

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



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The ideas presented in my entry included flamingos, the Kowloon Park, neon signs and buildings. These are all inspired by the poem 'Lines of Nostalgia' which is about old Hong Kong.

**Kwan Man Ching** 

In order to feature all the iconic items mentioned in the poem and create the ambience of Hong Kong, I decided to draw a part of the Kowloon Park and neon signs on both sides of the streets like those in Mong Kok. Besides, there are many modern buildings and old-style village houses in Hong Kong. They are presented in collage style to express my nostalgia for this beautiful city.

**Positive value(s) and attitude(s):** Respect for Hong Kong culture

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**Positive message(s):** Preserve the unique Hong Kong culture.

## 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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