

**Track 87, Section 4, lines 315 to 446**

315 In this vast outbreak of perfection's law  
Imposing its fixity on the flux of things  
He saw a hierarchy of lucent planes  
Enfeoffed to this highest kingdom of God-state.  
Attuning to one Truth their own right rule

320 Each housed the gladness of a bright degree,  
Alone in beauty, perfect in self-kind,  
An image cast by one deep truth's absolute,  
Married to all in happy difference.  
Each gave its powers to help its neighbours' parts,

325 But suffered no diminution by the gift;  
Profiteers of a mystic interchange,  
They grew by what they took and what they gave,  
All others they felt as their own complements,  
One in the might and joy of multitude.

330 Even in the poise where Oneness draws apart  
To feel the rapture of its separate selves,  
The Sole in its solitude yearned towards the All  
And the Many turned to look back at the One.  
An all-revealing all-creating Bliss,

335 Seeking for forms to manifest truths divine,  
Aligned in their significant mystery  
The gleams of the symbols of the Ineffable  
Blazoned like hues upon a colourless air  
On the white purity of the Witness Soul.

340 These hues were the very prism of the Supreme,  
His beauty, power, delight creation's cause.  
A vast Truth-Consciousness took up these signs  
To pass them on to some divine child Heart  
That looked on them with laughter and delight

345 And joyed in these transcendent images  
Living and real as the truths they house.  
The Spirit's white neutrality became  
A playground of miracles, a rendezvous  
For the secret powers of a mystic Timelessness:

350 It made of Space a marvel house of God,  
It poured through Time its works of ageless might,  
Unveiled seen as a luring rapturous face  
The wonder and beauty of its Love and Force.  
The eternal Goddess moved in her cosmic house

355 Sporting with God as a Mother with her child:  
To him the universe was her bosom of love,  
His toys were the immortal verities.  
All here self-lost had there its divine place.  
The Powers that here betray our hearts and err,

360 Were there sovereign in truth, perfect in joy,  
Masters in a creation without flaw,  
Possessors of their own infinitude.  
There Mind, a splendid sun of vision's rays,  
Shaped substance by the glory of its thoughts

365 And moved amidst the grandeur of its dreams.  
Imagination's great ensorcelling rod  
Summoned the unknown and gave to it a home,

Outspread luxuriantly in golden air  
Truth's iris-coloured wings of fantasy,  
370 Or sang to the intuitive heart of joy  
Wonder's dream-notes that bring the Real close.  
Its power that makes the unknowable near and true,  
In the temple of the ideal shrined the One:  
It peopled thought and mind and happy sense  
375 Filled with bright aspects of the might of God  
And living persons of the one Supreme,  
The speech that voices the ineffable,  
The ray revealing unseen Presences,  
The virgin forms through which the Formless shines,  
380 The Word that ushers divine experience  
And the Ideas that crowd the Infinite.  
There was no gulf between the thought and fact,  
Ever they replied like bird to calling bird;  
The will obeyed the thought, the act the will.  
385 There was a harmony woven twixt soul and soul.  
A marriage with eternity divinised Time.  
There Life pursued, unwearied of her sport,  
Joy in her heart and laughter on her lips,  
The bright adventure of God's game of chance.  
390 In her ingenious ardour of caprice,  
In her transfiguring mirth she mapped on Time  
A fascinating puzzle of events,  
Lured at each turn by new vicissitudes  
To self-discovery that could never cease.  
395 Ever she framed stark bonds for the will to break,  
Brought new creations for the thought's surprise  
And passionate ventures for the heart to dare,  
Where Truth recurred with an unexpected face  
Or else repeated old familiar joy  
400 Like the return of a delightful rhyme.  
At hide-and-seek on a Mother-Wisdom's breast,  
An artist teeming with her world-idea,  
She never could exhaust its numberless thoughts  
And vast adventure into thinking shapes  
405 And trial and lure of a new living's dreams.  
Untired of sameness and untired of change,  
Endlessly she unrolled her moving act,  
A mystery drama of divine delight,  
A living poem of world-ecstasy,  
410 A kakemono of significant forms,  
A coiled perspective of developing scenes,  
A brilliant chase of self-revealing shapes,  
An ardent hunt of soul looking for soul,  
A seeking and a finding as of gods.  
415 There Matter is the Spirit's firm density,  
An artistry of glad outwardness of self,  
A treasure-house of lasting images  
Where sense can build a world of pure delight:  
The home of a perpetual happiness,  
420 It lodged the hours as in a pleasant inn.  
The senses there were outlets of the soul;

Even the youngest child-thought of the mind  
Incarnated some touch of highest things.

425 There substance was a resonant harp of self,  
A net for the constant lightnings of the spirit,  
A magnet power of love's intensity  
Whose yearning throb and adoration's cry  
Drew God's approaches close, sweet, wonderful.

430 Its solidity was a mass of heavenly make;  
Its fixity and sweet permanence of charm  
Made a bright pedestal for felicity.

Its bodies woven by a divine sense  
Prolonged the nearness of soul's clasp with soul;  
Its warm play of external sight and touch  
435 Reflected the glow and thrill of the heart's joy,  
Mind's climbing brilliant thoughts, the spirit's bliss;  
Life's rapture kept for ever its flame and cry.

All that now passes lived immortal there  
In the proud beauty and fine harmony  
440 Of Matter plastic to spiritual light.

Its ordered hours proclaimed the eternal Law;  
Vision reposed on a safety of deathless forms;  
Time was Eternity's transparent robe.

445 An architect hewing out self's living rock,  
Phenomenon built Reality's summer-house  
On the beaches of the sea of Infinity.