

Extract of Verses from **TASTING THE DIVINE ROMANCE**

*The Day I Found You/
I Wonder Why the Divine Chose To Entertain Himself through Maya
I Shall Churn the Cosmos Till He Reveals Himself
What Lead Me to Unplug the Soul Power Chord That Charged My Soul
We Carry Harmony in Our Souls but It Lies Deep and Frozen
In The Search of Ultimate Truth
Have I Invited the Ire of the Cosmos by Coveting More Than I Need
Have We Shared Our Divine Kinship in Our Past Incarnation
Experiencing Divine Love
The Dreams of the Divine
Is Not Death Only a Deep Sleep Form Which We Awaken In Our Rebirth
Why Not Transcend the Dream World of the Divine
I Seek Joy Which Can Quench the Thirst of My Soul
Can I Escape the Decrees of Fate
The Abuse of Mother Earth
Oh Lord I Can See It Is Time for Me to Leave For My Secret Abode
Conversation with My Ancestors in the Astral World
I Am a Gardener Whom Divine Has Sent To Design a Garden of My Own
Choice
The Journey of My Soul
The Birth of Divinity
Liberation of Our Souls
Time Is Ripe O Sweat Bud to Open Thy Heart
Oh Mother I Thank You for the Compassionate Touch of Your Soul
My Heart and Soul Ached To Find A Place Where I Could Forget My Own
Existence
The Marriage of Evil and Divinity
Does Not Destiny Conspire Against Us in Our Effort to Triumph over
Nature
I Can See My Soul Preparing To Meet the Divine in This Moonlit Night
The Strange Haunted House
It Is I Who Taught My Heart
I Could See the Divine Graciously Fit Into the Fragile Frame of My Soul
I Could See Mother Earth Fight with the Dark Lord for My Unfortunate
and Unprepared Soul*

*I Found His Footprints in the Hamlet of the Destitute
It Has Been a Long Tiresome Journey and I Have Finally Decided To Shut
My Eyes*

*I Am Sure That Morning Shall Surely Come and Darkness Shall Vanish
Does Our Voice Lack the Music Because We Have Not Known Him Yet
Does Not the Divine Reveal To Us at the End of Our Souls Journey
I Can See the Grand Vision of the Divine Flash in My Eyes in This Moonlit
Night*

*I Can See the Divine Set Me Free From the Bond That Holds My Soul in
Fetters in This Moonlit Night*

*I Could See the Divine As Affection Starved Guest Knocking At the Door of
My Heart*

*I Could See the Intense Flame of Divinity Touch and Waken My Slumbering
Soul from Its Deep and Dark Cosmic Sleep*

*I Could See the Heavens and the Cosmos Pour into My Hands but My Hands
Failed To Grasp It Firmly*

*I Could See the Wild Rain Pursuing Relentlessly the Wind but Failing in Its
Vainless Pursuits*

*I Could See Mother Earth Being Filled With Restlessness and Remorse at Not
Being Able To Prepare My Soul for Its Final Moments of Destiny*

Let You Be the First to Arrive On the Frontiers of Eternity! O Mortal!

Haven't Your Nostrils Quivered With Celestial Fragrances! O Mortal!

Can You Remain Unshaken By the Times Unrest! O Mortal!

Let the Cosmic Worker Hold Secretly Your Hands! O Mortal!

Let Your Ears Tune to the Ethereal Symphonies! O Mortal!

Haven't You Tasted the Silent Knowledge in Your Soul! O Mortal!

O Beloved! Be Sure! I Could Feel A Terror and Anguish Fill the World

*O Beloved! Be Sure! I Could Feel Darkness Condemn All With Its
Unbreakable Gaze*

O Beloved! Be Sure! I Could Feel the Tearing of My Body's Veil

*O Beloved! Be Sure! I Could See the Dark Lord Promising My Soul Calm and
Silent Rest*

O Death! Let Me Witness the Light That Is Armour of the Gods

O Death! Let Me Travel beyond Life's Brutal Masks

O Death! Let My Heart Not Be a Swimmer in the Infinite Seas

*O Mother Earth! Take Me to a World Where My Soul Can Wear the Rubies of
Silence*

*O Mother Earth! Take Me to a World Where My Soul Can Breathe in the
Divine Fragrance*

About Author: The mystic writings and poems of author Anand Krishna helps us in dealing with everyday issues such as the strength of will power, the creativity to see beyond problems, importance of positivity and the true meaning of success. For all who feel that stress and nervousness are an unavoidable fact of modern life, the mystic poems of Anand Krishna reminds us that within each of us is an inner core of universal peace and harmony that we can learn to access at will. The mystic poems and writings of Anand Krishna shows us how to overcome fear, worry, anger, nervousness and moodiness. His writings also teach us how to Stay calmly in the present and to stay actively focused, no matter what is going on around us and also teaches us to Experience the mystic and expansive timelessness and beauty of each moment. The spiritual and mystic poems of the author caters to the deepest needs of the human heart and soul. These poems reveal how we can meet the daily challenges to our physical, psychological, emotional and spiritual well-being - by awakening our divine nature, the neglected reality at the core of our being.

Through his writings the author succeeds in dispelling the myth that God is beyond our reach and beyond our self. He points out that it is not only possible to converse with God but to receive definite responses to our prayers and also converse with our divine self. The author Anand Krishna helps us to realize how close that infinite and all-loving Being is to each one of us. He also explains how we can make our prayers and thoughts so powerful and persuasive that they will bring a tangible response from the mystic universe. The books written by Anand Krishna motivates the readers how to be devoid of a harsh, materialistic life and live a life of peaceful serenity governed by quality and not quantity. The spiritual poems written by the author deal with complex issues in a very easy-to-understand and simple manner, inviting the readers to explore their inner selves through meditation and contemplation. The teachings of the author alters the perspective and attitude that people approach life with, changing one's thought process to invite and draw true material and spiritual success and prosperity .The books written by the author also highlights the key to dissolving obstacles both physical and spiritual while dealing with natural feelings of fear and the feeling of being lost. The author has been greatly inspired by the mystic philosophies propounded in the geeta, Upanishads ,sufi literature and other ancient mystical works. The author Anand Singh (Pen Name: Anand Krishna) has written on various spiritual aspects of human existence in this world and beyond.

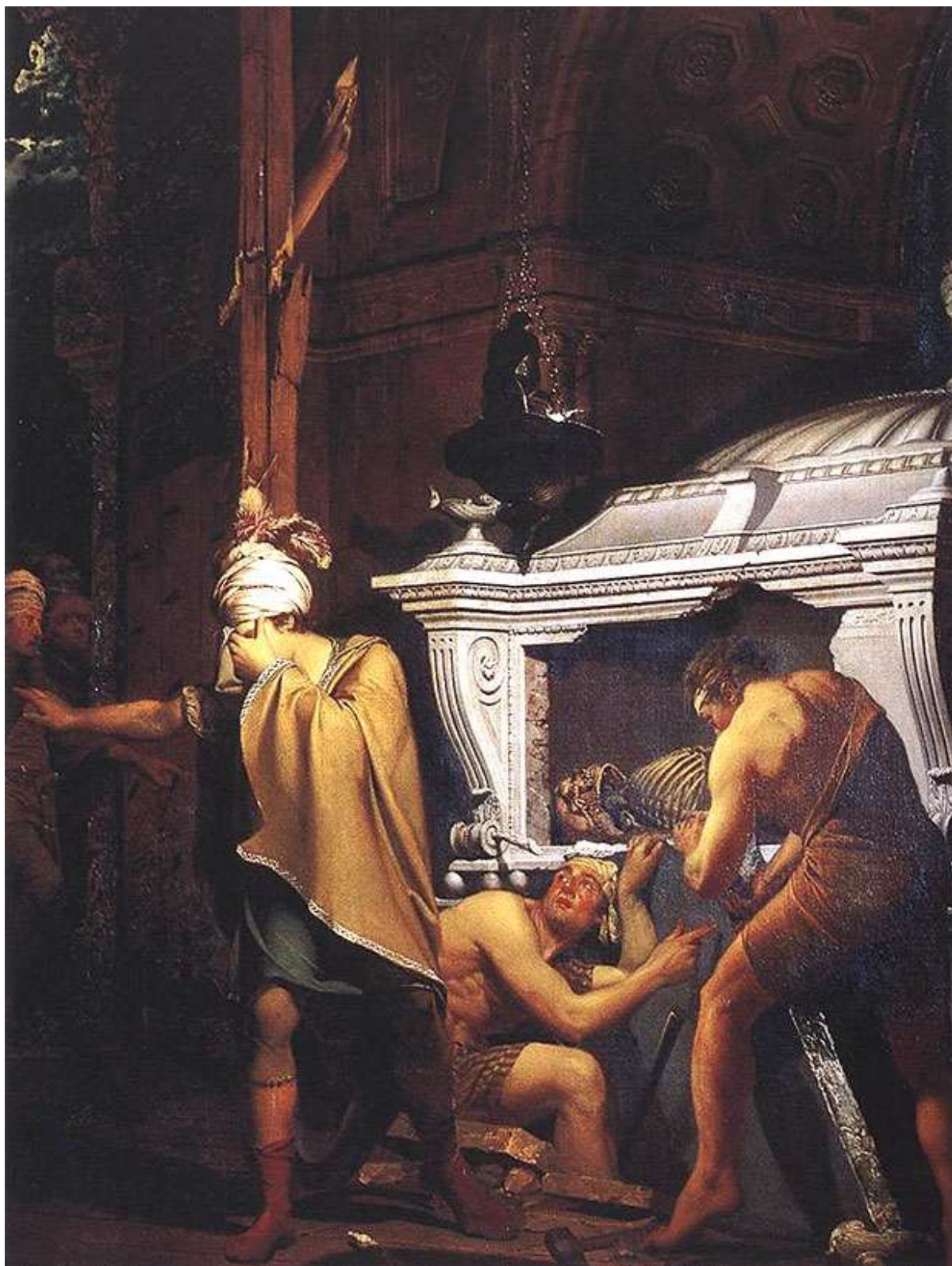
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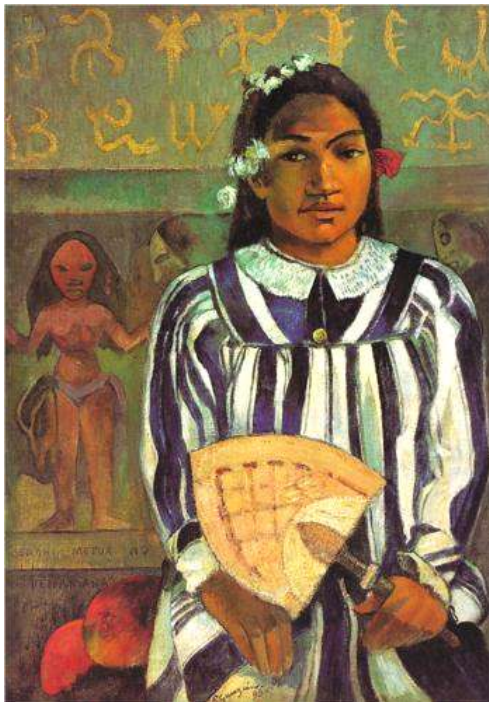
CHAPTER 1-POEMS IN CELEBRATION OF ANCESTORS



(Artist: Joseph Wright Date: 1772)

Poem on Ancestors

Conversation with My Ancestors in the Astral World



(Artist: Paul Gauguin Date:1848-1903)

I delved into the great deep power of perception of my subconscious mind. I was in the depth of silence and solitude receiving messages from some souls from the cosmos.

I was turning to the subtle inner world linked vitally to this world.

I found that my soul was being slowly aware of the subtle forces around me.

I was receiving the thought vibration from other souls in the cosmos.

I was aware of the subtle activities going on within and around me.

I could feel that I was seeing lights and colours which I never saw before.

I could feel that I was hearing sounds and vibration emanating in the cosmos which I had never heard before.

I was slowly being aware of the fourth dimensions through my intuition.

I became more and more conscious of the other subtle worlds. I became slowly aware of the astral world as the fourth dimension.

I could see the astral planets where I did not need food, oxygen, or breathing to survive.

I was slowly being aware of the higher forces and law of the higher realms I realised that so far my realm of experience had been infinitesimal part of the lord's creation.

I slowly realised that there was life beyond this world of ours and all our ancestors and loved ones continued to live in this subtle astral world.

I slowly realised that it was possible to contact our departed loved ones.

I could clearly see the astral planes which were composed of different spheres of different vibrations.

I could see that there was great freedom in the astral world and everything was composed of light rays.

I could see that I could materialise my thoughts without any difficulty.

I suddenly had a strong urge and desire to contact my ancestors and loved ones.

I slowly started receiving their vibration from the astral world and felt their presence.

I could feel the region between my eyebrow vibrate and heat up.

I slowly started sending my love and compassion and intense vibration to my loved ones in the astral world.



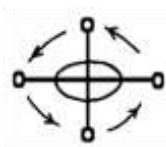
(Artist: Nicholas Roerich Date: 1942)

I could see my ancestors happy and blessed to receive my vibratory message. I was thrilled that my ancestors still remembered me with love and compassion. I assured to my ancestors that I shall meet them again sometime and I shall continue our divine love and friendship. I heard my ancestors telling

me that some of my loved ones had been reborn on this earth and I could contact them and they would also contact me in this life as in another incarnation.

I heard my ancestors telling me that my deep love and compassion would draw these reborn souls towards me and they would be drawn towards me and I would be strongly attracted and develop a close friendship with them.

Back



Never Ending Circle: We also learned about this symbol which represents a "never ending circle" of life. We follow in our ancestors footsteps and fill their void as they go on. Once death occurs another is born and starts the cycle all over again. (Source: <http://slowegroup.blogspot.in>)

POPULAR QUOTES ON ANCESTORS

"I was born by myself but carry the spirit and blood of my father, mother and my ancestors. So I am really never alone. My identity is through that line."

- Ziggy Marley

"Some people are your relatives but others are your ancestors, and you choose the ones you want to have as ancestors. You create yourself out of those values."

- Ralph Ellison

"Let them look to the past, but let them also look to the future; let them look to the land of their ancestors, but let them look also to the land of their children."

- Wilfrid Laurier

"It is indeed a desirable thing to be well-descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors."

- Plutarch

"We are a continuum. Just as we reach back to our ancestors for our fundamental values, so we, as guardians of that legacy, must reach ahead to our children and their children. And we do so with a sense of sacredness in that reaching."

- Paul Tsongas

CHAPTER 2- POEMS IN CELEBRATION OF DEATH



(Artist: Pierre Mignard Date: 1612-95)

Poem of Death

Is Not Death Only a Deep Sleep Form Which We Awaken In Our Rebirth



(Artist: Bartholomeus vander Helst Date: 1613 –

Is not death a dream of the divine passing through a nightmare only to be woken up into him again.
Is not death only a golden gate to the cosmic freedom.
Is not death the means to empower our soul and pass into the cosmic dream world.
Is not death a permission from the divine to be reborn again.
Is not death only a deep sleep from which we awaken in our rebirth.

Are we faceless and nameless creatures who disappear into the misty cosmic fog.
Are we all flesh to be converted into the blades of grass in the cosmic garden.
Is death only a means to end this brief and futile life of dreams.
Is not death an opportunity to set our heart at peace and to fill our heart with deep compassion.

Back

L

Death Note: *By the way, case you do not know, Death Note is a great anime/manga/live action about a high school student named Light Yagami (aka Kira) who discovers a supernatural notebook that allows him to kill anyone by writing the victim's name while picturing his or her face. To stop the Kira's killing, the world-renowned detective "L" takes on the challenge of catching the serial killer known only as Kira. (Source:*

<http://www.infinityreviews.com>)

Poem of Death

O Beloved! Be Sure! I Could Feel A Terror and Anguish Fill the World

I layed still in the great golden dawn.
I layed before my still sleeping body and gazed into infinity.
I looked into my past as one about to die.
I looked back upon the sunlit fields of life.
I realized that I too ran and sported with the rest.

I lifted the head of my body above the huge dark stream.

I measured the depths of the dark stream in which my body must for ever plunge.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel a terror and anguish fill the world.



(Artist: Corrado Giaquinto Date: 1703-65)

I lived again whatever I had been and done.

I witnessed memories seep through me and flee away into the irrecoverable past.

I witnessed the life's swift and eddying race.

I silently rose and bowed down to the great goddess.

I breathed the prayers my soul knew.

I felt the infinite mother watching over my body.

I felt the shrouded voice

speak some still word.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel a terror and anguish fill the world.

I spoke with guarded lips and tranquil face.

I witnessed a dire foreknowledge of the grief to come.

I pressed back all else into my anguished heart.

I forced upon my speech an outward peace.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel a terror and anguish fill the world.

I brooded over the years I have lived with my body.

I witnessed how my body lived on the emerald edge of the vast woods.

I witnessed how my body lived in the iron ring of the enormous peaks.

I witnessed how my body lived under the blue rifts of the forest sky.

I regretted why I did not go into the silences of this great woodland that enraged my thoughts with mystery.

I regretted why I did not go into the silences of this great woodland's green miracles.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel a terror and anguish fill the world.

I was compelled by a strong desire to hold my body.

I was seized with desire to take my body into the life it had loved.

I was seized with desire to know the forest flowers.

I was seized with desire to hear at ease the birds.

I was seized with desire to hear at ease the scurrying life that starts and ceases.

I was seized with desire to hear all the mystic whispering of the woods.

I was seized with desire to release my body.

I was seized with desire to let my heart rest.

I was seized with desire to hold my body for the strong goddess who was to come pitying our barren days.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel a terror and anguish fill the world.



(Artist: Alfred Elmore Date: 1815-81)

I was certain my body was beyond all its deeds.

I was certain my body was beyond all that my mind conceived.

I went holding my body's hands into the solemn world.

I and my body entered the world of beauty and grandeur.

I and my body entered the world of unspoken dream.

I and my body entered the world where nature's silences could be felt.

I and my body communed with secrecies of the gods.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel a terror and anguish fill the world.

I and my body walked full of joy.

I moved with my body through its green haunts.

I showed my body all the forests riches and flowers of every odor and hue.

I showed my body the soft thick clinging creepers red and green.

I showed my body the strange rich plumaged birds.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel a terror and anguish fill the world.

My body spoke of all the things it loved.

My body spoke of its boyhood's comrades and his playfellows.

My body spoke of coevals and companions of his life.

My body spoke of the world whose every mood it knew.

My body spoke of the thoughts which to the common mind are blank.

My body spoke of the every mild emotions it felt.

I deeply listened to my body.

I heard the voices that soon would cease from tender words.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel a terror and anguish fill the world.

I treasured my body's sweet beloved cadences.

I resisted the lonely memory when none would walk along myself.

I detested the moment when my beloved body could speak no more.

I was thinking of death and not life.

I was thinking of death and not life's lone end.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel a terror and anguish fill the world.

I moaned at every step with pain.

I felt love in my bosom hurt with jagged edges of anguished moan.

I cried that my body's voice will cease forever.

I strained my eyes to see the dim and dreadful god's approach.

I desperately wanted my body to pause.

I felt my body happy and uncaring.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel a terror and anguish fill the world.

I held my body's hands and wandered free in the green deep.

I and my body explored the primeval mystery of the forest's heart.

I and my body saw the tree that raised its tranquil head to heaven.

I and my body saw the tree laminating in verdure.

I and my body saw the tree summoning the breeze with amorous wideness of its boughs.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel a terror and anguish fill the world.

Back



Welsh Dragon (Y Ddraig Goch- The Red Dragon): *The ubiquitous Welsh Dragon at left is the national symbol of Wales. This particular image appears on the flag of Wales and is derived from an ancient standard of the Tudor family, which is in turn derived from the 'Draco' standard of the Roman Legion. Although attempts have been made to link the dragon with Arthurian tales of Merlin and his prophetic vision of battling dragons- red for Wales and white for England- the emblem has been in use in Wales for at least twelve hundred years. [Source: <http://symboldictionary.net>]*

Poem of Death

O Beloved! Be Sure! I Could Feel Darkness Condemn All With Its Unbreakable Gaze



(Artist: Caravaggio Date: 1571-1610)

I felt that my life was in seconds and not in hours.

I felt the need to economise every moment.

I felt my body wielded a joyous arc.

I felt my body sang the fragments of a sage's chant of conquered death and demon slain.

I felt my body sometimes paused to cry to my sweet speech.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel darkness condemn all with its unbreakable gaze.

I could see my body feel the violent and hungry hounds of pain.

I could see pain travelling through my body biting as it passed silently.

I could feel my body strive to rend life's strong heart cords and be free.

I could feel my body's breath and suffering slow down.

I come to my body in silent anguish and clasped.

I could feel a pang cleave through my head and breast.

I could feel the agony that rend my body.

I could feel my body being surrendered and loose its life.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel darkness condemn all with its unbreakable gaze.

I let my body lay its head upon my lap.

I attempted to guard my body with my hands from evil fate.

I sincerely wished that because of my touch death would pass.

I silently sat under branches wide, cool, green against the sun.

I guarded my body in my bosom.

I strove to soothen my body with my hands.

I strove to soothen my body's anguished brow.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel darkness condemn all with its unbreakable gaze.



(Artist: Nicholas Roerich Date: 1874-1947)

I could feel all grief and fear dead within me now.

I could feel a great calm that had be fallen my body.

I could feel the wish to lessen my body's suffering slowly vanish.

I could feel the impulse to oppose my body's pain slowly vanish.

I could feel all the mortal feeling pass through and escape my body.

I could feel my body weight like the gods, griefless and strong.

I could feel my body's sweet familiar hue change into a tarnished greyness.

I could feel my body's eyes dim over.

I could feel my body's eyes forsaken of the clear light which I loved.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel darkness condemn all with its unbreakable gaze.

I could feel that only my body's

dull and physical mind was left.

I could feel that my body's mind was vacant of the bright spirit's luminous gaze.

I could feel my body cry out in an I clinging last despair.

I could feel my body say "learn down my dear and kiss me while I die".

I pressed my pallid lips on my body's lips.

I could feel my body fail.

I could feel my body loosing the last sweetness of response.

I could feel my body press down its cheek in my golden arm.

I sought my body's mouth with my living mouth.

I attempted to persuade my body's soul back with my kiss.

I grew suddenly aware that my body was no more aware.

O Beloved! Be Sure! I could feel darkness condemn all with its unbreakable gaze.