



A visual representation of "Mother and Child" by Jennifer Wong

Mother and Child Jennifer Wong

You showed me how to tell
a fresh egg by its shell,
holding it up against the lamp.

You'd look up at the sky, predict
from the stillness of the air
when the rain would arrive.

The language of your dishes:
ginger and tangerine peel julienned
to the finest; fish steamed to perfection.

On long summer nights
you'd lull me to sleep
in the breeze of your palm leaf fan.

Even caning, when it happened,
was a way of loving despite the hurt.
It has made me a braver girl.

And that first time I stood on the swing,
facing the wind, flying forward,
seeing the world with your help,

leaving but not leaving you.



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The poem reminds me of the things that happened to my mother and myself in my childhood. It was a rainy day and my mother refused to let me play outside as I could get sick easily. I begged my mother for hours and she finally agreed. However, she did not let me go on my own. She was there, standing in the rain, looking after me very carefully. I knew she was desperately worried about me. Even though I was weak and sickly, she cared about my feelings and tried her best to give me what I wanted, and at the same time, took very good care of me. This is her way to show her love.

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Positive value(s) and attitude(s):

Love and gratitude

Positive message(s):

Honour the sacrifices mothers have made for their children.