

Ears, eyes, tongue
Mouth, nose, lungs
Ear mouths
Eye tongues
Lungs nose mouth
Mouth nose tongue
Eye mouth nose
Lungs nose

I always thought the weird thing about cooking shows
Is you watch and listen
to people talk about tastes and smells
It makes no scents
How we use ourselves backwards—
—but
I nose
Food is music your mouth hears
See a lover's voice hung in the Louvre
Font is the clothes your words wear
Today's fashion all -isms & blues
But I nose
These feet were made for talking
And here we are
So hungry for life,
We inhale from all corners of the globe
Air is just food you breathe
So break bread
Lungs nose

Nowhere for cooks to go
when THEY can't stand the heat
So they just keep doing what they're doing
to themselves
to death
But lungs nose
The best restaurants have the best atmosphere
Lungs nose
A clean kitchen is the heart of a home
When you eat
Your gut splits life from waste
Take in, push out
You take, such care
Well air, is the food you breathe
Your lungs split life from waste

Take in, breathe out
Lungs nose

The weird thing about cooking shows
is how close we are to our own kitchen while we watch

Mouth nose how much care you put
into what you put into your body
While lungs nose the irony
You ever have food so good, it takes your breath away?
You ever breathe so deep, you could hear better?
You ever fall in love so deep, it makes here better?

Oh trust,
Heart nose it's all right here—
One kilometer up and one kilometer down
is Life's whole buffet
So if this body is to keep building
And this building is to keep being our home
We gotta add plates
Seconds, thirds
Helping after helping—
When in doubt, just keep helping

The weird thing about cooking shows is gonna be
Where have they all gone?
once we begin to chef our own destiny's
Mouth nose—
I nose heart nose the body of work ahead
on the shoulders of giants
Take a stand on your own two
Lungs
Nose
Focus
Ears, eyes, tongue
Mouth, nose, lungs
Breathe in
Eat it
And see what happens