

Track 38: Section 2, lines 142 to 201

A being stood immortal in transience,
Deathless dallying with momentary things,
In whose wide eyes of tranquil happiness
145 Which pity and sorrow could not abrogate
Infinity turned its gaze on finite shapes:
Observer of the silent steps of the hours,
Eternity upheld the minute's acts
And the passing scenes of the Everlasting's play.

150 In the mystery of its selecting will,
In the Divine Comedy a participant,
The Spirit's conscious representative,
God's delegate in our humanity,
Comrade of the universe, the Transcendent's ray,
155 She had come into the mortal body's room
To play at ball with Time and Circumstance.

A joy in the world her master movement here,
The passion of the game lighted her eyes:
A smile on her lips welcomed earth's bliss and grief,
160 A laugh was her return to pleasure and pain.

All things she saw as a masquerade of Truth
Disguised in the costumes of Ignorance,
Crossing the years to immortality;
All she could front with the strong spirit's peace.

165 But since she knows the toil of mind and life
As a mother feels and shares her children's lives,
She puts forth a small portion of herself,
A being no bigger than the thumb of man
Into a hidden region of the heart

170 To face the pang and to forget the bliss,
To share the suffering and endure earth's wounds
And labour mid the labour of the stars.

This in us laughs and weeps, suffers the stroke,
Exults in victory, struggles for the crown;
175 Identified with the mind and body and life,
It takes on itself their anguish and defeat,
Bleeds with Fate's whips and hangs upon the cross,
Yet is the unwounded and immortal self
Supporting the actor in the human scene.

180 Through this she sends us her glory and her powers,
Pushes to wisdom's heights, through misery's gulfs;
She gives us strength to do our daily task
And sympathy that partakes of others' grief
And the little strength we have to help our race,
185 We who must fill the role of the universe
Acting itself out in a slight human shape
And on our shoulders carry the struggling world.

This is in us the godhead small and marred;
In this human portion of divinity

190 She seats the greatness of the Soul in Time
To uplift from light to light, from power to power,
Till on a heavenly peak it stands, a king.
In body weak, in its heart an invincible might,
It climbs stumbling, held up by an unseen hand,
195 A toiling spirit in a mortal shape.
Here in this chamber of flame and light they met;
They looked upon each other, knew themselves,
The secret deity and its human part,
The calm immortal and the struggling soul.
200 Then with a magic transformation's speed
They rushed into each other and grew one.