

ISSN 0976-8165

*The Criterion*



# *The Criterion*

An International Journal in English

Bi - Monthly Refereed & Indexed Open Access eJournal

June 2014 Vol. 5, Issue-3

**5<sup>th</sup> Year of Open Access**

Editor-in-Chief

Dr. Vishwanath Bite

Managing Editor

Madhuri Bite

[www.the-criterion.com](http://www.the-criterion.com)

[criterionejournal@gmail.com](mailto:criterionejournal@gmail.com)

About Us: <http://www.the-criterion.com/about/>

Archive: <http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/>

Contact Us: <http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/>

Editorial Board: <http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/>

Submission: <http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/>

FAQ: <http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/>

**Flying to Byzantium**

“ *Samarpit to Mr. W.B.Yeats,  
ilmigliorfabbro*”

**Bupinder Singh**

There is no country for young. The old,  
in the parliaments, birds in cages,  
- Those budding generations- at their fluttering,  
the flesh-markets, the beggar-crowded streets  
Drugs, dope or douche, sting all summer long  
Whatever is brought, is sold and eaten,  
Caught in that agonic music, all meditate upon  
Monuments of aging sensuality.

A young man is but a poultry thing,  
a tattered hen upon a grill, unless,  
Age claps it's hand and mourn, and louder mourn,  
For every tatter will be old hence,  
Nor is there a mourning school but meditating,  
monuments of its own scornful surplus,  
And therefore I have flown over the sky and come,  
to the fuckin city of fluctuatinople.

O morons sleeping in Satan's hells's fire,  
As in the stone carving of caves,  
come from the hell's fire, prene is a gyre,  
consume my passions away, sick with desire,  
and fastened to an enthusiastic beast,  
it knows not what to do, and transform me,  
into an old man of wit, treason and lust,

And then I'll fly back, and will take,  
A chair in the parliament of owls,  
and such a chair, as was of Lucifer's Bilail  
Of accumulated power and seven sins,  
to keep a drowsy public enticed,  
or set upon the golden bed to rejoice,  
to my life full of greed, and lust,  
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.