Track 18: Canto Five, Section 2, lines 85 to 168

85  A Will, a hope immense now seized his heart,
    And to discern the superhuman’s form
    He raised his eyes to unseen spiritual heights,
    Aspiring to bring down a greater world.
    The glory he had glimpsed must be his home.

90  A brighter heavenlier sun must soon illumé
    This dusk room with its dark internal stair,
    The infant soul in its small nursery school
    Mid objects meant for a lesson hardly learned
    Outgrow its early grammar of intellect

95  And its imitation of Earth-Nature’s art,
    Its earthly dialect to God-language change,
    In living symbols study Reality
    And learn the logic of the Infinite.
    The Ideal must be Nature’s common truth,

100  The body illumined with the indwelling God,
    The heart and mind feel one with all that is,
    A conscious soul live in a conscious world.
    As through a mist a sovereign peak is seen,
    The greatness of the eternal Spirit appeared,

105  Exiled in a fragmented universe
    Amid half-semblances of diviner things.
    These now could serve no more his regal turn;
    The Immortal’s pride refused the doom to live
    A miser of the scanty bargain made

110  Between our littleness and bounded hopes
    And the compassionate Infinitudes.’
    His height repelled the lowness of earth’s state:
    A wideness discontented with its frame
    Resiled from poor assent to Nature’s terms,

115  The harsh contract spurned and the diminished lease.
    Only beginnings are accomplished here;
    Our base’s Matter seems alone complete,
    An absolute machine without a soul.
    Or all seems a misfit of half ideas,

120  Or we saddle with the vice of earthly form
    A hurried imperfect glimpse of heavenly things,
    Guesses and travesties of celestial types.
    Here chaos sorts itself into a world,
    A brief formation drifting in the void:

125  Apings of knowledge, unfinished arcs of power,
    Flamings of beauty into earthly shapes,
    Love’s broken reflexes of unity
    Swim, fragment-mirrorings of a floating sun.
    A packed assemblage of crude tentative lives

130  Are pieced into a tessellated whole.
    There is no perfect answer to our hopes;
    There are blind voiceless doors that have no key;
    Thought climbs in vain and brings a borrowed light,
    Cheated by counterfeits sold to us in life’s mart,

135  Our hearts clutch at a forfeited heavenly bliss.
    There is provender for the mind’s satiety,
    There are thrills of the flesh, but not the soul’s desire.
Here even the highest rapture Time can give
Is a mimicry of ungrasped beatitudes,
A mutilated statue of ecstasy,
A wounded happiness that cannot live,
A brief felicity of mind or sense
Thrown by the World-Power to her body-slave,
Or a simulacrum of enforced delight
In the seraglios of Ignorance.
For all we have acquired soon loses worth,
An old disvalued credit in Time’s bank,
Imperfection’s cheque drawn on the Inconscient.
An inconsequence dogs every effort made,
And chaos waits on every cosmos formed:
In each success a seed of failure lurks.
He saw the doubtfulness of all things here,
The incertitude of man’s proud confident thought,
The transience of the achievements of his force.
A thinking being in an unthinking world,
An island in the sea of the Unknown,
He is a smallness trying to be great,
An animal with some instincts of a god,
His life a story too common to be told,
His deeds a number summing up to nought,
His consciousness a torch lit to be quenched,
His hope a star above a cradle and grave.
And yet a greater destiny may be his,
For the eternal Spirit is his truth.
He can re-create himself and all around
And fashion new the world in which he lives:
He, ignorant, is the Knower beyond Time,
He is the Self above Nature, above Fate.