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# "The Divine Verse"

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The Divine Verse is dedicated to the truth in which I've understood poetry and religion. While using hairens, an Armenian style of poetry consisting of quatrains in which each line has fifteen syllables and is divided by a caesura into seven and eight syllables. More complex and complete. Dedicated to Easter Sunday April 9th, 2023. In remembrance of Armenian intellectuals on 24 April 1915.





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## **"The Divine Verse" •Artyom Manukyan**

"The Divine Verse"

In the final battle of light and dark, The dragon roared and the devil barked, Their armies gathered, in fierce array, Ready to fight until the final day.

But Archangel Michael, with sword in hand, Led the charge of the heavenly band, With his armies bright, and shining true, They stood firm, ready to see it through.

As the dragon breathed its fiery breath, And the devil summoned all its deadly strength, The heavens shook with the clash of steel, And the battle raged, fierce and real.

But Michael, with a heart so pure, Fought on and on, never unsure, And with his armies at his back, Pushed forward, never looking back.

Until the devil, defeated and forlorn, Saw that his armies were all torn, And the dragon, with a final roar, Sank down, defeated, forevermore.

And in the end, the heavens rang, With the praises of the angels' clang, As Michael, with his sword of light, Banished the darkness, and made all right. So let us all, in the battles we face, Remember Michael, and his heavenly grace, And fight on, with heart and soul, Until we reach our final goal.

In the beginning, God spoke  
And the world took form  
Out of chaos and dark  
Came light, and life was born  
The void was filled with beauty  
And creation sang with joy  
Each day a new wonder  
For the world to enjoy  
The sun and moon danced  
Across the vast expanse  
And the stars shone bright  
In a cosmic dance  
From the waters, life emerged  
Fish, birds, and beasts of the earth  
Each created with a purpose  
To fulfill God's divine plan from birth  
Then came man, created in God's image  
To tend to the garden of the earth  
And from his rib, came woman  
A partner for life, in joy and mirth  
The serpent came with cunning words  
And tempted them to taste the fruit  
But with disobedience came sin  
And the fall from God's pursuit

Yet, hope was not lost  
For God had a plan  
Through Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob  
A new covenant began  
From one man's faith  
A nation was born  
And from that lineage  
Came Christ, the promised morn  
In the beginning, God spoke  
And in His image, we are made  
May we always remember  
And live by the foundation laid.  
In the beginning, God spoke,  
And with each word, creation awoke.  
He made the heavens, earth, and seas,  
And filled them with creatures of all degrees.  
Adam and Eve, the first of men,  
Lived in the garden, pure and then,  
But sin crept in and tainted all,  
Bringing death and pain to Adam's fall.  
In the beginning,  
God rested on the seventh day.  
Eden, a garden,  
Formed by his own hands so grand.

Man came to life,  
Created from dust and divine breath.  
Woman was fashioned,  
From Adam's rib, a partner to bless. Naked they stood,  
Innocent and free from shame.  
The tree of knowledge,  
Forbidden fruit they were to blame.  
The serpent tempted,  
Eve ate and gave to Adam too.  
Their eyes were opened,  
Realizing sin and what they knew.  
God banished them,  
From the garden, their paradise.  
Yet mercy shone,  
Garments of skin, their new guise.  
Cherubim guarded,  
The tree of life, the path to grace.  
Man and woman, A life of toil, to seek God's face. God cast them from the  
garden,  
But did not leave them lost,  
He gave them hope and promise,  
And paid the highest cost.  
And as the years progressed,  
And children came to be,

Cain and Abel were born,  
And grew into two seeds.  
But one was filled with envy,  
And killed his brother's life,  
And from that moment onward,  
He lived in constant strife.  
So Cain was sent away,  
From all he'd known before,  
And Abel's blood cried out,  
From earth's blood-stained floor.  
And yet, in all this pain,  
God still provided grace,  
And kept His promise to them,  
To one day see His face.  
Generations passed, and men grew wicked,  
But Noah found favor, and he was picked,  
To build an ark and save his kin,  
From the flood that was to begin.  
Forty days and forty nights,  
The waters raged with all their might,  
But Noah and his family held on tight,  
And on Mount Ararat, the ark alit.  
God promised never again to flood,  
And made a covenant, true and good,

And Noah's descendants multiplied,  
Filling the earth far and wide.  
Armenia, where Mount Ararat stands,  
Bears the memory of God's mighty hands,  
And as we look upon that peak,  
We remember the promise that we seek.  
For though we may face storms and strife,  
God's covenant remains, giving life,  
And like Noah, we hold on tight,  
Trusting in God's love and might.  
The earth was filled with life,  
Plants, trees, and creatures all around,  
And God saw that it was good,  
A perfect world He had found.  
But in His mercy, God did promise,  
A savior to redeem and abolish,  
The sin and death that entered in,  
And restore the relationship within.  
From Adam to Abraham, the line did run,  
A covenant made, a chosen one.  
Through famine, slavery, and strife,  
God's people survived, living life.  
Joseph and his brothers, once apart,  
Reunited by God, with a softened heart. Jacob's name changed to Israel,