

Shortlisted for the Hong Kong Young Writers Awards 2017 – Poetry, Group 2

**The Nostalgia of Old Shanghai
by Tang Lok Yee (Pr. 6)**

Bustling streets of old and young,
Strolling through shops, or the
Opera house, where songs were sung.
The elderly lie contented,
In houses brimming with children,
And sigh leisurely in their sleep.

The corner restaurant,
A place beloved by all ages.
Steaming with conversation
And care for one another.
Bubbling with the aroma
Of small, indulgent buns.

But now? How is it now?
Highways built, old houses destroyed,
Skyscrapers standing where the
Shoemaker's shop should've stood tinkering.
Tinkering, tinkering.

The usual road where the rickshaws ran
Squeezing through the crowds,
And European motor cars,
Which huffed and puffed
In the busy city which never sleeps.
The tram has –perhaps— lost his leg;
He is now a monorail.
Though people now seldom
Enjoy the luxury of a tram
Unlike their elders before them.

Where has the old watch shop fled?
The Oriental Pearl Tower now stands instead.
The Huang Pu River where the Chinese junks sailed
Now cruises fancy ferries and yachts.

Holding the sepia photographs,
Losing the color of its life.
Sighing at the fading memories,
Recalling the joy of old.