Hong Kong—My Home

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Cover: Stock photo of Mong Kok street

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Squeezing through the Hustle and Bustle,
Hardly find an Inch of Liveable Space, a Gasp of Breathable Air.

Boarding onto the State-of-the-art Railway,
Easily see a Group of Restless Bumblebees, a Bunch of Eager Phubbers.

Entering into the Monotonous Malls,
Unsurprisingly note a Sea of Flashy Labels, a Crowd of Emotionless Dummies.

Browsing through the Ever-expanding Social Media,
Sadly catch a Tonne of Pointless Polemics, a Mass of Irrelevant Show-offs and Trolls.

Looking via the Weird Lenses of Ours,
Depressing, realizing a City of Countless Successes, a Minimal of Joy.

Writing through this Novice Piece,
Slowly recognizing the Divisiveness of My Home, the Mourning of My Broken Heart.

The spreading web of life with Rifts, competitions... 

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