



A visual representation of "Rain Scene" by Collier Noguees

Rain Scene

Collier Noguees

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
jǒu sàhn, you say jǒu sàhn. Jǒu 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 depicts a rainy day. Rain could be perceived differently depending on its impact on oneself. In my opinion, rain makes me feel tranquil and gives me a sense of solace. Raining creates a calming effect. As you watch it, you may feel relaxed and recall various memories.

The poem is a nostalgic visit down a memory line. The speaker associates it with memories of her family in Hong Kong. The last stanza conveys a message that when there is a purpose to life, everywhere could feel like home. It encourages people to move on despite adversity.

In the picture, the lighting that emanates from the lampposts is shining on a typical Hong Kong street. It also sheds light on the pouring rain and lights up the tree as well as the houses. The night scene shows a vibrant and positive mood. I want to convey a message that everything can go well even it is in the darkness. By making Hong Kong home and attaching my childhood memories to some places I grew up in, I find strength and hope even in times of darkness.

Positive value(s) and attitude(s):

Positivity and resilience

