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# MOTHER INDIA

MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE



AUGUST 2022

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*Owner:* Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust

*Publisher:* Manoj Das Gupta

Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust

*Printer:* Swadhin Chatterjee

*Published from:* Publication Department, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry - 605 002

*Printed from:* Sri Aurobindo Ashram Press,  
No. 38, Goubert Avenue, Pondicherry - 605 001, India

Editor: S. Ravi

Founding Editor: K. D. SETHNA (AMAL KIRAN)

Associate Editors: HEMANT KAPOOR & RANGANATH RAGHAVAN

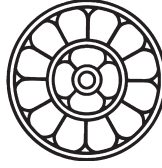
Registered with the Registrar of Newspapers for India: RNI No. 8667/63

# MOTHER INDIA

MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE

AUGUST 2022

SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM  
PONDICHERRY  
INDIA



Lord, Thou hast willed, and I execute,  
A new light breaks upon the earth,  
A new world is born.  
The things that were promised are fulfilled.



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# MOTHER INDIA

MONTHLY REVIEW OF CULTURE

Vol. LXXV

No. 8

*“Great is Truth and it shall prevail”*

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# A Pathway towards Immortality

*(A Selection of Sri Aurobindo's Poems)*

The poems in this special issue of *Mother India* have all been chosen from Sri Aurobindo's *Collected Poems* — Volume 2 of the COMPLETE WORKS OF SRI AUROBINDO.

References have been indicated at the end of the selection as an 'Index to Titles'.

And yet I know my footprints' track shall be  
A pathway towards Immortality.

And yet I know my footprints' track shall be  
A pathway towards Immortality



## *R*eminiscence

My soul arose at dawn and, listening, heard  
One voice abroad, a solitary bird,  
A song not master of its note, a cry  
That persevered into eternity.  
My soul leaned out into the dawn to hear  
In the world's solitude its winged compeer  
And, hearkening what the Angel had to say,  
Saw lustre in midnight and a secret day  
Was opened to it. It beheld the stars  
Born from a thought and knew how being prepares.  
Then I remembered how I woke from sleep  
And made the skies, built earth, formed Ocean deep.

## The Witness and the Wheel

Who art thou in the heart comrade of man who sitst  
August, watching his works, watching his joys and griefs,  
Unmoved, careless of pain, careless of death and fate?  
Witness, what hast thou seen watching this great blind world  
Moving helpless in Time, whirled on the Wheel in Space,  
That yet thou with thy vast Will biddest toil our hearts,  
Mystic, — for without thee nothing can last in Time?  
We too, when from the urge ceaseless of Nature turn  
Our souls, far from the breast casting her tool, desire,  
Grow like thee. In the front Nature still drives in vain  
The blind trail of our acts, passions and thoughts and hopes;  
Unmoved, calm, we look on, careless of death and fate,  
Of grief careless and joy, — signs of a surface script  
Without value or sense, steps of an aimless world.  
Something watches behind, Spirit or Self or Soul,  
Viewing Space and its toil, waiting the end of Time.  
Witness, who then art thou, one with thee who am I,  
Nameless, watching the Wheel whirl across Time and Space?

# The Dual Being

There are two beings in my single self.

    A Godhead watches Nature from behind  
At play in front with a brilliant surface elf,  
    A time-born creature with a human mind.

Tranquil and boundless like a sea or sky,  
    The Godhead knows himself Eternity's son.  
Radiant his mind and vast, his heart as free;  
    His will is a sceptre of dominion.

The smaller self by Nature's passions driven,  
    Thoughtful and erring learns his human task;  
All must be known and to that Greatness given  
    His mind and life, the mirror and the mask.

As with the figure of a symbol dance  
The screened Omniscient plays at Ignorance.

# The Miracle of Birth

I saw my soul a traveller through Time;  
From life to life the cosmic ways it trod,  
Obscure in the depths and on the heights sublime,  
Evolving from the worm into the god.

A spark of the eternal Fire, it came  
To build a house in Matter for the Unborn.  
The unconscious sunless Night received the flame,  
In the brute seed of things dumb and forlorn

Life stirred and Thought outlined a gleaming shape  
Till on the stark inanimate earth could move,  
Born to somnambulist Nature in her sleep,  
A thinking creature who can hope and love.

Still by slow steps the miracle goes on,  
The Immortal's gradual birth mid mire and stone.



## The Hidden Plan

However long Night's hour, I will not dream  
That the small ego and the person's mask  
Are all that God reveals in our life-scheme,  
The last result of Nature's cosmic task.

A greater Presence in her bosom works;  
Long it prepares its far epiphany:  
Even in the stone and beast the godhead lurks,  
A bright Persona of eternity.

It shall burst out from the limit traced by Mind  
And make a witness of the prescient heart;  
It shall reveal even in this inert blind  
Nature, long veiled in each inconscient part,

Fulfilling the occult magnificent plan,  
The world-wide and immortal spirit in man.

## The Unseen Infinite

Arisen to voiceless unattainable peaks  
I meet no end, for all is boundless He,  
An absolute joy the wide-winged spirit seeks,  
A Might, a Presence, an Eternity.

In the inconscient dreadful dumb Abyss  
Are heard the heart-beats of the Infinite.  
The insensible midnight veils His trance of bliss,  
A fathomless sealed astonishment of Light.

In His ray that dazzles our vision everywhere,  
Our half-closed eyes seek fragments of the One:  
Only the eyes of Immortality dare  
To look unblinded on that living Sun.

Yet are our souls the Immortal's selves within,  
Comrades and powers and children of the Unseen.

## The Greater Plan

I am held no more by life's alluring cry,  
Her joy and grief, her charm, her laughter's lute.  
Hushed are the magic moments of the flute,  
And form and colour and brief ecstasy.  
I would hear, in my spirit's wideness solitary,  
The Voice that speaks when mortal lips are mute:  
I seek the wonder of things absolute  
Born from the silence of Eternity.

There is a need within the soul of man  
The splendours of the surface never sate;  
For life and mind and their glory and debate  
Are the slow prelude of a vaster theme,  
A sketch confused of a supernal plan,  
A preface to the epic of the Supreme.

## The Iron Dictators

I looked for Thee alone, but met my glance  
The iron dreadful Four who rule our breath,  
Masters of falsehood, Kings of ignorance,  
High sovereign Lords of suffering and death.

Whence came these formidable autarchies,  
From what inconscient blind Infinity, —  
Cold propagandists of a million lies,  
Dictators of a world of agony?

Or was it Thou who bor'st the fourfold mask?  
Enveloping Thy timeless heart in Time,  
Thou hast bound the spirit to its cosmic task,  
To find Thee veiled in this tremendous mime.

Thou, only Thou, canst raise the invincible siege,  
O Light, O deathless Joy, O rapturous Peace!



## Invitation

With wind and the weather beating round me  
Up to the hill and the moorland I go.  
Who will come with me? Who will climb with me?  
Wade through the brook and tramp through the snow?

Not in the petty circle of cities  
Cramped by your doors and your walls I dwell;  
Over me God is blue in the welkin,  
Against me the wind and the storm rebel.

I sport with solitude here in my regions,  
Of misadventure have made me a friend.  
Who would live largely? Who would live freely?  
Here to the wind-swept uplands ascend.

I am the lord of tempest and mountain,  
I am the Spirit of freedom and pride.  
Stark must he be and a kinsman to danger  
Who shares my kingdom and walks at my side.

## The Dream Boat

Who was it that came to me in a boat made of dream-fire,  
With his flame brow and his sun-gold body?  
Melted was the silence into a sweet secret murmur,  
“Do you come now? is the heart’s fire ready?”

Hidden in the recesses of the heart something shuddered.  
It recalled all that the life’s joy cherished,  
Imaged the felicity it must leave lost for ever,  
And the boat passed and the gold god vanished.

Now within the hollowness of the world’s breast inhabits —  
For the love died and the old joy ended —  
Void of a felicity that has fled, gone for ever,  
And the gold god and the dream boat come not.

## The Infinite Adventure

On the waters of a nameless Infinite  
    My skiff is launched; I have left the human shore.  
    All fades behind me and I see before  
The unknown abyss and one pale pointing light.  
An unseen Hand controls my rudder. Night  
    Walls up the sea in a black corridor, —  
    An unconscious Hunger's lion plaint and roar  
Or the ocean sleep of a dead Eremite.

I feel the greatness of the Power I seek  
    Surround me; below me are its giant deeps,  
    Beyond, the invisible height no soul has trod.  
I shall be merged in the Lonely and Unique  
    And wake into a sudden blaze of God,  
    The marvel and rapture of the Apocalypse.





## The Stone Goddess

In a town of gods, housed in a little shrine,  
From sculptured limbs the Godhead looked at me, —  
A living Presence deathless and divine,  
A Form that harboured all infinity.

The great World-Mother and her mighty will  
Inhabited the earth's abysmal sleep,  
Voiceless, omnipotent, inscrutable,  
Mute in the desert and the sky and deep.

Now veiled with mind she dwells and speaks no word,  
Voiceless, inscrutable, omniscient,  
Hiding until our soul has seen, has heard  
The secret of her strange embodiment,

One in the worshipper and the immobile shape,  
A beauty and mystery flesh or stone can drape.

## The Hill-top Temple

After unnumbered steps of a hill-stair

I saw upon earth's head brilliant with sun

The immobile Goddess in her house of stone

In a loneliness of meditating air.

Wise were the human hands that set her there

Above the world and Time's dominion;

The Soul of all that lives, calm, pure, alone,

Revealed its boundless self mystic and bare.

Our body is an epitome of some Vast

That masks its presence by our humanness.

In us the secret Spirit can indite

A page and summary of the Infinite,

A nodus of Eternity expressed

Live in an image and a sculptured face.

# Adwaita

I walked on the high-wayed Seat of Solomon  
Where Shankaracharya's tiny temple stands  
Facing Infinity from Time's edge, alone  
On the bare ridge ending earth's vain romance.

Around me was a formless solitude:  
All had become one strange Unnameable,  
An unborn sole Reality world-nude,  
Topless and fathomless, for ever still.

A Silence that was Being's only word,  
The unknown beginning and the voiceless end  
Abolishing all things moment-seen or heard,  
On an incommunicable summit reigned,

A lonely Calm and void unchanging Peace  
On the dumb crest of Nature's mysteries.

# The Godhead

I sat behind the dance of Danger's hooves  
    In the shouting street that seemed a futurist's whim,  
And suddenly felt, exceeding Nature's grooves,  
    In me, enveloping me the body of Him.

Above my head a mighty head was seen,  
    A face with the calm of immortality  
And an omnipotent gaze that held the scene  
    In the vast circle of its sovereignty.

His hair was mingled with the sun and breeze;  
    The world was in His heart and He was I:  
I housed in me the Everlasting's peace,  
    The strength of One whose substance cannot die.

The moment passed and all was as before;  
Only that deathless memory I bore.



## *P*erfect thy motion

Perfect thy motion ever within me,  
Master of mind.  
Grey of the brain, flash of the lightning,  
Brilliant and blind,  
These thou linkest, the world to mould,  
Writing the thought in a scroll of gold  
Violet lined.

Tablet of brain thou hast made for thy writing,  
Master divine.  
Calmly thou writest or full of thy grandeur  
Flushed as with wine.  
Then with a laugh thou erasest the scroll,  
Bringing another, like waves that roll  
And sink supine.

## *B*ride of the Fire

Bride of the Fire, clasp me now close, —  
    Bride of the Fire!  
I have shed the bloom of the earthly rose,  
    I have slain desire.

Beauty of the Light, surround my life, —  
    Beauty of the Light!  
I have sacrificed longing and parted from grief,  
    I can bear thy delight.

Image of ecstasy, thrill and enlace, —  
    Image of bliss!  
I would see only thy marvellous face,  
    Feel only thy kiss.

Voice of Infinity, sound in my heart, —  
    Call of the One!  
Stamp there thy radiance, never to part,  
    O living Sun.



## *M*usa Spiritus

O Word concealed in the upper fire,  
    Thou who hast lingered through centuries,  
Descend from thy rapt white desire,  
    Plunging through gold eternities.

Into the gulfs of our nature leap,  
    Voice of the spaces, call of the Light!  
Break the seals of Matter's sleep,  
    Break the trance of the unseen height.

In the uncertain glow of human mind,  
    Its waste of unharmonied thronging thoughts,  
Carve thy epic mountain-lined  
    Crowded with deep prophetic grots.

Let thy hue-winged lyrics hover like birds  
    Over the swirl of the heart's sea.  
Touch into sight with thy fire-words  
    The blind indwelling deity.

O Muse of the Silence, the wideness make  
    In the unplumbed stillness that hears thy voice;  
In the vast mute heavens of the spirit awake  
    Where thy eagles of Power flame and rejoice.

Out, out with the mind and its candle flares,  
    Light, light the suns that never die.  
For my ear the cry of the seraph stars  
    And the forms of the Gods for my naked eye!

Let the little troubled life-god within  
    Cast his veils from the still soul,  
His tiger-stripes of virtue and sin,  
    His clamour and glamour and thole and dole;

All make tranquil, all make free.  
    Let my heart-beats measure the footsteps of God  
As He comes from His timeless infinity  
    To build in their rapture His burning abode.

Weave from my life His poem of days,  
    His calm pure dawns and His noons of force.  
My acts for the grooves of His chariot-race,  
    My thoughts for the tramp of His great steeds' course!

# The Indwelling Universal

I contain the wide world in my soul's embrace:  
    In me Arcturus and Belphegor burn.  
    To whatsoever living form I turn  
I see my own body with another face.

All eyes that look on me are my sole eyes;  
    The one heart that beats within all breasts is mine.  
    The world's happiness flows through me like wine,  
Its million sorrows are my agonies.

Yet all its acts are only waves that pass  
    Upon my surface; inly for ever still,  
    Unborn I sit, timeless, intangible:  
All things are shadows in my tranquil glass.

My vast transcendence holds the cosmic whirl;  
I am hid in it as in the sea a pearl.

# Liberation

I have thrown from me the whirling dance of mind  
And stand now in the spirit's silence free;  
Timeless and deathless beyond creature kind,  
The centre of my own eternity.

I have escaped and the small self is dead;  
I am immortal, alone, ineffable;  
I have gone out from the universe I made,  
And have grown nameless and immeasurable.

My mind is hushed in wide and endless light,  
My heart a solitude of delight and peace,  
My sense unsnared by touch and sound and sight,  
My body a point in white infinities.

I am the one Being's sole immobile Bliss:  
No one I am, I who am all that is.

## *Bliss of Identity*

All Nature is taught in radiant ways to move,  
All beings are in myself embraced.  
O fiery boundless Heart of joy and love,  
How art thou beating in a mortal's breast!

It is Thy rapture flaming through my nerves  
And all my cells and atoms thrill with Thee;  
My body Thy vessel is and only serves  
As a living wine-cup of Thy ecstasy.

I am a centre of Thy golden light  
And I its vast and vague circumference;  
Thou art my soul great, luminous and white  
And Thine my mind and will and glowing sense.

Thy spirit's infinite breath I feel in me;  
My life is a throb of Thy eternity.



# Cosmic Consciousness

I have wrapped the wide world in my wider self  
    And Time and Space my spirit's seeing are.  
I am the god and demon, ghost and elf,  
    I am the wind's speed and the blazing star.

All Nature is the nursling of my care,  
    I am the struggle and the eternal rest;  
The world's joy thrilling runs through me, I bear  
    The sorrow of millions in my lonely breast.

I have learned a close identity with all,  
    Yet am by nothing bound that I become;  
Carrying in me the universe's call  
    I mount to my imperishable home.

I pass beyond Time and life on measureless wings,  
Yet still am one with born and unborn things.

## *L*ife-Unity

I housed within my heart the life of things,  
    All hearts athrob in the world I felt as mine;  
I shared the joy that in creation sings  
    And drank its sorrow like a poignant wine.

I have felt the anger in another's breast,  
    All passions poured through my world-self their waves;  
One love I shared in a million bosoms expressed.  
    I am the beast man slays, the beast he saves.

I spread life's burning wings of rapture and pain;  
    Black fire and gold fire strove towards one bliss:  
I rose by them towards a supernal plane  
    Of power and love and deathless ecstasies.

A deep spiritual calm no touch can sway  
Upholds the mystery of this Passion-play.



## *The Self's Infinity*

I have become what before Time I was.

    A secret touch has quieted thought and sense:  
All things by the agent Mind created pass  
    Into a void and mute magnificence.

My life is a silence grasped by timeless hands;  
    The world is drowned in an immortal gaze.  
Naked my spirit from its vestures stands;  
    I am alone with my own self for space.

My heart is a centre of infinity,  
    My body a dot in the soul's vast expanse.  
All being's huge abyss wakes under me,  
    Once screened in a gigantic Ignorance.

A momentless immensity pure and bare,  
I stretch to an eternal everywhere.

## *In a mounting as of sea-tides*

In a mounting as of sea-tides, in a rippling as of invisible waters,  
On a cry in me my soul is uplifted, in a passion of my nature  
My heart climbs up towards thee, O unimaginable Wonder and  
Resplendence,  
In a striving for the caress of thy Light and for the embrace of  
thy Presence.

If once given were but a touch of thy feet on the thrilled bosom  
of my longing,  
But a glance of thy eyes mingling with mine in the recesses and  
the silence,  
Such a rapture would envelop me, such a fire of transfiguring  
effulgence,  
I could never again be as a man upon this earth, but one  
immortal.

For my mind would be dissolved in a sun-glory of God-vision  
and of knowledge,  
And my heart would be made suddenly more pure and  
illuminated and self-tranquil,  
And my nerves and my body would transmute into an ethereal  
divineness,  
A fit vesture for the godhead thou buildst in me, for the  
immortal thy adorer.

O thou Life of my life and the unseen heart of its ecstasy and its  
beating,  
O Face that was disclosed in the beginning of the worlds amid  
the immenseness,

Let thy Flame-wisdom leap down upon the coilings of our  
python inconstance,  
Let the Love-wine be poured out in thy chalice, let me be drunk  
with it for ever.

I shall meet thee in the ocean of thy stillness, in the ether of thy  
splendour,  
Thy Force shall be in my veins like the ichor in the Unaging  
who are deathless;  
My soul shall be as one breath with thy soul and thy infinity  
around thee,  
And shall quiver with the vision of thy beauty and the marvel of  
thy sweetness.

## The Bird of Fire

Gold-white wings a throb in the vastness, the bird of flame went  
glimmering over a sunfire curve to the haze of the west,  
Skimming, a messenger sail, the sapphire-summer waste of  
a soundless wayless burning sea.

Now in the eve of the waning world the colour and splendour  
returning drift through a blue-flicker air back to my breast,  
Flame and shimmer staining the rapture-white foam-vest of  
the waters of Eternity.

Gold-white wings of the miraculous bird of fire, late and slow  
have you come from the Timeless. Angel, here unto me  
Bringst thou for travailing earth a spirit silent and free or  
His crimson passion of love divine, —

White-ray-jar of the spuming rose-red wine drawn from the vats  
brimming with light-blaze, the vats of ecstasy,  
Pressed by the sudden and violent feet of the Dancer in  
Time from his sun-grape fruit of a deathless vine?

White-rose-altar the eternal Silence built, make now my nature  
wide, an intimate guest of His solitude,  
But golden above it the body of One in Her diamond  
sphere with Her halo of star-bloom and passion-ray!  
Rich and red is thy breast, O bird, like blood of a soul climbing  
the hard crag-teeth world, wounded and nude,  
A ruby of flame-petalled love in the silver-gold altar-vase  
of moon-edged night and rising day.





## Ocean Oneness

Silence is round me, wideness ineffable;  
White birds on the ocean diving and wandering;  
    A soundless sea on a voiceless heaven,  
    Azure on azure, is mutely gazing.

Identified with silence and boundlessness  
My spirit widens clasping the universe  
    Till all that seemed becomes the Real,  
    One in a mighty and single vastness.

Someone broods there nameless and bodiless,  
Conscious and lonely, deathless and infinite,  
    And, sole in a still eternal rapture,  
    Gathers all things to his heart for ever.





## *Flame-Wind*

A flame-wind ran from the gold of the east,  
Leaped on my soul with the breath of a sevenfold noon.  
Wings of the angel, gallop of the beast!  
Mind and body on fire, but the heart in swoon.

O flame, thou bringest the strength of the noon,  
But where are the voices of morn and the stillness of eve?  
Where the pale-blue wine of the moon?  
Mind and life are in flower, but the heart must grieve.

Gold in the mind and the life-flame's red  
Make of the heavens a splendour, the earth a blaze,  
But the white and rose of the heart are dead.  
Flame-wind, pass! I will wait for Love in the silent ways.

## The Blue Bird

I am the bird of God in His blue;  
Divinely high and clear  
I sing the notes of the sweet and the true  
For the god's and the seraph's ear.

I rise like a fire from the mortal's earth  
Into a griefless sky  
And drop in the suffering soil of his birth  
Fire-seeds of ecstasy.

My pinions soar beyond Time and Space  
Into unfading Light;  
I bring the bliss of the Eternal's face  
And the boon of the Spirit's sight.

I measure the worlds with my ruby eyes;  
I have perched on Wisdom's tree  
Thronged with the blossoms of Paradise  
By the streams of Eternity.

Nothing is hid from my burning heart;  
My mind is shoreless and still;  
My song is rapture's mystic art,  
My flight immortal will.



## Trance

A naked and silver-pointed star  
    Floating near the halo of the moon;  
A storm-rack, the pale sky's fringe and bar,  
    Over waters stilling into swoon.

My mind is awake in stirless trance,  
    Hushed my heart, a burden of delight;  
Dispelled is the senses' flicker-dance,  
    Mute the body aureate with light.

O star of creation pure and free,  
    Halo-moon of ecstasy unknown,  
Storm-breath of the soul-change yet to be,  
    Ocean self enraptured and alone!

# Nirvana

All is abolished but the mute Alone.

The mind from thought released, the heart from grief  
Grow inexistent now beyond belief;

There is no I, no Nature, known-unknown.

The city, a shadow picture without tone,  
Floats, quivers unreal; forms without relief  
Flow, a cinema's vacant shapes; like a reef  
Foundering in shoreless gulfs the world is done.

Only the illimitable Permanent

Is here. A Peace stupendous, featureless, still,

Replaces all, — what once was I, in It

A silent unnamed emptiness content

Either to fade in the Unknowable

Or thrill with the luminous seas of the Infinite.

## Descent

All my cells thrill swept by a surge of splendour,  
Soul and body stir with a mighty rapture,  
Light and still more light like an ocean billows  
Over me, round me.

Rigid, stonelike, fixed like a hill or statue,  
Vast my body feels and upbears the world's weight;  
Dire the large descent of the Godhead enters  
Limbs that are mortal.

Voiceless, thronged, Infinity crowds upon me;  
Presses down a glory of power eternal;  
Mind and heart grow one with the cosmic wideness;  
Stilled are earth's murmurs.

Swiftly, swiftly crossing the golden spaces  
Knowledge leaps, a torrent of rapid lightnings;  
Thoughts that left the Ineffable's flaming mansions,  
Blaze in my spirit.

Slow the heart-beats' rhythm like a giant hammer's;  
Missioned voices drive to me from God's doorway  
Words that live not save upon Nature's summits,  
Ecstasy's chariots.

All the world is changed to a single oneness;  
Souls undying, infinite forces, meeting,  
Join in God-dance weaving a seamless Nature,  
Rhythm of the Deathless.

Mind and heart and body, one harp of being,  
Cry that anthem, finding the notes eternal, —  
Light and might and bliss and immortal wisdom  
    Clasping for ever.

## *N*ow I have borne

Now I have borne Thy presence and Thy light,  
Eternity assumes me and I am  
A vastness of tranquillity and flame,  
My heart a deep Atlantic of delight.  
My life is a moving moment of Thy might  
Carrying Thy vision's sacred oriflamme  
Inscribed with the white glory of Thy name  
In the unborn silence of the Infinite.

My body is a jar of radiant peace,  
The days a line across my timelessness,  
My mind is made a voiceless breadth of Thee,  
A lyre of muteness and a luminous sea;  
Yet in each cell I feel Thy fire embrace,  
A brazier of the seven ecstasies.



## *The Witness Spirit*

I dwell in the spirit's calm nothing can move  
    And watch the actions of Thy vast world-force,  
Its mighty wings that through infinity move  
    And the Time-galloping of the deathless Horse.

This mute stupendous Energy that whirls  
    The stars and nebulae in its long train,  
Like a huge Serpent through my being curls  
    With its diamond hood of joy and fangs of pain.

It rises from the dim inconscient deep  
    Upcoiling through the minds and hearts of men,  
Then touches on some height of luminous sleep  
    The bliss and splendour of the eternal plane.

All this I bear in me, untouched and still,  
Assenting to Thy all-wise inscrutable will.

## The Word of the Silence

A bare impersonal hush is now my mind,  
A world of sight clear and inimitable,  
A volume of silence by a Godhead signed,  
A greatness pure of thought, virgin of will.

Once on its pages Ignorance could write  
In a scribble of intellect the blind guess of Time  
And cast gleam-messages of ephemeral light,  
A food for souls that wander on Nature's rim.

But now I listen to a greater Word  
Born from the mute unseen omniscient Ray:  
The Voice that only Silence' ear has heard  
Leaps missioned from an eternal glory of Day.

All turns from a wideness and unbroken peace  
To a tumult of joy in a sea of wide release.

## The Guest

I have discovered my deep deathless being:  
Masked by my front of mind, immense, serene  
It meets the world with an Immortal's seeing,  
A god-spectator of the human scene.

No pain and sorrow of the heart and flesh  
Can tread that pure and voiceless sanctuary.  
Danger and fear, Fate's hounds, slipping their leash  
Rend body and nerve, — the timeless Spirit is free.

Awake, God's ray and witness in my breast,  
In the undying substance of my soul  
Flamelike, inscrutable the almighty Guest.  
Death nearer comes and Destiny takes her toll;

He hears the blows that shatter Nature's house:  
Calm sits he, formidable, luminous.

## *The Inner Sovereign*

Now more and more the Epiphany within  
    Affirms on Nature's soil His sovereign rights.  
My mind has left its prison-camp of brain;  
    It pours, a luminous sea from spirit heights.

A tranquil splendour, waits my Force of Life  
    Couched in my heart, to do what He shall bid,  
Poising wide wings like a great hippogriff  
    On which the gods of the empyrean ride.

My senses change into gold gates of bliss;  
    An ecstasy thrills through touch and sound and sight  
Flooding the blind material sheath's dull ease:  
    My darkness answers to His call of light.

Nature in me one day like Him shall sit  
Victorious, calm, immortal, infinite.

## *M*oments

If perfect moments on the peak of things,  
    These tops of knowledge, greatness, ecstasy,  
    Are only moments, this too enough might be.  
I have put on the rapid flaming wings  
Of souls whom the Ignorance black-robed Nature brings  
    And the frail littleness of mortality  
    Can bind not always. A high sovereignty  
Makes them awhile creation's radiant kings.

These momentary upliftings of the soul  
    Prepare the spirit's glorious permanence.  
    The peace of God, a mighty transience,  
Is now my spirit's boundless atmosphere.  
    All parts are gathered into a timeless whole;  
    All moments blaze in an eternal year.



## The One Self

All are deceived, do what the One Power dictates,  
    Yet each thinks his own will his nature moves;  
The hater knows not 'tis himself he hates,  
    The lover knows not 'tis himself he loves.

In all is one being many bodies bear;  
    Here Krishna flutes upon the forest road,  
Here Shiva sits ash-smear'd, with matted hair.  
    But Shiva and Krishna are the single God.

In us too Krishna seeks for love and joy,  
    In us too Shiva struggles with the world's grief.  
One Self in all of us endures annoy,  
    Cries in his pain and asks his fate's relief.

My rival's downfall is my own disgrace:  
I look on my enemy and see Krishna's face.

## The Cosmic Spirit

I am a single Self all Nature fills.

Immeasurable, unmoved the Witness sits:  
He is the silence brooding on her hills,  
The circling motion of her cosmic might.

I have broken the limits of embodied mind  
And am no more the figure of a soul.  
The burning galaxies are in me outlined;  
The universe is my stupendous whole.

My life is the life of village and continent,  
I am earth's agony and her throbs of bliss;  
I share all creatures' sorrow and content  
And feel the passage of every stab and kiss.

Impassive, I bear each act and thought and mood:  
Time traverses my hushed infinitude.



# Liberation

My mind, my soul grow larger than all Space;  
Time founders in that vastness glad and nude:  
The body fades, an outline, a dim trace,  
A memory in the spirit's solitude.

This universe is a vanishing circumstance  
In the glory of a white infinity  
Beautiful and bare for the Immortal's dance,  
House-room of my immense felicity.

In the thrilled happy giant void within  
Thought lost in light and passion drowned in bliss,  
Changing into a stillness hyaline,  
Obey the edict of the Eternal's peace.

Life's now the Ineffable's dominion;  
Nature is ended and the spirit alone.

## The Omnipresent

He is in me, round me, facing everywhere.

Self-willed in ego to exclude His right,  
I stand upon its boundaries and stare  
Into the frontiers of the Infinite.

Each finite thing I see is a facade;  
From its widows looks at me the Illimitable.

In vain was my prison of separate body made;  
His occult presence burns in every cell.

He has become my substance and my breath,  
He is my anguish and my ecstasy.

My birth is His eternity's sign, my death  
A passage of His immortality.

My dumb behyems are His serene abode;  
In my heart's chamber lives the unworshipped God.

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## The Bliss of Brahman

I am swallowed in a foam-white sea of bliss,

I am a curving wave of God's delight,

A shapeless flow of happy passionate light,

A whirlpool of the streams of Paradise.

I am a cup of His felicities,

A thunderblast of His golden ecstasy's might,

A fire of joy upon creation's height;

I am His rapture's wonderful abyss.

I am drunken with the glory of the Lord,

I am vanquished by the beauty of the Unborn;

I have looked alive on the Eternal's face.

My mind is cloven by His radiant sword,

My heart by His beatific touch is torn,

My life is a meteor-dust of His flaming Grace.



## Krishna

At last I find a meaning of world's birth  
In to this universe horrible and sweet,  
For I have felt the hungry heart of earth  
Aspiring beyond heaven to Krishna's feet.

I have seen the beauty of mortal eyes,  
And heard the passion of the Lovers' flute,  
And know a deathless ecstasy's surprise  
And sorrow in my heart for ever mute.

Nearer and nearer now the music drew,  
Life shudders with a strange felicity;  
All Nature is a wide enamoured house  
Hoping her lord to touch, to clasp, to be.

For this one moment lived the ages past;  
The world ~~still~~ <sup>now</sup> throbs fulfilled in me at last.

# *Krishna*

At last I find a meaning of soul's birth  
    Into this universe terrible and sweet,  
I who have felt the hungry heart of earth  
    Aspiring beyond heaven to Krishna's feet.

I have seen the beauty of immortal eyes,  
    And heard the passion of the Lover's flute,  
And known a deathless ecstasy's surprise  
    And sorrow in my heart for ever mute.

Nearer and nearer now the music draws,  
    Life shudders with a strange felicity;  
All Nature is a wide enamoured pause  
    Hoping her lord to touch, to clasp, to be.

For this one moment lived the ages past;  
The world now throbs fulfilled in me at last.

## The Golden Light

Thy golden Light came down into my brain  
And the grey rooms of mind sun-touched became  
A bright reply to Wisdom's occult plane,  
A calm illumination and a flame.

Thy golden Light came down into my throat,  
And all my speech is now a tune divine,  
A paeon song of Thee my single note;  
My words are drunk with the Immortal's wine.

Thy golden Light came down into my heart  
Smiting my life with Thy eternity;  
Now has it grown a temple where Thou art  
And all its passions point towards only Thee.

Thy golden Light came down into my feet;  
My earth is now Thy playfield and Thy seat.



## The Body

This body which was once my universe,  
Is now a pittance carried by the soul, —  
Its Titan's motion bears this scanty purse,  
Pacing through vastness to a vaster goal.

Too small was it to meet the giant need  
That only infinitude can satisfy:  
He keeps it still, for in the folds is hid  
His secret passport to eternity.

In his front an endless Time and Space deploy  
The landscape of their golden happenings;  
His heart is filled with sweet and violent joy,  
His mind is upon great and distant things.

How grown with all the world conterminous  
Is the little dweller in this narrow house!

# Light

Light, endless Light! darkness has room no more,  
Life's ignorant gulfs give up their secrecy:  
The huge inconscient depths unplumbed before  
Lie glimmering in vast expectancy.

Light, timeless Light immutable and apart!  
The holy sealed mysterious doors unclose.  
Light, burning Light from the Infinite's diamond heart  
Quivers in my heart where blooms the deathless rose.

Light in its rapture leaping through the nerves!  
Light, brooding Light! each smitten passionate cell  
In a mute blaze of ecstasy preserves  
A living sense of the Imperishable.

I move in an ocean of stupendous Light  
Joining my depths to His eternal height.

# *I*mmortality

I have drunk deep of God's own liberty  
    From which an occult sovereignty derives:  
    Hidden in an earthly garment that survives,  
I am the worldless being vast and free.  
A moment stamped with that supremacy  
    Has rescued me from cosmic hooks and gyves;  
    Abolishing death and time my nature lives  
In the deep heart of immortality.

God's contract signed with Ignorance is torn;  
    Time has become the Eternal's endless year,  
    My soul's wide self of living infinite Space  
Outlines its body luminous and unborn  
    Behind the earth-robe; under the earth-mask grows clear  
    The mould of an imperishable face.

# Transformation

My breath runs in a subtle rhythmic stream;  
It fills my members with a might divine:  
I have drunk the Infinite like a giant's wine.  
Time is my drama or my pageant dream.  
Now are my illumined cells joy's flaming scheme  
And changed my thrilled and branching nerves to fine  
Channels of rapture opal and hyaline  
For the influx of the Unknown and the Supreme.

I am no more a vassal of the flesh,  
A slave to Nature and her leaden rule;  
I am caught no more in the senses' narrow mesh.  
My soul unhorizoned widens to measureless sight,  
My body is God's happy living tool,  
My spirit a vast sun of deathless light.

## The Life Heavens

A life of intensities wide, immune  
    Floats behind the earth and her life-fret,  
A magic of realms mastered by spell and rune,  
    Grandiose, blissful, coloured, increate.

A music there wanders mortal ear  
    Hears not, seizing, intimate, remote,  
Wide-winged in soul-spaces, fire-clear,  
    Heaping note on enrapturing new note.

Forms deathless there triumph, hues divine  
    Thrill with nets of glory the moved air;  
Each sense is an ecstasy, love the sign  
    Of one outblaze of godhead that two share.

The peace of the senses, the senses' stir  
    On one harp are joined mysteries; pain  
Transmuted is ravishment's minister,  
    A high note and a fiery refrain.

All things are a harmony faultless, pure;  
    Grief is not nor stain-wound of desire;  
The heart-beats are a cadence bright and sure  
    Of Joy's quick steps, too invincible to tire.

A Will there, a Force, a magician Mind  
    Moves, and builds at once its delight-norms,  
The marvels it seeks for surprised, outlined,  
    Hued, alive, a cosmos of fair forms,

Sounds, colours, joy-flamings. Life lies here  
    Dreaming, bound to the heavens of its goal,  
In the clasp of a Power that enthrals to sheer  
    Bliss and beauty body and rapt soul.

My spirit sank drowned in the wonder surge:  
    Screened, withdrawn was the greatness it had sought;  
Lost was the storm-stress and the warrior urge,  
    Lost the titan winging of the thought.

It lay at ease in a sweetness of heaven-sense  
    Delivered from grief, with no need left to aspire,  
Free, self-dispersed in voluptuous innocence,  
    Lulled and borne into roseate cloud-fire.

But suddenly there soared a dateless cry,  
    Deep as Night, imperishable as Time;  
It seemed Death's dire appeal to Eternity,  
    Earth's outcry to the limitless Sublime.

“O high seeker of immortality,  
    Is there not, ineffable, a bliss  
Too vast for these finite harmonies,  
    Too divine for the moment's unsure kiss?

“Arms taking to a voiceless supreme delight,  
    Life that meets the Eternal with close breast,  
An unvalled mind dissolved in the Infinite,  
    Force one with unimaginable rest?

“I, Earth, have a deeper power than Heaven;  
    My lonely sorrow surpasses its rose-joys,  
A red and bitter seed of the raptures seven; —  
    My dumbness fills with echoes of a far Voice.

“By me the last finite, yearning, strives  
To reach the last infinity’s unknown,  
The Eternal is broken into fleeting lives  
And Godhead pent in the mire and the stone.”

Dissolving the kingdoms of happy ease  
Rocked and split and faded their dream-chime.  
All vanished; ungrasped eternities  
Sole survived and Timelessness seized Time.

Earth’s heart was felt beating below me still,  
Veiled, immense, unthinkable above  
My consciousness climbed like a topless hill,  
Crossed seas of Light to epiphanies of Love.

# Life

Mystic daughter of Delight,  
Life, thou ecstasy,  
Let the radius of thy flight  
Be eternity.

On thy wings thou bearest high  
Glory and disdain,  
Godhead and mortality,  
Ecstasy and pain.

Take me in thy bold embrace  
Without weak reserve,  
Body dire and unveiled face;  
Faint not, Life, nor swerve.

All thy bliss I would explore,  
All thy tyranny.  
Cruel like the lion's roar,  
Sweet like springtide be.

Like a Titan I would take,  
Like a God enjoy,  
Like a man contend and make,  
Revel like a boy.

More I will not ask of thee,  
Nor my fate would choose;  
King or conquered let me be,  
Vanquish, Life, or lose.



Even in rags I am a god;  
    Fallen, I am divine;  
High I triumph when down-trod,  
    Long I live when slain.

## *A* God's Labour

I have gathered my dreams in a silver air  
    Between the gold and the blue  
And wrapped them softly and left them there,  
    My jewelled dreams of you.

I had hoped to build a rainbow bridge  
    Marrying the soil to the sky  
And sow in this dancing planet midge  
    The moods of infinity.

But too bright were our heavens, too far away,  
    Too frail their ethereal stuff;  
Too splendid and sudden our light could not stay;  
    The roots were not deep enough.

He who would bring the heavens here  
    Must descend himself into clay  
And the burden of earthly nature bear  
    And tread the dolorous way.

Coercing my godhead I have come down  
    Here on the sordid earth,  
Ignorant, labouring, human grown  
    Twixt the gates of death and birth.

I have been digging deep and long  
    Mid a horror of filth and mire  
A bed for the golden river's song,  
    A home for the deathless fire.

I have laboured and suffered in Matter's night  
    To bring the fire to man;  
But the hate of hell and human spite  
    Are my meed since the world began.

For man's mind is the dupe of his animal self;  
    Hoping its lusts to win,  
He harbours within him a grisly Elf  
    Enamoured of sorrow and sin.

The grey Elf shudders from heaven's flame  
    And from all things glad and pure;  
Only by pleasure and passion and pain  
    His drama can endure.

All around is darkness and strife;  
    For the lamps that men call suns  
Are but halfway gleams on this stumbling life  
    Cast by the Undying Ones.

Man lights his little torches of hope  
    That lead to a failing edge;  
A fragment of Truth is his widest scope,  
    An inn his pilgrimage.

The Truth of truths men fear and deny,  
    The Light of lights they refuse;  
To ignorant gods they lift their cry  
    Or a demon altar choose.

All that was found must again be sought,  
    Each enemy slain revives,  
Each battle for ever is fought and refought  
    Through vistas of fruitless lives.

My gaping wounds are a thousand and one  
And the Titan kings assail,  
But I dare not rest till my task is done  
And wrought the eternal will.

How they mock and sneer, both devils and men!  
“Thy hope is Chimera’s head  
Painting the sky with its fiery stain;  
Thou shalt fall and thy work lie dead.

“Who art thou that babblest of heavenly ease  
And joy and golden room  
To us who are waifs on inconscient seas  
And bound to life’s iron doom?

“This earth is ours, a field of Night  
For our petty flickering fires.  
How shall it brook the sacred Light  
Or suffer a god’s desires?

“Come, let us slay him and end his course!  
Then shall our hearts have release  
From the burden and call of his glory and force  
And the curb of his wide white peace.”

But the god is there in my mortal breast  
Who wrestles with error and fate  
And tramples a road through mire and waste  
For the nameless Immaculate.

A voice cried, “Go where none have gone!  
Dig deeper, deeper yet  
Till thou reach the grim foundation stone  
And knock at the keyless gate.”

I saw that a falsehood was planted deep  
At the very root of things  
Where the grey Sphinx guards God's riddle sleep  
On the Dragon's outspread wings.

I left the surface gauds of mind  
And life's unsatisfied seas  
And plunged through the body's alleys blind  
To the nether mysteries.

I have delved through the dumb Earth's dreadful heart  
And heard her black mass' bell.  
I have seen the source whence her agonies part  
And the inner reason of hell.

Above me the dragon murmurs moan  
And the goblin voices flit;  
I have pierced the Void where Thought was born,  
I have walked in the bottomless pit.

On a desperate stair my feet have trod  
Armoured with boundless peace,  
Bringing the fires of the splendour of God  
Into the human abyss.

He who I am was with me still;  
All veils are breaking now.  
I have heard His voice and borne His will  
On my vast untroubled brow.

The gulf twixt the depths and the heights is bridged  
And the golden waters pour  
Down the sapphire mountain rainbow-ridged  
And glimmer from shore to shore.

Heaven's fire is lit in the breast of the earth  
And the undying suns here burn;  
Through a wonder cleft in the bounds of birth  
The incarnate spirits yearn

Like flames to the kingdoms of Truth and Bliss:  
Down a gold-red stairway wend  
The radiant children of Paradise  
Clarioning darkness' end.

A little more and the new life's doors  
Shall be carved in silver light  
With its aureate roof and mosaic floors  
In a great world bare and bright.

I shall leave my dreams in their argent air,  
For in a raiment of gold and blue  
There shall move on the earth embodied and fair  
The living truth of you.

## *The Pilgrim of the Night*

I made an assignation with the Night;  
    In the abyss was fixed our rendezvous:  
In my breast carrying God's deathless light  
    I came her dark and dangerous heart to woo.

I left the glory of the illumined Mind  
    And the calm rapture of the divinised soul  
And travelled through a vastness dim and blind  
    To the grey shore where her ignorant waters roll.

I walk by the chill wave through the dull slime  
    And still that weary journeying knows no end;  
Lost is the lustrous godhead beyond Time,  
    There comes no voice of the celestial Friend.

And yet I know my footprints' track shall be  
A pathway towards Immortality.

## The Divine Worker

I face earth's happenings with an equal soul;  
In all we heed Thy steps: Thy unseen feet  
Tread Destiny's pathings in my front. Life's whole  
Tremendous theorem is Thou complete.

No danger can perturb my spirit's calm:  
My acts are Thine; I do Thy works and pass;  
Failure is cradled on Thy deathless arm,  
Victory is Thy passage mirrored in Fortune's glass.  
In this rude combat with the fate of men  
Thy smile within my heart makes all my strength,  
Thy Force in no labours at its grandiose plan,  
Indifferent to the Time-makers crawling length.  
No power can slay my soul; it lives in Thee.  
Thy presence is my immortality.



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Thy smile within my heart makes all my strength;  
Thy Force in me labours at its grandiose plan,  
Indifferent to the Time-snake's crawling length.

No power can slay my soul; it lives in Thee.  
Thy presence is my immortality.

## *In the Battle*

Often, in the slow ages' wide retreat  
    On Life's long bridge through Time's enormous sea,  
I have accepted death and borne defeat  
    If by my fall some gain were clutched for Thee.

To this world's inconscient Power Thou hast given the right  
    To oppose the shining passage of my soul:  
She levies on each step the tax of Night.  
    Doom, her unjust accountant, keeps the roll.

Around my way the Titan forces press;  
    This earth is theirs, they hold the days in fee,  
I am full of wounds and the fight merciless:  
    Is it not yet Thy hour of victory?

Even as Thou wilt! What still to Fate Thou owest,  
O Ancient of the worlds, Thou knowest, Thou knowest.

## The Inconscient Foundation

My soul regards its veiled subconscious base;  
    All the dead obstinate symbols of the past,  
The hereditary moulds, the stamps of race  
    Are upheld to sight, the old imprints effaced.

In a downpour of supernal light it reads  
    The black Inconscient's enigmatic script —  
Recorded in a hundred shadowy screeds  
    An inert world's obscure enormous drift;

All flames, is torn and burned and cast away.  
    Here slept the tables of the Ignorance,  
There the dumb dragon edicts of her sway,  
    The scriptures of Necessity and Chance.

Pure is the huge foundation now and nude,  
A boundless mirror of God's infinitude.

## The Island Sun

I have sailed the golden ocean  
And crossed the silver bar,  
I have reached the Sun of knowledge  
The earth-self's midnight star.

Its fields of flaming vision,  
Its mountains of bare night,  
Its peaks of fiery rapture,  
Its air of absolute light,

Its seas of self-oblivion,  
Its walls of Titan rot  
Became my soul's dominion,  
Its Island of the Blest.

Alas with God and science,  
Familiar it lived in Time;  
Life was His fugue of music,  
Thought was Time's ardent rhyme.

The light was still around me  
When I came back to earth  
Bringing the immortal's knowledge  
Into man's cage of birth.

## The Island Sun

I have sailed the golden ocean  
    And crossed the silver bar;  
I have reached the Sun of knowledge,  
    The earth-self's midnight star.

Its fields of flaming vision,  
    Its mountains of bare might,  
Its peaks of fiery rapture,  
    Its air of absolute light,

Its seas of self-oblivion,  
    Its vales of Titan rest,  
Became my soul's dominion,  
    Its Island of the Blest.

Alone with God and silence,  
    Timeless it lived in Time;  
Life was His fugue of music,  
    Thought was Truth's ardent rhyme.

The Light was still around me  
    When I came back to earth  
Bringing the Immortal's knowledge  
    Into man's cave of birth.

Surely I take no more an earthly food  
But eat the fruits and plants of Paradise!  
For Thou hast changed my sense's habitude  
From mortal pleasure to divine surprise.

Gleaming and airt as ever on ecstasy,  
And all the fragrances of earth declare  
A sweetness matching in intensity -  
() down of the crimson navel of the rose.

In every contact's deep evoking thrill,  
That looks as if its source were infinite,  
I feel Thy touch; Thy bliss inescapable  
Is crowded into that moment of delight.

The body burns with Thy raptur's sacred fire,  
Pure, fascinated, holy, virgin of desire.

## *D*ivine Sense

Surely I take no more an earthly food  
    But eat the fruits and plants of Paradise!  
For Thou hast changed my sense's habitude  
    From mortal pleasure to divine surprise.

Hearing and sight are now an ecstasy,  
    And all the fragrances of earth disclose  
A sweetness matching in intensity  
    Odour of the crimson marvel of the rose.

In every contact's deep invading thrill,  
    That lasts as if its source were infinite,  
I feel Thy touch; Thy bliss imperishable  
    Is crowded into that moment of delight.

The body burns with Thy rapture's sacred fire,  
Pure, passionate, holy, virgin of desire.

Each sight is now immortal with Thy bliss;  
Thy soul through the swift eye has come to see;  
A soul is rent and they no more can miss  
The miracle of Thy world-epiphany.

Like an ecstasy of vision caught  
Each natural object is of Thee a part,  
A rapture-symbol from Thy substance wrought,  
A poem shaped in Beauty's living heart,

A master-work of colour and design,  
A mighty weather borne on Gaudeo's wings;  
A hushed wonder of significant line  
Reveals itself in even commonest things.

All forms are Thy dream-ideal of delight,  
O Absolute, O vivid Infinite.



## *D*ivine Sight

Each sight is now immortal with Thy bliss:

My soul through the rapt eyes has come to see;  
A veil is rent and they no more can miss  
The miracle of Thy world-epiphany.

Into an ecstasy of vision caught

Each natural object is of Thee a part,  
A rapture-symbol from Thy substance wrought,  
A poem shaped in Beauty's living heart,

A master-work of colour and design,

A mighty sweetness borne on grandeur's wings;  
A burdened wonder of significant line  
Reveals itself in even commonest things.

All forms are Thy dream-dialect of delight,  
O Absolute, O vivid Infinite.

The Divine Hissing

All sounds, all voices have become Thy voice:

Music and thunder and the cry of birds,  
Life's bubble of her sorrow and her joys,  
Cadence of human speech and numbered words,

The laughter of the sea's enormous mirth,  
The winged plane hurrying through the conquered air,  
The auto's trumpet-song of speed to earth,  
The machine's reluctant drone, the sea's slow

Blowing upon the wings of space:

A call of distance and of mystery,  
Memories of sun-bright lands and ocean ways, —  
All now are under-tones and themes of Thee.

A scum-burning stink through the blind heat  
And all grows beautiful because Thou art —

## The Divine Hearing

All sounds, all voices have become Thy voice,  
    Music and thunder and the cry of birds,  
Life's babble of her sorrows and her joys,  
    Cadence of human speech and murmured words,

The laughter of the sea's enormous mirth,  
    The winged plane purring through the conquered air,  
The auto's trumpet-song of speed to earth,  
    The machine's reluctant drone, the siren's blare

Blowing upon the windy horn of Space  
    A call of distance and of mystery,  
Memories of sun-bright lands and ocean ways, —  
    All now are wonder-tones and themes of Thee.

A secret harmony steals through the blind heart  
And all grows beautiful because Thou art.

Because Thou art all-beauty and All-bless,  
My soul blind and enmeshed years for Thee;  
It hears Thy mystic touch in all that is  
And thrills with the burden of that ecstasy.

Behind all eyes I meet Thy secret gaze  
And in each voice I hear Thy magic tune;  
Thy sweetness hurls my heart through Nature's ways;  
Nowhere it beats now from Thy centre in mine.

It loves Thy body in all living things;  
Thy joy is there in every leaf and stone;  
The moments bring Thee on their fairy wings;  
So its' endless ecstasy is Thou alone.

I've voyaged with Thee upon its' power,  
And all the future's passionate hopes is Thou.

## *B*ecause Thou art

Because Thou art All-beauty and All-bliss,  
My soul blind and enamoured yearns for Thee;  
It bears Thy mystic touch in all that is  
And thrills with the burden of that ecstasy.

Behind all eyes I meet Thy secret gaze  
And in each voice I hear Thy magic tune:  
Thy sweetness hunts my heart through Nature's ways;  
Nowhere it beats now from Thy snare immune.

It loves Thy body in all living things;  
Thy joy is there in every leaf and stone:  
The moments bring Thee on their fiery wings;  
Sight's endless artistry is Thou alone.

Time voyages with Thee upon its prow, —  
And all the future's passionate hope is Thou.



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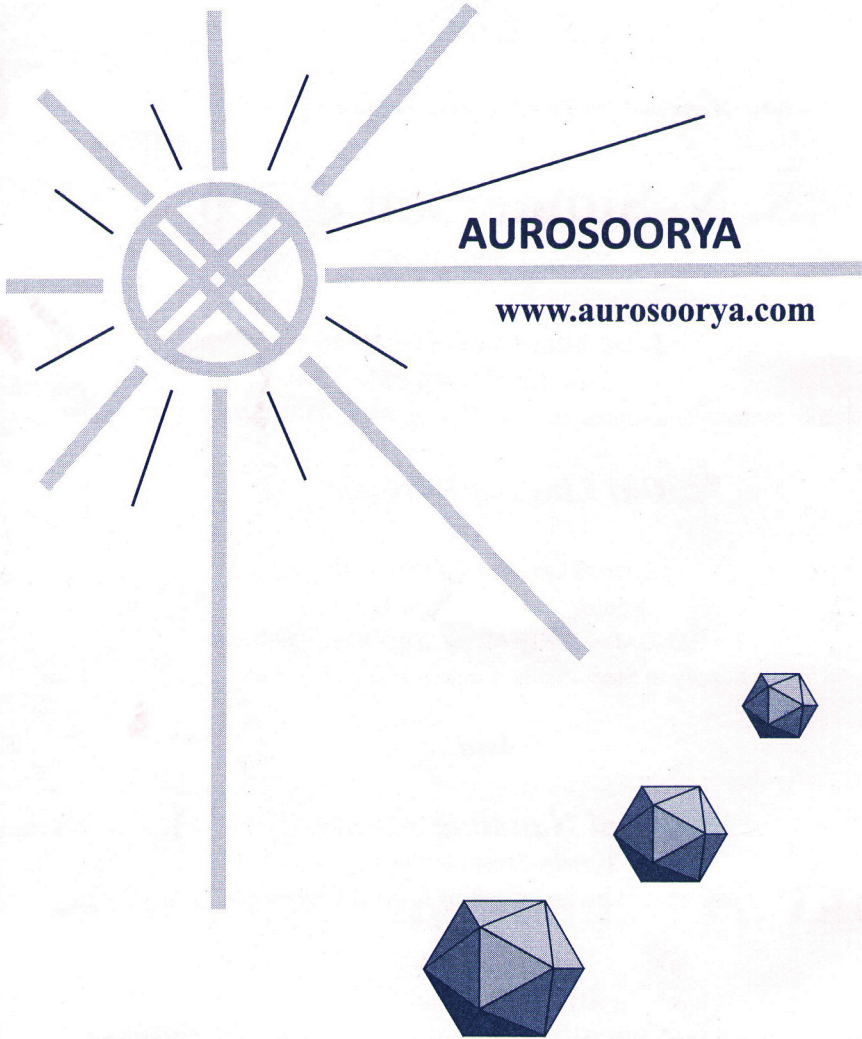
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