



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

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'Lines of Nostalgia' expresses the speaker's nostalgia for old Hong Kong. While the speaker's memories are flooding his brain, this poem reminds us of the resilience we all have and the fact that we can overcome all the obstacles we encounter.

The artwork illustrates the contrast of Hong Kong during and after the pandemic. Outside the heart gesture of a hand depicts a deserted street under the pandemic. The same street can be seen inside the heart, bustling even at night 3 years ago. Vibrant neon signs, an iconic symbol of Hong Kong, light up the city to guide us. I believe business in Hong Kong will boom once again.

As the speaker ambles down memory lane, most of his memories are portrayed in the drawings (e.g. dim sum, Star Ferry). The use of black and white colours emphasises the indelible moments. Moreover, some tree vines are drawn to strangle memories of the speaker, displaying how Hong Kong has been restrained by the pandemic. However, new sprouts of green leaves are drawn to convey hope.

Despite the seemingly never-ending obstacles during COVID-19, Hong Kong is fearless and strives to grow under adversity. Hong Kong has been given this challenge and proven that it can shine once again. Shouldn't we overcome our obstacles and grow in our life journey as well?

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

Hope



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 Maclehoose 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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