

**Track 63: Section 4b, lines 461 to 538**

Immutable, Death's denial met her cry:  
"However mighty, whatever thy secret name  
Uttered in hidden conclaves of the gods,  
Thy heart's ephemeral passion cannot break  
465 The iron rampart of accomplished things  
With which the great Gods fence their camp in Space.

Whoever thou art behind thy human mask,  
Even if thou art the Mother of the worlds  
And pegst thy claim upon the realms of Chance,  
470 The cosmic Law is greater than thy will.

Even God himself obeys the Laws he made:  
The Law abides and never can it change,  
The Person is a bubble on Time's sea.

A forerunner of a greater Truth to come,  
475 Thy soul creator of its freer Law,  
Vaunting a Force behind on which it leans,  
A Light above which none but thou hast seen,  
Thou claimst the first fruits of Truth's victory.

But what is Truth and who can find her form  
480 Amid the specious images of sense,  
Amid the crowding guesses of the mind  
And the dark ambiguities of a world  
Peopled with the incertitudes of Thought?

For where is Truth and when was her footfall heard  
485 Amid the endless clamour of Time's mart  
And which is her voice amid the thousand cries  
That cross the listening brain and cheat the soul?

Or is Truth aught but a high starry name  
Or a vague and splendid word by which man's thought  
490 Sanctions and consecrates his nature's choice,  
The heart's wish donning knowledge as its robe,  
The cherished idea elect among the elect,  
Thought's favourite mid the children of half-light  
Who high-voiced crowd the playgrounds of the mind  
495 Or people its dormitories in infant sleep?

All things hang here between God's yes and no,  
Two Powers real but to each other untrue,  
Two consort stars in the mooned night of mind  
That towards two opposite horizons gaze,  
500 The white head and black tail of the mystic drake,  
The swift and the lame foot, wing strong, wing broken  
Sustaining the body of the uncertain world,  
A great surreal dragon in the skies.

Too dangerously thy high proud truth must live  
505 Entangled in Matter's mortal littleness.

All in this world is true, yet all is false:  
Its thoughts into an eternal cipher run,  
Its deeds swell to Time's rounded zero sum.

Thus man at once is animal and god,  
510 A disparate enigma of God's make  
Unable to free the Godhead's form within,

A being less than himself, yet something more,  
The aspiring animal, the frustrate god  
Yet neither beast nor deity but man,  
515 But man tied to the kind earth's labour strives to exceed  
Climbing the stairs of God to higher things.

Objects are seemings and none knows their truth,  
Ideas are guesses of an ignorant god.

Truth has no home in earth's irrational breast:  
520 Yet without reason life is a tangle of dreams,  
But reason is poised above a dim abyss  
And stands at last upon a plank of doubt.

Eternal truth lives not with mortal men.

Or if she dwells within thy mortal heart,  
525 Show me the body of the living Truth  
Or draw for me the outline of her face  
That I too may obey and worship her.

Then will I give thee back thy Satyavan.

But here are only facts and steel-bound Law.

530 This truth I know that Satyavan is dead  
And even thy sweetness cannot lure him back.

No magic Truth can bring the dead to life,  
No power of earth cancel the thing once done,  
No joy of the heart can last surviving death,

535 No bliss persuade the past to live again.

But Life alone can solace the mute Void  
And fill with thought the emptiness of Time.

Leave then thy dead, O Savitri, and live.”