

# A Night in Dafen

One's art is dead  
In this timeworn pathway.  
Shenzhen's colors  
Come from the village  
And stalls of classics  
And hands made  
To portray the genius  
In every stroke  
In each canvass  
Of visual history.  
This depot of reminiscence  
Occupies the boldness,  
Sentiments and fragments  
Of time and space  
In framed pieces  
Bearing no moniker  
But fondness for creation  
And mass production  
For profit and trade.

—*Pauline Mari HERNANDO*