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

The translator acknowledges with thanks help with the Chinese texts from Mr Paul Kwok and Dr Bartholomew Tsui.
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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
Material not available due to copyright restrictions.

LAM Kin Wing, Jaso 林泰岳
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
Material not available due to copyright restrictions.
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
Material not available due to copyright restrictions.

Material not available due to copyright restrictions.

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