

Cup and saucer, Bread and Dinner plate,

Food on the table and the waiter can wait;

Cutlery or chopsticks and the rice or the bread,

The monies in the China and you can sleep on the bed.

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The bowl is a decision of what to eat or what sport,

Another cup of coffee or tea for the thought;

I must be a mug to put the coffee first,

But all of the tea in china could be the worst.

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So everything you eat, has something to do with China,

The crockery and clay for pottery to kiln refiner;

They even use a plastic for cutlery and plates,

Or the paper for take away, and the rubbish it creates.

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One poem on China with everyone else in the world,

Coming from a country where anyone and everything would;

And the Chinese live on earth in every city and place,

But the Russians and Americans are trying to beat them to space.

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Now I'm a little Australian with a few Chinese that I know,

But I can't read and speak it, I rather plants to grow;

Now my words are down in writing and I don't know the China difference,

I try and be attentive and understand patience with a distinction.

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They always get the mark because there sure they are so many,

And the people lead the world while the money is only plenty;

But my real point of writing this is to eat in the right way,

For with my pen there's plenty for all to eat each day.

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**Signed,**

**I'd rather the thing**

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