flow of the river and the psychological unwinding of the speaker's anxieties. The poem's primary strength lies in its clear emotional arc and engaging sensory details, such as the 'cold and earthy scent' and the tactile 'gentle droplets' caressing the speaker. However, to refine the piece, I encourage moving away from predictable, forced rhymes (such as sky, sigh or shoes, blue and overly direct statements of emotion ('My mood less blue'. Instead of simply listing adjectives ('so peaceful, so calm, so refreshing', try to evoke these feelings through more inventive, unexpected metaphors. Deepening the language will elevate the poem's emotional resonance and avoid cliché.

Adjudicator 2

This is a very touching and creative poem. I was immediately impressed by how you arranged your words on the page; the way the lines curve and move looks just like a winding river! This visual choice makes your poem very special. You did a wonderful job of showing how nature can help a person feel better when they are 'feeling low.' Describing the river as a friend who asks 'how are you, my dear' is a lovely way to show the connection between humans and the natural world. Your use of sensory words, like the 'cool, gentle splashes' and the 'earthy scent,' helps the reader feel like they are standing in the water with you. It is very brave and honest to write about feelings like 'doubts and fear,' and it makes the ending—where you find peace—feel much more powerful. You have a natural talent for sharing deep emotions and for using creative layouts to tell a story. This is a beautiful piece of writing that shows a lot of heart. Well done!

Honourable Mention

Reviving the Ghost

LORENZO Ashley Shennie

MARYMOUNT
SECONDARY SCHOOL

I wander the buzzing streets as a ghost,
Chained to a carpet-long to-do list host,
Racing against time with no hours left to stay,
Dragging deadlines along the way,
I escape the crowds through a sidetrack of stone steps.

Shades of trees and birdsongs greet me,
When all at once I see,
The king of the giants soars above the fluffy white clouds,
Untouchable as the stars from afar,
So small, our worries are.

The sky's fingers run through my hair,
A roaring tempest with the crisp air;
Sweeps the city smoke from my restless soul,
Refills the breath the city once stole,
My lungs are no longer choking from the exhaust.

The stone in my chest drops to the ground, my heart so light,
Stepping out of the dark with pure might.
The hollow remains melt into a puddle,
Turning the boulders on my shoulders into rubble,
Warmth envelops me in a hug.

Under the sun, a small stream dazzles jewel-blue.
Encountering smooth plains and rocky passages like us, so true,
The flow of the journey ahead constantly shifts with the
turbulent rapids,
When a ghoulish face appeared in the reflection for the first time,
A sense of the sublime.

Born anew, I am alive again,
Newer than I have ever been, different back then,
I am finally seen; for so long, I was transparent and all alone,
My legs carry me back to the packed buildings with a mind of
their own,
Yet the beam of light gently caresses my skin, a plea to stay.

Torn between the milliseconds ticking by,
I listen to the secrets the cool breeze whispers through the trees,
Coaxing me to chase the crinkled cascading leaves
To take a glimpse of every universe possible,
So that I can reach the impossible.

Empty boxes on the list waiting to be ticked off, so I followed the wind,
For lifetimes, I survived,
So I claimed my life among the wildlife and revived,
By getting out of my hive,
As I preferred to live.

Adjudicators' Comments

Adjudicator 1

This is a very powerful and relatable poem. You have done a fantastic job of contrasting the 'buzzing streets' and 'carpet-long to-do lists' with the healing power of the natural world. I particularly liked your personification of the sky having 'fingers' that run through your hair and the wind 'refelling the breath the city once stole'. These choices help the reader feel the physical relief of stepping away from a busy life. Your use of metaphors, like turning the 'boulders on my shoulders into rubble', shows great imagination and makes your emotional journey very clear. The poem has a wonderful rhythm, and it is very moving to see the narrator move from being a 'ghost' to feeling 'alive again'. You have shown a great talent for using sensory imagery, such as the 'crisp air' and the 'jewel-blue' stream, to create a sense of peace. It is wonderful to see how you used the final stanzas to show a choice to live more fully. This is a mature and impressive piece of work that shows a lot of heart. Well done!

Adjudicator 2

'Reviving the Ghost' offers a poignant exploration of urban alienation and the restorative power of the natural world. The poem's primary strength lies in its clear thematic trajectory and moments of evocative personification. Phrases like the 'sky's fingers' running through the speakers hair effectively contrast the claustrophobia of city life with the expansive liberation of nature. However, to elevate the verse, I strongly suggest revising the rhythm and moving away from forced end-rhymes (such as puddle, rubble or survived, revived, hive, live). Relying less on familiar tropes like 'fluffy white clouds' or 'warmth envelops me in a hug,' and instead cultivating highly specific, unexpected imagery will greatly enhance the poems originality and emotional depth.

Honourable Mention

Pulchritudo Naturae, Tanta Ironia

HO Yan Ching Ellie

ST. PAUL'S SECONDARY SCHOOL

A lake and a river,
A song and a stream.
To weave and cut through mountains and trees,
To wind like a snake in an endless seam.

A forest and a taiga,
A jungle and a plain.
A garden of pines and sweet-scented oaks,
The burning vast and yearly rain.

A mountain and a range,
A canyon and a hill,
Where the sun taints the world auburn,
Yet rises in the morn like a phoenix still.

A hurricane and a storm,
A gust and a gale.
Lightning splits the sky in brilliant streaks,
Thunder rippling where the birds once sail.

A tide and a wave,
A shore and a beach.
The foam recedes and surges once more,
When creatures of the deep swim out of reach.

A bird and a beast,
A reptile and a fish.
Survivalists of all and products of evolution,
Living and thriving on nothing but a wish.

A hand and a hammer,
A conscience and a mind.
Why do we rule over what doesn't belong,
Over land and sky, all of animal-kind?

A bottle and a barrel,
A butcher and a sparrow.
Harbingers of destruction and monarchs of slaughter,
When will we learn how to nurture and treasure?

Adjudicator 1

This is a very powerful and thought-provoking poem that covers the entire world in just a few verses. I was very impressed by how you used pairs of words—like 'a bird and a beast' or 'a hand and a hammer'—to show the balance and the tension between nature and humans. Your use of specific vocabulary, such as 'taiga,' 'auburn,' and 'harbingers,' makes the poem feel very mature and authoritative. The way the poem moves from the beauty of the 'sweet-scented oaks' and 'brilliant streaks' of lightning to the final questions about 'monarchs of slaughter' is very effective. It forces the reader to stop and think about how humans treat the earth. You have a great talent for building a rhythm that feels like a steady drumbeat, leading to a very strong and serious conclusion. This is an excellent piece of writing that shows a deep concern for the world.

Adjudicator 2

The poem's incantatory rhythm, established through the anaphoric pairing of natural elements, effectively builds a vast ecological panorama. Your structural pivot in the penultimate stanza to human destructiveness ('A hand and a hammer') provides a sharp, thematic contrast that successfully anchors the poem's central irony. However, I highly recommend refining the imagery to avoid familiar tropes, such as winding 'like a snake' or rising 'like a phoenix.' Furthermore, the final stanzas didacticism and the faltering rhyme scheme ('slaughter, treasure') dilute the poems emotional impact. Trust your stark juxtaposition of images to convey the tragedy, rather than explicitly asking the reader, 'When will we learn?'

Honourable Mention

Wreckage of the River Dam

CHU Yui Man

TSUNG TSIN
CHRISTIAN ACADEMY

Beneath the windowsills
Headwaters hide
Where gushing torrents are shut behind
Departures denied
It boils and whirls
At the back of my mind
Till the burnt, still ponds
Are swallowed by my eyes

For years straight,
Sement sealed them shut
To confine to the ways
Of the ones who I loved

Routines rarely broken,
Rivers never run.
Faucets tainted green
from emotions unspoken.

Years late,
Valves overburdened by decay
Pent up lakes split the dam ablate
Pools of sea rushed across the bay

Carried in the virgin creek
Rivers rushed whatever I ached
Yeuked my skin where saltwater leak
Cradling the woes of defeat
Ran across the red of my cheeks
Yet, I felt a sense of relief
Crushing weight lifted
River Dam wrecked
Yearning feelings shape-shifted

Mother's Rivers are meant to run
So why should mine be any different?

Adjudicator 1

This is a deeply personal and striking poem that uses water in a very clever way. Instead of just writing about a river in nature, you used the idea of "dams", "valves" and "faucets" to show how hard it can be to hold back your feelings. This makes the poem feel very modern and honest. I particularly liked the image of "faucets tainted green" from unspoken emotions, as it perfectly shows the "decay" that happens when we don't express ourselves. The rhythm of the poem builds up just like a flood, moving from being "sealed shut" to finally "rushing across the bay". You did a wonderful job of describing the physical feeling of crying, such as the "saltwater" on your skin and the "crushing weight" being lifted. Your final question about why your rivers shouldn't be allowed to run is a very strong and moving way to end. You have a great talent for taking a complex internal feeling and turning it into a vivid, powerful story.

Adjudicator 2

"Wreckage of the River Dam" offers a poignant exploration of suppressed grief, utilizing an extended metaphor of a failing dam to represent the inevitable release of pent-up tears. Its strength lies in its emotional resonance; lines like "Faucets tainted green from emotions unspoken" brilliantly capture the toxicity of repressed feelings. However, the piece requires careful revision. The spelling error "Sement" distracts the reader, and obscure vocabulary like "ablate" and "Yeuked" feels forced, disrupting the poems natural cadence. Furthermore, streamlining the water imagery—which erratically jumps between faucets, lakes, seas, and creeks—would forge a much more cohesive central metaphor.

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Gold Prize

It was too late when she woke

CHUNG Hei Kiu Osanna

DIOCESAN GIRLS' SCHOOL

Her child is gone.
She rushes down the ravine and pounds against a dam
of rainbow plastic: bags and bottles and nets and
a blue pacifier, teat scarred by her baby.
The mud swallows painfully as she wades through the slime
of iridescent dyes and pungent sludge. She catches something,
tries to breathe deeply, but chokes. The wind rewards
a ghost of saccharine talc.
She spreads her arms to sweep the whole lake,
stubborn crimson sky mirroring her resolve while
the greasy sun casts a jaundiced gaze on her back:
Is she blind to the rusting trees,
the scaly earth?
Yes! A wail, weak but there, she turns sharply to the cry
from a lump of shuddering feathers, smothered
in the blood of her child: thick, dark oil.
By the time she reaches the bird
it is all but dead.
Like the timber corpses
and the graveyard earth.
She flinches at the slaughter as the soul of the gull twists
in plumes of mourning smoke
burned from grey concrete coffins
that stretch far as the burial shroud of night.
Stars light funeral wicks as she howls in surges,
bitter is her heart, poison is her blood.
She embraces the world.
All will go with her,
from dust to shadows.
It will be too late when they wake.

Adjudicator 1

This poem is an exceptional piece of writing that demonstrates a rare level of creativity, technical control, and emotional maturity. The ideas are both original and ambitious, presenting a devastating environmental theme with remarkable clarity and confidence. The imagery is consistently striking, subverting traditionally gentle concepts into symbols of decay, such as saccharine talc and rainbow plastic. The poet creates a powerful, visceral atmosphere that leaves a profound impression. The language choices are precise and evocative throughout, showcasing a masterful use of figurative devices and a sophisticated command of scale, moving seamlessly from the intimate to the cosmic. The emotional tone is sustained and compelling, guiding the reader with an intensity that is both purposeful and haunting. Each element comes together to create a cohesive, impactful whole that far exceeds standard expectations. This is an outstanding work that demonstrates a superior understanding of poetic craft.

Adjudicator 2

This ambitious piece offers a harrowing eco-critical allegory, brilliantly personifying nature as a frantic mother searching for her lost offspring. Its primary strength lies in its visceral, apocalyptic imagery. Phrases like 'jaundiced gaze', 'timber corpses' and 'thick, dark oil' masterfully conflate industrial pollution with visceral bodily harm. The transition from a frantic search to the revelation of a dying, oil-slicked gull is profoundly affecting, cementing the tragic theme of environmental degradation. The poet's language is exceptionally rich, sustaining a desperate, grieving tone that resonates deeply with the reader. To refine the piece, reconsider the centered visual formatting, which occasionally disrupts the poems rhythmic momentum. Additionally, pruning a few modifiers—such as in 'stubborn crimson sky'—could make the already striking imagery even more devastating, allowing the raw nouns and verbs to carry the emotional weight.

Gold Prize

iron + oxygen → iron (III) oxide

HUE Charisse

MARYMOUNT SECONDARY SCHOOL

brown had never been such a fashionable colour
until this morning

when I opened my dusty eyelids in the basement.
upstairs I found Snowball slathered in chocolate

and my sister's bunny slippers drenched black
the soft fur of her eleventh birthday frozen into sharp icicles.

I fitted them under my cold sole
and wriggled my toes around. empty. listen

the House had expanded, ringing echoes of my mumbles.
even the cuckoo clock is silent today. zero reply.

on the streets more oddly-posed mannequins wore brown
among bent rings and burnt shopsigns and glassy panes.

coffee — my father's morning espresso
stains the ground. mud-caked cigarettes and boots. exhale, inhale

the wind tastes of pennies and heart-shaped lollipops.
her heels are too large for my feet. souls. stumbling

a boy-statue lies in front of me, splotches of brown hair
with tightly-laced red sneakers and wet socks.

I peel them off his wine-soaked legs and take two steps.
I am sorry. I press a kiss to his lips

one soft gunshot
as my shoes flake

into sweet cinnamon.

Adjudicator 1

This poem is an extraordinary achievement in defamiliarization, using a child's naive perspective to filter a landscape of profound horror. The title itself brilliantly foreshadows the pervasive imagery of rust and dried blood. The poet masterfully deploys domestic and innocent metaphors—'slathered in chocolate', 'wine-soaked legs' and 'sweet cinnamon'—to describe corpses and carnage, rendering the catastrophic scene deeply unsettling. The sensory details are exceptionally vivid, particularly the wind tasting of 'pennies and heart-shaped lollipops', which perfectly marries the metallic tang of blood with childhood innocence, creating a devastating emotional resonance. While the poem is structurally masterful, the phrase 'one soft gunshot' feels slightly too literal compared to the brilliant obliqueness of the preceding stanzas. Maintaining the strictly naive, sensory-focused lexicon throughout the climax would further amplify the poems haunting conclusion.

Adjudicator 2

This poem demonstrates exceptional creativity, establishing a chilling and powerful narrative voice. By masterfully filtering the horrific aftermath of a catastrophic event through the hyper-fixated, innocent perspective of a child, the poet has created a deeply unsettling and memorable atmosphere. The language choices are brilliant and highly sophisticated, achieving a profound sensory subversion that transforms the visceral elements of tragedy—blood, ash, and trauma—into domestic imagery such as chocolate, wine-soaked legs, and sweet cinnamon. The imagery is remarkably vivid and well-sustained, utilizing a sharp, ironic contrast to build immense thematic depth. While there remains a slight opportunity to sharpen the emotional impact by refining the pacing of the abrupt final climax to better match the haunting momentum of the scavenging, the piece remains a technical triumph.

Gold Prize

Breathe

MOK Wan Hei Melanie

ST. PAUL'S CO-EDUCATIONAL COLLEGE

Breathe.

Close your eyes to fire streaking past the night.
Indulge your final sigh,
As tongues of blood engulf your rye,
As centuries worth of parchments light atop your pyre.

Breathe.

Topple down my waters, where the maelstrom fades.
Embrace my silent grounds.
The crack of cartridge never pounds,
The glint of glass, concealed by braids of myrtle daughters.

Breathe.

Listen to the tolling rippling, ripe, across
The fragile filigree
Of dusk. Your thousand thrones are free
At last, red-litten windows gloss, your husk is rolling.

Breathe.

Swallow down the Lethe, I embrace your lungs,
As how I drowned the last
Before you. Lie beside the past,
Your fossils with your shattered tongues, your goblets empty.

Breathe.

Now your engines splutter, all you built are dead,
As how the asteroids hurled
The age before and spawned your world.
I watched as empires tread and bled, as epochs scutter.

Breathe.

Here comes cessation. Yet your fragment plumes
In fish who flit bet ween
Your frozen fleet. From evergreen
Sepulchres under oceans blooms
Another nation.

Breathe.

You shall breathe your spirit
Into her, and up
She rises, out of our
Immortal currents. She will soar,
And then again, her palms will cup
Our ancient summit.

Breathe.

Adjudicators' Comments

Adjudicator 1

'Breathe' is a hauntingly evocative poem adopting the grand, geological perspective of Time addressing a falling civilization. The structural repetition of the imperative 'Breathe.' acts as a meditative anchor amidst apocalyptic imagery of burning parchments and spluttering engines. The classical allusion to the 'Lethe' effectively deepens the thematic resonance of cyclical destruction and rebirth. Your imagery is striking, particularly the juxtaposition of human ruin with the enduring natural world, seen in the 'fragile filigree Of dusk', creating a tone of solemn, inevitable surrender. To elevate the piece, review instances where the rhyme scheme forces awkward diction. Phrases like 'epochs scutter' and 'As how I drowned' disrupt the otherwise majestic voice. Smoothing these syntactic edges will greatly enhance the poem's incantatory rhythm.

Adjudicator 2

This poem is an exceptional piece of writing that demonstrates a rare level of creativity, technical control, and cosmic ambition. The ideas are presented with commanding confidence, using the rhythmic single-word refrain Breathe as a masterfully controlled structural device. This repetition establishes a hypnotic, atmospheric tone that brilliantly anchors a narrative of apocalyptic destruction and oceanic rebirth. The language choices are highly sophisticated and precise, featuring a rich vocabulary—from fragile filigree to evergreen sepulchres—that enhances the poems profound impact. The imagery is vivid and seamlessly integrated, allowing the text to transition flawlessly from industrial collapse to mythic renewal. This is an outstanding work reflecting immense maturity, skill, and creative originality.

Gold Prize
Illuminance
NG Cheuk Yiu Ines

ST. PAUL'S
CONVENT SCHOOL

You revere by me, and for that, I wonder— Why?
As it is Your shoulders, sun-kissed as they are,
doted upon as luminosity seems to dote upon the young grass
Your photosphere that Apollo traces his intrinsic path over.

It is Your shoulders. Sun-kissed as they are
Weighted down as the rays of Your ultraviolet lashes flutter.
What is the reason that Apollo's intrinsic path over your photosphere
seems to me like a spotlight I'd die to own and keep?

I feel weighted down as the rays of Your ultraviolet lashes flutter.
Your birth shines like a taunt, prepossessing and rapturous.
It seems to me like a spotlight I'd die to own and keep
stellar remnant of an attention I once got, but get now only from
You—

Your birth shone! It was prepossessing and rapturous.
And mine was a phantasm of light. Remarkable only because it was
observed first.
My lustre faded into the stellar remnant of an attention I only get
from you now—
My starlight a mere reflection of your god-given radiance.

My birth was remarkable only because it was observed first.
Don't you realise you wake my jealousy? She rears up like a beast,
because—
You dimmed my starlight into a mere reflection of Your radiance!
What other choice is there? You are the Sun and I am but a star.

I think you realise I have to rein in my jealously like a beast.
But you revere by me still, and for that I wonder— Why?
There is no choice, I adore you— because You are the Sun and I am
but a star.
And it is you I will dote upon as luminosity dotes upon the young
grass.

Adjudicator 1

This poem demonstrates exceptional creativity, showcasing an outstanding command of poetic form and a distinctive, confident voice. By brilliantly utilizing the rigorous structure of the pantoum, the poet has masterfully mirrored the cyclical, obsessive nature of jealousy and adoration. The use of language is highly sophisticated and precise, seamlessly intertwining complex astronomical metaphors—like photosphere and stellar remnant—with a raw, intimate exploration of a fading identity. The imagery is vivid and consistently developed, allowing the reader to engage deeply with the poet's cosmic perspective. The poet displays an advanced, mature understanding of how complex formal constraints can elevate thematic meaning.

Adjudicator 2

'Illuminance' is a structurally ambitious and emotionally resonant piece that skillfully employs a pantoum-like repetition to echo the cyclical nature of celestial orbits and obsessive jealousy. The central conceit—a lesser star addressing the Sun—is highly inventive, beautifully capturing the tension between awe and envy. Phrases like 'ultraviolet lashes flutter' and 'stellar remnant of an attention' showcase a rich, scientific lexicon blended seamlessly with mythic and romantic overtones. The emotional arc is compelling, moving from bitter inadequacy to a poignant, inevitable surrender. The thematic depth is truly commendable. While the repetition is largely effective, some syntactic variations feel slightly forced, such as 'You revere by me', which reads awkwardly. Refining these transitional phrases will enhance the poem's fluidity. Additionally, tightening the meter in the longer lines would elevate the rhythmic musicality.

Silver Prize

High Sodium Content

LAU Lok Hin

ST. MARGARET'S CO-EDUCATIONAL ENGLISH SECONDARY AND PRIMARY SCHOOL

I still remember
the sound of father's belt buckle,
the clink of the metal and
the way I'd thresh,
flounder
like a freshly caught sardine.

Then would come a saline flow
from my eyes, briny
stalactites from my nostrils,
and salted dewdrops on my forehead,

coming together through my lips,
a piquant cocktail to wash
away the ache.

But boys don't cry,
he'd say,
over and over
and over again.

So I listened.

Now the salt has eaten
away at me from the inside,
fermented and pickled,
desiccated
and shrivelled me up.

All this salt has made
me thirsty.
So I hope he's not mad at me,
now that my belt buckle clinks,
my trousers fall,

and I keep
crying
thick, sticky tears,
over and over
and over again.

Adjudicator 1

This poem presents its ideas with a distinctive and original voice, tackling a sophisticated theme with considerable courage. The poet makes effective use of vivid, sensory imagery—specifically the recurring motif of salinity—to convey complex emotions, creating a visceral and lasting impression on the reader. The word choice is purposeful, with terms like desiccated and fermented adding a unique, textured layer to the poems meaning. Furthermore, the deliberate use of repetition reinforces the cyclical nature of the subject matter, mirroring the poem's emotional arc. Overall, this is a well-crafted piece that reflects significant effort and a clear, evolving creative vision.

Adjudicator 2

'High Sodium Content' is a profoundly unsettling and masterful exploration of generational trauma and toxic masculinity. The poems central conceit—salt as a metaphor for both the literal tears of childhood abuse and the corrosive, lingering effects of repressed emotion—is exceptionally well-executed. The visceral imagery of the 'freshly caught sardine' and being 'fermented and pickled' brilliantly captures the helplessness and internal preservation of trauma. Furthermore, the haunting cyclicality in the final stanzas, where the speaker mirrors the father's unbuckling, subverts the motif of crying into a devastating commentary on coping mechanisms and the inescapable inheritance of pain. To refine the piece, consider tightening the transition between the childhood trauma and its present-day manifestation. The lines 'All this salt has made me thirsty' feel slightly abrupt. A more subtle linguistic bridge here could enhance the devastating impact of the final revelation.

Silver Prize

Mother and Sewing

YU Chun

ST. MARGARET'S CO-EDUCATIONAL ENGLISH SECONDARY AND PRIMARY SCHOOL

Thread by thread
Weaving for decades, it has always been the same
Sewing ourselves together, stitches never disappear

Mother loved threads
loved how it could emerge and morph
loved how it could disappear
Into a proud cloth that she could call her own

with a needle she never held truly
I danced with the threads
melting into the steel
to become one.

I can't dance
but I will

The pale cloth grew roses
red roses
red roses with thorns underneath
flawless

With stitches on my fingers
She consumed the red petals
Never the cloth, never the needle

I swallowed the roses
thorns pierced through my heart
It somehow felt warm
I felt the way of her licking my fingers

I felt
her touch
Her saliva glueing my heart back together

it was never broken, it was always
Empty

I stitched the cloth on my skin, with needles I've barely touched
crooked stitches on my skin, I still push the needle through
pushing
myself through you

mother, are you proud of me?

Adjudicator 1

This poem demonstrates exceptional overall quality and a distinct, authoritative personal voice. The writing is highly imaginative, successfully utilizing intricate symbolism and visceral descriptive language to navigate complex emotional landscapes. The choice of imagery is particularly effective, creating a consistent and haunting mood that resonates from the opening lines through to the final question. Language is handled with impressive confidence, revealing careful word choice and a sophisticated awareness of how sensory details can reinforce thematic depth. The emotional tone is both clear and deeply engaging, allowing the reader to connect with the poet's vulnerability and internal conflict.

Adjudicator 2

'Mother and Sewing' is a profoundly moving piece that effectively utilizes the extended metaphor of needlework to explore the visceral, often painful enmeshment of maternal lineage. Its primary strength lies in the poet's use of startling, almost gothic imagery—such as swallowing roses and saliva gluing an empty heart—which creates a deeply compelling and unsettling emotional resonance. The poignant final line anchors the poem's raw vulnerability. To refine the piece, I suggest tightening the metaphorical progression. The sudden transition from 'dancing' with threads to 'swallowing' roses slightly muddles the central conceit. Furthermore, revising slightly awkward phrasing, such as 'I felt the way of her licking my fingers,' would enhance the poems lyrical fluidity and sustain its haunting atmosphere more seamlessly.

Silver Prize
Hilaria
SUM Yui Ching

ST. PAUL'S
CONVENT SCHOOL

Spring ensuing, I whip away your paleness in a field of hay
I am Sickle, conductor of Dies Sanguinis, Day of Blood. I chastise the fretwork
Of sun-bleached hay who shirk my grasp, fear-ridden, light-drunk, white-drown
Stalks disrobe into forage, sat distressed, kneeling, reeling in shame
Divine death again, all the field mourns the Galli's suffering
And the ribs of Earth collapse

The anointed job is done

They spill into the wheelbarrow, a grand plunging of pride
Doubly cradled in steel and shame, salvaged from
A splash of cold beheaded stalks, sat brow-beaten
Ox-hay chopped, milked to calf-like innocence
Lamb-hay sacrificed, torn to woolen subservience
I bite hawk-hay into form and it is briefly usurped
Blood-day unending, amber pouring east, and Attis is departed

I observe a labyrinth of weakness. I am purgatory
Purging the abominable moaning of the field

But – Hark! The March Equinox: Day of Blood to Day of Joy

You reason: What mad pursuit it was to strife against
the ecstasy of a carnal field, its striving, growing, bending
And as the hay stretches to the divine — does it ever envy the tall, the uncut?
No! I see you bathe in the paean of the sun, on the day of Hilaria,
Day of Joy…

I behold a mosaic of strength – Await! It is the sun-drunk feast
Attis has milked your generations, you are transfigured food for souls
While I, I have kept you time and time, in a chant of Roman pride
Learning you the grace of violet wreathes, the strength of hardy pine
And sickling, clouding your grass-heads, migrating, flowing, descending
To the over-land, to Elysian Fields; in destruction there is full health

What is it between the hay? Naught but millenia of Darwinian strength
Rise up — rise up, tall masts of pasture! Stand tall, gorgeous wisps of Nature!
Salute the winds, bow your pliant tips, sing the sun to the fertile
Attis

At their tip a second skin blooms, hawk-hay refocusing
A bleat quickened back to life, lamb-hay a' flocking
Ox-hay steadying, shoulders broad against the horizon
The grass has no grammar but it is one spirit, a latticed child Stamina of the field, you are sonorous, buoyant, wild.
The Romans revere you so, you are Terra Mater, ever-loud, ever-sound
Today is the fete of masks, yet you shun the Romans' shy disguise
For I have sprouted you strong, sculpted you proud

O Attis! Attis! You have sung the grass enlightened!

Adjudicators' Comments

Adjudicator 1

This poem demonstrates exceptional creativity and a fiercely ambitious creative vision. By brilliantly framing a simple harvest through the mythic lens of Roman ritual and Darwinian survival, the poet has established a distinctive, commanding voice that resonates with immense authority. The use of language is highly sophisticated, showcasing a vast vocabulary and meticulous attention to phonetic texture, effortlessly handling dense, complex symbolism. The imagery is vivid and masterfully sustained, tracing a powerful thematic trajectory from sacrificial destruction to ecstatic rebirth. The poet demonstrates advanced, mature control of poetic techniques, resulting in a deeply impactful piece of literature that far exceeds standard expectations.

Adjudicator 2

'Hilaria' is a fiercely ambitious piece that adopts a striking, non-human persona—the Sickle—to explore the cyclical violence and jubilation of Roman agrarian myth. The poet's command of classical allusion (Attis, the Galli, Terra Mater) provides a rich, mythological scaffolding. The imagery is visceral and arresting; phrases like 'cold beheaded stalks' and 'sun-drunk feast' effectively capture the brutal yet necessary sacrifice inherent in the harvest. The thematic transition from the purgatorial Dies Sanguinis to the ecstatic Hilaria is handled with a compelling, muscular energy that thoroughly engages the readers senses. To refine the piece, consider pruning some anachronistic diction; 'Darwinian strength' abruptly disrupts the otherwise immersive classical atmosphere. Additionally, tightening the meter in the longer, prosaic lines would enhance the rhythmic, chant-like quality you are aiming for, elevating the poem's lyrical cohesion.

Silver Prize

o, lonely marine officer

NG Tsz Yan Leona

ST. PAUL'S
CONVENT SCHOOL

tonight, like a star plucked and set adrift,
a patrol boat crosses the neon-studded sea.
its little white light pierces the waves,
uncaring of the abyss staring back.
someone is awake and manning the vessel.
beneath smog-veiled moonlight
i dare to ask:

"O, lonely marine officer,
are you alone?
What path did you tread
to end up on a boat
patrolling sleep-dead waves
with naught but wilted dreams for company?
Tell me, silent marine officer
do passing fish greet you
do lighthouses beckon you
do dragons ever swim under the hull
is the moon really a dragon's pearl?
When for a heartbeat the city blinks in tandem
do you peer in the shadows left behind
and glimpse the seafarers of time immemorial?
Is it true that the seas are fraught with ghosts
do you see your own? Or are they someone else's?
Do the drowned claw at your uniform
and do they dial nine-nine-nine
and do you answer the call?
Listen, heartbroken marine officer
do you know the seas sing for you
do you know Tin Hau watches over you
do you know constellations guide home for you?
O, marine officer
of the city that never sleeps
when you gaze heavenward, what do you see?"

over the engine's roar, my words are sea spray
melting upon the officer's furrowed brow.
this lone sojourner, home away from home,
dutifully keeping vigil
until the guileless dawn rises once more.

Adjudicator 1

This poem demonstrates creativity and a deeply atmospheric, culturally resonant exploration of solitude, duty, and urban mythology. The poet has crafted a narrative voice of immense vulnerability and reflective depth. Your language choices are highly sophisticated and precise, juxtaposing localized modern realities like nine-nine-nine against the protective, mythic presence of Tin Hau to establish a striking, lived-in sense of place. The imagery is remarkably vivid and sustained, tracing a brilliant thematic evolution from whimsical curiosity about dragons to a poignant meditation on personal ghosts and isolation. The poet displays an advanced, mature command over localized symbolism, dramatic irony, and atmospheric pacing.

Adjudicator 2

'o, lonely marine officer' is an evocative piece that masterfully juxtaposes urban isolation with mythic maritime enchantment. The poet demonstrates exceptional creativity by weaving modern motifs —like the 'neon-studded sea' and emergency calls—with ethereal imagery of dragons, ghosts, and the goddess Tin Hau. This synthesis creates a profound sense of temporal displacement and longing. The framing device, moving from distant observation to an intimate, imagined interrogation, effectively draws the reader into the speaker's contemplative melancholy. The imagery is vivid, particularly the metaphor of words becoming 'sea spray melting upon the officer's furrowed brow,' beautifully cementing the wistful tone. To elevate the piece, consider refining the capitalization and punctuation, which currently feel inconsistent rather than stylistically deliberate. Additionally, tightening the central stanza by reducing the number of rhetorical questions would prevent the pacing from lagging and ensure the most striking images resonate more powerfully.

Bronze Prize

The Beauty of an Aquarium

HONG Wing Nam Aimee

HONG KONG
ADVENTIST ACADEMY

Jeweled Jellyfish:
Fluctuating, opulent charms; crystal opals and shining amber.
They come and go – Opening, closing. Coming and going. Visible and invisible.
Floating away.
Illuminated by the blue that surrounds, growing cloudy; they're pierced by a white spotlight.
Warm and dazzling, they swish and slide in the caliginous aquarium,
Living a quiet life, ¸oating in the glass exhibit of the overhead vivarium.

Rainbow-Colored Schools of Fish:
Chasing, gilded trinkets; honey peridot and golden citrine.
They dart and swirl – Flickering and scattering. Weaving and rising. Glistening.
Swimming away.
Illuminated by the white that surrounds, glowing softly; bubbles rise like miniature diamonds.
Bright and mesmerizing, the tropical fish glide in the bustling aquarium,
Living a simple life, curling in the glass exhibit of the bubbling vivarium.

Moonlit Stingrays:
Hazy, luxe pendants; black sapphire and freshwater pearls.
They rise and fall – Flying and sweeping. Flaring and rippling. Propelling and navigating.
Spiraling away.
Illuminated by the indigo that surrounds, sweeping gracefully; undulating like a delicate wing.
Elegant and riveting, they showcase their silhouette in the shimmering aquarium,
Living a serene life, fleeting in the glass exhibit of the dream-like vivarium.

Celestial Whales:
Striking, glamorous baubles; bright silver and alluring tanzanite.
They wander and enchant — Singing and soaring. Breaching and diving. Echoing.
Traversing away.
Illuminated by the twilight that surrounds, vocalizing hauntingly; their calls create tiny ripples.
Grand and colossal, they resonate with the depths of the grand aquarium,
Living a majestic life, roaming in the glass exhibit of the endless vivarium.

Ethereal Creatures:
A flawless, vivacious treasure box; precious gemstones sealed away.
Seen as living the perfect life. Without stress and woe, prettily swaying in the waters.
Yet they are locked and taken away – Empty and cold. Separated from home, the sea.
Longing.
Drifting away.
Captive and alone, beautiful, yet without the beauty of freedom, stuck in the enclosed aquarium,
Living a secluded life, trapped in the glass exhibit of the concealed vivarium.

Adjudicators' Comments

Adjudicator 1

This poem demonstrates creativity and a brilliantly structured, jewel-toned exploration of natural beauty and human confinement. The poet has crafted an opulent aesthetic that frames each marine creature as a literal gemstone sealed within a living treasure chest. The language choices are highly sophisticated and precise, featuring an extraordinary vocabulary—such as caliginous, honey peridot, and alluring tanzanite—that establishes an immersive, mesmerizing, and deeply cinematic atmosphere. The imagery is remarkably vivid and sustained, culminating in a powerful thematic subversion in which the animals' glamorous existence is exposed as a tragic, cold captivity. The poet displays an advanced, mature command of poetic irony, rhythmic repetition, and situational contrast.

Adjudicator 2

'The Beauty of an Aquarium' demonstrates a highly structured and visually opulent approach to its subject. The poet's central conceit—likening marine life to precious gemstones like 'crystal opals', 'honey peridot' and 'alluring tanzanite'—is remarkably effective, creating a rich, sensory tapestry. Furthermore, the poem's structural repetition builds a hypnotic rhythm that mirrors the cyclical, enclosed nature of the tank. The most commendable strength is the thematic pivot in the final stanza, which masterfully shatters the illusion of this 'flawless' beauty to reveal the melancholic reality of captivity, longing, and isolation. To refine the piece, I suggest varying the syntactic structure. The heavy reliance on paired gerunds ('Opening, closing', 'Flickering and scattering') becomes slightly monotonous. Trimming some of the excessive adjectives would also allow the strongest imagery to breathe and resonate more profoundly.

Bronze Prize

Unsung Ode to the Mosquito

TING Wei

ST. MARGARET'S CO-EDUCATIONAL ENGLISH SECONDARY AND PRIMARY SCHOOL

Fervent creature of want,
vessel of resentment, roulette of disease,
the fallen Bride of Dracula
silently slices through the air.
A bulbous black pin adamant to penetrate skin,
she draws blood and doesn't pull out until satisfied.

She has slim tinted wings like windows of a cathedral
that rattle in their frames upon endless wind.
She, who revels in the summer,
marks everyone with her signature red stamp.

She has been cursed to be a bloodsucker
just so she could grow new lives.
An atrium without iron fences is an incomplete safehouse.
She builds it alone, she has to.

No single being is more powerful than a determined mother.

As her male counterpart forces his prick into flowers and whiffs lines of nectar,
she latches onto another target, ready to strike.
A palm falls upon her.
Her body blooms like a poppy,
an incarnadine smear on the wall.

Adjudicator 1

This poem displays exceptional creativity and a highly imaginative approach to its subject matter. By reframing a biological process through a dark, gothic lens, the poet has created a piece that is both vivid and intellectually expressive. The writing utilizes striking, visceral images—such as the comparison to a cathedral and the final incarnadine bloom—to convey complex themes of sacrifice and survival in a memorable way. The language is generally effective, demonstrating confident, purposeful word choice that establishes a clear, intense tone. The poet shows a sophisticated understanding of how poetic devices, particularly contrast and subversion, can enhance a narrative.

Adjudicator 2

'Unsung Ode to the Mosquito' is a highly inventive piece that brilliantly elevates a universally despised pest into a figure of Gothic tragedy and fierce maternal instinct. The poet's use of imagery is exceptional; metaphors like 'roulette of disease' and wings like 'windows of a cathedral' imbue the subject with a dark, almost religious grandeur. The thematic pivot to motherhood is particularly striking, forcing the reader into an uncomfortable empathy. The final stanza's abrupt violence, culminating in the exquisite phrase 'an incarnadine smear' provides a perfectly visceral and shocking resolution to the creature's relentless drive. To refine this piece, consider revising the penultimate stanza. The phrasing 'forces his prick' and 'whiffs lines of nectar' introduces a colloquial, almost comedic crudeness that slightly jars with the poem's otherwise elevated, Gothic lexicon. Smoothing this transition would maintain the poem's sophisticated tonal consistency.

Bronze Prize

Slow Art

GAO Zehan

ST. PAUL'S
CO-EDUCATIONAL
COLLEGE

Here, some variations produced when waiting for my words, here presents
Caresses of midnight on my wayward thoughts, soon to be waltzing with yours.
Harken me, is to harken yourself —your heart's own blistering language:

Waiting is an art as vital as doing; extension of moments unravels the moments.
Like how sleep subtends the day, waiting brings its own syntax & bestowments.

A fiery man with eyes like knives checks their miniature wristwatch; a left-behind
Doctor staring at a missed bus under a signpost; a young girl who just signed Off
her mother's casket now drowning in paperwork; a callous news reporter Calling
history an arrow & poetry a bloodsport.
I wish they could wait for their words.

The firebombing started before light — the fatigued infections
Emanating perfectly personalized discourse. Drowning in distractions.
The conscience's dull, chipping away, fires being set by a new text.
Sleep now, wide—eyed. You will be notified the next second, then the next.
Cyclical perversion: how would one not fall when the world hands devices
And fast vices to thee.

I write to tether the rhythmic ring of red-lights to a teary low-fidelity
Music. Music with measured measures, music differentiating winds & seas.
I write to confront a question, & let it settle with a faint firm sound.
A sound forms a voice, voices spark. A voice from a waiting friend around
An opaque revolving door comes, between rows of tourists of their own lives.
We sit on the carpet pretending it's grass. What good is a name only in archives.
Slow closure, such is poetry.

The desktop lamp capsizes the brightness onto the gradually emerging page.
Hear the uneven beats of my misgivings, hear high & low analogies assuage
The obscurities. Words respond to their enlarged spaces better, echoing
Their concurrence with one another, like elephants among red grass marching,
Passing a waterhole with thirsty calves. Singing things mostly we cannot hear.
Dedicate yourself, you can hear more — but they still walk on.
They believe in a place to be.

Prayer is not pandering, neither are the moments staring at the city moon.
The spaces on a page two-thirds a poem, the words the other two-thirds.
Waiting is the intensive uncalculated solitary backbeat of being.
Now hear the night whispering her distinct poetry.

Adjudicator 1

'Slow Art' is an intellectually rigorous and deeply observant poem that beautifully captures the tension between modern immediacy and the profound necessity of patience. The poet excels in crafting striking, evocative imagery—such as how the 'desktop lamp capsizes the brightness' and the definition of waiting as the 'uncalculated solitary backbeat of being'. The juxtaposition of frantic, everyday vignettes (the 'fiery man,' the 'callous news reporter') against the meditative act of writing creates a highly compelling thematic resonance. The language is ambitious, effectively exploring the meta-poetic concept that waiting itself is an intrinsic, vital syntax of the human experience. While the philosophical musings are profound, some phrasing leans toward the overly academic. Lines like 'fatigued infections Emanating perfectly personalized discourse' momentarily disrupt the lyrical flow. Simplifying these denser, polysyllabic lines would enhance the poem's emotional immediacy and maintain a more consistent rhythm.

Adjudicator 2

This poem demonstrates strong creativity and a sophisticated, metapoetic exploration of the creative process. The poet has established a distinctive, deeply engaging voice. The language choices are precise and expressive, utilizing rich, idiosyncratic phrasing—such as waiting brings its own syntax—to elegantly defend patience as an act of resistance. The imagery is vivid and well-sustained, shifting confidently from the frantic energy of an urban landscape to the expansive, surreal beauty of elephants marching through red grass. The poet displays a mature understanding of how spatial and thematic elements can work together to convey profound philosophical insight. This is a beautifully crafted submission.

Bronze Prize

The Lotus

HO Hong Yin Gladys

ST. PAUL'S
CONVENT SCHOOL

We bow
We bow
And we bow

Lotus.
Nine layers of it,
layered around the portrait.
I fold the same pattern over—
Over

And over again
blanketed by time spent together
I stared at the room you used to live in
Dreary Emptiness fill the room
without you,
yet with you.

"Don't worry, I got you.
I know you won't like those fancy offerings
So I snuck in some of your favourite chocolate.
Tell me your other request in my dreams so-"
Someone opened the door and I stopped talking to myself.

As we fan out the paper money
they become a pattern of Spirograph.
We feed them into the fiery without a written recipient. All
the ghost money we send you,
fly and perish in the mailbox
just like how you disappear from our daily life.
The soot of the ghost money
sticky and sluggish
as if you don't want to receive the offering from us.

Now,
we wait, wait for your return on the seventh day after your
departure.
Hundreds of lotus bloom beneath you
The lotus waits for your arrival
to transport you to somewhere
I haven't seen —
A quiet ferry to heaven.

Adjudicator 1

This poignant piece excels in its authentic portrayal of mourning, beautifully juxtaposing rigid cultural rituals—folding paper lotuses and burning ghost money—with deeply intimate gestures, like sneaking in 'favourite chocolate.' The opening repetition effectively mirrors the mechanical, numbing rhythm of grief. Furthermore, the imagery of the 'sticky and sluggish' shoot is exceptional; it masterfully physicalizes the emotional reluctance of letting go and the weight of bereavement. The poem's profound emotional resonance is sustained throughout, capturing the quiet devastation of loss with remarkable tenderness and striking cultural specificity. To elevate the piece, address minor grammatical lapses, such as correcting 'Emptiness fill' to 'fills' and replacing 'the fiery' with 'the fire.' Tightening the meter during the conversational stanza would also enhance the rhythmic flow without sacrificing the poem's raw authenticity.

Adjudicator 2

This poem demonstrates strong creativity and a deeply thoughtful engagement with the themes of ritual, memory, and loss. The poet has used symbolic details with great efficacy—most notably the motif of the paper lotus and the Spirograph pattern of fanned money—to ground the abstract nature of grief in tangible, physical actions. The language is purposeful and well-controlled, sustaining a reflective and respectful tone that guides the reader through the speaker's intimate journey toward acceptance. The imagery is particularly evocative, with the sticky and sluggish soot providing a visceral sense of the weight of departure. This poem shows a sophisticated understanding of how poetic techniques can elevate domestic rituals into profound expressions of love.

Honourable Mention

The Imminent Cessation of the Alabaster Rill

LAM Nok Hei

G.T. (ELLEN YEUNG) COLLEGE

From an Alabaster alpine asteroid,
Had I broken from that crystal crown,
Slipping off from the spectral, silver-hoary scalp.
In an ephemeral instance,
Through a restless rill did I wander.

Through the emerald expanse I once endured,
As limpid as I had been;
Where symphonic voices,
And chirping choral cascades soared.

Succulent sedges thrived,
Beside the sapphire swell of me,
Seaming the submerged corals,
A silk-soft spectacle for all to see.

Had I meandered midst such a melodic maze;
Into the misty morass, my path I'd trace.
Plumed parrots had peeked above pearlescent petals,
Where delicate, pavonine perfume pierced my prismatic glaze.

Yet a film of bitumen began to bind,
A thickening shadow in the silver tide.
Before, in an abrupt apocalypse,
By an acrid aroma was I assailed.

Vile growths of abominable algae, thick as grave gelatin,
Assaulted me, abysmally.
That not even a lone, ashen atoll,
Could have remained Radiant.

Constrained, I now laboriously lag,
Along a coagulated, sluggish current.
All but capped cold,
Below a cairn of consumer casings;
Choked by a curtain of contagious chaff,
Crestfallen.

The sapphire swell, now stiffed by the stagnant scum, Eclipses
the splendid essence of erstwhile.

Circumstanced, you must champion change;
Else, our cessation is commanded.

Adjudicator 1

This poem demonstrates a high level of creativity and meticulous craftsmanship, particularly through its sophisticated use of alliterative verse and phonetic texture. The ideas are both imaginative and ambitious, with a clear effort to sustain a powerful central theme through rich, dense descriptive detail. Language choices are particularly impressive, showcasing a wide, precise vocabulary—from spectral to coagulated—that significantly enhances the poems visceral impact. The imagery is vivid and masterfully sustained, allowing the reader to visualize the tragic progression from pristine origins to environmental stagnation. Overall, the poem is a cohesive and thoughtfully structured work that reflects an advanced control of poetic techniques and a mature approach to creative writing. You have produced a deeply resonant and technically accomplished piece.

Adjudicator 2

The poem presents a compelling, personified narrative of a watercourse descending from pristine alpine origins into environmental degradation. Its primary strength lies in its ambitious, highly textured vocabulary and relentless alliteration, such as the 'pavonine perfume' and 'cairn of consumer casings.' This linguistic density effectively mirrors the thematic shift from the clear, 'limpid' waters of the opening stanzas to the 'coagulated, sluggish current' of the climax. The juxtaposition of the romanticised natural world with the harsh, synthetic reality of 'bitumen' creates a stark, resonant eco-critical message that clearly articulates the tragedy of modern pollution. While the alliteration is striking, it occasionally borders on the excessive, risking melodrama (e.g., 'Assaulted me, abysmally'). I recommend pruning some of the heavier adjectives to allow the natural imagery to breathe. A more restrained linguistic approach would make the environmental devastation feel more grounded and poignant.

Honourable Mention

Predator and Prey

LI Pui Yee

HKUGA COLLEGE

The predator lurked where the shadows lay
His eyes locked on the powerless prey
He bared his teeth, swift and brisk
And he tore through flesh in a savage whisk

Glassy eyes fixed on snowy skies
As the fox stepped forth to collect his prize
In his jaws, proudly displaying
A motionless rabbit, hind legs swaying

But the silence shattered with a distant cry
A howl that tore through the midnight sky
The fox's meal had attracted foes
And wolves emerged through the bloodstained snow

He turned and fled, his prize held tight
An ochre streak in the cobalt night
The wolves charged after him, hungry for game
Tundra grey and copper flame

The fox led his foes to a frozen lake
His paws darting lightly with no mistake
But the wolves charged blindly, the ice gave in
And he watched as his enemies sank within

The fox strides proudly, his feast in tow
But another monster was waiting in the snow
Another beast looking for a prize
A human, the devil in disguise

The predator lurked where the shadows lay
His eyes locked on the powerless prey
A click and a boom, swift and brisk
And it tore through flesh in a savage whisk

Glassy eyes fixed on snowy skies
As the hunter stepped forth to collect his prize
In his arms, proudly displaying
A motionless fox, hind legs swaying

Adjudicator 1

'Predator and Prey' is a structurally clever and engaging narrative poem. Its greatest strength lies in its cyclical framing; by mirroring the opening stanzas at the poem's conclusion, you brilliantly underscore the inescapable hierarchy of nature and the sudden, mechanical intrusion of mankind. The transition from the organic violence of the fox to the sterile 'click and a boom' of the hunter is highly effective. Furthermore, your use of colour imagery—such as the 'ochre streak in the cobalt night' and 'copper flame '—paints a vivid, cinematic picture of the chase across the frozen tundra. To refine the piece, beware of forced rhymes that disrupt the poems gravity, such as 'savage whisk.' Additionally, replacing cliché phrases like 'devil in disguise' with more original, sensory descriptions of the human threat will elevate the poems sophisticated thematic execution.

Adjudicator 2

This poem demonstrates creativity and a brilliantly structured, cinematic exploration of nature's brutal hierarchy. The poet has crafted a compelling ecological commentary that positions humanity as the ultimate, unnatural apex predator. The language choices are highly sophisticated and precise, featuring a striking color palette—such as an ochre streak in the cobalt night—that establishes an immersive atmosphere. The imagery is remarkably vivid and sustained, culminating in a powerful structural inversion in which the opening stanzas are repurposed to mirror the fox's tragic fate. The poet displays an advanced, mature command of poetic irony and situational symmetry.

Honourable Mention
The Witch
OHATA Mocha

HONG KONG
ADVENTIST ACADEMY

Once upon a time,
I was not the villain.

I was not simply known
As the old lady,
Envious of the youth's beauty.

Nor for the mirror I asked,
For the fairest of them all.

I wasn't trying to kill her out of envy.
Or of spite

For once, long ago, I too met a man,
Who I thought was true.

And he stabbed me in the back
With my blood as red as the red of her lips,
And my lips as pale as the pale of her skin.

When girls like her exist in this world,
With lustful men seeking for pleasure.
They are not safe.

For beauty is a weight,
And Snow White was struggling to carry it.

I could see the pain in her smile
On her blood red lips
And her snow white skin.
I simply wanted to rid her of it

Adjudicator 1

'The Witch' offers a highly compelling, revisionist interpretation of a classic fairy tale, a hallmark of sophisticated literary engagement. Its greatest strength lies in its thematic subversion: transforming the Queen's canonical envy into a twisted, trauma-informed mercy. The mirroring of the speaker's past trauma with Snow White's physical attributes ('blood as red as the red of her lips' is a clever structural device that bridges their experiences. The tone is chillingly intimate and melancholic, successfully reframing the narrative around the oppressive 'weight' of beauty and patriarchal predation, rendering the villain profoundly sympathetic. To elevate the piece, I suggest enriching the poetic language. Currently, the phrasing borders on the prosaic. Introducing more original, sensory imagery rather than relying solely on the established fairy tale motifs (mirrors, red lips) would greatly enhance the poem's vividness and lyrical resonance.

Adjudicator 2

This poem demonstrates creativity and a sophisticated approach to revisionist mythology. By masterfully subverting the traditional Evil Queen archetype into a tragic figure, the poet has crafted a narrative voice of immense psychological depth and dark empathy. The language choices are purposeful and precise, beautifully recontextualizing classic fairy-tale imagery—such as the iconic blood-red lips and pale skin—to directly connect the poet's history of betrayal to Snow White's current vulnerability. The thematic exploration of beauty as a societal burden is well sustained and thought-provoking. The poet displays a mature, advanced command over dramatic irony, structural contrast, and character perspective.

Honourable Mention

Struggling to Remember

LAI Megan

MARYKNOLL
CONVENT SCHOOL
(SECONDARY SECTION)

I would never forget watching her eyes
that bleed crimson from her pupils's lake of blue
The corpse of a wilted flower
floats in agony
as she clenches her bony fists
her eyes narrowed
her body quivering in fear
as she looked at me—

"My dearest great grandmother, don't you remember me?"
She shook her head,
her navy tears flowing down like a waterfall—
such navy felt like crimson,
her voice weak, like a gentle breeze,
a silent whisper through the deafening silence—

"Who are you?"

My tears may flow down as a waterfall
either dyed navy or crimson,
My fists can clench the way her bony hands did,
just thrice the strength she could've mustered—
But that would not have mattered.
For I have died in her mind,
the same way corpses can't be alive once more.
And she wouldn't have noticed
that I was gone.
And she won't remember
that she used to treasure me more than anything.
She may sob and scream and cry out in agony
at the mere sight of her great granddaughter,
she may suffer the pain of forgetting all that seemed important
her eyes may continue bleeding navy
for her body remembers me.
But her mind doesn't.

As her bony hands shake and reach for my face,
her wrinkled thumb caresses my cheeks,
her body craves to pull me close,
her body apologises for forgetting my presence,
But her mind won't.

She's struggling to remember and she shall never remember again.

Adjudicator 1

This poem demonstrates creativity and a profoundly moving exploration of dementia and familial grief. The poet has crafted a narrative voice of immense psychological insight and raw vulnerability. The language choices are expressive, brilliantly subverting traditional sorrow into navy tears that carry the visceral weight of crimson blood to externalize the agony of a failing memory. The imagery is vivid, deeply sustained, and operates with a consistent, heartbreaking intimacy. The poet displays a sophisticated, mature command of how sensory detail and dialogue can capture the devastating reality of losing someone who is still present.

Adjudicator 2

The poem's primary strength lies in its profound emotional resonance and its poignant thematic focus on dementia. The stark dichotomy established between the great-grandmother's physical intuition and her cognitive decline—captured beautifully in the lines, "for her body remembers me. But her mind doesn't"—is both devastating and highly effective. This visceral disconnect powerfully conveys the tragedy of memory loss. Furthermore, the speaker's palpable grief and the consistency of the melancholic tone effectively draw the reader into this intimate, painful encounter, making the sense of being 'dead in her mind' acutely felt. To refine the piece, I strongly advise revising clichéd similes, such as tears flowing 'like a waterfall' or a voice 'like a gentle breeze'. Substituting these with more nuanced, original imagery would significantly elevate the poem's linguistic sophistication and overall impact.

Honourable Mention

Timeless

TANG Audrey

ST. MARGARET'S CO-EDUCATIONAL ENGLISH SECONDARY AND PRIMARY SCHOOL

In my room where
the walls exhale yellow newsprint,
light falls in the dust-filled columns,
I wonder -

where are the archive of unsent letters,
the records of movie dates from 2023,
the residue of cream-pink lipstains,
the bundle of dried flowers, the accumulation of undeveloped films,
the inventory of clocks stuck at different hours of the day?
All shoved away in a corner, in a womb of want.

The floor board is covered with debris,
a teacup with a cracked face, and polaroids bleached like milk.
The air becomes thick with paper's breath and the sweet rot of
unread pages.

In the midst of chipped paint and splintered wood,
a clockface shattered and its arms unmoved
at 4:37PM on a Tuesday no one remembers.

I held on to all of it, never letting go of what I called timeless,
never knowing that time kept moving on everywhere else.

Adjudicator 1

'Timeless' is a poignant exploration of memory and decay. The poem's greatest strength lies in its evocative, multi-sensory imagery. Phrases like 'walls exhale yellow newsprint', 'polaroids bleached like milk' and 'the sweet rot of unread pages' masterfully capture the physical manifestation of stagnation. The poet effectively uses the cataloguing of forgotten objects to build a palpable atmosphere of melancholic nostalgia. The concluding realization that 'time kept moving on everywhere else' provides a profound, resonant thematic anchor, perfectly encapsulating the tragedy of clinging to a frozen past. To elevate the piece, address the subject-verb agreement in 'where are the archive' (which should be 'is'). Additionally, while the inventory of items is effective, condensing the second stanza slightly could heighten the emotional impact and prevent the imagery from feeling overly familiar.

Adjudicator 2

This poem demonstrates a sophisticated and creative approach to exploring the intersection of memory and stagnation. An exceptional command of imagery is used, such as yellow newsprint and polaroids bleached like milk. The language choices are highly precise and evocative, sustaining a consistent, melancholic tone that resonates throughout the piece. The theme is developed with great care, using a curated inventory of objects to poignantly suggest the weight of holding on to the past. Overall, this is a cohesive, mature, and beautifully crafted piece of writing. The poet shows a profound understanding of how to use domestic symbolism to convey complex, abstract ideas.

Honourable Mention
Downstream
CHOW Hei Yu

ST. MARGARET'S CO-EDUCATIONAL ENGLISH SECONDARY AND PRIMARY SCHOOL

Daybreak snuck in,
casting a soft golden hue
on old photo frames.
The aged watch ticking.
Dad often gazes at one
picture of Grandpa and him.
His youthful smile bright,
Grandpa's hold on him, gentle.

Grandpa's fingers wore wrinkles,
textured like old tree bark.
The aged watch on his wrist
told a quiet story of fleeting times.
Dad cupped my hands, they
felt as steady as a young tree.
His touch, warm as sunlit beams.
The light cradled me,
as if I were a little sapling,
expecting the sun and rain,
hoping to grow as a tree one day.

Dad placed his watch in my
palms tenderly, his smile was kind,
an echo of grandpa's.
The watch ticked softly against my skin,
rhythmic heartbeats it mirrored,
as it carried their hours into mine.
Our roots in the same river.
One tree upstream, one midstream,
now this young one downstream.

Adjudicator 1

This poem demonstrates impressive creativity and a thoughtful approach to exploring the nuances of intergenerational relationships. The central themes are well-developed and presented through a clear, engaging narrative arc. The use of imagery—particularly the recurring motifs of the watch and the natural world—is highly effective, establishing a calm and reflective mood that sustains the readers' interest throughout. The language is carefully chosen and consistently precise, allowing the poem's rhythm to flow naturally and mirror the rhythmic heartbeats it describes. Emotional expression is handled with great sensitivity, maintaining a tone that is both appropriate and mature.

Adjudicator 2

'Downstream' is a tender and evocative exploration of generational continuity. Its primary strength lies in the seamless intertwining of two potent motifs: the mechanical passage of time, represented by the grandfather's ticking watch, and the organic growth of a family, depicted through arboreal imagery. The concluding lines beautifully encapsulate the poem's thematic core, leaving the reader with a poignant sense of inheritance. However, to elevate the piece, I suggest refining some of the more familiar phrasing. Descriptions such as 'soft golden hue' or 'old tree bark' verge on cliché; introducing more surprising, idiosyncratic language would invigorate the imagery. Additionally, reconciling the slightly mixed metaphor of 'roots in the same river' could provide a sharper, more cohesive final image. Overall, it is a deeply moving piece.

Honourable Mention
Past the Fence
CHAN Yan Nam

ST. PAUL'S
CONVENT SCHOOL

Silver pierces the corner-eye:
Metal, glinting in a mid-morn sun.
The brush strains against the city's edge,
And I stop.

I hear it — their thousand voices
Past the year-old fence,
Writhing in the canopied shade,
Hushed noises in rattling wind:

"Climb
Climb
Through the cross-wire
Over the barbs
Stretch and climb and grow
Past what keeps us
Potted, crackling, shadowed"

And so they extend:
Tendrils leaping for the sun
Like children for their creator,
The only face they know.

Lush green coils 'round
Man-wrung diamonds
Leaves spill from their centres
Open fountains of secular life
Pores pulsing with a new beat
Light pours in, and they sing
A euphony

Twisting in a laugh-rung maze
Of pinpricked limbs
Revelling in the insatiable chase
Of tracking their own imprints
On a man-plown land
Ivy voices join in one
A lively breath at the city edge
And the fence is overtaken
I stand, as the wind dies down

And the ivy grows still.
I wait for more:
A few more feet of growth?

They stay where they have run,
Over the iron-wrought wires.
I had forgotten their best wonder:
All they wanted was the sun.

Adjudicators' Comments

Adjudicator 1

'Past the Fence' is a compelling exploration of the tension between the organic and the man-made. The poem's greatest strength lies in its vivid, kinetic imagery and masterful personification. Phrases like 'Man-wrung diamonds' and 'laugh-rung maze' brilliantly capture the relentless, almost joyful rebellion of the ivy against the rigid, metallic boundaries of the city. The thematic progression is clear and engaging, building a palpable sense of movement as the tendrils stretch for the sun. The poet effectively sustains a tone of quiet reverence, culminating in a poignant realization about nature's simple, profound desires. To refine the piece, consider tightening some of the more elaborate phrasing, such as 'Open fountains of secular life',which feels slightly disjointed from the poem's grounded naturalism. Additionally, revisiting the rhythm in the final stanzas could enhance the pacing, ensuring the quiet conclusion lands with maximum impact.

Adjudicator 2

This poem demonstrates strong creativity and a masterful control over its central imagery. By skillfully personifying the ivy with an urgent, collective voice, the poet has transformed a mundane urban boundary into a vivid stage for resilience and aspiration. The language choices are particularly precise; phrases like man-wrung diamonds and pores pulsing with a new beat create a striking, visceral contrast between industrial constraint and kinetic organic growth. The imagery is well-sustained throughout, establishing a reflective yet intense atmosphere that reinforces the poem's thematic depth. Overall, this is a beautifully structured and mature piece of writing.

Honourable Mention
Words.
TSOI Yuk Man

YING WA
GIRLS' SCHOOL

My heart aches again,
of something I can't name,
maybe it's just sadness
or anger
or fear.
But I feel nothing.
I am empty.
I am a vase without water
or flowers
or life.

And so I drown myself in a sea of blankets,
seeking something like comfort
or love
or anything I yearn for,
yet it covers my lungs and
oh I can't breathe
will I die?

I lay a glowing screen on my lap,
it stabs my brown brown eyes of dirt and mud,
oh why does everything hurt?
I am empty.
I can't cry.

Then I reached out to seek a feeling.
I allow my fingers to dance across the screen,
letting words seep into my brain
and flood out the emptiness
and onto the blank space.
The ant-like structures flow around like silk,
capturing the bugs that
feed on my rotten heart.
I breathe out the ashes of emptiness,
a wilted rose regains its strength,
it twitches,
and turns green
and red
and pink,
on the icy ground my heart remains.

At the time where the moon hangs high, with
the cat's fluttering eyes,
I lay my hands down to a rest.
I'm still swallowed by my heavy blanket,
though it's no longer suffocating,

but warm like a hug
I never had.
I sighed,
and let out a breath
I didn't know I was holding.
The illuminating screen is still piercing my eyes,
but it doesn't show as pain,
instead it lights up my room,
shielding me from the darkness
and the glowing eyes
and the hands with the blood from my veins.

Adjudicators' Comments

Adjudicator 1

'Words' offers a deeply affecting exploration of modern melancholy, utilizing the confessional mode with striking sincerity. Its greatest strength lies in the thematic arc of the 'glowing screen', which masterfully transitions from a hostile, stabbing force to a luminous sanctuary. The poet captures the visceral paralysis of depression effectively, contrasting the void of feeling with the tactile act of typing. The metaphor of digital text as 'ant-like structures' flowing 'like silk' is a highly inventive visualization of the writing process acting as a psychological salve, anchoring the poems abstract emotional landscape in vivid, contemporary imagery. To elevate the piece, I recommend pruning familiar tropes. Replacing phrases like 'sea of blankets' or 'my heart aches' with more startling, idiosyncratic imagery would deepen the impact. Additionally, tightening the line breaks will enhance the rhythm and amplify the poems quiet, desperate gravity.

Adjudicator 2

This poem demonstrates exceptional creativity and a profoundly moving, mature exploration of psychological numbness and artistic catharsis. By masterfully framing digital writing as an antidote to depression, the poet has established a narrative voice marked by immense vulnerability and insight. The language choices are highly sophisticated and precise, crafting a brilliant sensory evolution in which the piercing glowing screen shifts dynamically from a hostile weapon to a protective beacon that shields you from the dark. The imagery is remarkably vivid and consistently developed, highlighted by the brilliant, surreal transformation of typography into ant-like structures that revive a wilted rose.

POET of the SCHOOL

PRIMARY

CHAN Yin Yu	BAPTIST (SHA TIN WAI) LUI MING CHOI PRIMARY SCHOOL
CHAN Ethan	BONHAM ROAD GOVERNMENT PRIMARY SCHOOL
KWOK Hui Ching	CANOSSA PRIMARY SCHOOL (SAN PO KONG)
KWOK Sze Pui	CANOSSA SCHOOL (HONG KONG)
CHU Miu Yan	CHUN TOK SCHOOL
QI Chiu Ching	DIOCESAN BOYS' SCHOOL PRIMARY DIVISION
CHENG Chin Wing	DIOCESAN GIRLS' JUNIOR SCHOOL
LEE Chun Ka	G.T. (ELLEN YEUNG) COLLEGE
YIU Ariadne Tsz Yin	HEEP YUNN PRIMARY SCHOOL
CHEUNG Yan Yuk	HONG KONG BAPTIST UNIVERSITY AFFILIATED SCHOOL WONG KAM FAI SECONDARY AND PRIMARY SCHOOL
ZHU Ho Hin	KA LING SCHOOL OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD
CHAN Chloe Caroline	MARYMOUNT PRIMARY SCHOOL
LAM Hei Ching Alanna	OBLATE PRIMARY SCHOOL
NG Wing C Charis	PO LEUNG KUK CHOI KAI YAU SCHOOL
LAI Chiu Kit	PO LEUNG KUK HORIZON EAST PRIMARY SCHOOL
WONG Hei Ching Jasmine	PO LEUNG KUK WOMEN'S WELFARE CLUB WESTERN DISTRICT FUNG LEE PUI YIU PRIMARY SCHOOL
LI Kin Hoo	S.K.H. CHAI WAN ST. MICHAEL'S PRIMARY SCHOOL
FUNG Tsz Ching	S.K.H. KA FUK WING CHUN PRIMARY SCHOOL
LI Haoyu	S.K.H. LUI MING CHOI MEMORIAL PRIMARY SCHOOL
HE Zi Xu	S.K.H. YAN LAAP MEMORIAL PRIMARY SCHOOL
HO Pak Yin	SHAM TSENG CATHOLIC PRIMARY SCHOOL
CHOW Cheuk Yi	ST. MARY'S CANOSSIAN SCHOOL
CHAN Yan Ling	ST. PAUL'S CO-EDUCATIONAL COLLEGE PRIMARY SCHOOL
TSANG Hoi Yau	ST. STEPHEN'S GIRLS' PRIMARY SCHOOL
MA Hiu Ching	STEWARDS POOI KEI PRIMARY SCHOOL
SONG Nakisha	TSUNG TSIN PRIMARY SCHOOL AND KINDERGARTEN

POET of the SCHOOL

SECONDARY

LAU Chak Chiu Jack	CARMEL DIVINE GRACE FOUNDATION SECONDARY SCHOOL
TSANG Aisha Abdelaziz	COGNITIO COLLEGE (KOWLOON)
TSE Mei Xue Mamie	GOOD HOPE SCHOOL
LI Tsz Ching	HEEP YUNN SCHOOL
FENG Tianyu	HOMANTIN GOVERNMENT SECONDARY SCHOOL
TSANG Hau Yuet	HONG KONG CHINESE WOMEN'S CLUB COLLEGE
KUANG Xing Hai	LING LIANG CHURCH M H LAU SECONDARY SCHOOL
LAW Wai Ling	MARYKNOLL CONVENT SCHOOL (SECONDARY SECTION)
MISHAL Fatima	PO LEUNG KUK NGAN PO LING COLLEGE
LEUNG Ka Yu Catherine	SACRED HEART CANOSSIAN COLLEGE
LEUNG Nga Lam	SHUN TAK FRATERNAL ASSOCIATION LEUNG KAU KUI COLLEGE
CHUNG Yu Yeung	SING YIN SECONDARY SCHOOL
CHAN Emma Sunnyrose	ST. CLARE'S GIRLS' SCHOOL
WONG Pui Wah Evelyn	ST. PAUL'S SECONDARY SCHOOL
LAI Wing Hei	TAK OI SECONDARY SCHOOL
NG King Yau	TSUEN WAN GOVERNMENT SECONDARY SCHOOL
LAU Cho Kiu Trinity	TUEN MUN CATHOLIC SECONDARY SCHOOL
HE Tim	YING WA COLLEGE

OPEN

LI Pui Yee	HKUGA COLLEGE
NG Tsz Yan	HKUGA PRIMARY SCHOOL
HONG Wing Nam Aimee	HONG KONG ADVENTIST ACADEMY
HUE Charisse	MARYMOUNT SECONDARY SCHOOL
MOK Wan Hei Melanie	ST. PAUL'S CO-EDUCATIONAL COLLEGE
NG Cheuk Yiu Ines	ST. PAUL'S CONVENT SCHOOL



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The Hong Kong Academy for Gifted Education
香港特別行政區政府教育局資助
Subvented by the Education Bureau, the Government of the HKSAR

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