



CLOVERHILL

Winter 2025

I like to think we are alone,
And that we draw our bodies, with naked souls, on a canvas that will forever remain,

My feet are cold and my face has a memory of your hands, surrounding me.

I was away for a moment, and it seems like you emphatically circled the moon,
Now there is a storm that won't stop and I can't see, even myself.

What did my kisses do to you now that you're distant? What did my eyes say? If I told them to silence my desire.

I like to think that we are alone, but are we?

By Clay Castillo

Heriloom Bean Tartlet
Green-Walk Trout
Tapioca Cuñape

Montauk Bigeye Tuna & Bergamot
Abundance Potatoes & Kristal Caviar

Montauk Black Seabass
Crab Chupe






American Wagyu Lengua
Happy Valley Farms Sirloin


Habanada & Lime

Coffee & Caramel
Apple Pastelito

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Exec. Chef, Sam Rogers



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