

Covid-19 poems from Chinese students
in lockdown.

*Thinking before
sleeping*

*Communications University of Zhejiang
April 2020*

STUDENT VOICES

Thinking before sleeping

Communications University of Zhejiang

Student voices

April 2020

Thank you to the students of class 2 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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Thinking before sleeping

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To my youth

The life I long for

Lucky

Star Hugger

Spring

White Angels

Spring is coming

Hide-and-seek

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Thinking before sleeping

Sometimes, I think before I go to sleep.
Tomorrow morning, noon and evening will be different.
At least today's road,
Will not be walked again tomorrow.
At least the food I ate today,
Will not be reheated again tomorrow.
That's the simplest thing I can ask for tomorrow.
That's the smallest hope I have for tomorrow.
Repetitive life,
Again and again and again.
Yesterday, today and tomorrow.
Another day of busy life has passed.
Another page of calendar is torn off again.
Night is the shadow of my imagination,
The most I look forward to in a day.
At this time,
My brain belongs to me.
My limbs belong to me.
I folded my arms under my head and fell asleep.
And the answers come in sleep.

Cheyenne

To my youth

Once I wish I could disappear in the world,
The whole world is too gloomy.
All eyes on me,
Too afraid to me.
Will it be better to just disappear?

Those once bright time,
Was torturous to me.
I hate myself for not being able to receive love.
All people around are looking at me only,
But all my feelings are disparate.

The saying Time is the healer
Was veritable to me.
If sometimes I was too fortunate,
I would worry the misery will come to me again,
Afraid that someone will take away my felicity.

But still, maybe
I can be the brightest light in the world.
Even so, trying to get up,
I will find myself.
How hopeful I have been.

Luki

The life I long for

Cities are always full of noise,
Yet the country life is peaceful.
Nature brings me different joys.
I wake to the crowing of the rooster,
And open the window in silence.
Fresh air pours into the room,
Which brings the pleasure of the day.
The birds stand singing under the green leaves.
Butterflies are dancing among the flowers.

Then I came to the green fields,
Starting the day with a lovely smell of flowers.
In the afternoon,
I enjoy sitting by the river and fish,
Waiting for the fish to bite.
A delicious fish soup will on the table.

Then I sit on the steps at night to cool off,
Watch the glow-worms glow,
Listen to the frog singing.
Finally, with the breeze,
I fell into a sweet dream.

Amber

Lucky

Find a place to stay,
Where time comes to a standstill,
You and I stand in the centre,
Hug each other tightly.
Everything is too good to be true,
Just as beautiful as a dream.

Go to the highest peak,
Walk along the longest street,
Leaving only you and me,
Holding each others' hands,
Telling your favourite tales.
The lights in our eyes,
Just as bright as pearls.

Never told you but you have already known,
I feel so lucky to have you to be my best friend.

Never told you and you probably don't know,
All the beauties in my life, I would like to share them with you,
All the misfortunes you may meet, I will always stand by your side.
Just because we have promised many years ago,
"We are going to be friends forever."

Amir

Star Hugger

"What the world need?"
I've fell on with it.
Seek from dark sky,
End in artillery fire.
When I leave heaven,
Can't stop try.
Running in the dark,
Calling for help all night.
To the east of Eden,
I hold myself tight.
Who tenses a star,
From the deepest mire.
Nowhere to be seen,
Whether light or dream.
So I give up lies,
Wander in the starry sky.
When I leave cages,
Hear someone's cry.
Meet the past wind,
Drown out my sigh.

Bella

Spring

After the cold winter,
Spring is coming,
It brings beautiful flowers.
The grass grows out of the ground.
The sleeping animals wake up.
Birds are chirping in the branches.
The weather becomes warmer.
All living things are full of life,
Wuhan is no exception,
Spring is also here in Wuhan.

After the isolation,
Wuhan is back to life,
People go home from the hospital,
Happy reunion with family.
Wuhan is the same as before,
Full of energy and passion.
Wuhan is different from before,
Everyone wears masks.
People worked tighter to fight the virus.
Luckily, spring is coming.
Wuhan was cured.
Love surrounds the city.

Boyce

White Angels

A lot of people used to ask me:

Why didn't I study medicine?

I never dared to think this way

I'm too ordinary

A doctor is a sacred profession

I admire the students

Who chose to study medicine after high school

It's not just because the hard work of studying for years

Or the courage to have surgery and deal with lives and deaths

It is because they not only must have warm hearts to save people

But also the ability to save people

What is a hospital?

How many little lives have been born in this place?

How many wounded lives have been brought back from the dead by doctors?

I don't understand

Why those heroes will be hurt or killed by patients

Why are their warm hearts will be played like toys by the patients' families?

I hope the world can become a better place

People can cherish every doctor in the world more

They will always be our white angels

Catherine

Spring is coming

Raindrops fall on the stone steps
People on the street,
Holding colourful umbrellas,
Take off dark winter clothes,
Put on gorgeous spring clothes

Cuckoo singing in the field clear,
Beautiful azaleas flatter in restless spring
In the gentle spring breeze,
Children are running on the grass,
Kites are flying in the air

Golden sunshine on the green grass
Breeze blows white lace skirt
Find a cool place
Sit on the ground
Warm wind brings a fragrance

Flower shop is closed
But, flowers continue to bloom
Spring flowers are winter dreams
No winter is insurmountable
No spring will not come

Cherry

Hide-and-seek

Most of people's memories are trivial matters
Afternoon alone in a bookstore
Fishing by the pond in winter
Sunrise and the sea you saw

I always remember playing hide and seek when I was a kid
Every child looks for a hiding place like a mouse
Every new start is full of expectation
Only hide-and-seek makes people return to the starting point without
losing heart

Gradually
I found a lot of things good at hiding
Like squirrels, geckos, crabs
I think they have a long history of playing hide and seek
That's why they're so calm

I think people are born to hide.
And long to disappear
Again and again
It's not surprising
Don't we all hide before we're born?
Perhaps
We really hid in a chimney for a long time

Christine

A free day

Wake up with the birds whispering
No hurry to gather myself
Let the mind wondering
Cloudy day can be charming
Winds are telling a story
Look, look, I am dancing with the trees
Leaves burst into laugh, shaking and shining

Finally, winds bring its guest
Rains fall outside the dim room
Arouse the memory of the past
Little puppy needed to be groomed
Smell the petrichor in the air
I can learn to forget

Christy

The Little Boy Upstairs

There is a little boy living upstairs my house
I have never seen him
But I am familiar with his voice
His laughter, his cry
When we are both near the window
I heard him sing nursery rhyme
I heard him imitate the voices of many kinds of animals
I also heard him read stories
He should be a lovely child

Suddenly I heard a disturbing noise
He is whistling
And it lasted for a long time
I had to close the window to lighten the noise
Later I heard the sound of beating basketball from the ceiling
Then I heard his footsteps running around the room
How energetic he is!
While I was tired of my homework
He is a naughty child
He is not an angel
But a devil!

Ruby

Friend's love

I lost all my patience
to get your love from your heart
And I don't know
How can I get closer to you?

I get a pretty wild flower
I take a comfortable shower
But you are like a joker
You hide in the wind
You live in my brain

Where I am
You have always been there
I want to be with you
I can only say love you
But I can't say I love you

I must have said I love you
Just you forgot
I didn't mention it
Countless night I'm complaining about you
It's just like suffering in hell
You said I was your best friend

Elena

The days are dark and dreary

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains and the wind is never weary;
My thought still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! And cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Be calm, broken heart! And haze stripping;
Beyond the life is the challenge still awaits;
The failure is the sum of shadow,
Into the unknown some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Jade

We Are The Lost

I use a sword to kill this love,
My dream about you will be blue,
Young brings sadness,
It has been two months since we broke up.

How the time flies,
Only yesterday had nothing changed,
We were grown in the same place,
Once I want you for a lifetime.

The starry night never be mine,
I become a prickly rose,
That message hurt you deeply,
I don't mean what I mean.

Taste what a bittersweet,
Take a deep breath,
Tonight I will forget all about you,
Today you are free.

Our first love has gone with the wind,
Your face and eyes are the treasure,
Just stay gold,
I give you all my blessings.

Julie

A Firm Wait

The days are counted for thousands of times.
It's a grievance that I can't count to today anyway.
In a bitter and cold day,
You are forgotten and mentioned.
Crazy parties didn't stir up a little bit of your news.
How can I give up?
And how can I forget?
Your natural smile always brings sunshine to me.
So I followed you at just one glance.
The rain will still fall,
The umbrella holder still holds the umbrella for you.
Those who hide from the rain will still escape.
But you are unchangeable.
In the boring stories of people coming and going,
You come out from the dust, clean and sparkling.
Waiting never ends.
Looking forward to your return, your pleasure,
And your possession of more benevolence
Hope you get what you want,
Hope you never lose what you cherish.

Kayla

Spring Lollipop

Licking a lolly slowly,
Sunlight lapping at the lazy lake,
The willow is swaying with the wind.
Walking along the lake,
Birds singing sweetly,
The lollipop is a delicious strawberry flavour.
Air is fresh,
Full of vanilla after the rain,
I took a deep breath,
Strawberry and vanilla blend together,
Smelling like spring.
The sun goes down,
Evening falls,
Stars shining,
I finished my lollipop,
With the smell of spring,
It's time to go home.
Lovely day,
Lovely lolly,
Lazy life.

Kristina

Meet by chance

I walked outside
Saw a dirty dog running
I followed it
And running
And running
And running
It ran so fast
I lost it in the end
And I found myself in a strange park
There were some old people in the park
I came to them
I asked them
They answered me with great pleasure
I took their suggestions with great pleasure
As I turned my back
I saw the man
Wearing a black sweater
Care nothing about weather
Playing chess with others
Oh, it was my father

Leo

I see you

You burn in the sunrise
Light up my eyes.
You become the emotion
I can not hide.

You bath in the twilight
Pretty as a lie.
Stars in the shadow
They could be shy.

You are my wonder
That deserve to chase.
Even though my heart is
The price shall pay.

You are my poison
But I have to claim:
If you're the Demon
Then I'll be your slave.

Read my lines then
Hear my voice.
See my soul through
Then I'll see you.

Leonie

A Poem About Children For Adults

See, the flowers I hold,
fall in my hands, wither in love
Where are you?
Drawing with coloured pencils, the little immature hands,
Who is holding?

Come on, please don't
Nightmares will grow, fairy tales will lie,
the stars are no longer shining

Come on, please don't
Black sunshine rotten in the shadow,
branded on me!

Want to grow up, want to fight
But because of fear, will never grow up!
Go home, An uncured scar
Eyes that should have shone,
should not be drowned in tears

I would like to turn into soil, nourish your growth
Every colour can bloom
Every dream is worth watering
Every innocence should be treated well

Lotus

I am a mushroom

Sometimes I feel like a mushroom
Deep in the forest
The air smelled of the earth after the rain
Occasionally the sun shines through the leaves
It is a fresh, serenity place

Brown bears store food
Squirrels also look for nuts
Deftly shuttle from branch to branch
The dew fell like pearls

Sometimes there are thunderstorms
The thunder split a hole in the sky
The rain poured down from the hole
The little ant could hide under my umbrella

There are summer nights, cicadas, always accompanied by the breeze
I heard everyone kept close in winter
But I've never seen a world of ice
I don't need to know that much as a mushroom

Maggie

NIGHTMARE

The night's banishment of mankind is slowly passing by,
Move stars and moon into fantasy dreams.
The night stays with me,
I lay in his arms quietly.
One lamp, one person and one chair,
Give the first look bright on the film into three.
Sitting alone in front of the window,
Look at the street lights quietly,
Street lights are lonely, so are people.
Just like the world has never been a paradise,
Everyone has his pain,
The world is wide and lonely.
In the world, as summer goes and winter comes,
Sunrise and sunset,
People gather and disperse,
We need more experience to feel it.
Congratulations, another day
And won, another day
Thanks as always,
Thanks for we've been through this.

Mia

To my dear childhood

Childhood is like a beautiful dream,
In the river of memory.
I was carefree in my childhood,
And I wanted to grow up to become an adult.
But when I grow up,
I just understand the beauty of childhood.
I can't go back to my childhood.
This is a sad fact.
I still remember my childhood.
Green fields, bumpy roads, childhood playmates,
And happy smiling faces.
These are like shining jewels.
They embellish my childhood,
and make it more brilliant.
So, I will not mourn the passing of my childhood.
It is like the warm sunshine,
Which gives me strength.
It is also like a cup of mellow tea,
Let me have a long memory.
I will always remember my childhood.

Natalie

Planet

Can you see me?
How can I do to make you see?
In this vast universe,
I'm so humble,
No one can notice me.

I am a planet,
Can only revolve around stars,
Cannot shine by myself.
In eternal darkness,
Lonely spinning.

I don't want to go around the stars anymore.
I want to go to the boundless universe wandering,
I want to explore the unknown mysteries of the universe.
I want to be free!
I want to shine!

If I were a meteor,
With a shining light,
Through the dark night sky.
Even for a moment,
I also want to be noticed.

Ray

La La Land

Love is like a four-season garden
Sometimes accompanied sometimes alone
Once we love eagerly
Naïve to think this is permanent
The light in your eyes makes me surrender
When you talk about dreams

But love is never just about vows
Reality subjects us to winter in love
Breaking up seems to be the only choice
We embraced each other and acquiesced
When love and reality depart
Different people make different choices
The same thing is that we used to love each other

When you recall back your youth years later
Maybe you don't remember anything
That's what youth is
It makes you laugh
Also gives you ineffable pain
We sing of love
And will travel alone

Shirley

And I'm falling

No matter where you go,
I'll never leave your side,
You will never be alone,
You want to be an actor,
I am glad to be your spectator.
Be brave to try what you like,
I don't care as long as you're here.
Look at you,
Smiling like you always do,
And I can't help but just blush and giggle,
Even though I may look crazy,
I still want to hold your hands.
You are the one to guide me through,
Take my hand and I'll show me the way,
And I'm falling so hard for you.

Sylvia

Rolling paradox

What can you see through a drop of water,
A breaker comes into sight.
What's your imagination of a wild camellia?
The Eden emerges from the aroma.
Infinity lies in a glimpse,
And eternity lasts in a sec.
A falling leaf tells the autumn's arrival,
Also a stoicism memorial.
The aftermath subtly disguises itself as the afterglow,
And vice versa.
The moon does wax and wane,
Utmost perfection is the wild wish considered insane.
Grabbing the sniffs,
Never embogged in the penance,
Which instigates the daylight's bringing back the darkness.
Here are my pious hopes:
Flourishes the petal,
Scampers the runnel,
Enlivens the oracle,
Ever lasts the zeal.

Tina

Blossom

If it had not endured the bitter of winter,
If it won't stand the piercing pain,
Whether or not,
There will be brilliant flowers of this tree.

Its branches reach to the sky,
The wind says this is the hope of life,
Snow says it's the hug of spring,
Root says it's a desire for the future.

The blushing petals speak modestly in the wind,
It is just a lucky messenger,
It came with good wishes,
It will leave with the story of spring.

The blue sky is like a canvas,
It paints itself as a picture in full bloom,
In the burning eyes of the passers-by,
It turns itself into a beautiful poem.

I wish,
Every life can be treated well,
I wish,
Every life can bloom like a flower.

Victoria

《Love Story》

The words that people called beauty,
I think it used to describe your face.
I had a close-up view of that.
As long as you smile at me,
I couldn't help myself.
Though this is the first time I meet you,
I have been obsessed by your magic.
I violate all sane thoughts from my brain.
I trust there is no thing that can out of my mouse.
I wonder how to describe my miss to you in about day and night.
Take the chance baby.
No one can get the wine glass of me,
No one can enjoy the best world with me.
Please listen to me,
I will keep singing and believe that you are the one that I wanna waste time
for.
Let me show you the precious words and tell you the story about my love.
I don't want to wait until my bones into the dust,
I still can't think the idea of love.
Baby, don't be afraid.
Please hold my hands and come with me.

Viola

The Silent Words

If I were a gust of wind
I could come and go without a trace
When you grinned
I would gently touch your rosy face

I would take away your tears and sweat
And leave you no burden, no scar
I would smelt like the perfume of mignonette
Which said "So charming you are"

I had seen the saturated sunrise from the ocean
I had heard the sound when gardenia blooming
But when you caught my attention
The past without you found no meaning

If I were a gust of wind
I would have no reflection in your eye
You would be pleased by the breeze over your skin
And never know that was my helpless cry

Neither my cry nor cheer
Could enter into your ear
All these silent words that you couldn't hear
Could only condense into a falling tear

Xenia

Serendipity

The smell of soybean milk in the morning mist,
Wake up every passer-by in their sleep.
A chance encounter with the serendipity.
The willow trees have begun to bud,
The sun beat down on faces,
Warming the cold of the whole winter.
Summer afternoons are frequently accompanied by thunderstorms,
Wash away the bad mood brought by the heat.
The coke collided with the ice in the glass.
Pick up a Chinese parasol trees,
In the book, with a touch of autumn.
Everywhere, silver-coated scene,
Make a snowman with friends.
Home after a busy day,

Zero

Dream

A new life is given to me as I fall asleep,
but incomplete partial fragments.
All authentic emotions are pinned in dreams,
and dissipate like illusory clouds.

Time there is infinite and flexible,
So I regard time in real as a bargaining chip
to exchange for more dream time.
Just like Faustian pact,
indulging in beautiful nothingness,
to gain complete contentment.

I dreamed of a giant buddha,
with the light of sunset,
presenting a glamorous view.
All creatures froze that time,
And also my memory.

I woke up, and everything had gone,
like an elusive mirage.
All what I have is scattered,
faded memory pieces,
and with my appreciation to that picturesque glance.