

A HEALTHY DIET?

A Philosophy You Can Taste

"Will you... eat me?"
I purred politely.

The reply didn't just bounce;
it pulled a feral, hysterical gymnastics routine off
the dusty walls, hyperventilating between a panic attack
and an invitation, ricocheting off the ceiling fans
before face-planting, before landing, warm and
slightly breathless, somewhere in the vicinity of "yes."

Like all sweaty, late-night post-modern philosophy,
the whole proposition was beautifully brain-damaged.
The question utterly collapsed under its own hominess—
way too much primal hunger
shoved into a microscopic G-string of words.

Ah, the agonizing kink of embodied didacticisms!
The utter double-jointed absurdity of existence!
And yet... why I wondered, sprawled across the sticky
ruins of our debate, is existentialism so hard to swallow?

More pressingly: where, philosophically speaking,
where should our reproductive fluids go?

Camus ghosted this question entirely.
Nietzsche strongly implied but declined to commit.
Derrida wrote fourteen hundred pages on the subject
and somehow made it less clear than before he started.

And so here I am:
Drowning in rising, rude waves of lust,
still wading through the floppy,
half-baked edging of many dead white guys
who produced little more than books.

Am I just a sad buffet of flaccid reasoning,
undercooked climaxes, and lukewarm theorems
that leave persons intellectually blue-balled?

Let's skip all trepidation:
the point is filthy-simple:
Existentialism isn't that damn hard to swallow
Once we flick the logic clean,
suck on the axioms,
and roll raw theorems across the tongue
like contraband ecstasy.

Yes! Hell yes! Drop the payload, buddy.
The mind is feral & the body is screaming.
This metaphor has been standing by the bed
in latex for over twenty minutes.
Unzippppp!

- T Newfields

Beg: 1983 Nagoya ☆ End: 2026 Shizuoka

NOTE: This piece was partially generated with AI tools for styling and ideation; human editing was then applied.