

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

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In my painting, I painted tons of historical, iconic and nostalgic places and things mentioned in the poem. I drew them with different perspectives and a sense of spontaneity to show 'nostalgia' popping out of one's mind.

The bottom left corner depicts a golden girl with fragments of memories pouring out of her mind. I used a wide variety of colours, especially warm, bright and vibrant shades with rough strokes to represent how some people feel when looking back at fond memories. In addition, I used light colours to write 'Chinese characters' as if the words were camouflaged in the background like the words echoing in our minds.

Lastly, I used gold paint to bring out different objects in the painting. Gold is used to show the value of priceless memories. I hope to tell viewers that the past Hong Kong was great, and it is still great despite 'recent blows'. As Rampton says, 'it will bounce back as history shows'. I hope that the painting will encourage people in Hong Kong to stay positive and optimistic about the future of the city we all love.

Positive value(s) and attitude(s):

Love, positivity and hope

Positive message(s):

Stay positive about the future.

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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