

isual representation of "modern concrete" by Eddie Tay

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## "

I have a feeling towards the line, 'I try for colour, but the city's concrete does not allow me'.

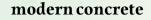
I do not hate living in an urban city, but at times, I relate to the poet's feelings. I chose this poem because it resonated with some words and illustrations I put some days in my diary: 'Cage homes connected us more closely and tightly, yet at the same time, separated and distanced us'. With this echoed feeling, I combined some sketches from my diary with new ideas I got from the poet.

I used dark and dreary colours such as blue and grey to convey sadness and compactness. The picture depicts people living in small spaces like cage homes and feeling trapped like snails. Cars on the street look like silver fish, and people do not interact with each other. The only colourful person in the picture is the poet, who is saddened and shedding tears while raising his hands and drawing 'wake up!' in the air. However, the words disappear gradually into little dots, like stars in the sky or the poet's heart. With the poet trying to add colours to the concrete, I hope that life can be more hopeful and colourful. I wish to break down the barriers between people and create more opportunities for human interaction.

Positive value(s) and attitude(s): Hope

## **Positive message(s):**

Live a more active, happier and healthier life. It is also hoped that city life can be more positive and colourful.



**Eddie Tay** 

i try for colour but the city's concrete does not allow me

concrete is modern as airports bridges pavements and the river still a river and functional

the cars gleam silver like fishes

i try for colour but the city's concrete does not allow me

the new hermit a snail of a shell is modern and not seen like wi fi

he lives within a mountain of pigeon flats holes in an economy of a few million snails by the bank of pale water

the cars gleam silver like fishes

i try for colour but the city's concrete does not allow me

**7** so here's the housing project in chunks with mended words

## the cars gleam silver like fishes

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