

**Track 66, Section 3a, lines 259 to 406**

A dwarf three-bodied trinity was her serf.  
260 First, smallest of the three, but strong of limb,  
A low-brow with a square and heavy jowl,  
A pigmy Thought needing to live in bounds  
For ever stooped to hammer fact and form.  
Absorbed and cabined in external sight,  
265 It takes its stand on Nature's solid base.  
A technician admirable, a thinker crude,  
A riveter of Life to habit's grooves,  
Obedient to gross Matter's tyranny,  
A prisoner of the moulds in which it works,  
270 It binds itself by what itself creates.  
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.  
In its realm of concrete images and events  
275 Turning in a worn circle of ideas  
And ever repeating old familiar acts,  
It lives content with the common and the known.  
It loves the old ground that was its dwelling-place:  
Abhorring change as an audacious sin,  
280 Distrustful of each new discovery  
Only it advances step by careful step  
And fears as if a deadly abyss the unknown.  
A prudent treasurer of its ignorance,  
It shrinks from adventure, blinks at glorious hope,  
285 Preferring a safe foothold upon things  
To the dangerous joy of wideness and of height.  
The world's slow impressions on its labouring mind,  
Tardy imprints almost indelible,  
Increase their value by their poverty;  
290 The old sure memories are its capital stock:  
Only what sense can grasp seems absolute:  
External fact it figures as sole truth,  
Wisdom identifies with the earthward look,  
And things long known and actions always done  
295 Are to its clinging hold a balustrade  
Of safety on the perilous stair of Time.  
Heaven's trust to it are the established ancient ways,  
Immutable laws man has no right to change,  
A sacred legacy from the great dead past  
300 Or the one road that God has made for life,  
A firm shape of Nature never to be changed,  
Part of the huge routine of the universe.  
A smile from the Preserver of the Worlds  
Sent down of old this guardian Mind to earth  
305 That all might stand in their fixed changeless type  
And from their secular posture never move.  
One sees it circling faithful to its task,  
Tireless in an assigned tradition's round;  
In decayed and crumbling offices of Time  
310 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,  
315 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.  
And yet behind it stands a cosmic might:  
320 A measured Greatness keeps its vaster plan,  
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,  
325 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:  
On Shiva's breast is stayed the enormous dance.  
330 A fiery spirit came, next of the three.  
A hunchback rider of the red Wild-Ass,  
A rash Intelligence leaped down lion-maned  
From the great mystic Flame that rings the worlds  
And with its dire edge eats at being's heart.  
335 Thence sprang the burning vision of Desire.  
A thousand shapes it wore, took numberless names:  
A need of multitude and uncertainty  
Pricks it for ever to pursue the One  
On countless roads across the vasts of Time  
340 Through circuits of unending difference.  
It burns all breasts with an ambiguous fire.  
A radiance gleaming on a murky stream,  
It flamed towards heaven, then sank, engulfed, towards hell;  
It climbed to drag down Truth into the mire  
345 And used for muddy ends its brilliant Force;  
A huge chameleon gold and blue and red  
Turning to black and grey and lurid brown,  
Hungry it stared from a mottled bough of life  
To snap up insect joys, its favourite food,  
350 The dingy sustenance of a sumptuous frame  
Nursing the splendid passion of its hues.  
A snake of flame with a dull cloud for tail,  
Followed by a dream-brood of glittering thoughts,  
A lifted head with many-tinged flickering crests,  
355 It licked at knowledge with a smoky tongue.  
A whirlpool sucking in an empty air,  
It based on vacancy stupendous claims,  
In Nothingness born to Nothingness returned,  
Yet all the time unwittingly it drove  
360 Towards the hidden Something that is All.  
Ardent to find, incapable to retain,  
A brilliant instability was its mark,  
To err its inborn trend, its native cue.  
At once to an unreflecting credence prone,  
365 It thought all true that flattered its own hopes;

It cherished golden nothings born of wish,  
It snatched at the unreal for provender.  
In darkness it discovered luminous shapes;  
Peering into a shadow-hung half-light  
370 It saw hued images scrawled on Fancy's cave;  
Or it swept in circles through conjecture's night  
And caught in imagination's camera  
Bright scenes of promise held by transient flares,  
Fixed in life's air the feet of hurrying dreams,  
375 Kept prints of passing Forms and hooded Powers  
And flash-images of half-seen verities.  
An eager spring to seize and to possess  
Unguided by reason or the seeing soul  
Was its first natural motion and its last,  
380 It squandered life's force to achieve the impossible:  
It scorned the straight road and ran on wandering curves  
And left what it had won for untried things;  
It saw unrealised aims as instant fate  
And chose the precipice for its leap to heaven.  
385 Adventure its system in the gamble of life,  
It took fortuitous gains as safe results;  
Error discouraged not its confident view  
Ignorant of the deep law of being's ways  
And failure could not slow its fiery clutch;  
390 One chance made true warranted all the rest.  
Attempt, not victory, was the charm of life.  
An uncertain winner of uncertain stakes,  
Instinct its dam and the life-mind its sire,  
It ran its race and came in first or last.  
395 Yet were its works nor small and vain nor null;  
It nursed a portion of infinity's strength  
And could create the high things its fancy willed;  
Its passion caught what calm intelligence missed.  
Insight of impulse laid its leaping grasp  
400 On heavens high Thought had hidden in dazzling mist,  
Caught glimmers that revealed a lurking sun:  
It probed the void and found a treasure there.  
A half-intuition purpled in its sense;  
It threw the lightning's fork and hit the unseen.  
405 It saw in the dark and vaguely blinked in the light,  
Ignorance was its field, the unknown its prize.