



*Painting by Norman Rockwell*

**PROJECT ON CHILD-PARENT RELATIONSHIPS**  
**S5 ENGLISH LITERATURE CLASS MARCH 2021**  
**A SELECTION OF POEMS WRITTEN BY STUDENTS ON THE THEME**

## My father

Someone I look up to.  
He taught me so many things,  
How to be kind,  
how to smile  
and how to share.  
He taught me  
to never give up my dreams.  
He never gives up.  
He would do something  
over and over again  
until he got it.  
Like a bee  
never giving up to escape through the window.  
He helps me  
with my homework  
especially math and physics.  
Someone I look up to.  
Always reading.  
That's what  
has made him so wise.  
We have lots of things in common  
yet we are very different.  
He always understands me  
even when I don't understand myself.  
I want to be like him.  
Funny,  
smart  
and kind.  
But whatever I will be  
or become  
I know he will be proud of me  
and support me.

My mother.

A woman I used to call,

"Mammy"

With a hint of a French accent.

Throughout my young childhood years,

She thought

For English to be a language

I can speak.

My mother.

Is a woman that

Laughs,

Loudly

On the phone

For no reason at all

So as to maybe

Make a conversation

A little less awkward.

My mother.

Taught me to

Speak out

On things that are,

Important

To me.

My mother.

Has brought me to many

Wonderful places

In life.

I realize,

That I am

Very lucky;

To have

A woman,

A mother,

Like her

To be part of

My life ,

And me.

## Portrait of a Parent

Having fallen asleep  
under a persimmon tree,  
I woke up  
from the gentle breeze;  
beside, I could see a silhouette of  
an old lady.  
"Let nature permeate your soul,"  
she said, looking away to the landscape.  
A pleasant scribble sound of a pencil  
soothed my soul.  
"Painting is my way  
to express unspeakable emotions," she  
told me  
as she continued painting, not minding  
whether the dogs paint her face  
with their saliva at the same time

Maybe  
a little overwhelmed by their energy,  
she slowly stood up with my lift.  
"Let's go to the restaurant," she said.  
Her wrinkly hand  
held mine tenderly  
in warmth; I felt the age and hardships  
she had gone through,  
fidgeting her hands on the way...

I wish I could've hugged her once more,  
feeling the nostalgic comfort,  
when I left my home.  
Although she kept her smile all the way,  
her sadness couldn't be hidden

behind  
the smile.  
"I will call you there,"  
I also tried to keep myself upbeat,  
because  
that is exactly what  
she had taught me.

There, she smiles,  
with invisible yet happy tears;  
her happy eyes  
under the wrinkles tug  
at my heartstrings.  
Although a decade has passed,  
she's still the same lovely and lively  
grandma  
whom I met as  
a 3 year old.

My mother says  
I resemble my grandma  
more than her: I love art, nature,  
animals and  
being optimistic.  
I dearly miss her  
more than  
anyone.

Yes

When I was young,  
I never knew that  
having an ordinary dinner  
at a restaurant with him  
would become  
a precious and happy  
memory.

I can still remember  
that he was regular  
as a clockwork  
and  
cool as a cucumber;  
he never showed me  
his sad or angry feelings.

I wish he had not been  
sick  
when I was  
young.

I miss him  
so much  
like the flowers miss  
the rain.

## A Poem

My grandfather,  
how I still miss him  
so much.

I can still remember  
how he taught me  
that love and health  
are the most important things  
in our lives.

"They can't be bought with money",  
he told me while  
watching  
a documentary  
about a cancer patient  
and his family's daily life.

I also learned,  
from him,  
that I need to be  
careful  
about what I say.

He taught me  
this Korean proverb  
when I was young,  
"Words can become seeds".  
This means  
that things we say unconsciously  
can actually come true  
in our lives.

My father  
always says that  
I have a similar habit  
as my grandfather.  
He and I finish  
all our  
scheduled work  
before going to bed.

## My Dad

Grateful was my dad,  
when I was born;  
He had wished for a boy  
after a girl.

Workaholic,  
yet he is completely  
devoted  
to our family.

Experimental  
with new ingredients, seasonings, and recipes,  
he helps us appreciate  
every bite we take of his food.

Caring  
like an elephant,  
he protects us,  
day and night.

Golfing,  
I learned confidence, patience, respect,  
all thanks to  
my dad.

Inspiring  
He is an excellent poet.  
Gives me an inspiration  
everytime.

Persisting,  
Dad taught me to finish the plan,  
then start a  
new one.

Loving,  
This is the most important part.  
Every sentence indicate dad's love  
toward our family.

## My Mom

Growing up we had an amazing relationship  
She often talks about the fact that I never said no  
and my father always says it is because I didn't know what the word  
meant

because she never denied me anything.

Now I'm going through my teenage years and we argue a lot.

But I still have a great time with her and amazing memories.

My mom hates playing board games or any kind of games so since my  
youngest age,

she always told me instead of playing we can talk  
"have adult conversation"

That is what she used to say.

That made me open up to her a lot and I still do

but she also gave me her horrible habit of being way too talkative

Throughout my life, my mom has taught me a huge amount of things  
such as I always need to be myself because it's amazing to be different

She also has an amazing image of women

She taught me that women are the equal of man  
and that no matter how much society brings us down

We can still achieve great things.



## My parents

My father is one-of-a-kind.  
He is always busy with work.  
His fingers never stop  
typing on the keyboard, looking through papers.  
Always persistent to finish  
something that he has already started.  
Not planning to do anything else  
until he has not finished it.  
Also, yes,  
I do have that habit.  
My mum was very sick when I was younger,  
so my dad would  
stir, bake, and fry all the ingredients that were in the fridge  
as if he was making a potion.

My mum is supportive,  
always optimistic.  
She always says,  
Being negative won't change anything,  
so why not look at the situation in a positive way.  
She always told me to remember this,  
think of joyful thoughts and let a smile spread on my face,  
like spreading jam on bread.  
She is sometimes strict with me;  
I can see a tall fence around me  
which always protects me.

They both try  
to take a picture of my smile  
with their eyes.

They both  
reach out to people  
who need help.

I love them.

V2

How I pass my  
time  
with my mother,  
every day.  
We both cross  
moods  
every moment we talk  
with each other.

Cutting veggies,  
the sound of food  
cooking makes me think of her  
incredible cooking skills.  
She has taught me multiple times  
How to cook,  
But I still haven't gotten a hand  
of her simple  
yet enigmatic  
way of cooking.  
She has studied household arts  
and psychology in class,  
which explains how she  
knows  
how to handle  
a house  
and be Michelin star chef at the same time.

She teaches me  
how you shouldn't dig up your feelings,  
but somehow  
it still hasn't crossed my  
dense brain.

I carry on her  
neglectfulness for health  
and we both relentlessly  
binge on junk food,  
which both of us  
are  
guilty of

but never  
improve on.

Funny  
how She tells me  
to be less on phone,  
but in the end,  
She has more screentime than me.  
I don't like how  
she calls me out  
every moment or so,  
but then again  
she is my mother.  
She has the  
right  
to criticize me.

# Motherly Teachings

V1

How I love spending  
time  
With my mother,  
every day.  
We both exchange  
moods  
every moment we talk  
With  
each other.

Cutting veggies,  
The sound  
of food cooking  
makes me think of her incredible  
cooking skills.  
She has taught me  
multiple times how to cook,  
but I still learnt of her  
Simple,  
yet enigmatic  
way of cooking.  
She has studied household arts  
and psychology in class,  
which explains how she knows  
how to manage a  
house  
and be a  
Michelin star chef at the same time.

She teaches

Me  
how you shouldn't  
dig up and  
show  
your feelings,  
but somehow it still  
hasn't crossed my  
Dense  
Brain.

Both of us relentlessly  
Binge on junk food,  
Which neither of us has  
given up  
on this habit.

Funny  
how She tells me  
to be less on the phone,  
but in the end,  
she has more screentime than  
Me.

I don't like  
how she tells me off  
every moment  
or so,  
but then again  
she is my mother.  
She has the  
Right  
to criticize me.

He said to

express and not shout.

I still struggle with that but I think that I am getting better every day,  
or I hope so.

He also taught me to do everything 2 days before the due date.

This, I know that I struggle.

It is hard for me to organise myself when I have a lot of work, meanwhile  
confinement has taught me many things

and some in which it helped me improve with my organisation.

It is still true that I struggle,

but I know that I am getting better.

### Habits that we share

We are

a family.

We share common

habits, memories,

and he teaches me things in life

I will never get to know elsewhere.

We both like to swim.

Swimming is one of my favorite sports.

Playing sports is in our blood. It's like a family heritage

that only some of us get.

I may say that my dad and I are

the lucky one.

We always like being sociable.

Being alone,

feels like being blind.

We can't really see, but having people around us, we can see that the future holds great things.

We also have

weird laughter.

This one is also heritage, because my sister has it too.

Sometimes when I start to laugh, the others laugh as well,

just because my laughter is weird.

### A happy memory with him

When I used to live in Korea,

once every two week, we went to an amusement park near our home,

Daejeon.

It was always

so fun,

but I was really young and scared that I only rode small things.

I must have ridden the small Viking 3 times and some of the others one.

I really miss

the place and the memory.

### Things that my dad has taught me in life so far.

My dad has taught me several things in life.

## My Dad

My dad  
Coming back  
From work,  
Happiness growing in him,  
He says  
"How happy I am to be home"

Teaching me that  
Determination and perseverance  
Is the key  
To every door

He taught me  
The passion of comics and  
How to escape from this world  
With them

Telling me that  
Even if the truth  
Is unpleasant,  
Always tell it  
Because the more you wait  
The more painful  
It will be

I remember  
When we were at the beach,  
How happy I was  
When he built me a sand car

I remember how  
We used to fight  
With each other  
Every day,  
As if we were  
Best friends

I remember how sad  
I was  
When I said  
Good-bye  
To my dad  
And left  
For France

How I love  
My dad,  
I wish he could  
Stay with me for the  
Eternity

And I will stay with him  
To his last  
Heartbeat.

## Memory

My grandmother, like an armchair,  
welcomed and made me comfortable  
at her house.

Every dawn,  
she prayed for  
everyone's health and happiness.

Multitalented,  
she knitted her love;  
Thick orange cable scarf,  
soft and warm like  
my grandmother.

She taught me  
how to love people;  
Her deep love,  
still warms my heart, day after day.

My mother's habits  
are tidying up  
everything  
that isn't  
Where  
they're supposed to be.  
She often tidies up  
or throws away  
pieces of paper  
lying around,  
so everyone has to be careful  
to not leave anything lying around  
that could potentially catch  
my mother's eyes.  
This taught me to clean up after myself  
and be careful where I put my things,  
in case it one day  
disappears  
mysteriously.

My father's habit  
is that he always  
explodes my email inbox  
with interesting (his standard, not mine)  
news articles he saw, blogs,  
or some useful information.  
He also likes to throw topics  
to debate about  
and teach us (my sister and I)  
to construct solid  
and persuasive arguments,  
form a logical train of thoughts  
and control our emotions  
when faced  
with someone  
with opposite thoughts  
and beliefs.

In my opinion,  
my mother sort of shaped  
my personality  
and my values,  
while my father  
helped me  
gain knowledge  
in various domains and  
changed my attitude towards  
academics.



How I enjoy my time with my father

He is a lighthouse illuminate the way to success

When he finish his work

He always takes the Professional Book

The book will make his work easier

He said "The book is the key

It can open the door of knowledge"

There was one day I went to his unit

He take me to the lab

He shows me a machine which can view the spectrum

The light passed by the machine

They were in different colors

"The light is just like our life,

Everyone needs to pass these times

But you could decide the color of your life

Maybe no one noticed you

But you won't be ashamed yourself"

These are the keys that he gave me

It could help me when I was lost

**This too shall pass.**

Social distancing,

Getting closer can put each other in danger.

Keeping distance does not mean forgetting.

We still feel the love and concern for each other.

*This too shall pass.*

In the process of passing,

Feeling the kindness and importance of each other,

Enduring the difficult times make us stronger as time goes by.

We still feel respect for and trust each other.

How I love my mother.  
I hope she has been  
happy  
since  
my birth.

Washing, combing,  
tying and braiding my hair,  
I listened to her;  
She has taught me  
how I should be.

Being kind is  
not always  
good;  
Acting like a fox,  
is good - she says.

Singing  
like a brilliant musician,  
she cooks,  
drives and talks;  
Her life is full of joy.

Humming,  
Conversations  
turned into lyrics,  
I now sing like her;  
My life is full of joy.

I was once below her waist;  
Grown up,  
she is not just  
my mother -  
We are like sisters.

## Portrait of My Mother

My mother is my  
best friend.

Even when we are sitting next to each other  
completely silent

The silence itself is calm, comfortable and warm.

Being able to see deeper, she has taught me countless principles as a  
sincere friend.

She never measures while cooking.

I have wondered how

mothers can be such good cooks

without any thermometers or measuring cups.

*Just sense it*

She answers; *Now and then, it could bring you  
luck*

*which is nearly impossible to repeat.*

Saying it, she has a playful look on her face.

Most of the time, I worry about the  
future.

Her answer is usually the same: *just focus on your abilities  
now.*

*Life*

*brings sudden unexpected  
change*

*no matter what.*

Then I realize

how silly my worries are – such as voicing my opinions publicly  
or having anxiety  
over my grades.

In order to educate children, the most efficient way for  
mothers would be  
as both teachers and  
best friends.

forget the few bad times,

I hope to

always stay optimistic and

forget all the bad things.

Even though he's not the best

I hope he'll never change,

he's perfect

just the way he is.

# Portrait of my father

How I love my father.

I wish he weren't always  
so stressed out.

I think of him  
when I do my work,

I think of how  
simple  
he makes everything sound.

I think of how  
he colours my life,  
as if I were  
a plain black and white picture  
without him.

He taught me  
not to always stress,  
even though that's what he always does.

I think of  
all the positive times with him on rollercoasters,  
holding his hand  
to keep us both from  
freaking out.

I think of  
the time we spent together  
such as when we built my computer.

I hope  
to keep all his positive attributes and