

Angel of light

Agnes S.L.Lam¹
Hong Kong

I am the angel of light.
Before me, all must give way –

old ladies collecting paper boxes,
restaurant workers on daily wages,

pregnant mothers sending children to school,
patients in wheelchairs visiting doctors,

taxi drivers, bus drivers, tram drivers,
ambulances, even the fire brigade –

I do not care who you are.
Before me, all must give way –

I am the angel of light.
It's my right to occupy

kilometres of main roads
for my throng of followers.

I have blessed one and all with
goggles against pepper spray,

boxed meals and bottled water,
tents coloured as the rainbow.

Don't remove my barricades.
I am the angel of light.

¹ Agnes S.L. Lam retired as Professor from the University of Hong Kong in 2012. Her representative works include: *Woman to Woman and Other Poems* (1997), *Water Wood Pure Splendour* (2001) and *A Pond in the Sky* (2013). Some of her poems have been translated into German, Italian and other languages. An Honorary Fellow in Writing at the University of Iowa (2008), she was awarded the Nosside International Poetry Prize (Special Mention) in the same year. Her book, *Becoming Poets: The Asian English Experience* (2014), was published by Peter Lang in Switzerland.

Before me, all must give way –
I will bring you love and peace.

If you do not worship me,
you and your city will die.

Roll in your tanks, if you dare –
these are your children, not mine.

I have ample umbrellas
to carry their souls away...

18 October 2014, the 21st day of Occupy Central, Admiralty

My brother, the policeman

My brother was a policeman.
As a child, I did not know
how difficult his job was.

In his first marine posting, he met
corpses floating from the mainland,
gave his lunch to a survivor.

When I became an adult,
one armed robber he was after
threatened publicly to kill him.

Once I glimpsed a small gun
strapped low on his right leg
above the rim of his boots.

When his friends could not find him,
his wife laughed, 'Neither can I.
Place an ad in the papers.'

My brother retired twelve years ago
but these days of Occupy Central,
every night, he cannot sleep much.

Every morning, he wakes with a pain
in his chest. I pray for him all day but
I too walk around missing my brain.

A few days ago, on live TV,
I watched some young policemen
climbing high to untie bamboo poles –

barricades set up by protesters.
They were not wearing safety ropes.
I kept praying they wouldn't fall

risking their lives for me, for you.
In Mongkok on Nathan Road,
pressed against by thousands

calling them 'dogs,' 'black cops,'
they held on to each other
and their Passing Out Oath...

This morning, fresh from my bed,
I saw some officers in three vans
parked outside a public toilet.

Just waiting. Did they sleep at all?
Did they bathe? Did they eat anything?
When was the last time they went home?

Through the dark van windows,
I smiled and raised my thumb.
Those who saw me smiled back.

If we could talk, I would have said,
'Your families are waiting with you.
And thousands of other families too.'

18 October 2014, the 21st day of Occupy Central, Central

Time to go

1967 –
we stayed put at home as
there were bombs in the streets.

1989 –
the smell of blood afar,
we all marched down Queensway.

2014 –
for a month and more days,
you have camped on the roads.

You have spoken your mind.
We have heard every word.
Even those who didn't care
now watch the news daily.

So try to listen please
to voices not your own.
To prison or to death
is not the only way.

Move to Tamar Park if
you still want to protest.
Or form your own party
to get into LegCo.

It's not the traffic jams.
It's not the business lost.
We just want to leave you
a place you can call home.

Time to go home, my friends.
It is still not too late.
No one would laugh at you.
We were all there before.

One fine day some winter,
you will walk down the streets,
feel the sun on your face.

In your mind, you may still
see the tents and your friends,
the mobile lights at night...

but you may wonder where
did all the hatred go,
what dreams were really dreamt...

31 October 2014, the 34th day of Occupy Central, Admiralty