In his poem “Sailing to Byzantium” yeats connects to the global issue of an old man no longer being able to be accustomed to the society he lives in. He leaves the nation of Ireland and is going to Byzantium to look for a new life. He claims that the youthful generation has replaced the old in Ireland and there is no place for him anymore. So he moves on to a new land that is full of better goods and opportunities. This shows the human spirit looking for a better life and a better opportunity for those whose lives have plateaued.

In his next stanza Yeats proceeds to talk about how being old is not worth it anymore. In the physical realm it appears that he has lost his mortal stature and power. His possessions are tattered and his body is withering. In his heart though he still has life. He sings and laughs with the others in his life and though this happy So he continues though a life of happiness on his jouney.

I

That is no country for old men. The young

In one another's arms, birds in the trees,

—Those dying generations—at their song,

The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,

Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long

Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.

Caught in that sensual music all neglect

Monuments of unageing intellect.

II

An aged man is but a paltry thing,

A tattered coat upon a stick, unless

Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing

For every tatter in its mortal dress,

Nor is there singing school but studying

Monuments of its own magnificence;

And therefore I have sailed the seas and come

To the holy city of Byzantium.

III

O sages standing in God's holy fire

As in the gold mosaic of a wall,

Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,

And be the singing-masters of my soul.

Consume my heart away; sick with desire

And fastened to a dying animal

It knows not what it is; and gather me

Into the artifice of eternity.

IV

Once out of nature I shall never take

My bodily form from any natural thing,

But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make

Of hammered gold and gold enamelling

To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;

Or set upon a golden bough to sing

To lords and ladies of Byzantium

Of what is past, or passing, or to come.