**Nobel Spirit Barricades Of**

*November 9, 2014*

I Ensconced Behind My Nobel Spirit Barricades.

Of Personal Want Lust Must Hunger Need.

With Selfish Armor.

Ramparts Of Self Amour. Moat. Portcullis. What Lay.

Guard My Castle. Tower. Stone Walls Of Power And Greed.

Lute. Violin. Choir. What Play. Sing. To One As I.

Of Ecstasy. Sweet Meats.

Rare Sensual Eros Treats.

Such Fine Fare. Delights. Strike Eyes Blind. Ears Deaf. To Pleas. Moans. Cries.

What Waft About From Out Stygian Night.

Where Lye. Struggle. Suffer. Tormented. Damned.

Peasants. Peons. Serfs. Clay Vessels Of The Soul.

Who Indure. Hunger. Starve. Tremble. Destitute. Ne'er To Know.

Taste. See. Behold.

Fine Life. Fine Sustenance. Fine Art.

Fine Thoughts.

By Dent Of Intellecut. Talent. Strengths. Of Those.

As I So Wrought.

The Promised Land.

Beset. By Privation.

Gloom. Starvation. Despair.

What. If One Was To Note.

Would Make Ones Heart Bleed.

Ones Blood Run Cold.

But Nay. Say I. None Such For Me.

No Need To Ponder Same.

How. When. Why. Where.

La Monde Has Blessed. Granted. Gifted. This Exhaulted Pilgrim With Lot. Grace.

By Toss Of Cosmic Di.

Turn Of Wheel Of Time And Space.

Cut Cards. Dealt Random Hand In Life's Game.

Bestowed. Lions Share Of Entropy.

Why Dare I Contemplate. Care.

What Be Their Needs.

Indeed.

Be Mine. If They Were I.

I Walk In Their Path.

Fly. To. Reside In.

Shape Shift.

To Their World.

Trade My Ordained Existence.

For Their Dire Tragic Place.