The measure of that subtle music ceased.

Down with a hurried swimming floating lapse
Through unseen worlds and bottomless spaces forced
Sank like a star the soul of Savitri.

Amidst a laughter of unearthly lyres
She heard around her nameless voices cry
Triumphing, an innumerable sound.

A choir of rushing winds to meet her came.

She bore the burden of infinity

And felt the stir of all ethereal space.

Pursuing her in her fall, implacably sweet,
A face was over her which seemed a youth's,
Symbol of all the beauty eyes see not,
Crowned as with peacock plumes of gorgeous hue

Framing a sapphire, whose heart-disturbing smile
Insatiably attracted to delight,
Voluptuous to the embraces of her soul.

Changed in its shape, yet rapturously the same,
It grew a woman's dark and beautiful

Like a mooned night with drifting star-gemmed clouds,
A shadowy glory and a stormy depth,
Turbulent in will and terrible in love.

Eyes in which Nature's blind ecstatic life
Sprang from some spirit's passionate content,

Missioned her to the whirling dance of earth.

Amidst the headlong rapture of her fall
Held like a bird in a child's satisfied hands,
In an enamoured grasp her spirit strove
Admitting no release till Time should end,

And, as the fruit of the mysterious joy,
She kept within her strong embosoming soul
Like a flower hidden in the heart of spring
Inextricably in that mighty lapse.

Invisible heavens in a thronging flight
Soared past her as she fell.

Then all the blind
And near attraction of the earth compelled
Fearful rapidities of downward bliss.

Lost in the giddy proneness of that speed,

Whirled, sinking, overcome she disappeared,
Like a leaf spinning from the tree of heaven,
In broad unconsciousness as in a pool;
A hospitable softness drew her in
Into a wonder of miraculous depths,

Above her closed a darkness of great wings
And she was buried in a mother's breast.

Then from a timeless plane that watches Time,
A Spirit gazed out upon destiny,
In its endless moment saw the ages pass.
All still was in a silence of the gods.
The prophet moment covered limitless Space
And cast into the heart of hurrying Time
A diamond light of the Eternal's peace,
A crimson seed of God's felicity;
1485
A glance from the gaze fell of undying Love.
A wonderful face looked out with deathless eyes;
A hand was seen drawing the golden bars
That guard the imperishable secrecies.
A key turned in a mystic lock of Time.

But where the silence of the gods had passed,
A greater harmony from the stillness born
Surprised with joy and sweetness yearning hearts,
An ecstasy and a laughter and a cry.
A power leaned down, a happiness found its home.

Over wide earth brooded the infinite bliss.

End of Canto One
End of Book Eleven