

**Track 23: Section 6, lines 689 to 897**

Then Aswapati answered to the seer:

690 "Is then the spirit ruled by an outward world?  
O seer, is there no remedy within?

But what is Fate if not the spirit's will  
After long time fulfilled by cosmic Force?

I deemed a mighty Power had come with her;  
695 Is not that Power the high compeer of Fate?"  
But Narad answered covering truth with truth:

"O Aswapati, random seem the ways  
Along whose banks your footsteps stray or run  
In casual hours or moments of the gods,  
700 Yet your least stumblings are foreseen above.

Infallibly the curves of life are drawn  
Following the stream of Time through the unknown;  
They are led by a clue the calm immortals keep.

This blazoned hieroglyph of prophet morns  
705 A meaning more sublime in symbols writes  
Than sealed Thought wakes to, but of this high script  
How shall my voice convince the mind of earth?

Heaven's wiser love rejects the mortal's prayer;  
Unblinded by the breath of his desire,  
710 Unclouded by the mists of fear and hope,  
It bends above the strife of love with death;  
It keeps for her her privilege of pain.

A greatness in thy daughter's soul resides  
That can transform herself and all around  
715 But must cross on stones of suffering to its goal.

Although designed like a nectar cup of heaven,  
Of heavenly ether made she sought this air,  
She too must share the human need of grief  
And all her cause of joy transmute to pain.

720 The mind of mortal man is led by words,  
His sight retires behind the walls of Thought  
And looks out only through half-opened doors.

He cuts the boundless Truth into sky-strips  
And every strip he takes for all the heavens.

725 He stares at infinite possibility  
And gives to the plastic Vast the name of Chance;  
He sees the long results of an all-wise Force  
Planning a sequence of steps in endless Time  
But in its links imagines a senseless chain

730 Or the dead hand of cold Necessity;  
He answers not to the mystic Mother's heart,  
Misses the ardent heavings of her breast  
And feels cold rigid limbs of lifeless Law.

The will of the Timeless working out in Time  
735 In the free absolute steps of cosmic Truth  
He thinks a dead machine or unconscious Fate.

A Magician's formulas have made Matter's laws

And while they last, all things by them are bound;  
But the spirit's consent is needed for each act  
740 And Freedom walks in the same pace with Law.  
All here can change if the Magician choose.  
If human will could be made one with God's,  
If human thought could echo the thoughts of God,  
745 Man might be all-knowing and omnipotent;  
But now he walks in Nature's doubtful ray.  
Yet can the mind of man receive God's light,  
The force of man can be driven by God's force,  
Then is he a miracle doing miracles.  
For only so can he be Nature's king.  
750 It is decreed and Satyavan must die;  
The hour is fixed, chosen the fatal stroke.  
What else shall be is written in her soul  
But till the hour reveals the fateful script,  
The writing waits illegible and mute.  
755 Fate is Truth working out in Ignorance.  
O King, thy fate is a transaction done  
At every hour between Nature and thy soul  
With God for its foreseeing arbiter.  
Fate is a balance drawn in Destiny's book.  
760 Man can accept his fate, he can refuse.  
Even if the One maintains the unseen decree  
He writes thy refusal in thy credit page:  
For doom is not a close, a mystic seal.  
765 Arisen from the tragic crash of life,  
Arisen from the body's torture and death,  
The spirit rises mightier by defeat;  
Its godlike wings grow wider with each fall.  
Its splendid failures sum to victory.  
770 O man, the events that meet thee on thy road,  
Though they smite thy body and soul with joy and grief,  
Are not thy fate,—they touch thee awhile and pass;  
Even death can cut not short thy spirit's walk:  
Thy goal, the road thou choosest are thy fate.  
775 On the altar throwing thy thoughts, thy heart, thy works,  
Thy fate is a long sacrifice to the gods  
Till they have opened to thee thy secret self  
And made thee one with the indwelling God.  
780 O soul, intruder in Nature's ignorance,  
Armed traveller to the unseen supernal heights,  
Thy spirit's fate is a battle and ceaseless march  
Against invisible opponent Powers,  
A passage from Matter into timeless self.  
785 Adventurer through blind unforeseeing Time,  
A forced advance through a long line of lives,  
It pushes its spearhead through the centuries.  
Across the dust and mire of the earthly plain,

On many guarded lines and dangerous fronts,  
In dire assaults, in wounded slow retreats,  
Holding the ideal's ringed and battered fort  
790 Or fighting against odds in lonely posts,  
Or camped in night around the bivouac's fires  
Awaiting the tardy trumpets of the dawn,  
In hunger and in plenty and in pain,  
Through peril and through triumph and through fall,  
795 Through life's green lanes and over her desert sands,  
Up the bald moor, along the sunlit ridge,  
In serried columns with a straggling rear  
Led by its nomad vanguard's signal fires,  
Marches the army of the waylost god.

800 Then late the joy ineffable is felt,  
Then he remembers his forgotten self;  
He has refound the skies from which he fell.

At length his front's indomitable line  
Forces the last passes of the Ignorance:  
805 Advancing beyond Nature's last known bounds,  
Reconnoitring the formidable unknown,  
Beyond the landmarks of things visible,  
It mounts through a miraculous upper air  
Till climbing the mute summit of the world  
810 He stands upon the splendour-peaks of God.

In vain thou mournst that Satyavan must die;  
His death is a beginning of greater life,  
Death is the spirit's opportunity.

A vast intention has brought two souls close  
815 And love and death conspire towards one great end.

For out of danger and pain heaven-bliss shall come,  
Time's unforeseen event, God's secret plan.

This world was not built with random bricks of Chance,  
A blind god is not destiny's architect;  
820 A conscious power has drawn the plan of life,  
There is a meaning in each curve and line.

It is an architecture high and grand  
By many named and nameless masons built  
In which unseeing hands obey the Unseen,  
825 And of its master-builders she is one.

“Queen, strive no more to change the secret will;  
Time's accidents are steps in its vast scheme.

Bring not thy brief and helpless human tears  
Across the fathomless moments of a heart  
830 That knows its single will and God's as one:  
It can embrace its hostile destiny;  
It sits apart with grief and facing death,  
Affronting adverse fate armed and alone.

In this enormous world standing apart  
835 In the mightiness of her silent spirit's will,  
In the passion of her soul of sacrifice  
Her lonely strength facing the universe,  
Affronting fate, asks not man's help nor god's:

840 Sometimes one life is charged with earth's destiny,  
It cries not for succour from the time-bound powers.

Alone she is equal to her mighty task.

Intervene not in a strife too great for thee,  
A struggle too deep for mortal thought to sound,  
Its question to this Nature's rigid bounds  
845 When the soul fronts nude of garbs the infinite,  
Its too vast theme of a lonely mortal will  
Pacing the silence of eternity.

As a star, unaccompanied, moves in heaven  
Unastonished by the immensities of Space,  
850 Travelling infinity by its own light,  
The great are strongest when they stand alone.

A God-given might of being is their force,  
A ray from self's solitude of light the guide;  
The soul that can live alone with itself meets God;  
855 Its lonely universe is their rendezvous.

A day may come when she must stand unhelped  
On a dangerous brink of the world's doom and hers,  
Carrying the world's future on her lonely breast,  
Carrying the human hope in a heart left sole  
860 To conquer or fail on a last desperate verge,  
Alone with death and close to extinction's edge.

Her single greatness in that last dire scene  
Must cross alone a perilous bridge in Time  
And reach an apex of world-destiny  
865 Where all is won or all is lost for man.

In that tremendous silence lone and lost  
Of a deciding hour in the world's fate,  
In her soul's climbing beyond mortal time  
When she stands sole with Death or sole with God  
870 Apart upon a silent desperate brink,  
Alone with her self and death and destiny  
As on some verge between Time and Timelessness  
When being must end or life rebuild its base,  
Alone she must conquer or alone must fall.

875 No human aid can reach her in that hour,  
No armoured god stand shining at her side.

Cry not to heaven, for she alone can save.

For this the silent Force came missioned down;  
In her the conscious Will took human shape:  
880 She only can save herself and save the world.

O queen, stand back from that stupendous scene,  
Come not between her and her hour of Fate.

Her hour must come and none can intervene:  
Think not to turn her from her heaven-sent task,  
885 Strive not to save her from her own high will.

Thou hast no place in that tremendous strife;  
Thy love and longing are not arbiters there;  
Leave the world's fate and her to God's sole guard.

Even if he seems to leave her to her lone strength,

890 Even though all falters and falls and sees an end  
And the heart fails and only are death and night,  
God-given her strength can battle against doom  
Even on a brink where Death alone seems close  
And no human strength can hinder or can help.

895 Think not to intercede with the hidden Will,  
Intrude not twixt her spirit and its force  
But leave her to her mighty self and Fate.”