

A visual representation of "Lines of Nostalgia" by Colin Rampton

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I really like the poem 'Lines of Nostalgia' because it expresses the author's love for his home, Hong Kong. The poem highlights both old and new aspects of the city, showing its special qualities. The poet misses his home and longs to see the old ferries, temples, mountains, and beaches. Reading this poem, I

understand how deeply the poet loves Hong Kong.

I chose a grey tone to match the poem's nostalgic mood. The tone reflects the poet's memory of Hong Kong. While the chosen tone is set to be grey with a nostalgic theme, the various uses of bright colours on the landmarks in Hong Kong bring out the vibrancy, and vivid vibe of the city, showing the contrast of new and old within the same frame.

Overall, 'Lines of Nostalgia' is an excellent poem that creates strong emotions and tells readers about Hong Kong. I highly recommend it to anyone who wants to appreciate the beauty of this incredible city.

Positive value(s) and attitude(s):

Love for Hong Kong

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Positive message(s):

Learn to appreciate diverse lifestyles in Hong Kong.

Lines of Nostalgia Colin Rampton

I hope it won't be very long
Till I return to old Hong Kong,
The streets of commerce, rarely calm
The industrious folk who'll do no harm.

I'll stand by the aging ferry piers
And watch "Star" boats which have plied for years.
I'll hear the bells at Wong Tai Sin,
Find Stanley Temple's tiger skin.

I'll take the rail to the top of the Peak, And hear the vibrant Cantonese-speak. I will drink some tea and taste dim sum, And listen to the lion-dance drum.

I'll ride the rickety rattling trams, Which slowly avoid the traffic jams. I will sit up top to watch them all – The old and the young, the short and the tall

I'll stretch my legs by the Sai Kung sea, From the Spirit House to the banyan tree, Watch sampan ladies gut their catch, Then set off to fish for another batch.

I'll wander along the Maclehose Track, And admire the views from the Dragon's Back, The Lion Rock and Needle Hill – I'll hike and ramble as I will.

Then when I reach the Kowloon shore I will gaze across as I have done before At the ever-changing panorama – A multi-levelled human drama.

And then before the skies go dark
I'll check the flamingos in Kowloon Park.
And climb upstairs on bus number nine,
And take in every neon sign.

The bustling squares, the milling throng – There is nowhere like my dear Hong Kong, And though it's had some recent blows It will bounce back, as History shows.

The streets of commerce, rarely calm,
The industrious folk who'll do no harm,
I hope it won't be very long,
Till I return to old Hong Kong

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