



A visual representation of "Rain Scene" by Collier Nogues

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I illustrated a woman and a girl walking together after they finish shopping in a convenience store on a rainy day. The right side of my painting represents the writer's past, a place where creek rose and lime mud could be found. The mother is one step in red and another in lime mud, symbolising that she is moving on from the past and embracing the future she and her family will create together. Bauhinia flowers can be seen on the left side, symbolising Hong Kong, her new home and community. The anchor on the girl's raincoat symbolises how she is like an anchor to her mother, offering purpose and support to her life. The warm and soft colours around the characters create a safe and homely feeling. I used washed-out colours with a tint of blue and grey to create a humid atmosphere, suggesting that the mother and the daughter are surrounded by water. This creates a connection with the ocean imagery in the poem that represents community, further suggesting how life is passed on from one generation to another.



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

Unconditional familial love, hope for the future, and gratitude for what we have

**Positive message(s):**

Home is where your heart is.

**Rain Scene**

**Collier Nogues**

*for Opal, and for Hong Kong, the city she'll grow up in*

Sheltered by the white-tiled park overhang,  
 I watch you run in nonstop loops. You've found  
 a shallow soup-bowl where a tree was planted once  
 but didn't take. Its surviving neighbor trees, each  
 in their own soup, quiver in the light rain  
 while you stomp, soaking the socks I'll soak again  
 tonight to leach from them their rust-red mud.  
 Of course I remember the pleasure this is.

This isn't the color my mud was. Mine  
 was white, limestone ground down to river clay  
 and rife with flint and fossils. At every flood  
 we found dead things risen with the water.  
 In case the road washed out we had the truck,  
 and when the creek rose past truck-axle-height,  
 my father drove the tractor to the highway  
 and hitched a ride to get more milk.

More milk here takes merely a walk  
 down to the Circle K, whose clerk knows you  
 and says hello. Hello you say to her, or if she says  
 jôu sàhn, you say jôu sàhn. Jôu sàhn, says the fruit stand man  
 who offers you an orange. You take words in  
 and give them back, but sometimes changed: orange  
 becomes ocean—because of cháang, I think—  
 which in our family now describes both fruit and sea.

The sea comes very near the fruit stand, surging in  
 on Lam Tsuen River's tide from Plover Cove,  
 but the watercourse is paved and engineered, no chance  
 of flood no matter how the rain comes down. My mother  
 would have liked that, would have liked the refuge  
 this city makes, the care its people take to greet  
 each other. Thank you for the ocean, you say to the man.  
 What she would have made of you, I wonder.

I wonder where her heaven is. Far from my father's,  
 surely. Or near, in that for both of them, just as for me,  
 you are every heaven's anchor. I am glad we've anchored here,  
 where I watch you watching for snails, the giant ones  
 who come out in the rain, bigger than the ocean you've forgotten  
 in your awe, are those its hands you ask and no, I say,  
 they are a kind of eyes, a kind which can bear water.  
 Some creatures, even cities, make their own shelter.

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