He was exacting,  
wouldn't take “no” for an answer,  
wouldn't take “yes” for an answer,  
and held no trust in “the facts”  
since the “eyewitness”  
was just as blind as Justice  
and the “eavesdropper”  
deaf to all cries, like Mercy,—

never asked for “the world on a platter”,  
not “this world”  
sliced into cross-sections  
labelled: “suffer, little children”;  
or: “greed is your master”,—

didn’t want “the world of his dreams”  
which he exposed as being “cheap” and “for sale”  
(“put them in a row  
and there isn’t one dream  
you wouldn’t betray for some other”;  
“who can think of a dream  
of which there is no dream better”; etc.)—

wanted the impossible,  
to step into another dimension  
in which every pore of his yearning body  
could bathe in the taste of very fine Claret.  
But (and here he displayed the naivest trust)  
it must be stamped appellation controllée  
indicating that “quality of life”  
which the French government  
approves for intake by the human consumer.