



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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My artwork is inspired by Collier Nogues' 'Rain Scene'. In the poem, the speaker's daughter, Opal, plays in the rain, and this scene makes the writer reminisce about her past in her hometown and expresses her feelings about Hong Kong.

In my artwork, I created a joyful and loving atmosphere with warm and orangish colours to express the speaker's sense of belonging to Hong Kong. The lightened colour of Opal's hair signifies her importance as 'every heaven's anchor'. Even in the heavy rain, the speaker still shows a warm smile. Why? In the speaker's eyes, Opal brings her hope, and with her around, anywhere could feel like a paradise.



Positive value(s) and attitude(s):

Hope and love

Positive message(s):

The love from our family is the greatest and strongest. No matter what happens, our family will always be there for us.