



北京耀中國際學校

YEW CHUNG INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF BEIJING

# Identity and Perspectives

*selected poems from the*  
Secondary Coffeehouse 2018

## **Bear**

Cold as ice.  
Always hungry.  
Always sad.  
Always alone.

Trapped in a small glass room.  
Children staring all day and night.  
Staring, staring, staring.  
I wish they would go away.

Eat, drink, sleep.  
Eat, drink, sleep.  
Eat, drink, sleep.  
All day, every day for the rest of my life.

I dream of freedom.  
I dream of the forest.  
I dream of running and hunting.  
I hope for a better life far away from this harsh  
cold prison.  
Though I know that the freedom I desire will  
Never come.

***By Akira Tipping***



## Youth

Youth ~  
Is blue,  
like a clear sky,  
like a charming ocean.

Youth ~  
Is green,  
like a green bamboo,  
like a broad grassland.

Youth ~  
Is red,  
like a burning flame,  
like the rising sun.

Youth ~  
Is white,  
like snow and waves,  
like moon.

Youth ~  
It is colourless.  
Like the wind is changing,  
it's as beautiful as fog.

Youth ~  
It is colourful,  
and it owns colourful life.

Youth is the first  
Never say die song.  
Youth is a book.  
Books worth reading.

Youth is a place  
Tower in the forest of Nationalities.

Youth is a tree that is thriving.  
The test of wind and rain.

Youth is a flower,  
Bud in bud  
To show the world a unique style.

Youth ~  
You are our hope,  
and you will never die!

***By Aline Dong, Y10***

## Thoughts and Complaints

Let me fly, or else I'll die,  
Right in here,  
A lonely cage,  
I'm filled with rage.  
A stormy night, alone in the house,  
But with a starving mouse.

I'm like a turtle,  
Always so shy,  
Let me die, because I can't fly.  
There sat a book,  
I wish I'm a hook,  
To hook up my dream,  
And drink from a stream.

I want to scream,  
On top of the mountain peak,  
Desperate am I,  
To be free to fly.

Please let me out.  
Into the world of imagination.  
The outside world is wide.  
I want to explore.  
Let me out,  
To be a bird.

**By Carina Lee Souryavong, Y7**



## Poem and Me

Two raven eyes,  
Polished hair and sallow skin.  
*TSUBASA*

She is always blessed.  
Because she has incalculable friends,  
Japanese, Chinese, Korean...  
She has friends all over the world.

Drawing, it's sooty,  
Sleeping, it's other worldly,  
Reading, it's a land of magic.

Maroon,  
Balloon,  
Soon...  
Sleep.

***By Tsubasa Okawa, Y7***



- I'm a cloud. A soft , cloud.
- Sometimes I look like a sheep,
- Sometimes I look like a marshmallo.
- Sometimes I look like a person you think about,
- Sometimes I look like something you think I am.
- I turn to white when I was happy,
- I turn to gray when I was upset.
- When I was sad, I turn to black and cry.

- I disappear when the air is dry,
- And I appear when the sky wants to cry.
- At that time, I 'll say some thing soft to the sky,
- "it's nothing , just cry.
- If it can let you bright.
- No matter , just cry.
- Bad things will fly.
- Alright."
- If you want to cry,
- I'll come if it's not dry.
- You can pick one with "right size"
- And I'll say some thing in soft side.



# CLOUD

(the photo poem)

By Robin Shi



- Sometimes you leave me behind you head
- But I'll always forgive you.
- Why?
- Because I'm a soft cloud . Soft and nice.
- You will never forget me , or someone like me.
- We will come for you when you need.
- I will glad to know.....
- One day , you don't need me any more.....

That's me ,A cloud.

A nice , soft cloud.



Through the mirror,  
With my eyes I see:

A girl with 5 family members including her,  
A daughter with parents who get happy when she gets good grades,  
A big sister who cracks apart from her sister,  
A student, who is very ordinary,  
Very ordinary as a piece of dirt whirling through the air,  
A friend, who is very overreacting with exciting events,  
and very serious with some problems,  
A dog person, who is dreaming of having a pet dog someday,  
A Korean speaker, with Korean parents,  
An English speaker/learner in YCIS and out of YCIS,

Chinese learner, with two tutors out of school and one teacher in school,  
A Korean American, who considers herself more as Korean.

I have a lot more identities that I can't show or can be shown  
Like the stars hidden in the polluted night sky,  
Or like a small rock with a Kohinoor in it,  
Or maybe like an Oasis in the desert?  
That's what I think.  
That's what I see.  
What about you?

***Elly, Y6***

