



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

**Wai Tsz Ching**  
Ng Yuk Secondary School



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My painting is a puzzle. All the puzzle pieces fit together and it shows Hong Kong. I drew the lion dance in my work, hoping that this tradition will continue. I also drew neon lights which are exceptional in Hong Kong. Neon lights are turned on, lighting up the future of Hong Kong. I also drew a tram in the bottom left corner. The nickname of the tram in Hong Kong is ‘ding-ding’ because drivers ring bells to alert pedestrians and other drivers. When people hear the sound ‘ding-ding’, they will think of the tram which is an iconic feature of Hong Kong.

There are many other unique things in Hong Kong, and I have drawn them all in my painting. Hong Kong is where I live and I like it very much. This painting also reminds us to preserve the traditions of our culture. Some of them have become less valued, such as the lion dance. There are fewer and fewer lion dancers. The tram may be fading too. Let’s preserve our traditions.

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

Preservation of cultural heritage and sense of belonging to Hong Kong

**Positive message(s):**

Our local culture is special, so we should preserve it. Treasure what we have and be proud of it.

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 Maclehoze 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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