

Track 31: Section 2, Ines 156 to 244

This, once a star of bright remote idea
Or imagination's comet trail of dream,
Took now a close shape of reality.

The gulf between dream-truth, earth-fact was crossed,
160 The wonder-worlds of life were dreams no more;
His vision made all they unveiled its own:
Their scenes, their happenings met his eyes and heart
And smote them with pure loveliness and bliss.

A breathless summit region drew his gaze
165 Whose boundaries jutted into a sky of Self
And dipped towards a strange ethereal base.
The quintessence glowed of Life's supreme delight.
On a spiritual and mysterious peak
Only a miracle's high transfiguring line
170 Divided life from the formless Infinite
And sheltered Time against eternity.

Out of that formless stuff Time mints his shapes;
The Eternal's quiet holds the cosmic act:
The protean images of the World-Force
175 Have drawn the strength to be, the will to last
From a deep ocean of dynamic peace.

Inverting the spirit's apex towards life,
She spends the plastic liberties of the One
To cast in acts the dreams of her caprice,
180 His wisdom's call steadies her careless feet,
He props her dance upon a rigid base,
His timeless still immutability
Must standardise her creation's miracle.

Out of the Void's unseeing energies
185 Inventing the scene of a concrete universe,
By his thought she has fixed its paces, in its blind acts
She sees by flashes of his all-knowing Light.

At her will the inscrutable Supermind leans down
To guide her force that feels but cannot know,
190 Its breath of power controls her restless seas
And life obeys the governing Idea.

At her will, led by a luminous Immanence
The hazardous experimenting Mind
Pushes its way through obscure possibles
195 Mid chance formations of an unknowing world.

Our human ignorance moves towards the Truth
That Nescience may become omniscient,
Transmuted instincts shape to divine thoughts,
Thoughts house infallible immortal sight
200 And Nature climb towards God's identity.

The Master of the worlds self-made her slave
Is the executor of her fantasies:
She has canalised the seas of omnipotence;
She has limited by her laws the Illimitable.

205 The Immortal bound himself to do her works;
He labours at the tasks her Ignorance sets,
Hidden in the cape of our mortality.

The worlds, the forms her goddess fancy makes
Have lost their origin on unseen heights:
210 Even severed, straying from their timeless source,
Even deformed, obscure, accursed and fallen,—
Since even fall has its perverted joy
And nothing she leaves out that serves delight,—
These too can to the peaks revert or here
215 Cut out the sentence of the spirit's fall,
Recover their forfeited divinity.

At once caught in an eternal vision's sweep
He saw her pride and splendour of highborn zones
And her regions crouching in the nether deeps.

220 Above was a monarchy of unfallen self,
Beneath was the gloomy trance of the abyss,
An opposite pole or dim antipodes.

There were vasts of the glory of life's absolutes:
All laughed in a safe immortality
225 And an eternal childhood of the soul
Before darkness came and pain and grief were born
Where all could dare to be themselves and one
And Wisdom played in sinless innocence
With naked Freedom in Truth's happy sun.

230 There were worlds of her laughter and dreadful irony,
There were fields of her taste of toil and strife and tears;
Her head lay on the breast of amorous Death,
Sleep imitated awhile extinction's peace.

The light of God she has parted from his dark
235 To test the savour of bare opposites.
Here mingling in man's heart their tones and hues
Have woven his being's mutable design,
His life a forward-rippling stream in Time,
His nature's constant fixed mobility,
240 His soul a moving picture's changeful film,
His cosmos-chaos of personality.

The grand creatrix with her cryptic touch
Has turned to pathos and power being's self-dream,
Made a passion-play of its fathomless mystery.