

Track 12: Section 3, lines 342 to 520

A Consciousness that knows not its own truth,
A vagrant hunter of misleading dawns,
Between the being's dark and luminous ends
345 Moves here in a half-light that seems the whole:
An interregnum in Reality
Cuts off the integral Thought, the total Power;
It circles or stands in a vague interspace,
Doubtful of its beginning and its close,
350 Or runs upon a road that has no end;
Far from the original Dusk, the final Flame
In some huge void Inconscience it lives,
Like a thought persisting in a wide emptiness.
As if an unintelligible phrase
355 Suggested a million renderings to the Mind,
It lends a purport to a random world.
A conjecture leaning upon doubtful proofs,
A message misunderstood, a thought confused
Missing its aim is all that it can speak
360 Or a fragment of the universal word.
It leaves two giant letters void of sense
While without sanction turns the middle sign
Carrying an enigmatic universe,
As if a present without future or past
365 Repeating the same revolution's whirl
Turned on its axis in its own Inane.
Thus is the meaning of creation veiled;
For without context reads the cosmic page:
Its signs stare at us like an unknown script,
370 As if appeared screened by a foreign tongue
Or code of splendour signs without a key
A portion of a parable sublime.
It wears to the perishable creature's eyes
The grandeur of a useless miracle;
375 Wasting itself that it may last awhile,
A river that can never find its sea,
It runs through life and death on an edge of Time;
A fire in the Night is its mighty action's blaze.
This is our deepest need to join once more
380 What now is parted, opposite and twain,
Remote in sovereign spheres that never meet
Or fronting like far poles of Night and Day.
We must fill the immense lacuna we have made,
Re-wed the closed finite's lonely consonant
385 With the open vowels of Infinity,
A hyphen must connect Matter and Mind,
The narrow isthmus of the ascending soul:
We must renew the secret bond in things,
Our hearts recall the lost divine Idea,
390 Reconstitute the perfect word, unite
The Alpha and the Omega in one sound;
Then shall the Spirit and Nature be at one.
Two are the ends of the mysterious plan.
395 In the wide signless ether of the Self,

In the unchanging Silence white and nude,
 Aloof, resplendent like gold dazzling suns
 Veiled by the ray no mortal eye can bear,
 The Spirit's bare and absolute potencies
 Burn in the solitude of the thoughts of God.

400 A rapture and a radiance and a hush,
 Delivered from the approach of wounded hearts,
 Denied to the Idea that looks at grief,
 Remote from the Force that cries out in its pain,
 In his inalienable bliss they live.

405 Immaculate in self-knowledge and self-power,
 Calm they repose on the eternal Will.
 Only his law they count and him obey;
 They have no goal to reach, no aim to serve.

Implacable in their timeless purity,
 410 All barter or bribe of worship they refuse;
 Unmoved by cry of revolt and ignorant prayer
 They reckon not our virtue and our sin;
 They bend not to the voices that implore,
 They hold no traffic with error and its reign;

415 They are guardians of the silence of the Truth,
 They are keepers of the immutable decree.
 A deep surrender is their source of might,
 A still identity their way to know,
 Motionless is their action like a sleep.

420 At peace, regarding the trouble beneath the stars,
 Deathless, watching the works of Death and Chance,
 Immobile, seeing the millenniums pass,
 Untouched while the long map of Fate unrolls,
 They look on our struggle with impartial eyes,

425 And yet without them cosmos could not be.
 Impervious to desire and doom and hope,
 Their station of inviolable might
 Moveless upholds the world's enormous task,
 Its ignorance is by their knowledge lit,

430 Its yearning lasts by their indifference.
 As the height draws the low ever to climb,
 As the breadths draw the small to adventure vast,
 Their aloofness drives man to surpass himself.

Our passion heaves to wed the Eternal's calm,
 435 Our dwarf-search mind to meet the Omniscient's light,
 Our helpless hearts to enshrine the Omnipotent's force.
 Acquiescing in the wisdom that made hell
 And the harsh utility of death and tears,
 Acquiescing in the gradual steps of Time,

440 Careless they seem of the grief that stings the world's heart,
 Careless of the pain that rends its body and life;
 Above joy and sorrow is that grandeur's walk:
 They have no portion in the good that dies,
 Mute, pure, they share not in the evil done;

445 Else might their strength be marred and could not save.
 Alive to the truth that dwells in God's extremes,
 Awake to a motion of all-seeing Force,
 The slow outcome of the long ambiguous years
 And the unexpected good from woeful deeds,

450 The immortal sees not as we vainly see.
He looks on hidden aspects and screened powers,
He knows the law and natural line of things.
Undriven by a brief life's will to act,
Unharassed by the spur of pity and fear,
455 He makes no haste to untie the cosmic knot
Or the world's torn jarring heart to reconcile.
In Time he waits for the Eternal's hour.
Yet a spiritual secret aid is there;
While a tardy Evolution's coils wind on
460 And Nature hews her way through adamant
A divine intervention thrones above.
Alive in a dead rotating universe
We whirl not here upon a casual globe
Abandoned to a task beyond our force;
465 Even through the tangled anarchy called Fate
And through the bitterness of death and fall
An outstretched Hand is felt upon our lives.
It is near us in unnumbered bodies and births;
In its unslackening grasp it keeps for us safe
470 The one inevitable supreme result
No will can take away and no doom change,
The crown of conscious Immortality,
The godhead promised to our struggling souls
When first man's heart dared death and suffered life.
475 One who has shaped this world is ever its lord:
Our errors are his steps upon the way;
He works through the fierce vicissitudes of our lives,
He works through the hard breath of battle and toil,
He works through our sins and sorrows and our tears,
480 His knowledge overrules our nescience;
Whatever the appearance we must bear,
Whatever our strong ills and present fate,
When nothing we can see but drift and bale,
A mighty Guidance leads us still through all.
485 After we have served this great divided world
God's bliss and oneness are our inborn right.
A date is fixed in the calendar of the Unknown,
An anniversary of the Birth sublime:
Our soul shall justify its chequered walk,
490 All will come near that now is naught or far.
These calm and distant Might's shall act at last.
Immovably ready for their destined task,
The ever-wise compassionate Brilliances
Await the sound of the Incarnate's voice
495 To leap and bridge the chasms of Ignorance
And heal the hollow yearning gulfs of Life
And fill the abyss that is the universe.
Here meanwhile at the Spirit's opposite pole
In the mystery of the deeps that God has built
500 For his abode below the Thinker's sight,
In this compromise of a stark absolute Truth
With the Light that dwells near the dark end of things,
In this tragi-comedy of divine disguise,
This long far seeking for joy ever near,

505 In the grandiose dream of which the world is made,
In this gold dome on a black dragon base,
The conscious Force that acts in Nature's breast,
A dark-robed labourer in the cosmic scheme
Carrying clay images of unborn gods,
510 Executrix of the inevitable Idea
Hampered, enveloped by the hoops of Fate,
Patient trustee of slow eternal Time,
Absolves from hour to hour her secret charge.
All she foresees in masked imperative depths;
515 The dumb intention of the unconscious gulfs
Answers to a will that sees upon the heights,
And the evolving Word's first syllable'
Ponderous, brute-sensed, contains its luminous close,
Privy to a summit victory's vast descent
520 And the portent of the soul's immense uprising.