

Track 19: Section 2, lines 190 to 399

Then after a silence Narad made reply:
Tuning his lips to earthly sound he spoke,
And something now of the deep sense of fate
Weighted the fragile hints of mortal speech.

195 His forehead shone with vision solemnised,
Turned to a tablet of supernal thoughts
As if characters of an unwritten tongue
Had left in its breadth the inscriptions of the gods.

200 Bare in that light Time toiled, his unseen works
Detected; the broad-flung far-seeing schemes
Unfinished which his aeoned flight unrolls
Were mapped already in that world-wide look.

“Was then the sun a dream because there is night?
Hidden in the mortal's heart the Eternal lives:
He lives secret in the chamber of thy soul,
205 A Light shines there nor pain nor grief can cross.

A darkness stands between thyself and him,
Thou canst not hear or feel the marvellous Guest,
Thou canst not see the beatific sun.

210 O queen, thy thought is a light of the Ignorance,
Its brilliant curtain hides from thee God's face.

It illumes a world born from the Inconscience
But hides the Immortal's meaning in the world.

Thy mind's light hides from thee the Eternal's thought,
Thy heart's hopes hide from thee the Eternal's will,
215 Earth's joys shut from thee the Immortal's bliss.

Thence rose the need of a dark intruding god,
The world's dread teacher, the creator, pain.

220 Where Ignorance is, there suffering too must come;
Thy grief is a cry of darkness to the Light;
Pain was the first-born of the Inconscience
Which was thy body's dumb original base;
Already slept there pain's subconscious shape:
A shadow in a shadowy tenebrous womb,
Till life shall move, it waits to wake and be.

225 In one caul with joy came forth the dreadful Power.

In life's breast it was born hiding its twin;
But pain came first, then only joy could be.

Pain ploughed the first hard ground of the world-drowse.

230 By pain a spirit started from the clod,
By pain Life stirred in the subliminal deep.

Interned, submerged, hidden in Matter's trance
Awoke to itself the dreamer, sleeping Mind;

It made a visible realm out of its dreams,
It drew its shapes from the subconscious depths,
235 Then turned to look upon the world it had made.

By pain and joy, the bright and tenebrous twins,
The inanimate world perceived its sentient soul,
Else had the Inconscient never suffered change.

Pain is the hammer of the Gods to break
240 A dead resistance in the mortal's heart,
His slow inertia as of living stone.

If the heart were not forced to want and weep,
His soul would have lain down content, at ease,
And never thought to exceed the human start
245 And never learned to climb towards the Sun.

This earth is full of labour, packed with pain;
Throes of an endless birth coerce her still;
The centuries end, the ages vainly pass
And yet the Godhead in her is not born.

250 The ancient Mother faces all with joy,
Calls for the ardent pang, the grandiose thrill;
For with pain and labour all creation comes.

This earth is full of the anguish of the gods;
Ever they travail driven by Time's goad,
255 And strive to work out the eternal Will
And shape the life divine in mortal forms.

His will must be worked out in human breasts
Against the Evil that rises from the gulfs,
Against the world's Ignorance and its obstinate strength,
260 Against the stumblings of man's pervert will,
Against the deep folly of his human mind,
Against the blind reluctance of his heart.

The spirit is doomed to pain till man is free.

There is a clamour of battle, a tramp, a march:
265 A cry arises like a moaning sea,
A desperate laughter under the blows of death,
A doom of blood and sweat and toil and tears.

Men die that man may live and God be born.

An awful Silence watches tragic Time.

270 Pain is the hand of Nature sculpturing men
To greatness: an inspired labour chisels
With heavenly cruelty an unwilling mould.

Implacable in the passion of their will,
Lifting the hammers of titanic toil
275 The demiurges of the universe work;
They shape with giant strokes their own; their sons
Are marked with their enormous stamp of fire.

Although the shaping god's tremendous touch
Is torture unbearable to mortal nerves,
280 The fiery spirit grows in strength within
And feels a joy in every titan pang.

He who would save himself lives bare and calm;
He who would save the race must share its pain:
This he shall know who obeys that grandiose urge.

285 The Great who came to save this suffering world
And rescue out of Time's shadow and the Law,
Must pass beneath the yoke of grief and pain;
They are caught by the Wheel that they had hoped to break,
On their shoulders they must bear man's load of fate.

290 Heaven's riches they bring, their sufferings count the price
Or they pay the gift of knowledge with their lives.

The Son of God born as the Son of man
Has drunk the bitter cup, owned Godhead's debt,
The debt the Eternal owes to the fallen kind
295 His will has bound to death and struggling life
That yearns in vain for rest and endless peace.

Now is the debt paid, wiped off the original score.

The Eternal suffers in a human form,
He has signed salvation's testament with his blood:
300 He has opened the doors of his undying peace.

The Deity compensates the creature's claim,
The Creator bears the law of pain and death;
A retribution smites the incarnate God.

His love has paved the mortal's road to Heaven:
305 He has given his life and light to balance here
The dark account of mortal ignorance.

It is finished, the dread mysterious sacrifice,
Offered by God's martyred body for the world;
Gethsemane and Calvary are his lot,
310 He carries the cross on which man's soul is nailed;
His escort is the curses of the crowd;
Insult and jeer are his right's acknowledgment;
Two thieves slain with him mock his mighty death.

He has trod with bleeding brow the Saviour's way.

315 He who has found his identity with God
Pays with the body's death his soul's vast light.

His knowledge immortal triumphs by his death.

Hewn, quartered on the scaffold as he falls,
His crucified voice proclaims, 'I, I am God;'

320 'Yes, all is God,' peals back Heaven's deathless call.

The seed of Godhead sleeps in mortal hearts,
The flower of Godhead grows on the world-tree:

All shall discover God in self and things.

- But when God's messenger comes to help the world
325 And lead the soul of earth to higher things,
He too must carry the yoke he came to unloose;
He too must bear the pang that he would heal:
Exempt and unafflicted by earth's fate,
How shall he cure the ills he never felt?
- 330 He covers the world's agony with his calm;
But though to the outward eye no sign appears
And peace is given to our torn human hearts,
The struggle is there and paid the unseen price;
The fire, the strife, the wrestle are within.
- 335 He carries the suffering world in his own breast;
Its sins weigh on his thoughts, its grief is his:
Earth's ancient load lies heavy on his soul;
Night and its powers beleaguer his tardy steps,
The Titan adversary's clutch he bears;
340 His march is a battle and a pilgrimage.
- Life's evil smites, he is stricken with the world's pain:
A million wounds gape in his secret heart.
- He journeys sleepless through an unending night;
Antagonist forces crowd across his path;
345 A siege, a combat is his inner life.
- Even worse may be the cost, direr the pain:
His large identity and all-harboring love
Shall bring the cosmic anguish into his depths,
The sorrow of all living things shall come
350 And knock at his doors and live within his house;
A dreadful cord of sympathy can tie
All suffering into his single grief and make
All agony in all the worlds his own.
- He meets an ancient adversary Force,
355 He is lashed with the whips that tear the world's worn heart;
The weeping of the centuries visits his eyes:
He wears the blood-glued fiery Centaur shirt,
The poison of the world has stained his throat.
- In the market-place of Matter's capital
360 Amidst the chafferings of the affair called life
He is tied to the stake of a perennial Fire;
He burns on an unseen original verge
That Matter may be turned to spirit stuff:
He is the victim in his own sacrifice.
- 365 The Immortal bound to earth's mortality
Appearing and perishing on the roads of Time
Creates God's moment by eternity's beats.
- He dies that the world may be new-born and live.
Even if he escapes the fiercest fires,

370 Even if the world breaks not in, a drowning sea,
Only by hard sacrifice is high heaven earned:
He must face the fight, the pang who would conquer Hell.

A dark concealed hostility is lodged
In the human depths, in the hidden heart of Time
370 That claims the right to change and mar God's work.

A secret enmity ambushes the world's march;
It leaves a mark on thought and speech and act:
It stamps stain and defect on all things done;
Till it is slain peace is forbidden on earth.

380 There is no visible foe, but the unseen
Is round us, forces intangible besiege,
Touches from alien realms, thoughts not our own
Overtake us and compel the erring heart;
Our lives are caught in an ambiguous net.

385 An adversary Force was born of old:
Invader of the life of mortal man,
It hides from him the straight immortal path.
A power came in to veil the eternal Light,
A power opposed to the eternal will

390 Diverts the messages of the infallible Word,
Contorts the contours of the cosmic plan:
A whisper lures to evil the human heart,
It seals up wisdom's eyes, the soul's regard,
It is the origin of our suffering here,

395 It binds earth to calamity and pain.

This all must conquer who would bring down God's peace.

This hidden foe lodged in the human breast
Man must overcome or miss his higher fate.

This is the inner war without escape.