

Poetry Series

**Meng Hon**  
**- poems -**

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# Meng Hon()

# Lost

The sky is getting dark,  
when I boarded the ark.  
It sailed on the seven seas,  
I eat,  
I sleep,  
all onboard it.

It's an adventure which lies ahead,  
and I grab hold of this opportunity,  
and it's a pity,  
to leave my old parents in town,  
to fend for themselves.

Meng Hon

# Lost Trail

I am far behind the trail,  
cold and ill.

I never imagined that this will happen to me,

Lost.

Sitting all alone beneath the huge tree,  
Waiting for hunters to savour me.

Meng Hon

# The Trip Home

I boarded a bus to get home,  
Which was in the country Rome.  
The bus broke down halfway,  
On the expressway.  
Poor I had to walk back,  
With my heavy backpack.  
I reached house at three,  
I bessech thee,  
O Mum, to let me off!

Meng Hon