

**Track 70: Section 4a, lines 607 to 800**

Then with a smile august as noonday heavens  
The godhead of the vision wonderful:  
"How shall earth-nature and man's nature rise  
610 To the celestial levels, yet earth abide?  
Heaven and earth towards each other gaze  
Across a gulf that few can cross, none touch,  
Arriving through a vague ethereal mist  
Out of which all things form that move in space,  
615 The shore that all can see but never reach.  
Heaven's light visits sometimes the mind of earth;  
Its thoughts burn in her sky like lonely stars;  
In her heart there move celestial seekings soft  
And beautiful like fluttering wings of birds,  
620 Visions of joy that she can never win  
Traverse the fading mirror of her dreams.  
Faint seeds of light and bliss bear sorrowful flowers,  
Faint harmonies caught from a half-heard song  
Fall swooning mid the wandering voices' jar,  
625 Foam from the tossing luminous seas where dwells  
The beautiful and far delight of gods,  
Raptures unknown, a miracled happiness  
Thrill her and pass half-shaped to mind and sense.  
Above her little finite steps she feels,  
630 Careless of knot or pause, worlds which weave out  
A strange perfection beyond law and rule,  
A universe of self-found felicity,  
An inexpressible rhythm of timeless beats,  
The many-movemented heart-beats of the One,  
635 Magic of the boundless harmonies of self,  
Order of the freedom of the infinite,  
The wonder-plastics of the Absolute.  
There is the All-Truth and there the timeless bliss.  
But hers are fragments of a star-lost gleam,  
640 Hers are but careless visits of the gods.  
They are a Light that fails, a Word soon hushed  
And nothing they mean can stay for long on earth.  
There are high glimpses, not the lasting sight.  
A few can climb to an unperishing sun,  
645 Or live on the edges of the mystic moon  
And channel to earth-mind the wizard ray.  
The heroes and the demigods are few  
To whom the close immortal voices speak  
And to their acts the heavenly clan are near.  
650 Few are the silences in which Truth is heard,  
Unveiling the timeless utterance in her deeps;  
Few are the splendid moments of the seers.  
Heaven's call is rare, rarer the heart that heeds;  
The doors of light are sealed to common mind  
655 And earth's needs nail to earth the human mass,  
Only in an uplifting hour of stress

Men answer to the touch of greater things:  
Or, raised by some strong hand to breathe heaven-air,  
They slide back to the mud from which they climbed;  
660 In the mud of which they are made, whose law they know  
They joy in safe return to a friendly base,  
And, though something in them weeps for glory lost  
And greatness murdered, they accept their fall.

To be the common man they think the best,  
665 To live as others live is their delight.

For most are built on Nature's early plan  
And owe small debt to a superior plane;  
The human average is their level pitch,  
A thinking animal's material range.

670 In the long ever-mounting hierarchy,  
In the stark economy of cosmic life  
Each creature to its appointed task and place  
Is bound by his nature's form, his spirit's force.

If this were easily disturbed, it would break  
675 The settled balance of created things;  
The perpetual order of the universe  
Would tremble, and a gap yawn in woven Fate.

If men were not and all were brilliant gods,  
The mediating stair would then be lost  
680 By which the spirit awake in Matter winds  
Accepting the circuits of the middle Way,  
By heavy toil and slow aeonic steps  
Reaching the bright miraculous fringe of God,  
Into the glory of the Oversoul.

685 My will, my call is there in men and things;  
But the Inconscient lies at the world's grey back  
And draws to its breast of Night and Death and Sleep.

Imprisoned in its dark and dumb abyss  
A little consciousness it lets escape  
690 But jealous of the growing light holds back  
Close to the obscure edges of its cave  
As if a fond ignorant mother kept her child  
Tied to her apron strings of Nescience.

The Inconscient could not read without man's mind  
695 The mystery of the world its sleep has made:  
Man is its key to unlock a conscious door.

But still it holds him dangled in its grasp:  
It draws its giant circle round his thoughts,  
It shuts his heart to the supernal Light.

700 A high and dazzling limit shines above,  
A black and blinding border rules below:  
His mind is closed between two firmaments.

He seeks through words and images the Truth,  
And, poring on surfaces and brute outsides  
705 Or dipping cautious feet in shallow seas,  
Even his Knowledge is an Ignorance.

He is barred out from his own inner depths;  
He cannot look on the face of the Unknown.

710 How shall he see with the Omniscient's eyes,  
How shall he will with the Omnipotent's force?

O too compassionate and eager Dawn,  
Leave to the circling aeons' tardy pace  
And to the working of the inconscient Will,  
Leave to its imperfect light the earthly race:  
715 All shall be done by the long act of Time.

Although the race is bound by its own kind,  
The soul in man is greater than his fate:  
Above the wash and surge of Time and Space,  
Disengaging from the cosmic commonalty  
720 By which all life is kin in grief and joy,  
Delivered from the universal Law  
The sunlike single and transcendent spirit  
Can blaze its way through the mind's barrier wall  
And burn alone in the eternal sky,  
725 Inhabitant of a wide and endless calm.

O flame, withdraw into thy luminous self.

Or else return to thy original might  
On a seer-summit above thought and world;  
Partner of my unhoured eternity,  
730 Be one with the infinity of my power:  
For thou art the World-Mother and the Bride.

Out of the fruitless yearning of earth's life,  
Out of her feeble unconvincing dream,  
Recovering wings that cross infinity  
735 Pass back into the Power from which thou cam'st.

To that thou canst uplift thy formless flight,  
Thy heart can rise from its unsatisfied beats  
And feel the immortal and spiritual joy  
Of a soul that never lost felicity.

740 Lift up the fallen heart of love which flutters  
Cast down desire's abyss into the gulfs.

For ever rescued out of Nature's shapes  
Discover what the aimless cycles want,  
There intertwined with all thy life has meant,  
745 Here vainly sought in a terrestrial form.

Break into eternity thy mortal mould;  
Melt, lightning, into thy invisible flame!  
Clasp, Ocean, deep into thyself thy wave,  
Happy for ever in the embosoming surge.

750 Grow one with the still passion of the depths.

Then shalt thou know the Lover and the Loved,  
Leaving the limits dividing him and thee.

Receive him into boundless Savitri,  
Lose thyself into infinite Satyavan.

755 O miracle, where thou beganst, there cease!"

But Savitri answered to the radiant God:

“In vain thou temptst with solitary bliss  
Two spirits saved out of a suffering world;  
My soul and his indissolubly linked  
760 In the one task for which our lives were born,  
To raise the world to God in deathless Light,  
To bring God down to the world on earth we came,  
To change the earthly life to life divine.

I keep my will to save the world and man;  
765 Even the charm of thy alluring voice,  
O blissful Godhead, cannot seize and snare.

I sacrifice not earth to happier worlds.  
Because there dwelt the Eternal's vast Idea  
And his dynamic will in men and things,  
770 So only could the enormous scene begin.

Whence came this profitless wilderness of stars,  
This mighty barren wheeling of the suns?  
Who made the soul of futile life in Time,  
Planted a purpose and a hope in the heart,  
775 Set Nature to a huge and meaningless task  
Or planned her million-aeoned effort's waste?

What force condemned to birth and death and tears  
These conscious creatures crawling on the globe?  
If earth can look up to the light of heaven  
780 And hear an answer to her lonely cry,  
Not vain their meeting, nor heaven's touch a snare.

If thou and I are true, the world is true;  
Although thou hide thyself behind thy works,  
To be is not a senseless paradox;  
785 Since God has made earth, earth must make in her God;  
What hides within her breast she must reveal.

I claim thee for the world that thou hast made.  
If man lives bound by his humanity,  
If he is tied for ever to his pain,  
790 Let a greater being then arise from man,  
The superhuman with the Eternal mate  
And the Immortal shine through earthly forms.

Else were creation vain and this great world  
A nothing that in Time's moments seems to be.  
795 But I have seen through the insentient mask;  
I have felt a secret spirit stir in things  
Carrying the body of the growing God:  
It looks through veiling forms at veiless truth;  
It pushes back the curtain of the gods;  
800 It climbs towards its own eternity.”