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Greeting the Sunrise

*We'd scrambled upwards all the previous day,
And in the forest three times lost our way;*

*Then sun-scorched, grey with thirst, dog-tired, footsore,
Had pitched camp very late the night before:*

*And so you thought we dull grown-ups still slept,
As from your sleeping-bag you quietly crept,*

*Stripped, and stood forth into the golden dawn
To greet the glory of the day new born.*

*But through the tent-flap I too shared your joy —
The unselfconscious worship of a boy*

*In love with life and its long laughing years
(As to your untried youth it still appears) —*

*And when you stretched your arms to hail the sun
In morning ecstasy, we two were one.*

O. F. Simpson.

Bath-House in Kowloon

by

Stornoway

Russell Andrews made his way slowly along the waterfront of Victoria, not quite knowing what he was going to do next. He had come ashore with his mate Geoffrey Palmer, but Geoff had got involved with a couple of American sailors and had gone off to some nightclub where a rickshaw boy had promised all sorts of entertainment, and Russell, not in the mood for nightclubs, had been left alone. He had spent a couple of hours wandering through the narrow back streets looking at the bazaars and street stalls, elbowing his way through the dense crowds, buying a few souvenirs here and there. He had a small ivory figure, a sandalwood fan, and a couple of pairs of ivory chopsticks, and he was not quite sure just what he was going to do with these things. It was his first time in Hong Kong.