

Brief of Work

This poem describes many old and new things in Central, such as the old post office, somber law firms, hubbub of the stock exchange and other old things slowly disappearing, all in the eyes of “you”. Skyscrapers and people walking through the traffic lights are like time, fleeting. I used light and shadow to make the people on the road look like they were walking very fast, and the law firm was as dark as the mood of the poem. The most important thing is the whirlpool, which involves many things. I used lines to connect them, and each line forms a large whirlpool, which is very beautiful, just like the flowers floating on the tree. I also added three-dimensional sketches to everything in the pictures, hoping to make them more realistic with gradients. I also used glue to create the scene of wisps of light passing through the shade of the trees.