But the god answered to the woman's heart:
“O living power of the incarnate Word,
All that the Spirit has dreamed thou canst create:
Thou art the force by which I made the worlds,
Thou art my vision and my will and voice.

But knowledge too is thine, the world-plan thou knowest
And the tardy process of the pace of Time.

In the impetuous drive of thy heart of flame,
In thy passion to deliver man and earth,
Indignant at the impediments of Time
And the slow evolution's sluggard steps,
Lead not the spirit in an ignorant world
To dare too soon the adventure of the Light,
PUSHING THE BOUND AND SLEEPING GOD IN MAN

Awakened mid the ineffable silences
Into endless vistas of the unknown and unseen,
Across the last confines of the limiting Mind
And the Superconscient's perilous border line
Into the danger of the Infinite.

But if thou wilt not wait for Time and God,
Do then thy work and force thy will on Fate.
As I have taken from thee my load of night
And taken from thee my twilight's doubts and dreams,
So now I take my light of utter Day.

These are my symbol kingdoms but not here
Can the great choice be made that fixes fate
Or uttered the sanction of the Voice supreme.

Arise upon a ladder of greater worlds
To the infinity where no world can be.

But not in the wide air where a greater Life
Uplifts its mystery and its miracle,
And not on the luminous peaks of summit Mind,
Or in the hold where subtle Matter's spirit
Hides in its light of shimmering secrecies,
Can there be heard the Eternal's firm command
That joins the head of destiny to its base.

These only are the mediating links;
Not theirs is the originating sight
Nor the fulfilling act or last support
That bears perpetually the cosmic pile.

Two are the Powers that hold the ends of Time;
Spirit foresees, Matter unfolds its thought,
The dumb executor of God's decrees,
Omitting no iota and no dot,
Agent unquestioning, inconscient, stark,
Evolving inevitably a charged content,
Intention of his force in Time and Space,
In animate beings and inanimate things;
Immutably it fulfils its ordered task,
It cancels not a tittle of things done;
Unswerving from the oracular command
It alters not the steps of the Unseen.

If thou must indeed deliver man and earth
On the spiritual heights look down on life,

Discover the truth of God and man and world;
Then do thy task knowing and seeing all.

Ascend, O soul, into thy timeless self;
Choose destiny's curve and stamp thy will on Time.”

He ended and upon the falling sound

A power went forth that shook the founded spheres
And loosed the stakes that hold the tents of form.

Absolved from vision's grip and the folds of thought,
Rapt from her sense like disappearing scenes
In the stupendous theatre of Space

The heaven-worlds vanished in spiritual light.

A movement was abroad, a cry, a word,
Beginningless in its vast discovery,
Momentless in its unthinkable return:
Choired in calm seas she heard the eternal Thought

Rhythming itself abroad unutterably
In spaceless orbits and on timeless roads.

In an ineffable world she lived fulfilled.

An energy of the triune Infinite,
In a measureless Reality she dwelt,

A rapture and a being and a force,
A linked and myriad-motioned plenitude,
A virgin unity, a luminous spouse,
Housing a multitudinous embrace
To marry all in God's immense delight,

Bearing the eternity of every spirit,
Bearing the burden of universal love,
A wonderful mother of unnumbered souls.

All things she knew, all things imagined or willed:
Her ear was opened to ideal sound,

Shape the convention bound no more her sight,
A thousand doors of oneness was her heart.

A crypt and sanctuary of brooding light
 Appeared, the last recess of things beyond.

Then in its rounds the enormous fiat paused,

Silence gave back to the Unknowable
All it had given. Still was her listening thought.

The form of things had ceased within her soul.

Invisible that perfect godhead now.

Around her some tremendous spirit lived,

Mysterious flame around a melting pearl,
And in the phantom of abolished Space
There was a voice unheard by ears that cried:

“Choose, spirit, thy supreme choice not given again;
For now from my highest being looks at thee

The nameless formless peace where all things rest.

In a happy vast sublime cessation know,—
An immense extinction in eternity,
A point that disappears in the infinite,—
Felicity of the extinguished flame,

Last sinking of a wave in a boundless sea,
End of the trouble of thy wandering thoughts,
Close of the journeying of thy pilgrim soul.

Accept, O music, weariness of thy notes,
O stream, wide breaking of thy channel banks.”

The moments fell into eternity.

But someone yearned within a bosom unknown
And silently the woman's heart replied:
“Thy peace, O Lord, a boon within to keep
Amid the roar and ruin of wild Time

For the magnificent soul of man on earth.
Thy calm, O Lord, that bears thy hands of joy.”

Limitless like ocean round a lonely isle
A second time the eternal cry arose:
“Wide open are the ineffable gates in front.

My spirit leans down to break the knot of earth,
Amorous of oneness without thought or sign
To cast down wall and fence, to strip heaven bare,
See with the large eye of infinity,
Unweave the stars and into silence pass.”

In an immense and world-destroying pause
She heard a million creatures cry to her.

Through the tremendous stillness of her thoughts
Immeasurably the woman's nature spoke:

“My oneness, Lord, in many approaching hearts,
My sweet infinity of thy numberless souls.”

Mightily retreating like a sea in ebb
A third time swelled the great admonishing call:
“I spread abroad the refuge of my wings.

Out of its incommunicable deeps
My power looks forth of mightiest splendour, stilled
Into its majesty of sleep, withdrawn
Above the dreadful whirlings of the world.”

A sob of things was answer to the voice,
And passionately the woman's heart replied:

“To thy energy, Lord, to seize on woman and man,
To take all things and creatures in their grief
And gather them into a mother's arms.”

Solemn and distant like a seraph's lyre
A last great time the warning sound was heard:
“I open the wide eye of solitude
To uncover the voiceless rapture of my bliss,
Where in a pure and exquisite hush it lies
Motionless in its slumber of ecstasy,
Resting from the sweet madness of the dance

Out of whose beat the throb of hearts was born.”

Breaking the Silence with appeal and cry
A hymn of adoration tireless climbed,
A music beat of winged uniting souls,
Then all the woman yearningly replied:

"Thy embrace which rends the living knot of pain,
Thy joy, O Lord, in which all creatures breathe,
Thy magic flowing waters of deep love,
Thy sweetness give to me for earth and men."