Philosophy Buffet:

Outside it’s dark and wet,

And I haven’t eaten yet,

And so I make my way

Into the Philosophy Buffet.

Inside it’s full yet quiet,

And at first I didn’t buy it,

For when I looked at each man’s plate,

They ate gruel as bland as slate.

But when my eye befell the chafers,

Boasting many breads and wafers,

I couldn’t stay away,

(Try as hard as I may).

But that first serving dish

Hadn’t food but wish,

Of experiential fume

Per the works of David Hume.

So I took a scoop

Of the multicolored goop,

And moved on to the next,

Minimally perplexed.

And here I stocked my plate

With the finest of the great,

A dash of Gibbon and Locke

Atop a slice of fresh Holbach.

Of course I skipped the bad stuff,

For I already had enough,

So I poured some Plato in my cup

And made my way to sup.

It was the richest meal to date

That I have ever ate,

With every type of spice

That I resolved as nice.

And after my mind’s final bite

I stole away into the night,

As the soft glow faded away

Of the Philosophy Buffet.