

Track 27, Book Two, Canto Two, Section 1, lines 1 to 149

In the impalpable field of secret self,
This little outer being's vast support
Parted from vision by earth's solid fence,
He came into a magic crystal air
5 And found a life that lived not by the flesh,
A light that made visible immaterial things.
A fine degree in wonder's hierarchy,
The kingdom of subtle Matter's faery craft
Outlined against a sky of vivid hues,
10 Leaping out of a splendour-trance and haze,
The wizard revelation of its front.
A world of lovelier forms lies near to ours,
Where, undisguised by earth's deforming sight,
All shapes are beautiful and all things true.
15 In that lucent ambience mystically clear
The eyes were doors to a celestial sense,
Hearing was music and the touch a charm,
And the heart drew a deeper breath of power.
There dwell earth-nature's shining origins:
20 The perfect plans on which she moulds her works,
The distant outcomes of her travailing force,
Repose in a framework of established fate.
Attempted vainly now or won in vain,
Already were mapped and scheduled there the time
25 And figure of her future sovereignties
In the sumptuous lineaments traced by desire.
The golden issue of mind's labyrinth plots,
The riches unfound or still uncaught by our lives,
Unsullied by the attainment of mortal thought
30 Abide in that pellucid atmosphere.
Our vague beginnings are overtaken there,
Our middle terms sketched out in prescient lines,
Our finished ends anticipated live.
This brilliant roof of our descending plane,
35 Intercepting the free boon of heaven's air,
Admits small inrushes of a mighty breath
Or fragrant circuits through gold lattices;
It shields our ceiling of terrestrial mind
From deathless suns and the streaming of God's rain,
40 Yet canalises a strange irised glow,
And bright dews drip from the Immortal's sky.
A passage for the Powers that move our days,
Occult behind this grosser Nature's walls,
A gossamer marriage-hall of Mind with Form
45 Is hidden by a tapestry of dreams;
Heaven's meanings steal through it as through a veil,
Its inner sight sustains this outer scene.
A finer consciousness with happier lines,
It has a tact our touch cannot attain,
50 A purity of sense we never feel;
Its intercession with the eternal Ray
Inspires our transient earth's brief-lived attempts
At beauty and the perfect shape of things.
In rooms of the young divinity of power
55 And early play of the eternal Child
The embodiments of his outwinging thoughts
Laved in a bright everlasting wonder's tints
And lulled by whispers of that lucid air

60 Take dream-hued rest like birds on timeless trees
 Before they dive to float on earth-time's sea.
 All that here seems has lovelier semblance there.
 Whatever our hearts conceive, our heads create,
 Some high original beauty forfeiting,
 Thence exiled here consents to an earthly tinge.

65 Whatever is here of visible charm and grace
 Finds there its faultless and immortal lines;
 All that is beautiful here is there divine.
 Figures are there undreamed by mortal mind:
 Bodies that have no earthly counterpart

70 Traverse the inner eye's illumined trance
 And ravish the heart with their celestial tread
 Persuading heaven to inhabit that wonder sphere.
 The future's marvels wander in its gulfs;
 Things old and new are fashioned in those depths:

75 A carnival of beauty crowds the heights
 In that magic kingdom of ideal sight.
 In its antechambers of splendid privacy
 Matter and soul in conscious union meet
 Like lovers in a lonely secret place:

80 In the clasp of a passion not yet unfortunate
 They join their strength and sweetness and delight
 And mingling make the high and low worlds one.
 Intruder from the formless Infinite
 Daring to break into the Inconscient's reign,

85 The spirit's leap towards body touches ground.
 As yet unwrapped in earthly lineaments,
 Already it wears outlasting death and birth,
 Convincing the abyss by heavenly form,
 A covering of its immortality

90 Alive to the lustre of the wearer's rank,
 Fit to endure the rub of Change and Time.
 A tissue mixed of the soul's radiant light
 And Matter's substance of sign-burdened Force,—
 Imagined vainly in our mind's thin air

95 An abstract phantasm mould of mental make,—
 It feels what earthly bodies cannot feel
 And is more real than this grosser frame.
 After the falling of mortality's cloak
 Lightened is its weight to heighten its ascent;

100 Refined to the touch of finer environments
 It drops old patterned palls of denser stuff,
 Cancels the grip of earth's descending pull
 And bears the soul from world to higher world,
 Till in the naked ether of the peaks

105 The spirit's simplicity alone is left,
 The eternal being's first transparent robe.
 But when it must come back to its mortal load
 And the hard ensemble of earth's experience,
 Then its return resumes that heavier dress.

110 For long before earth's solid vest was forged
 By the technique of the atomic Void,
 A lucent envelope of self-disguise
 Was woven round the secret spirit in things.
 The subtle realms from those bright sheaths are made.

115 This wonder-world with all its radiant boon
 Of vision and inviolate happiness,
 Only for expression cares and perfect form;

Fair on its peaks, it has dangerous nether planes;
Its light draws towards the verge of Nature's lapse;
120 It lends beauty to the terror of the gulfs
And fascinating eyes to perilous Gods,
Invests with grace the demon and the snake.
Its trance imposes earth's inconscience,
Immortal it weaves for us death's sombre robe
125 And authorises our mortality.
This medium serves a greater Consciousness:
A vessel of its concealed autocracy,
It is the subtle ground of Matter's worlds,
It is the immutable in their mutable forms,
130 In the folds of its creative memory
It guards the deathless type of perishing things:
Its lowered potencies found our fallen strengths;
Its thought invents our reasoned ignorance;
Its sense fathers our body's reflexes.
135 Our secret breath of untried mightier force,
The lurking sun of an instant's inner sight,
Its fine suggestions are a covert fount
For our iridescent rich imaginings
Touching things common with transfiguring hues
140 Till even earth's mud grows rich and warm with the skies
And a glory gleams from the soul's decadence.
Its knowledge is our error's starting-point;
Its beauty dons our mud-mask ugliness,
Its artist good begins our evil's tale.
145 A heaven of creative truths above,
A cosmos of harmonious dreams between,
A chaos of dissolving forms below,
It plunges lost in our inconscient base.
Out of its fall our denser Matter came.