



A visual representation of "Rain Scene" by Collier Nogues

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
jóu sàhn, you say *jóu sàhn*. *Jóu 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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The poem 'Rain Scene' celebrates the connection between people, symbolised by their reflections on the shared surface of the lake. This serves as a metaphor for the average life of a Hong Kong resident, which is safe and sheltered, despite the sometimes ominous appearance.

The shadow is a beautiful reflection of oneself, an alternate version of ourselves that accompanies us on our path. While shadows may appear isolated, we are supported and guided by our loved ones, who help us to stay connected to our inner selves and keep us from sinking into the abyss even in moments of weakness. To the speaker, her daughter is the anchor that stabilises her in the new environment.

As rain falls from below, it feeds the flowers of hope that sprout and flourish in the light. Even the shadow is touched by the beauty of this transformation, as the umbrella reflects the light's warmth and hope, creating a cocoon of protection and resilience against the storm.

The artwork is a beautiful testament to the importance of hope and trust in our lives. Even when trust may be hidden in the shadows, it is important to believe in its power. Do not give up on oneself - trust the loved ones who provide support for you.



Positive message(s):

Hope