

Chefs d'art, musique, poésie, cuisine...

The denouement of days?
Perhaps, but what of it?
Machinations of movement
on and on.
For souls are still
in existence,
lovers are still
longing for one another,
and we are still
needing sustenance
for our bellies and our hearts.
Who better to tell the tale
than those who trade in such things?