Closed Curve

by R. A. Allen

I get the pizza at Pascal's.
He wagers I'll be back for more.
A pragmatic salvation
From eternal damnation,
He claims, can be mine,
Then adds, "The price is right for
Agnostic swine."

Now,
That I will ingest an area
Equal to its radius squared times pi
Is roundly accepted.

Moreover,
That his pie's rationality
Will be symmetrically applied to my psyche
Is without question.

However,
Existential anchovies,
Metaphysical mushrooms,
Ontological onions
—Easy to swallow,
Yet hard to digest—
Like a fistfull of jacks
These caltrops of doubt
Gnaw at my innards
And gash them throughout.

Sorry, Blaise,
It wasn't so much the cheese

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As those soteriological sausages.
Tomorrow I'll have the plate du jour
At René's.