

Poems from Chinese students during
the COVID-19 lockdown.

The Unforgettable Winter Holiday

*Communications University of Zhejiang
April 2020*

STUDENT VOICES

The Unforgettable Winter Holiday

Communications University of Zhejiang
Student voices
April 2020

Thank you to the students of class 1 English Writing.
Communications University of Zhejiang
I enjoyed reading and listening to your poems
I hope this eBook will help you remember this time of the virus.

Dr Rob Burton

Poems written by my Chinese University Students during the Covid-19 crisis in April 2020 – while they are still away at their homes as the University is shut down.

This was part of their English Writing class homework.

This is how the poems were submitted I have only done some basic editing and have not attempted to correct any of the English.

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Contact rob.burton54@gmail.com

The Unforgettable Winter Holiday 1

<i>The Unforgettable Winter Holiday</i>	2
<i>When You Are Old</i>	4
<i>Star</i>	5
<i>Sensitivity is a Gift</i>	6
<i>Oriental Girl</i>	7
<i>Night</i>	8
<i>Light in the dark</i>	9
<i>Dream</i>	10
<i>Walk in Beauty</i>	11
<i>Reincarnation of Life</i>	12
<i>Spring Days</i>	13
<i>The Morning Light</i>	14
<i>The things that I dream</i>	15
<i>Let Nature Take Its Course</i>	16
<i>To the most beautiful medical staff</i>	17
<i>Because of You</i>	18
<i>Plum Blossoms</i>	19
<i>Four seasons in memory</i>	20
<i>Crank</i>	21
<i>Summer</i>	22
<i>MEMORY</i>	23
<i>Today's Poems and Me</i>	24
<i>Gifts</i>	25
<i>Wind</i>	26
<i>Hope is the key</i>	27
<i>Sonnet for you</i>	28
<i>SNOW</i>	29
<i>Summer Night</i>	30
<i>Spring</i>	31
<i>Where to go</i>	32
<i>Season</i>	33
<i>Finding you in the snow</i>	34

Wendy

The Unforgettable Winter Holiday

January school, everyone looking forward to returning home
Happy, excited and waiting for their parents to come
The warm sun shines, the cold wind blows
Life offers new joys and happiness in these days.

Unfortunately, the virus happened incredibly fast
It endangered people's life with its strong fist
Doctors worked day and night without rest
Warm passage posted, sorrowful days would past

People stayed at home, doing different things
Kids playing with friends
Mother baking delicious delicates
Father redecorating their rooms
Students studying online classes
Workers dealing with objects

April home, everyone looking forward to returning to school
Desired but reluctant, joyful but wistful
If I go back to school
A tight hug with my roommates,
An endless talk with my best friends
An excellent deal with classmates

Yilia

When You Are Old

Since you try your best to make a living,
just ignoring what kids are doing,
and they behaved no caring.

When you are old and with wrinkled face,
the previous memories have been full of pieces,
the shuddering figure also obtains endless feelings.
Though things show us helplessness,
the depth of heart is still in abundance.

Of course you don't forget the pride from kids,
or pleasure when playing besides the tents.
Additionally, arguments in daily lives,
hardship of repaying debts,
and busyness of moving into new houses.

When you are old,
you should thanks to the destiny,
for all your life settings.
When you recall the past,
you really should take gratitude for
that you're not old yet.

Abby

Star

I used to look up at the evening sky,
Where there is a romantic sunset,
When the sunset fades,
Moonlight alternates,
I knew the stars were coming out.

I run in the moonlight,
Through the forest,
Across the field,
swimming the brook,
All this in the company of the stars.

An old lady once told me,
When the world is short of a person,
Then there would be a star in the sky,
If I pluck a star from my hand,
Will the vanished return?

Alice

Sensitivity is a Gift

Sometimes it can be compared with a fragile glass cup,
Or an alert little animal.

A float of wind is worthy to be thought repeatedly.
Even stranger's glance has the ability to hurt you.
The public call the feature 'sensitivity'.

For the numb people it is a shortcoming,
But it is exactly a gift,
God prepare it for the special you.
With the gift you could find the subtle beauty,
And those unknown mental corners.

You are able to find an unnoticeable flower,
And applause for the colourful world.
You can easily enter a loss heart,
Hear the helpless crying,
And comfort the hurt with your considerate and thoughtful.

Even though no one acknowledges your sweet,
You yourself should not give up the exploration to the world,
With your clear eyes and heart.
Don't afraid of being misunderstood,
After all, not everyone has the talent as you do.

Apple

Oriental Girl

Flowing hair,
Sweet face,
Pure smile,
Graceful figure,
This is the Oriental girl.

She passed by me,
Like an elegant Daisy,
Carve into my mind!

Love at first sight,
Tossing and turning,
Sleepless at night,
Crazy fantasy,
Only for the Oriental girl.

Will I ever see you again?
Will you think of me?
Is our story over?

My Oriental girl,
Thy faint scent,
Thy soft voice,
Deeply touched my heart!

Brian

Night

I'm sitting in the fire,
seeking for the stars.
No one knows where I come from,
No one knows where I should go.
The Earth is shrouded in darkness,
the darkness shrouded my heart.
I'm sitting in the fire,
the fire is too bright.
The outer light my shoulder,
inside kiss my knees.
Someone passes my body
they say nothing to me.
I need to keep moving,
while my soul is still warm.
Flame is not frightening,
darkness is the biggest fear.
Stars still shining in the sky
the darkness conceals their light.
If there is no light,
I will be the fire to light.
With the flame burning on my body,
I'll shining the world.

Bunny

Light in the dark

Too quiet to hear anything
Too terrible to open my eyes
They always say they'll be there forever
It's just talk

I'm like a fool
Always waiting there
Again, and again
Make me feel like I'm nothing to them
You said I was the gift of your life
You said I was your strength
You said you were lucky to have my support
You said that if you are sincere to them but they are not, then you should
buy a lesson

Suddenly I heard your song
Opened my eyes and saw the light through the gap
You held out your hands to me
Pulled me out of the darkness

Don't be sad about unnecessary things
Don't be worthless
Please filter the words of those people
I am what I am

Carol

Dream

Every evening,
my friends say “Good night” to me.
Every evening,
I play in an amusement park,
made up by my dreams.
In my dreams,
I can be every one.
A detective,
Digs the truth of a case.
A general,
Leads a victory.
A doctor,
Saves lives back from death.
A bird,
Flies in a vast sky.
A fish,
Swims in the endless ocean.
A monkey,
Wanders in a desolate mountain.
Every one is me,
But I never see myself.
Dreams catch me,
I can’t be me.

Catherine

Walk in Beauty

Though the day is sweaty;
Though the night is dark;
Though the spring is rainy;
Though the summer is hot;
Though the autumn is lonesome;
Though the winter is cold;
Remember:
Beauty fills the whole world!
It's the moment of the sunrise;
It's the shine of the shooting star;
It's the vitality of the wet soil;
It's the sweet of the icy watermelon;
It's the joy of the rich harvest;
It's the romance of the sky snow!
Day and Night,
Complete every day;
Spring and Summer,
Autumn and Winter,
Complete every year;
You and Beauty,
Complete every magic.

Cheng

Reincarnation of Life

We are waiting in the spring.
We are the seeds in the soil.
Nurtured by the land and rain.
Finding the light through the cracks.
Waiting for the moment to come out.

We are growing in summer.
There is bright sunshine.
There are also a lot of obstacles.
Though stumble all the way.
Growing into the best appearance of ourselves.

We are maturing in autumn.
Although we are no longer young.
We have accumulated the wisdom of the time.
We have harvested the fruits of time and tide.
Sharing with younger generations.

We are sleeping in the winter.
Please don't cry for us.
The body buried under the heavy snow.
We will feed back to everything that nurtures us.
The next spring will still be breezy.

Chris

Spring Days

We meet in the spring days
When the cherry blossom float down softly
You embrace me in your arms,
Like the sun embracing the moon
You protect me from being stuck in the predicament,
Like eave protecting the flower in the rain
You gradually walk into my world
Like a key unlocking the chain in my door
Every day when we are together
Is a gift you give me
We make miracles together
All the memory is like dream
The look in your eyes,
The tears in your face,
The voice calling my name
Are still clear in my mind
No matter how many times seasons change,
Even though time elapses like an arrow,
We will meet again
When the spring comes

Christy

The Morning Light

The sky is getting brighter
The morning light is stealing through the shutter
Birds are singing a happy song
Children are standing and looking upon
Soft wind kisses the treetops
Everyone is bathed in the morning light
With a smile,
Wake up from a long night
Anxiety and unhappiness are swallowed by the sunshine
After being washed by the sun
Everything comes alive
The gentle breeze and fragrant flowers
The butterflies and greening poplars
I know freezing winter is waiting for me, as it promised
I know life is unknown, as we all realized
But if we always have a warm heart
In our own sky
It would never be darkly clouded and freezing
Don't worry, spring is coming soon
The most important task for us is to enjoy the bright morning light

Roy

The things that I dream

I dream

I dream I was super human being
Dreamed that I can fly in the sky and dive in the ocean
All the enemies will shudder at the sight of me

I dream

I dream about hundreds of millions money
Want to live a sweet life like honey
Enjoy myself on the night club with a money gun

I dream

I dream about cars that are in fancy
Which will catch the eyes of the beauty
All of these seem to be happy
But after that there is an endless inanity
All these are fake

Kylin

Let Nature Take Its Course

Sometimes you don't get good results when you work hard,
You're disappointed,
And worse thing is coming.
Some people are pursuing great success until they die,
They keep pursuing,
And they have got nothing.
Life is like a plate of strawberries,
It can be insipid or sweet.
Don't be disappointed or discouraged,
Put down unnecessary obsession,
The most beautiful thing is
The unintentional positive outcomes.
Try your best,
And let nature take its course.
Enjoy your efforts,
And you will get a surprise if you don't have obsession.
It's not a problem that your life is wonderful or mediocre,
Enjoy your life, enjoy your effort.
Just try your best
And let nature take its course.

Cynthia

To the most beautiful medical staff

You are the brave soldier
Flush of hope
Angels in white
Hero of the nation

I know, your love is burning
I know, the epidemic is raging
The protective clothing hides your beauty
But can not hide your most touching smile

I pray, the sky is always blue
I pray, the world will always be good
We are kindred
Moved tears flow into your heart and mine

I'm proud of you
Go against the wind and stand firm in the face of danger
When evil gets in the way, the flag still flies
On the way to the outbreak, there were bursts of heartening songs

I'm proud of you
With great love to escort the health of thousands of families
Until the spring flowers come out
Sing the victory song again

Dimple

Because of You

When the moon shines on the sea,
I miss you.
When the stars are reflected in the spring,
I miss you.
Your scent is the gentle breeze,
That blows to me in summer days.
Your voice is the shining stars,
That guides me through the dark clouds.
Your smile is the warm sun,
That shines on me in winter days.
Because of you,
The separate portions all became two.
Because of you,
The fairy tale became true.
Because of you,
All difficulties became easier to get through.
Life is too hard,
Fortunately,
We met,
And fell in love.

Ena

Plum Blossoms

There are several prunus mume,
Downstairs in my house,
Bare branches, like the cheeks of old folks.
Few people pay attention to them,
Because they are almost covered by other flowers.

The fragrance of plum blossoms in the past,
Only exists in my imagination.
But it not means that the smell is totally disappear,
The memories it left me
Are telling the old stories.

They still grow stubbornly and tenaciously,
Different from normal spring flowers,
Those are just the daughters of spring,
While the plum blossoms are the queen of winter,
Never following the flow.

Spring breeze blowing,
Gentle sun shines on my face,
Hundred flowers striving for beauty,
The queen exiled herself to the cold winter,
Blooming her own elegance alone.

Jane

Four seasons in memory

In those lost seasons,
Those memories engraved in the heart,
Today reminds me,
When I was a kid with you;
A colourful spring,
In the golden sun,
Your warm smile,
I hope that is forever;
A vibrant summer,
In the tree shade,
The fan you are waving,
I hope that is forever;
A breezy autumn,
In a leisurely yard,
The tune you are humming,
I hope that is forever;
A cold winter,
On the way home,
You hold my hand,
I hope that is forever.

Jasmine

Crank

The sun rides high in the sky
Birds are roaming
Plants are thriving
Everything seems perfect
Everyone seems energetic
Except him
As if blindfolded
Can't see the blue sky
Can't feel the warm sunshine
Can't hear children's laughter
Everything seems filled with gloom
Everyone seems indifferent
Hide in his own world
Talk to himself
Do something strange
Become someone eccentric
Afterwards
Nothing changes
Now or in the future
Except him

Karen

Summer

On a summer afternoon
Cicadas sing in a drawl on trees
Sing an annoying song
The leaves are withered by the sun
Roll inward on both sides
Lovely and pathetic
I ride my bike
Back and forth through the crowd
Chasing the shadow of summer
There is a rattle of chains in the street
Like beating the rhythm of summer
Exist in my mind
On a summer night
The breeze brushes my face
Even the sound of cicadas is pleasing to my ears
I want to know
Shall I compare thee to the summer sun
Bright and fresh
Shall I compare thee to the summer wind
Gentle and warm

Kathy

MEMORY

People say,
I can see the deer in the deep forest,
I can see the whale when the sea is blue,
I can see you when I wake up;
In fact,
The forest fogged when it is deep,
The waves swell when the sea is blue,
The night continued when I wake up.
But you must know,
The deer will come through the fog,
The whale will appear with the wave,
If you do not look back,
How do you know I am not there?
In the end,
The deer will hide in the fog,
The whale will dive under the sea,
And you will be kept in my heart;
Perhaps the most beautiful thing is not to keep time,
It is about retaining memories.
I wish time stay at first sight forever.

Lucia

Today's Poems and Me

These days are hectic
I am almost brainsick
With a lot of works
And mouse clicks
The first one was my poem
Unfortunately, I left it at the bottom
What a bad custom!
Surly China has a long poetry tradition
But I live in a barren
Where girls want blazer
Boys like Boxster
Only the minority remember poems
read poems
write poems
in fact, we are all goldbrick
being lazy to think deeply
and reading pictures like babies
it is high time to have a dropkick
making a retro
with poets' magic

Merry

Gifts

My dreams are dreams of pond,
That lives not only to mirror the sky,
But to let the surrounding willows,
Wash my hearts.
Through tree roots I make my way towards the leaves' vein,
Their dying brings me no sorrow,
I'm still alive.
My happiness is the sun's happiness,
In a brief span of time I 'll leave behind enduring works.
In children's eyes,
Become the brightest star in the night sky.
I'm artless yet bountiful, but unfathomable.
My pain is the pain of seasonal birds,
Only spring understands such passion,
Endure all hardships and failures,
Always fly toward a future of warmth and light.
Write a full line of poems with plump feathers,
To enter deep within all souls, deep into all times.
All my feelings,
Are a gift from Earth.

Nony

Wind

It is a gust of wind,
disturbs the sleep of the leaves.
It brings beauty that no one has ever seen,
tells the story of the past.
Passing through the wilderness and spring,
passing through the surging river,
it now comes here again,
waiting for a rain.

It is a gust of wind,
gently pushes the emerald leaves,
plays tricks on the little temper of flowers.
It brings a misty rain from the stream,
takes dust to see the sky,
sends withered leaves to see the magnificent mountains and rivers.

It was a breath of fresh air.
It was a fine day.
Once heard that the wind came,
bringing a rain,
wind followed the rain,
went with the rain.

Penny

Hope is the key

This is a fight.
We see heroes next.
No one is an island,
And now we are one.
This is a disaster.
We are helped and helper.
Quarantine separates us physically.
But can not separate our heart.
No more blame and complaint,
Because the whole world is involved.
What we should defeat is coronavirus,
Stop the pride and prejudice.
Disease frustrates us,
But it will never beat us.
The fleas of god1 like to joke
We work together to overcome it.
Darkness will pass,
Spring always comes.
Maybe we have a bad beginning in 2020
Hope will be the key to lucky.

Prester

Sonnet for you

You told me you want to be described.
So there comes a linguist.
When you died you said you want to be sculptured.
That's why Michelangelo started to learn sculpture and art.
Cranky, crass, dour, but coltish?
Fairly Intensive but not clearly.
Devout, amenable, aloof or even childish?
Quite clearly but not exactly.
How hard to find a word that fit your rule?
You have no idea but know exception is true.
Could you be imperishable despite no one can do.
Definitely not but you can't just be who.
Like they said Mozart, Beethoven, and Chopin never died.
They simply became the music we just admired.

Ruby

SNOW

She is a girl
Her name is snow
I loved her at first sight

I saw her again
On the gorgeous stage
She became more charming
I was crazy about her

I know she is excellent
And she is truly excellent
But she seems to have changed
She is no longer lively
She is no longer proud
She is no longer confident

I see her crying
She says she can not do it well
Even it was her most confident thing

I don't know how to comfort her
I only want to hug her
And said
She is always the best

Scarlet

Summer Night

It was a summer night
I really love it because
I haven't been so happy
in a long long time
The summer wind
Cool but not piercing
Dissipated the heat
I sat in the back of your electric bike hearing
You said "Close your eyes"
I did so and felt like
I was gliding at low altitude like a bird
Hugging you from behind
I think I couldn't be happier
The wind is gentle
Along the quiet river path
We were on the way to see the latest film
Which was said to be very nice
I really like summer nights
The back seat of the electric bike
And you

Serafina

Spring

Spring always comes after the new year
But this year is different
Spring is blocked
Tragedy hangs over people

Rainbows always come after the rain
And this is no exception
Despite the wind and the rain
The people still welcomed the light

On a sunny afternoon
I put on my mask and take my dog
Went into the sun
To find out where spring was

Where is spring
It is in the Green Buds that have just come out of the trees
It is in the shops that are opening one after another
It is in the footsteps of the returning workers

Spring is the season of rebirth
Spring is the day of flowers
Spring is the end
And the beginning

Vanessa

Where to go

When the night comes, I shall go.
The spirit shall be dim and dark.
The breath shall be cold and low.
But I never afraid of them.
Because my heart is limpid.
And the stars can lead me to right road.
Never burst out like a child.
Never sink alone in the grief flow.
Just kiss my heart like shining ripple.
Don't ask me where I shall go.
The answer is I don't know.
Just mourn me with a love song.
I want to roam about the world.
I want to find something old.
I pursue one thing called freedom.
I will fly in the sky with the forest sigh.
I will climb in the reddish light.
Faster and faster, tough like a stone.
Where I shall go?
The answer is I don't know

Vio

Season

What should I do to the wind of spring,
Your touching hand heals the land
Your touching hand bring life back.
The land was cold and no sign of life
Yet you changed it with a lovely wind
What should I do to the sun of summer,
Your strong sight brings out sweat
Your strong sight shortens the sleeve
The land was clam and lack of excitement
Yet you altered it with an intensive eyesight.
What should I do to the offer of fall
Your generous offer relief the hunger
Your generous offer gives people hope
The land was hot and make people lazy
Yet you changed it with a festival of harvest
What should I do to the coldness of winter
Your chilling touch covers land white
Your chilling touch let world rest
The land was tired and need a refreshing
Yet you altered it with a snowy cover.

Wency

Finding you in the snow

Born in a hospital like angel,
With memories of previous lives in April,
Aimed at finding you,
And together with you forever.

In the last century,
We first meet in the snow,
But got lost during the war.
In this modern century,
I still admire the snow,
But have no chance to see it in person.

When I lose confidence,
I met you by chance.
Hope to pour out my heart,
Surprised to find you loving me yet.
The sky began to snow,
You remembered everything of our love.
Perhaps love moved heaven,
We live together until the end.
Lucky to find you with affection,
Completed the emotional continuation.