

**Track 65: Section 2, lines 193 to 258**

In those bright realms are Mind's first forward steps.  
Ignorant of all but eager to know all,  
195 Its curious slow enquiry there begins;  
Ever its searching grasps at shapes around,  
Ever it hopes to find out greater things.  
Ardent and golden-gleamed with sunrise fires,  
Alert it lives upon invention's verge.  
200 Yet all it does is on an infant's scale,  
As if the cosmos were a nursery game,  
Mind, life the playthings of a Titan's babe.  
As one it works who builds a mimic fort  
Miraculously stable for a while,  
205 Made of the sands upon a bank of Time  
Mid an occult eternity's shoreless sea.  
A small keen instrument the great Puissance chose,  
An arduous pastime passionately pursues;  
To teach the Ignorance is her difficult charge,  
210 Her thought starts from an original nescient Void  
And what she teaches she herself must learn  
Arousing knowledge from its sleepy lair.  
For knowledge comes not to us as a guest  
Called into our chamber from the outer world;  
215 A friend and inmate of our secret self,  
It hid behind our minds and fell asleep  
And slowly wakes beneath the blows of life;  
The mighty daemon lies unshaped within,  
To evoke, to give it form is Nature's task.  
220 All was a chaos of the true and false,  
Mind sought amid deep mists of Nescience;  
It looked within itself but saw not God.  
A material interim diplomacy  
Denied the Truth that transient truths might live  
225 And hid the Deity in creed and guess  
That the World-Ignorance might grow slowly wise.  
This was the imbroglio made by sovereign Mind  
Looking from a gleam-ridge into the Night  
In her first tamperings with Inconscience:  
230 Its alien dusk baffles her luminous eyes;  
Her rapid hands must learn a cautious zeal;  
Only a slow advance the earth can bear.  
Yet was her strength unlike the unseeing earth's  
Compelled to handle makeshift instruments  
235 Invented by the life-force and the flesh.  
Earth all perceives through doubtful images,  
All she conceives in hazardous jets of sight,  
Small lights kindled by touches of groping thought.  
Incapable of the soul's direct inlook  
240 She sees by spasms and solders knowledge-scrap,  
Makes Truth the slave-girl of her indigence,  
Expelling Nature's mystic unity  
Cuts into quantum and mass the moving All;  
She takes for measuring-rod her ignorance.

245 In her own domain a pontiff and a seer,  
That greater Power with her half-risen sun  
Wrought within limits but possessed her field;  
She knew by a privilege of thinking force  
And claimed an infant sovereignty of sight.

250 In her eyes however darkly fringed was lit  
The Archangel's gaze who knows inspired his acts  
And shapes a world in its far-seeing flame.  
In her own realm she stumbles not nor fails,  
But moves in boundaries of subtle power

255 Across which mind can step towards the sun.  
A candidate for a higher suzerainty,  
A passage she cut through from Night to Light,  
And searched for an ungrasped Omniscience.