

**Track 29: line 300 to end**

300 All the world's possibilities in man  
Are waiting as the tree waits in its seed:  
His past lives in him; it drives his future's pace;  
His present's acts fashion his coming fate.  
The unborn gods hide in his house of Life.

305 The daemons of the unknown overshadow his mind  
Casting their dreams into live moulds of thought,  
The moulds in which his mind builds out its world.  
His mind creates around him its universe.  
All that has been renews in him its birth;

310 All that can be is figured in his soul.  
Issuing in deeds it scores on the roads of the world,  
Obscure to the interpreting reason's guess,  
Lines of the secret purpose of the gods.  
In strange directions runs the intricate plan;

315 Held back from human foresight is their end  
And the far intention of some ordering Will  
Or the order of life's arbitrary Chance  
Finds out its settled poise and fated hour.  
Our surface watched in vain by reason's gaze,  
320 Invaded by the impromptus of the unseen,  
Helpless records the accidents of Time,  
The involuntary turns and leaps of life.  
Only a little of us foresees its steps,  
Only a little has will and purposed pace.

325 A vast subliminal is man's measureless part.  
The dim subconscious is his cavern base.  
Abolished vainly in the walks of Time  
Our past lives still in our unconscious selves  
And by the weight of its hidden influences  
330 Is shaped our future's self-discovery.  
Thus all is an inevitable chain  
And yet a series seems of accidents.  
The unremembering hours repeat the old acts,  
Our dead past round our future's ankles clings  
335 And drags back the new nature's glorious stride,  
Or from its buried corpse old ghosts arise,  
Old thoughts, old longings, dead passions live again,  
Recur in sleep or move the waking man  
To words that force the barrier of the lips,  
340 To deeds that suddenly start and o'erleap  
His head of reason and his guardian will.  
An old self lurks in the new self we are;  
Hardly we escape from what we once had been:

In the dim gleam of habit's passages,  
345 In the subconscious's darkling corridors  
All things are carried by the porter nerves  
And nothing checked by subterranean mind,  
Unstudied by the guardians of the doors  
And passed by a blind instinctive memory,  
350 The old gang dismissed, old cancelled passports serve.

Nothing is wholly dead that once had lived;  
In dim tunnels of the world's being and in ours  
The old rejected nature still survives;  
The corpses of its slain thoughts raise their heads  
355 And visit mind's nocturnal walks in sleep,  
Its stifled impulses breathe and move and rise;  
All keeps a phantom immortality.

Irresistible are Nature's sequences:  
The seeds of sins renounced sprout from hid soil;  
360 The evil cast from our hearts once more we face;  
Our dead selves come to slay our living soul.

A portion of us lives in present Time,  
A secret mass in dim inconscience gropes;  
Out of the inconscient and subliminal  
365 Arisen, we live in mind's uncertain light  
And strive to know and master a dubious world  
Whose purpose and meaning are hidden from our sight.

Above us dwells a superconscient God  
Hidden in the mystery of his own light:  
370 Around us is a vast of ignorance  
Lit by the uncertain ray of human mind,  
Below us sleeps the Inconscient dark and mute.

But this is only Matter's first self-view,  
A scale and series in the Ignorance.

375 This is not all we are or all our world.

Our greater self of knowledge waits for us,  
A supreme light in the truth-conscious Vast:  
It sees from summits beyond thinking mind,  
It moves in a splendid air transcending life.

380 It shall descend and make earth's life divine.  
Truth made the world, not a blind Nature-Force.

For here are not our large diviner heights;  
Our summits in the superconscient's blaze  
Are glorious with the very face of God:  
385 There is our aspect of eternity,  
There is the figure of the god we are,  
His young unaging look on deathless things,  
His joy in our escape from death and Time,  
His immortality and light and bliss.

390 Our larger being sits behind cryptic walls:

There are greatneses hidden in our unseen parts  
That wait their hour to step into life's front:  
We feel an aid from deep indwelling Gods;  
One speaks within, Light comes to us from above.

395 Our soul from its mysterious chamber acts;  
Its influence pressing on our heart and mind  
Pushes them to exceed their mortal selves.

It seeks for Good and Beauty and for God;  
We see beyond self's walls our limitless self,  
400 We gaze through our world's glass at half-seen vasts,  
We hunt for the Truth behind apparent things.

Our inner Mind dwells in a larger light,  
Its brightness looks at us through hidden doors;  
Our members luminous grow and Wisdom's face  
405 Appears in the doorway of the mystic ward:  
When she enters into our house of outward sense,  
Then we look up and see, above, her sun.

A mighty life-self with its inner powers  
Supports the dwarfish modicum we call life;  
410 It can graft upon our crawl two puissant wings.

Our body's subtle self is throned within  
In its viewless palace of veridical dreams  
That are bright shadows of the thoughts of God.

In the prone obscure beginnings of the race  
415 The human grew in the bowed apelike man.

He stood erect, a godlike form and force,  
And a soul's thoughts looked out from earth-born eyes;  
Man stood erect, he wore the thinker's brow:  
He looked at heaven and saw his comrade stars;  
420 A vision came of beauty and greater birth  
Slowly emerging from the heart's chapel of light  
And moved in a white lucent air of dreams.

He saw his being's unrealised vastnesses,  
He aspired and housed the nascent demigod.

425 Out of the dim recesses of the self  
The occult seeker into the open came:  
He heard the far and touched the intangible,  
He gazed into the future and the unseen;  
He used the powers earth-instruments cannot use,  
430 A pastime made of the impossible;  
He caught up fragments of the Omniscient's thought,  
He scattered formulas of omnipotence.

Thus man in his little house made of earth's dust  
Grew towards an unseen heaven of thought and dream  
435 Looking into the vast vistas of his mind  
On a small globe dotting infinity.

At last climbing a long and narrow stair

He stood alone on the high roof of things  
And saw the light of a spiritual sun.

440 Aspiring he transcends his earthly self;  
He stands in the largeness of his soul new-born,  
Redeemed from encirclement by mortal things  
And moves in a pure free spiritual realm  
As in the rare breath of a stratosphere;  
445 A last end of far lines of divinity,  
He mounts by a frail thread to his high source;  
He reaches his fount of immortality,  
He calls the Godhead into his mortal life.

All this the spirit concealed had done in her:  
450 A portion of the mighty Mother came  
Into her as into its own human part:  
Amid the cosmic workings of the Gods  
It marked her the centre of a wide-drawn scheme,  
Dreamed in the passion of her far-seeing spirit  
455 To mould humanity into God's own shape  
And lead this great blind struggling world to light  
Or a new world discover or create.

Earth must transform herself and equal Heaven  
Or Heaven descend into earth's mortal state.

460 But for such vast spiritual change to be,  
Out of the mystic cavern in man's heart  
The heavenly Psyche must put off her veil  
And step into common nature's crowded rooms  
And stand uncovered in that nature's front  
465 And rule its thoughts and fill the body and life.

Obedient to a high command she sat:  
Time, life and death were passing incidents  
Obstructing with their transient view her sight,  
Her sight that must break through and liberate the god  
470 Imprisoned in the visionless mortal man.

The inferior nature born into ignorance  
Still took too large a place, it veiled her self  
And must be pushed aside to find her soul.

**End of Canto Two**