

LOVE FOR ANCIENTS

Shabir Ahmad Mir

Student Of English Language And Literature
Poet And Book Reviewer

There is something Faustian in me
Driven in by some monstrous lust
Is it obsession with the literature?
Or Mephistopheles deluding me
Nay, I should not close my eyes
I feel the bad Angels on my Yankees
I should remain awake all my life
But who will look after these men
Horace calling, Homer calling, so Virgil
No, no, I sleep here among these notes
But what if sleep overtakes me here
No, no, such men do I praise and love
Shall guard them from the evil dunces
Hullo! A voice from the outside
What profits you to read them?
What oft was read and adore by you
a Shedwellian ruse to busy you
I awoke and found the doors open
Perhaps the truth is tested the most
I like ancients and will remain so
No artifice will overtook me from them
Moderns and post moderns dear sir,
Taught us but how to throw the stones
Houses they never have constructed
Spider and its web of deceit are they.

