

Track 88: Section 5, lines 447 to 499

Against this glory of spiritual states,
Their parallels and yet their opposites,
Floated and swayed, eclipsed and shadowlike
450 As if a doubt made substance, flickering, pale,
This other scheme two vast negations found.

A world that knows not its inhabiting Self
Labours to find its cause and need to be;
A spirit ignorant of the world it made,
455 Obscured by Matter, travestied by Life,
Struggles to emerge, to be free, to know and reign;
These were close-tied in one disharmony,
Yet the divergent lines met not at all.

Three Powers governed its irrational course,
460 In the beginning an unknowing Force,
In the middle an embodied striving soul,
In its end a silent spirit denying life.

A dull and infelicitous interlude
Unrolls its dubious truth to a questioning Mind
465 Compelled by the ignorant Power to play its part
And to record her inconclusive tale,
The mystery of her inconscient plan
And the riddle of a being born from Night
By a marriage of Necessity with Chance.

470 This darkness hides our nobler destiny.
A chrysalis of a great and glorious truth,
It stifles the winged marvel in its sheath
Lest from the prison of Matter it escape
And, wasting its beauty on the formless Vast,
475 Merged into the Unknowable's mystery,
Leave unfulfilled the world's miraculous fate.

As yet thought only some high spirit's dream
Or a vexed illusion in man's toiling mind,
A new creation from the old shall rise,
480 A Knowledge inarticulate find speech,
Beauty suppressed burst into paradise bloom,
Pleasure and pain dive into absolute bliss.

A tongueless oracle shall speak at last,
The Superconscious grow on earth,
485 The Eternal's wonders join the dance of Time.

But now all seemed a vainly teeming vast
Upheld by a deluded Energy
To a spectator self-absorbed and mute,
Careless of the unmeaning show he watched,
490 Regarding the bizarre procession pass
Like one who waits for an expected end.

He saw a world that is from a world to be.
There he divined rather than saw or felt,
Far off upon the rim of consciousness,
495 Transient and frail this little whirling globe
And on it left like a lost dream's vain mould,
A fragile copy of the spirit's shell,
His body gathered into mystic sleep.

A foreign shape it seemed, a mythic shade.