

Track 59: Section 2c, lines 597 to end

But Savitri replied to the vague god,
"Give me back Satyavan, my only lord.

600 Thy thoughts are vacant to my soul that feels
The deep eternal truth in transient things."

Death answered her, "Return and try thy soul!

605 Soon shalt thou find appeased that other men
On lavish earth have beauty, strength and truth,
And when thou hast half forgotten, one of these
Shall wind himself around thy heart that needs
Some human answering heart against thy breast;
For who, being mortal, can dwell glad alone?

610 Then Satyavan shall glide into the past,
A gentle memory pushed away from thee
By new love and thy children's tender hands,
Till thou shalt wonder if thou lov'dst at all.

Such is the life earth's travail has conceived,
A constant stream that never is the same."

615 But Savitri replied to mighty Death:
"O dark ironic critic of God's work,
Thou mockst the mind and body's faltering search
For what the heart holds in a prophet hour
And the immortal spirit shall make its own.

620 Mine is a heart that worshipped, though forsaken,
The image of the god its love adored;
I have burned in flame to travel in his steps.

Are we not they who bore vast solitude
Seated upon the hills alone with God?

625 Why dost thou vainly strive with me, O Death,
A mind delivered from all twilight thoughts,
To whom the secrets of the gods are plain?

For now at last I know beyond all doubt,
The great stars burn with my unceasing fire
And life and death are both its fuel made.

630 Life only was my blind attempt to love:
Earth saw my struggle, heaven my victory;
All shall be seized, transcended; there shall kiss
Casting their veils before the marriage fire
The eternal bridegroom and eternal bride.

635 The heavens accept our broken flights at last.

On our life's prow that breaks the waves of Time
No signal light of hope has gleamed in vain."

640 She spoke; the boundless members of the god
As if by secret ecstasy assailed,
Shuddered in silence as obscurely stir
Ocean's dim fields delivered to the moon.

Then lifted up as by a sudden wind
Around her in that vague and glimmering world
The twilight trembled like a bursting veil.

645 Thus with armed speech the great opponents strove.
Around those spirits in the glittering mist
A deepening half-light fled with pearly wings
As if to reach some far ideal Morn.

650 Outlined her thoughts flew through the gleaming haze
Mingling bright-pinioned with its lights and veils
And all her words like dazzling jewels were caught
Into the glow of a mysterious world,
Or tricked in the rainbow shifting of its hues
Like echoes swam fainting into far sound.

655 All utterance, all mood must there become
An unenduring tissue sewn by mind
To make a gossamer robe of beautiful change.

660 Intent upon her silent will she walked
On the dim grass of vague unreal plains,
A floating veil of visions in her front,
A trailing robe of dreams behind her feet.

665 But now her spirit's flame of conscient force
Retiring from a sweetness without fruit
Called back her thoughts from speech to sit within
In a deep room in meditation's house.

670 For only there could dwell the soul's firm truth:
Imperishable, a tongue of sacrifice,
It flamed unquenched upon the central hearth
Where burns for the high houselord and his mate
The homestead's sentinel and witness fire
From which the altars of the gods are lit.

675 All still compelled went gliding on unchanged,
Still was the order of these worlds reversed:
The mortal led, the god and spirit obeyed
And she behind was leader of their march
And they in front were followers of her will.

680 Onward they journeyed through the drifting ways
Vaguely companioned by the glimmering mists.

685 But faster now all fled as if perturbed
Escaping from the clearness of her soul.

A heaven-bird upon jewelled wings of wind
Borne like a coloured and embosomed fire,
By spirits carried in a pearl-hued cave,
On through the enchanted dimness moved her soul.

685 Death walked in front of her and Satyavan,
In the dark front of Death, a failing star.

Above was the unseen balance of his fate.

End of Canto Three