

## **My lost world**

How was our life before?  
The pandemic  
When there are freedom to hangout  
Without hesitation about tomorrow  
When there are no online classes to attend  
And no social distancing hugs and kisses

Empty streets and malls  
no more traffic jams  
As the confirmed cases rise  
And took over the news report with  
Staggering statistics  
Face masks are no longer weird accessories

How was our life before?  
The pandemic  
Covid 19  
Seems to stole all the memories  
So let's stay home and be safe  
Because the end is not too far away.

**Nguyen Bao Tran – Year 8 - British Vietnamese International School HCMC**

## Changes

A breeze rolls pass

Yet unfazed, its melodies acquainted

The path ahead unclear though softly dictated

Its movement majestic and yet so graceful

The wind its partner, faithful

Abruptly, a sickening thud sounds

The doves lifeless body collapses to the ground

Its once shimmering feathers, draped in red

Its wishful wings lay hopelessly spread

Honed talons clasps arounds the carcass

Its fate dragged to Delphic darkness

The crooked sharp beak clacked

Its cries yearning, its morals leaves blood in its tracks

Its dark feathers glisten in the light

Its movement curt, swift as it glides

Effortlessly, across the dark cerulean sky

Retold, the tale of a dove, one still remembered  
Its graceful last stand, yet god condemned her  
The raven, sadistic, blood and bones, its authors  
Its wicked cries echos through callous slaughters  
The fabled demise told, be it withered and bare

For in every story, a lesson is to be learnt  
The avarice of a Corvus, its greed asserts  
The doves soothed tunes, its sorrowful bid for liberty  
Trailed by the lost hopes of a free worlds destiny  
For in a world of gluttony,  
A Freedom's inevitable death, lingers, imminent  
As frail illusions, walls lay dissonant

**Nguyen Hai Dang – Year 8 – British Vietnamese International School HCMC**

## **The Loss of My Childhood**

The problem was,

the loss of my childhood.

Devouring a spoonful of chocolate fudge,

navigated me back to sealed eternity.

Still awaiting for an answer

from the sky of cloudless blue.

Embracing the time was no use,

It is but a falsifying stream.

Come back,

To laughter like chime of bells

To happiness as admiration

To an everlasting story.

Engulfed myself in my own imagination.

Somehow, reality woke me up

To this world of nothingness ,

like a bird's nest in a relentless winter.

I stood under the lamppost in December evening...

My sorrow was my shadow.

**Mai Bao Nhi Kayla – Year 8 – British Vietnamese International School HCMC**