POEM OF JOLLY

The mountains, stretched across the islands of Hong Kong,

The beaches curled around the sea.

The wind blows calmly and the sea waves goodbye,

Here we go, and off to Shanghai.

The sea is not so beautiful there in Shanghai,

No mountains in sight, a flat land.

The Pearl Tower stands up high,

As I look up to the sky.

For ten years, in this place,

We lived in Songjiang district,

Polluted by noises, smoke, and water.

Worst of them all, but don’t think that the others are any better.

Finally we broke out. Into Suzhou.

Vast green meadows, and the wind breathes quietly.

Birds flying freely in the air,

And the Jin Ji Lake glitters in the sunshine here.

Sometimes my mind wanders back,

Back to Hong Kong.

But English we are learning now,

And the question is, how?