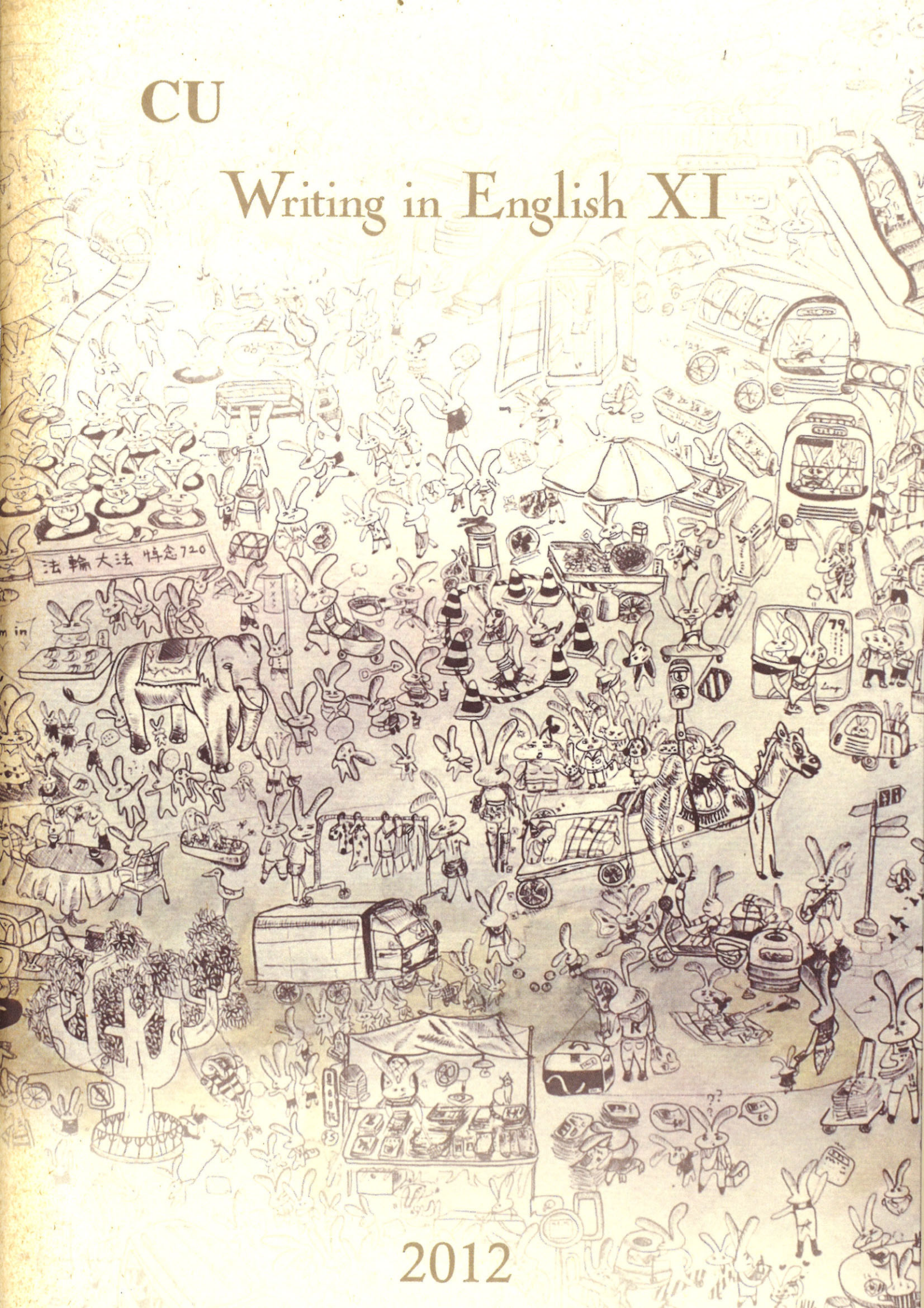


CU

Writing in English XI



2012

CU Writing in English

Volume XI / 2012



Preface

Another year is over and with it came new creative minds to be showcased. We are excited to have them all here for you to read.

From our experience as students and as editors we can say it is a unique experience to be on both sides of the process. It is challenging to be the poet and reach the creative depths of your mind. Yet, it is also a challenge to try to polish and refine these already wonderfully written poems. We also admit that it was fun reading all of our classmates' writing - we know your style now!

We did our best to include an array of poetry forms for your enjoyment. We hope most of all that you enjoy reading these poems as much as we did and that they may encourage you to participate in next year's CU Writing.

We would like to give special thanks to the CUHK English Department for all their help and to Professor Eddie Tay who invited us to be a part of this publication.

Alexandra Colgan
Brian Yang



Contents

A Mute in the Modern City	Annie Wan	4
Requiem of the Golden Lotus	Auxilia Chan	6
A Secret	Corah Chiu	7
I Know You Are with Me	Wong Sze Wai	8
As I stare...	Dreyfus Koo	9
The Dresses	Priscilla Yan	10
I do not want to write the poem...	Jane Li	11
Nothing	Joanne Leung	12
The Story of an Hour	Lee Kyong Eun	13
Reborn	Tang Cheuk Gee Gigi	14
The Kowloon Tong MTR Station	Jeff Yu	15
Drowning	Chan Hui Sum	16
N. W.	Samuel Tsang	17
Telepathy	Suen Po Chi	18
The last assembly in Chung Chi	Wong Hiu Tong	19
Sweet Dream	Yip Siu Ki	20
Polar Bear has Queries	Yvonne Chan	22
Winter	Brian Yang	23
Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Tree	Cheng Xu	24
Fertility	Alexandra Colgan	26



A Mute in the Modern City

Annie Wan

Sam Hui's song was on the radio today.

NO MONEY NO TALK

Where I came from,
They told me,
"Money can't buy you happiness.
See, you don't need to
Pay for a kangaroo to talk to you."

NO MONEY NO TALK

But as I grew older,
I realize kangaroos can't talk.
And that you don't even need to
Utter a word,
When the lion on that piece of red paper
Speaks for you.

NO MONEY NO TALK

They call it a "red-coated fish" here.
Perhaps it lets you swim through doors,
Full of authority,
Just like its name in English
- A Cardinal.

NO MONEY NO TALK

Trust me it's true,
When local kids shout in ensemble
"IT'S NOT BLUE IT'S NOT BLUE!"
See how they grin
From deep within;
When they find those little red fishes
Swimming inside the red packets.

NO MONEY NO TALK

But it gets fishy,
When those from the North,
Go into Gucci, Chanel and D&G,
Carrying bundles of dried red fishes
In their suitcases.
The salesmen greeted them with a smile,
While I was scanned from bottom to top.

NO MONEY NO TALK

No I was never a fisherman,
Nor do I hope to be one.
So I went to an event in Central,
Where people ate caviar
And drank red wine.
They talked about dreams and life,
Yet no one came forward to
Mingle with me.
I blame it on my name card
That quotes "student, member of an unknown club."

NO MONEY NO TALK

Money can buy you happiness
Otherwise
You are mute
In this modern city.
Hoping for a kangaroo to talk to you.

NO MONEY NO TALK



Requiem of the Golden Lotus

Auxilia Chan

She is the forbidden flower in Chinese Literature
living in lust and infancy.

To bloom

she escapes from the bustling buildings and
roots in a maze
where

flowers sparkle, dance,
twist their bodies and bloom for insects;

insects buzz, whistle,
cast huge haunting shadows onto her.

She follows the rhythm rise and fall
in magical sounds.

Her petals wither.
She embraces years of jollity and enchantment.

“Take a stroll and free your mind,
Fill your senses.”
The insects are lasers to set her ablaze.

She melts,
glues her disparate pieces
to make a cohesive whole in dreams than in waking consciousness.

A Secret

Corah Chiu

At dusk, the radiance of sunset lightly touches,
shimmering the sky with cherry blossoms.

A puff of cloud moves over
and casts coral over the earth.

The feline of the woods woke
to the descent of the night.

She sprints by in a swirl of wind,
taking the last twilight with her.

Against the moonless sky,
her eyes flicker with the stars.

Hush, and make no sound.
The last secret shall unfold.



I Know You Are with Me

Wong Sze Wai

I know you are with me

When I feel empty and hold many fears
Hunting a position and facing the unknown future.

I know you are with me

When I was stressed out by
public exams and assignments.

I know you are with me

When I am struggling in the middle of the ocean
Having no one to turn to.

I know you are with me

When I am watching the full moon
Alone.

I know you are with me

When I am in my graduation gown and
Receiving blessings.

You've promised.

For this I know you are with me,

As I stare...

Dreyfus Koo

Time, still as a manikin,
Her stride graceful as a swan,
Her steps melodic as an orchestra,
Her scent sweet as a fruit basket,
Her figure curved as a doll,
Her movements elegant as a peacock,
Her hair streaming as a river,
Her soul clean as a slate,
Time, still looking at a manikin.



The Dresses

Priscilla Yan

The dresses wait quietly in a crowded closet. Pick one.
The dresses argue over the best color for a prom dress.
The dresses gossip about the new belt and keep staring at its price tag.
The dresses agree that clothes made in China smell funny.
The dresses are natural enemies of skirts.
The dresses sigh in the dark, wondering when they can see some sunlight.
The dresses wish to be ironed, if not, at least placed on a hanger.
The dresses dream of floating and swirling on the dance floor.
The dresses question the mirror about their beauty every day.
The dresses with larger sizes have low self-esteem.
The dresses hate to see creases on themselves.
The dresses have nightmares about the sound of rending.
The dresses reminisce their glorious time of being tried on in the department store.
The dresses pray whenever someone opens the closet.
The dresses think they are unique, just like all other garments.
The dresses force a smile when one of them is chosen.
The dresses whistle at the ties when they are desperate.
The dresses sometimes wish they could be skirts.
The dresses are sick of the small, crowded closet.
The dresses want to be more masculine in their next life.
The dresses are still waiting.

I do not want to write the poem...

Jane Li

I do not want to write the poem
because I am tired.

Last night, I saw Suzie Wong on TV
and I enjoyed the view of Old Hong Kong.

Ivy is taking yoga lesson at Tsim Sha Tsui.

I am a rabbit and she is a tortoise.

James Bong tripped over a fence – his nose is broken.

Actually, I do want to try – I will write the poem.

I want to be confident, of course, and I would like to have a golden star
please.

Starfish is a great friend – we share laughter and tears.

Forever young – what we all desire.

These are for the party: A stands for apple, B stands for balloon, and C,
of course, is champagne.

I know the sun will shine tomorrow.

Graduation tastes like no other fruit and is exotic.

The sapling is beautiful under the sun.

If they are laughing, then I will join in.

This morning, I woke up late and this evening, I will have ice-cream for
dessert.

The teddy bear tells me it is time.

The sapling, of course, must grow.

Nothing

Joanne Leung

It's better to have nothing,
than have a taste of something.
Without rise,
there will be no fall.
All binaries,
ceased.
Gain or lost or hope or grief.
We are the blank canvas and the artist;
We are nothing, and
we are
everything.

The Story of an Hour

Lee Kyong Eun

Nineteen turning twenty,
I've got two decades of history,
Already.

How terrible!

I want to ask Blake,
The way to experience
Eternity in an hour.

Yet people pass by,
The stillness, the peace and smiles,
I see no rush in those faces.

Oh, have mercy on me,
Give me a minute instead of a penny,
I was told that "Time is Money"
Since I was young.

I begged and begged and begged,
Finally,
Sixty minutes I got, to add up to
An hour.

Eternity.

Reborn

Tang Cheuk Gee Gigi

Re-start the broken clocks,
Make all the telephones ready for his call.
Let the birds sing loudly "love is all".
All the instruments are now awakened to
celebrate the joy.
Make the sweet wine, let its drinkers enjoy.

Let the cruise blow the whistle.
Announcing the news that my "he"
has overcome all hustle and bustle.
Tie pink strings between the kissing fish.
Let the sailor sing and celebrate this good day.

He is now my oxygen, food, water and brain.
My school days, working days, every day.
My smile, my tears, my anger, my laughter.
I believe that love can reach eternity.
I have no doubt this time.

The lost sun is re-hung now,
to shine beautifully on us.
Drive out the grey clouds and
welcome the white, smiling clouds.
Let the running water flows forever,
the good time never die.

Everything is fine since the day Cupid shot the arrows.

The Kowloon Tong MTR Station

Jeff Yu

Painted in blue,
I smell a mild kind of melancholy.
The tarnished skulls sing their song of woe.

Tons of preys are in the scarlet mouths of the train.
They are tins of soulless sardines,
waiting to be consumed.

Here comes the moment of tranquility after every transaction.
Just like another misfortune of decrepitude.
It is a corollary.

The drama is on once in a few minutes.
Same plot, different crew.
We are the morons in the irresistible wave of fate.

“The train is arriving. Please stand back from the platform screen doors.”

We are used to it.
We are emotionally unruffled.
We all are just players on the world's stage.

Drowning
Chan Hui Sum

Swollen eyes,
A breaking heart,
Deafening ears,
Nasal voice,
Exhausting breath,
Shivering hands are
Sinking

N. W.

Samuel Tsang

one November day when the heat wave attacked, you got yourself a bunch of daisies, miniature sunflowers of honeysuckle hues.

you trimmed all leaves off the stems with care & arranged them in a china vase. you then took a whiff –

daisies, scentless beings.

you took out your rosy perfume & sprayed generously. excess perfume dwelt on petals, like morning dews.

it's baking hot inside the living room so you retreated to your bedroom with that vase of daisies.

you pushed open the window & drew the curtain lightweight as your chiffon blouse – whenever summery breeze blew, the curtain billowed

like your pleated skirts did in typhoon days. you lay on your bed, ready for a siesta –

dreaming of a swim across the Wollongong rapids. midway through, you would stop your movement. let the current lead you to a wonderland. you, a drifting timber, plunged down a waterfall and was finally sucked into a whirl.

you woke. you were all drenched by your sweat – you continued to lie on bed, eyeing the daisies, trying to catch that fading tang of rose, thinking what if you never returned.

Telepathy

Suen Po Chi

I know you are imagining a world without razor wire walls,
where people dance hand in hand in rose gardens
and share twin popsicles.

I know you are imagining a time
when no children cry,
when you can talk to bunnies,
when you can fly with Peter Pan,
when you wait for the tooth fairy with a coin under your pillow.

I know you are imagining a place where you would
linger: flowers never wither, trees never fall,
sea never rages, and mayflies live on.

I know you are imagining, because I am too.

The last assembly in Chung Chi

Wong Hiu Tong

Facing the cross,
singing the college song,
here I was.

We were green.
We were curious
and started with the new life.

Under the same roof,
we were brothers and sisters
with different surnames.

Our pillow talks started at mid-night,
ended at the dawn...
Neighbours usually joined.

Papers, projects and exams
what were they?
Finally, we had been friends for a night.

Time flies.

facing the same cross,
singing the last college songs,
here I am.

We are sophisticated.
We are prepared.
and start with the new life.

Outside the chapel,
look up,
there are our dreams.



Sweet Dream

Yip Siu Ki

The cold spell of the night witch is dispelled
The lemon-scented spring breeze is expected
In the marshmallow-like February
He is having a sweet dream.

At the tip of tongue,
He is tasting the
Dream-like honey of the Irish Iris

In the honey-like dream,

The butterflies follow him like
A melody in a love song;
His girlfriend pursues after him like
A butterfly in the sea of flowers;
His teacher chases after him like
A girlfriend who doesn't receive roses
On Valentine's day.

Valentine's Day is a day for
Lovers caressing each other (like a butterfly kisses a flower);
Lovers reading love poems on a drifting boat (amid a sea of flowers).

But
It will not be.

Valentine's Day is not a day for
Teachers holding an in-class test (like the Grim Reaper reaps our daily bread)
Bringing Judgement Day to the innocent lambs.

But
It will be.

"I'd rather give you
Roses than my daily bread,"
He says to his teacher,
Keeling down,
Like a sacrificial lamb.

"How dare
You flirt with another woman!"
Poor Mary,
The mistress of the lamb!

She cries, cries out
A river.
And her reaper hangs, hangs over
His neck.

Noah's ark is coming to the dream.

Today is Valentine's Day!
Afternoon is for the in-class test and
Evening is reserved for Mary.

But he ended up in a
Daylong dream

Noah's ark will save him,
Luckily.



Polar Bear has Queries

Yvonne Chan

Did you think of me
When you wolfed down
Three beef burgers at a time?

Did you think of me
When you went to bed
With the TV and computer
Awake all night?

Did you think of me
When you insisted on squeezing your Mercedes
Into Nathan Road with other pretties?

Did you think of me
When you helped transform the forest
Into a concrete sea?

Did you think of me
When you marvelled at the cheap price
Of the snowy and slender paper?

Did you think of me
When you, in an air-con room, put on your fur and complain that
The room is frosty?

Think of me.
I am breathing the air of water.

Think of me.
I am saying goodbye.

Winter

Brian Yang

The icy world melts into small streams of joy,
Rivulets urged on by a gentle wind.
“Will you take a walk with me and enjoy
the weather?” I smiled. I demurred. I sighed.
The seed of our affection was planted
With perfumed air, in a spring enchanted.

The petals bloomed to the rain of your voice
Crimson flowers, white dew, grey mists, blue sky
In this riot of colors, our worlds rejoice
Under a star beyond a sparkling spire, I
Wore your feelings, drank your dreams, shared your grief,
The star as my witness, time seemed too brief
To enjoy the waves of bliss, even spindrift
Of your tenderness seemed to be too swift

Summer winked and was gone
What do you do when the seed you sowed
Has already been harvested?
There is nothing to reap but vain hopes of gain
Rose, the universal favorite, shriveled
The leaves bled and trembled,
We shivered too, in the chilly wind.
The first snow put too much strain on
Our love, and it slept the sleep of Endymion.

Sleeping in snow, you don't feel death coming.
Day after day goes by, yet I never saw the sun,
Only frostbites. “Change is coming. Before the
Death of heart”, you said.
To keep warm, I lit five candles in my gut:
Sorrow, pain, doubt, despair and fear.
The smoke slowly turned my inside into a mess of
Ashes and soot.
Yet, you are gone, eyes free from the warmth of tears.
Perhaps there was never spring and summer
Perhaps to you, there was ever only a cruel winter.

Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Tree

Cheng Xu

1. Overlooking the mountain through the window,
All green in my eyes,
One of them is a tree.
2. Birds fly around the tree,
They can't leave it,
which is their home.
3. The tree is strong and tall,
When rain and wind come,
He smiles and shakes.
4. A man, a woman and a kid,
are family.
A tree and itself,
are family.
5. Leaves grow up piece by piece,
Branch grows longer and longer
The tree gets older and older.
6. At night,
Stars look down the earth.
The tree looks up,
Year by year.
7. Everybody says,
Trees are the lungs of the earth.
Earth knows,
Tree is his heart.

8. A boy leaves his name on that tree,
Using a knife.
Several years later,
The old man touches his name,
With his tear.
9. What an amazing tree,
People say.
Please praise my root,
The tree says.
10. Are you alone?
A boy asks.
Not at all.
So many friends live here.
11. Facing fire,
Trees smile.
After burning,
I enter a new round.
12. Lie to a man,
Maybe a good choice.
Lie to a tree,
it will know the truth sooner or later.
13. Life is boring,
When you want to know some good story,
Listen to a tree,
It knows.

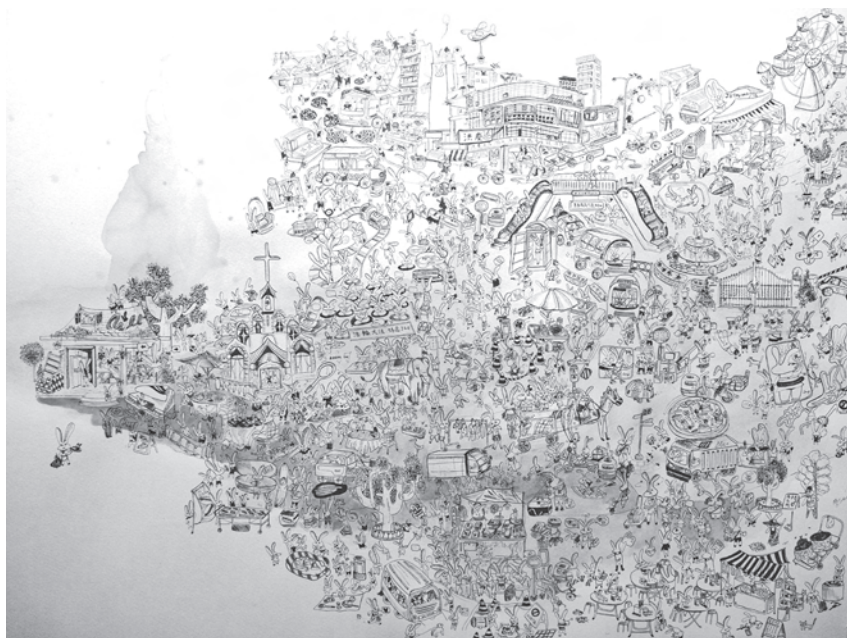
Fertility

Alexandra Colgan

Crack ed and dry
was the river bed
dried up veins
of dust and dirt
Devoid of life
and movement
Left alone to bake
in the scorching sun

Then
a gracious Savior
came, poured the rain,
to impregnate the barren land
Sprinkling water, a nursemaid to the bleeding bramble
To transform ashes into meadows
a beautifully swollen river
trees, flowers
a life





“Rabbit in the Town”

Chan Sin Wah

Department of Fine Arts,
The Chinese University of Hong Kong, 2012

Editorial Board

Alexandra COLGAN

Brian YANG



published by:

Department of English
The Chinese University of Hong Kong
3/F Fung King Hey Building, Shatin, HONG KONG
tel: (852) 3943-7005/7 fax: (852) 2603-5270
email: English@cuhk.edu.hk
webpage: <http://www.cuhk.edu.hk/eng/>

english@CUHK

Copyright@2012 by the authors
All rights reserved.

No part of this journal may be reproduced in part or whole without the written permission of the authors.



Editorial Board

Alexandra COLGAN

Brian YANG



CU

Writing in English XI

published by:
Department of English
The Chinese University of Hong Kong
3/F Fung King Hey Building, Shatin, HONG KONG
tel: (852) 2609-7005/7 fax: (852) 2603-5270
email: English@cuhk.edu.hk
webpage: <http://www.cuhk.edu.hk/eng/>

english@CUHK

Copyright©2010 by the authors

All rights reserved.

No part of this journal may be reproduced in part or whole without the written permission of the authors.



2012