

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

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In the poem, the speaker delivered his desire to travel back to old Hong Kong. He mentioned the significant spots of Hong Kong, like trams and neon lights which especially stood out to him. In my painting, I included a phonograph and films bursting out from it. They both indicate the history and the transition from old to modern times of Hong Kong. In the films, old Hong Kong's elements are manifested, such as daipaidong, signs of dim sum restaurants and mahjong. They can all be traced back to the 70s and 80s. The red strings connect the cultural heritage of old Hong Kong in the painting. The two hands grasping the films show the desire to travel back in time. The speaker is trying hard to pull the films out of the phonograph, signifying that he misses the old days when he was staying Hong Kong. Sadly, one can never go back to the past. All we can do is to remember the past, treasure the present, and hope for the future.

Positive value(s) and attitude(s):

Sense of national pride and optimism about the future

Positive message(s):

Remember the past, treasure the present and hope for 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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