

**Heather TU****The Witch's Song**

Please cut off all sound waves  
I want only to glide along in silence  
I am a witch  
I reign over the winds and the clouds  
I wear a gown of black tulle  
I ride on a bamboo broomstick  
I fly along the contours of the wind  
And I shepherd flocks of straying clouds  
I have no need to know whatever  
Areas I pass over whatever country or continent  
Because I hate all names  
Nor will I stop over anywhere  
Long since have I forsaken the land  
As the land has long since forsaken me

Clear out of my sight  
I wish to glide alone  
If my black garb hides a corner of the moon  
You will have to get used to that  
Don't you try to deceive me with your fabricated fairy tales  
From the volley of your insults  
I create my own fables  
I know about the glow of lights among human habitations  
I prefer to bear the thick black dome of the skies  
The fading of meteors is like the scattering of my laughter  
When it rains I allow myself to weep  
When my tears fall  
Do not look at my face  
Because it is far beyond your comprehension  
Besides it is no concern of yours

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The land was cultivated  
Then laid waste  
The cities were burnt  
Then were built again  
Bronze statues were erected  
And they have fallen again  
Billions of light years from now  
Looking back at the earth  
The earth will look like a star  
The earth looking back at me  
Will also see me a star

*Translated by Louise HO*

田園開墾了又再荒蕪  
城市燒毀了又再重建  
銅像豎起了又再倒下  
億兆光年後，我迴望地球  
地球將是一顆星  
地球望我  
我亦將是一顆星

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**LAM Kin Wing, Jaso** 林秦岳  
The Faraway Place, 1994.  
Horizontal scroll, ink and colour on paper, 69 x 205 cm.  
*Contemporary Hong Kong Art Biennial Exhibition 1994.*

**Heather TU****Denial of the Flesh**

You lock up the cat inside the iron cage  
It is a black cat from the black house  
Then you go away  
Then you tour the flower market  
Then you go to the circus

All you need is a streak of stripes  
Its whiskers are awakened  
It tousles your long tresses  
Teases and twirls  
The white hidden nape behind your neck  
Your fingertips still searching  
From you the caress of smooth pelt  
You tighten your throat  
And sob with a low moan

There has to be a pair of constantly moving pupils  
Staring at the most primitive you  
From the darkest corner

You cannot withstand all that blackness  
To all that beckoning  
You only respond with silence  
You get up and add another bolt to the iron cage  
You feel a piercing sharp pain  
You've become a fish gripped inside the cat's mouth

*Translated by Louise HO*

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**FUNG Kwok Cheung, Paul 馮國璋**

Male vs Female, 1992.

Installation, W: 66 cm.

*Contemporary Hong Kong Art Biennial Exhibition 1992.*

**Heather TU****Lunch at a Five Star Hotel in Central**

We lunch  
At a five star hotel in Central  
Inside the restaurant the decor is very elegant  
Outside the restaurant the environs are high-tech  
The blue Victoria harbour ripples in one corner of the glass pane  
A motorised yacht has its path truncated by a tall building  
We are surrounded  
We are surrounded on all sides  
By steel and concrete

The image of the high block  
Is captured on the reflecting glass of another high block  
In bent reflections the sharp lightning rod pierces the heart of other buildings  
High block after high block  
Diagonally positioned  
Confronting each other  
And they scurry at high speed  
Up every block  
In surrealistic straight lines

With my eyes I measure the number of floors on the skyscraper  
Eye fatigue sets in  
Want to change the subject anyway  
The aroma of the air freighted steak  
Does not mount as high as its price  
Should I go on a holiday  
And sit in the sun

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A couple of times in a year  
We have afternoons like this  
Doing nothing thinking of nothing  
The accumulated resentment of the intertwined loving and hating of work  
Begins to fester from the bones  
We begin talking about constructions  
(Why must everyone want to build  
The world's tallest building?)  
The dessert goes down well  
And ways of dieting at once considered  
(Isn't it true that we all must have a room of our own?)

Notes from the piano accompany  
The steam of the coffee  
Underneath the shopping arcade is entrenched the subway network that  
goes in all directions  
Yes, yes, aren't we very glad  
That this big city is so accessible  
And so very very affluent

*Translated by Louise HO*

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**CHAN Kam Shing 陳錦成**  
Forbidden, 1996.  
Silk screen print.