

**Track 51: Section 2, lines 95 to end**

95     There is a morning twilight of the gods;  
Miraculous from sleep their forms arise  
And God's long nights are justified by dawn.

          There breaks a passion and splendour of new birth  
And hue-winged visions stray across the lids,  
100     Heaven's chanting heralds waken dim-eyed Space.

          The dreaming deities look beyond the seen  
And fashion in their thoughts the ideal worlds  
Sprung from a limitless moment of desire  
That once had lodged in some abysmal heart.

105     Passed was the heaviness of the eyeless dark  
And all the sorrow of the night was dead:  
Surprised by a blind joy with groping hands  
Like one who wakes to find his dreams were true,  
Into a happy misty twilit world  
110     Where all ran after light and joy and love  
She slipped; there far-off raptures drew more close  
And deep anticipations of delight,  
For ever eager to be grasped and held,  
Were never grasped, yet breathed strange ecstasy.

115     A pearl-winged indistinctness fleeting swam,  
An air that dared not suffer too much light.

          Vague fields were there, vague pastures gleamed, vague trees,  
Vague scenes dim-hearted in a drifting haze;  
Vague cattle white roamed glimmering through the mist;  
120     Vague spirits wandered with a bodiless cry,  
Vague melodies touched the soul and fled pursued  
Into harmonious distances unseized;  
Forms subtly elusive and half-luminous powers  
Wishing no goal for their unearthly course  
125     Strayed happily through vague ideal lands,  
Or floated without footing or their walk  
Left steps of reverie on sweet memory's ground;  
Or they paced to the mighty measure of their thoughts  
Led by a low far chanting of the gods.

130     A ripple of gleaming wings crossed the far sky;  
Birds like pale-bosomed imaginations flew  
With low disturbing voices of desire,  
And half-heard lowings drew the listening ear,  
As if the Sun-god's brilliant kine were there  
135     Hidden in mist and passing towards the sun.

          These fugitive beings, these elusive shapes  
Were all that claimed the eye and met the soul,  
The natural inhabitants of that world.

          But nothing there was fixed or stayed for long;  
140     No mortal feet could rest upon that soil,  
No breath of life lingered embodied there.

          In that fine chaos joy fled dancing past  
And beauty evaded settled line and form  
And hid its sense in mysteries of hue;  
145     Yet gladness ever repeated the same notes  
And gave the sense of an enduring world;  
There was a strange consistency of shapes,  
And the same thoughts were constant passers-by  
And all renewed unendingly its charm  
150     Alluring ever the expectant heart  
Like music that one always waits to hear,

Like the recurrence of a haunting rhyme.

One touched incessantly things never seized,  
A skirt of worlds invisibly divine.

155 As if a trail of disappearing stars  
There showered upon the floating atmosphere  
Colours and lights and evanescent gleams  
That called to follow into a magic heaven,  
And in each cry that fainted on the ear  
160 There was the voice of an unrealised bliss.

An adoration reigned in the yearning heart,  
A spirit of purity, an elusive presence  
Of faery beauty and ungrasped delight  
Whose momentary and escaping thrill,  
165 However unsubstantial to our flesh,  
And brief even in imperishableness,  
Much sweeter seemed than any rapture known  
Earth or all-conquering heaven can ever give.

Heaven ever young and earth too firm and old  
170 Delay the heart by immobility:  
Their raptures of creation last too long,  
Their bold formations are too absolute;  
Carved by an anguish of divine endeavour  
They stand up sculptured on the eternal hills,  
175 Or quarried from the living rocks of God  
Win immortality by perfect form.

They are too intimate with eternal things:  
Vessels of infinite significances,  
They are too clear, too great, too meaningful;  
180 No mist or shadow soothes the vanquished sight,  
No soft penumbra of incertitude.

These only touched a golden hem of bliss,  
The gleaming shoulder of some godlike hope,  
The flying feet of exquisite desires.

185 On a slow trembling brink between night and day  
They shone like visitants from the morning star,  
Satisfied beginnings of perfection, first  
Tremulous imaginings of a heavenly world:  
They mingle in a passion of pursuit,  
190 Thrilled with a spray of joy too slight to tire.

All in this world was shadowed forth, not limned,  
Like faces leaping on a fan of fire  
Or shapes of wonder in a tinted blur,  
Like fugitive landscapes painting silver mists.

195 Here vision fled back from the sight alarmed,  
And sound sought refuge from the ear's surprise,  
And all experience was a hasty joy.

The joys here snatched were half-forbidden things,  
Timorous soul-bridals delicately veiled  
200 As when a goddess' bosom dimly moves  
To first desire and her white soul transfigured,  
A glimmering Eden crossed by faery gleams,  
Trembles to expectation's fiery wand,  
But nothing is familiar yet with bliss.

205 All things in this fair realm were heavenly strange  
In a fleeting gladness of untired delight,  
In an insistency of magic change.

Past vanishing hedges, hurrying hints of fields,

Mid swift escaping lanes that fled her feet  
210 Journeying she wished no end: as one through clouds  
Travels upon a mountain ridge and hears  
Arising to him out of hidden depths  
Sound of invisible streams, she walked besieged  
By the illusion of a mystic space,  
215 A charm of bodiless touches felt and heard  
A sweetness as of voices high and dim  
Calling like travellers upon seeking winds  
Melodiously with an alluring cry.

As if a music old yet ever new,  
220 Moving suggestions on her heart-strings dwelt,  
Thoughts that no habitation found, yet clung  
With passionate repetition to her mind,  
Desires that hurt not, happy only to live  
Always the same and always unfulfilled  
225 Sang in the breast like a celestial lyre.

Thus all could last yet nothing ever be.

In this beauty as of mind made visible,  
Dressed in its rays of wonder Satyavan  
Before her seemed the centre of its charm,  
230 Head of her loveliness of longing dreams  
And captain of the fancies of her soul.

Even the dreadful majesty of Death's face  
And its sombre sadness could not darken nor slay  
The intangible lustre of those fleeting skies.

235 The sombre Shadow sullen, implacable  
Made beauty and laughter more imperative;  
Enhanced by his grey, joy grew more bright and dear;  
His dark contrast edging ideal sight  
Deepened unuttered meanings to the heart;  
240 Pain grew a trembling undertone of bliss  
And transience immortality's floating hem,  
A moment's robe in which she looked more fair,  
Its antithesis sharpening her divinity.

A comrade of the Ray and Mist and Flame,  
245 By a moon-bright face a brilliant moment drawn,  
Almost she seemed a thought mid floating thoughts,  
Seen hardly by a visionary mind  
Amid the white inward musings of the soul.

Half-vanquished by the dream-happiness around,  
250 Awhile she moved on an enchantment's soil,  
But still remained possessor of her soul.

Above, her spirit in its mighty trance  
Saw all, but lived for its transcendent task,  
Immutable like a fixed eternal star.

**End of Canto One**