

CHEUNG Kwok Man**Rainbow-Coloured Dreams**

—I love Perrier bubbles

a baguette
 a sparkling Perrier
 a pink castle
 and a white steed that flies
 Never thought there could be a flying horse
 Huhh!
 your imagination is its wings
 an incidental arrangement
 much like feathers scattered by the wind
 or the gossamer silk strands of a hand-woven rug
 taking you to Tchaikovsky's lake
 in the thousand-and-one nights
 you pluck a feather
 to give the swan a crown of freedom . . .
 further and further away you float
 getting your stomach into trouble
 that baguette
 that sparkling Perrier
 Oh!
 I forgot that all you want is the Perrier's
 sparkling
 bubble bubble bubble
 of rainbow coloured dreams

this may be childish
 perhaps a bit foolish as well
 but your unfettered imagination
 is—for adults looking back at life—
 a jewel

Translated by Eva HUNG

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