

Some Poems

by

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(Noen dikt
av
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(361)

SOMETIMES, ON A SUDDEN, THE STREAM OF MY BREATH NEITHER EBBS NOR
FLOWS,

AND THE HEART'S PENDULUM, WEARY OF THE CEASELESS SWING, RETIRES TO
ABSOLUTE REST;

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THE BIRD OF FANCY FLIES NOT TO THE EVENING OF THE PAST NOR TO THE
MORNING OF THE MORROW,

THE BODY BECOMES ONE WITH MOTIONLESS, TRANSLUCENT SPACE, ITS MELODY
IN UNISON WITH ITS OWN QUIESCENCE,

I FEEL THAT I EXIST, NOT ALIVE NOR DEAD, NOT AWAKE NOR DREAMING,

THE „I“, LIKE A DROP MINGLING WITH THE OCEAN, LOSES ITSELF IN THE
CONSECRATION OF THE ALL-GLORIOUS TRUTH.

(361)

From the collection of poems "Arctic Swallows", The Brahmakul, Gaurisankar Math, Scandinavia 1926.

LI.

Berre ein fugl.

Eg er ikkje Gud og ikkje utsendingen Hans;
Eg er berre ein syngjande fugl.
Eg er ikkje diktar og ikkje Songdisi hans;
Eg er berre ein syngjande fugl.
Eg er ikkje profet og ikkje ein vis;
Eg er berre ein syngjande fugl.
I himlarne yver havet eg flyg og kjem og vil
syngje ved døri di
Kvar dagning, naar Morgonguden smiler paa
havet,
Kvar kvelding, naar Skumingsguden ved jord-
randi syng,
Kvar natt, naar guden i hjarta ditt sit i tagnad
aaleine med guden i hjarta mitt.

ONLY A BIRD

I am not God nor His messenger—
I am only a singing bird.

I am not a Poet nor his Muse—
I am only a singing bird.

I am nor prophet, I am not sage—
I am only a singing bird.

I fly in the heavens across the seas
and come to sing at thy door,

Each dawn when the morning god
smiles on the ocean,

Each eve when the twilight god
sings at earth's ends,

Each night when the god of thy heart
sits in silence, alone with the god of my heart.

I.

I am a blossomed idea in the River of Words,
flowing towards the Sea of Silence.
In the hidden Cave of frozen light lies the cradle
of my birth;
Breathed on by the Divine the light melted and
ever since the liquid waters of Life pour through
the hills and dales of Humanity;
The stars smile overhead and the trees through
the seasons of joy play on their lute of leaves;
On the grassy river-banks the village children run
and shout and laugh in the warm light of the sun,
Youth exchanges dreams as twilight falls from
the Western sky,
And Age, bent with the burden of the cares of
coming lives, sits with folded hands in quiet
resignation.
They come to greet me and pass away to their
fate of love and tears and extinction.
I float alone—only a blossomed idea—through the
avenue of endless Quiescence towards the Sea
of Silence,
And in my heart I dream of the cradle of my
birth, the seat of frozen light, hidden in the
Cave of Eternity.

*The first poem of the collection "Usarika – Dawn-Rhythms", The Brahmakul,
Gaurisankarmath, Scandinavia 1921.*

THE POEM OF THE UNIVERSE

In my soul is the Light and the Life and the Word.
I am the pilgrim and the path and the goal.
I wander alone among the desert sands,
 ever pursued by the shade of Death.
Day and night I wrestle with the illusion of starvation
 and disease and danger.
I am wise, for I know that I am great enough
 to be my own saviour.
I am strong, for I have conquered my ego,
 the parent of my cosmos.
I am beautiful, for I have renounced Matter.
I am saved, for I have given my all to all.
I am no more the 'me' of my body's childhood,
 youth and age,
 I shall no more be what once I thought I should
 be after my body's death ;
I have crossed darkness and twilight.
I am the metre of the poem of the universe.

*From the collection of poems "Cakra Sakha – The Companion of God", The Brahmakul,
Gaurisankatmath, Scandinavia 1921.*

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In that moment of the impersonal, when the illumination of omnipresence has awakened the Self and the pure air of eternity has refreshed the cosmos, She came at the door of my home.

In Her eyes I saw the smiles of transcendent serenity and in the *pushparāg* radiance of the Universe's understanding I learned the sacred scripture of Her thoughts, streaming forth like the mountain brook, blessing the valley with plenty and with all the gifts of Fortuna and Minerva.

My joy entered into the freedom of boundless sovereignty and self-control.

Soon in the sleep of Yoga I quieted the questioning, "Who am I?" and in the imperishable light of *turīya* consciousness She became the One and that which is beyond the One.

From the collection of poems "She of the Pearl and Ruby Roses – A Vision (Dream)", published by the Vishveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur, India 1974, in their collection "Arctic Swallows and other Poems".