



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



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This artwork represents how I perceive 'Lines of Nostalgia' by Colin Rampton. The poem is about the speaker's adventure and his own knowledge of Hong Kong's traditional culture.

The speaker is very well-versed in everything about Hong Kong and is really into Hong Kong's traditional culture. To capture some of the moments of the speaker's journeys and his fondness for the city, I included a few places mentioned in the poem, such as the scenes where the speaker 'drinks some tea and tastes dim sum', rides 'the rickety rackety trams', goes to the temples in Hong Kong and sees the captivating neon lights of Hong Kong.

As for colours, I decided to focus more on yellow as the colour often suggests themes related to nostalgia, memories or the passing of time. I also added some lines across different scenes in Hong Kong to make them connected in some way. I mainly used warm colours in my work since they are often associated with happiness and they help to further emphasise the speaker's impression of a vibrant and dynamic city.

Positive value(s) and attitude(s):

Hope

Positive message(s):

The artwork depicts the speaker's hope and faith in Hong Kong. As a vibrant and dynamic city, Hong Kong is home to many people. Despite all the hard times it has gone through, it will surely recover and 'bounce back' soon.

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 Maclehoose 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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