

**Track 76: Section 1, lines 1 to 226**

Out of abysmal trance her spirit woke.

Lain on the earth-mother's calm unconscious breast  
She saw the green-clad branches lean above  
Guarding her sleep with their enchanted life,  
5 And overhead a blue-winged ecstasy  
Fluttered from bough to bough with high-pitched call.

Into the magic secrecy of the woods  
Peering through an emerald lattice-window of leaves,  
In indolent skies reclined, the thinning day  
10 Turned to its slow fall into evening's peace.

She pressed the living body of Satyavan:  
On her body's wordless joy to be and breathe  
She bore the blissful burden of his head  
Between her breasts' warm labour of delight,  
15 The waking gladness of her members felt  
The weight of heaven in his limbs, a touch  
Summing the whole felicity of things,  
And all her life was conscious of his life  
And all her being rejoiced enfolding his.

20 The immense remoteness of her trance had passed;  
Human she was once more, earth's Savitri,  
Yet felt in her illimitable change.

A power dwelt in her soul too great for earth,  
A bliss lived in her heart too large for heaven;  
25 Light too intense for thought and love too boundless  
For earth's emotions lit her skies of mind  
And spread through her deep and happy seas of soul.

All that is sacred in the world drew near  
To her divine passivity of mood.

30 A marvellous voice of silence breathed its thoughts.

All things in Time and Space she had taken for hers;  
In her they moved, by her they lived and were,  
The whole wide world clung to her for delight,  
Created for her rapt embrace of love.

35 Now in her spaceless self released from bounds  
Unnumbered years seemed moments long drawn out,  
The brilliant time-flakes of eternity.

Outwings of a bird from its bright home,  
Her earthly morns were radiant flights of joy.

40 Boundless she was, a form of infinity.

Absorbed no longer by the moment's beat  
Her spirit the unending future felt  
And lived with all the unbeginning past.

Her life was a dawn's victorious opening,  
45 The past and unborn days had joined their dreams,  
Old vanished eves and far arriving noons  
Hinted to her a vision of prescient hours.

Supine in musing bliss she lay awhile  
Given to the wonder of a waking trance;

50 Half-risen then she sent her gaze around,  
As if to recover old sweet trivial threads,  
Old happy thoughts, small treasured memories,  
And weave them into one immortal day.

Ever she held on the paradise of her breast  
55 Her lover charmed into a fathomless sleep,  
Lain like an infant spirit unaware  
Lulled on the verge of two consenting worlds.

But soon she leaned down over her loved to call  
His mind back to her with her travelling touch  
60 On his closed eyelids; settled was her still look  
Of strong delight, not yearning now, but large  
With limitless joy or sovereign last content,  
Pure, passionate with the passion of the gods.

Desire stirred not its wings; for all was made  
65 An overarching of celestial rays  
Like the absorbed control of sky on plain,  
Heaven's leaning down to embrace from all sides earth,  
A quiet rapture, a vast security.

Then sighing to her touch the soft-winged sleep  
70 Rose hovering from his flowerlike lids and flew  
Murmurous away.

Awake, he found her eyes

Waiting for his, and felt her hands, and saw  
The earth his home given back to him once more  
And her made his again, his passion's all.

75 With his arms' encircling hold around her locked,  
A living knot to make possession close,  
He murmured with hesitating lips her name,  
And vaguely recollecting wonder cried,

80 "Whence hast thou brought me captive back, love-chained,  
To thee and sunlight's walls, O golden beam  
And casket of all sweetness, Savitri,  
Godhead and woman, moonlight of my soul?

For surely I have travelled in strange worlds  
By thee companioned, a pursuing spirit,  
85 Together we have disdained the gates of night.

I have turned away from the celestials' joy  
And heaven's insufficient without thee.

Where now has passed that formidable Shape  
Which rose against us, the Spirit of the Void,  
90 Claiming the world for Death and Nothingness,  
Denying God and soul?

Or was all a dream

Or a vision seen in a spiritual sleep,  
A symbol of the oppositions of Time  
Or a mind-lit beacon of significance  
95 In some stress of darkness lighting on the Way  
Or guiding a swimmer through the straits of Death,  
Or finding with the succour of its ray  
In a gully mid the crowded streets of Chance  
The soul that into the world-adventure came,

100 A scout and voyager from Eternity?"

But she replied, "Our parting was the dream;  
We are together, we live, O Satyavan.

Look round thee and behold, glad and unchanged  
Our home, this forest with its thousand cries  
105 And the whisper of the wind among the leaves  
And, through rifts in emerald scene, the evening sky,  
God's canopy of blue sheltering our lives,  
And the birds crying for heart's happiness,  
Winged poets of our solitary reign,  
110 Our friends on earth where we are king and queen.

Only our souls have left Death's night behind,  
Changed by a mighty dream's reality,  
Illumined by the light of symbol worlds  
And the stupendous summit self of things,  
115 And stood at Godhead's gates limitless, free."

Then filled with the glory of their happiness  
They rose and with safe clinging fingers locked  
Hung on each other in a silent look.

But he with a new wonder in his heart  
120 And a new flame of worship in his eyes:  
"What high change is in thee, O Savitri?

Bright

Ever thou wast, a goddess still and pure,  
Yet dearer to me by thy sweet human parts  
Earth gave thee making thee yet more divine.

125 My adoration mastered, my desire  
Bent down to make its subject, my daring clasped,  
Claiming by body and soul my life's estate,  
Rapture's possession, love's sweet property,  
A statue of silence in my templed spirit,  
130 A yearning godhead and a golden bride.

But now thou seemst almost too high and great  
For mortal worship; Time lies below thy feet  
And the whole world seems only a part of thee,  
Thy presence the hushed heaven I inhabit,  
135 And thou lookst on me in the gaze of the stars,  
Yet art the earthly keeper of my soul,  
My life a whisper of thy dreaming thoughts,  
My morns a gleaming of thy spirit's wings,  
And day and night are of thy beauty part.

140 Hast thou not taken my heart to treasure it  
In the secure environment of thy breast?

Awakened from the silence and the sleep,  
I have consented for thy sake to be.

By thee I have greatened my mortal arc of life,  
145 But now far heavens, unmapped infinitudes  
Thou hast brought me, thy illimitable gift!

If to fill these thou lift thy sacred flight,  
My human earth will still demand thy bliss.

Make still my life through thee a song of joy

150 And all my silence wide and deep with thee.”

A heavenly queen consenting to his will,  
She clasped his feet, by her enshrining hair  
Enveloped in a velvet cloak of love,  
And answered softly like a murmuring lute:  
155 “All now is changed, yet all is still the same.

Lo, we have looked upon the face of God,  
Our life has opened with divinity.

We have borne identity with the Supreme  
And known his meaning in our mortal lives.

160 Our love has grown greater by that mighty touch  
And learned its heavenly significance,  
Yet nothing is lost of mortal love's delight.

Heaven's touch fulfils but cancels not our earth:  
Our bodies need each other in the same last;  
165 Still in our breasts repeat heavenly secret rhythm  
Our human heart-beats passionately close.

Still am I she who came to thee mid the murmur  
Of sunlit leaves upon this forest verge;  
I am the Madran, I am Savitri.

170 All that I was before, I am to thee still,  
Close comrade of thy thoughts and hopes and toils,  
All happy contraries I would join for thee.

All sweet relations marry in our life;  
I am thy kingdom even as thou art mine,  
175 The sovereign and the slave of thy desire,  
Thy prone possessor, sister of thy soul  
And mother of thy wants; thou art my world,  
The earth I need, the heaven my thoughts desire,  
The world I inhabit and the god I adore.

180 Thy body is my body's counterpart  
Whose every limb my answering limb desires,  
Whose heart is key to all my heart-beats,—this  
I am and thou to me, O Satyavan.

185 Our wedded walk through life begins anew,  
No gladness lost, no depth of mortal joy.

Let us go through this new world that is the same,  
For it is given back, but it is known,  
A playing-ground and dwelling-house of God  
Who hides himself in bird and beast and man  
190 Sweetly to find himself again by love,  
By oneness.

His presence leads the rhythms of life  
That seek for mutual joy in spite of pain.

We have each other found, O Satyavan,  
In the great light of the discovered soul.

195 Let us go back, for eve is in the skies.

Now grief is dead and serene bliss remains  
The heart of all our days for evermore.

Lo, all these beings in this wonderful world!

Let us give joy to all, for joy is ours.

200 For not for ourselves alone our spirits came  
Out of the veil of the Unmanifest,  
Out of the deep immense Unknowable  
Upon the ignorant breast of dubious earth,  
Into the ways of labouring, seeking men,  
205 Two fires that burn towards that parent Sun,  
Two rays that travel to the original Light.

To lead man's soul towards truth and God we are born,  
To draw the chequered scheme of mortal life  
Into some semblance of the Immortal's plan,  
210 To shape it closer to an image of God,  
A little nearer to the Idea divine."

She closed her arms about his breast and head  
As if to keep him on her bosom worn  
For ever through the journeying of the years.

215 So for a while they stood entwined, their kiss  
And passion-tranced embrace a meeting-point  
In their commingling spirits one for ever,  
Two-souled, two-bodied for the joys of Time.

Then hand in hand they left that solemn place  
220 Full now of mute unusual memories,  
To the green distance of their sylvan home  
Returning slowly through the forest's heart.

Round them the afternoon to evening changed;  
Light slipped down to the brightly sleeping verge,  
225 And the birds came back winging to their nests,  
And day and night leaned to each other's arms.