

**Track 84: Canto Three, Section 1, lines 1 to 118**

A mightier task remained than all he had done.  
To That he turned from which all being comes,  
A sign attending from the Secrecy  
Which knows the Truth ungrasped behind our thoughts  
5 And guards the world with its all-seeing gaze.  
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.  
10 A strength he sought that was not yet on earth,  
Help from a Power too great for mortal will,  
The light of a Truth now only seen afar,  
A sanction from his high omnipotent Source.  
But from the appalling heights there stooped no voice;  
15 The timeless lids were closed; no opening came.  
A neutral helpless void oppressed the years.  
In the texture of our bound humanity  
He felt the stark resistance huge and dumb  
Of our inconscient and unseeing base,  
20 The stubborn mute rejection in life's depths,  
The ignorant No in the origin of things.  
A veiled collaboration with the Night  
Even in himself survived and hid from his view:  
Still something in his earthly being kept  
25 Its kinship with the Inconscient whence it came.  
A shadowy unity with a vanished past  
Treasured in an old-world frame was lurking there,  
Secret, unnoted by the illumined mind,  
And in subconscious whispers and in dream  
30 Still murmured at the mind's and spirit's choice.  
Its treacherous elements spread like slippery grains  
Hoping the incoming Truth might stumble and fall,  
And old ideal voices wandering moaned  
And pleaded for a heavenly leniency  
35 To the gracious imperfections of our earth  
And the sweet weaknesses of our mortal state.  
This now he willed to discover and exile,  
The element in him betraying God.  
All Nature's recondite spaces were stripped bare,  
40 All her dim crypts and corners searched with fire  
Where refugee instincts and unshaped revolts  
Could shelter find in darkness' sanctuary  
Against the white purity of heaven's cleansing flame.  
All seemed to have perished that was undivine:  
45 Yet some minutest dissident might escape  
And still a centre lurk of the blind force.  
For the Inconscient too is infinite;  
The more its abysses we insist to sound,  
The more it stretches, stretches endlessly.  
50 Then lest a human cry should spoil the Truth  
He tore desire up from its bleeding roots  
And offered to the gods the vacant place.

Thus could he bear the touch immaculate.  
A last and mightiest transformation came.

55 His soul was all in front like a great sea  
Flooding the mind and body with its waves;  
His being, spread to embrace the universe,  
United the within and the without  
To make of life a cosmic harmony,  
60 An empire of the immanent Divine.

In this tremendous universality  
Not only his soul-nature and mind-sense  
Included every soul and mind in his,  
But even the life of flesh and nerve was changed  
65 And grew one flesh and nerve with all that lives;  
He felt the joy of others as his joy,  
He bore the grief of others as his grief;  
His universal sympathy upbore,  
Immense like ocean, the creation's load  
70 As earth upbears all beings' sacrifice,  
Thrilled with the hidden Transcendent's joy and peace.

There was no more division's endless scroll;  
One grew the Spirit's secret unity,  
All Nature felt again the single bliss.

75 There was no cleavage between soul and soul,  
There was no barrier between world and God.

Overpowered were form and memory's limiting line;  
The covering mind was seized and torn apart;  
It was dissolved and now no more could be,  
80 The one Consciousness that made the world was seen;  
All now was luminosity and force.

Abolished in its last thin fainting trace  
The circle of the little self was gone;  
The separate being could no more be felt;  
85 It disappeared and knew itself no more,  
Lost in the spirit's wide identity.

His nature grew a movement of the All,  
Exploring itself to find that all was He,  
His soul was a delegation of the All  
90 That turned from itself to join the one Supreme.

Transcended was the human formula;  
Man's heart that had obscured the Inviolable  
Assumed the mighty beating of a god's;  
His seeking mind ceased in the Truth that knows;  
95 His life was a flow of the universal life.

He stood fulfilled on the world's highest line  
Awaiting the ascent beyond the world,  
Awaiting the descent the world to save.

A Splendour and a Symbol wrapped the earth,  
100 Serene epiphanies looked and hallowed vasts  
Surrounded, wise infinitudes were close  
And bright remotenesses leaned near and kin.

Sense failed in that tremendous lucency;  
Ephemeral voices from his hearing fell  
105 And Thought potent no more sank large and pale  
Like a tired god into mysterious seas.

The robes of mortal thinking were cast down  
Leaving his knowledge bare to absolute sight;  
Fate's driving ceased and Nature's sleepless spur:

110 The athlete heavings of the will were stilled  
In the Omnipotent's unmoving peace.

Life in his members lay down vast and mute;  
Naked, unwalled, unterrified it bore  
The immense regard of Immortality.

115 The last movement died and all at once grew still.

A weight that was the unseen Transcendent's hand  
Laid on his limbs the Spirit's measureless seal,  
Infinity swallowed him into shoreless trance.