

DAI PAI DONGS REMEMBERED **by Jeanine Chuen 6A**

**A dai pai dong stands
Solitaire at a side street.
Here families converge
Young and old connect
Eating their fill, sipping milk tea.
A weekly ritual, a way of life.**

**Out of sight
A lone chef toils
Intent, sweating, smoking
Brewing, sizzling, stir frying
Serving up congee, fried rice, noodles too.
Egg tarts, toasts, roasts, and thick stew.**

**It's a place where we can all be ourselves
And you have no call to prove yourself.
It's where a tight budget's not a glitch,
Where dishes come quick and flavours are rich.
It's where you feel you're right at home,
And where local culture makes us whole.**

**Who would have thought
They're now few and far between,
What with rents soaring sky-high
And fast-food chains in over-supply?
Soon, they'll be another folk story.
But rest assured, they're in our collective
memory.**

