

**Track 86, Section 3, lines 205 to 314**

205 Then suddenly there came a downward look.  
As if a sea exploring its own depths,  
A living Oneness widened at its core  
And joined him to unnumbered multitudes.  
A Bliss, a Light, a Power, a flame-white Love  
210 Caught all into a sole immense embrace;  
Existence found its truth on Oneness' breast  
And each became the self and space of all.  
The great world-rhythms were heart-beats of one Soul,  
To feel was a flame-discovery of God,  
215 All mind was a single harp of many strings,  
All life a song of many meeting lives;  
For worlds were many, but the Self was one.  
This knowledge now was made a cosmos' seed:  
This seed was cased in the safety of the Light,  
220 It needed not a sheath of Ignorance.  
Then from the trance of that tremendous clasp  
And from the throbbings of that single Heart  
And from the naked Spirit's victory  
A new and marvellous creation rose.  
225 Incalculable outflowing infinitudes  
Laughing out an unmeasured happiness  
Lived their innumerable unity;  
Worlds where the being is unbound and wide  
Bodied unthinkably the egoless Self;  
230 Rapture of beatific energies  
Joined Time to the Timeless, poles of a single joy;  
White vasts were seen where all is wrapped in all.  
There were no contraries, no sundered parts,  
All by spiritual links were joined to all  
235 And bound indissolubly to the One:  
Each was unique, but took all lives as his own,  
And, following out these tones of the Infinite,  
Recognised in himself the universe.  
A splendid centre of infinity's whirl  
240 Pushed to its zenith's height, its last expanse,  
Felt the divinity of its own self-bliss  
Repeated in its numberless other selves:  
It took up tirelessly into its scope  
Persons and figures of the Impersonal,  
245 As if prolonging in a ceaseless count,  
In a rapturous multiplication's sum,  
The recurring decimals of eternity.  
None was apart, none lived for himself alone,  
Each lived for God in him and God in all,  
250 Each soleness inexpressibly held the whole.  
There Oneness was not tied to monotone;  
It showed a thousand aspects of itself,  
Its calm immutable stability  
Upbore on a changeless ground for ever safe,  
255 Compelled to a spontaneous servitude,  
The ever-changing incalculable steps,  
The seeming-reckless dance's subtle plan

Of immense world-forces in their perfect play.  
Appearance looked back to its hidden truth  
260 And made of difference oneness' smiling play;  
It made all persons fractions of the Unique,  
Yet all were being's secret integers.  
All struggle was turned to a sweet strife of love  
In the harmonised circle of a sure embrace.  
265 Identity's reconciling happiness gave  
A rich security to difference.  
On a meeting line of hazardous extremes  
The game of games was played to its breaking-point,  
Where through self-finding by divine self-loss  
270 There leaps out unity's supreme delight  
Whose blissful undivided sweetness feels  
A communality of the Absolute.  
There was no sob of suffering anywhere;  
Experience ran from point to point of joy:  
275 Bliss was the pure undying truth of things.  
All Nature was a conscious front of God:  
A wisdom worked in all, self-moved, self-sure,  
A plenitude of illimitable Light,  
An authenticity of intuitive Truth,  
280 A glory and passion of creative Force.  
Infallible, leaping from eternity,  
The moment's thought inspired the passing act.  
A word, a laughter, sprang from Silence' breast,  
A rhythm of Beauty in the calm of Space,  
285 A knowledge in the fathomless heart of Time.  
All turned to all without reserve's recoil:  
A single ecstasy without a break,  
Love was a close and thrilled identity  
In the throbbing heart of all that luminous life.  
290 A universal vision that unites,  
A sympathy of nerve replying to nerve,  
Hearing that listens to thought's inner sound  
And follows the rhythmic meanings of the heart,  
A touch that needs not hands to feel, to clasp,  
295 Were there the native means of consciousness  
And heightened the intimacy of soul with soul.  
A grand orchestra of spiritual powers,  
A diapason of soul-interchange  
Harmonised a Oneness deep, immeasurable.  
300 In these new worlds projected he became  
A portion of the universal gaze,  
A station of the all-inhabiting light,  
A ripple on a single sea of peace.  
His mind answered to countless communing minds,  
305 His words were syllables of the cosmos' speech,  
His life a field of the vast cosmic stir.  
He felt the footsteps of a million wills  
Moving in unison to a single goal.  
A stream ever new-born that never dies,  
310 Caught in its thousandfold current's ravishing flow,

With eddies of immortal sweetness thrilled,  
He bore coiling through his members as they passed  
Calm movements of interminable delight,  
The bliss of a myriad myriads who are one.