

**Track 67: Section 3b, lines 407 to 500**

Of all these Powers the greatest was the last.  
Arriving late from a far plane of thought  
Into a packed irrational world of Chance  
410 Where all was grossly felt and blindly done,  
Yet the haphazard seemed the inevitable,  
Came Reason, the squat godhead artisan,  
To her narrow house upon a ridge in Time.  
Adept of clear contrivance and design,  
415 A pensive face and close and peering eyes,  
She took her firm and irremovable seat,  
The strongest, wisest of the troll-like Three.  
Armed with her lens and measuring-rod and probe,  
She looked upon an object universe  
420 And the multitudes that in it live and die  
And the body of Space and the fleeing soul of Time,  
And took the earth and stars into her hands  
To try what she could make of these strange things.  
In her strong purposeful laborious mind,  
425 Inventing her scheme-lines of reality  
And the geometric curves of her time-plan,  
She multiplied her slow half-cuts at Truth:  
Impatient of enigma and the unknown,  
Intolerant of the lawless and the unique,  
430 Imposing reflection on the march of Force,  
Imposing clarity on the unfathomable,  
She strove to reduce to rules the mystic world.  
Nothing she knew but all things hoped to know.  
In dark inconscient realms once void of thought,  
435 Missioned by a supreme Intelligence  
To throw its ray upon the obscure Vast,  
An imperfect light leading an erring mass  
By the power of sense and the idea and word,  
She ferrets out Nature's process, substance, cause.  
440 All life to harmonise by thought's control,  
She with the huge imbroglio struggles still;  
Ignorant of all but her own seeking mind  
To save the world from Ignorance she came.  
A sovereign worker through the centuries  
445 Observing and remoulding all that is,  
Confident she took up her stupendous charge.  
There the low bent and mighty figure sits  
Bowed under the arc-lamps of her factory home  
Amid the clatter and ringing of her tools.  
450 A rigorous stare in her creative eyes  
Coercing the plastic stuff of cosmic Mind,  
She sets the hard inventions of her brain  
In a pattern of eternal fixity:  
Indifferent to the cosmic dumb demand,  
455 Unconscious of too close realities,  
Of the unspoken thought, the voiceless heart,  
She leans to forge her credos and iron codes  
And metal structures to imprison life  
And mechanic models of all things that are.

460 For the world seen she weaves a world conceived:  
She spins in stiff but unsubstantial lines  
Her gossamer word-webs of abstract thought,  
Her segment systems of the Infinite,  
Her theodicies and cosmogonic charts  
465 And myths by which she explains the inexplicable.  
At will she spaces in thin air of mind  
Like maps in the school-house of intellect hung,  
Forcing wide Truth into a narrow scheme,  
Her numberless warring strict philosophies;  
470 Out of Nature's body of phenomenon  
She carves with Thought's keen edge in rigid lines,  
Like rails for the World-Magician's power to run,  
Her sciences precise and absolute.  
On the huge bare walls of human nescience  
475 Written round Nature's deep dumb hieroglyphs  
She pens in clear demotic characters  
The vast encyclopaedia of her thoughts;  
An algebra of her mathematics' signs,  
Her numbers and unerring formulas  
480 She builds to clinch her summary of things.  
On all sides runs as if in a cosmic mosque  
Tracing the scriptural verses of her laws  
The daedal of her patterned arabesques,  
Art of her wisdom, artifice of her lore.  
485 This art, this artifice are her only stock.  
In her high works of pure intelligence,  
In her withdrawal from the senses' trap,  
There comes no breaking of the walls of mind,  
There leaps no rending flash of absolute power,  
490 There dawns no light of heavenly certitude.  
A million faces wears her knowledge here  
And every face is turbaned with a doubt.  
All now is questioned, all reduced to nought.  
Once monumental in their massive craft  
495 Her old great mythic writings disappear  
And into their place start strict ephemeral signs;  
This constant change spells progress to her eyes:  
Her thought is an endless march without a goal.  
There is no summit on which she can stand  
500 And see in a single glance the Infinite's whole.