

**Track 44: Section 2, lines 127 to end**

But now she sat by sleeping Satyavan,  
Awake within, and the enormous Night  
Surrounded her with the Unknowable's vast.

130 A voice began to speak from her own heart  
That was not hers, yet mastered thought and sense.  
As it spoke all changed within her and without;  
All was, all lived; she felt all being one;  
The world of unreality ceased to be:

135 There was no more a universe built by mind,  
Convicted as a structure or a sign;  
A spirit, a being saw created things  
And cast itself into unnumbered forms  
And was what it saw and made; all now became

140 An evidence of one stupendous truth,  
A Truth in which negation had no place,  
A being and a living consciousness,  
A stark and absolute Reality.  
There the unreal could not find a place,  
145 The sense of unreality was slain:  
There all was conscious, made of the Infinite,  
All had a substance of Eternity.  
Yet this was the same Indecipherable;  
It seemed to cast from it universe like a dream

150 Vanishing for ever into an original Void.  
But this was no more some vague ubiquitous point  
Or a cipher of vastness in unreal Nought.  
It was the same but now no more seemed far  
To the living clasp of her recovered soul.

155 It was her self, it was the self of all,  
It was the reality of existing things,  
It was the consciousness of all that lived  
And felt and saw; it was Timelessness and Time,  
It was the Bliss of formlessness and form.

160 It was all Love and the one Beloved's arms,  
It was sight and thought in one all-seeing Mind,  
It was joy of Being on the peaks of God.  
She passed beyond Time into eternity,  
Slipped out of space and became the Infinite;

165 Her being rose into unreachable heights  
And found no end of its journey in the Self.  
It plunged into the unfathomable deeps  
And found no end to the silent mystery  
That held all world within one lonely breast,

170 Yet harboured all creation's multitudes.  
She was all vastness and one measureless point,  
She was a height beyond heights, a depth beyond depths,  
She lived in the everlasting and was all  
That harbours death and bears the wheeling hours.

175 All contraries were true in one huge spirit  
Surpassing measure, change and circumstance.  
An individual, one with cosmic self  
In the heart of the Transcendent's miracle  
And the secret of World-personality  
180 Was the creator and the lord of all.  
Mind was a single innumerable look  
Upon himself and all that he became.  
Life was his drama and the Vast a stage,  
The universe was his body, God its soul.

185 All was one single immense reality,  
All its innumerable phenomenon.  
Her spirit saw the world as living God;  
It saw the One and knew that all was He.  
She knew him as the Absolute's self-space,  
190 One with her self and ground of all things here  
In which the world wanders seeking for the Truth  
Guarded behind its face of ignorance:  
She followed him through the march of endless Time.

195 All Nature's happenings were events in her,  
The heart-beats of the cosmos were her own,  
All beings thought and felt and moved in her;  
She inhabited the vastness of the world,  
Its distances were her nature's boundaries,  
Its closenesses her own life's intimacies.

200 Her mind became familiar with its mind,  
Its body was her body's larger frame  
In which she lived and knew herself in it  
One, multitudinous in its multitudes.  
She was a single being, yet all things;

205 The world was her spirit's wide circumference,  
The thoughts of others were her intimates,  
Their feelings close to her universal heart,  
Their bodies her many bodies kin to her;  
She was no more herself but all the world.

210 Out of the infinitudes all came to her,  
Into the infinitudes sentient she spread,  
Infinity was her own natural home.  
Nowhere she dwelt, her spirit was everywhere,  
The distant constellations wheeled round her;

215 Earth saw her born, all worlds were her colonies,  
The greater worlds of life and mind were hers;  
All Nature reproduced her in its lines,  
Its movements were large copies of her own.  
She was the single self of all these selves,

220 She was in them and they were all in her.  
This first was an immense identity  
In which her own identity was lost:  
What seemed herself was an image of the Whole.

225 She was a subconscious life of tree and flower,  
The outbreak of the honied buds of spring;  
She burned in the passion and splendour of the rose,  
She was the red heart of the passion-flower,  
The dream-white of the lotus in its pool.

230 Out of subconscious life she climbed to mind,  
She was thought and the passion of the world's heart,  
She was the godhead hid in the heart of man,  
She was the climbing of his soul to God.

235 The cosmos flowered in her, she was its bed.  
She was Time and the dreams of God in Time;  
She was Space and the wideness of his days.

From this she rose where Time and Space were not;  
The superconscious was her native air,  
Infinity was her movement's natural space;  
Eternity looked out from her on Time.

**End of Canto Seven**

**End of Book Seven**

This realisation, of the Cosmic Spirit and the Cosmic Consciousness, is the culmination of the preparatory part of Savitri's yoga. It corresponds to the *tapasya* which she is said to have performed in the Legend. This yoga prepares her for what is to follow – the death of Satyavan, and confrontation with the spirit of Death, which is described in Books Eight to Ten and which leads her to the realm of Everlasting Day, where she still has to prove her right to return to the earth with living Satyavan. Finally she is victorious, as we shall see in our final session.