

**Track 15: Canto Four, Section 6, lines 736 to 842**

The master of existence lurks in us  
And plays at hide-and-seeK with his own Force;  
In Nature's instrument loiters secret God.

The Immanent lives in man as in his house;  
740 He has made the universe his pastime's field,  
A vast gymnasium of his works of might.

All-knowing he accepts our darkened state,  
Divine, wears shapes of animal or man;  
Eternal, he assents to Fate and Time,  
745 Immortal, dallies with mortality.

The All-Conscious ventured into Ignorance,  
The All-Blissful bore to be insensible.  
Incarnate in a world of strife and pain,  
He puts on joy and sorrow like a robe  
750 And drinks experience like a strengthening wine.

He whose transcendence rules the pregnant Vasts,  
Prescient now dwells in our subliminal depths,  
A luminous individual Power, alone.

The Absolute, the Perfect, the Alone  
755 Has called out of the Silence his mute Force  
Where she lay in the featureless and formless hush  
Guarding from Time by her immobile sleep  
The ineffable puissance of his solitude.

The Absolute, the Perfect, the Alone  
760 Has entered with his silence into space:  
He has fashioned these countless persons of one self;  
He has built a million figures of his power;  
He lives in all, who lived in his Vast alone;  
Space is himself and Time is only he.

765 The Absolute, the Perfect, the Immune,  
One who is in us as our secret self,  
Our mask of imperfection has assumed,  
He has made this tenement of flesh his own,  
His image in the human measure cast  
770 That to his divine measure we might rise;  
Then in a figure of divinity  
The Maker shall recast us and impose  
A plan of godhead on the mortal's mould  
Lifting our finite minds to his infinite,  
775 Touching the moment with eternity.

This transfiguration is earth's due to heaven:  
A mutual debt binds man to the Supreme:  
His nature we must put on as he put ours;  
We are sons of God and must be even as he:  
780 His human portion, we must grow divine.

Our life is a paradox with God for key.

But meanwhile all is a shadow cast by a dream  
And to the musing and immobile spirit  
Life and himself don the aspect of a myth,  
785 The burden of a long unmeaning tale.

For the key is hid and by the Inconscient kept;  
The secret God beneath the threshold dwells.  
In a body obscuring the immortal Spirit

790 A nameless Resident vesting unseen powers  
With Matter's shapes and motives beyond thought  
And the hazard of an unguessed consequence,  
An omnipotent indiscernible Influence,  
He sits, unfelt by the form in which he lives  
And veils his knowledge by the groping mind.

795 A wanderer in a world his thoughts have made,  
He turns in a chiaroscuro of error and truth  
To find a wisdom that on high is his.  
As one forgetting he searches for himself;  
As if he had lost an inner light he seeks:

800 As a sojourner lingering amid alien scenes  
He journeys to a home he knows no more.  
His own self's truth he seeks who is the Truth;  
He is the Player who became the play,  
He is the Thinker who became the thought;

805 He is the many who was the silent One.  
In the symbol figures of the cosmic Force  
And in her living and inanimate signs  
And in her complex tracery of events  
He explores the ceaseless miracle of himself,

810 Till the thousandfold enigma has been solved  
In the single light of an all-witnessing Soul.  
This was his compact with his mighty mate,  
For love of her and joined to her for ever  
To follow the course of Time's eternity,

815 Amid magic dramas of her sudden moods  
And the surprises of her masked Idea  
And the vicissitudes of her vast caprice.  
Two seem his goals, yet ever are they one  
And gaze at each other over bourneless Time;

820 Spirit and Matter are their end and source.  
A seeker of hidden meanings in life's forms,  
Of the great Mother's wide uncharted will  
And the rude enigma of her terrestrial ways  
He is the explorer and the mariner

825 On a secret inner ocean without bourne:  
He is the adventurer and cosmologist  
Of a magic earth's obscure geography.  
In her material order's fixed design  
Where all seems sure and, even when changed, the same,

830 Even though the end is left for ever unknown  
And ever unstable is life's shifting flow,  
His paths are found for him by silent fate;  
As stations in the ages' weltering flood  
Firm lands appear that tempt and stay awhile,

835 Then new horizons lure the mind's advance.  
There comes no close to the finite's boundlessness,  
There is no last certitude in which thought can pause  
And no terminus to the soul's experience.  
A limit, a farness never wholly reached,

840 An unattained perfection calls to him  
From distant boundaries in the Unseen:  
A long beginning only has been made.