

**Track 37: Section 1, lines 1 to 141**

Onward she passed seeking the soul's mystic cave.  
At first she stepped into a night of God.  
The light was quenched that helps the labouring world,  
The power that struggles and stumbles in our life;  
5 This inefficient mind gave up its thoughts,  
The striving heart its unavailing hopes.  
All knowledge failed and the Idea's forms  
And Wisdom screened in awe her lowly head  
Feeling a Truth too great for thought or speech,  
10 Formless, ineffable, for ever the same.  
An innocent and holy Ignorance  
Adored like one who worships formless God  
The unseen Light she could not claim nor own.  
In a simple purity of emptiness  
15 Her mind knelt down before the unknowable.  
All was abolished save her naked self  
And the prostrate yearning of her surrendered heart:  
There was no strength in her, no pride of force;  
The lofty burning of desire had sunk  
20 Ashamed, a vanity of separate self,  
The hope of spiritual greatness fled,  
Salvation she asked not nor a heavenly crown:  
Humility seemed now too proud a state.  
Her self was nothing, God alone was all,  
25 Yet God she knew not but only knew he was.  
A sacred darkness brooded now within,  
The world was a deep darkness great and nude.  
This void held more than all the teeming worlds,  
This blank felt more than all that Time has borne,  
30 This dark knew dumbly, immensely the Unknown.  
But all was formless, voiceless, infinite.  
As might a shadow walk in a shadowy scene,  
A small nought passing through a mightier Nought,  
A night of person in a bare outline  
35 Crossing a fathomless impersonal Night,  
Silent she moved, empty and absolute.  
In endless Time her soul reached a wide end,  
The spaceless Vast became her spirit's place.  
At last a change approached, the emptiness broke;  
40 A wave rippled within, the world had stirred;  
Once more her inner self became her space.  
There was felt a blissful nearness to the goal;  
Heaven leaned low to kiss the sacred hill,  
The air trembled with passion and delight.  
45 A rose of splendour on a tree of dreams,  
The face of Dawn out of mooned twilight grew.

Day came, priest of a sacrifice of joy  
Into the worshipping silence of her world;  
He carried immortal lustre as his robe,  
50 Trailed heaven like a purple scarf and wore  
As his vermilion caste-mark a red sun.  
As if an old remembered dream come true,  
She recognised in her prophetic mind  
The imperishable lustre of that sky,  
55 The tremulous sweetness of that happy air  
And, covered from mind's view and life's approach,  
The mystic cavern in the sacred hill  
And knew the dwelling of her secret soul.  
As if in some Elysian occult depth,  
60 Truth's last retreat from thought's profaning touch,  
As if in a rock-temple's solitude hid,  
God's refuge from an ignorant worshipping world,  
It lay withdrawn even from life's inner sense,  
Receding from the entangled heart's desire.  
65 A marvellous brooding twilight met the eyes  
And a holy stillness held that voiceless space.  
An awful dimness wrapped the great rock-doors  
Carved in the massive stone of Matter's trance.  
Two golden serpents round the lintel curled,  
70 Enveloping it with their pure and dreadful strength,  
Looked out with wisdom's deep and luminous eyes.  
An eagle covered it with wide conquering wings:  
Flames of self-lost immobile reverie,  
Doves crowded the grey musing cornices  
75 Like sculptured postures of white-bosomed peace.  
Across the threshold's sleep she entered in  
And found herself amid great figures of gods  
Conscious in stone and living without breath,  
Watching with fixed regard the soul of man,  
80 Executive figures of the cosmic self,  
World-symbols of immutable potency.  
On the walls covered with significant shapes  
Looked at her the life-scene of man and beast  
And the high meaning of the life of gods,  
85 The power and necessity of these numberless worlds,  
And faces of beings and stretches of world-space  
Spoke the succinct and inexhaustible  
Hieratic message of the climbing planes.  
In their immensitude signing infinity  
90 They were the extension of the self of God  
And housed, impassively receiving all,  
His figures and his small and mighty acts  
And his passion and his birth and life and death  
And his return to immortality.  
95 To the abiding and eternal is their climb,

To the pure existence everywhere the same,  
To the sheer consciousness and the absolute force  
And the unimaginable and formless bliss,  
To the mirth in Time and the timeless mystery  
100 Of the triune being who is all and one  
And yet is no one but himself apart.  
There was no step of breathing men, no sound,  
Only the living nearness of the soul.  
Yet all the worlds and God himself were there,  
105 For every symbol was a reality  
And brought the presence which had given it life.  
All this she saw and inly felt and knew  
Not by some thought of mind but by the self.  
A light not born of sun or moon or fire,  
110 A light that dwelt within and saw within  
Shedding an intimate visibility  
Made secrecy more revealing than the word:  
Our sight and sense are a fallible gaze and touch  
And only the spirit's vision is wholly true.  
115 As thus she passed in that mysterious place  
Through room and room, through door and rock-hewn door,  
She felt herself made one with all she saw.  
A sealed identity within her woke;  
She knew herself the Beloved of the Supreme:  
120 These Gods and Goddesses were he and she:  
The Mother was she of Beauty and Delight,  
The Word in Brahma's vast creating clasp,  
The World-Puissance on almighty Shiva's lap,—  
The Master and the Mother of all lives  
125 Watching the worlds their twin regard had made,  
And Krishna and Radha for ever entwined in bliss,  
The Adorer and Adored self-lost and one.  
In the last chamber on a golden seat  
One sat whose shape no vision could define;  
130 Only one felt the world's unattainable fount,  
A Power of which she was a straying Force,  
An invisible Beauty, goal of the world's desire,  
A Sun of which all knowledge is a beam,  
A Greatness without whom no life could be.  
135 Thence all departed into silent self,  
And all became formless and pure and bare.  
Then through a tunnel dug in the last rock  
She came out where there shone a deathless sun.  
A house was there all made of flame and light  
140 And crossing a wall of doorless living fire  
There suddenly she met her secret soul.