



A visual representation of "At the Daipaidong" by Kate Rogers

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“After reading the poem which paints a lively picture of a daipaidong, I visualised the food like the garlic chilli noodles, perogies and Char Siu around the stall. Daipaidong is a distinctive cultural representation in Hong Kong. It was popular in the old days so I drew a nostalgic scene. I used colours of low saturation to create a vintage effect. I imagined that the noodles clung to the walls and served as sides for the dumplings. On the left hand side, I also painted a poster which reflects the way that daipaidong owners promoted beverage products.

The poem also captures the interactions between the poet and her mother and the time they spent together. Whenever I visit these food stalls, I always feel a strong human touch which warms my heart. Therefore I painted the hot flames surrounding the scene to create a warm and cosy vibe.

”

Positive value(s) and attitude(s):

Love, care and respect

Positive message(s):

Cherish our tradition and culture.

At the Daipaidong¹

Kate Rogers

Noodles bite me back
with garlic and chilli,
singe my palate.
Take that, yearning tongue,
they whisper as they slither by.
Dumplings fold plump hands
in their laps.

At night I dream of pinching shut
the gaping mouths of perogies²,
stuffed not with pork and leek,
but cheese curds and sauerkraut³.
They dive into boiling water
to do somersaults.

Chow fan⁴ could easily fill cabbage rolls:
Those Holubsti⁵ my mother made
to line my winter stomach.
Char Siu⁶ is as sweet
as the crackling on her pork roast.

If she were here she'd say,
Don't talk with your mouth full.
It isn't clear what language
You are speaking.

She grips English syllables
carefully between her teeth—
enunciates each morsel of sound.

The instrument I hold by the throat
in Tom Lee's Music
looks like an Er-hu⁷,
but could have been a mandolin.
There may be eight tones, or nine.
In Cantonese, words are sung
more than said.

Mother didn't want me to learn
the language of her childhood.
In Ukrainian my only phrase is,
Ya ne znayu: я не знаю⁸:
I don't know.

"At the Daipaidong" was published in *Foreign Skin* by Kate Rogers, p.27. Copyrights© 2015 by Kate Rogers. Reprinted by permission of the poet.

¹ a casual street restaurant

² Ukrainian or Polish dumplings

³ sour fermented cabbage

⁴ fried rice

⁵ cabbage rolls stuffed with rice and meat

⁶ Cantonese roast pork marinated in a sweet sauce

⁷ a traditional Chinese two-stringed musical instrument

⁸ Cyrillic script for "I don't know."