

**Track 5: Book One, Canto Three, *The Yoga of the King – The Yoga of the Soul's Release*,  
Section 1, lines 1-145**

A world's desire compelled her mortal birth.  
One in the front of the immemorial quest,  
Protagonist of the mysterious play  
In which the Unknown pursues himself through forms  
5 And limits his eternity by the hours  
And the blind Void struggles to live and see,  
A thinker and toiler in the ideal's air,  
Brought down to earth's dumb need her radiant power.  
His was a spirit that stooped from larger spheres  
10 Into our province of ephemeral sight,  
A colonist from immortality.  
A pointing beam on earth's uncertain roads,  
His birth held up a symbol and a sign;  
His human self like a translucent cloak  
15 Covered the All-Wise who leads the unseeing world.  
Affiliated to cosmic Space and Time  
And paying here God's debt to earth and man  
A greater sonship was his divine right.  
Although consenting to mortal ignorance,  
20 His knowledge shared the Light ineffable.  
A strength of the original Permanence  
Entangled in the moment and its flow,  
He kept the vision of the Vasts behind:  
A power was in him from the Unknowable.  
25 An archivist of the symbols of the Beyond,  
A treasurer of superhuman dreams,  
He bore the stamp of mighty memories  
And shed their grandiose ray on human life.  
His days were a long growth to the Supreme.  
30 A skyward being nourishing its roots  
On sustenance from occult spiritual founts  
Climbed through white rays to meet an unseen Sun.  
His soul lived as eternity's delegate,  
His mind was like a fire assailing heaven,  
35 His will a hunter in the trails of light.  
An ocean impulse lifted every breath;  
Each action left the footprints of a god,  
Each moment was a beat of puissant wings.  
The little plot of our mortality  
40 Touched by this tenant from the heights became  
A playground of the living Infinite.  
This bodily appearance is not all;  
The form deceives, the person is a mask;  
Hid deep in man celestial powers can dwell.  
45 His fragile ship conveys through the sea of years  
An incognito of the Imperishable.  
A spirit that is a flame of God abides,  
A fiery portion of the Wonderful,  
Artist of his own beauty and delight,  
50 Immortal in our mortal poverty.  
This sculptor of the forms of the Infinite,

This screened unrecognised Inhabitant,  
Initiate of his own veiled mysteries,  
Hides in a small dumb seed his cosmic thought.

55 In the mute strength of the occult Idea  
Determining predestined shape and act,  
Passenger from life to life, from scale to scale,  
Changing his imaged self from form to form,  
He regards the icon growing by his gaze

60 And in the worm foresees the coming god.  
At last the traveller in the paths of Time  
Arrives on the frontiers of eternity.  
In the transient symbol of humanity draped,  
He feels his substance of undying self

65 And loses his kinship to mortality.  
A beam of the Eternal smites his heart,  
His thought stretches into infinitude;  
All in him turns to spirit vastnesses.  
His soul breaks out to join the Oversoul,

70 His life is oceaned by that superlife.  
He has drunk from the breasts of the Mother of the worlds;  
A topless Supernature fills his frame:  
She adopts his spirit's everlasting ground  
As the security of her changing world

75 And shapes the figure of her unborn might.  
Immortally she conceives herself in him,  
In the creature the unveiled Creatrix works:  
Her face is seen through his face, her eyes through his eyes;  
Her being is his through a vast identity.

80 Then is revealed in man the overt Divine.  
A static Oneness and dynamic Power  
Descend in him, the integral Godhead's seals;  
His soul and body take that splendid stamp.  
A long dim preparation is man's life,

85 A circle of toil and hope and war and peace  
Tracked out by Life on Matter's obscure ground.  
In his climb to a peak no feet have ever trod,  
He seeks through a penumbra shot with flame  
A veiled reality half-known, ever missed,

90 A search for something or someone never found,  
Cult of an ideal never made real here,  
An endless spiral of ascent and fall  
Until at last is reached the giant point  
Through which his Glory shines for whom we were made

95 And we break into the infinity of God.  
Across our nature's border line we escape  
Into Supernature's arc of living light.  
This now was witnessed in that son of Force;  
In him that high transition laid its base.

100 Original and supernal Immanence  
Of which all Nature's process is the art,  
The cosmic Worker set his secret hand  
To turn this frail mud-engine to heaven-use.  
A Presence wrought behind the ambiguous screen:

105 It beat his soil to bear a Titan's weight,  
Refining half-hewn blocks of natural strength  
It built his soul into a statued god.  
The Craftsman of the magic stuff of self  
Who labours at his high and difficult plan  
110 In the wide workshop of the wonderful world,  
Modelled in inward Time his rhythmic parts.  
Then came the abrupt transcendent miracle:  
The masked immaculate Grandeur could outline,  
At travail in the occult womb of life,  
115 His dreamed magnificence of things to be.  
A crown of the architecture of the worlds,  
A mystery of married Earth and Heaven  
Annexed divinity to the mortal scheme.  
A Seer was born, a shining Guest of Time.  
120 For him mind's limiting firmament ceased above.  
In the griffin forefront of the Night and Day  
A gap was rent in the all-concealing vault;  
The conscious ends of being went rolling back:  
The landmarks of the little person fell,  
125 The island ego joined its continent.  
Overpassed was this world of rigid limiting forms:  
Life's barriers opened into the Unknown.  
Abolished were conception's covenants  
And, striking off subjection's rigorous clause,  
130 Annulled the soul's treaty with Nature's nescience.  
All the grey inhibitions were torn off  
And broken the intellect's hard and lustrous lid;  
Truth unpartitioned found immense sky-room;  
An empyrean vision saw and knew;  
135 The bounded mind became a boundless light,  
The finite self mated with infinity.  
His march now soared into an eagle's flight.  
Out of apprenticeship to Ignorance  
Wisdom upraised him to her master craft  
140 And made him an archmason of the soul,  
A builder of the Immortal's secret house,  
An aspirant to supernal Timelessness:  
Freedom and empire called to him from on high;  
Above mind's twilight and life's star-led night  
145 There gleamed the dawn of a spiritual day.