

SAVITRI IN-BETWEEN

A PERSPECTIVE ON POETIC ARTISTRY

COMPILED BY

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PREFACE

Savitri is well-known as the supreme revelation of Sri Aurobindo's spiritual vision. In it, lofty Himalayan grandeur and plunging Pacific depths are given in soul-stirring poetry. Quotations are taken from these heights and depths, treatises are devoted to them, and scholars as well as lay readers pause at these powerful passages.

The poet's afflatus continues in-between. Like the meadows at the foothills of the Himalayas and the beaches at the edges of the Pacific, metaphors of Kalidasan beauty and connections of windowed insight complete the poetic landscape. *Savitri In-Between* is a collection of such lines.

Do not read this collection to get the essence of *Savitri* or its storyline or its message or its most powerful expression. For that, read all of *Savitri* or one of the many summaries of it. What you will find here are simply all the in-between lines that best show the meticulous poetic artistry poured by Sri Aurobindo into *Savitri*.

While reading *Savitri*, it is easy to overlook the in-between lines because one gets enraptured by the summits. Yet there is poetic beauty everywhere and this collection invites you to enter into *Savitri* through a mezzanine doorway from the avenue of poetic craftsmanship.

To illustrate the method of selection, consider this powerful passage from one of the summits of *Savitri*, in Book I, Canto IV.

The Absolute, the Perfect, the Alone
Has called out of the Silence his mute Force
Where she lay in the featureless and formless hush
Guarding from Time by her immobile sleep
The ineffable puissance of his solitude.
The Absolute, the Perfect, the Alone

Has entered with his silence into space:
He has fashioned these countless persons of one self;
He lives in all, who lived in his Vast alone;
Space is himself and Time is only he.
The Absolute, the Perfect, the Immune,
One who is in us as our secret self,
Our mask of imperfection he has assumed,
He has made this tenement of flesh his own,
His image in the human measure cast
That to his divine measure we might rise;
Then in a figure of divinity
The Maker shall recast us and impose
A plan of godhead on the mortal's mould
Lifting our finite minds to his infinite,
Touching the moment with eternity.
This transfiguration is earth's due to heaven:
A mutual debt binds man to the Supreme:
His nature we must put on as he put ours;
We are sons of God and must be even as he:
His human portion, we must grow divine.
Our life is a paradox with God for key.

This stunning passage obviously is not of an "in-between" nature and hence it is not included as a block in the lines compiled in this collection. Yet, in the middle of this passage is a revealing metaphor:

He has made this tenement of flesh his own

which does belong to this collection, and is included.

Another summit of *Savitri* is the passage in Book I, Canto II beginning with the line:

Near to earth's wideness, intimate with heaven

Again, this passage is not included as a block in this collection, but several exquisite similes and metaphors from it are included:

A body like a parable of dawn ...
A magnanimity as of sea or sky ...
As might a soul fly like a hunted bird ...
A continent of self-diffusing peace ...

Line selection is subjective and is based on poetic artistry and craftsmanship recognized by an inner feel. Yet, though subjective, the experience is available to all who approach *Savitri* to appreciate its poetry.

Most of the selections display distinctive literary devices. For example, six out of the eight selections from Book I, Canto I are similes or metaphors:

As if a childlike finger laid on a cheek
Reminded of the endless need in things

Like a vague smile tempting a desert heart

A wandering hand of pale enchanted light
That glowed along a fading moment's brink,
Fixed with gold panel and opalescent hinge
A gate of dreams ajar on mystery's verge

Air was a vibrant link between earth and heaven
The wide-winged hymn of a great priestly wind
Arose and failed upon the altar hills
The high boughs prayed in a revealing sky

The calm delight that weds one soul to all,
The key to the flaming doors of ecstasy

Awake she endured the moments' serried march

Nature descriptions are used by the poet at the beginning or the end of many significant passages to carry the reader into and out of those summits and depths. One of the selections in Book I, Canto I is such a nature description, with personification:

Dawn built her aura of magnificent hues

Another nature description, also with personification, is at the end of the entire collection:

Night, splendid with the moon dreaming in heaven
In silver peace, possessed her luminous reign

The remaining eighth selection from Book I, Canto I is a packed epigram, many of which occur throughout *Savitri*:

A fire has come and touched men's hearts and gone

Another selection criterion is the expression of the core of a human emotion. For example, in Book VII, Canto I, Savitri's cry to Satyavan:

O lover of my soul, give more, give more

And in Book VI, Canto I the despair of Savitri's mother, the Queen:

As one she cried who in her heavy heart
Labours amid the sobbing of her hopes

The selections not only stand apart in the original, but are also substantially self-sufficient. The pithiest such expressions are chosen, sometimes just a few noncontiguous lines from a longer passage and sometimes just fragments of a line such as this one from Book II, Canto VII:

... sown grain of living death

Not only does this merely five-word phrase have the device of an oxymoron but also is it packed with enormous meaning and multiple

suggestions. It evokes the cycle of life with the seed growing into a living plant which creates more seeds before it eventually dies. This is not just an act of wild Nature, but rather a “sown grain” which evokes a deliberate, planned act of a mental agency.

An example of a line from Book I, Canto I which has the literary device of personification and stands apart as a significant expression, but is not selected for this collection is:

The huge foreboding mind of Night, alone

As mentioned before, all selections and omissions are subjective. This one calls for surrounding context, and when the four line passage that includes this line is considered, it demands yet more context, about the “divine Event”:

Across the path of the divine Event
The huge foreboding mind of Night, alone
In her unlit temple of eternity
Lay stretched immobile upon Silence’ marge

The content of the poetry has not been given special consideration with respect to selection. For example, consider the term “divine” here, and in the earlier quotation the term “God”:

We are sons of God and must be even as he

These terms are used unconventionally in Savitri: gods signify forms and powers that humankind or Nature can evolve to become, as this line exhorts. Despite their exalted content, these lines are not in the selection for reasons already given. The following line with the term “God” is included in the collection because of the connotations of the word “loiters”:

In Nature’s instrument loiters secret God

Similarly, many other terms such as Beauty or Power or Love or Pain or Fate or Death are used in specialized ways. These two lines in the collection from Book VI, Cantos I and II, respectively, exemplify such themes:

Death is the gardener of this wonder-tree ...
Fate is a balance drawn in Destiny's book ...

Every theme is considered equally in this all-encompassing quest with a perspective on poetic artistry and craftsmanship throughout *Savitri*.

While this collection presents the selected lines in the order in which they appear in *Savitri*, it can be read in any order. No special background in Sri Aurobindo's philosophy or Indian mythology or English poetry or any other subject is needed of readers of this collection. All that is needed is a fair knowledge of English, feel for the artistry in the expression, and willingness to reflect upon the astonishing and fecund stream of poetry.

All quotations are from the First Edition of *Savitri* republished by Savitri Foundation on 29 March 2012. Unless absolutely required to preserve meaning, punctuation has been removed for simpler presentation.

Compiled by Akash Deshpande
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CONTENTS

Preface.....	2
Book One: The Book of Beginnings.....	11
Canto I: The Symbol Dawn.....	11
Canto II: The Issue.....	12
Canto III: The Yoga of the King: The Yoga of the Soul's Release.....	15
Canto IV: The Secret Knowledge.....	17
Canto V: The Yoga of the King: The Yoga of the Spirit's Freedom and Greatness.....	20
Book Two: The Book of the Traveller of the Worlds.....	27
Canto I: The World-Stair.....	27
Canto II: The Kingdom of Subtle Matter.....	30
Canto III: The Glory and Fall of Life.....	35
Canto IV: The Kingdoms of the Little Life.....	38
Canto V: The Godheads of the Little Life.....	43
Canto VI: The Kingdoms and Godheads of the Greater Life.....	51
Canto VII: The Descent into Night.....	57
Canto VIII: The World of Falsehood, the Mother of Evil and the Sons of Darkness.....	60
Canto IX: The Paradise of the Life-Gods.....	64
Canto X: The Kingdoms and Godheads of the Little Mind.....	66
Canto XI: The Kingdoms and Godheads of the Greater Mind.....	76
Canto XII: The Heavens of the Ideal.....	84
Canto XIII: In the Self of Mind.....	86
Canto XIV: The World-Soul.....	88

Canto XV: The Kingdoms of the Greater Knowledge	92
Book Three: The Book of The Divine Mother	95
Canto I: The Pursuit of the Unknowable.....	95
Canto II: The Adoration of the Divine Mother.....	95
Canto III: The House of the Spirit and the New Creation	98
Canto IV: The Vision and the Boon.....	100
Book Four: The Book of Birth and Quest.....	108
Canto I: The Birth and Childhood of the Flame	108
Canto II: The Growth of the Flame	112
Canto III: The Call to the Quest	116
Canto IV: The Quest	121
Book Five: The Book of Love	127
Canto I: The Destined Meeting Place.....	127
Canto II: Satyavan	128
Canto III: Satyavan and Savitri.....	132
Book Six: The Book of Fate	139
Canto I: The Word of Fate	139
Canto II: The Way of Fate and the Problem of Pain	150
Book Seven: The Book of Yoga.....	161
Canto I: The Joy of Union; the Ordeal of the Foreknowledge of Death and the Heart's Grief	161
Canto II: The Parable of the Search for the Soul.....	167
Canto III: The Entry into the Inner Countries	172
Canto IV: The Triple Soul-Forces	179
Canto V: The Finding of the Soul	185

Canto VI: Nirvana and the Discovery of the All-Negating Absolute	189
Canto VII	195
Book Eight: The Book of Death	198
Canto III: Death in the Forest.....	198
Book Nine: The Book of Eternal Night.....	200
Canto I: Towards the Black Void	200
Canto II: The Journey in Eternal Night and the Voice of Darkness	202
Book Ten: The Book of the Double Twilight	208
Canto I: The Dream Twilight of the Ideal	208
Canto II: The Gospel of Death and Vanity of the Ideal	209
Canto III: The Debate of Love and Death	213
Canto IV: The Dream Twilight of the Earthly Real	221
Book Eleven: The Book of Everlasting Day	232
Canto I: The Eternal Day: The Soul's Choice and the Supreme Consummation.....	232
Book Twelve: Epilogue.....	245
The Return to Earth	245

BOOK ONE: THE BOOK OF BEGINNINGS

CANTO I: THE SYMBOL DAWN

—

As if a childlike finger laid on a cheek
Reminded of the endless need in things

—

Like a vague smile tempting a desert heart

—

A wandering hand of pale enchanted light
That glowed along a fading moment's brink,
Fixed with gold panel and opalescent hinge
A gate of dreams ajar on mystery's verge

—

Dawn built her aura of magnificent hues

—

Air was a vibrant link between earth and heaven
The wide-winged hymn of a great priestly wind
Arose and failed upon the altar hills
The high boughs prayed in a revealing sky

—

The calm delight that weds one soul to all,
The key to the flaming doors of ecstasy

—

A fire has come and touched men's hearts and gone

—

Awake she endured the moments' serried march

—

CANTO II: THE ISSUE

—

All that she once had hoped and dreamed and been
Flew past her eagle-winged through memory's skies

—

As in a many-hued flaming inner dawn,
Her life's broad highways and its sweet bypaths
Lay mapped to her sun-clear recording view,
From the bright country of her childhood's days
And the blue mountains of her soaring youth
And the paradise groves and peacock wings of Love

—

An episode in an unremembered tale,
Its beginning lost, its motive and plot concealed,
A once living story has prepared and made
Our present fate, a child of past energies

—

Around her were the austere sky-pointing hills
And the green murmurous broad deep-thoughted woods
Muttered incessantly their muffled spell

—

Set in the cloistral yearning of the woods
And watched by the aspiration of the peaks

—

Near to earth's wideness, intimate with heaven

—

A heart of silence in the hands of joy
Inhabited with rich creative beats
A body like a parable of dawn

—

A magnanimity as of sea or sky
Enveloped with its greatness all that came

—

As might a soul fly like a hunted bird
Escaping with tired wings from a world of storms
And a quiet reach like a remembered breast
In a haven of safety and splendid soft repose
One could drink life back in streams of honey-fire
Recover the lost habit of happiness
Feel her bright nature's glorious ambiance
And preen joy in her warmth and colour's rule

—

A continent of self-diffusing peace
An ocean of untrembling virgin fire

—

... this world of fragile forms
Carried on canvas-strips of shimmering Time

—

Her youth sat throned in calm felicity

—

An Inquisition of the priests of Night
In judgment sit on the adventurer soul

—

A work she had to do, a word to speak
Writing the unfinished story of her soul
In thoughts and actions graved in Nature's book
She accepted not to close the luminous page
Cancel her commerce with eternity
Or set a signature of weak assent
To the brute balance of the world's exchange

—

A prayer, a master act, a king idea
Can link man's strength to a transcendent Force

—

Then miracle is made the common rule
One mighty deed can change the course of things
A lonely thought becomes omnipotent.

—

A piston brain pumps out the shapes of thought
A beating heart cuts out emotion's modes

—

CANTO III: THE YOGA OF THE KING: THE YOGA OF THE SOUL'S
RELEASE

—

Into our province of ephemeral sight
A colonist from immortality

—

The little plot of our mortality
Touched by this tenant from the heights became
A playground of the living Infinite

—

This bodily appearance is not all
The form deceives, the person is a mask
Hid deep in man celestial powers can dwell

—

An incognito of the Imperishable

—

In the creature the unveiled creatrix works
Her face is seen through his face, her eyes through his eyes
Her being is his through a vast identity

—

The cosmic Worker set his secret hand
To turn this frail mud-engine to heaven-use

—

Truth unpartitioned found immense sky-room

—

Their love, their anger, their unspoken hopes
Entered in currents or in pouring waves
Into the immobile ocean of his calm

—

A knowledge which became what it perceived

—

In every hour loosed from the quiver of Time
There rose a song of new discovery
A bow-twang's hum of young experiment

—

Adventure leaped an unexpected friend

—

Oft inspiration with her lightning feet
A sudden messenger from the all-seeing tops

—

She broke in with inspired speech for scythe
And plundered the Unknowable's vast estate

—

The ways that lead to endless happiness
Ran like dream-smiles through meditating vasts

—

White sun-steppes in the pathless Infinite

—
CANTO IV: THE SECRET KNOWLEDGE
—

... sunrise splendours on a marvellous verge
While lingers yet unseen the glorious sun

—
Still regions of imperishable Light
All-seeing eagle-peaks of silent Power
And moon-flame oceans of swift fathomless Bliss

—
... golden privacies of immortal fire

—
... the long march of all-revealing Time

—
Always we bear in us a magic key
Concealed in life's hermetic envelope

—
Earth's winged chimeras are Truth's steeds in Heaven
The impossible God's sign of things to be

—
Our outward happenings have their seed within
And even this random Fate that imitates Chance
This mass of unintelligible results
Are the dumb graph of truths that work unseen

—

Absorbed in a routine of daily acts
Our eyes are fixed on an external scene
We hear the crash of the wheels of Circumstance
And wonder at the hidden cause of things

—

The galloping hooves of the unforeseen event

—

Mutterings that brood in the core of Matter's sleep

—

A prophet-speech in thought's omniscient trance

—

... belief shall be not till the work is done

—

Implacable in their timeless purity
All barter or bribe of worship they refuse

—

The universe is an endless masquerade
For nothing here is utterly what it seems

—

... trails his peacock-plumaged joy of life

—

In the march of this obvious ordinary world
Where all is deep and strange to the eyes that see
And Nature's common forms are marvel-wefts

—

His thought labours, a bullock in Time's fields

—

In Nature's instrument loiters secret God

—

He puts on joy and sorrow like a robe
And drinks experience like a strengthening wine

—

He has made this tenement of flesh his own

—

... all is a shadow cast by a dream

—

This is the sailor on the flow of Time
This is World-Matter's slow discoverer
Who, launched into this small corporeal birth,
Has learnt his craft in tiny bays of self

—

... raise a lost power from its python sleep

—

CANTO V: THE YOGA OF THE KING: THE YOGA OF THE SPIRIT'S
FREEDOM AND GREATNESS

—

... through a mist a sovereign peak is seen

—

Here chaos sorts itself into a world

—

A packed assemblage of crude tentative lives
Are pieced into a tessellated whole

—

... a simulacrum of enforced delight
In the seraglios of Ignorance

—

His hope a star above a cradle and grave

—

Forsaken wheeled the circle of the days

—

Pacing the vast cathedral of his thoughts
Under its arches dim with infinity
And heavenward brooding of invisible wings

—

Indifferent to the little outpost Mind

—

Abandoned on a canvas of torn air
A picture lost in far and fading streaks

—

An arrow leaping through eternity
Suddenly shot from the tense bow of Time
A ray returning to its parent sun

—

Death lay beneath him like a gate of sleep

—

In a moment shorter than Death, longer than Time

—

A fire that seemed the body of a god
Consumed the limiting figures of the past
And made large room for a new self to live

—

As through a dress the wearer's shape is seen
There reached through forms to the hidden absolute
A cosmic feeling and transcendent sight

—

The body now seemed only a wandering shell
His mind the many-frescoed outer court
Of an imperishable Inhabitant

—

The imprisoned deity rent its magic fence
As with a sound of thunder and of seas
Vast barriers crashed around the huge escape

—

The great hammer-beats of a pent-up world-heart
Burst open the narrow dams that keep us safe

—

All once impossible deemed could now become
A natural limb of possibility
A new domain of normalcy supreme

—

Out of the unformed and vacant Vast he has made
His sorcery of solid images ...
This criss-cross tangle of invisible laws

—

The rapid footsteps of her phantasy
Amid whose falls wonders like flowers rise
Are surer than reason, defter than device
And swifter than Imagination's wings

—

Indifferent to the angry stare of Death
It can immortalise a moment's work

—

Communicates without means the unspoken thought
It moves events by its bare silent will
Acts at a distance without hands or feet

—

It can illumine with a prophet sight

—

In kingdoms of an untrammelled glory of force

—

She draws from the free-love marriage of the planes
Elements for her creation's tour-de-force

—

In her unhedged Circean wonderland
Pell-mell she shepherds her occult mightinesses

—

... peeps and lightning-leaps of prophecy

—

A greater despot tamed her despotism

—

Assailed, surprised in the fortress of her self,
Conquered by her own unexpected King

—

A threshold guardian of the earth-scene's Beyond

—

Their lion-forces crouched beneath her feet

—

The future sleeps unknown behind their doors

—

An endless climb and adventure of the Idea
There tirelessly tempted the explorer mind

—

Beginnings of the half-screened Invisible

—

It lodged upon an edge of hourless Time
Gazing out of some everlasting Now

—

... the tassel and extended fringe
Are the scant stuff of our material lives

—

A map of subtle signs surpassing thought
Was hung upon a wall of inmost mind

—

Ascending and descending twixt life's poles
The serried kingdoms of the graded Law

—

Up a golden ladder carrying the Soul
Tying with diamond threads the Spirit's extremes

—

The fountain of its needed Ignorance
Archmason of the limits by which it lives

—

Predestined stadia of the evolving Way

—

... the confused refrain of human hopes

—

The inarticulate murmur of our lives

—

The deep spiritual cry in all that is

—

United were Time's creative mood and tense
To the style and syntax of Identity

—

... the strophes of a cosmic ode
A hierarchy of climbing harmonies

—

Homelands of beauty shut to human eyes
Half-seen at first through wonder's gleaming lids

—

Sunbelts of knowledge, moonbelts of delight
Stretched out in an ecstasy of widenesses
Beyond our indigent corporeal range

—

A voyager upon uncharted routes
Fronting the viewless danger of the Unknown
Adventuring across enormous realms
He broke into another Space and Time

BOOK TWO: THE BOOK OF THE TRAVELLER OF THE WORLDS

CANTO I: THE WORLD-STAIR

—

Where Space is a vast experiment of the soul

—

The living bodies of the Bodiless

—

The heaven-hints that invade our earthly lives,
The dire imaginations dreamed by Hell,
Which if enacted and experienced here
Our dulled capacity soon would cease to feel
Or our mortal frailty could not long endure,
Were set in their sublime proportions there

—

Their fortifying stress upon the soul
Bit deep into the ground of consciousness
The passion and purity of their single cry

—

... the embroidered tissue of his sense

—

The integer of the Spirit's perfect sum

—

He saw a lone immense high-curved world-pile
Erect like a mountain chariot of the Gods
Motionless under an inscrutable sky

—

As climbs a storeyed temple-tower to heaven
Built by the aspiring soul of man to live
Near to his dream of the Invisible

—

It is a brief compendium of the Vast

—

It is within, below, without, above

—

It calls out of our dense mortality
The conscious spirit nursed in Matter's house

—

Its unthought logic of Reality's acts
Arisen from the unspoken truth in things

—

Its steps are paces of the soul's return
From the deep adventure of material birth
A ladder of delivering ascent
And rungs that Nature climbs to deity

—

The wide and prone leap of a godhead's fall

—

Our life is a holocaust of the Supreme

—

The many-patterned ground of all we are

—

... steeped in their colour-lustres dimmed by her drowse

—

Her sleep is stirred by their buried memories

—

His vast design accepts a puny start
An attempt, a drawing half-done is the world's life
Its lines doubt their concealed significance
Its curves join not their high-intended close

—

The Artist's joy shall laugh at reason's rules

—

This faint and fluid sketch of soul called man
Shall stand out on the background of long Time
A glowing epitome of eternity

—

A void, a cipher of some secret Whole
Where zero held infinity in its sum

And All and Nothing were a single term
An eternal negative, a matrix Nought

—

A gas belched out from some invisible Fire
Of its dense rings were formed these million stars

—

... the thick smoke of earth's ignorance

—

... like a busy midwife the life-power
Deliver the zero carrier of the All

—

... Matter's breasts suckled the divine Idea

—

All ocean lived within a wandering drop
A time-made body housed the Illimitable

—

CANTO II: THE KINGDOM OF SUBTLE MATTER

—

A world of lovelier forms lies near to ours,
Where, undisguised by earth's deforming sight,
All shapes are beautiful and all things true

—

... in the sumptuous lineaments traced by desire

—

The golden issue of mind's labyrinth plots

—

... bright dewdrops drip from the Immortal's sky

—

A gossamer marriage-hall of Mind with Form
Is hidden by a tapestry of dreams

—

The embodiments of his outwinging thoughts
Laved in a bright everlasting wonder's tints
And lulled by whispers of that lucid air
Take dream-hued rest like birds on timeless trees
Before they dive to float on earth-time's sea

—

A carnival of beauty crowds the heights
In that magic kingdom of ideal sight

—

The spirit's leap towards body touches ground

—

After the falling of mortality's cloak
Lightened is its weight to heighten its ascent

—

Invests with grace the demon and the snake

—

And authorises our mortality

—

It is the immutable in their mutable forms

—

Touching things common with transfiguring hues
Till even earth's mud grows rich and warm with the skies

—

Its beauty dons our mud-mask ugliness

—

A heaven of creative truths above
A cosmos of harmonious dreams between
A chaos of dissolving forms below

—

... a subconscious yearning memory
Left from a happiness dead before she was born

—

All things she carries in her shapeless dust

—

Even in this prison-house of outer form
A brilliant passage for the infallible Flame
Is driven through gross walls of nerve and brain

—

His figure of a Time-inn for the Unborn

—

A subtle link of union joins all life
... all creation is a single chain

—

Our life is a spur in a sublime soul-range

—

... the prodigy of our nature's birth

—

Some far tune of the immortal rhapsodist Voice

—

... delight and beauty are inhabitants
And love and sweetness are the law of life

—

Its strength can overtake joy's running feet

—

The rapid net of an intuitive clasp
Captures the fugitive happiness we desire

—

Beauty is his footprint showing us where he has passed

—

The craftsman and the craft grown inly one

—

In that fair subtle realm behind our own
The form is all and physical gods are kings

—

A faultless beauty comes by Nature's grace

—

There liberty is perfection's guarantee

—

All is a miracle of symmetric charm

—

Marvel in an utter littleness abounds
An intricate rapture riots in a small space

—

It had no grace of error or defeat
It had no room for fault, no power to fail

—

Amazed, his senses ravished with delight

—

A captive of its own beauty and ecstasy

—

The beautiful body of a soul at ease
Like one who laughs in sweet and sunlit groves
Childlike she swung in her gold cradle of joy

—

She had no wings for wide and dangerous flight

—

A careless hour was spent in a slight bliss

—

CANTO III: THE GLORY AND FALL OF LIFE

—

A vagrancy was there that brooked no home
A journey of countless paths without a close

—

Unshepherded by the fear that walks through Time

—

She swept through the race-fields of Circumstance

—

Ambitioned the seas for robe, for crown the stars

—

An archipelago of laughter and fire

—

... imagination's comet trail of dream

—

The hazardous experimenting Mind
Pushes its way through obscure possibilities

—

The light of God she has parted from his dark
To test the savour of bare opposites

—

The grand creatrix with her cryptic touch
Has turned to pathos and power being's self-dream

—

... she has stabled her dreams in Matter's courts
And still her doors are barred to things supreme

—

Life was a happy laughter of the soul
And Joy was king with Love for minister

—

Life's contraries were lovers or natural friends
And her extremes keen edges of harmony

—

There none was weak, so falsehood could not live

—

Life's puissances reigned on seats of marble will

—

For worship lifts the worshipper's bowed strength
Close to the god's pride and bliss his soul adores

—

The ruler there is one with all he rules
To him who serves with a free equal heart
Obedience is his princely training's school
His nobility's coronet and privilege
His faith is a high nature's idiom
His service a spiritual sovereignty

—

In his wide sky she built her world anew
She gave to mind's calm pace the motor's speed
To thinking a need to live what the soul saw
To living an impetus to know and see

—

Of storm and sun they made companions
Sported with the white mane of tossing seas
Slew distance trampled to death under their wheels

—

Ideas were luminous comrades of the soul
Mind played with speech, cast javelins of thought

—

Like a song of pleasure on the lips of Time

—

A large spontaneous order freed the will
A sun-frank winging of the soul to bliss

The breadth and greatness of the unfettered act
And the swift fire-heart's golden liberty

—

She stooped to make her home in transient shapes
In Matter's womb she cast the Immortal's fire

—

To feed death with her works is here life's doom

—

CANTO IV: THE KINGDOMS OF THE LITTLE LIFE

—

In the troubled stream where leaps a blind heart-pulse
And the nerve-beat of feeling wakes in sense
Dividing Matter's sleep from conscious Mind
There strayed a call that knew not why it came

—

... the childlike pain-forgetting mind of beasts
Or live happy, unmoved, like flowers and trees

—

... sorrow is his nurse of destiny

—

In his fragile tenement he grows Nature's lord

—

In him Matter wakes from its long obscure trance

—

Life cast her seed in the body's indolent mould

—

She brought into Matter's dull tenacity
Her anguished claim to her lost sovereign right
Her tireless search, her vexed uneasy heart
Her wandering unsure steps, her cry for change

—

The priest an ignorant mage who only makes
Futile mutations in the altar's plan
And casts blind hopes into a powerless flame

—

Ascending slowly with unconscious steps
A foundling of the gods she wanders here
Like a child-soul left near the gates of Hell
Fumbling through fog in search of Paradise

—

Matter smitten by Matter glimmered to sense

—

Free in a world of settled anarchy

—

As shines a solitary witness star
That burns apart, Light's lonely sentinel
In the drift and teeming of a mindless Night
A single thinker in an aimless world

—

The first writhings of the cosmic serpent Force
Uncoiled from the mystic ring of Matter's trance

—

A mystic Presence none can probe nor rule

—

It summons the spirit's sleeping memories
Up from subconscious depths beneath Time's foam

—

Always a heaven-truth broods in life's deeps

—

A lost remembrance of felicity
Lurks still in the dumb roots of death and birth

—

The world's senseless beauty mirrors God's delight

—

That rapture's smile is secret everywhere
It flows in the wind's breath, in the tree's sap
Its hued magnificence blooms in leaves and flowers

—

When life broke through its half-drowse in the plant
That feels and suffers but cannot move or cry
In beast and in winged bird and thinking man

It made of the heart's rhythm its music's beat
It forced the unconscious tissues to awake
And ask for happiness and earn the pang
And thrill with pleasure and laughter of brief delight
And quiver with pain and crave for ecstasy

—

All Nature's longing drive none can resist
Comes surging through the blood and quickened sense
An ecstasy of the infinite is her cause
It turns in us to finite loves and lusts
The will to conquer and have, to seize and keep
To enlarge life's room and scope and pleasure's range
To battle and overcome and make one's own
The hope to mix one's joy with other's joy
A yearning to possess and be possessed
To enjoy and be enjoyed, to feel, to live

—

When all was plunged in the negating Void
Non-Being's night could never have been saved
If Being had not plunged into the dark
Carrying with it its triple mystic cross

—

A contradiction founds the base of life
The eternal, the divine Reality
Has faced itself with its own contraries
Being became the Void and Conscious-Force
Nescience and walk of a blind Energy
And Ecstasy took the figure of world-pain

—

A body that knew not its own soul within
There lived and longed, had wrath and joy and grief
A mind was there that met the objective world
As if a stranger or enemy at its door
Its thoughts were kneaded by the shocks of sense
It captured not the spirit in the form
It entered not the heart of what it saw
It looked not for the power behind the act
It studied not the hidden motive in things
Nor strove to find the meaning of it all

—

Isolated, cramped in the vast unknown
To save their small lives from surrounding Death
They made a tiny circle of defence
Against the siege of the huge universe
They preyed upon the world and were its prey
But never dreamed to conquer and be free

—

Only to the unstable surface rose
Sensations, stabs and edges of desire
And passion's leaps and brief emotion's cries
A casual colloquy of flesh with flesh
A murmur of heart to longing wordless heart
Glimmerings of knowledge with no shape of thought
And jets of subconscious will or hunger's pulls

—

It knew itself a creature of the mud
It asked no larger law, no loftier air
It had no inward look, no upward gaze

—

A market-place of trivial thoughts and acts
A life soon spent, a mind the body's slave

—

Out of a slow confused embroiled self-search
Mind grew to a clarity cut out, precise
A gleam enclosed in a stone ignorance

—

CANTO V: THE GODHEADS OF THE LITTLE LIFE

—

A fixed and narrow power with rigid forms
He saw the empire of the little life
An unhappy corner in eternity

—

It lived upon the margin of the Idea
Protected by Ignorance as in a shell

—

Imposing smallness on the Infinite
The ruling spirit of its littleness

—

He plunged his gaze into the siege of mist

—

As when a search-light stabs the Night's blind breast ...
All lurking things were torn out of their veils

—

The small conspiracies of this petty reign
Amused with the small contrivings, the brief hopes
And little eager steps and little ways
And reptile wallowing in the dark and dust
And the crouch and ignominy of creeping life

—

... fallen beings, their heavenly portion lost
... errant divinities trapped in Time's dust

—

Wherever are soulless minds and guideless lives ...
Wherever love and light and largeness lack
These crooked fashioners take up their task

—

This earth alone is not our teacher and nurse
The powers of all the worlds have entrance here
In their own fields they follow the wheel of law
And cherish the safety of a settled type
On earth out of their changeless orbit thrown
Their law is kept, lost their fixed form of things
Into a creative chaos they are cast
Where all asks order but is driven by Chance
Strangers to earth-nature, they must learn earth's ways
Aliens or opposites, they must unite
They work and battle and with pain agree
These join, those part, all parts and joins anew
Till all have found their divine harmony

—

Our life's uncertain way winds circling on
Our mind's unquiet search asks always light
Till they have learnt their secret in their source

—

To ignorant purposes and blind desires
Our hearts are moved by an ambiguous force
Even our mind's conquests wear a battered crown

—

In this whirl and sprawl through infinite vacancy
The Spirit became Matter and lay in the whirl

—

On the hearth of Space it kindled a viewless Fire
That, scattering worlds as one might scatter seeds,
Whirled out the luminous order of the stars

—

An ocean of electric Energy
Formlessly formed its strange wave-particles
Constructing by their dance this solid scheme
Its mightiness in the atom shut to rest
Masses were forged or feigned and visible shapes
Light flung the photon's swift revealing spark
And showed in the minuteness of its flash
Imaged this cosmos of apparent things
Thus has been made this real impossible world
An obvious miracle or convincing show
Or so it seems to man's audacious mind
Who seats his thought as the arbiter of truth
His personal vision as impersonal fact

As witnesses of an objective world
His erring sense and his instruments' artifice
Thus must he work life's tangible riddle out
In a doubtful light, by error seize on Truth
And slowly part the visage and the veil
Or else forlorn of faith in mind and sense
His knowledge a bright body of ignorance
He sees in all things strangely fashioned here
The unwelcome jest of a deceiving Force
A parable of Maya and her might

—

A dream of living woke in Matter's heart
A will to live moved in the Inconscient's dust
A freak of living startled vacant Time

—

... purposeful movements in unthinking forms
Betrayed the heavings of an imprisoned Will

—

Waking and sleep lay locked in mutual arms

—

A godhead woke but lay with dreaming limbs

—

Insentient to our eyes that only see
The form, the act and not the imprisoned God
Life hid in her pulse occult of growth and power
A consciousness with mute stifled beats of sense

A mind suppressed that knew not yet of thought
An inert spirit that could only be

—

She forced the reluctant mould to grow aware

—

This master-spring of a delicate enginery ...
He raised his eyes; Heaven-light mirrored a Face

—

Thought bordered her instincts with a frame of will

—

... passions that crumble to ashes while they blaze
Kindled the common earth with their brief flame

—

The mind learns and knows not, turning its back to truth
It studies surface laws by surface thought
Life's steps surveys and Nature's process sees
Not seeing for what she acts or why we live

—

Our reason cannot sound life's mighty sea
And only counts its waves and scans its foam

—

As our earth's roots lurk screened below our earth
So lie unseen our roots of mind and life

—

The conscious Doll is pushed a hundred ways
And feels the push but not the hands that drive

—

As long as the human animal is lord
And a dense nether nature screens the soul
As long as intellect's outward-gazing sight
Serves earthy interest and creature joys
An incurable littleness pursues his days
Ever since consciousness was born on earth
Life is the same in insect, ape and man
Its stuff unchanged, its way the common route
If new designs, if richer details grow
And thought is added and more tangled cares
If little by little it wears a brighter face
Still even in man the plot is mean and poor

—

His little hour is spent in little things
A brief companionship with many jars
A little love and jealousy and hate
A touch of friendship mid indifferent crowds

—

The bliss which sleeps in things and tries to wake
Breaks out in him in a small joy of life
This scanty grace is his persistent stay
It lightens the burden of his many ills
And reconciles him to his little world

—

Tomorrow's hopes and his old rounds of thoughts
His old familiar interests and desires
He has made a thick and narrowing hedge

—

In a narrow plot he has pitched his tent of life
Beneath the wide gaze of the starry Vast

—

At times all looks unreal and remote
We seem to live in a fiction of our thoughts
Pieced from sensation's fanciful traveller's tale

—

A somnambulist walking under the moon

—

There is a deeper seeing from within ...
A greater vision meets us on the heights

—

It peers at the Real through the apparent form

—

The unfelt Self within who is the guide
The unknown Self above who is the goal

—

The world is other than we now think and see
Our lives a deeper mystery than we have dreamed

Our minds are starters in the race to God
Our souls deputed selves of the Supreme

—

Across the cosmic field through narrow lanes
Asking a scanty dole from Fortune's hands
And garbed in beggar's robes there walks the One

—

Even in the theatre of these small lives
Behind the act a secret sweetness breathes
An urge of miniature divinity

—

A heart of bliss within a world of pain

—

In our body's cells there sits a hidden power

—

A door is cut in the mud wall of self

—

The body's tissues thrill apotheosized
Its cells sustain bright metamorphosis

—

Surprise the animal with the occult god

—

CANTO VI: THE KINGDOMS AND GODHEADS OF THE GREATER
LIFE

—

... he escaped from that grey anarchy

—

Grace of the unknown and hands of sudden surprise
And a touch of sure delight in unsure things

—

There nothing satisfied, but all allured

—

She shuts eternity into an hour
And fills a little soul with the Infinite

—

She has lured the Eternal into the arms of Time

—

A guardian of the fire that lights the suns

—

Even when her brightest stars are quenched in Night
Nourished by hardship and calamity
And with pain for her body's handmaid, masseuse, nurse
Her tortured invisible spirit continues still
To toil though in darkness, to create though with pangs

—

She reposes motionless in its dust of sleep

—

She fashions godlike marvels out of mud ...
Helps the live tissue to think, the closed sense to feel ...
In a heart of flesh miraculously loves

—

This world is her long journey through the night
The suns and planets lamps to light her road
Our reason is the confidante of her thoughts
Our senses are her vibrant witnesses

—

Time is her road of endless pilgrimage

—

In beauty she treasures the sunlight of his smile

—

Across a luminous dream of spirit-space
She builds creation like a rainbow bridge
Between the original Silence and the Void

—

Her purposes, her workings riddles prove
Examined, they grow other than they were
Explained, they seem yet more inexplicable

—

There the enigma shows its splendid prism

—

A consciousness lit by a Truth above

—

All forces are Life's retinue in that world
And thought and body as her handmaids move

—

Even of that largeness many a cabin make

—

A first immigration into heavenliness

—

Entire, not pulled as we by contrary tides

—

There is a knowledge in the heart of sleep

—

... evil and good an equal tenure keep
Wherever Knowledge is Ignorance's twin

—

A red-tiaraed falsehood they revere
Worship the shadow of a crooked god
Admit the black Idea that twists the brain
Or lie with the harlot Power that slays the Soul

—

... Beauty shines on them like a wandering star
Too far to reach, passionate they follow her light

—

Something they have done, something they have been, they live

—

As quivers with the thought the expressive word
As yearns the act with the passion of the soul
The world's apparent sensible design
Looks vibrant back to some interior might

—

In the communion of two meeting minds
Thought looked at thought and had no need for speech
Emotion clasped emotion in two hearts
They felt each other's thrill in the flesh and nerves
Or melted each in each and grew immense
As when two houses burn and fire joins fire
Hate grappled hate and love broke in on love
Will wrestled with will on mind's invisible ground
Others' sensations passing through like waves
Left quivering the subtle body's frame
Their anger rushed galloping in brute attack
A charge of trampling hooves on shaken soil
One felt another's grief invade the breast
Another's joy exulting ran through the blood
Hearts could draw close through distance, voices near
That spoke upon the shore of alien seas

—

As he moved in this ether of ambiguous life
Himself he grew a riddle to himself

—

Across the leaping springs of death and birth

—

Armed with a magical and haunted bow

—

As one who spells illumined characters
The key-book of a crabbed magician text
He scanned her subtle tangled weird designs
And the screened difficult theorem of her clues
Traced in the monstrous sands of desert Time
The thread beginnings of her titan works
Watched her charade of action for some hint
Read the No-gestures of her silhouettes
And strove to capture in their burdened drift
The dance-fantasia of her sequences
Escaping into rhythmic mystery
A glimmer of fugitive feet on fleeing soil

—

Ever he met key-words, ignorant of their key

—

A sun that dazzled its own eye of sight
A luminous enigma's brilliant hood
Lit the dense purple barrier of thought's sky

—

As if sitting near an open window's gap
He read by lightning-flash on crowding flash
Chapters of her metaphysical romance
Of the soul's search for lost Reality

—

In her thickets of joy where danger clasps delight

—

He stood with her on meditating peaks

—

Her hooded eagles of significance
Messengers of Thought to the Unknowable

—

Entering into her depths as into a house

—

Her hands that knead fate in their violent grasp

—

A passionate memory haunts with ecstasy's fire

—

Our souls are dragged as with a hidden leash
Carried from birth to birth, from world to world

—

A limping Yes through the aeons journeys still
Accompanied by an eternal No

—
CANTO VII: THE DESCENT INTO NIGHT
—

The formidable unknown Infinity
Asleep behind the endless coil of things

—
... the mouth of the black pit of Ignorance
—

On a dim bank where dies subjective Space
—

... on the foundations of the cosmic Law
Erected in bronze pylons of misrule
—

... in the ignorant heart a seed was sown
That bore black fruit of suffering, death and bale
—

... the putrid corpses of dead truths
—

... tasted corruption like a high-spiced food
—

It hunted the bright smile from Nature's lips
And slew the native confidence in her heart
And put fear's crooked look into her eyes

—

The fiend was visible, but cloaked in light
He seemed a helping angel from the skies
He armed untruth with Scripture and the Law
He deceived with wisdom, with virtue slew the soul
And led to perdition by the heavenward path

—

All who were there lived for themselves alone
All warred against all, but with a common hate
Turned on the mind that sought some higher good
Truth was exiled lest she should dare to speak
And hurt the heart of darkness with her light
Or bring her pride of knowledge to blaspheme
The settled anarchy of established things

—

There Ego was lord upon his peacock seat
And falsehood sat by him, his mate and queen

—

An eagle rapacity clawed its coveted good

—

Amid her clashing creeds and warring sects
Religion sat upon a blood-stained throne

—

Marked "missing" in the register of souls
His name the index of a failing hope
The position of a dead remembered star

—

Only were safe who kept God in their hearts
Courage their armour, faith their sword, they must walk
The hand ready to smite, the eye to scout
Casting a javelin regard in front
Heroes and soldiers of the army of Light

—

... grimed walls and savage slums of Night

—

A strong and fallen goddess without hope
Obscured, deformed by some dire Gorgon spell
As might a harlot empress in a bouge
Nude, unashamed, exulting she upraised
Her evil face of perilous beauty and charm
And, drawing panic to a shuddering kiss
Twixt the magnificence of her fatal breasts
Allured to their abyss the spirit's fall

—

The implacable splendor of her nightmare pomps

—

Wry statues spat and stiffened in life's mud

—

... sown grain of living death

—

... torture took the form of an embrace

—

Here cold material intellect was the judge
And needed sensual prick and jog and lash
That its hard dryness and dead nerves might feel
Some passion and power and acrid point of life

—

... the calm and sovereign eyes of Thought

—

... the stony eyelids of its fixed idea

—

A bull-throat bellowed with its brazen tongue

—

All vanished suddenly like a thought expunged ...
He was alone with the grey python Night

—

He measured the tides of Nature with a look
He met with his bare spirit naked Hell

—

CANTO VIII: THE WORLD OF FALSEHOOD, THE MOTHER OF
EVIL AND THE SONS OF DARKNESS

—

In the vain braggart freedom of his thought

—

An ancient womb of huge calamitous dreams
Coiled like a larva in the obscurity

—

... a zero parent of the worlds

—

... a false poignant figure of grief and pain
Still dolorously nailed upon a cross
Fixed in the soul of a dumb insentient world
Where birth was a pang and death an agony

—

There Good, a faithless gardener of God,
Watered with virtue the world's upas-tree

—

All high things served their nether opposite
The forms of Gods sustained a demon cult

—

A seed was in that nether matrix cast
A dumb unprobed husk of perverted truth

—

A seeking Mind replaced the seeing Soul
Life grew into a huge and hungry death
The Spirit's bliss was changed to cosmic pain

—

Obscured was the Truth-light in the cavern heart
That burns unwitnessed in the altar crypt
Behind the still velamen's secrecy

—

Alarmed by her rule and full of fear and rage
She prowls around each light that gleams through the dark
Casting its ray from the Spirit's lonely tent
Hoping to enter with fierce stealthy tread
And in the cradle slay the divine Child

—

... the pale moon of Mind

—

Empty and cold is the chamber of the Bride

—

This is the tragedy of the inner death
When forfeited is the divine element
And only a mind and body live to die

—

The doors of God they have locked with keys of creed

—

It needed the spice of pain, the salt of tears

—

A fury of jealousy burning the gnawed heart

—

The writhing of creatures under the harrow of doom

—

... horror and the hammering heart of fear
Were the ingredients in Time's heavy cup
That pleased and helped to enjoy its bitter taste

—

These were the threads of the dark spider's web
In which the soul was caught, quivering and wrapt
This was Religion ...

—

Kneeling one must cross hard-hearted stony courts
A pavement like a floor of evil fate
Each stone was a keen edge of ruthless force
And glued with the chilled blood from tortured breasts
The dry gnarled trees stood up like dying men
Stiffened into a pose of agony
And from each window peered an ominous priest

—

Cities uprooted, blasted human homes
Burned writhen bodies, the bombshell's massacre

—

A bitter rictus curled the suffering mouth

—

... they made themselves a fateful prison wall
Where men condemned wake through the creeping hours
Counted by the tollings of an ominous bell

—

In atomic parcellings of the Infinite
Near to the dumb beginnings of lost Self
He felt the curious small futility
Of the creation of material things

—

Healed were all things that Time's torn heart had made

—

CANTO IX: THE PARADISE OF THE LIFE-GODS

—

Immune the unfettered Spirit of Delight
Pastured his gleaming sun-herds and moon-flocks
Along the lyric speed of griefless streams
In fragrance of the unearthly asphodel

—

A murmur of inarticulate ravishment
Trembled in the winds ...

—

A dim and happy music sweetly stole

—

Burning like sunsets in a trance of eve

—

Into a joyful stillness plunged their base

—

Crossed by a throng of singing rivulets
Adoring blue heaven with their happy hymn

—

All things were perfect there that flower in Time
Beauty was there creation's native mould
Peace was a thrilled voluptuous purity
There Love fulfilled her gold and roseate dreams
And Strength her crowned and mighty reveries
Desire limbed up, a swift omnipotent flame
And Pleasure had the stature of the gods
Dream walked along the highway of the stars
Sweet common things turned into miracles
Overtaken by the spirit's sudden spell
Smitten by a divine passion's alchemy
Pain's self compelled transformed to potent joy
Curing the antithesis between heaven and hell

—

Trembling with the beauty of a wordless speech
... thoughts too great and deep to find a voice
Thoughts whose desire new-makes the universe

—

His gates to the world were swept with seas of light

—

His earth, dowered with celestial competence
Harboured a power that needed now no more
To cross the closed customs-line of mind and flesh
And smuggle godhead into humanity

—

A giant drop of the Bliss unknowable
Overwhelmed his limbs and round his soul became
A fiery ocean of felicity
He foundered drowned in sweet and burning vasts
The dire delight that could shatter mortal flesh
The rapture that the gods sustain he bore
Immortal pleasure cleansed him in its waves
And turned his strength into undying power
Immortality captured Time and carried Life

—

CANTO X: THE KINGDOMS AND GODHEADS OF THE LITTLE MIND

—

This breath of hundred-hued felicity
And its pure heightened figure of Time's joy
Tossed upon waves of flawless happiness
Hammered into single beats of ecstasy
This fraction of the spirit's integer
Caught into a passionate greatness of extremes
This limited being lifted to zenith bliss

—

The hours discovered immortality

—

This creature who hugs his limits to feel safe

—

A glory and sweetness of satisfied desire
Tied up the spirit to golden posts of bliss

—

A memory soft as grass and faint as sleep
The beauty and call receding sank behind
Like a sweet song heard fading far away
Upon the long high road to Timelessness
Above was an ardent white tranquility

—

A musing spirit looked out on the worlds
And like a brilliant clambering of skies
Passing through clarity to an unseen Light
Large lucent realms of Mind from stillness shone

—

Parting Life's sentient flow from Thought's self-poise

—

... the half-conscience of the animal soul
Living in a crowded press of shape-events

—

The slow process of a material mind
Which serves the body it should rule and use

—

To eternal light and knowledge meant to rise
Up from man's bare beginning is our climb
Out of earth's heavy smallness we must break
We must search our nature with spiritual fire
An insect crawl preludes our glorious flight
Our human state cradles the future god
Our mortal frailty an immortal force

—

At the glow-worm top of these pale glimmer-realms
Where dawn-sheen gamboled with the native dusk
And helped the Day to grow and Night to fail
Escaping over a wide and shimmering bridge
He came into a realm of early Light
And the regency of a half-risen sun

—

A covert nurse of Nature's miracles
It shaped life's wonders out of Matter's mud
It cut the pattern of the shapes of things
It pitched mind's tent in the vague ignorant Vast
A master Magician of measure and device
Has made an eternity from recurring forms
And to the wandering spectator thought
Assigned a seat on the inconscient stage

—

A bodiless energy put on Matter's robe

—

Proton and photon served the imager Eye
To change things subtle into a physical world

And the invisible appeared as shape
And the impalpable was felt as mass
Magic of percept joined with concept's art

—

The mediating light linked body's power
The sleep and dreaming of the tree and plant
The animal's vibrant sense, the thought in man
To the effulgence of a Ray above

—

... found a means for Nescience to know

—

An aide of the inventor intellect
It cut Truth into manageable bits
That each might have his ration of thought-food

—

A robot exact and serviceable and false
Displaced the spirit's finer view of things
A polished engine did the work of a god

—

Imagination called her shining squads

—

Myth suckled knowledge with her lustrous milk

—

... the staple or dry straw of Reason's tilth
Its heaped fodder of innumerable facts
Plebian fare on which today we thrive

—

Its gold-horned herds trooped into earth's cave-heart

—

As one it works who builds a mimic fort
Miraculously stable for a while
Made of the sands upon a bank of Time
Mid an occult eternity's shoreless sea

—

Arousing knowledge from its sleepy lair

—

Expelling Nature's mystic unity
Cuts into quantum and mass the moving All

—

A slave of a fixed mass of absolute rules
It sees as Law the habits of the world
It sees as Truth the habits of the mind

—

... things long known and actions always done
Are to its clinging hold a balustrade
Of safety on the perilous stair of Time

—

One sees it circling faithful to its task
Tireless in an assigned tradition's round
In decayed and crumbling offices of Time
It keeps close guard in front of custom's wall
Or in an ancient Night's dim environs
It dozes on a little courtyard's stones
And barks at every unfamiliar light
As at a foe who would break up its home
A watch-dog of the spirit's sense-railed house
Against intruders from the Invisible
Nourished on scraps of life and Matter's bones
In its kennel of objective certitude

—

A fathomless sameness rhythms the tread of life
The stars' changeless orbits furrow inert Space
A million species follow one mute Law

—

A huge inertness is the world's defence
Even in change is treasured changelessness
Into inertia revolution sinks
In a new dress the old resumes its role
The Energy acts, the stable is its seal

—

A hunchback rider of the red Wild-Ass

—

It burns all breasts with an ambiguous fire

—

Hungry it stared from a mottled bough of life

—

A snake of flame with a dark cloud for tail ...
It licked at knowledge with a smoky tongue

—

An uncertain winner of uncertain stakes ...
It ran its race and came in first or last

—

Into a packed irrational world of Chance ...
Came Reason, the squat godhead artisan
To her narrow house upon a ridge in Time

—

Armed with her lens and measuring-rod and probe
She looked upon an object universe

—

For the world seen she weaves a world conceived

—

On the huge bare walls of human nescience
Written round Nature's deep dumb hieroglyphs
She pens in clear demotic characters
The vast encyclopaedia of her thoughts
An algebra of her mathematics' signs
Her numbers and unerring formulas
She builds to clinch her summary of things

—

A million faces wears her knowledge here
And every face is turbaned with a doubt

—

Although like sunbeams to our glow-worm mind
Her knowledge feigns to fall from a clear heaven
Its rays are a lantern's lusters in the Night
She throws a glittering robe on Ignorance

—

A bullock yoked in the cart of proven fact
She drags huge knowledge-bales through Matter's dust
To reach utility's immense bazaar

—

As if she knew not facts are husks of truth
The husks she keeps, the kernel throws aside

—

An ancient wisdom fades into the past
The ages' faith becomes an idle tale
God passes out of the awakened thought
An old discarded dream needed no more
Only she seeks mechanic nature's keys

—

It plans without thinking, acts without a will
A million purposes serves with purpose none
And builds a rational world without a mind

—

Death's head on the body of Necessity

—

Of soul or spirit we have now no need
Matter is the admirable Reality
The patent unescapable miracle
The hard truth of things, simple, eternal, sole

—

A suicidal rash expenditure
Creating the world by a mystery of self-loss
Has poured its scattered works on empty space
Late shall the self-disintegrating Force
Contract the immense expansion it has made
Then ends this mighty and unmeaning toil
The Void is left bare, vacant as before
Thus vindicated, crowned, the grand new Thought
Explained the world and mastered all its laws
Touched the dumb roots, woke veiled tremendous powers
It bound to service the unconscious djinns
That sleep unused in Matter's ignorant trance

—

A lightning from the undiscovered Truth
Startled her eyes with its perplexing glare
And dug a gulf between the Real and Known

—

The rare-point sparse substratum Universe
On which floats a solid world's phenomenal face
Alone a process of events was there
And Nature's plastic and protean change
And, strong by death to slay, or to create
The riven invisible atom's omnipotent force

—

For Reason then might grasp the original force
To drive her car upon the roads of Time

—

A touch can alter the fixed front of Fate

—

... we may find when all the rest has failed
Hid in ourselves the key of perfect change

—

Ascending from the soil where creep our days
Earth's consciousness may marry with the Sun
Our mortal life ride on the spirit's wing
Our finite thoughts commune with the Infinite

—

The world she has made is an interim report

—

The Truth is known only when all is seen

—

Reason cannot tear off that glimmering mask

—

Finding her hands too small to hold vast Truth
She breaks up knowledge into alien parts

—

Our ignorance is Wisdom's chrysalis

—

Even while her fingers fumble at the knots
Which bind them to their strange companionship
Into the moments of their married strife
Sometimes break flashes of the enlightening Fire

—

Even now great thoughts are here that walk alone

—

In an investiture of intuitive light ...
Announcers of a distant Truth they flame
Arriving from the rim of eternity

—

Iconoclast and shatterer of Time's forts
Overleaping limit and exceeding norm
It lit the thoughts that glow through the centuries

—

As far as its self-winged airplanes could fly
Visiting the future in great brilliant raids
It reconnoitered vistas of dream-fate

—

CANTO XI: THE KINGDOMS AND GODHEADS OF THE GREATER
MIND

—

The godhead crammed into mind's narrow space
Escapes on every side into some vast
That is a passage to infinity

—

It knows itself and in itself it lives

—

Its feet are steadied upon finite things
Its wings can dare to cross the Infinite

—

It spreads beyond the expanding universe
It wings beyond the boundaries of Dream

—

Its speed that outstrips the ambling of the hours

—

In an air which doubt and error cannot mark
With the stigmata of their deformity

—

Exempt from our world's exorbitant tax of tears
Dreaming its luminous creations gaze
On the Ideas that people eternity

—

Across a gleaming ether's golden laugh
A light falls on our vexed unsatisfied lives
A thought comes down from the ideal worlds

And moves us to new-model even here
Some image of their greatness and appeal
And wonder beyond the ken of mortal hope

—

Amid the heavy sameness of the days

—

A faith in things that are not and must be
Lives comrade of this world's delight and pain
The child of the secret soul's forbidden desire
Born of its amour with eternity

—

These promptings come not from an alien sphere
Ourselves are citizens of that mother State
Adventurers, we have colonized Matter's night
But now our rights are barred, our passports void
We live self-exiled from our heavenlier home

—

Hampered by obscure cell and treacherous nerve
It dreams of happier states and nobler powers

—

Amidst earth's mist and fog and mud and stone
It still remembers its exalted sphere
And the high city of its splendid birth

—

... Will is a conscious chariot of the Gods
And Life a splendor stream of musing Force
Carries the voices of the mystic Suns

—

A happiness it brings of whispered truth
There runs in its flow honeying the bosom of Space
A laughter from the immortal heart of Bliss
And the unfathomed Joy of timelessness
The sound of Wisdom's murmur in the Unknown
And the breath of an unseen Infinity

—

In gleaming clarities of amethyst air
The chainless and omnipotent Spirit of Mind
Brooded on the blue lotus of the Idea

—

On meditation's mounting edge of trance
Great stairs of thought climbed up to unborn heights
Where Time's last ridges touch eternity's skies
And Nature speaks to the spirit's absolute

—

A packed and endless soar as if sky pressed sky

—

In front of the ascending epiphany
World-Time's enjoyers, favourites of World-Bliss
The Masters of things actual, lords of the hours
Playmates of youthful Nature and child God
Creators of Matter by hid stress of Mind

Whose subtle thoughts support unconscious Life
And guide the fantasy of brute events
Stood there, a race of young keen-visioned Gods
King-children born on Wisdom's early plane
Taught in her school world-making's mystic play

—

This wide world-kindergarten of young souls
Where the infant spirit learns through mind and sense
To read the letters of the cosmic script

—

Its free caprice they bound by rhythmic laws

—

The All-containing was contained in form ...
Unending Space was beaten into a curve ...
The mystery of the Formless cast into form

—

Inevitable their thoughts like links of Fate

—

Audacious lines were traced upon the Void

—

Their tangled motives worked out unity

—

A wisdom read their mind to themselves unknown
Their anarchy rammed into a formula

And from their giant randomness of Force
Following the habit of their million paths
Distinguishing each faintest line and stroke
Of a concealed unalterable design
Out of the chaos of the Invisible's moods
Derived the calculus of Destiny

—

The Eternal's winging eagle puissances
Surprised in their untracked empyrean

—

Each mystiered God forced to revealing form
Assigned his settled moves in Nature's game
Zigzagged at the gesture of a chess-player Will
Across the chequer-board of cosmic Fate

—

In the sketch precise of an ideal face
Forgotten was her eyelashes' dream-print
Carrying on their curve infinity's dreams
Lost the alluring marvel of her eyes
The surging wave-throbs of her vast sea-heart

—

By knowing too much they missed the Whole to be known
The fathomless heart of the world was left unguessed
And the Transcendent kept its secrecy

—

Bare steps climbed up like glowing rocks of gold
Burning their way to a pure absolute sky

—
... Mind unwitting serves a higher Power
It is a channel, not the source of all
—

A Wisdom knows and guides the mystiered world
A Truth-gaze shapes its beings and events
A Word self-born upon creation's heights
Voice of the Eternal in the temporal spheres
Prophet of the seeings of the Absolute
Sows the Idea's significance in Form
And from that seed the growths of Time arise
On peaks beyond our ken the All-Wisdom sits
A single and infallible look comes down
A silent touch from the supernal's air
Awakes to ignorant knowledge in its acts
The secret power in the inconscient depths
Compelling the blinded Godhead to emerge
Determining Necessity's rude dance
As she passes through the circuit of the hours
And vanishes from the chase of finite eyes
Down circling vistas of aeonic Time
—

Forced to become what in themselves they hide
For He who is grows manifest in the years
And the slow Godhead shut within the cell
Climbs from the plasm to immortality
—

A sliver-winged fire of naked subtle sense
An ear of mind withdrawn from the outward's rhymes

Discovered the seed-sounds of the eternal Word
The rhythm and music heard that built the worlds
And seized in things the bodiless Will to be

—

The Illimitable they measured with number's rods ...
In transparent systems bodied termless truths

—

In a spiritual zero it sat throned
And took its vast silence for the Ineffable

—

Attracting into time the timeless Light
Imprisoning eternity in the hours
This they have planned, to snare the feet of Truth
In an aureate net of concept and of phrase
And keep her captive for the thinker's joy
In his little world built of immortal dreams

—

An empress prisoner in her subject's house

—

Icon of his heart's sole idolatry

—

A new beginning flowers in word and laugh
A new charm brings back the old extreme delight
He is lost in her, she is his heaven here
Truth smiled upon the gracious golden game

—

Incarnating her beauty in his clasp
She gave for a brief kiss her immortal lips
And drew to her bosom one glorified mortal head
She made earth her home, for whom heaven was too small

—

Into thought's narrow limits she has come
Her greatness she has suffered to be pressed
Into the little cabin of the Idea
The closed room of a lonely thinker's grasp
She has lowered her heights to the stature of our souls
And dazzled our lids with her celestial gaze

—

The whole world lives in a lonely ray of her sun

—

Out of our thoughts we must leap up to sight

—

CANTO XII: THE HEAVENS OF THE IDEAL

—

Always the ideal beckoned from afar
Awakened by the touch of the Unseen
Deserting the boundary of things achieved
Aspired the strong discoverer, tireless Thought
Revealing at each step a luminous world

—

A new degree of wonder and of bliss
A new rung formed in Being's mighty stair
A great wide step trembling with jewelled fire
As if a burning spirit quivered there
Upholding with his flame the immortal hope

—

The heavens of the ideal Mind were seen
Or a blue lucency of dreaming space
Like strips of brilliant sky clinging to the moon

—

... the spontaneous bliss that beauty gives
The lovely kingdoms of the deathless Rose
Above the spirit cased in mortal sense
Are superconscious realms of heavenly peace
Below, the Inconscient's sullen dim abyss
Between, behind our life, the deathless Rose

—

Flowers goldening our earth of red desire

—

... the soiled passionate ritual of our hopes

—

A fiery stillness wakes the slumbering cells

—

The wings that crowd Thought's ardent silences

—

... the mysteried vineyards of the gold moon-wine

—

Time's sun-flowers' gaze at gold Eternity

—

A million lotuses swaying on one stem
World after coloured and ecstatic world
Climbs towards some far unseen epiphany

—

Man's virtue, a coarse-spun ill-fitting dress

—

The radiant children of eternity dwell
On the wide spirit height where all are one

—

CANTO XIII: IN THE SELF OF MIND

—

A finis-line on the last page of thought

—

From hidden silences the act is born
Into the voiceful mind, the labouring world

—

A doubt corroded even the means to think
Distrust was thrown upon Mind's instruments
All that it takes for reality's shining coin

Proved fact, fixed inference, deduction clear
Firm theory, assured significance
Appeared as frauds upon Time's credit bank
Or assets valueless in Truth's treasury

—

An Ignorance on an uneasy throne
Travestied with a fortuitous sovereignty
A figure of knowledge garbed in dubious words
And tinsel thought-forms brightly inadequate

—

A labourer in the dark dazzled by half-light
What it knew was an image in a broken glass
What it saw was real but its sight untrue

—

All the ideas in its vast repertory
Were like the mutterings of a transient cloud
That spent itself in sound and left no trace

—

A frail house hanging in uncertain air
The thin ingenious web round which it moves
Put out awhile on the tree of the universe
And gathered up into itself again
Was only a trap to catch life's insect food
Winged thoughts that flutter fragile in brief light
But dead, once captured in fixed forms of mind
Aims puny but looming large in man's small scale
Flickers, of imagination's brilliant gauze
And cobweb-wrapped beliefs alive no more

—

Our mind is a house haunted by the slain past
Ideas soon mummified, ghosts of old truths
God's spontaneities tied with formal strings
And packed into drawers of reason's trim bureau
A grave of great lost opportunities
Or an office for misuse of soul and life
And all the waste man makes of heaven's gifts
And all the squanderings of Nature's store
A stage for the comedy of Ignorance

—

The builder Reason lost her confidence
In the successful sleight and turn of thought
That makes the soul the prisoner of a phrase

—

Almost it seems a lotus-leaf afloat
On a nude pool of cosmic Nothingness

—

An idol, not the living body of God

—

Immortal by renewed mortality
It wandered in the spiral of its acts

—

CANTO XIV: THE WORLD-SOUL

—

In a far-shimmering background of Mind-Space

—

As if a beckoning finger of secrecy
Outstretched into a crystal mood of air

—

A mute and quivering ecstasy of light
A passion and delicacy of roseate fire

—

It seemed the yearning of a lonely flute
That roamed along the shores of memory

—

A cricket's rash and fiery single note
It marked with shrill melody night's moonless hush

—

... a vast forest's hymn
The solemn reminder of a temple gong

—

A bee-croon honey-drunk in summer isles
Ardent with ecstasy in a slumberous noon

—

... the far anthem of a pilgrim sea

—

As if the invisible Beloved had come
Assuming the sudden loveliness of a face

—

And the world change with the beauty of a smile

—

A point that was the conscious knot of space

—

A single Person who was himself and all

—

It bore within itself a seed, a flame
A seed from which the Eternal is new-born
A flame that cancels death in mortal things

—

No veil was felt, no brute barrier inert
Distance could not divide, Time could not change

—

... a moved identity
A sympathy of self with other selves

—

And heart laid bare to heart without walls of speech

—

Finer than fineness, deeper than the deeps

—

As when one walks in sleep through luminous dreams
And, conscious, knows the truth their figures mean

—

A loveliness of lakes and streams and hills
A flow, a fixity in a soul-space
And plains and valleys, stretches of soul-joy
And gardens that were flower-tracts of the spirit
Its meditations of tinged reverie

—

A fragrance wandered in a coloured haze
As if the scent and hue of all sweet flowers
Had mingled to copy heaven's atmosphere

—

Appealing to the soul and not the eye
Beauty lived there at home in her own house
There all was beautiful by its own right
And needed not the splendour of a robe

—

Once more they must face the problem-game of birth

—

His knowledge stripped bare of the garbs of sense
Knew by identity without thought or word

—

A gesture came as of worlds thrown away

—

Attracted to the large and luminous depths
Of the ravishing enigma of her eyes
He saw the mystic outline of a face

—

Overwhelmed by her implacable light and bliss
An atom of illimitable self
Mastered by the honey and lightning of her power
Tossed towards the shores of her ocean ecstasy
Drunk with a deep golden spiritual wine
He cast from the rent stillness of his soul
A cry of adoration and desire
And the surrender of his boundless mind
And the self-giving of his silent heart

—

CANTO XV: THE KINGDOMS OF THE GREATER KNOWLEDGE

—

A light was round him wide and absolute
A diamond purity of eternal sight

—

The Knowledge by which the Knower is the Known
The Love in which Beloved and Lover are one

—

A thousand roads leaped into Eternity

—

He knocked at the doors of the Unknowable

—

All there were moving mansions of God-bliss

—

A universal beauty showed its face
The invisible deep-fraught significances
Here sheltered behind form's insensible screen
Uncovered to him their deathless harmony
And the key to the wonder-book of common things

—

On peaks where Silence listens with still heart
To the rhythmic metres of the rolling worlds

—

Absolved from the ligaments of death and sleep
He rode the lightning seas of cosmic Mind
And crossed the ocean of original sound

—

He trod along extinction's narrow edge
Near the high verges of eternity
And mounted the gold ridge of the World-dream

—

The wings that fold around created space
The sun-eyed Guardians and the golden Sphinx

—

All flowed immeasurably to one sea
All living forms became its atom homes

—

The moments there were pregnant with all time

—

Sight was a flame-throw from identity

—

His brain was wrapped in overwhelming Light
An all-embracing knowledge seized his heart
Thoughts rose in him no earthly mind can hold
Mights played that never coursed through mortal nerves
He scanned the secrets of the Overmind
He bore the rapture of the Oversoul

BOOK THREE: THE BOOK OF THE DIVINE MOTHER

CANTO I: THE PURSUIT OF THE UNKNOWNABLE

-

On a dizzy verge where all disguises fail
And human mind must abdicate in Light
Or die like a moth in the naked blaze of Truth
He stood compelled to a tremendous choice

-

The separate self must melt or be reborn

-

Space was the fluttering of a dream ...

-

A stark companionless Reality

-

There was no mind there with its need to know
There was no heart there with its need to love

-

CANTO II: THE ADORATION OF THE DIVINE MOTHER

-

A wall of stillness shuts it from the world
A gulf of stillness swallows up the sense

And makes unreal all that mind has known
All that the labouring senses still would weave
Prolonging an imaged unreality

-

Self's vast spiritual silence occupies space

-

One was within thee who was self and world
What hast thou done for his purpose in the stars?
Escape brings not the victory and the crown

-

Only the everlasting No has neared
And stared into thy eyes and killed thy heart
But where is the Lover's everlasting Yes

-

A black veil has been lifted; we have seen
The mighty shadow of the omniscient Lord
But who has lifted up the veil of light
And who has seen the body of the King?

-

Unsolved the riddle of the unfinished play
The cosmic Player laughs within his mask
And still the last inviolate secret hides
Behind the human glory of a Form
Behind the gold eidolon of a Name

-

In absolute silence sleeps an absolute Power ...
To free the self is but one radiant pace
Here to fulfill himself was God's desire

-

It justified the labour of the suns

-

The covering Nescience was unmasked and slain

-

The hidden Word was found, the long-sought clue
Revealed was the meaning of our spirit's birth
Condemned to an imperfect body and mind
In the inconscience of material things
And the indignity of mortal life

-

Immensity was exceeded by a look
A Face revealed the crowded infinite

-

Thus was a seed cast into endless Time
A Word is spoken or a Light is shown
A moment sees, the ages toil to express
So flashing out of the Timeless leaped the worlds
An eternal instant is the cause of the years

-

Heaven is too high for outstretched hands to seize

-

CANTO III: THE HOUSE OF THE SPIRIT AND THE NEW CREATION

-

In the unapproachable stillness of his soul
Intense, one-pointed, monumental, lone
Patient he sat like an incarnate hope
Motionless on a pedestal of prayer

-

... the white purity of heaven's cleansing flame

-

He tore desire up from its bleeding roots

-

His soul was all in front like a great sea
Flooding the mind and body with its waves

-

His seeking mind ceased in the Truth that knows

-

... past not-self and self and selflessness

-

There no beginning is and there no end

-

As if a sea exploring its own depths

-

All mind was a single harp of many strings
All life a song of many meeting lives
For worlds were many, but the Self was one

-

As if prolonging in a celestial count
In a rapturous multiplication's sum
The recurring decimals of eternity

-

It made all persons fractions of the Unique
Yet all were being's secret integers

-

His words were syllables of the cosmos' speech

-

Truth's iris-coloured wings of fantasy

-

Untired of sameness and untired of change

-

A tongueless oracle shall speak at last

-

Far off upon the rim of consciousness
Transient and frail this little whirling globe
And on it left like a lost dream's vain mould
A fragile copy of the spirit's shell

-

It listened for the footsteps of its hopes

-

CANTO IV: THE VISION AND THE BOON

-

Linked in the grasp of an unspoken joy

-

Intoxicated as with nectarous rain

-

Each nerve became a burning thread of joy

-

I am the Mystery beyond reach of mind
I am the goal of the travail of the suns
My fire and sweetness are the cause of life

-

Ploughing the air of life with vanishing trails

-

He is a stranger in the mindless vasts
A traveller in his oft-shifting home
Amid the tread of many infinitudes
He has pitched a tent of life in desert Space

-

The Dragon of the dark foundations keeps
Unalterable the law of Chance and Death
On his long way through Time and Circumstance
The grey-hued riddling nether shadow-Sphinx
Her dreadful paws upon the swallowing sands
Awaits him armed with the soul-slaying word
Across his path sits the dim camp of Night

-

In an ill-fitting and voluminous robe
A radiant purpose still conceals its face
A mighty blindness stumbles hoping on
Feeding its strength on gifts of luminous Chance

-

The Godhead frustrate sleeps within its seed
A spirit entangled in the forms it made

-

His failure is not failure whom God leads

-

... how shall the end be vain when God is guide?

-

A borrower of Supernature's gold
He paves his road to Immortality

-

The high gods look on man and watch and choose
Today's impossibles for the future's base

-

His transience trembles with the Eternal's touch

-

A Splendour sullied by the mortal air
Love passes through his heart, a wandering guest
Beauty surrounds him for a magic hour
He has visits of a large revealing joy
Brief widenesses release him from himself
Enticing towards a glory ever in front
Hopes of a deathless sweetness lure and leave

-

A strange and grandiose symbol was his birth
And immortality and spirit-room
And pure perfection and a shadowless bliss
Are this afflicted creature's mighty fate

-

Leave not the light to die the ages bore

-

Assent to thy high self, create, endure

-

Cease not from knowledge, let thy toil be vast
No more in earthly limits pen thy force
Equal thy work with long unending Time's

-

My light shall be in thee, my strength thy force

-

August and sweet sank hushed that mighty Voice

-

I who have seen behind the cosmic mask
The glory and the beauty of thy face

-

How long shall our spirits battle with the Night
And bear defeat and the brute yoke of Death
We who are vessels of a deathless Force
And builders of the godhead of the race?

-

Where is the thunder of thy victory's wings?
Only we hear the feet of passing gods

-

All we have done is ever still to do
All breaks and all renews and is the same

-

A foiled immortal soul in perishing limbs
Baffled and beaten back we labour still
Annulled, frustrated, spent, we still survive

-

A golden vessel of the incarnate Truth

-

In the beginning is prepared the close

-

A power arose out of my slumber's cell

-

Abandoning the tardy limp of the hours

-

There was a clangour of Destruction's wings
The Titan's battle-cry was in my ears
Alarm and rumour shook the armoured Night

-

I saw the Omnipotent's flaming pioneers
Over the heavenly verge which turns towards life
Come crowding down the amber stairs of birth
Forerunners of a divine multitude
Out of the paths of the morning star they came
Into the little room of mortal life
I saw them cross the twilight of an age
The sun-eyed children of a marvellous dawn
The great creators with wide brows of calm
The massive barrier-breakers of the world
And wrestlers with destiny in her lists of will
The labourers in the quarries of the gods
The messengers of the Incommunicable
The architects of immortality
Into the fallen human sphere they came
Faces that wore the Immortal's glory still
Voices that communed still with the thoughts of God
Bodies made beautiful by the Spirit's light

Carrying the magic word, the mystic fire
Carrying the Dionysian cup of joy
Approaching eyes of a diviner man
Lips chanting an unknown anthem of the soul
Feet echoing in the corridors of Time

-

Discoverers of beauty's sunlit ways

-

All heavenly light shall visit the earth's thoughts

-

The splendid youth of Time has passed and failed

-

Linger not long with thy transmuting hand
Pressed vainly on one golden bar of Time

-

One moment fill with thy eternity
Let thy infinity in one body live
All-Knowledge wrap one mind in seas of light
All-Love throb single in one human heart
Immortal, treading the earth with mortal feet
All heaven's beauty crowd in earthly limbs

-

The spirit of beauty was revealed in sound ...
And on her lips the Immortal's joy took shape

-

One shall descend and break the iron Law
Change Nature's doom by the lone Spirit's power
A limitless Mind that can contain the world
A sweet and violent heart of ardent calms
Moved by the passions of the gods shall come
All might and greatnesses shall join in her
Beauty shall walk celestial on the earth
Delight shall sleep in the cloud-net of her hair
And in her body as on his homing tree
Immortal Love shall beat his glorious wings
A music of griefless things shall weave her charm
The harps of the Perfect shall attune her voice
The streams of Heaven shall murmur in her laugh
Her lips shall be the honeycombs of God
Her limbs his golden jars of ecstasy
Her breasts the rapture-flowers of Paradise
She shall bear Wisdom in her voiceless bosom
Strength shall be with her like a conqueror's sword
And from her eyes the Eternal's bliss shall gaze
A seed shall be sown in Death's tremendous hour
A branch of heaven transplant to human soil
Nature shall overleap her mortal step
Fate shall be changed by an unchanging will

-

A music failing in the ear of trance

-

A quick and many-murmured moan and laugh
Came gliding in upon white feet of sound

-

His soul drew back into the speed and noise
Of the vast business of created things

-

... twixt the pauses of the building brain
Touched by the thoughts that skim the fathomless surge
Of Nature and wing back to hidden shores

BOOK FOUR: THE BOOK OF BIRTH AND QUEST

CANTO I: THE BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF THE FLAME

-

Across the burning langour of the soil
Paced Summer with his pomp and violent noons
And stamped his tyranny of torrid light
And the blue seal of a great burnished sky

-

Rain-tide burst in upon torn wings of heat

-

Tempests' pronunciamientos claimed the sky

-

The dense maned monsoon rode neighing through earth's hours
Thick now the emissary javelins
Enormous lightnings split the horizon's rim
And, hurled from the quarters as from contending camps
Married heaven's edges steep and bare and blind
A surge and hiss and onset of huge rain
The long straight sleet-drift, clamours of winged storm-charge
Throngs of wind-faces, rushing of wind-feet
Hurrying swept through the prone afflicted plains

-

... a faint ray glimmered through weeping clouds
As a sad smile gleams veiled by returning tears

All promised brightness failed at once denied
Or, soon condemned, died like a brief-lived hope

-

... an identity and ecstasy
Filled meditation's solitary heart

-

A dream loitered in the dumb mind of Space

-

Then Spring, an ardent lover, leaped through leaves
And caught the earth-bride in his eager clasp
His advent was a fire of irised hues
His arms were a circle of the arrival of joy

-

His grasp was a young god's upon earth's limbs
Changed by the passion of his divine outbreak
He made her body beautiful with his kiss

-

Impatient for felicity he came
High-fluting with the coil's happy voice
His peacock turban trailing on the trees

-

Asocas burned in crimson spots of flame
Pure like the breath of an unstained desire
White jasmines haunted the enamoured air
Pale mango-blossoms fed the liquid voice

Of the love-maddened coil, and the brown bee
Muttered in fragrance mid the honey-buds

-

All Nature was at beauty's festival

-

A mightier influx filled the oblivious clay
A lamp was lit, a sacred image made

-

A consanguinity of earth and heaven

-

Failure cannot repress, defeat o'erthrow
Time cannot weary her nor the Void subdue
The ages have not made her passion less

-

As one who has all infinity to waste
She scatters the seed of the Eternal's strength
On a half-animate and crumbling mould
Plants heaven's delight in the heart's passionate mire
Pours godhead's seekings into a bare beast frame
Hides immortality in a mask of death

-

Bright like the crescent horn of a gold moon
Returning in a faint illumined eve

-

Involved and drowned in Matter's giant trance

-

But soon the link of soul with form grew sure
Flooded was the dim cave with slow conscient light
The seed grew into a delicate marvellous bud
The bud disclosed a great and heavenly bloom

-

Aware of forms to which our eyes are closed
Conscious of nearnesses we cannot feel
The Power within her shaped her moulding sense
In deeper figures than our surface types

-

An invisible sunlight ran within her veins

-

A mind of light, a life of rhythmic force
A body instinct with hidden divinity
Prepared an image of the coming god
And when the slow rhyme of the expanding years
And the rich murmurous swarm-work of the days
Had honey-packed her sense and filled her limbs
Accomplishing the moon-orb of her grace
Self-guarded in the silence of her strength
Her solitary greatness was not less

-

A scout of victory in a vigil tower
Her aspiration called high destiny down

A silent warrior paced in her city of strength
Inviolable, guarding Truth's diamond throne

-

Proud, swift and joyful ran the wave of life
Within her like a stream in Paradise

-

Its charm recalled things seen in vision's hours
A golden bridge spanning a faery flood
A moon-touched palm tree single by a lake
Companion of the wide and glimmering peace
A murmur as of leaves in Paradise
Moving when feet of the Immortals pass
A fiery halo over sleeping hills
A strange and starry head alone in Night

-

CANTO II: THE GROWTH OF THE FLAME

-

A land of mountains and wide sun-beat plains
And giant rivers pacing to vast seas
A field of creation and spiritual hush
Silence swallowing life's acts into the deeps
Of thought's transcendent climb and heavenward leap
A brooding world of reverie and trance
Filled with the mightiest works of God and man
Where Nature seemed a dream of the Divine
And beauty and grace and grandeur had their home
Harboured the childhood of the incarnate Flame

-

Nature and soul vied in nobility

-

Ethics the human keyed to imitate heaven
The harmony of a rich culture's tones
Refined the sense and magnified its reach
To hear the unheard and glimpse the invisible
And taught the soul to soar beyond things known
Inspiring life to greaten and break its bounds
Aspiring to the Immortals' unseen world

-

Leaving earth's safety daring wings of Mind
Bore her above the trodden fields of thought
Crossing the mystic seas of the Beyond
To live on eagle heights near to the Sun
There wisdom sits on her eternal throne

-

Adept of truth, initiate of bliss
A mystic acolyte trained in Nature's school
Aware of the marvel of created things
She laid the secrecies of her heart's deep muse
Upon the altar of the Wonderful
Her hours were ritual in a timeless fane
Her acts became gestures of sacrifice

-

Poems in largeness cast like moving worlds
And metres surging with the ocean's voice
Translated by grandeurs locked in Nature's heart
... thrown now into a crowded glory of speech

-

A boundless knowledge greater than man's thought
A happiness too high for heart and sense
Locked in the world and yearning for release ...
It asked for objects around which to grow
And natures strong to bear without recoil
The splendour of her native royalty

-

Earth made a stepping-stone to conquer heaven

-

The close outlying portions of her being
Divided from her by walls of body and mind
Yet to her spirit bound by ties divine

-

Admiring and amazed they saw her stride

-

It saw, it felt; it knew the diety

-

Her heart's inexhaustible sweetness lured their hearts
A being they loved whose bounds exceeded theirs
Her measure they could not reach but bore her touch
Answering with the flower's answer to the sun
They gave themselves to her and asked no more

-

The splendid yoke of her beauty and her love

-

They blamed her for a tyranny they loved
Shrank into themselves as from too bright a sun

-

Her name ran murmuring on the lips of men
Exalted and sweet like an inspired verse
Struck from the epic lyre of rumour's winds
Or sung like a chanted thought by the poet Fame

-

The hearts of men are amorous of clay-kin
And bear not spirits lone and high who bring
Fire-intimations from the deathless planes

-

Whoever is too great must lonely live
Adored he walks in mighty solitude
Vain is his labour to create his kins
His only comrade is the Strength within

-

Her mind sat high pouring its golden beams
Her heart was a crowded temple of delight

-

A single lamp lit in perfection's house
A bright pure image in a priestless shrine
Alone amid surrounding crowds she dwelt

-

CANTO III: THE CALL TO THE QUEST

-

An ancient longing struck again new roots

-

The air drank deep of unfulfilled desire
The high trees trembled with a wandering wind
Like souls that quiver at the approach of joy
And in a bosom of green secrecy
For ever of its one love-note untired
A lyric coil cried among the leaves

-

A word that leaped from far sky of thought
Admitted by the cowed receiving scribe
Traversed the echoing passages of his brain
And left its stamp on the recording cells

-

O Force-compelled, Fate-driven earth-born race
O petty adventurers in an infinite world
And prisoners of a dwarf humanity
How long will you tread the circling tracks of mind
Around your little self and petty things?
But not for changeless littleness were you meant
Not for vain repetition were you built
Out of the Immortal's substance you were made
Your actions can be swift revealing steps
Your life a changeful mould for growing gods
A Seer, as strong Creator, is within
The immaculate Grandeur broods upon your days
Almighty powers are shut in Nature's cells

A greater destiny waits you in your front
This transient earthly being if he wills
Can fit his acts to a transcendent scheme
He who now stares at the world with ignorant eyes
Hardly from the Inconscient's night aroused
That look at images and not at Truth
Can fill those orbs with an immortal's sight
Yet shall the godhead grow within your hearts
You shall awake into the spirit's air
And feel the breaking walls of mortal mind
And hear the message which left life's heart dumb
And look through Nature with sun-gazing lids
And blow your conch-shells at the Eternal's gate
Authors of earth's high change, to you it is given
To cross the dangerous spaces of the soul
And touch the mighty Mother stark awake
And meet the Omnipotent in his house of flesh
And make of life the million-bodied One
The earth you tread is a border screened from heaven
The life you lead conceals the light you are
Immortal Powers sweep flaming past your doors
Far-off upon your tops the god-chant sounds
While to exceed yourselves thought's trumpets call
Heard by a few, but fewer dare aspire
The nympholepts of the ecstasy and the blaze

-

A goddess in a net of inconscience caught
Self-bound in the pastures of death she dreams of life
Self-racked with the pains of hell aspires to joy
And builds to hope her altars of despair
Knows that one high step might enfranchise all
And, suffering, looks for greatness in her sons

-

He loves the ignorance fathering his pain

-

He has lost the inner Voice that led his thoughts
And masking the oracular tripod seat
A specious Idol fills the marvel shrine

-

The great Illusion wraps him in its veils
The soul's deep intimations come in vain
In vain is the unending line of seers
The sages ponder in unsubstantial light
The poets lend their voice to outward dreams
A homeless fire inspires the prophet tongues

-

Eternity speaks, none understands its word

-

The Wise who know see but one half of Truth
The strong climb hardly to a low-peaked height
The hearts that yearn are given one hour to love
His tale half-told, falters the secret Bard

-

Advancing amid tall heaven-pillared trees
Apparelled in her flickering-coloured robe
She seemed burning towards the eternal realms
A bright moved torch of incense and of flame

That from the sky-roofed temple-soil of earth
A pilgrim hand lifts in an invisible shrine

-

Carved like a nectar-cup for thirsty gods
This breathing Scripture of the Eternal's joy
This net of sweetness woven of aureate fire

-

Her brow, a copy of clear unstained heavens
Was meditation's pedestal and defence

-

Amid her tresses' cloudy multitude
The long eyes shadowed as by wings of Night
Under the moon-gold forehead's dreaming breadth
Were seas of love and thought that held the world

-

As in a golden vase's poignant line
They seemed to carry the rhythmic sob of bliss
Of earth's mute adoration towards heaven
Released in beauty's cry of living form
Towards the perfection of eternal things

-

A godhead sculptured on a wall of thought
Mirrored in the flowing hours and dimly shrined
In Matter as in a cathedral cave

-

Immortal met immortal in their gaze

-

A casual passing phrase can change our life

-

The moon shut in her halo dreams like thee

-

O rubies of silence, lips from which there stole
Low laughter, music of tranquility
Star-lustrous eyes awake in sweet large night
And limbs like fine-linked poems made of gold
Stanzaed to glimmering curves by artist gods
Depart where love and destiny call your charm

-

Hand in strong hand confront Heaven's question, life

-

Ascend from Nature to divinity's heights
Face the high gods, crowned with felicity
Then meet a greater God, thy self beyond Time

-

As when the mantra sinks in Yoga's ear

-

All knowledge rushes on him like a sea

-

The morn went up into a smiling sky
Cast from its sapphire pinnacle of trance
Day sank into the burning gold of eve
The moon floated, a luminous waif through heaven
And sank below the oblivious edge of dream
Night lit the watch fires of eternity

-

A darkness stooping on the heaven-bird's wings
Sealed in her senses from external sight
And opened the stupendous depths of sleep

-

When the pale dawn slipped through Night's shadowy guard
Vainly the new-born light desired her face

-

CANTO IV: THE QUEST

-

The stars at night were her past's brilliant friends
The winds murmured to her of ancient things

-

Nothing we think or do is void or vain

-

Hamlet and village saw the fate-van pass
Homes of a life bent to the soil it ploughs
For sustenance of its short and passing days
That, transient, keep their old repeated course

Unchanging in the circle of a sky
Which alters not above our mortal toil

-

Here was the childhood of primeval earth
Here timeless musings large and glad and still
Men had forborne as yet to fill with cares
Imperial acres of the eternal sower
And wind-stirred grass-lands winking in the sun
Or mid green musing of woods and rough-browed hills
In the grove's murmurous bee-air humming wild
Or past the long lapsing voice of sliver floods
Like a swift hope journeying among its dreams
Hastened the chariot of the golden bride

-

... large immune entangled silences
Absorbed her into emerald secrecy

-

The rhythm of the intenser wordless Thought
That gathers in the silence behind life
... the low sweet inarticulate voice of earth
In the great passion of her sun-kissed trance

-

This spirit stumbling in the fields of sense
This creature bruised in the mortar of the days

-

Muse-lipped she nursed her symbol mysteries
And guarded for her pure-eyed sacraments

The valley-clefts between her breasts of joy
Her mountain-altars for the fires of dawn
And nuptial beaches where the ocean couched
And the huge chanting of her prophet woods

-

Plains hushed and happy in the embrace of light
Alone with the cry of birds and hue of flowers
And wildernesses of wonder lit by her moons
And grey seer-evenings kindling with the stars
And dim movement in the night's infinitude

-

The strong king-sages from their labour done
Freed from the warrior tension of their task
Came to her serene sessions in these wilds
The strife was over, the respite lay in front
Happy they lived with birds and beasts and flowers
And sunlight and the rustle of the leaves
And heard the wild winds wandering in the night
Mused with the stars in their mute constant ranks
And lodged in the mornings as in azure tents
And with the glory of the noons were one

-

They reached the one self in all through boundless love

-

Attuned to Silence and to the world-rhyme
The loosened the knot of the imprisoning mind
Achieved was the wide untroubled witness gaze
Unsealed was Nature's great spiritual eye

-

World-naked hermits with their matted hair
Immobile as the passionless great hills
Around them grouped like thoughts of some vast mood

-

King-children nurtured in that spacious air
Like lions gambolling in sky and sun

-

Large like a continent of warm sunshine
In wide equality's impartial joy

-

Others escaped from the confines of thought
To where Mind motionless sleeps waiting Light's birth
And came back quivering with a nameless Force
Drunk with a wine of lightning in their cells
Intuitive knowledge leaping into speech
Hearing the subtle voice that clothes the heavens
Carrying the splendour that has lit the suns
They sang Infinity's names and deathless powers
In metres that reflect the moving worlds
Sight's sound-waves breaking from the soul's great deeps

-

Some lost to the person and his strip of thought
In a motionless ocean of impersonal Power
Sat mighty, visioned with the Infinite's Light
Or, comrades of the everlasting Will
Surveyed the plan of past and future Time
Some winged like birds out of the cosmic sea

And vanished into a bright and featureless Vast
Some silent watched the universal dance
Or helped the world by world-indifference
Some watched no more merged in a lonely Self
Absorbed in the trance from which no soul returns
All the occult world-lines for ever closed
The chains of birth and person cast away
Some unaccompanied reached the Ineffable

-

As floats a sunbeam through a shady place
The golden virgin in her carven car
Came gliding among meditation's seats

-

Often in twilight mid returning troops
Of cattle thickening with their dust the shades
When the loud day had slipped below the verge
Arriving in a peaceful hermit grove
She rested drawing round her like a cloak
Its spirit of patient muse and potent prayer

-

Or near to a lion river's tawny mane
And trees that worshipped on a praying shore
A domed and templed air's serene repose
Beckoned to her hurrying wheels to stay their speed

-

The mountains in their anchorite solitude
The forests with their multitudinous chant
Disclosed to her the masked divinity's doors

-

A grandiose silence wrapped the regal day
The months had fled the passion of the sun
And now his burning breath assailed the soil
The tiger heats prowled through the fainting earth
All was licked up as by a lolling tongue
The spring winds failed; the sky was set like bronze

BOOK FIVE: THE BOOK OF LOVE

CANTO I: THE DESTINED MEETING PLACE

-

For though a dress of blind and devious chance
Is laid upon the work of all-wise Fate
Our acts interpret an omniscient Force
That dwells in the compelling stuff of things
And nothing happens in the cosmic play
But at its time and in its foreseen place

-

To a space she came of soft and delicate air
That seemed a sanctuary of youth and joy
A highland world of free and green delight
Where spring and summer lay together and strove
In indolent and amicable debate
Inarmed, disputing with laughter who should rule

-

There expectation beat wide sudden wings
As if a soul had looked out from earth's face

-

Below there crouched a dream of emerald woods
And gleaming borders solitary as sleep
Pale waters ran like glimmering threads of peral
A sigh was straying among happy leaves
Cool-perfumed with slow pleasure-burdened feet
Faint stumbling breezes faltered among flowers

The white crane stood, a vivid motionless streak
Peacock and parrot jewelled soil and tree
The dove's soft moan enriched the enamoured air
And fire-winged wild-drakes swam in silvery pools
Earth couched alone with her great lover Heaven
Uncovered to her consort's purple eye
In her luxurious ecstasy of joy
She squandered the love-music of her notes
Wasted the passionate pattern of her blooms
And festival riot of her scents and hues

-

At the end reclined a stern and giant tract
Of tangled depths and solemn questioning hills
And peaks like a bare austerity of the soul
Armoured, remote and desolately grand
Like the thought-screened infinities that lie
Behind the rapt smile of the Almighty's dance
A matted forest-head invaded heaven
As if a blue-throated ascetic peered
From the stone fastness of his mountain cell
Regarding the brief gladness of the days
His vast extended spirit couched behind

-

A sacrificant of the bliss and pain of the spheres
Love in the wilderness met Savitri

-

CANTO II: SATYAVAN

-

The wilderness with its mighty monotone
The morning like a lustrous seer above
The passion of the summits lost in heaven
The titan murmur of the endless woods

-

As if a wicket gate to joy were there ...
Groves with strange flowers like eyes of gazing nymphs ...
Boughs whispering to a constancy of light ...
And slowly a supine inconstant breeze
Ran like a fleeting sigh of happiness
Over slumberous grasses pranked with green and gold

-

His figure led the splendour of the morn ...
Freedom's imperious beauty curved his limbs ...
His look was a wide daybreak of the gods
His head was a youthful Rishi's touched with light
His body was a lover's and a king's ...
Built like a moving statue of delight

-

Out of the ignorant eager toil of the years
Abandoning man's loud drama he had come
Led by the wisdom of an adverse Fate
To meet the ancient Mother in her groves
In her divine communion he had grown
A foster-child of beauty and solitude
Heir to the centuries of the lonely wise
A brother of the sunshine and the sky
A wanderer communing with depth and marge
A Veda-knower of the unwritten book
Perusing the mystic scripture of her forms

He had caught her hierophant significances
Her spered immense imaginations learned
Taught by sublimities of stream and wood
And voices of the sun and star and flame
And chant of the magic singers on the boughs
And the dumb teaching of four-footed things
Helping with confident steps her slow great hands
He leaned to her influence like a flower to rain
And, like the flower and tree a natural growth,
Widened with the touches of her shaping hours
The mastery free natures have was his
And their assent to joy and spacious calm
One with the single Spirit inhabiting all
He laid experience at the Godhead's feet
His mind was open to her infinite mind
His acts were rhythmic with her primal force
He had subdued his mortal thought to hers

-

The grasses quivered with the slow wind's tread
The branches haunted by the wild bird's call

-

... fair and common forms
The artist spirit needs not for its work
And puts aside in memory's shadowy rooms

-

All in inconscient ecstasy lain wrapped
Or under imagination's coloured lids
Held up in a large mirror-air of dream
Broke forth in flame to recreate the world

-

Life ran to gaze from every gate of sense
Thoughts indistinct and glad in moon-mist heavens
Feelings as when a universe takes birth
Swept through the turmoil of her bosom's space
Invaded by a swarm of golden gods
Arising to a hymn of wonder's priests
Her soul flung wide its doors to this new sun

-

Then trembling with the mystic shock her heart
Moved in her breast and cried out like a bird
Who hears his mate upon a neighbouring bough

-

The chariot stood like an arrested wind

-

... Satyavan looked out from his soul's doors
And felt the enchantment of her liquid voice
Fill his youth's purple ambiance and endured
The haunting miracle of a perfect face

-

He turned to the vision like a sea to the moon

-

To live, to love are signs of infinite things

-

Love dwells in us like an unopened flower

-

These bodies summed the drift of numberless births

-

Form-smitten the spirit's memory woke in sense

-

An hour began, the matrix of new Time

-

CANTO III: SATYAVAN AND SAVITRI

-

As when a being cries to bring from its depths
Behind the screen of the external sense
And strives to find the heart-disclosing word
The passionate speech revealing the soul's need
Only a little breaks through our earth-made bounds
So now they met in that momentous hour
So utter the recognition in the deeps
The remembrance lost, the oneness felt and missed

-

Whence hast thou dawned filling my spirit's days
Brighter than summer, brighter than my flowers
Into the lonely borders of my life
O Sunlight moulded like a golden maid?

-

I witnessed the virgin bridals of the dawn
Behind the glowing curtains of the sky

Or vying in joy with the bright morning's steps
I paced along the slumberous coasts of morn
Or the gold desert of the sunlight crossed
Traversing great wastes of splendour and of fire
Or met the moon gliding amazed through heaven
In the uncertain wideness of the night
Or the stars marched on their long sentinel routes
Pointing their spears through the infinitudes

-

I have beheld the princes of the Sun
Burning in thousand-pillared homes of light

-

Bare, simple is the sylvan hermit-life
Yet is it clad with the jewelry of earth

-

Wild winds run – visitors midst the swaying tops
Through the calm days heaven's sentinels of peace
Couched on a purple robe of sky above

-

Apparelled are the morns in gold and green
Sunlight and shadow tapestry the walls
To make a resting chamber fit for thee

-

Haunt of the anchorites and earth's wilder broods

-

He sojourns in two solitudes, within
And in the solemn rustle of the woods

-

I lay in the wide bare embrace of heaven
The sunlight's radiant blessing clasped my brow
The moonbeam's silver ecstasy at night
Kissed my dim lids to sleep. Earth's morns were mine
Lured by faint murmurings with the green-robed hours
I wandered lost in woods, prone to the voice
Of winds and waters, partner of the sun's joy
A listener to the universal speech

-

The neighing pride of rapid life that roams
Wind-maned through our pastures, on my seeing mood
Cast shapes of swiftness; trooping spotted deer
Against the vesper sky became a song
Of evening to the silence of the soul
I caught for some eternal eye the sudden
Kingfisher flashing to a darkling pool
A slow swan silvering the azure lake
A shape of magic whiteness, sailed through dream
Leaves trembling with the passion of the wind
And wandering wings nearing from infinity
Lived on the tablets of my inner sight
Mountains and trees stood there like thoughts from God
Pranked butterflies, the conscious flowers of air
The brilliant long bills in their vivid dress
The peacock scattering on the breeze his moons
Painted my memory like a frescoed wall

-

I caught the echoes of a word supreme
And metred the rhythm beats of infinity

-

In men I met strange portions of a Self
That sought for fragments and in fragments lived
Each lived in himself and for himself alone
And with the rest joined only fleeting ties
Each passioned over his surface joy and grief
Nor saw the Eternal in his secret house

-

I conversed with Nature, mused with the changeless stars
God's watch-fires burning in the ignorant Night

-

I saw with the forest sages in their trance
There poured awaking streams of diamond light
I glimpsed the presence of the One in all

-

And Satyavan like a replying harp
To the insistent calling of a flute
Answered her questioning and let stream to her
His heart in many-coloured waves of speech

-

Once were my days like days of other men
To think and act was all, to enjoy and breathe
This was the width and height of mortal hope
Yet there came glimpses of a deeper self
That lives behind life and makes her act its scene

-

I groped for the Mystery with the lantern, Thought

-

I strove to find its hints through Beauty and Art
But Form cannot unveil the indwelling Power
Only it throws its symbols at our hearts

-

I looked upon the world and missed the Self
And when I found the Self I lost the world

-

The human sense of Immortality

-

A foam-leap travelling from the waves of bliss
Has changed my heart and changed the earth around

-

Descend, O Happiness, with thy moon-gold feet
Enrich earth's floors upon whose sleep we lie

-

Then down she came from her high carven car
Descending with a soft and faltering haste
Her many-hued raiment glistening in the light
Hovered a moment over the wind-stirred grass
Mixed with a glimmer of her body's ray
Like lovely plumage of a settling bird

-

Then flitting like pale brilliant moths her hands
Took from the sylvan verge's sunlit arms
A load of their jewel faces' clustering swarms
Companions of the spring-time and the breeze
A candid garland set with simple forms
Her rapid fingers taught a flower song
The stanzaed movement of a marriage hymn
Profound in perfume and immersed in hue
They mixed their yearning's coloured signs and made
The bloom of their purity and passion one
A sacrament of joy in treasuring palms
She brought, flower-symbol of her offered life
Then with raised hands that trembled a little now
At the very closeness that her soul desired
This bond of sweetness, their bright union's sign
She laid on the bosom coveted by her love

-

In a wide moment of two souls that meet
She felt her being flow into him as in waves
A river pours into a mighty sea

-

As a starry heaven encircles happy earth
He shut her into himself in a circle of bliss

-

On the high glowing cupola of the day
Fate tied a knot with morning's halo threads

-

In the silence and murmur of that emerald world
And the mutter of the priest-wind's sacred verse
Amid the choral whisperings of the leaves
Love's twain had joined together and grew one

-

Around it stretched the forest's anchorite mood
Lost in the depths of its own solitude

BOOK SIX: THE BOOK OF FATE

CANTO I: THE WORD OF FATE

-

Attracted by the golden summer-earth
That lay beneath him like a glowing bowl
Tilted upon a table of the Gods
Turning as if moved round by an unseen hand
To catch the warmth and blaze of a small sun
He passed from the immortals' happy paths
To a world of toil and quest and grief and hope
To these rooms of a see-saw game of death and life

-

He bore the ripples of the etheric sea

-

The secret might of the creative fire
Displayed its triple power to build and form
Its infinitesimal wave-sparks' weaving dance
Its nebulous units' grounding shape and mass
Magic foundation and pattern of a world
Its radiance bursting into the light of stars

-

He felt a sap of life, a sap of death

-

Into solid Matter's dense communion
Plunging and its obscure oneness of forms
He shared with a dumb Spirit identity

-

... arose
King Aswapathy's palace to the winds
In Madra, flowering up in delicate stone

-

... a creature beautiful, passionate, wise
Aspiring like a sacrificial flame
Skyward from its earth-seat through luminous air
Queen-browed ...

-

He sang to them of the lotus-heart of love
With all its thousand luminous buds of truth
Which quivering sleeps veiled by apparent things

-

A mighty shuddering coil of ecstasy
Crept through the deep heart of the universe

-

Earth has gold-hued expanses, shadowy hills
That cowl their dreaming phantom heads in night
And guarded in a cloistral joy of woods
Screened banks sink down into felicity
Seized by the curved incessant yearning hands
And ripple-passion of the up-gazing stream

Amid cool-lipped murmurs of its pure embrace
They lose their souls on beds of trembling reeds

-

... stepping through azure curtains of the morn

-

... They have fed
Thy silence on some red strange-ecstasied fruit
And thou hast trod the dim moon-peaks of bliss

-

... body rhythmical with the spring-bird's call

-

Life's perilous music rings yet to thy ear
Far-melodied, rapid, grand, a Centaur's song
Or soft as water plashing mid the hills
Or mighty as a great chant of many winds

-

Thou comest like a silver deer through groves
Of coral flowers and buds of glowing dreams
Or fleest like a wind-goddess through leaves
Or roamest, O ruby-eyed and snow-winged dove
Flitting through thickets of thy pure desires
In the unwounded beauty of thy soul

-

As a cloud plays with lightning's vivid laugh
But still holds back the thunder in its heart
Only he let bright images escape

-

As a wind flatters the bright summer air
Of living beauty and of present bliss

-

... the carved shield of symbol images

-

Caught in the song that sways the Apsara's limbs
When she floats gleaming like a cloud of light
A wave of joy on heaven's moon-stone floor

-

Her body like a brimmed pitcher of delight
Shaped in a splendour of gold-coloured bronze
As if to seize earth's truth of hidden bliss
Dream-made illumined mirrors are her eyes
Draped subtly in a slumberous fringe of jet
Retaining heaven's reflections in their depths

-

Heaven's lustrous mornings gloriously recur
Like drops of fire upon a silver page

-

Earth's flowers spring up and laugh at time and death

-

... let thy blessing chant that this fair child
Shall pour the nectar of a sorrowless life
Around her from her lucid heart of love

-

... heaven's daughters dripping magic rain
Pearl-bright from moon-gold limbs and cloudy hair
So are her dawns like jewelled leaves of light

-

He looked into the unseen with seeing eyes

-

Arisen into an air of flaming dawn
Like a bright bird tired of her lonely branch
... this sweetness wandered forth
Cleaving her way with the beat of her rapid wings
Led by a distant call her vague swift flight
Threaded the summer morns and sunlit lands

-

Virgin who comest perfected by joy
Reveal the name thy sudden heart-beats learned
Whom hast thou chosen kingliest among men?

-

On the borders of a dreaming wilderness
Mid Shalwa's giant hills and brooding woods
In his thatched hermitage Dyumathsena dwells ...
The son of Dyumathsena, Satyavan
I have met on the wild forest's lonely verge
My father, I have chosen. This is done

-

Whether it seem good or evil to men's eyes
Only for good the secret Will can work

-

Death is our road to immortality

-

Lend not a dangerous vision to the blind

-

Here are not happy peaks the heaven-nymphs roam
Or Coilas or Vaicountha's starry stair
Abrupt jagged hills only the mighty climb
Are here where few dare even think to rise

-

... they forget the wounded feet of man
His limbs that faint beneath the whips of grief
His heart that hears the tread of time and death

-

... if crouches unseen a panther doom
If wings of Evil brood above that house
Then also speak ...

-

What help is in prevision to the driven?

-

A future knowledge is an added pain
A torturing burden and a fruitless light

On the enormous scene that Fate has built
The eternal poet, universal Mind
Has paged each line of his imperial act
Invisible the giant actors tread
And man lives like some secret player's mask
He knows not even what his lips shall speak
For a mysterious Power compels his steps
And life is stronger than his trembling soul

-

No cry or prayer can turn her from her path
She has leaped an arrow from the bow of God

-

Her sweetness that deserved another fate
Only a larger measure given of tears

-

Aspiring to the nature of the gods
A mind proof-armoured mailed in mighty thoughts
A will entire couchant behind wisdom's shield
Though to still heavens of knowledge she had risen
Though calm and wise and Aswapathy's queen
Human was she still and opened her doors to grief
The stony-eyed injustice she accused
Of the marble godhead of inflexible Law

-

Her tranquil spirit she called not to her aid
But as a common man beneath his load
Grows faint and breathes his pain in ignorant words
So now she arraigned the World's impassive will

What stealthy doom has crept across her path
Emerging from the dark forest's sullen heart

-

The dreadful angel angry with his joys
Woundingly sweet he cannot yet forego
Is pitiless to the soul his gaze disarmed
He visits with his own pangs his quivering prey
Forcing us to cling enamoured to his grip
As if in love with our own agony
This is one poignant misery in the world
And grief has other lassoes for our life

-

We have sorrow for a greatness passed away
And feel the touch of tears in mortal things

-

His words set free the spring of cosmic Fate

-

The great Gods use the pain of human hearts
As a sharp axe to hew their cosmic road
They squander lavishly men's blood and tears
For a moment's purpose in their fateful work

-

A single word lets loose vast agencies
A casual act determines the world's fate
So now he set free destiny in that hour

-

A marvel of the meeting earth and heavens
Is he whom Savitri has chosen mid men
His figure is the front of Nature's march
His single being excels the works of Time
A sapphire cutting from the sleep of heaven
Delightful is the soul of Satyavan
A ray out of the rapturous infinite
A silence waking to a hymn of joy
A divinity and kingliness gird his brow
His eyes keep a memory from a world of bliss
As brilliant as a lonely moon in heaven
Gentle like the sweet bud that spring desires
Pure like a stream that kisses silent banks
He takes with bright surprise spirit and sense
A living knot of golden Paradise
A blue Immense he leans to the longing world
Time's joy borrowed out of eternity
A star of splendour or a rose of bliss

-

A tranquil breadth of sky windless and still
Watching the world like a mind of unplumbed thought
A silent space musing and luminous
Uncovered by the morning to delight
A green tangle of trees upon a happy hill
Made into a murmuring nest by southern winds

-

In one brief year when this bright hour flies back
And perches careless on a branch of Time
This sovereign glory ends heaven lent to earth
This splendour vanishes from the mortal's sky
Heaven's greatness came, but was too great to stay

Twelve swift-winged months are given to him and her
This day returning Satyavan must die
A lightning bright and nude the sentence fell

-

Heaven mocks us with the brilliance of its gifts
For Death is a cupbearer of the wine
Of too brief joy held up to mortal lips
For a passionate moment by the careless gods

-

Death is the gardener of this wonder-tree

-

Once my heart chose and chooses not again
The word I have spoken can never be erased
It is written in the record book of God
The truth once uttered, from the earth's air effaced
By mind forgotten, sounds immortality
For ever in the memory of Time
Once the dice fall thrown by the hand of Fate
In an eternal moment of the gods
My heart has sealed its troth to Satyavan
Its signature adverse Fate cannot efface
Its seal not Fate nor Death nor Time dissolve

-

I am stronger than death and greater than my fate

-

As one she cried who in her heavy heart
Labours amid the sobbing of her hopes
To wake a note of help from sadder strings

-

He whom thou lovest now, a stranger came
And into a far strangeness shall depart

-

Our joys are perfumes in a brittle vase

-

O then what wreck is this upon Time's sea
To spread life's sails to the hurricane desire
And call for pilot the unseeing heart

-

For man, below the god, above the brute
Is given the calm reason as his guide
He is not driven by an unthinking will
As are the actions of the bird and beast
He is not moved by start Necessity
Like the senseless motion of inconscient things

-

Each year a mile from the heavenly Way
Each dawn opens into a larger Light

-

My fate is what my spirit's strength can make
My fate is what my spirit's strength can bear

-

Beating of one vast heart in the flame of things

-

The riches of a thousand fortunate years
Are a poverty ...

-

... Silent
They sat and looked into the eyes of Fate

-

CANTO II: THE WAY OF FATE AND THE PROBLEM OF PAIN

-

Yet hope sank down like an extinguished fire

-

... in the earth's strange twi-natured life
By what pitiless adverse Necessity
Or what cold freak of a Creator's will
By what random accident or governed Chance
That shaped a rule out of fortuitous steps
Made destiny from an hour's emotion, came
The direr mystery of grief and pain?

-

Then first appeared the malady of mind
Its pang of thought, its quest for the aim of life

-

In the pale starlight falling from thought's skies

-

Lost was the instinct's safe identity
With the arrow-point of being's inmost sight

-

Cast down to suffer on this hard dangerous earth
Our life was born in pain and with a cry

-

Our bodies are an engine cunningly made
But for all its parts as cunningly are planned
Contrived ingeniously with demon skill
Its apt inevitable heritage
Of mortal danger and peculiar pain
Its payment of the tax of Time and Fate
Its way to suffer and its way to die
This is the ransom of our high estate
The sign and stamp of our humanity
A grisly company of maladies
Come, licensed lodgers, into man's bodily house
Purveyors of death and torturers of life

-

In the malignant hollows of the world
In its subconscious cavern-passages
Ambushed they lie waiting their hour to leap
Surrounding with danger the sieged city of life

-

Ourselves within us lethal forces nurse
We make of our own enemies our guests
Out of their holes like beasts they creep and gnaw
The chords of the divine musician's lyre
Til frayed and thin the music dies away
Or crashing snaps with a last tragic note

-

All that we are is like a fort beset

-

A treasure misspent or cheaply, fruitlessly sold
In the bazaar of a blind destiny
A gift of priceless values from Time's gods
Lost or mislaid in an uncaring world
Life is a marvel missed, an art gone wry

-

A growing register of calamities
Is the past's account, the future's book of Fate

-

As if the world's stone load was not enough
A crop of miseries obstinately is sown
By his own hand in the furrows of the gods
The vast increasing tragic harvest reaped
From old misdeeds buried by oblivious Time

-

He ransacks earth for means to harm his kind

-

An idiot hour destroys what centuries made
His wanton rage or frenzied hate lays low
The beauty and greatness by his genius wrought
And the mighty output of a nation's toil
All h e has achieved he drags to the precipice

-

Since That we are and out of That we came
Whence rose the strange and sterile interlude
Lasting in vain through interminable Time

-

The eternal witness once of eternity
A deathless sojourner mid transient scenes
He camps in life's half-lit obscurity
Amid the debris of his thoughts and dreams

-

... where begins and ends illusion's reign?
Perhaps the soul we feel is only a dream
Eternal self a fiction sensed in trance

-

His forehead shone with vision solemnised

-

Was then the sun a dream because there is night?

-

Pain ploughed the first hard ground of the world-drowse
By pain a spirit started from the clod
By pain Life stirred in the subliminal deep

Interned, submerged, hidden in Matter's trance
Awoke to itself the dreamer, sleeping Mind

-

Pain is the hammer of the gods to break
A dead resistance in the mortal's heart
His slow inertia as of living stone

-

Ever they travail driven by Time's goad

-

A cry arises like a moaning sea
A desperate laughter under the blows of death

-

Men die that man may live and God be born

-

Pain is the hand of Nature sculpturing men
To greatness: an inspired labour chisels
With heavenly cruelty an unwilling mould

-

He who would save the race must share its pain
This he shall know who obeys that grandiose urge

-

They are caught by the Wheel that they had hoped to break

-

The Son of God born as the Son of man
Has drunk the bitter cup, owned Godhead's debt

-

The sorrow of all living things shall come
And knock at his doors and live within his house
A dreadful cord of sympathy can tie
All suffering into his single grief and make
All agony in all the worlds his own
He meets an ancient adversary Force
He is lashed with the whips that tear the world's worn heart
The weeping of the centuries visits his eyes
He wears the blood-glued fiery Centaur's shirt
The poison of the world has stained his throat

-

In the market-place of Matter's capital
Amidst the chafferings of the affair called life
He is tied to the stake of a perennial Fire
He burns on an unseen original verge
That Matter may be turned to spirit stuff
He is the victim in his own sacrifice

-

The Immortal bound to earth's mortality
Appearing and perishing on the roads of Time
Creates God's moment by eternity's beats
He dies that the world may be new-born and live

-

Only by hard sacrifice is high heaven earned
He must face the fight ...

-

A secret enmity ambushes the world's march

-

Our lives are caught in an ambiguous net

-

A whisper lures to evil the human heart

-

This world is in love with its own ignorance
Its darkness turns away from the saviour light
It gives the cross in payment for the crown

-

His work is a trickle of splendour in a long night

-

... few are they who tread the sunlit path
Only the pure in soul can walk in light

-

But how shall a few escaped release the world?

-

The human mass lingers beneath the yoke

-

Escape, however high, redeems not life
Life that is left behind on a fallen earth

-

... the evil is slain in its own home

-

His will immobile meets the mobile hour

-

The feints of Nature mislead not his sight

-

He must pass to the other shore of falsehood's sea

-

The body's self taste immortality

-

On death and suffering he builds his throne

-

His little "I" has swallowed the whole world
His ego has stretched into infinity
His mind, a beat in original Nothingness
Ciphers his thought on a slate of hourless Time
He builds on a mighty vacancy of soul
A huge philosophy of Nothingness

-

Thou art a vessel of the imprisoned spark

-

Indifference, pain and joy, a triple disguise
Attire of the rapturous Dancer in the ways

-

Then, curious of a shadow thrown by Truth
It strained towards some otherness of self
It was drawn to an unknown Face peering through night

-

The music of ruin and its glamour and crash
The savour of pity and the gamble of love
And passion and the ambiguous face of Fate

-

... what the soul imagines is made a world

-

This haunt of Ignorance, this home of Pain
There are pitched desire's tents, grief's headquarters
A vast disguise conceals the Eternal's bliss

-

Infallibly the curves of life are drawn
Following the stream of Time through the unknown

-

... freedom walks in the same pace with Law

-

... till the hour reveals the fateful script
The writing waits illegible and mute
Fate is Truth working out in Ignorance

-

Fate is a balance drawn in Destiny's book
Man can accept his fate, he can refuse
Even if the One maintains the unseen decree
He writes thy refusal in thy credit page
For doom is not a close, a mystic seal

-

Thy goal, the road thou chooseth are thy fate

-

Across the dust and mire of the earthly plain
On many-guarded lines and dangerous fronts
In dire assaults, in wounded slow retreats
Or holding the ideal's battered fort
Or fighting against odds in lonely posts
Or camped in night around the bivouac's fires
Awaiting the tardy trumpets of the dawn
In hunger and in plenty and in pain
Through peril and through triumph and through fall
Through life's green lanes and over her desert sands
Up the bald moor, along the sunlit ridge
In serried columns with a straggling rear
Led by its nomad vanguard's signal fires
Marches the army of the waylost god

-

This world was not built with random bricks of chance ...
A conscious power has drawn the plan of life

-

Time's accidents are steps in its vast scheme

-

Pacing the silence of eternity

-

As a star, unaccompanied, moves in heaven
Unastonished by the immensities of space
Travelling infinity by its own light
The great are strongest when they stand alone

-

She must cross alone a perilous bridge in Time
And reach an apex of world-destiny
Where all is won or all is lost for man

-

A brilliant arrow pointing straight to heaven
The luminous body of the eternal seer
Assailed the purple glory of the noon
And disappeared like a receding star
Vanishing into the light of the Unseen

-

A high and far imperishable voice
Chanted the anthem of eternal love

BOOK SEVEN: THE BOOK OF YOGA

CANTO I: THE JOY OF UNION; THE ORDEAL OF THE FOREKNOWLEDGE OF DEATH AND THE HEART'S GRIEF

-

Man's hopes and longings build the journeying wheels
That bear the body of his destiny
And lead his blind will towards an unknown goal

-

... make the soul the artist of its fate

-

All was fulfilled the heart of Savitri
Flower-sweet and adamant, passionate and calm
Had chosen and on her strength's unbending road
Forced to its issue the long cosmic curve

-

Once more she sat behind loud hastening hooves
A speed of armoured squadrons and a voice
Far-heard of chariots bore her from her home

-

... yellow rivers pacing lion-maned

-

A happy front to iron vastnesses
And austere peaks and titan solitudes

-

... he saw like one waking into a dream
Some timeless beauty and reality
The moon-gold sweetness of heaven's earth-born child

-

The white carved pillars, the cool dim alcoves
The tinged mosaic of the crystal floors
The towered pavilions, the wind-rippled pools
And gardens humming with the murmur of bees
Forgotten soon or a pale memory
The fountain's splash in the wide stone-bound pool
The thoughtful noontide's brooding solemn trance
The colonnade's dream grey in the quiet eve
The slow moonrise gliding in front of Night

-

The happy silken babble on laughter's lips
And the close-clinging clasp of intimate hands
And adoration's light in cherished eyes

-

Nature's primeval loneliness was here
Here only was the voice of bird and beast
The ascetic's exile in the dim-souled huge
Inhuman forest far from cheerful sound
Of man's blithe converse and his crowded days

-

In a broad eve with one red eye of cloud
Through a narrow opening, a green flowered cleft
Out of the stare of sky and soil they came

Into a mighty home of emerald dusk
There onward led by a faint brooding path
Which toiled through the shadow of enormous trunks
And under arches misers of sunshine
They saw low thatched roofs of a hermitage
Huddled beneath a patch of azure hue
In a sunlit clearing that seemed the outbreak
Of a glad smile in the forest's monstrous heart
A rude refuge of the thought and will of man
Watched by the crowding giants of the wood

-

A regal pillar of fallen mightiness

-

... wondering at the carelessness of Fate
Who breaks with idle hands her supreme works

-

They left her to her rapture and her doom
In the tremendous forest's savage charge

-

A statue of passion and invincible force
An absolutism of sweet imperious will
A tranquillity and a violence of the gods
Indomitable and immutable

-

The sylvan solitude was a gorgeous dream
An altar of the summer's splendour and fire
A sky-topped flower-hung palace of the gods

And all its scenes a smile on rapture's lips
And all its voices bards of happiness
There was a chanting in the casual wind
There was a glory in the least sunbeam
Night was a chrysoprased on velvet cloth
A nestling darkness or a moonlit deep
Day was a purple pageant and a hymn
A wave of the laughter of light from morn to eve

-

A rushing of two spirits to be one
A burning of two bodies in one flame
Opened were gates of unforgettable bliss
Two lives were locked within an earthly heaven

-

... throngs of blue-black clouds crept through the sky
And rain fled sobbing over the dripping leaves
And storm became the forest's titan voice

-

... the thunder's fatal crash
And the fugitive pattering footsteps of the showers
And the long unsatisfied panting of the wind
And sorrow muttering in the sound-vexed night

-

A dire expectancy knocked at her breast
Dreadful to her were the footsteps of the hours
Grief came, a passionate stranger to her gate

-

... she felt
Each day a golden leaf torn cruelly out
From her too slender book of love and joy

-

A worshipped empress all once vied to serve
She made herself the diligent serf of all
Nor spared the labour of broom and jar and well
Or close gentle tending or to heap the fire
Of altar and kitchen, no slight task allowed
To others that her woman's strength might do

-

Into a simplest movement she could bring
A oneness with earth's glowing robe of light
A lifting up of common acts by love

-

All-love was hers and its one heavenly cord
Bound all to all with her as golden tie

-

Her spirit like a sea of living fire
Possessed her lover and to his body clung

-

Waking at morn her lips endlessly clung to his
Unwilling ever to separate again
Or lose that honeyed drain of lingering joy
Unwilling to loose his body from her breast
The warm inadequate signs that love must use

-

Intolerant of the poverty of Time
Her passion catching at the fugitive hours
Willed the expense of centuries in one day
Of prodigal love and the surf of ecstasy

-

... she strove even in mortal time
To build a little room for timelessness

-

O lover of my soul, give more, give more

-

For soon we part and who shall know how long
Before the great wheel in its monstrous round
Restore us to each other and our love

-

If in his presence she forgot awhile
Grief filled his absence with its aching touch
She saw the desert of her coming days
Imaged in every solitary hour

-

She dwelt like a dumb priest with hidden gods
Unappeased by the wordless offering of her days
Lifting to them her sorrow like frankincense
Her life the altar, herself the sacrifice

-

Grief, fear became the food of mighty love

-

Her spirit stretched measureless in strength divine
An anvil for the blows of Fate and Time

-

No more the storms sailed with stupendous wings
And thunder strode in wrath across the world

-

CANTO II: THE PARABLE OF THE SEARCH FOR THE SOUL

-

Through the slow heavy-footed silent hours

-

As the Voice touched, her body became a stark
And rigid golden statue of motionless trance
A stone of God lit by an amethyst soul

-

Her mind renouncing thought heard and was mute

-

Tied like a sacrifice on the altar of Time

-

Is there a God whom any cry can move?

-

This surely is best to practise with my fate
And follow close behind my lover's steps
And pass through night from twilight to the sun
Across the tenebrous river that divides
The adjoining parishes of earth and heaven

-

Can'st thou not down to open the doors of Fate
The iron doors that seemed for ever closed
And lead man to truth's wide and golden road
That runs through finite things to eternity

-

Open God's door, enter into his trance
Cast Thought from thee, that nimble ape of Light
In his tremendous hush stilling thy brain
His vast Truth wake within and know and see

-

Thy nature shall be the engine of his works

-

A statue of the fire of the inner sun

-

In the black night the wrath of storm swept by
The thunder crashed above her, the rain hissed
Its million footsteps pattered on the roof

-

A lamp of symbol lighting hidden truth
Imaged to her the world's significance

-

She saw Space peopled with the seeds of life

-

A chaos of little sensibilities
Gathered round a small ego's pinpoint head

-

A foam of memories hardened and became
A bright crust of habitual sense and thought
A seat of living personality
And recurrent habits mimicked permanence
Mind nascent laboured out a mutable form
It built a mobile house on shifting sands
A floating isle upon a bottomless sea

-

A conscious soul in the Inconscient's world
Hidden behind our thoughts and hopes and dreams
An indifferent Master signing Nature's acts
Leaves the viceregent mind a seeming king
In his floating house upon the sea of Time
This regent sits at work and never rests
He is a puppet of the dance of Time
He is driven by the hours, the moment's call
Compels him with the thronging of life's need
And the babel of the voices of the world

-

Into the body's many-storeyed rooms
Endless crowd down the dream-god's messages

-

Adventuring into infinite mind-space
He unfolds his wings of thought in inner air
Or travelling in imagination's car
Crosses the globe, journeys beneath the stars
To subtle worlds takes his ethereal course
Visits the gods on life's miraculous peaks
Communicates with Heaven, tampers with Hell
This is the little surface of man's life
He is this and he is all the universe
He scales the Unseen, his depths dare the Abyss
A whole mysterious world is locked within

-

An epicure of the spirit's unseen joys
He lives on the sweet honey of solitude

-

Man in the world's life works out the dreams of God

-

The Titan and the Fury and the Djinn
Lie bound in the subconscious's cavern pit
And the Beast grovels in his antre den

-

Grey forces like a thin miasma creep
Stealing through chinks in his closed mansion's doors
Discolouring the walls of upper mind
In which he lives his fair and specious life
And leave behind a stench of sin and death

-

Impotent to quell his terrible prisoners
Appalled the householder helpless sits above
Taken from him his house is his no more

-

All the world's possibilities in man
Are waiting as the tree waits in its seed

-

A vast subliminal is man's measureless part
The dim subconscious is his cavern base

-

Our dead past round our future's ankles clings
And drags back the new nature's glorious stride

-

An old self lurks in the new self we are ...
In the dim gleam of habit's passages
In the subconscious's darkling corridors ...
The old gang dismissed, old cancelled passports serve
Nothing is wholly dead that once had lived

-

The seeds of sins renounced sprout from hid soil ...
Our dead selves come to slay our living soul

-

Truth made the world, not a blind Nature-Force

-

We gaze through our world's glass at half-seen vasts
We hunt for the Truth behind apparent things

-

Our body's subtle self is throned within
In its viewless palace of veridical dreams
That are bright shadows of the thoughts of God

-

In the prone obscure beginnings of the race
The human grew in the bowed apelike man

-

Thus man in his little house made of earth's dust
Grew towards an unseen heaven of thought and dream
Looking into the vast vistas of his mind
On a small globe dotting infinity

-

CANTO III: THE ENTRY INTO THE INNER COUNTRIES

-

At first out of the busy hum of mind
As if from a loud thronged market into a cave
By an inward moment's magic she had come

-

A mind compelled to think out ignorance

-

Only if God assumes the human mind
And puts on mortal ignorance for his cloak
And makes himself the Dwarf with triple stride
Can he help man to grow into the God

-

Man human follows in God's human steps ...
In Matter's body find thy heaven-born soul

-

She knocked and pressed against the ebony gate
The living portal groaned with sullen hinge

-

A dreadful murmur rose like a dim sea
The Serpent on the threshold hissing rose
A fatal guardian hood with monstrous coils
The hounds of darkness growled with jaws agape
And trolls and gnomes and goblins scowled and stared
And wild beast roarings thrilled the blood with fear
And menace muttered in a dangerous tongue

-

Thought stared at thought and pulled at the taut brain
As if to pluck the reason from its seat
And cast its corpse into life's wayside drain
So might forgotten lie in Nature's mud
Abandoned the slain sentinel of the soul

-

Inconscience puts its seal on Nature's page

-

Holding by her will the senseless meute at bay

-

... a blank tranquillity
Of naked Light from an invisible sun
A void that was a bodiless happiness
A blissful vacuum of nameless peace

-

Into the stillness of her silent self
Into the whiteness of its muse of Space
A spate, a torrent of the speed of Life
Broke like a wind-lashed driven mob of waves
Racing on a pale floor of summer sand
It drowned its banks, a mountain of climbing waves

-

It brought a grandiose gust of the Breath of Life
Its torrent carried the world's hopes and fears ...
It called to the mountain secrecies of the soul
And the miracle of the never-dying fire ...
Into earth-light poured its maze of tangled charm ...
Drunk from the world-libido's bottomless well
And the honey-sweet poison-wine of lust and death

-

It dreamed of that which never has been known
It grasped at that which never has been won
It chased into an Elysian memory
The charms that flee from the heart's soon lost delight

-

Its flame-ascensions and sky-pitched vast attempts
Its fiery towers of dream built on the winds ...
Its honey of tenderness, its sharp wine of hate

-

Mind's quick-paced thoughts floated from their high necks
A glowing splendour as of an irised mane
A parure of pure intuition's light
Its flame-foot gallop they could imitate
Mind's voices mimicked inspiration's stress
Its ictus of infallibility

-

Truth lay with delight in error's passionate arms
Gliding downstream in a blithe gilded barge
She edged her ray with a magnificent lie

-

Truth stares and does her works with bandaged eyes

-

As if around a high and voiceless isle
A clamour of waters from far unknown hills
Swallowed its narrow banks in crowding waves
And made a hungry world of white wild foam
Hastening, a dragon with a million feet
Its foam and cry, a drunken giant's din
Tossing a mane of Darkness into God's sky
It ebbed receding into a distant roar

-

Blue heaven, green earth, partners of Beauty's reign
Lived as of old, companions in happiness
And in the world's heart laughed the joy of life

-

A schoolman mind had captured life's large space
But choose to live in bare and paltry rooms
Parked off from the too vast dangerous universe
Fearing to lose its soul in the infinite

-

A chastened epithet in the prose of life
She must fill with colour just her sanctioned space
Not break out of the cabin of the idea
Nor trespass into rhythms too high or vast

-

Even when it soared into ideal air
Thought's flight lost not itself in heaven's blue
It drew upon the skies a patterned flower
Of disciplined beauty and harmonic light

-

A house was built with too close-fitting bricks
Action and thought cemented made a wall
Of small ideals limiting the soul
Even meditation mused on a narrow seat
And worship turned to an exclusive God
To the Universal in a chapel prayed
Whose doors were shut against the universe
Or kneeled to the bodiless Impersonal
A mind shut to the cry and fire of love

A rational religion dried the heart
It planned a smooth life's acts with ethics' rule
Or offered a cold and flameless sacrifice
The sacred Book lay on its sanctified desk
Wrapped in interpretation's silken strings
A credo sealed up its spiritual sense

-

There one stood forth who bore authority
On an important brow and held a rod
Command was incarnate in his gesture and tone
Tradition's petrified wisdom carved his speech
His sentences savoured the oracle

-

Fortunate art thou to reach our brilliant air
Flaming with thought's supreme finality

-

... thinking mind
Laboured content with small finalities

-

Register thy name in the book of the elite
Admitted by the sanction of the few
Adopt thy station of knowledge ...

-

Here burns the diamond of flawless bliss

-

... here the heart spoke not, only clear daylight
Of intellect reigned here, limiting, cold, precise

-

Happy are men anchored on fixed belief
In this uncertain and ambiguous world
Or who have planted in the heart's rich soil
One small grain of spiritual certitude
Happiest who stand on faith as on a rock

-

... this harmonic building of world-fact
This ordered knowledge of apparent things

-

Who then is this who knows not that the soul
Is a least gland or a secretion's fault
Disquieting the sane government of the mind
Disordering the function of the brain

-

The Spirit is the Holy Ghost of Mind
But none has touched its limits or seen its face

-

Each soul is the great Father's crucified Son
Mind is that soul's one parent, its conscious cause

-

All that is here is part of our own self
Our minds have made the world in which we live

-

Guests from the cavern of the secret soul

-

Ideas that haunt us with their radiant tread
Dreams that are hints of unborn Reality
Strange goddesses with deep-pooled magical eyes
Strong wind-haired gods carrying harps of hope
Great moon-hued visions gliding through gold air
Aspiration's sun-dream head and star-carved limbs

-

To find the birthplace of the occult Fire
And the deep mansion of my secret soul

-

In evil we light the deathless flame of good
And hold the torch of knowledge on ignorant roads

-

Follow the world's winding highway to its source
There in the silence few have ever reached
Thou shalt see the Fire burning on the bare stone
And the deep cavern of thy secret soul

-

CANTO IV: THE TRIPLE SOUL-FORCES

-

The pangs of earth, toil and speed of the stars
And the difficult birth and dolorous end of life

-

The beauty of sadness lingered on her face
Her eyes were dim with the ancient stain of tears

-

... the fear-filled life of bird and beast
Its long hunt for the day's precarious food
Its covert slink and crouch and hungry prowl
Its pain and terror seized by beak and claw

-

I am the Man of Sorrows, I am he
Who is nailed on the wide cross of the universe

-

... majesty and victory sat with her
Guarding in the wide cosmic battle-field
Against the flat equality of Death

-

I set in his mortal hand my heavenly sword
And put on him the breastplate of the gods

-

I shall hear the silver swing of heaven's gates

-

A tool and slave of his own slave and tool
He praises his free will and his master mind
And is pushed by her upon her chosen paths

Possessor he is possessed and, ruler, ruled
Her conscious automaton, her desire's dupe

-

Immortal spirit in the perishing clay
I am God still unevolved in human form
Even if he is not, he becomes in me

-

Mould from one primal plasm protean forms

-

No wish I harbour unfulfilled shall die

-

Thou shalt see self and world as by him they are seen
Reflected in the bright pool of thy soul

-

The cry of the ego shall be hushed within
Its lion roar that claims the world as food

-

A wide tower of vision whence all could be seen
And all was centered in a single view
As when by distance separate scenes grow one

-

There was a carol of birds and murmur of bees

-

Uplift the stature of the human clay
Or slowly transmute it into heaven's gold

-

He is Valour guarding still the desperate pass

-

He is Eternity lured from hour to hour
He is Infinity in a little space

-

Only when Eternity takes Time by the hand
Only when infinity weds the finite's thought
Can man be free from himself and live with God

-

A voice of the sense-shackled human mind
Carried its proud complaint of Godlike power
Hedged by the limits of a mortal's thoughts
Bound in the chains of earthly ignorance

-

He sees the naked body of the Truth
Though often baffled by her endless garbs
But cannot look upon her soul within

-

Then, furious for a knowledge absolute
He tears all details out and stabs and digs
Only the shape's contents he holds for use
The spirit escapes or dies beneath his knife

-

His poring eyes miss the unseen behind

-

His knowledge scans bright pebbles on the shore
Of the huge ocean of his ignorance

-

I have mapped the heavens and analysed the stars
Described the orbits through the grooves of Space
Measured the miles that separate the suns
Computed their longevity in Time
I have delved into earth's bowels and torn out
The riches guarded by her dull brown soil
I have classed the changes of her stony crust
And of her biography discovered the dates
Rescued the pages of all Nature's plan
The tree of evolution I have sketched
Each branch and twig and leaf in its own place
In the embryo tracked the history of forms
And the genealogy framed of all that lives
I have detected plasm and cell and gene
The protozoa traced, man's ancestors
The humble originals from whom he rose
I know how he was born and how he dies
Only what end he serves I know not yet
Or if there is aim at all or any end
Or push of rich creative purposeful joy
In the wide works of the terrestrial power
I have caught her intricate processes, none is left
Her huge machinery is in my hands
I have seized the cosmic energies for my use

I have pored on her infinitesimal elements
And her invisible atoms have unmasked
All Matter is a book I have perused
Only some pages now are left to read
I have seen the ways of life, the paths of mind
I have studied the methods of the ant and ape
And the behaviour learnt of man and work
If God is at work his secrets I have found
But still the Cause of things is left in doubt
Their truth flees from pursuit into a void
When all has been explained nothing is known

-

My great philosophies are a reasoned guess

-

The mystic heavens that claim the human soul
Are a charlatanism of the imagining brain
All is a speculation or a dream

-

... knowledge walks unslain in the pit of Night

-

... not by showering heaven's golden rain
Upon the intellect's hard and rocky soil
Can the tree of Paradise flower on earthly ground
And the Bird of Paradise sit upon life's boughs
And the winds of Paradise visit mortal air

-

... his soul dream shut in sainthood's brilliant cell

-

CANTO V: THE FINDING OF THE SOUL

-

... the prostrate yearning of her surrendered heart

-

A wave rippled within, the world had stirred

-

A rose of splendour on a tree of dreams
The face of Dawn out of mooned twilight grew

-

He carried a mortal lustre as his robe
Trailed Heaven like a purple scarf and wore
As his vermilion caste-mark a red sun

-

Truth's last retreat from thought's profaning touch
As if in a rock-temple's solitude hid
God's refuge from an ignorant worshipping world

-

An awful dimness wrapped the great rock-doors
Carved in the massive stone of Matter's trance

-

... Krishna and Radha for ever entwined in bliss
The Adorer and Adored self-lost and one

-

She had come into the mortal body's room
To play at ball with Time and Circumstance

-

As a mother feels and shares her children's lives
She puts forth a small portion of herself
A being no bigger than the thumb of man ...
This in us laughs and weeps, suffers the stroke
Exults in victory, struggles for the crown
Identified with the mind and body and life
It takes on itself their anguish and defeat
Bleeds with Fate's whips and hangs upon the cross
Yet is the unwounded and immortal self
Supporting the actor on the human scene
Through this she sends us her glory and her powers
Pushes to wisdom's heights, through misery's gulfs
She gives us strength to do our daily task
And sympathy that partakes of others' grief
And the little strength we have to help our race ...
This is in us the godhead small and marred
In this human portion of divinity
She seats the greatness of the Soul in Time
To uplift from light to light, from power to power
Till on a heavenly peak it stands, a king

-

In the muttering night amid the rain-swept woods

-

... now the half-opened lotus bud of her heart
Had bloomed ...

In its deep lotus home her being sat
As if on concentration's marble seat
Calling the mighty Mother of the worlds
To make this earthly tenement her house

-

A mighty movement rocked the inner space
As if a world were shaken and found its soul
Out of the Inconscient's soulless mindless Night
A flaming serpent rose released from sleep
It rose billowing its coils and stood erect
And climbing mightily stormily on its way
It touched her centres with its flaming mouth
As if a fiery kiss had broken their sleep
They bloomed and laughed surcharged with light and bliss
Then at the crown it joined the Eternal's space
In the flower of the head, in the flower of Matter's base
In each divine stronghold and Nature-knot
It held together the mystic stream which joins
The viewless summits with the unseen depths
The string of forts that make the frail defence
Safeguarding us against the enormous world

-

Breaking the black Inconscient's blind mute wall
Effacing the circles of the Ignorance
Powers and divinities burst flaming forth
Each part of the being trembling with delight
Lay overwhelmed with tides of happiness
And saw her hand in every circumstance
And felt her touch in every limb and cell
In the country of the lotus of the head
Which thinking mind has made its busy space

In the castle of the lotus twixt the brows
Whence it shoots the arrows of its sight and will
In the passage of the lotus of the throat
Where speech must rise and the expressing mind
And the heart's impulse run towards word and fact
A glad uplift and a new working came ...
In the kingdom of the lotus of the heart
Love chanting its pure hymeneal hymn
Made life and body mirrors of sacred joy
And all the emotions gave themselves to God
In the navel lotus's broad imperial range
Its proud ambitions and its master lusts
Were tamed into instruments of a great calm sway
To do a work of God on earthly soil
In the narrow nether centres' petty parts
Its childish game of daily dwarf desires
Was changed into a sweet and boisterous play
A romp of little gods with life in Time
In the deep place where once the Serpent slept
There came a grip on Matter's giant powers
For large utilities in life's little space
A firm ground was made for Heaven's descending might

-

... once the hidden doors are flung apart
Then the veiled king steps out in Nature's front
A Light comes down into the Ignorance
Its heavy painful knot loosens its grasp
The mind becomes a mastered instrument
And life a hue and figure of the soul

-

An inner law of beauty shapes our lives
Our words become the natural speech of Truth
Each thought is a ripple on a sea of Light

-

Our life is entrenched between two rivers of Light
We have turned space into a gulf of peace
And made the body a capitol of bliss

-

One man's perfection still can save the world

-

A camp of God is pitched in human time

-

CANTO VI: NIRVANA AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE ALL- NEGATING ABSOLUTE

-

A routed sullen rearguard of retreat
The last rains had fled murmuring across the woods
Or failed, a sibilant whisper mid the leaves
And the great blue enchantment of the sky
Recovered the deep rapture of its smile
Its mellow splendour unstressed by storm-licked heats
Found room for a luxury of warm mild days
The night's gold treasure of autumnal moons
Came floating shipped through ripples of fairy air

-

The trees' rustling voices told it to the winds
Flowers spoke in ardent hues an unknown joy
The birds' carolling became a canticle
The beasts forgot their strife and lived at ease
Absorbed in wide communion with the Unseen
The mild ascetics of the wood received
A sudden greating of their lonely muse

-

Body to body near, soul near to soul

-

A vast and nameless fear dragged at her nerves
As drags a wild beast its half-slaughtered prey

-

A formless Dread with shapeless endless wings

-

Mind, hollow mirror in which Ignorance sees
A splendid figure of its own false Self
And dreams it sees a glorious solid world

-

A might of storm chased by the might of the Sun

-

... not for self alone the self is won
Content abide not with one conquered realm
Adventure all to make the whole world thine
To break into greater kingdoms turn thy force
Fear not to be nothing that thou mayst be all

-

In the Inconscient's realm one shining star
One door in the Ignorance opened upon light

-

... life is filled with a spiritual joy
And Matter is the Spirit's willing bride

-

... following the complex human play
She heard the prompter's voice behind the scenes
Perceived the original libretto's set
And the organ theme of the composer Force

-

The animal instincts prowling mid life's trees ...
And passion's thunder-chase sweeping the nerves ...
And the wordless Light that liberates the soul

-

Thoughts, glistening Angels stood behind the brain
In flashing armour ...

-

... for the mortal prisoned in outward mind
All must present their passports at its door
Disguised they must don the official cap and mask
Or pass as manufactures of the brain
Unknown their secret truth and hidden source

-

The blissful sweetness of the intangible's touch

-

Thoughts leaped down from a superconscient field
Like eagles swooping from a viewless peak
Thoughts gleamed up from the screened subliminal depths
Like golden fishes from a hidden sea

-

This world is a vast unbroken totality
A deep solidarity joins its contrary powers

-

The human godhead with star-gazer eyes
Lives still in one house with the primal beast

-

... the Eternal's powers are like himself
Timeless in the Timeless, in Time ever born

-

Often our thoughts are finished cosmic wares
Admitted by a silent office gate
And passed through the subconscious galleries
Then issued in Time's mart as private make

-

The word, the form, the charm, the glory and grace
Are missioned sparks from a stupendous Fire
A sample from the laboratory of God
Of which he holds the patent upon earth
Comes to him wrapt in golden coverings

He listens for Inspiration's postman knock
And takes delivery of the priceless gift
A little spoiled by the receiver mind
Or mixed with the manufacture of his brain
When least defaced, then is it most divine

-

Then all grew tranquil in her being's space
Only sometimes small thoughts arose and fell
Like quiet waves upon a silent sea
Or ripples passing over a lonely pool
When a stray stone disturbs its dreaming rest ...
Her mind now seemed like a vast empty room
Or like a peaceful landscape without sound ...
All now was a wide mighty vacancy ...
And the ocean silence of Infinity

-

Idea's shapes in complete armour of words
Posted like travellers in an alien space
Out of some far expanse they seemed to come
As if carried on vast wings like large white sails

-

Mind's unexpected visitors from the unseen
Like far-off sails upon a lonely sea
But soon that commerce failed, none reached mind's coast

-

Then all grew still, nothing moved any more
Immobile, self-rapt, timeless, solitary
A silent spirit pervaded silent Space

-

Emotion slept deep down in the still heart
Or lay buried in a cemetery of peace

-

Vain was the provocation of events

-

The house she had built with bricks of thought and sense

-

This seeing was identical with the seen
It knew without knowledge all that could be known

-

The forest with its emerald multitudes
Clothed with its show of hues vague empty Space

-

The brain's vibrations that appear like thought
The nerve's brief answer to each contact's knock
The heart's quiverings felt as joy and grief and love
Were twitchings of the body, their seeming self
That body forged from atoms and formed gas
A manufactured lie of Maya's make
Its life a dream seen by the sleeping Void
The animals lone or trooping through the glades
Fled like a passing vision of beauty and grace
Imagined by some all-creating Eye

-

The world is but a spark-burst from its light
All moments flashes from its Timelessness
All objects glimmerings of the Bodiless

-

The Truth where knowledge is not nor knower nor known

-

Once sepulchred alive in brain and flesh
She had risen up from body, mind and life
She was no more a Person in a world
She had escaped into infinity

-

CANTO VII

-

A zero circle of being's totality

-

The original Mystery wore her human face

-

Only a body was left, the ego's shell
Afloat mid drift and foam of the world-sea

-

Something unknown, unreached, inscrutable
Sent down the messages of its bodiless Light
Cast lightning flashes of a thought not ours

-

Her vacant heart was like a stringless harp

-

No more shut in by body's walls and gates
Her being a circle without circumference
Already now surpassed all cosmic bounds
And more and more spread into infinity

-

It seemed to cast from it universe like a dream

-

Mind was a single innumerable look ...
All was one single immense reality
All its innumerable phenomenon

-

She was a single being, yet all things
The world was her spirit's wide circumference
The thoughts of others were her intimates
Their feelings close to her universal heart
Their bodies her many bodies kin to her
She was no more herself but all the world

-

The distant constellations wheeled round her

-

She was a subconscious life of tree and flower
The outbreak of the honied buds of spring
She burned in the passion and splendour of the rose

She was the red heart of the passion flower
The dream-white of the lotus in its pool

-

She was Time and the dreams of God in Time
She was Space and the wideness of his days

BOOK EIGHT: THE BOOK OF DEATH

CANTO III: DEATH IN THE FOREST

-

Here on the emerald edge of the vast woods
In the iron ring of the enormous peaks
Under the blue rifts of the forest sky

-

Love in her bosom hurt with jagged edges
Of anguish ...

-

Her life was now in seconds, not in hours
And every moment she economised
Like a pale merchant leaned above his store
The miser of his poor remaining gold

-

She like a pantheress leaped upon his words

-

The violent and hungry hounds of pain
Travelled through his body biting as they passed

-

Such agony rends me as the tree must feel
When it is sundered and must lose its life

-

... She sought
His mouth still with her living mouth, as if
She could persuade his soul back with her kiss
Then grew aware they were no more alone
Something had come there conscious, vast and dire

BOOK NINE: THE BOOK OF ETERNAL NIGHT

CANTO I: TOWARDS THE BLACK VOID

-

The moments on great wings of lightning come

-

A starry fragment of the eternal Truth

-

A halo of Widsom's lightnings for its crown
It entered the mystic lotus in her head
A thousand-petalled home of power and light

-

Making life's sea a mirror of heaven's sky

-

Then like a tree recovering from a wind
She raised her noble head ...

-

Something stood there, unearthly, sombre, grand
A limitless denial of all being
That wore the terror and wonder of a shape

-

His shape was nothingness made real, his limbs
Were monuments of transience and beneath

Brows of unwearying calm large godlike lids
Silent beheld the writhing serpent, life

-

Entomb thy passion in its living grave

-

She rose and stood gathered in lonely strength
Like one who drops his mantle for a race
And waits the signal, motionlessly swift

-

... as leans
Night over tired lands when evening pales
And fading gleams break down the horizon's walls
Nor yet the dusk grows mystic with the moon

-

In dream-built fields a shadowy herdsman glides
Behind some wanderer from his voiceless herds

-

... all the murmurous beauty of the leaves
Rippled around her like an emerald robe

-

The wild bird's voice and its winged rustle came
As if a sigh from some forgotten world

-

A fierce she-eagle ...
Borne on a rush of puissance and a cry
Outwinging like a mass of golden fire

-

She crossed the borders of dividing sense

-

... out of the engulfing sea of trance
Her mind rose drenched to light streaming with hues

-

Weird ran the road which like fear hastening
Towards that of which it has most terror ...

-

Enigma of the Inconscient's sculptural sleep

-

Impermanent creatures, sorrowful foam of Time
Your transient loves bind not the eternal gods

-

Still like a statue on its pedestal
Lone in the silence and to vastness bared
Against midnight's dumb abysses piled in front
A columned shaft of fire and light she rose

-

CANTO II: THE JOURNEY IN ETERNAL NIGHT AND THE VOICE OF
DARKNESS

-

Gathering its hungry strength the huge pitiless void
Surrounded slowly with its soundless depths
And monstrous, cavernous, a shapeless throat
Devoured her into its shadowy strangling mass
The fierce spiritual agony of a dream

-

A curtain of impenetrable dread
The darkness hung around her cage of sense
As when the trees have turned to blotted shades
And the last friendly glimmer fades away
Around a bullock in the forest tied

-

Long hours, since long it seems when sluggish time
Is measured by the throbs of the soul's pain
In an unreal darkness empty and drear
She travelled treading on the corpse of life
Lost in a blindness of extinguished souls

-

It wandered like a lost ray of the moon
Revealing to the night her soul of dread
Serpentine in the gleam the darkness lolled
Its black hoods jewelled with the mystic glow
Its dull sleek folds shrank back and coiled and slid
As though they felt all light a cruel pain
And suffered from the pale approach of hope

-

Then a sound pealed through that dead monstrous realm
Vast like the surge in a tired swimmer's ears
Clamouring, a fatal iron-hearted roar
Death missioned to the night his lethal call

-

A fragile miracle of thinking clay
Armed with illusions walks the child of Time

-

... death prowls baying through the woods of life

-

He offers in implacable shrines his soul
And clothes all with the beauty of his dreams

-

He is the cattle of the shepherd gods
His body the tether with which he is tied
They cast for fodder grief and hope and joy
His pasture ground they have fenced with Ignorance

-

My unwept tears have turned to pearls of strength

-

As when the storm-haired Titan-striding sea
Throws on a swimmer its tremendous laugh
Remembering all the joy its waves had drowned
So from the darkness of the sovereign night
Against the Woman's boundless heart arose
The almighty cry of universal Death

-

Mortal, whose spirit is my wandering breath
Whose transience was imagined by my smile

-

Who is this God imagined by thy night
Contemptuously creating worlds disdained
Who made for vanity the brilliant stars?
Not he who has reared his temple in my thoughts
And made his sacred floor my human heart
My God is Will and triumphs in his paths
My God is Love and sweetly suffers all
To him I have offered hope for sacrifice
And gave my longings as a sacrament
Who shall prohibit or hedge in his course
The wonderful, the charioteer, the swift?

-

Love's golden wings have power to fan thy void
The eyes of love gaze starlike through death's night
The feet of love tread naked hardest worlds

-

The brilliant idol of a fugitive hour

-

A thin dance of fireflies speeding through the night
A sparkling ferment in life's sunlit mire

-

I only am eternal and endure
I am the shapeless formidable Vast
I am the emptiness that men call Space
I am a timeless Nothingness carrying all
I am the Illimitable, the mute Alone
I, Death, am He; there is no other God

-

His body I made my banquet, his life my food

-

... Death in thee dreaming of eternity

-

I am the Immobile in which all things move

-

One endless watches the inconscient scene
Where all things perish, as the foam the stars
The One lives for ever ...

-

O Death, who reasonest, I reason not
Reason that scans and breaks, but cannot build
Or builds in vain because she doubts her work
I am, I love, I see, I act, I will

-

He stood in silence and in darkness wrapped
A figure motionless, a shadow vague
Girt with the terrors of his secret sword
Half-seen in clouds appeared a sombre face

Night's dusk tiara was his matted hair
The ashes of the pyre his forehead's sign

BOOK TEN: THE BOOK OF THE DOUBLE TWILIGHT

CANTO I: THE DREAM TWILIGHT OF THE IDEAL

-

And the sin last, greatest, the spiritual pride ...
Its scorn of the work writhing in the mud

-

A Truth occult has made this mighty world

-

The Inconscient is the Superconscient's sleep

-

Death is a stair, a door, a stumbling stride
The soul must take to cross from birth to birth

-

... the phantom of an aureate Sun
Whose orb pupilled the eye of Nothingness

-

A golden fire came in and burnt Night's heart

-

The dreaming deities look beyond the seen
And fashion in their thoughts the ideal worlds
Sprung from a limitless moment of desire

-

Vague fields wre there, vague pastures gleaned, vague trees
Vague scenes dim-hearted in a drifting haze
Vague cattle white roamed glimmering through the mist
Vague spirits wandered with a bodiless cry
Vague melodies touched the soul and fled pursued

-

... steps of reverie on sweet memory's ground

-

A ripple of gleaming wings crossed the far sky
Birds like pale-bosomed imaginations flew
With low disturbing voices of desire
And half-heard lowings drew the listening ear
As if the Sun-god's brilliant kine were there
Hidden in mist and passing towards the sun

-

These only touch a golden hem of bliss
The gleaming shoulder of some godlike hope
The flying feet of exquisite desires

-

Pain grew a trembling undertone of bliss
And transience immortality's floating hem

-

CANTO II: THE GOSPEL OF DEATH AND VANITY OF THE IDEAL

-

That lovely world swam thin and frail, most like
Some pearly evanescent farewell gleam
On the faint verge of dusk in moonless eves

-

Prophesying glories it shall never see
It labours delicately among its dreams

-

Hope chants to hope a bright immortal choir

-

The ideal dwells not in heaven, nor on the earth
A bright delirium of man's ardour of hope
Drunk with the wine of its own phantasy

-

This angel in thy body thou callst love
Who shapes his wings from thy emotion's hues

-

In the Alone there is no room for love

-

A fire flaming low in Nature's grate

-

What is this love thy thought has deified
This sacred legend and immortal myth
It is a conscious yearning of thy flesh
It is a glorious burning of thy nerves

A rose of dream-splendour petalling thy mind
A great red rapture and torture of thy heart ...
A ravishing edge of sweetness and of pain
A thrill in its yearning makes it seem divine
A golden bridge across the roar of the years
A cord tying thee to eternity
And yet how brief and frail! how soon is spent
This treasure washed by the gods on man
This happy closeness as of soul to soul
This honey of the body's companionship
This heightened joy, this ecstasy in the veins
This strange illumination of the sense

-

... worlds broke forth like clusters of fire-flowers

-

... I forbid thy voice to slay my soul

-

Did he not dawn on me in other stars?

-

How has he through the thickets of the world
Pursued me like a lion in the night
And come upon me suddenly in the ways
And seized me with his glorious golden leap

-

I cherish God the Fire, not God the Dream

-

But Death once more inflicted on her heart
The majesty of his calm and dreadful voice

-

Thou sendest eagle-poised to meet the sun
Words winged with the red splendour of thy heart

-

Artificer of Ideal and Idea
Mind, child of Matter in the womb of Life
To higher levels persuades his parents' steps
Inapt, they follow ill the daring guide
But Mind, a glorious traveller in the sky
Walks lamely on the earth with footsteps slow
Hardly he can mould the life's rebellious stuff
Hardly can he hold the galloping hooves of sense
His thoughts look straight into the very heavens
They draw their gold from a celestial mine
His acts work painfully a common ore
All thy high dreams were made by Matter's mind
To solace its dull work in Matter's jail

-

It tethers mind to the tent-posts of sense
To a leaden grey routine clamps Life's caprice

-

A trickle dotting the emptiness of Space

-

Nothing is there but aspects limned by Chance
And seeming shapes of seeming Energy

-

An extract pressed from hard experience
Man's knowledge asked in the barrels of Memory
Has the harsh savour of a mortal draught

-

Even Matter vanishes into Energy's vague
And Energy is a motion of old Nought

-

How shall the Ideal's unsubstantial hues
Be painted stiff on earth's vermilion blur
A dream within a dream come doubly true?

-

CANTO III: THE DEBATE OF LOVE AND DEATH

-

O dark-browed sophist of the universe
Who veilst the Real with its own Idea

-

O Death, thou speakest Truth but Truth that slays
I answer to thee with the Truth that saves

-

Infinity wore a boundless zero's form

-

In inert Matter breathed a slumbering Life
In a subconscious Life Mind lay asleep

In waking Life it stretched its giant limbs
To shake from it the torpor of its drowse
A senseless substance quivered into sense
The world's heart commenced to beat, its eyes to see
In the crowded dumb vibrations of a brain
Thought fumbled in a ring to find itself
Discovered speech and fed the new-born Word
That bridged with spans of light the world's ignorance
In waking Mind, the Thinker built his house
A reasoning animal willed and planned and sought
He stood erect among his brute compeers
He built life new, measured the universe
Opposed his fate and wrestled with unseen Powers
Conquered and used the laws that rule the world
And hoped to ride the heavens and reach the stars
A master of his huge environment
Now through Mind's windows stares the demi-god
Hidden behind the curtains of man's soul
He has seen the Unknown, looked on Truth's veiless face
A ray has touched him from the eternal Sun
Motionless, voiceless in foreseeing depths
He stands awake in Supernature's light
And sees a glory of arisen wings
And sees the vast descending might of God

-

How shall the child already be the man
Because he is infant, shall he never grow?
Because he is ignorant, shall he never learn?

-

In a small fragile seed a great tree lurks
In a tiny gene a thinking being is shut

A little element in a little sperm
It grows and is a conqueror and a sage

-

The body is the chrysalis of a soul

-

A glory is the gold and glimmering moon
A glory is his dream of purple sky

-

His laughter of beauty breaks out in green trees
His moments of beauty triumph in a flower
The blue sea's chant, the rivulet's wandering voice
Are murmurs falling from the Eternal's harp
This world is God fulfilled in outwardness

-

His forms he has massed from infinitesimal dust

-

Above her is the vigil of the stars

-

A thousand aspects point back to the One

-

This tangle dance of passionate contraries
Locking like lovers in a forbidden embrace
The quarrel of their lost identity

-

Lost is the pilgrim's wallet and the scrip
She fails to read the map and watch the star

-

On the ocean surface of vast Consciousness
Small thoughts in shoals are fished up into a net
But the great truths escape her narrow cast
Guarded from vision by creation's depths
Obscure they swim in blind enormous gulfs
Safe from the little sounding leads of mind
Too far for the puny diver's shallow plunge

-

As knowledge grows Light flames up from within
It is a shining warrior in the mind
An eagle of dreams in the divining heart
An armour in the fight, a bow of God

-

... Science tears out Nature's occult powers
Enormous jinns who serve a dwarf's small needs

-

A lightning flash of visionary sight

-

It drinks from the naked breasts of glorious Truth

-

In earth's anomalous and tragic field
Carried in its aimless journey by the sun
Mid the forced marches of the great dumb stars

-

Only through her creative slumber flit
Frail memories of the joy and beauty meant
Under the sky's blue laugh mid green-scarfed trees
And happy squanderings of scents and hues
In the field of the golden promenade of the sun
And the vigil of the dream-light of the stars
Amid high meditating heads of hills
On the bosom of voluptuous rain-kissed earth
And by the sapphire tumbings of the sea

-

Our nature twisted by the abortive birth
Returns wry answers to life's questioning shocks
An acrid relish finds in the world's pangs
Drinks the sharp wine of grief's perversity

-

Delight, God's sweetest sign and Beauty's twin

-

... every creature hunts for happiness
Buys with harsh pangs or tears by violence
From the dull breast of the inanimate globe
Some fragment or some broken shard of bliss

-

... for joy and not for sorrow earth was made

-

All grew a play of Chance simulating Fate

-

A secret air of pure felicity
Deep like a sapphire heaven our spirits breathe
Our hearts and bodies feel its obscure call
Our senses grope for it and touch and lose
If this withdrew, the world would sink in the Void
If this were not, nothing could move or live
A hidden Bliss is at the root of things

-

This universe an old enchantment guards
Its objects are carved cups of World-Delight
Whose charmed wine is some deep soul's rapture-drink
The All-Wonderful has packed heaven with his dreams
He has made blank ancient Space his marvel-house
He spilled his spirit into Matter's signs
His fires of grandeur burn in the great sun
He glides through heaven shimmering in the moon
He is beauty carolling in the fields of sound
He chants the stanzas of the odes of Wind
He is silence watching in the stars at night
He wakes at dawn and calls from every bough
Lies stunned in the stone and dreams in flower and tree

-

There is a joy in all that meets the sense
A joy in all experience of the soul
A joy in evil and a joy in good
A joy in virtue and a joy in sin

Indifferent to the threat of karmic law
Joy dares to grow upon forbidden soil

-

Abandoning speech and the name-determined realms
Through a gleaming far-seen sky of wordless thought
Through naked thought-free heavens of absolute sight
She climbs to the summits where the unborn Idea
Remembering the future that must be
Looks down upon the works of labouring Force
Immutable above the world it made

-

In the vast golden laughter of Truth's sun
Like a great heaven-bird on a motionless sea
Is poised her winged ardour of creative joy
On the still deep of the Eternal's peace

-

... Love that was once an animal's desire
Then a sweet madness in the rapturous heart
An ardent comradeship in the happy mind
Becomes a wide spiritual yearning's space

-

A Lover leaning from his cloister's door
Gathers the whole world into his single breast

-

Love must not cease to live upon the earth
For Love is the bright link twixt earth and heaven

Love is the far Transcendent's angel here
Love is man's lien on the Absolute

-

Thus wilt thou hire the glorious charlatan Mind
To weave from his Ideal's gossamer air
A fine raiment for thy body's nude desires

-

Thy words are large murmurs in a mystic dream

-

I am his conquering and unslayable will

-

In me all take refuge, for I, Death, am God

-

Show me thy strength and freedom from my laws

-

All is a single plan; each wayside act
Deepens the soul's response, brings nearer the goal

-

Bright noons I give thee and unwounded dawns

-

... grief dies soon in the tired human heart
Soon other guests the empty chambers fill

-

The deep eternal truth in transient things

-

For who, being mortal, can dwell glad alone

-

Are we not they who bore vast solitude
Seated upon the hills alone with God

-

Earth saw my struggle, heaven my victory

-

Ocean's dim fields delivered to the moon

-

The twilight trembled like a bursting veil

-

A heaven bird upon jewelled wings of wind
Borne like a coloured and embosomed fire
By spirits carried in a pearl-hued cave

-

CANTO IV: THE DREAM TWILIGHT OF THE EARTHLY REAL

-

A grey dissatisfied rumour like a ghost
Of the moaning of a loud unquiet sea

–

As when pale lightnings tear a tortured sky

–

Ascetic voices called of lonely seers
On mountain summits or on river banks
Or from the desolate heart of forest glades

–

His mind is pent in circling boundaries
For mind is man, beyond thought he cannot soar
If he could leave his limits he would be safe
He sees but cannot mount to his greater heavens
Even winged, he sinks back to his native soil
He is a captive in his net of mind
And beats soul-wings against the walls of life

–

The saviour creeds that cannot save themselves
But perish in the strangling hands of the years ...
Philosophies that strip all problems bare
But nothing ever have solved since earth began

–

... fissured houses, palace at once and jail

–

These wars, carnage triumphant, ruin gone mad
The work of centuries vanishing in an hour
The blood of the vanquished and the victor's crown
Which men to be born must pay for with their pain
The hero's face divine on satyr's limbs
The demon's grandeur mixed with the demi-god's

The glory and the beasthood and the shame
Why is it all, the labour and the din
The transient joys, the timeless sea of tears
The longing and the hoping and the cry
The battle and the victory and the fall
The aimless journey that can never pause
The waking toil, the incoherent sleep

—

... nothing is there but only a Mind that dreams
The world is a myth that happened to come true
A legend told to itself by conscious Mind
Imaged and played on a feigned Matter's ground

—

... Mind is Nature's marriage of covenant
Between truth and falsehood, between joy and pain
This struggling pair no court can separate

—

Each thought is a gold coin with bright alloy
And error and truth are its obverse and reverse
This is the imperial mintage of the brain
And of this kind is all its currency

—

Truth comes not there but only the thought of Truth
God is not there but only the name of God

—

If thou desirest truth then still thy mind

—

... how shall I seek rest in endless peace
Who house the mighty Mother's violent force
Her vision turned to read the enigmaed world
Her will tempered in the blaze of Wisdom's sun
And the flaming silence of her heart of love

—

The world is a spiritual paradox
Invented by a need in the Unseen
A poor translation to the creature's sense
Of That which for ever exceeds idea and speech
A symbol of what can never be symbolised
A language mispronounced, misspelt, yet true
Its powers have come from the eternal heights
And plunged into the inconscient dim Abyss
And risen from it to do their marvellous work

—

The soul is a figure of the Unmanifest
The mind labours to think the Unthinkable
The life to call the Immortal into birth
The body to enshrine the Illimitable

—

In vain thou hast dug the dark unbridgeable gulf
In vain thou has built the blind and doorless wall

—

My mind is a torch lit from the eternal sun
My life a breath drawn by the immortal Guest
My mortal body is the Eternal's house
Already the torch becomes the undying ray
Already the life is the Immortal's force
The house grows of the householder part and one

–

If green delight break into emerald leaves
And its laughter of beauty blossom in the flower
If sense could wake in tissue, nerve and cell ...
How shall the nameless light not leap on men
And unknown powers emerge from Nature's sleep

–

Even now hints of a luminous Truth like stars
Arise in the mind-mooned splendour of Ignorance

–

Because the dark atheist body knows him not
Must the sage deny the Light, the seer his soul

–

The Ineffable is now my household mate

–

A heart that has grown one with every heart
I am a deputy of the aspiring world
My spirit's liberty I ask for all

–

Our transient effort at eternity

–

It is the storm bird of an anarch Power
That would upheave the world and tear from it
The indecipherable scroll of Fate

–

The wise are tranquil; silent the great hills
Rise ceaselessly towards their unreached sky
Seated on their unchanging base, their heads
Dreamless in heaven's immutable domain

—

Vain the soul's hope if changeless Law is all

—

I trample on thy law with living feet
For to arise in freedom I was born

—

Easy the heavens were to build for God
Earth was his difficult matter, earth the glory

—

Thy heart's ephemeral passion cannot break
The iron rampart of accomplished things

—

The Person is a bubble on Time's sea

—

... what is Truth and who can find her form
Amid the specious images of sense
Amid the crowding guesses of the mind
And the dark ambiguities of a world
Peopled with the incertitudes of Thought

—

The heart's wish donning knowledge as its robe

–

The white head and black tail of the mystic drake
The swift and the lame foot, wing strong, wing broken ...
A great surreal dragon in the skies

–

Against human reason this is his offence
Being known to be for ever unknowable

–

A still deep sea, he laughs in rolling waves

–

Ingenious notes plugged into a motived score
These million discords dot the harmonious theme
Of the evolution's huge orchestral dance

–

A Truth supreme has forced the world to be
It has wrapped itself in Matter as in a shroud
A shroud of Death, a shroud of Ignorance

–

It compelled the suns to burn through silent Space
Flame-signs of its uncomprehended Thought
In a wide brooding ether's formless muse
It made of Knowledge a veiled and struggling light
Of Being a substance nescient, dense and dumb
Of Bliss the beauty of an insentient world

–

In finite things the conscious Infinite dwells
Involved it sleeps in Matter's helpless trance ...

Dreaming it throws out mind and heart and soul ...
Its gleaming shards are Wisdom's diamond thoughts

—

A pack of feelings obscure, a dot of sense
Survives awhile answering the shocks of life
Then crushed or, its force spent, leaves the dead form
Leaves the huge universe in which it lived
An insignificant unconsidered guest
But the soul grows concealed within its house

—

He pores upon life's book with student eyes

—

On summit Mind are radiant altitudes
Exposed to the lustre of Infinity

—

Oceans of an immortal luminousness
Flame-hills assaulting heaven with their peaks
There dwelling all becomes a blaze of sight
A burning head of vision leads the mind ...
And sense is kindled into identity

—

Thought crowds in masses seized by one regard
All Time is one body, Space a single look

—

Fencing eternity from the toil of Time

—

Above the stretch and blaze of cosmic Sight
Above the silence of the wordless Thought
Formless creator of immortal forms
Nameless, investitured with the name divine
Transcending Time's hours, transcending Timelessness
The Mighty Mother sits in lucent calm
And holds the eternal Child upon her knees
Attending the day when he shall speak to Fate

—

A Spirit who is no one and innumerable
The one mystic infinite Person of his world
Multiplies his myriad personality
On all his bodies seals his divinity's stamp
And sits in each immortal and unique

—

The Timeless looks out from the travelling hours
The Ineffable puts on a robe of speech
Where all its words are woven like magic threads

—

O Death, if thou couldst touch the Truth supreme
Thou wouldst grow suddenly wise and cease to be

—

If our souls could see and love and clasp God's Truth
Its infinite radiance would seize our hearts
Our being in Go's image be remade
And earthly life become the life divine

—

And persuade to tread the harsh globe with wounded feet

—

... truth and knowledge are an idle gleam
If Knowledge brings not power to change the world

—

Let deathless eyes look into the eyes of Death
An imperishable Force touching brute things
Transform earth's death into immortal life

—

In a flaming moment of apocalypse
The Incarnation thrust aside its veil

—

Her eyes were two stars that watched the universe

—

On the body's longings grew heaven-rapture's flower
And made desire a pure celestial flame

—

Hunger that gnawed at the universe
Consuming the cold remnants of the suns

—

Relieve the radiant god from thy black mask
Release the soul of the world called Satyavan
Freed from thy clutch of pain and ignorance
That he may stand master of life and fate
Man's representative in the house of God
The mate of Wisdom and the spouse of Light
The eternal bridegroom of the eternal bride

—

Light like a burning tongue licked up his thoughts
Light was a luminous torture in his heart
Light coursed, a splendid agony, through his nerves

—

As if by himself to swallow up himself

—

His body was eaten by light, his spirit devoured

BOOK ELEVEN: THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING DAY

CANTO I: THE ETERNAL DAY: THE SOUL'S CHOICE AND THE SUPREME CONSUMMATION

-

... serene arches of translucent calm

-

Arisen beneath a triple mystic heaven
The seven immortal earths were seen sublime
Homes of the blest released from death and sleep

-

Lost in blue deeps of immortality

-

Even Matter brought a close spiritual touch
All thrilled with the immanence of one divine

-

... the wide travel hymn of timeless seas

-

The murmurous rivers of felicity
Divinely rippled, honey-voiced desires
Mingling their sister eddies of delight
Then, widening to a pace of calm-lipped muse

Down many-glimmered estuaries of dream
Went whispering into lakes of liquid peace

-

On a brink held of senseless ecstasy
And guarding an eternal poise of thought
Sat sculptured souls dreaming by rivers of sound
In changeless attitudes of marble bliss

-

... cities cut like gems of conscious stone

-

Songs thrilled of birds upon unfading boughs
The colours of whose plumage had been cought
From the rainbow of imagination's wings

-

Faery flower-masses looked with laughing eyes

-

The crowding petal-glow of marvel's tints
... float across the curtained lids of dream

-

... a wordless tongue of things

-

... rhythmic rocks in ever-foaming seas

-

... the first lexicon of an infinite mind

-

Form was a tenuous raiment of the soul
Colour was a visible tone of ecstasy

-

Sunlight the soul's vision and moonlight its dream

-

Night the dim mask had grown a wonderful face

-

As if the choric calyx of a flower
Aerial, visible on music's waves
A lotus-petalled ecstasy
Took shape out of the tremulous heart of things

-

There was no more the dark pretence of hate
The cruel ictus on Love's altered face ...
Passionate to take but knowing not how to give

-

Objects are his letters, forces are his words
Events are the crowded history of his life
And sea and land are the pages of his tale
Matter is his means and his spiritual sign
He hangs the thought upon a lash's lift
In the current of the blood makes flow the soul
His is the dumb will of atom and of clod ...

... its body is the body of the Lord
And in its heart stands Virat, King of kings

-

All from his stillness came as grows a tree
He is our seed and core, our head and base

-

He sleeps in the atom and the burning star
He sleeps in man and god and beast and stone
Because he is there the Inconscient does its work
Because he is there the world forgets to die

-

The nectar spilled by love with trembling hands
The joy the cup of Nature cannot hold
Had crowded to the beauty of his face
Were waiting in the honey of his laugh

-

The secret whisper of the flower and star
Revealed its meaning in his fathomless look

-

... divulged
The light of the ages in the mirth of the hours

-

Then like an anthem from the heart's lucent cave
A voice soared up whose magic sound could turn
The poignant weeping of the earth to sobs
Of rapture and her cry to spirit song

-

In thee the secret sight man's blindness missed
Has opened its view past Time, my chariot course
And death, my tunnel which I drive through life
To reach my unseen distances of bliss

-

I am the inviolable Ecstasy
They who have looked on me shall grieve no more

-

Heaven in its rapture dreams of perfect earth
Earth in its sorrow dreams of perfect heaven
The two longing to join yet walk apart
Idly divided by their vain conceits
They are kept from their oneness by enchanted fears
Sundered mysteriously by miles of thought
They gaze across the silent gulfs of sleep

-

Arise, vindicate thy spirit's conquered right

-

A joy exceeding earth's and heaven's poured down
The bliss of an unknown eternity

-

... the first beam of the morning sun
Rippled along two wakened lotus-pools

-

Tempting his heart with the far lure of heaven
Testing his strength with the close touch of hell

-

Earth is the chosen place of mightiest souls
Earth is the heroic spirit's battlefield
The forge where the Arch-mason shapes his works
Thy servitudes on earth are greater, king
Than all the glorious liberties of heaven

-

I too have wandered in star-jewelled groves
Paced sun-gold pastures and moon-silver swards
And heard the harping laughter of their streams
And lingered under branches dropping myrrh
I too have revelled in the fields of light
Touched by the ethereal raiment of the winds
Thy wonder-rounds of music I have trod
Lived in the rhyme of bright unlabouring thoughts

-

Take not the warrior with his blow unstruck
Are there not still a million fights to wage ...
Break not the lyre before the song is found
Are there not still unnumbered chants to weave

-

Let not the inconscient gulf swallow man's race
That through earth's ignorance struggles towards the Light

-

Heaven's call is rare, rarer the heart that heeds

-

... earth's needs nail to earth the human mass

-

In the stark economy of cosmic life
Each creature to its appointed task and place
Is bound by his nature's form, his spirit's force
If this were easily disturbed, it would break
The settled balance of created things
The perpetual order of the universe
Would tremble, and a gap yawn in woven Fate

-

If men were not and all were brilliant gods
The mediating stair would then be lost
By which the spirit awake in Matter winds
Accepting the circuits of the Middle Way

-

As if a fond ignorant mother kept her child
Tied to her apron strings of Nescience

-

The Inconscient could not read without man's mind
The mystery of the world its sleep has made
Man is its key to unlock a conscious door
But still it holds him dangled in its grasp

-

A high and dazzling limit shines above
A black and blinding border rules below
His mind is closed between two firmaments

-

To raise the world to God in deathless Light
To bring God down to the world on earth we came
To change the earthly life to life divine

-

What force condemned to birth and death and tears
These conscious creatures crawling on the globe

-

To be is not a senseless paradox

-

If man lives bound by his humanity
If he is tied for ever to his pain
Let a greater being then arise from man
The superhuman with the Eternal mate
And the Immortal shine through earthly forms

-

Spirit foresess, Matter unfolds its thought

-

Chaired in calm seas she heard the eternal Thought

-

A thousand doors of oneness was her heart

-

The moments fell into eternity

-

Limitless like ocean round a lonely isle

-

Amorous of oneness without thought or sign
To cast down wall and fence, to strip heaven bare
See with the large eye of infinity
Unweave the stars and into silence pass

-

I open the wide eye of solitude
To uncover the voiceless rapture of my bliss
Where in a pure and exquisite hush it lies
Motionless in its slumber of ecstasy
Resting from the sweet madness of the dance
Out of whose beat the throb of hearts was borne

-

All shall be written out in destiny's book
By my trustee of thought and plan and act
The executor of my will, eternal Time

-

I lay my hands upon thy soul of flame
I lay my hands upon thy heart of love

-

When all thy work in human time is done
The mind of earth shall be a home of light
The life of earth a tree growing towards heaven
The body of earth a tabernacle of God

-

Thou shalt be hunted through the world by love

-

Thou shalt not shrink from any brother soul
Thou shalt be attracted helplessly to all

-

I will pour delight from thee as from a jar
I will whirl thee as my chariot through the ways
I will use thee as my sword and as my lyre
I will play on thee my minstrelsies of thought

-

Who hunts and seizes me, my captive grows

-

For ever love, O beautiful slave of God!

-

O Mind, grow full of the eternal peace
O Word, cry out the immortal litany
Built is the golden tower, the flame-child born

-

... my boundlessness cut by the curve of Space

-

Yet shall there glow on mind like a horned moon
The spirit's crescent splendour in pale skies

-

Mind the thought-driven chariot of the soul
Carrying the luminous wanderer in the night

-

There are greater destinies mind cannot surmise
Fixed on the summit of the evolving Path
The Traveller now treads in Ignorance
Unaware of his next step, not knowing his goal
Mind is not all his tireless climb can reach
There is a fire on the apex of the worlds
There is a house of the Eternal's Light
There is an infinite truth, an absolute power

-

The Mighty Mother shall take birth in Time
And God be born into the human clay
In forms made ready by your human lives

-

There is a consciousness mind cannot touch
Its speech cannot utter nor its thought reveal
It has no home on earth, no centre in man
Yet is the source of all things thought and done

-

Some shall be made the glory's receptacles
And vehicles of the Eternal's luminous power
These are the high forerunners, the heads of Time
The great deliverers of earth-bound mind
The high transfigurers of human clay
The first-born of a new supernal race

-

The superman shall wake in mortal man
And manifest the hidden demi-god ...
Revealing the secret deity in the cave

-

Even the body shall remember God

-

The end of Death, the death of Ignorance

-

It shall make earth's nescient ground Truth's colony
Make even the Ignorance a transparent robe
Through which shall shine the brilliant limbs of Truth
And Truth shall be a sun on Nature's head
And Truth shall be the guide of Nature's steps
And Truth shall gaze out of her nether deeps

-

The Spirit shall look out through Matter's gaze
And Matter shall reveal the Spirit's face

-

The Truth shall be the leader of their lives

-

Crowned as with peacock plumes of gorgeous hue
Framing a sapphire, whose heart-disturbing smile
Insatiably attracted to delight

-

Like a flower hidden in the heart of spring

-

A diamond light of the Eternal's peace
A crimson seed of God's felicity
A glance from the gaze fell of undying Love

-

A key turned in a mystic lock of Time

BOOK TWELVE: EPILOGUE

THE RETURN TO EARTH

-

Into the magic secrecy of the woods
Peering through an emerald lattice-window of leaves
In indolent skies reclined, the thinning day
Turned to its slow fall into evening's peace

-

Unnumbered years seemed moments long drawn out
The brilliant time-flakes of eternity

-

Our home, this forest, with its thousand cries
And the whisper of the wind among the leaves
And, through rifts in emerald scene, the evening sky
God's canopy of blue sheltering our lives
And the birds crying for heart's happiness
Winged poets of our solitary reign
Our friends on earth where we are king and queen

-

... a mighty dream's reality

-

A statue of silence in my templed spirit
A yearning godhead and a golden bride

-

My life a whisper of thy dreaming thoughts
My morns a gleaming of thy spirit's wings

-

Lo, we have looked upon the face of God
Our life has opened with divinity
We have borne identity with the Supreme
And known his meaning in our mortal lives
Our love has grown greater by that mighty touch
And learnt its heavenly significance
Yet nothing is lost of mortal love's delight
Heaven's touch fulfills but cancels not our earth

-

A playing ground and dwelling house of God
Who hides himself in bird and beast and man
Sweetly to find himself again by love

-

The brilliant strenuous crowded life of man

-

A thoughtful prophecy of lyric dawn

-

I tread your little hillock called green earth
And in the moments of your transient sun
Live glad among the busy works of men

-

What gleaming marvel of the earth or skies
Stands silently by human Satyavan

To mark a brilliance in the dusk of eve
If this is she of whom the world has heard
Wonder no more at any happy change
Each easy miracle of felicity
Of her transmuting heart the alchemy is

-

Numberless the stars swam on their shadowy field
Describing in the gloom the ways of light

-

Night, splendid with the moon dreaming in heaven
In silver peace, possessed her luminous reign