

"Petite Café, Montmartre"
Maurice Utrillo



The stir of the group integrates
Depressing what solitudes raised,
While a lunch tête-à-tête engaged
On the café petite ties the lone
That the spirit reigns in its rings.

Oh road on the way to the flag
show

That intents are the moments requests
Of the pleasures of life which in wind
Force the mill to its turn,
That the table to sandwich between
The union and secret of calm
Holds the intimate smile in caress.

Restaurant, amicably set
To dine in the drink of the smiles,
Cloudless unite the delights.