

Track 55: Section 1a, lines 1 to 148

A sad destroying cadence the voice sank;
It seemed to lead the advancing march of Life
Into some still original Inane.

But Savitri answered to almighty Death:

5 "O dark-browed sophist of the universe
Who veilst the Real with its own Idea,
Hiding with brute objects Nature's living face,
Masking eternity with thy dance of death,
10 Thou hast woven the ignorant mind into a screen
And made of Thought error's purveyor and scribe,
And a false witness of mind's servant sense.

An aesthete of the sorrow of the world,
Champion of a harsh and sad philosophy
15 Thou hast used words to shutter out the Light
And called in Truth to vindicate a lie.

A lying reality is falsehood's crown
And a perverted truth her richest gem.

O Death, thou speakest truth but truth that slays,
I answer to thee with the Truth that saves.

20 A traveller new-discovering himself,
One made of Matter's world his starting-point,
He made of Nothingness his living-room
And Night a process of the eternal light
And death a spur towards immortality.

25 God wrapped his head from sight in Matter's cowl,
His consciousness dived into inconscient depths,
All-Knowledge seemed a huge dark Nescience;
Infinity wore a boundless zero's form.

30 His abysms of bliss became insensible deeps,
Eternity a blank spiritual Vast.

Annulling an original nullity
The Timeless took its ground in emptiness
And drew the figure of a universe,
That the spirit might adventure into Time
35 And wrestle with adamant Necessity
And the soul pursue a cosmic pilgrimage.

A spirit moved in black immensities
And built a Thought in ancient Nothingness;
A soul was lit in God's tremendous Void,
40 A secret labouring glow of nascent fire.

In Nihil's gulf his mighty Puissance wrought;
She swung her formless motion into shapes,
Made Matter the body of the Bodiless.

Infant and dim the eternal Might's awoke.

45 In inert Matter breathed a slumbering Life,
In a subconscious Life Mind lay asleep;
In waking Life it stretched its giant limbs
To shake from it the torpor of its drowse;
A senseless substance quivered into sense,
50 The world's heart commenced to beat, its eyes to see,

In the crowded dumb vibrations of a brain
Thought fumbled in a ring to find itself,
Discovered speech and fed the new-born Word
That bridged with spans of light the world's ignorance.

55 In waking Mind, the Thinker built his house.

A reasoning animal willed and planned and sought;
He stood erect among his brute compeers,
He built life new, measured the universe,
Opposed his fate and wrestled with unseen Powers,
60 Conquered and used the laws that rule the world,
And hoped to ride the heavens and reach the stars,
A master of his huge environment.

Now through Mind's windows stares the demigod
Hidden behind the curtains of man's soul:
65 He has seen the Unknown, looked on Truth's veillless face;
A ray has touched him from the eternal sun;
Motionless, voiceless in foreseeing depths,
He stands awake in Supernature's light
And sees a glory of arisen wings
70 And sees the vast descending might of God.

“O Death, thou lookst on an unfinished world
Assailed by thee and of its road unsure,
Peopled by imperfect minds and ignorant lives,
And sayest God is not and all is vain.

75 How shall the child already be the man?

Because he is infant, shall he never grow?

Because he is ignorant, shall he never learn?

In a small fragile seed a great tree lurks,
In a tiny gene a thinking being is shut;
80 A little element in a little sperm,
It grows and is a conqueror and a sage.

Then wilt thou spew out, Death, God's mystic truth,
Deny the occult spiritual miracle?

Still wilt thou say there is no spirit, no God?

85 A mute material Nature wakes and sees;
She has invented speech, unveiled a will.

Something there waits beyond towards which she strives,
Something surrounds her into which she grows:
To uncover the spirit, to change back into God,
90 To exceed herself is her transcendent task.

In God concealed the world began to be,
Tardily it travels towards manifest God:
Our imperfection towards perfection toils,
The body is the chrysalis of a soul:
95 The infinite holds the finite in its arms,
Time travels towards revealed eternity.

A miracle structure of the eternal Mage,
Matter its mystery hides from its own eyes,
A scripture written out in cryptic signs,
100 An occult document of the All-Wonderful's art.

All here bears witness to his secret might,
In all we feel his presence and his power.

105 A blaze of his sovereign glory is the sun,
A glory is the gold and glimmering moon,
A glory is his dream of purple sky.

A march of his greatness are the wheeling stars.

110 His laughter of beauty breaks out in green trees,
His moments of beauty triumph in a flower;
The blue sea's chant, the rivulet's wandering voice
Are murmurs falling from the Eternal's harp.

This world is God fulfilled in outwardness.

115 His ways challenge our reason and our sense;
By blind brute movements of an ignorant Force,
By means we slight as small, obscure or base,
A greatness founded upon little things,
He has built a world in the unknowing Void.

His forms he has massed from infinitesimal dust;
His marvels are built from insignificant things.

120 If mind is crippled, life untaught and crude,
If brutal masks are there and evil acts,
They are incidents of his vast and varied plot,
His great and dangerous drama's needed steps;
He makes with these and all his passion-play,
125 A play and yet no play but the deep scheme
Of a transcendent Wisdom finding ways
To meet her Lord in the shadow and the Night:
Above her is the vigil of the stars;
Watched by a solitary Infinitude
She embodies in dumb Matter the Divine,
130 In symbol minds and lives the Absolute.

A miracle-monger her mechanical craft;
Matter's machine worked out the laws of thought,
Life's engines served the labour of a soul:
The Mighty Mother her creation wrought,
135 A huge caprice self-bound by iron laws,
And shut God into an enigmatic world:
She lulled the Omniscient into nescient sleep,
Omnipotence on Inertia's back she drove,
Trode perfectly with divine unconscious steps
140 The enormous circle of her wonder-works.

Immortality assured itself by death;
The Eternal's face was seen through drifts of Time.

145 His knowledge he disguised as Ignorance,
His Good he sowed in Evil's monstrous bed,
Made error a door by which Truth could enter in,
His plant of bliss watered with Sorrow's tears.

A thousand aspects point back to the One;
A dual Nature covered the Unique.