

**Chapter 1 : Finding the Sacred in Poetry - LifeBalance EnterprisesLifeBalance Enterprises**

*Sacred Poetry From Around the World. Discover Sufi poetry, Hindu poetry, Buddhist poetry, Christian mystical poetry, and poetry from other sacred and secular traditions.*

Live June 17, Why do I do the things I do, and why do I feel bad after doing them, It is as if I have a constant desire to desecrate all that i thought sacred once want to be a man with February 24, Like seasons, friendship too changes, As it varies from different ranges. All of a sudden it is bleak, As if it has lost its magic streak. It rested in its own building. That could travel upstream, Through the river even, Into the sacred valley. They brought new gifts From the Sun, perhaps. Their lands were unknown To us, at least. They said It April 2, Love is all that she has And giving it is her passion. So beautiful, adorable and serene Are her thoughts And just so are her actions. The Sun and I, more or less, feel the same way about getting out and conquering the world. March 21, Walking in the bush, late in the afternoon: Spring winding trails Among Plantae et Animalia. The lamp is lit with the oil of sesame seeds sweet a melody moves in me music that says I am far away, far it says. The flowers, yellow blossoms of gold, placed on April 17, As I loaf myself on this padded chair I think about all the unpleasant things in my life, I think of those evil days, how my own very existence was endangered. I think of that past and now I heave April 26, Here it is, and again I have to go through my death Returning back from a future, the girl is a woman now And again I have metamorphosed myself Into an unexposed solitude The woman who was a girl the April 19, Between the breathless breeze of day, I stood and wondered what to say, A sunlit sea, a cloud dressed night, a fawn dressed in the morning light, So much to choose , so much to paint, before my days grow February 4, He was the first man your eyes opened to.. The shivering hand that touched your tiny nose.. The strong arm you cuddled on.. His love that kept brimming but never spilled.. Those eyes that made everything seem within reach.. And Father April 7, O you callous peaks of Siachen Cruel have been your whims illogical and insane beyond words To unleash your deadly powers on dutiful soldiers at work was not an act of bravado but the most condemnable deceit. Look every February 17, Years ago our forefathers had a vision That one day, their descendants will bear the title of their own To represent their ancient glory And value it at heart. Praising the mediums like our fathers did And ululating in procedure. May 9, When it comes to you landing gently in your soul, and plants its loving seed. How do you accept? With a heart full of gracious thanks that wipe away all those long, dark and lonely nights. Or treat it with May 27, I witnessed the death of the universeâ€¦! Tumbling, crushing, spinning in the maddening chaos of the spiral Time! Eternityâ€¦! ceased to exist, Timeâ€¦! was no more, my soul ripped asunder the starsâ€¦! show no more! Pleading internally I succumb my September 30, The sacred fire smoulders fast turning its witness false. She cast her liquid ebon eyes, Up to the boundless starry skies, Hoping to find in that January 21, Words pierce minds like spear hits a beast. The burning passions evaporate in the mist. Just the dawn calling February 3, Overturned, years of stasis Paralysis by mental blockade A political metamorphosis. Afoot at the general election; Vengeance of the Manifesto. The interregnum, the entrenched vote Tranches appear, on Revised Register Deceased coded, in numbers resurrect. Beyond the grave, claim their October 5, When I met you for the first time You gifted me.. My legs were shaky when I was treading on the barbs getting ready for a leap in the unknown. Somebody said myth was a whore. It turns men into September 16, Wayanay Incaâ€¦!â€¦!â€¦!. I hear your call Within your music flutters my soul! Within the condor flight Within every starry night Within sun rise and sun set Invisible music I can get Within a Mayan pyramid Within the breeze unlimited Within February 9, 1 She is the tree green and wide abundantly dressed overflowing spreading her sleeves blesses all in her cool shade solitude teems with breezy songs I feel nearer God 2 That autumn tree from this window looks like a young February 28, Where death and exotica meet, life stands naked in midst of our sacred hymns, Shadow fighting is not actuality. An essay on truth fades. Someday I will pull down the curtain. At the end of the road, death waits, apologizing March 22,

**Chapter 2 : Upbeat Inspirational Poems : The Sacred Art Of Losing Well : DU Poetry**

*Reading sacred poetry is a time-honored spiritual practice. If you'd like to incorporate it into your devotions, we have many resources at Spirituality & Practice for you. Every April for National Poetry Month in the United States we post a new poem every day.*

You can read the best sacred poems. Browse through all sacred poems. But what can man? And what new wonders can ye show your guest! What were his raptures then! All intellectual eye, our solar-round First gazing through, he by the blended power Of gravitation and projection saw The whole in silent harmony revolve. Her every motion clear-discerning, he Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught Why now the mighty mass of water swells Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks, And the full river turning; till again The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves A yellow waste of idle sands behind. O unprofuse magnificence divine! O wisdom truly perfect! Nor could the darting beam of speed immense Escape his swift pursuit and measuring eye. First the flaming red Sprung vivid forth; the tawny orange next; And next delicious yellow; by whose side Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green. Myriads of mingling dyes from these result, And myriads still remain--infinite source Of beauty, ever flushing, ever new. Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends? But who can number up his labours? This, Conduitt, from thy rural hours we hope; As through the pleasing shade where nature pours Her every sweet in studious ease you walk, The social passions smiling at thy heart That glows with all the recollected sage. And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe, You who, unconscious of those nobler flights That reach impatient at immortal life, Against the prime endearing privilege Of being dare contend,--say, can a soul Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers, Enlarging still, be but a finer breath Of spirits dancing through their tubes awhile, And then for ever lost in vacant air? What grandeur can ye boast While Newton lifts his column to the skies, Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child-- These are the tombs that claim the tender tear And elegiac song. But Newton calls For other notes of gratulation high, That now he wanders through those endless worlds He here so well descried, and wondering talks, And hymns their Author with his glad compeers. Exalt the spirit of a downward world! While, in expectance of the second life, When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

## Chapter 3 : Sacred Poems | Examples of Sacred Poetry

*Sacred Poems. Below are examples of poems about sacred. This list of poetry about sacred is made of PoetrySoup member poems. Read short, long, best, famous, and modern examples of sacred poetry. This list of works about sacred is a great resource for examples of sacred poems and show how to write.*

Poetry The Dance I have sent you my invitation, the note inscribed on the palm of my hand by the fire of living. Show me how you follow your deepest desires, spiraling down into the ache within the ache, and I will show you how I reach inward and open outward to feel the kiss of the Mystery, sweet lips on my own, every day. Show me how you turn away from making another wrong without abandoning yourself when you are hurt and afraid of being unloved. Tell me a story of who you are, and see who I am in the stories I live. And together we will remember that each of us always has a choice. Show me you can risk being completely at peace, truly okay with the way things are right now in this moment, and again in the next and the next and the next. I have heard enough warrior stories of heroic daring. Tell me how you crumble when you hit the wall, the place you cannot go beyond by the strength of your own will. What carries you to the other side of that wall, to the fragile beauty of your own humanness? And after we have shown each other how we have set and kept the clear, healthy boundaries that help us live side by side with each other, let us risk remembering that we never stop silently loving those we once loved out loud. Take me to the places on the earth that teach you how to dance, the places where you can risk letting the world break your heart. And I will take you to the places where the earth beneath my feet and the stars overhead make my heart whole again and again. Show me how you take care of business without letting business determine who you are. And I will show you how I struggle not to change the world, but to love it. Sit beside me in long moments of shared solitude, knowing both our absolute aloneness and our undeniable belonging. Dance with me in the silence and in the sound of small daily words, holding neither against me at the end of the day. Thou shalt not be fearful, for most of the things we fear never come to pass. Thou shalt not cross bridges before you get to them, for no one yet has succeeded in accomplishing this. Thou shalt face each problem as it comes, you can handle only one at a time anyway. Thou shalt not take problems to bed with you for they make very poor bedfellows. Thou shalt not try to relive yesterday for good or ill, it is gone concentrate on what is happening in your life today. Thou shalt count thy blessings, never overlooking the small ones for a lot of small blessings add up to a big one. Thou shalt not become bogged down by frustration, for ninety percent of it is rooted in self-pity and it will only interfere with positive action. Here in the forest.

## Chapter 4 : Poetry Chaikhana | Sacred Poetry from Around the World

*Stephen Dunn does, and his poem "The Sacred" is all about hopping in the car and finding that quiet place where you can jam whatever tunes you want just so you can be alone in a sacred place. Dunn published his poem in , and it's a perfect example of his work: poetry about seemingly mundane, quotidian (we're talking everyday stuff).*

## Chapter 5 : Sacred Threads Poetry - Sacred Threads

*Mud & Poetry: Love, Sex, and the Sacred and millions of other books are available for Amazon Kindle. Learn more Enter your mobile number or email address below and we'll send you a link to download the free Kindle App.*

## Chapter 6 : Sacred Quotes ( quotes)

*Vincent Buckley was one of Australia's greatest poets and critics. His exploration of the nature of the sacred takes in transcendence and mystery: there is a sense of deep wonder even as he attempts to contain his perceptions in the constrictions of words.*

### Chapter 7 : Sacred Poems - Poems For Sacred - - Poem by | Poem Hunter

*Short Sacred Poems. Short Sacred Poems. Below are examples of the most popular short poems about Sacred by PoetrySoup poets. Search short poems about Sacred by length and keyword.*

### Chapter 8 : Sacred Heart by Lee Briccetti - Poems | Academy of American Poets

*Sacred poems written by famous poets. Browse through to read poems for sacred. This page has the widest range of sacred love and quotes.*

### Chapter 9 : Short Sacred Poems - Examples

*What is Inside is an inspirational poem by Robert Longley. It is an unusual fathers day poem about some of the hardest parts of being a father.*