

Cu Writing in English

-Volume XIV/2015-



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English

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Preface

If not for the Creative Writing course, very likely many of us would not have written a single word at all.

This course is a singularity among other courses; we are not required to write essays, which stress the importance of critical reading, and, perhaps, creative reading, but to write our own poems. This gives free rein to our imagination. Only when we begin to write can we understand literature in its full sense. Not as a reader, an interpreter this time, but a writer.

While reading masterpieces, as required in other courses, is a pleasure that elevates our sensibility, these masterpieces may sometimes feel obsolete and even irrelevant to us. Through writing creatively, meaning not being afraid to enter into unfamiliar territory, literature become something alive. It should be something new, something even experimental. We seek to discover. It is in this spirit that literature continues.

This can of course be a great challenge, as we are not used to such a great degree of freedom, especially as it is the first attempt for some of us. However, hopefully, we all enjoy the process of giving expression to our thoughts in our own words.

We hope that these poems can connect the reader with us, the writers.

Edison Ma
Deniece Francisco
Editors



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Ink Pen

by James Chong

(1)
Inside the steel case of ink pens are
blue tears.

Dropped the ink pen,
pen point broken,
it stutters,
voiceless at last.

(2)
Write love poems
use an ink pen.
Write the last letter,
Use an ink pen
Ink clogged in ink pen,
Words clogged in my throat.

(3)
An idiot holds an expensive ink pen,
writing nothing.
The dainty ink pen has no ink inside.

(4)
The two metal lips of ink pen,
once broken,
forever broken.

The Buses

by Adas Li

The buses run endlessly on the highway. Too many of them.
The buses never stop for anyone, unless you are wealthy.
The buses will just cruelly leave you waiting at the bus stop,
unless you are wealthy.
The buses will stay at a stop for so long you will start to feel
frustrated, unless you are powerful.
The buses will also pass the stops you wish to get off,
unless you are famous.
The buses will leave you helplessly balancing yourself during all the
treacherous rides because
The buses have no seats, no handrails, and no drivers.
The bus ride can get lonely if you are the only passenger.
The bus ride can be peaceful if you are the only passenger.
The bus ride can get adventurous if you are the only passenger.
The buses are, of course not for the wealthy, weighty not the well-known.
The buses are for the poor, and there are too many of them.
The buses can get so crowded sometimes it just pushes you off,
leaving you scarred and wounded.
The buses can take away your everything.
The buses can strip you naked if you cannot afford the fare but
The buses are just buses.
The buses are just the friends of your legs.



I Couldn't But I Remember

by Adas Li

Jumpers and shoes scattered on the floor and he chose to position himself on the edge of the bed,
I stood in front of him in this dim room and I couldn't figure out the color of his eyes.
Obscured in shadow, guessing his eyes' color became the delight of the night.
His features were subtly highlighted in the murky fluorescence light except for his eyes.
His large spectacles are the brick walls of Rapunzel's castle, the lid of Snow White's glass coffin.
Standing behind the mirror, undressing I heard him talking enthusiastically about his father favorite women's magazines and large French fries.
"I wonder if they were grey." I looked and smiled away.
Handing him my favorite guitar and I listened to him playing the strings of my heart.
The soothing melodies did not stop me from guessing the color of his eyes though.
Uttering and nodding, I heard him talking but I was not listening because I was too busy figuring out the color of his eyes.
He flicked his curly soft hair to the left with his delicately slim index finger then played with his bundle of brunette hair.
An array of emotions stirred a wave of flutter in my stomach after another as I watch his soft lips opening and closing, mouthing something.
He looked at me with his brittle eyelashes that battered briskly, bluntly inviting me to but I couldn't figure out the color of his eyes.
Here I am, sitting on the right side of the wrong bed, remembering everything vividly but just not the color of his eyes.
I couldn't figure out the color of his eyes but I didn't stop watching his eyelashes dancing.

Appalling Abecedary

by Bonnacarrere Julie

A stands for Abject, B for Brutal and C of course is shocked.
The Country asks for Answers.

The tree was cut, And sap is shining like a national anthem.
If he dies, then I will cry my anger.

I am a child and he was a soldier.
This is not gonna get any better;
Wolfie is learning how to set them free.
I am no child, a drawer is what I want to be.

The wound is clotting.

Now, I am a leaking pencil because I believe,
That fire burns the Reseda and the rose, both.
I want to yell at them that you'll keep making us laugh!
This morning, I was speechless and this evening,
I've faith, hope up my sleeve.

I don't want to let them win.
I saw no mercy on my tv screen.
Gandalf is yelling: "Over my dead body!"
Paris is bleeding with Charlie.

Cross-point

by *Bonnecarrere Julie*

The crowd is a rainbow storm-tossed sea
Wrapped for months in yellow shades
It rages in a riverbed of glass and iron banks
Without ever bursting over them
The turmoil washes ashore a white edged dyke
Of jagged knives and metal-bamboo scaffoldings
The flow, once scattered, is once again cut through
By towers erected by mankind
Grey crystal walls imbricated stand high
Clear and neat on the blue sky, upright
Or intricacy of hanging gateways
Sometimes trapping rays of golden lights
Still, in the beating heart of the ever growing city,
Exists a hidden path of older stones leading uphill
To a hole in nature, wreathed in ray reflections
Where holy songs tickle your heart
For your soul is now resting.

Obsessed

by *Eunice Chan*

News-cutting is my occupation, vocation and obsession.
Everyday there are little pieces of weird or heart-warming stories, such as a
Wedding ring found in dog's dung at the playground
Surprises that make you smile, or
Perhaps like the Curious Case of Benjamin Button, time changes its course
An eighteen-year-old passed away with a face ten times its age, or like
Purple Sail Jellyfish washed ashore in billions,
Exciting and appalling. Sometimes you cry with the protagonist, who
Re-assembled his beloved wife sixteen years after her departure,
Catching the last glimpse of her who became a nun.
Under the same sky, miracles are woven, wonders emerge:
Tracking a crocodile for two months for revenge
Thousands of ducklings crossing the road, causing a traffic jam.....
In some cases life could be ironic, like a
Nazi soldier's remains and medal in a catfish, found by Polish fishermen
Gallons of fun, gallons of tears, gallons of philosophy encrypted in facts.

An Explication of a Breakup

by Eunice Chan

No one should be blamed. Really

Our universe is a mountain with many holes,
Each hole a different world.
Awaken your senses and you will hear
The luggage grating the highway floor like an aeroplane about to take flight
A burden too heavy for its bald middle-aged owner,
A skinny cart loaded with leatheroids
Forcefully pushed by an emotionless weather-beaten face.
Well, life goes on. It says.
Here is a soul from another cave,
Her eyes hid behind oversized sunglasses,
Her hair glistens, her chin jerked up.

--And I had merely lost my balance
Like Alice, only abruptly, falling and landing on a foreign land.
My shadow was left on the other side, anxiously staring into the abyss;
But I was already carried away
By chance. By my dizziness in this topsy-turvy world.
By the mysterious magnetism of an alien.

The air grows thinner each day.
Battered by homesickness, I am reminded of another gravity every time I
tread this ground.
Then I realize it's time for me to go back.

Merely that.



Lalala ye Observer Sequence. 2-A Postmodern Prophecy (excerpt)

by Chim Wung Cheong

Oedipus:

Not long ago my Mother died,
Some time, sometime, lost in time.

Her grey eyes gouged out,
Her skull ground to dust,
And there—her fingers lied severed
In concentric circles.

To Delphi I rode, to the oracle I spoke,
Heard I only sorrow and woe.

The floor of ivory cement shall bleed,
Shall crumble,
Shall fall.
A cipher. No more. No less.
Said the oracle.

Cause,
Karma is like dust circles
On your laptop screen,
Gathered by time
Between keys and buttons,
Choreographed by fate.
Said the oracle.

Flight to the woodlands,
And thorns slashed my heels.
Blood trickled, came swollen erection.
The prophecy of my name at long last fulfilled.

Beneath shades of oaks, by a mossy bark
I chanced upon a temple ruins
Forsaken by time, for millennia come and gone.
Surrounded by pillars, upturned roofs,
With bittersweet hymns of Furies in air,
The head of David (Note: Bernini's David)
gleefully spoke.

The conversation began, the living and the dead.



Tick Tock

by Choi Shelia Mae Sta. Ana

The clocks ticked
Now it stopped
Loosely hanging on the edge

The lens focused
On abstract artworks
While blurring out
The concrete ones

A lifted eyebrow
A shocked expression
Nothing with stern eyes
Nothing with certainty

The faded red lipstick
The hair-sprayed strands
All just an illusion

The solid black canvas
The peculiar masterpiece
Hanging on the ceiling
Next to the broken clock



So Who am I?

by Claudia Schlegel

If you speak more than one language
Your personality differs from one to the other.

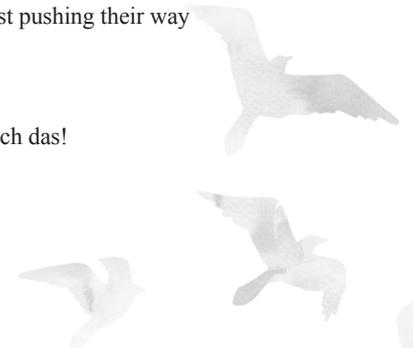
Good morning, I tell my roommate before rolling out of bed
The sun is just peaking around the clouds
Adding milk to porridge, juice to my cup
Gaze out the window to the white goddess statue opposite
Until the microwave-ding makes me start
A cup of black tea to complete
Oatmeal and Lyle's Golden Syrup.

Ça va? My French classmates ask – et vous?
The scent in front of Chung Chi reminds me of Avignon
Then a bus rumples past us leaving a cloud of heat and fume behind
The tiny Jet d'Eau always makes me smile
Reminds me of Geneva
We chat about this and that
Until we reach Esther Lee.

你好, our teacher greets us
How everyone loses strength in their voices
When asked to answer a question in Putonghua
A completely different language
In a completely different world
Our final next week
We'll just add oil!

Hallo – wie gehts? Mum asks me
She and my dad sit on the other side of the screen
Back home, the snowdrops are only just pushing their way
Up through the sparkling ground
I tell them about my day
One month until I see them again
But for now, I'll go to the library – Mach das!

If you speak more than one language
You are still the same person.



Buildings

by Deniece Francisco

A building has grown sad so it collapses.
The clock is wild and refuses to tell the time.
The same way Hong Kong is cold. It's cold and not cold.

The siew mai screams injustice. It is in pain always
being skewered.

Flowers grow easily bored hearing praises of their beauty.

My childhood is spent living in transforming sofas,
The adult me wishes to live out of them.

All of Me

by Deniece Francisco

Three impressive walls stand tall
I walk to their back to find they still stand tall but
From below black vines are crawling up
I follow them forming dense sinews
Latched on a shorter sturdier wall
My hand slithers easily along the vines
I miss the blood flowing.



Dearest Grandpa

by Farishta Kanakapillai

Dearest Grandpa,
Today, I turn twenty-one.
“A year older, a year wiser” you say,
but I don’t agree.

Because when you are around,
I still feel like the little, naïve girl
that you protectively held
in your arms.

You used to throw me in the air
and catch me before I fall,
just so you could hear the laughter
that erupted from my mouth.

You lifted me high,
bore my burden
and endured the pain, so I
could see the world from above.

Then one day, you stopped.
I cried and wailed for you to lift
me just once more, not knowing that
what had struck you is irreversible.

Your arms grew weak.
Your fingers bent sideways.
I silently watched as you struggled
to even lift yourself up.

I blamed myself for your frailty;
if you hadn’t spent your strength
on me, you wouldn’t be like this.
You would be – you.

Even then, you were there for me
to wipe my tears, and tell me
it’s okay, that I can once again see
the world from above with you by my side.

I smiled at the thought and asked “How?”
You held me close, and told me
to follow my dreams, for one day
it will bring me to the stars.

I took your hands, those very hands
that once held me, looked at how
delicate they’ve become, and I made
you a promise.

I’m here now, grandpa!
Twenty-one, but still the same little girl.
Here, take my hand!
Let’s head for the stars!

Learning to Love Hong Kong

by Jaclyn Fong

because sometimes things just happen without any reason
because the place is small
because the lack of space
and because everything is compact

because I have spent my years in this place

because the city is busy
vehicles jammed the roads
people huddled up in cubicles
and they called that prosperity

because the sky is veiled by smog
the beaches are decorated by cans and plastic bags
the stars are hidden by lights

because my family is here

because they love this place despite its flaws
because they cherish what they have got
because they want me to stay

because I am not ready to leave
because I am rooted.



Dream

by Jaclyn Fong

Your dream is
about the dream in
your childhood dreams.
The time when you fulfill your
dream is the time you
lost your dream.

Lost

And

Gone.

MTR

by Ida Schyum

Her
“Mum” I say,
holding the rod to pull the stroller back and forth.
There is a huge lump behind me.
It is some kind of plastic wrapped metal.
I look intensely at a man in a suit.
He looks like my uncle.

Him:

There is a world inside my screen.
It is full of green trolls decorated with feathers,
hitting other trolls with blotches and abscesses.
There is a golden egg between them.
Now using the remains of today’s brain capacity,
On exploring new worlds with yellow skies,
I got off early from job.
and women with many arms.
The voice of my boss is deep.

It

I am attached to the window glass in millions of particles.
I color the world people look at.
All details,
Everything becomes brown and fragmented.
But not for long.
It always happens in the large hall.
The woman in the yellow costume arrives.
She pulls up the mop from the water,
And we become one,
One liquid,
I am floating towards the world.

The Phobia

by Ida Schyum

It was supposed to be easy,

to walk through.

They all do.

My body fights against my rationality.

As if a reporter at a soccer match yelled:

“The body prepares itself,

the hands start tightening up.

But, the rationality attacks with a controlled breath!

The heart beats back,

The rationality leaves the stadium.”

Natural Instinct

by Joyce Cheng

I lived my childhood like a rabbit
Sniffing wild flowers and running free
Feeling the wet grass with my feet

But slowly the tiger sneaked near and the rabbit ran into the city
Lost, like the arms on the face of a clock, looping
But does not have a destination

Years went by and the flowers withered

I came to a tall, thin, blade-like building
Hopped in through the door, looking for happiness
But the foul scent of wet grass pained my nose

I am bored at the table
I studied the siew mai in my bowl,
It is as cold as the words I hear and
As sad as the old mouldy sofa locked inside a damp basement
And I thought,
I wonder what a rabbit is like in the wild.



Merely a Fruit

by Joyce Cheng

A fruit, a tree, a forest.

The ancient roots
digging deep into the soil.
Gripping tight.

The hovering birds
picking on ripened fruits,
Flying.

Away to alien lands.
The time has come.
The fruit has ripened.

Plucked and lifted,
to a sky so high,
the forest seems tiny.

Away,
from the land
it once called home.

Dropped upon a solid ground.
A land so strange and new.

Day by day and
night by night.

Struggled, nurtured.
Sprouted.

Fragile roots reaching down,
gripping soil underneath.
These roots will one day be
ancient,
living on the same water it once
tasted.

This,
is a tree,
bearing fruits.

Utopian

by Karin Li

You may call me a fool
For I love to play peekaboo
You may smell me as poo
For I just feed a moo

I ditch my class
Yet I get a pass
I gulp a cow
Yet the teacher only lifts her brow

Newton's laws do not have flaw
As I have verified his laws
CY thinks he is in hall of fame
As he does not have the least of shame

Random isn't my super strength
Tell me if it's really strange
But don't blame me as if a comedian
Because I am pretending as a utopian



Runner of Life

by Karin Li

Perhaps I am born to be a runner of life
Who knows how to win a race before my world brightens up.
Till then I know I have to run again
To win one race after another.

I grow with the lotus flower in the garden,
Talking to it every day as if we are the closest friends on earth.
She rests quietly waiting for me to read to her about her origin of birth
That the Chinese textbook explains: You resemble the purity of love.

The time she returns to the muddy swamp
Embarks my journey anew which continues her unfinished mission.
People say innocence is a sin,
Yet I say innocence is a grace.
The grace allows you stay with imagination
And pushes you to be a saint of mankind.
The only thing in your mind is: Every acquaintance deserves your appreciation.
You walk out of the grocery store
With a heartfelt thank you to the grocery lady
Who gives you rotten apples;
When your friend throw away your favourite pen into the bin,
You will say: Take it easy.

A saint is well paid
When you live in your own bubble that does not get punctured easily
By anger, hatred, jealousy, nor pride,
Basically taking in everything without emotions.
You grow up this way because you remember the lines in the Bible
Teaching you to love others as you love yourself.

Home sweet home
Where the parents will not want you to leave your dear friend in the garden.
Your bubble world is aerated to a tauter one
That you can leave home fearless every day.

One day, the teacher teaches:
The world is large, and the world is fierce.
Sense of protection is built around the bubble world,
A saint is well paid yet not promising.

Rushing back home,
Bubble aerated.
It feels bizarre,
I can barely breathe.



[My mind is blue that I must go]

by Ken Kam

My mind is blue that I must go.
At Christmas people drown in shows.
Despite the gallop ringing clear,
Neither owl nor squirrel notice so.

Being lost and cold in nowhere,
While creeping sounds invade at times.
The milky twilight seems to fade.
I sense a gaze from the woods.

Like a scared boy who cries for help,
I see nothing really cropping up.
Only the dancing and singing of the snow and wind.
How tranquil and serene the forest can be.

I nearly fall asleep.
I tell myself that I can't betray the ones who believe me,
Until the promises are fulfilled.
Stop resting and here I go.

4 Line Poem

by Yukie Kwok

#1 but if I sit in the rain I would be drown dunno where I am
going but only going down

#2 the more I grew
the more I find my mind's askew wanting to grow up so fast but now,
I just want my childhood to last

#3 I still perform autopsies in my head of conversation I had
remembering what I have said cutting people and all I see is red



Now

by Kevin Mirchandani

It will always rain
In my world,
And in my mind.

Every Monday,
The sound of her voice,
The taste of her food.
Why are they only in my memories
now?

Every Tuesday,
The smile she shows whenever I
enter the door,
The warm hug she gives,
The midnight snacks she make,
Am I dreaming?

Every Wednesday
I usually don't have class,
But she always tries to wake me
up early
And tells me to use my holiday
Be happy and
Go out.

Every Thursday,
I turn on the radio or perhaps
Her favorite songs,
We just dance for a while
After sweeping the floor.
This is happiness.
And I miss the feeling of it so much.

Every Friday,
She stays up late
just to wait.
She prepares Panadol
And sits in front of the TV.
I come home
And see that she's asleep.
Isn't she lovely?

Every Saturday,
She asks me for a walk,
Maybe shopping
Just because it's a nice day.
She brings me to Starbucks
And asks me to choose.
She smiles and tells me to hurry.
I miss her so much,
Why didn't I leave instead?

Every Sunday
I did not use to go to church,
Only when she went sometimes
Did I go.
But now?
I go every time I can.
I sit on the same seat she always
used to sit
And I talk to her,
I pray to her
and I hope the best for her.

But every day of my life now,
It will always rain
In my world,
And in my mind.
But I know now,
She is there.
Watching,
Guiding,
Protecting.
And I will love her for that.
Forever.



New York City

by Lai Sam

Underneath my apartment,
New Yorkers radiate songs from their radios
that speak of the Great City of New York,
the City that everyone dreams of

The birthplace of American rappers
a place where boys in ragged clothing
turn into men of business suits
and the street artist
becomes a professional photographer

A land of the Statue of Liberty
a mighty woman built of green granite
with broken chains that lie at her foot.
She holds the torch of golden flames
and lights the way for everyone to follow their dreams

Clusters of glimmering skyscrapers in the skylines
I hear Beeeeps and hoooonks as I stroll through the streets
taxi drivers run over everything in their way
people yell on the streets and tap endlessly on their phones
homeless mothers and children hold their bowls for money
a stranger cries to herself as she walks the streets
common sights, New Yorkers do not pause
and saunter toward their next destinations

A city of noble ideals
But of rough and hard granite
It is not my material.
I return home.

The Absurd

by Angela Li

A girl's blue pen slides across the white ground of winter,
In hopes of constructing an opulent bulwark comprising of words—
They call it a poem.

Sleep at three.
Wake at three.

Oh, noodle does not inhabit in bowls,
But tiny foamy cups

Cockroach killed by brutality—
No not ours! The dusty sky's.

Fangirls fall for a pale man,
With shiny skin and sharp canine.
Or a hairy wolf that occasionally has a human arm?

Bumped into a long-lost companion.
But first, let us take a selfie.
Hashtag highschoolfriendship.
Hashtag HKgirl.
Hashtag accidentalmatchingoutfit.
Hashtag Hashtag Hashtag.

Thunderstorm is approaching.
Was that lightning?
Get your iphones ready!

10 lawyers.
26 doctors.
38 entrepreneurs.
4 books published.
I hereby announce, with disappointment and remorse,
That our school will be removed from this year's top 10 factory list.

Eyelids drop amid silence of a deadly classroom
In hopes of conjuring the girl's collection of bizarre photographs—
They call it life

Things I am Doing

by Angela Li

Picturing how professors want to quit their jobs when they read my essays.

Rolling on bed, figuring out the best position for a nap: lifting my feet, facing the wall, suppressing my arms under the pillow, all curled up like a ball... and eventually falling asleep.

Offering my mother an unusual helping hand to swipe away every speck of dust on the floor.

Claiming to myself that I am craving for a homemade risotto that requires four hours of chopping, boiling, seasoning, simmering, serving, and last but not least, food snapping.

Rattling my head against the chilled wall, hoping ideas would be released from my bone as I vigorously shatter them.

Acknowledging the atrocious fact that there are merely eight hours before the deadline.

Stalking hardworking peers on Facebook to check their working progress as if I am a professional spy.

Talking to my uninterested cat in an alien language consists of a monosound: meow.

Inventing nonsensical diction and be proudly astonished that they actually exist as I look up the dictionary.

Net-surfing until the need to finish my essay hits me like a flash.

Awarding myself with a ninety-minute break as I complete another paragraph in ten minutes.

Telling my fellows about my anxiety and hoping that they would tell me the same.

Insisting on the scientific claim that staring at green plants every thirty minutes of work is indispensable for the sake for your visual well-being.

Notwithstanding the hardship, finally making it to the very last paragraph of the page.

Going back to the first line and repeat the entire process until my essay is truly completed.



Underdog? Not Really.

by Lau Ka Man

“Sometimes,
it is the people no one
imagines any thing of,
who do the things
no one can
imagine.”

There is always
a comparison
made by the
weak,
because it is all
that they are capable
of doing.

Think
hard,
recall that one
classmate whom
you never laid an eye on,
how splendid
an achievement they have
attained
today.

Gobsmacked
you are,
be ashamed of
how miserable
a prejudice
you have had.

All the glamour
that you deemed
absent in the people
radiates
too scorching
a shimmer
from them now.

You were misguided,
it did not happen in one night.
Trace back,
it was the endeavor
covered
by the filthy glasses
on your nose
that shape them
who they are
and who you are.

They are no inferior
to anyone else,
they love,
they spread love.

They create miracles,
mighty works lie in their
purity
and sincerity.

All because of your
ignorant
contempt,
they wept,
they fought,
for that one equality
that you would never
spare a glance on.

It is nothing.
yes,
it is
nothing
that worth all the sinless
tears.

But you,
a cruel larcener,
have stolen the box
and let such imbecility
contaminate the world.

Halt,
my friend.
You can still
Remedy it.

Commence your
road of salvation.
Fight for them,
with them.



[I Loved You]

by Louis Chu

I loved you
So I poured these mellows of ale
Into the cup
Sniffing

For in Milky Way I flew across
To hide the ring of stars
Into a box
Slipping

Waiting heart,
I shall take out the point on the clock
To raise them as pillars of the house
When the new day is born
Mourning

For I loved you
And drew these tides of mysteries
Into your dreams
Fading

[Saigon Shit...]

by Louis Chu

Saigon Shit...
I woke up in peace
Brushed my teeth
Got back to sleep
I thought I gonna dive deep
The murdering of a sheep
Kicked the ball and seethe
Laid,
Upon a footless table by the beach
In a movable feast
Tell me then
What am I to keep?
Before I take my leap
Oh,
I heard a peep
Then,
Caught in heaven's creep



How to Plant Roses in Lecture Hall

by Alyssum Ng

Planting roses is a must
to alleviate the tiredness
of those concentrating on the notes (rare population)
or flirting with their phones (most of us).

Bring some rose seeds to the lecture hall first,
Speaker Rose can absorb and reduce classmates' noises
Crisps rose is another choice
to give birth to more crisps for people to share among lecture.

Rose loves loose soil and wide space

Space between seats are larger

In Lee Shau Kei Lecture Hall

Than in Lady Shaw

Sow the seeds

between our seats.

Unless movie is shown in lecture hall,

Ask professor not to switch off the light.

Make sure 6 hours "sunshine" is supplied

for roses to be bright.

Irrigate the rose with juice or water.

No coffee or soup from Lee Shau Kee tuck shop.

Be careful or your charger will be moistened by the liquid.

You will burn into a charcoal

when you charge your phone in Lecture Hall.

Wait until the liquid is fully absorbed by seats,

suggested time is 8:30, 11:30 and 2:30.

Fertilizer is good for the rose,

tear off a piece of chocolate, rubber

or your lecture notes.

(A good excuse for those accusing you of getting poor grade
that you should feed your rose!)

You can buy a hotdog from the tuck shop too.

Just a kind reminder,

don't use the part with salad sauce.

Trim the rose to make it grow better,

Trying not to use scissors in a seat

as it will disturb your neighbours' daydreaming.

A pencil or pen

is suitable for narrow space.

to cut down the unwanted part.

Either Speaker Rose or Crisps Rose,

noise is the most threatening pests.

Especially

the whatsapp reminder "bib bib"

and murmuring from the professor

with white bread.

(even we cannot endure it,

you can imagine how the seedlings suffer!!)

Lift the cover of your laptop and

form a triangular net for the rose.

Place above the rose and combat the noise.

You can enjoy your rose

when the semester ends.

Remember to invite people

from Fung King Hey or University Libraries

visit your rose and share the crisps.

Aftermath

by Edison Ma

destructive buildings
opposite
a streetlamp, which is possessed
by careless wings, am weighed down
by influenza, your eyes
rainy beneath those brows.

bridge is there preserving the glimmers of the river;
hands can't bear, eyes are past
taxis fall prey to the dotted lines,
the T-shaped road, the foraging
caterpillars of between-----
that our hands sprawl with excitement renewed;
they sprawl for the as-ifs, our eyes for
the pepper spray that seasons the irony-cauldron, heartbeats and perspicacity.

Your kiss depends on the yellow umbrellas, less yellow even
than the traffic light that urges, sunny now, an orange sky.
Not draining ourselves, the MTR,
so loud, homeless ears,
three yellow umbrellas and three police-----
you kiss, after the absence,
me; two words baffled-----
Pluto once surrounded us in the expanding universe.

Coffee seems too sophisticated to be poured into the dream.
I measure
laughter and saliva, intimidation into prayer.
I dreamed about Van Gogh's sunflower.
My back to
the sea---caustic froth!---with one eye and long lashes---
May time rest and jump high, from me the warmest pillow!---
the sea, reaching
for the sun, and yet we speak.

words are weightless,
and we, capricious, walk in the valley
the sky dissected is thus incomplete



Ambushed Moving

by Edison Ma

I

I feel the curse, it is felt,
its shape inside the duct tape, with my piano fingers. All the radioactive words
sewn up by snores and yawns hurriedly into skin. A curse;
Hong Kong felt better the day only I called it Kafka.

II

A bald Singapore designer entered
with ease, speaking
our tongue, mocked a bridge
in Tai Wai---the octopusbridge
---It looks so heavy, as if it is for tanks!
Laughter. His eyes opened
concentrated on us, seeking still an approval or consensus.

III

His face the color of my
once favorite bread. That I want to kiss. His fingers
with stickers from textbook.
Picking up a red pen
to tick his homework with excitement.
We smile at his achievement.
He looks a grown-up whenever his eyes want the ceiling, fingering stationery.

IV

Run!

Your eyes always hungrier than the stomach.

You eat for time!

The crunching noise, the mistakes brought about by scribble,
so unrecognizable.

Can a style be formed by italicization?

To be born a tree, all emphasized by inability to be straight.

Do sums! You are born now with numbers and alphabets.

I look at your head and marvel at its darkness calm.

Stop eating snacks! and now you hesitate rarely,

as a child. Where we live and sleep feels like 3D printing.

Don't you know that correctional fluid loves your skin the most?

Yet you smile it off. Smells good, isn't it?

Yes it's toxic, people tell us, and so it condemns itself as well,

it smells so much better than clichéd newspapers, always keeping abreast with times,
to be unreasonable is once the small ambition of dictionary, now shared by growing young.

Stop playing with the correctional fluid! You will become a snowman,
the smell of your flesh put off.

Why imitate your mother's signature?



Invincible

by Cha Kin Nam

A desperate but steady face
Reflected on a shiny blade.
Death is a spark of pain
Flash in sharp and die out fast
Leave no trace like the act of Cain.

But look into the eyes of the lamb
Contented and clear and calm.
And observe the seeds on land
Buried and spread to the worldwide edge.

Death is cage but life is fountain.
The lamb is slaughtered but hope remains.
Frozen in snow and flow with rose
The fountain of life shall never dry.

I Wish

by Huiming Tan

I sometimes wish I could be a child.
Because back then, even if I saw the change in the clock,
it still seemed like I had time for eternity.
Because being an adult is like drowning, I either float or drown.
Because words I say now can actually mean something,
and by this I can be a tiger or a rabbit.

Yet, sometimes, I wish not to be a child again.
Because having to study is like forcing dry biscuits down my throat.
Like it or not, I gulp them down.
Because I can choose not to be a wild grass, which leans towards the same
direction like others when the wind blows.
Because the joy of exploring the world is much greater than staying in a shell.

But childhood is like a flower:
when the petals fall they never grow back again.



From Brukelen to Amsterdam

by Bonnie Lee

Inside a squad of boys,
there is Lui from the Hong Kong National Swimming Team,
there is Victor who is a professional triathlon athlete,
there is Kyle who is a mountain biker,
and there is me, a newbie to cycling.

In the Netherlands,
even dogs know how to cycle.
The cycling traffic is as fast as the Mongkok traffic.
Still struggling to balance,
I follow the squad on a trip from Brukelen to Amsterdam.

The kids after school are amazed,
The housewives with their grocery bags are shocked,
The shop owner who rents us the bikes thinks it is impossible.

From evening to night,
from countryside to capital,
from exhaustion to fulfillment,
this 40 kilometers is worth way more than the bike rental.

Fantasy of Names

by Karen Lee

A person can have many names
In fact so many
It is impossible to remember them all
My parents gave me my surname
And named me Karen
Yesterday I dreamed of being une fille from
France
Having a French name Annette
Or a name picked from a Disney fairytale
A melodious one like Ariel or Esmeralda
Tomorrow I would like to be a lady
A modern independent female
With names like Constance or Victoria
By changing my names
Maybe I can have different personalities
Take on different personas
And start exciting exotic journeys
Give me a new name, would you?



Fairytale

by Li Ho Yan Karen

Bibbidi-Bobbidi,
Princess Cinderella,
Dressed up in a gown with
Glittering sheen.

Beautiful glass slippers,
Fantasticality,
Met her Prince Charming when
She's seventeen.

Innocent

by Charlotte Tsa

Little by little, it falls like confetti
Caught within headlights—you are quite mistaken
Words that don't follow its disposition
There is no escape—we all deem it so
Yet cunningly diplomatic
Like no other human can be
What ever lie told cannot be unseen
No matter what is said, you are the culprit



Ten Ways of Looking at a Door

by Charlotte Tsa

I
Amongst many frames,
It is perched with a pride
and fragile under the forceful touch of man.

II
It's body bare,
Primal.
It's body coated,
Renewed.

III
The door decides through day and night.
Who shall be free, or trapped with no sight.

IV
Artificial creations
There are many.
Consistent copies
There are many.

V
Decorated with a personality,
Yet some just plain and empty
Its handle easily unlatched
With no complexity.

VI
But only if you remember the key
Will it grant you a chance
To prove your worth
Or reveal your true self.
Then it will decide

VII
O crack below, dancing above ground,
What will you reveal from the other side?
Do you not see the whispers or shouts
Curiosity is what sparks from unknown,
Do I want to know?

VIII
I know its finest constitution
And fundamental purpose,
But I know, too,
That the door is always aging.

IX
The frame is changing.
The door must be breaking.

X
I do not know where to go,
The road not taken
Or the opportunity it shows,
The door does not open
until you are ready.

I Need Something and I Need It Now

by Ophelia Kwok

“I need something and I need it now.”
Gone are the days when I'd say
“Let's slow down and hug the trees and smell the flowers.”
Here is what I want;
To lose myself in my cellphone, iPad
To drown out the noises watching funny videos about cats
To elbow my way to school through the unseeing crowd
To sit down to meals with familiar strangers who won't talk out loud
Never again shall I long
For a night of lying on the beach and looking up at the stars
For sitting down with that guy I like, asking about his scars
These are a waste of time, and I live and breathe
And say a little prayer for I believe
Weekends at clubs are where it's at
Live fast, die young, and party until you can't
If I want to see the stars, I can look it up online
If I want a guy, facebook and tinder would probably suffice
I feel sorry for the people who say
Everything is too fast, I prefer it slow
This is a new era, and this is how we should roll.

The Three Fishermen (excerpt)

by Juliette Dulery

Scheming

“...
Hm...
...”

I bought a fishing kit. Oh, a superior quality, an upmost efficiency. Oh, those numerous trolling I bought...low-visibility trollings, clear and high-visibility trollings...kaleidoscopic, psychedelic, fluorescent trollings, diversiform, variegated, non-racists trollings, cylindrical, barrel-shaped, columnar trollings...I now have in my possession a heterogeneous nation of trollings, and I am now able to fish in every kind of human seasons and atmospheric condition.

After intensive yoga courses comparable to the training of astronauts, I learnt to obliterate my wild nature, and to be inactive in the proper way. I am now ready to face the marine battlefields.

Last but not least, I brought with me several accessories to help me in my quest. One fish bowl in case I show mercy to my victim, two water pistols, a compass, the New Testament, my waterproof camera, a trident, a camouflage tunic to disappear in the shadowy waves, I also thought about a folding chair but it was heavy to carry around. I am wearing getas, black leggings, a Hawaiian shirt, a kaki jacket, rectangular sunglasses, and a cap. In total, I spent 9999.8 Hong Kong dollars. Believe me, it was necessary. Even though it was expansive, it was sold with ten stickers, and as a rational man, I think any negligible reduction should be taken into account. Moreover, I think that a fish makes a very tasty meal.

*With my fishing trawler
I embark on blue waters,
For my dear president
I shall use my trident
And kill bloody fishes.*

Ten minutes after

I have been fishing for ten minutes. And I think about the relatives and friend I have left to fulfil my solitary quest. How happy will I be when, after the end of my harsh work I will go paddle with them!

[...]

The art of killing a fish

1. Set a fish free, snatch him from the sea.
2. Kind fishes always make good dishes.
3. Aim at fishy fishes, they are weak criminals.
4. Squish in a fake handshake.
5. Wish to be a good fisher, and fishes will come in your net.
6. Discover your enemy's scarlet secrets.
7. Forget about tuna sandwiches, aim at more complex recipes.
8. If you wait for auspicious times, you will gather schoolings of fishes.
9. Kill thirty fishes in one brushstroke.
10. If you kill the leader, his followers will fall.
11. Throw stones in the east but attack in the west.
12. Be wise, and catch by surprise.
13. Seduce your enemy, become a mermaid.
14. Kill your guests in their rest.
15. Let small fishes kill each other and gather the corpses.
16. Bait a fish with a fish; you will feed him and yourself.
17. Scare away the big fishes to catch the small ones.
18. If all else fails, be a patient fisherman.

The Gentle-no-man

by Wang Wing Hei

Doublethinking, he kneels to beg
For mercy he does not deserve. A slap
In the face full of faith.

He is a servant who can only crawl,
Humble and gentle, no man of war.
A gentle-no-man. Not gentleman.

He is a hummingbird that never sings,
Too shy to look at his ugly wings,
Born to hide, not to fly.

Reliant on the bough which he lives
And afraid of getting lost, he never leaves
The only tree he can see.

(A crowd gathers.)

So he seals his dignity in a bottle,
And sinks it in the sea. Just a show.
Endure the pain. No shame no gain.

(Flick-flack-quick-slap
flick-flack-click-snap)

And mutters the doublethinker,
“I am the martyr, and you are the fire!”



A Liberal Suicidal

by Wang Wing Hei

Trying to break every rule
And to leave Billy Boy the Bold Black Bull,

I puffed on my cigarette and dived into the fog
And sniffed at the sugar storm of Death,
Strawberry flavoured, into my blackened lung.
Then I had a glass of the notorious milk
And gave a victorious shake.

In my nostrils I felt a knife
Cutting my vessels, starting to thrive.

It grew so fast so fast so fast
That I could notice a couple of streams
In the colour of strawberries

going
d o
w n
m y
f a
c e

I gave one more victorious shake, the last
One that would last.

Forever and ever.
For Free, for.
Freedom.
Doom.
Bye Billy
Boy Bold
Black
Bu

..



Reading Beckett's *Waiting for Godot One Night*

by Helen Wu

Here in my lone dorm I sit, accompanied by Solitude,
When the firmament has darkened outside the pane,
And gingerly I lift the cover page.
Now vaporized are the words from the leaves,
Forming a curtain of poesy mist,
For the Theatre of Absurdity.
The play has started, hence I sit and enjoy the lines,
In the same wise as the sullen audience,
In that depressing age of inconsistency.

And watch –
That pair of heroes, friends, and fools,
They quest and jest, embrace and grimace,
They talk nonsense in lofty air,
And play the clowns in despair.
With tears they giggle and weep,
Mocking and mocked by those with the selfsame eyes
Watered by laughter and wail alike.
On and on they go in eternal waiting,
The hall with talks is filled, but every syllable in every phrase
Says: Nothing.

Howbeit whence comes that music?
From outside the window, the one that reveals the darkened sky,
Rush the waves of youngsters' voices
In coarse and hysterically joyful melodies.
(No singing in the Theatre please!)
But in floods the music into my dorm,
How high the pitch! What youthful songs!

Certainly they have a wonderful night –
But how I fear, as it always occurs,
They would forget every single note,
And many of the fair faces,
When Time has stridden forth a year's distance, or a month,
Or even a single eve and morn.

But those young fellows of mine, still they cheer and sing!
Now intruded is the stage, and the two
Can be left in their despair no more.
Godot will not come –
“But we have friends and beer!”
Tomorrow shall be the same –
“Let us be happy in every minute!”
Forced am I to drop the script,
But how in mine heart I do bless,
Those my companions in youth and might:
May you have fun this very night!

Gentle Reader of this poem, though I know you not,
This miraculous hour I wish you mark,
And indeed 'tis real as this sheet you hold.
In future time, should you ever encounter,
A minor incident, uneventful to most eyes,
Yet exceptional deep in your own heart,
Do not deem it worthless, but think
It is truly a blessing for the mind, and a gift for the ink!

10.11

by Helen Wu

I wake up early this morning and look at the screen
Of my smartphone for the time: 10.11.
I brush my big white teeth and comb my messy hair,
Before opening that glass window with a crack through the middle:
Why, it's so bloody cold in October –
Ah maybe I was holding my smartphone upside down,
Then today's already the first of November!

I put on my new silver miniskirt that's super cool and flashy,
My ears almost deafened by the yelling voice of that disco jockey,
Tonight maybe I shall eat a whole pizza and drink whisky,
Then I would certainly forget all worries cuz I feel so dizzy –
That's way too chatty, I now start again:

I walk to a park called the Geek-Poor-Villain,
Or the what Greek Pa-vilion –
I don't know, anyway it doesn't matter.
There's a small dusty statue of Socrates which seems
More like an obstacle than a scene.
Why couldn't Socrates just get dressed up like Lady Gaga,
Then those old chaps might have disliked him less
And chased after him instead like all those big big fans
Hungry for something attractive and tasty.
That is my philosophy – don't laugh, it's serious:
It might have saved his life.

After my brunch I go home to check my email box
For some revelations, and see what we have here:
Spams.
I search for the latest song by B.A.K.E.R.
("Bankrupt Allen and Katy Ever Rocking"),
But only find dozens of advertisements of "handy bakers".
So I type in "Baker" instead, and yet they tell me
A Mrs. Baker has just divorced her sixth husband.
Oh la-la la-la! Where did I start?

I sigh and slump down onto my sofa with a new hole today,
And stare at the blank white ceiling,
(Such a blessing that it can still be called "white"!)
Blank and white just like the screen that shines and flickers
In the dim room the way the stars do at night.
I begin to think: persons and things are now so dis-connected,
And every day tons of information is inter/ac-cepted,
So what's the point behind all these –
Ah the pizza I ordered arrives just in time!

I love pizza, very truly and deeply indeed,
All those salty sausages on my palate,
And the oily cheese sliding down my throat,
Make me feel so stuffed and satisfied,
And tomorrow morning they'll all become a huge pile of –
Oops, that'll cross the line. Where was I –

Tonight I drink whisky and would definitely get drunk
Like a flat dead cat.
Really why shall anybody bother about the passed – the past – the pasted in
Words, and who'll give a sh*t about the tomorrow?
Oh the ceiling is now swirling, I must be awfully drunk.
I've forgotten who I am, I don't know who I am,
And you're no better than I,
Then how can you know anything about me?

Now stop reading my words,
Cuz I'm not sure what I'm saying,
And mind you I'll forget all about these when I wake up again.
So one last line:
Good luck, have fun, and bye!

Babel

by Yeung Kwok Leung

Made of flesh
Hair within
Pores without
It sniffs, it wipes

Raising his arms
Moving towards ignition
A man knows nothing
But adrenaline
Flows through my body
I blush, I tilt my giant head

People say it is hallucination
I say I am haunted

Great future assured
So how to deal with the present?

Fear, fear, you blended me into
Some gravy
Smear me onto a dried book
And whoops
You covered it up.

I rose up with some hardened organs.
Head high, eyes wide, and clipped my smile as it is -
Give some light back to me,
Not so much,
Give it back to me!



Queen Teresa V of Tonia

by Yeung Kwok Leung

Towing shaggy hair,
sixty-three years now ending
up on a street.

My box is so pure,
white outside and white inside.
Sunlight, through this dear treasure, reflects on my face
as the only radiance.
Hot boiling sauce warming my heart.
Before I wonder why pork could be this red,
I have sucked on its honey
to alleviate a royal life.
Now comes to the golden grain.
The rain that grows the gold drops back onto me
moistening my dried mouth.
One bite, dampen one desert.

Clang -
I must have dropped my tiara on Sahara
a streak down my cheek
General Ming,
slaves of Tonia,
Rise!
Rise!
Rise!
Do not be slaves of Showa!

And, ah,
the velvet!
Brownish, flat, dead
still lie on my bed.



Daydreaming in the Lecture

by Ruth Yeung

Childhood is like a rabbit
it hops away before you realize how lovely it is.

No one can teach a sofa to scream.

If you put a siew mai in the wild,
it got rotten.

No one can change the color of a flower.

Hong Kong people are like grass.
Trampled, burnt, yet never ceased to thrive.

No one can find an adult under the table.

Words get frozen in the air if the weather is too cold.

No one gets bored in the color silver.

Joy is tick-tock-tick-tock
by a big old clock.

She is daydreaming like a goat.

I am looking at everyone
like a curious lizard.



Marriage

by Ruth Yeung

Dancing-on-air happy

Anticipation
Never-ending farewells
Genuine hearts
Enriched minds
Romantic prattle
Oath for a lifetime
Unacknowledged truth
Sadistic choice



Thoughts

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CU WRITING IN ENGLISH
Volume XIV / 2015





Editors

Deniece Francisco

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CU WRITING IN ENGLISH
Volume XIV / 2015

Published by:
Department of English
The Chinese University of Hong Kong
3/F Fung King Hey Building, Shatin, HONG KONG
tel: (852) 3943-7010 fax: (852) 2603-5270
email: English@cuhk.edu.hk
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