

**Track 71: Section 4b, lines 801 to 958**

But the god answered to the woman's heart:  
"O living power of the incarnate Word,  
All that the Spirit has dreamed thou canst create:  
Thou art the force by which I made the worlds,  
805 Thou art my vision and my will and voice.

But knowledge too is thine, the world-plan thou knowest  
And the tardy process of the pace of Time.

In the impetuous drive of thy heart of flame,  
In thy passion to deliver man and earth,  
810 Indignant at the impediments of Time  
And the slow evolution's sluggish steps,  
Lead not the spirit in an ignorant world  
To dare too soon the adventure of the Light,  
Pushing the bound and slumbering god in man  
815 Awakened mid the ineffable silences  
Into endless vistas of the unknown and unseen,  
Across the last confines of the limiting Mind  
And the Superconscient's perilous border line  
Into the danger of the Infinite.

820 But if thou wilt not wait for Time and God,  
Do then thy work and force thy will on Fate.

As I have taken from thee my load of night  
And taken from thee my twilight's doubts and dreams,  
So now I take my light of utter Day.

825 These are my symbol kingdoms but not here  
Can the great choice be made that fixes fate  
Or uttered the sanction of the Voice supreme.

Arise upon a ladder of greater worlds  
To the infinity where no world can be.

830 But not in the wide air where a greater Life  
Uplifts its mystery and its miracle,  
And not on the luminous peaks of summit Mind,  
Or in the hold where subtle Matter's spirit  
Hides in its light of shimmering secrecies,  
835 Can there be heard the Eternal's firm command  
That joins the head of destiny to its base.

These only are the mediating links;  
Not theirs is the originating sight  
Nor the fulfilling act or last support  
840 That bears perpetually the cosmic pile.

Two are the Powers that hold the ends of Time;  
Spirit foresees, Matter unfolds its thought,  
The dumb executor of God's decrees,  
Omitting no iota and no dot,  
845 Agent unquestioning, inconscient, stark,  
Evolving inevitably a charged content,  
Intention of his force in Time and Space,  
In animate beings and inanimate things;  
Immutably it fulfils its ordered task,  
850 It cancels not a tittle of things done;  
Unswerving from the oracular command

It alters not the steps of the Unseen.

If thou must indeed deliver man and earth  
On the spiritual heights look down on life,  
855 Discover the truth of God and man and world;  
Then do thy task knowing and seeing all.

Ascend, O soul, into thy timeless self;  
Choose destiny's curve and stamp thy will on Time."

He ended and upon the falling sound  
860 A power went forth that shook the founded spheres  
And loosed the stakes that hold the tents of form.

Absolved from vision's grip and the folds of thought,  
Rapt from her sense like disappearing scenes  
In the stupendous theatre of Space  
865 The heaven-worlds vanished in spiritual light.

A movement was abroad, a cry, a word,  
Beginningless in its vast discovery,  
Momentless in its unthinkable return:  
870 Chaired in calm seas she heard the eternal Thought  
Rhythming itself abroad unutterably  
In spaceless orbits and on timeless roads.

In an ineffable world she lived fulfilled.

An energy of the triune Infinite,  
In a measureless Reality she dwelt,  
875 A rapture and a being and a force,  
A linked and myriad-motioned plenitude,  
A virgin unity, a luminous spouse,  
Housing a multitudinous embrace  
880 To marry all in God's immense delight,  
Bearing the eternity of every spirit,  
Bearing the burden of universal love,  
A wonderful mother of unnumbered souls.

All things she knew, all things imagined or willed:  
Her ear was opened to ideal sound,  
885 Shape the convention bound no more her sight,  
A thousand doors of oneness was her heart.

A crypt and sanctuary of brooding light  
Appeared, the last recess of things beyond.

Then in its rounds the enormous fiat paused,  
890 Silence gave back to the Unknowable  
All it had given. Still was her listening thought.

The form of things had ceased within her soul.

Invisible that perfect godhead now.

Around her some tremendous spirit lived,  
895 Mysterious flame around a melting pearl,  
And in the phantom of abolished Space  
There was a voice unheard by ears that cried:

"Choose, spirit, thy supreme choice not given again;  
For now from my highest being looks at thee  
900 The nameless formless peace where all things rest.

In a happy vast sublime cessation know,—

An immense extinction in eternity,  
A point that disappears in the infinite,—  
Felicity of the extinguished flame,  
905 Last sinking of a wave in a boundless sea,  
End of the trouble of thy wandering thoughts,  
Close of the journeying of thy pilgrim soul.

Accept, O music, weariness of thy notes,  
O stream, wide breaking of thy channel banks.”

910 The moments fell into eternity.

But someone yearned within a bosom unknown  
And silently the woman's heart replied:  
“Thy peace, O Lord, a boon within to keep  
Amid the roar and ruin of wild Time  
915 For the magnificent soul of man on earth.

Thy calm, O Lord, that bears thy hands of joy.”

Limitless like ocean round a lonely isle  
A second time the eternal cry arose:  
“Wide open are the ineffable gates in front.

920 My spirit leans down to break the knot of earth,  
Amorous of oneness without thought or sign  
To cast down wall and fence, to strip heaven bare,  
See with the large eye of infinity,  
Unweave the stars and into silence pass.”

925 In an immense and world-destroying pause  
She heard a million creatures cry to her.

Through the tremendous stillness of her thoughts  
Immeasurably the woman's nature spoke:

“Thy oneness, Lord, in many approaching hearts,  
930 My sweet infinity of thy numberless souls.”

Mightily retreating like a sea in ebb  
A third time swelled the great admonishing call:  
“I spread abroad the refuge of my wings.

Out of its incommunicable deeps  
935 My power looks forth of mightiest splendour, stilled  
Into its majesty of sleep, withdrawn  
Above the dreadful whirlings of the world.”

A sob of things was answer to the voice,  
And passionately the woman's heart replied:  
940 “Thy energy, Lord, to seize on woman and man,  
To take all things and creatures in their grief  
And gather them into a mother's arms.”

Solemn and distant like a seraph's lyre  
A last great time the warning sound was heard:  
945 “I open the wide eye of solitude  
To uncover the voiceless rapture of my bliss,  
Where in a pure and exquisite hush it lies  
Motionless in its slumber of ecstasy,  
Resting from the sweet madness of the dance  
950 Out of whose beat the throb of hearts was born.”

Breaking the Silence with appeal and cry  
A hymn of adoration tireless climbed,

A music beat of winged uniting souls,  
Then all the woman yearningly replied:

955 “Thy embrace which rends the living knot of pain,  
Thy joy, O Lord, in which all creatures breathe,  
Thy magic flowing waters of deep love,  
Thy sweetness give to me for earth and men.”