

S.4 Poem Competition 2020-2021
Theme: Appreciate Nature

Message of the Thunder

There isn't any sun,
There isn't any moon,
But the rolling thunder rumbles through.
The deep roars of the storm echoes.
After a sudden peace,
A bright white bolt tears a tree piece by piece.
The resulting sound is a deafening crackle
Making those who shiver in fear miserable.
Yet another lightning bolt flashed through the azure
Have enlightened man's way to a better future.

There isn't any sun,
There isn't any moon,
But the rolling thunder rumbles through.
Like Pandora's Box opened too soon.
They have controlled the power that once made them cower,
Though arrogance and greed quietly grows within them.
Exploiting Mother Nature for their own selfish interests.
And now as the sky unleashes its wrath,
Rampant raging storms knock down every path.

There isn't any sun,
There isn't any moon,
But the rolling thunder rumbles through.
Thunder once made us an advanced civilization,
Yet this time it is here not to make us wise,
But to issue an ultimatum for man's termination,
So many problems we've allowed to arise.
We have to wake up and come to our senses,
Or else saving humanity will become hopeless.



(4C28 Wu Pui Tak)