

**Track 65: Section 4c, lines 716 to 841**

In her glorious kingdom of eternal light  
All-ruler, ruled by none, the Truth supreme,  
Omnipotent, omniscient and alone,  
In a golden country keeps her measureless house;  
720 In its corridor she hears the tread that comes  
Out of the Unmanifest never to return  
Till the Unknown is known and seen by men.

Above the stretch and blaze of cosmic Sight,  
Above the silence of the wordless Thought,  
725 Formless creator of immortal forms,  
Nameless, investitured with the name divine,  
Transcending Time's hours, transcending Timelessness,  
The Mighty Mother sits in lucent calm  
And holds the eternal Child upon her knees  
730 Attending the day when he shall speak to Fate.

There is the image of our future's hope;  
There is the sun for which all darkness waits,  
There is the imperishable harmony;  
The world's contradictions climb to her and are one:  
735 There is the Truth of which the world's truths are shreds,  
The Light of which the world's ignorance is the shade  
Till Truth draws back the shade that it has cast,  
The Love our hearts call down to heal all strife,  
The Bliss for which the world's derelict sorrows yearn:  
740 Thence comes the glory sometimes seen on earth,  
The visits of Godhead to the human soul,  
The Beauty and the dream on Nature's face.

There the perfection born from eternity  
Calls to it the perfection born in Time,  
745 The truth of God surprising human life,  
The image of God overtaking finite shapes.

There in a world of everlasting Light,  
In the realms of the immortal Supermind  
Truth who hides here her head in mystery,  
750 Her riddle deemed by reason impossible  
In the stark structure of material form,  
Unenigmaed lives, unmasked her face and there  
Is Nature and the common law of things.

There in a body made of spirit stuff,  
755 The hearth-stone of the everliving Fire,  
Action translates the movements of the soul,  
Thought steps infallible and absolute  
And life is a continual worship's rite,  
A sacrifice of rapture to the One.

760 A cosmic vision, a spiritual sense  
Feels all the Infinite lodged in finite form  
And seen through a quivering ecstasy of light  
Discovers the bright face of the Bodiless,  
In the truth of a moment, in the moment's soul  
765 Can sip the honey-wine of Eternity.

A Spirit who is no one and innumerable,  
The one mystic infinite Person of his world

Multiplies his myriad personality,  
On all his bodies seals his divinity's stamp  
770 And sits in each immortal and unique.

The Immobile stands behind each daily act,  
A background of the movement and the scene,  
Upholding creation on its might and calm  
And change on the Immutable's deathless poise.

775 The Timeless looks out from the travelling hours;  
The Ineffable puts on a robe of speech  
Where all its words are woven like magic threads  
Moving with beauty, inspiring with their gleam,  
And every thought takes up its destined place  
780 Recorded in the memory of the world.

The Truth supreme, vast and impersonal  
Fits faultlessly the hour and circumstance,  
Its substance a pure gold ever the same  
But shaped into vessels for the spirit's use,  
785 Its gold becomes the wine jar and the vase.

All there is a supreme epiphany:  
The All-Wonderful makes a marvel of each event,  
The All-Beautiful is a miracle in each shape;  
The All-Blissful smites with rapture the heart's throbs,  
790 A pure celestial joy is the use of sense.

Each being there is a member of the Self,  
A portion of the million-thoughted All,  
A claimant to the timeless Unity,  
The many's sweetness, the joy of difference  
795 Edged with the intimacy of the One.

“But who can show to thee Truth's glorious face?

Our human words can only shadow her.

To thought she is an unthinkable rapture of light,  
To speech a marvel inexpressible.

800 O Death, if thou couldst touch the Truth supreme  
Thou wouldst grow suddenly wise and cease to be.

If our souls could see and love and clasp God's Truth,  
Its infinite radiance would seize our hearts,  
Our being in God's image be remade  
805 And earthly life become the life divine.”

Then Death the last time answered Savitri:

“If Truth supreme transcends her shadow here  
Severed by Knowledge and the climbing vasts,  
What bridge can cross the gulf that she has left  
810 Between her and the dream-world she has made?

Or who could hope to bring her down to men  
And persuade to tread the harsh globe with wounded feet  
Leaving her unapproachable glory and bliss,  
Wasting her splendour on pale earthly air?

815 Is thine that strength, O beauty of mortal limbs,  
O soul who flutterest to escape my net?

Who then art thou hiding in human guise?

Thy voice carries the sound of infinity,  
Knowledge is with thee, Truth speaks through thy words;  
820 The light of things beyond shines in thy eyes.

But where is thy strength to conquer Time and Death?

Hast thou God's force to build heaven's values here?

For truth and knowledge are an idle gleam  
If Knowledge brings not power to change the world,  
825 If Might comes not to give to Truth her right.

A blind Force, not Truth has made this ignorant world,  
A blind Force, not Truth orders the lives of men:  
By Power, not Light, the great Gods rule the world;  
Power is the arm of God, the seal of Fate.

830 O human claimant to immortality,  
Reveal thy power, lay bare thy spirit's force,  
Then will I give back to thee Satyavan.

Or if the Mighty Mother is with thee,  
Show me her face that I may worship her;  
835 Let deathless eyes look into the eyes of Death,  
An imperishable Force touching brute things  
Transform earth's death into immortal life.

Then can thy dead return to thee and live.

The prostrate earth perhaps shall lift her gaze  
840 And feel near her the secret body of God  
And love and joy overtake fleeing Time."