

**Track 68: Section 2, lines 268 to 437**

As one drowned in a sea of splendour and bliss,  
Mute in the maze of these surprising worlds,  
270 Turning she saw their living knot and source,  
Key to their charm and fount of their delight,  
And knew him for the same who snares our lives  
Captured in his terrifying pitiless net,  
And makes the universe his prison camp  
275 And makes in his immense and vacant vasts  
The labour of the stars a circuit vain  
And death the end of every human road  
And grief and pain the wages of man's toil.

One whom her soul had faced as Death and Night  
280 A sum of all sweetness gathered into his limbs  
And blinded her heart to the beauty of the suns.

Transfigured was the formidable shape.  
His darkness and his sad destroying might  
Abolishing for ever and disclosing  
285 The mystery of his high and violent deeds,  
A secret splendour rose revealed to sight  
Where once the vast embodied Void had stood.  
Night the dim mask had grown a wonderful face.

The vague infinity was slain whose gloom  
290 Had outlined from the terrible unknown  
The obscure disastrous figure of a god,  
Fled was the error that arms the hands of grief,  
And lighted the ignorant gulf whose hollow deeps  
Had given to nothingness a dreadful voice.

295 As when before the eye that wakes in sleep  
Is opened the sombre binding of a book,  
Illumined letterings are seen which kept  
A golden blaze of thought inscribed within,  
A marvellous form responded to her gaze  
300 Whose sweetness justified life's blindest pain;  
All Nature's struggle was its easy price,  
The universe and its agony seemed worth while.

As if the choric calyx of a flower  
Aerial, visible on music's waves,  
305 A lotus of light-petalled ecstasy  
Took shape out of the tremulous heart of things.

There was no more the torment under the stars,  
The evil sheltered behind Nature's mask;  
There was no more the dark pretence of hate,  
310 The cruel rictus on Love's altered face.

Hate was the grip of a dreadful amour's strife;  
A ruthless love intent only to possess  
Has here replaced the sweet original god.

315 Forgetting the Will-to-love that gave it birth,  
The passion to lock itself in and to unite,  
It would swallow all into one lonely self,  
Devouring the soul that it had made its own,  
By suffering and annihilation's pain

Punishing the unwillingness to be one,  
320 Angry with the refusals of the world,  
Passionate to take but knowing not how to give.

Death's sombre cowl was cast from Nature's brow;  
There lightened on her the godhead's lurking laugh.

All grace and glory and all divinity  
325 Were here collected in a single form;  
All worshipped eyes looked through his from one face;  
He bore all godheads in his grandiose limbs.

An oceanic spirit dwelt within;  
Intolerant and invincible in joy  
330 A flood of freedom and transcendent bliss  
Into immortal lines of beauty rose.

In him the fourfold Being bore its crown  
That wears the mystery of a nameless Name,  
The universe writing its tremendous sense  
335 In the inexhaustible meaning of a word.

In him the architect of the visible world,  
At once the art and artist of his works,  
Spirit and seer and thinker of things seen,  
Virat, who lights his camp-fires in the suns  
340 And the star-entangled ether is his hold,  
Expressed himself with Matter for his speech:  
Objects are his letters, forces are his words,  
Events are the crowded history of his life,  
And sea and land are the pages for his tale.

345 Matter is his means and his spiritual sign;  
He hangs the thought upon a lash's lift,  
In the current of the blood makes flow the soul.

His is the dumb will of atom and of clod;  
A Will that without sense or motive acts,  
350 An Intelligence needing not to think or plan,  
The world creates itself invincibly;  
For its body is the body of the Lord  
And in its heart stands Virat, King of Kings.

In him shadows his form the Golden Child  
355 Who in the Sun-capped Vast cradles his birth:  
Hiranyagarbha, author of thoughts and dreams,  
Who sees the invisible and hears the sounds  
That never visited a mortal ear,  
Discoverer of unthought realities

360 Truer to Truth than all we have ever known,  
He is the leader on the inner roads;  
A seer, he has entered the forbidden realms;  
A magician with the omnipotent wand of thought,  
He builds the secret uncreated worlds.

365 Armed with the golden speech, the diamond eye,  
His is the vision and the prophecy:  
Imagist casting the formless into shape,  
Traveller and hewer of the unseen paths,  
He is the carrier of the hidden fire,

370 He is the voice of the Ineffable,  
He is the invisible hunter of the light,

The Angel of mysterious ecstasies,  
The conqueror of the kingdoms of the soul.

375 A third spirit stood behind, their hidden cause,  
A mass of superconscience closed in light,  
Creator of things in his all-knowing sleep.

All from his stillness came as grows a tree;  
He is our seed and core, our head and base.

380 All light is but a flash from his closed eyes:  
An all-wise Truth is mystic in his heart,  
The omniscient Ray is shut behind his lids:  
He is the Wisdom that comes not by thought,  
His wordless silence brings the immortal word.

385 He sleeps in the atom and the burning star,  
He sleeps in man and god and beast and stone:  
Because he is there the Inconscient does its work,  
Because he is there the world forgets to die.

He is the centre of the circle of God,  
He the circumference of Nature's run.

390 His slumber is an Almighty in things,  
Awake, he is the Eternal and Supreme.

Above was the brooding bliss of the Infinite,  
Its omniscient and omnipotent repose,  
Its immobile silence absolute and alone.

395 All powers were woven in countless concords here.

The bliss that made the world in his body lived,  
Love and delight were the head of the sweet form.

400 In the alluring meshes of their snare  
Recaptured, the proud blissful members held  
All joys outrunners of the panting heart  
And fugitive from life's outstripped desire.

405 Whatever vision has escaped the eye,  
Whatever happiness comes in dream and trance,  
The nectar spilled by love with trembling hands,  
The joy the cup of Nature cannot hold,  
Had crowded to the beauty of his face,  
Were waiting in the honey of his laugh.

410 Things hidden by the silence of the hours,  
The ideas that find no voice on living lips,  
The soul's pregnant meeting with infinity  
Had come to birth in him and taken fire:  
The secret whisper of the flower and star  
Revealed its meaning in his fathomless look.

415 His lips curved eloquent like a rose of dawn;  
His smile that played with the wonder of the mind  
And stayed in the heart when it had left his mouth  
Glimmered with the radiance of the morning star  
Gemming the wide discovery of heaven.

420 His gaze was the regard of eternity;  
The spirit of its sweet and calm intent  
Was a wise home of gladness and divulged  
The light of the ages in the mirth of the hours,

A sun of wisdom in a miracled grove.

In the orchestral largeness of his mind

425 All contrary seekings their close kinship knew,  
Rich-hearted, wonderful to each other met  
In the mutual marvelling of their myriad notes  
And dwelt like brothers of one family  
Who had found their common and mysterious home.

430 As from the harp of some ecstatic god  
There springs a harmony of lyric bliss  
Striving to leave no heavenly joy unsung,  
Such was the life in that embodied Light.

435 He seemed the wideness of a boundless sky,  
He seemed the passion of a sorrowless earth,  
He seemed the burning of a world-wide sun.  
Two looked upon each other, Soul saw Soul.