THE PASSING OF SRI AUROBINDO
ITS INNER SIGNIFICANCE AND CONSEQUENCE

"No one can write about my life because it is not on the surface for men to see"—this is what Sri Aurobindo said when the idea of a definitive biography was mooted. There is no doubt that, except perhaps for his triumphant academic career in England and the early phases of his fiery political period in India in his life was too deeply inward for its utmost sense and motive and achievement to be unravelled by a narration of external events supplemented by a psychological commentary. To arrive at some vision of it one would have to catch an inkling of not only the vast mysteries of traditional spiritual realization but also the dazzling immensities of the new earth-transforming light which he called the Supermind and which he envisaged for forty years to bring down to toto for suffering humanity. As with his life, so too with the phenomenon which the world has to his day to his death. Sri Aurobindo "dying" cannot but be as inward, as profound as Sri Aurobindo living.

No Yogi dies in the ordinary meaning of the word: his consciousnessally transcends the formula of the physical body, he is beyond and greater than his material sheath even while he inhabits it, and his action on mankind is essentially through his free and ample spirit to which both life and death are small masks of a fully aware immortality in the limitless being of the Divine and the Eternal. All the more inapplicable is the term "death" to the passing of a Master of Yoga like Sri Aurobindo.

For, it is well known that the transformative power of the Supermind was at work in the very cells of his body and that it commanded an efficacy physical no less than psychological, to which hundreds of his disciples can testify because of the wonderful curative impact of it on their own ailments. This efficacy was not confined to his Ashram: telegraphic offices all over India will bear witness to the daily flashing of appeals for help in various illnesses, including those that medical science often despair of, and then messages of thanksgiving for relief and remedy by spiritual means. No, Sri Aurobindo the Yogi of the Supermind descending into the nine ill days in the year being the divine advent. In addition to the infinite immortality of the Beyond cannot be looked upon as passing away on account of age and physical causes. Whatever the purely clinical picture, it must have behind it a significance integral with his highly significant and immeasurably more-than-physical life of spiritual attainment.

That there should be a clinical picture instead of a miraculous vanishing trick is exactly in keeping with Sri Aurobindo's Yoga. His Yoga was meant to be a process and a progression of the evolutionary method: it aimed not at a bewilder ing superimposition of divine qualities which will leave the grain of human nature unchanged, but at a spiritually organic luminous growth, an assimilation by nature of supernature, a marvellous and yet no freakish transformation, an intense working out within a lifetime of what was not foreign to the purpose of terrestrial evolution but its utmost meaning whose unfoldment is in the very logic of things, though the time for its passage of course was a long and epic one. This evolutionary was always fused with the revolutionary in Sri Aurobindo's Yoga of the Supermind and, just as his life's ascetics, like those of his art of poetry and prose, were always felicitous, full of ease and aptness, gloriously adapting nature rather than violating it, so too the adventure of his death was to be an utter supernormality but necessary for all its profound import and exceptional mode some semblances of the common passage to the stillness and the shadow.

What medical science would try to describe as physical causes are, therefore, far indeed from being any contradiction of the thesis that Sri Aurobindo did not pass away as a result of them. And this thesis, we may now add, is based not only on Sri Aurobindo's special spiritual status but also on a number of remarkable physical facts. Doctors have declared, on the strength of typical non-response to stimuli, that he entered into deep coma in consequence of an extreme uremic condition following a failure of all treatment. As every medical tyro knows, such a state of uraemic coma admits of no return to consciousness, to the surprise of the doctors attending on him, Sri Aurobindo opened his eyes at frequent intervals and asked for a drink of water, inspired what the time was! This repeated occurrence of the scientifically impossible leads one to believe that the deep uraemic coma was transformed, as it were, with a very conscious Yogi self-withdrawal from the instrument which was so damaged to be kept for common use but which yet could not quite bear the uncommon will of its master. Here was no brain of mere carbon and iron and phosphorous here was the sublimated seer of a mind that had sat on the peaks of God and from there could communicate with all the minds of all the beings of the earth and the universe. The medical profession, you see, was dealing with the instrument of a soul.

The death of Sri Aurobindo was not that of a soul, it was the transcending of a body, it was the very passing of the organism, however far removed it was from the source of life. Not that the soul or the immortality of the soul were thereby lost, it was manifestly the passing of the body. And even the passing of the body of the body is not the death of the soul. The body is not the soul, the body is only the temple of the soul, the instrument of the soul, the earthly vehicle of the soul, the earthly instrument of an inner mind, a line of a soul, an instrument of an inner mind. The Supermind, it is plain, is not the same thing as the Mind, the Supermind is the Mind plus something else, something spiritual.

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THE PASSING OF SRI AUROBINDO

The moon is the master of the twelfth house, there is a chance of Sri Aurobindo's passing away really. About 1950 he was asked: "Is that year some mighty miracle of Sri Aurobindo's power will be witnessed. Aged 93, he will withdraw from the world at his own will after completing his mission." On hearing this, Sri Aurobindo raised his hand and half-jocularly said: "Oh, that is not very far off, you really found the year too far away the achievement's achievement. With regard to 1950 a disciple remarked that it must be a year of importance, since important things had happened in Sri Aurobindo's life at intervals of 12 years. 1936 was an outstanding landmark in Sri Aurobindo's career; it was called the year of assurance of victory and marks practically the beginning of the Ashram with the Mother radiantly presiding over it. In 1938—12 years after that landmark—Sri Aurobindo passed through a physical crisis by falling and fracturing his thigh bone. Today, 1950—12 years after that—after having declared the possibility of 'self-destruction'—makes again 12 years' lapse. And, though the astrologer took only his forecast of a memorable ninety-third year in Sri Aurobindo's life very seriously, the master declared that the Master's statement is not quite fantastic. He said: "The man has got hold of some truth." Then he was asked: "Isn't the prediction about your 'self-undoing' this year nonsensical? Surely you are not going to leave us?" In his grand unshrouding way came the calm counter-query of just one mystic word: "Why?"

A most surprising word, this, to all who had expected that an unusual longevity as a result of the Supermind's increasing descent was part of Sri Aurobindo's programme. Another surprise was fraught with a strange foreboding joy. If those who looked after him or worked in his house gave a sign of sudden personal tenderness, Sri Aurobindo was not exactly a demonstrative nature: he had the subtle kindness as of an enveloping ether and though his exceptional companion is evident both in the undertook and in many letters written to his disciples in difficult physical expressions of his great paternal attitude were rare. But now for a brief moment there went out to his attendants—to each in a different way—an outward gesture of affection, as if he had wished them to know before it might be too late his appreciation of their service. The gesture, exceedingly sweet and welcome though it was, appeared to hold vaguely in it the poignancy of a possible leave-taking.

A third surprise may be recorded: a remark fell oddly on the ear of the disciple whose job it was to take down whatever Sri Aurobindo dictated by way of letter or book. The Master had been busy with his Svasri for several days. Apparently he had prepared earlier and constantly adding to it, amplifying the significances, enriching the story, extending the symbolisms, catching more and more intensively the vision of the superhuman plan and conscious to whom he had addressed, breathing with an ever truer thrill the vast rhythms of the movements of the God with which he had grown familiar. Out of some unfathomable silence he would draw out golden phrase and apocalyptic vision—wait as if he had eternity to throw away—proceed with splendor bursts of occult imagery and revealing description—back back to expand or amend, with an eye to the tiniest detail of punctuation or sequence, and again press forward with a comprehensive yet meticulous inspiration. A lordly, a leisurely, a masterly, a wordy, something of the temperament which rejoyced in massive structures—especially the temperament of the makers of Ramayana and Mahabharata which take all human life and human thought in their spacious scope and blend the wonderful, the God-like, the Titan-like and Demonic with the activities of earth. A kind of cosmic sweep was Sri Aurobindo's and he wanted his poem to be a many-sided multi-coloured carving out in word music of the secrets of the supramental Yoga. More than fifty thousand lines were there to house the unique visions of the unparalleled experience. A patience as vast as that vision and that experience characterised always Sri Aurobindo's dealings with this epic. Even the version on which he was engaged was the eleventh or the twelfth. Time without end appeared to be at his disposal when he sat dictating lines like those about the central figure of the poem:

"As in a mystic and dynamic dance
A princeess of immediate essences
Inspired and ruled from Truth's revealing vault
Mones in some prophet cavern of the Gods,
A heart of silence in the bands of joy
Yadubrihim with rich created seats
A body like a parable of dawn
That seemed a niche for veiled divinity
But on golden temple door to things beyond.

But all of a sudden before the fateful December 5 Sri Aurobindo startled his scribe by saying: "I must finish Svasri soon.

Of course, all this does not fix the very date of his passing nor does it define the manner of his exit, but clearly the grim struggle in which he got involved and which he already felt that date had located already as a likelihood in the near future. And a certain fact about Svasri fits in here with the aptest symbolism. Though his struggle to finish his epic soon, it just fell a prey to all the difficulties from which evolution engulfed the Master and the Mother, taking upon themselves as representatives of infinity, the physical difficulties of all human nature, have been striking against this bedrock of the supermind. It was the last decade and a half. "No, it is not with the Epanpmap that I am finished," wrote Sri Aurobindo (1938): "I trust it were. It is rather with the opposite end of things; it is in the Abyss that I have to plunge to build a bridge between the two. But that too the supramental rocky cliffs and one has to face it." In the course of this plunge, as layer after layer of the occult is devoured, the supramental light sought to be called down into it, various dreadful possibilities rise up and great inner wounds as severe as bodily terrors have to be endured. But throughout the fight the Master of the Supermind
carries the ballman, as it were, to ward off the fatal blow. Immense, in spite of the finest light within him, are his defects, yet he has also the capacity to emerge finally the victor and blaze a path of ultimate triumph for the man who follows him. Thus to emerge had been the goal of Aurobindo's life as far as the plan can be read through his philosophical writings and works and the inner life of his soul, the non-egoistic world-wide attitude of an Avatar find voice in a letter of 1935: "I am not doing anything for myself, as I have no personal need of doing anything. All is in the hands of the Supreme."

If I am seeking after supernalisation it is because it is a thing that needs to be done for the earth-consciousness and if it is not done in myself, it cannot be done in others."

In some pronouncements he leaves also a small margin for a different interpretation. In a passage of 1936, for instance, he roundly attacked the notion of the vessel of God: "The Divinity acts according to the consciousness of the Truth above and the Lila below and it acts according to the need of the Lila, not according to its own desires of what it should do or should not do." A clearer hint of unexpected turns in the Divine's dealings is contained in his letter of 1935: "Why should the Divine be tied down to succeed in all his operations? What if failure suits him better and serves better the ultimate purpose?"

The whole supernal Yoga was conceived like a great general's campaign against forces that had never been defeated in history and that by any means are, by any figures. In the teeth of every common experience, every posture of human living down the ages, even every articulate spiritual tradition, this Yoga persistently asserted the Divine as only a fearless fellow like Sri Aurobindo, only a genius like him of the Spiritasant that could have intuitively grasped the mighty secret of the epiphany in evolution and planned the transfor

mative onslaught on established nature and moved ahead in the frame of being which has yet another meaning and edge of 1935: "It is not for personal greatness that I am seeking to bring down the Supreme, but to care nothing for greatness or littleness in the human sense... If human reason regards me as a fool for trying to do what Krishna did not try, I do not in the letter of 1936 speak in general terms..."

This is a question between the Divine and myself—and therefore it is the Divine Will or not, whether I am sent to bring that down or not, open to his present or at least make it more possible or not. Let all men jeer at me if they must, for it is all on the surface.

Nothing except a colossal sacrifical attitude of this kind in order that the inner nature of the Mother may be unceasingly hastened and rendered actual. Here is a most extraordinary case, a living divinity of human life for humanity may get rooted and be set afloat—nothing less can be the result of the passing of Sri Aurobindo. There would also be implied in the holocust a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, a 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SRI AUROBINDO AND NIRVANA

An unpublished excerpt from "Letters of Sri Aurobindo—4th Series" now in the press

"To reach Nirvana was the first radical result of my own Yoga. It threw me suddenly into a condition above and without thought, unainted by any mental or vital movement, there was no ego, no real world—only when one looked through the immobile screens, something perceived or bore upon its sheer silence a world of empty forms, materialised shadows without true substance. There was no One or many even, just absolutely That, featureless, relationless, sheer, indescribable, unthinkable, absolute, yet supremely real and solely real. This was no mental realisation nor something glimpsed somewhere above—no abstraction—it was positive, the only positive reality—although not a spatial physical world, pervading, occupying or rather flooding and drowning this semblance of a physical world, leaving no room or space for any reality but itself, allowing physical to seem at actual, positive or substantial. I cannot say there was anything exhilarating or rapturous in the experience, as it then came to me—the ineffable Ananda I had years afterwards,—but what it brought was an insuperable Peace, a stupendous silence, an infinity of release and freedom. I lived in that Nirvana day and night before it began to admit other things into itself or modify itself at all, and the inner heart of the experience, a constant memory of it and its power to return remained until in the same context it is impressively Superconsciousness from above. But meanwhile realisation added itself to realisation and fused itself with this original experience. At an early stage the aspect of an illusionary world gave place to one in which illusion is only a small surface phenomenon with an immense Divine Reality behind it and a supreme Divine Reality above it and an intense Divine Reality in the heart of every thing that had seemed at first only a cinematic shape or shadow. And this was no imprisonment in the senses, no diminution or fall from supreme experience, it came rather as a constant heightening and widening of the Truth; it was the spirit that saw objects, not the senses, and the Peace, the silence, the freedom in Infinity remained always, with the world or all worlds only as a continuous incident in the timeless eternity of the Divine.

Now that is the whole trouble in my approach to Mayavada. Nirvana in my liberated consciousness turned out to be the beginning of my realisation, a first step towards the complete thing, not the sole true attainment possible or even a culminating finale. It came unsnaked, unsought for, though quite welcome. I had no least idea about it before, no aspiration towards it, in fact my aspiration was towards just the opposite, spiritual power to help the world and to do my work in it, yet it came—without even a "May I come in?" or a "By your leave." It just happened and settled in as if for all eternity or if it had been really there always. And then it slowly grew into something not less but greater than its first self! How then could I accept Mayavada or persuade myself to pit against the Truth imposed on me from above the logic of Shankara?"

Sri Aurobindo

His Light

In the delicae purples and mauves of the evening sky
A sunset darkness lingers in the gloom of the world
And whispers to the heart: the Day must die—
Its light upon some alien shore to flow.
So too, when Thy Light, O Lord, withdraws from sight,
When Thy Face is hid by the veils of the world
And we bow our heads in sorrow—bodies curled
As once long ago in the ancient womb of Night.
Yet with the moon the Moon Goddess prevails,
Reflecting Thy Light—too bright for human eyes—
Thy Supramental Sun that never fails
Draws nearer to earth from out Thy radiant skies.
In the depths of the Silence, in the heart of the Eternal Peace
Thy Golden Splendour lives with the soul’s release.

The Mother

Lives On

In thee His Light, in thee the Eternal Flame
BURNS in the silence of a boundless heart.
Joining the heavens with His Glorious Name—
His Will is thine and knows thy sacred Art;
Through thee His Holy Presence will prevail,
Through thee His Voice will echo o’er the earth,
In thee His labour counts—the soul’s travail
Rests in the Wisdom of a higher Birth.
Faithful we stand whatever the Command,
Nothing can daunt our courage in the fight—
His strength is thine whatever earth’s demand,
His Power and Sweetness shall uphold thy might.
Mother, how to thee—to Truth that gives
Knowledge that here within His Spirit lives.

NORMAN C. DOWSETT

THE PASSING OF SRI

Purusha active in an indissoluble subtle body at once divine and human, in a far more direct constant touch with the material world than could the forms which mystics have visioned of past rishis and prophets and avatars. In a most special sense, therefore, Sri Aurobindo the marvellously gifted and gracious person who was our guru and whom we loved is still at work and a concrete truth is expressed by the Mother when she says: "To grieve is an insult to Sri Aurobindo, who is here with us conscious and still in the end it is the same as the great Superconsciousness of the world out of which our being comes, not known in the beautiful message of December 7, which she delivered out of her depth where she and Sri Aurobindo are one: "Lord, this morning Thou hast given me the assurance that Thou wouldst stay with us until Thy work is achieved, not only as a consciousness which guides and illumines but also as a dynamic Presence in action. In unmistakable terms Thou hast promised that all of Thyself would remain here and not leave the earth-attraction until earth is transformed. Grant that we may be worthy of this marvellous Presence and that before everything in us be concentrated on the One will to be more and more perfectly consecrated to the fulfilment to Thy Sublime Work."

When the work goes on, the Mother fronting the future, with the Master by her side in subtle embodiment. And for those who have faith in the work’s fulfilment and who understand what that would be, there is a hope that sees the future pregnant with a particular most heart-soothing promise. In connection with this beautiful, the connection with the time when the Supermind’s descent into flesh and blood will be complete: "In the theory of the occultists and in the gradation of the ranges and planes of our being which Yoga-knowledge shows, there is not only a subtle physical force but a subtle physical Matter intervening between life and gross Matter and to create in this subtle physical substance and precipitate the forms thus made into our gross materiality is feasible. It should be possible and it is believed to be possible for an object formed in this subtle physical substance to make a transit from its abode in the state of gross Matter directly by the intervention of an occult force and process whether or not even the assistance or intervention or some gross material procedure. A soul wishing to enter into a body or form itself a body and take part in a divine life upon earth might be assisted to do so or even provided with such a form by this method of direct transmutation without passing through birth by the sex process or undergoing any degradation or any of the heavy limitations in the growth and development of its mind and material body inevitable to our present way of existence. It might then assume at once the structure and greater powers and functioning of the truly divine material body which must one day emerge in a progressive evolution to a totally transformed existence both of life and form in a divinised earth-nature."

These words hold out the prospect that Sri Aurobindo who has already a divinised subtle physical sheath may employ the supramental mode of manifestation for the purpose of providing in the domain of matter itself over the world of nature which the Mother will initiate. In that dawn of God’s gold the Mother will be the first being to achieve the divine body by a progression through a body born in the natural manner, while through the support of her achievement Sri Aurobindo may be the first being to put on the physical vehicle of transformation by a projection of substance and shape from supernature. Nothing, of course, is certain about what Sri Aurobindo may will to do, but the possibility we have figured is not cut off with all that we have gleaned therefrom of a queenless and victorious light beyond the human in the very event which strikes the surface eye of the aspiring world as a universal sun—"the passing of Sri Aurobindo."
THE DEBT TO RUDDR

THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF SRI AUROBINDO'S LIFE AND WORK

by "Synergist"

"The law of Vishnu cannot prevail till the debt to Ruddr is paid," writes Sri Aurobindo. What does he mean? Who is going to pay the debt, and what is the law of Vishnu he is referring to? Behind this allegorical statement lies the saga of human evolution and the story of the man who has broken through the moribund modes and Emanated Spiritual Reality at great length on the work done by these men on earth and their relation to the evolutionary march of humanity. An attempt is made in this essay to bring together the salient features of his exposition of Avatarhood or Divinity outside of the laws of Nature. The seed he has sown will have to reveal itself, and the statement made above and thereby throw some light on the event that occurred on 5th December—an event which may well be called the greatest since the Crucifixion.

Sri Aurobindo states his basic position regarding Avatarhood when he writes: "Avatarhood would have little meaning if it were not connected with the evolution... If Avatarhood is only a flashing miracle then I happen to be the background of the arrangement of the Omn遍ontive Divine in Nature, then I can understand and accept it." This implies that the ordinary human ideas about the Divine Incarnation are not true. It is usually thought that if a being is the Incarnate Godhead he must do supernatural things; but to think that the Divinity takes birth as man in order to perform miracles and prove the reality of His own existence to skeptics and materialists, is to miss the whole sense and purpose of Avatarhood. The Divine Incarnation is not a supernatural freak working outside the laws of Nature; it is the evolution of human consciousness, a development and unfoldment of the Divine Consciousness, out of the Truth above, and the need of the cosmic manifestation below; not according to what men think he should do. A great deal of the Avatar and the work he does in the earth-field are part of the Divine Plan which is gradually unfolded in the cosmic formula from the Transcendent Supreme. The evolution of the cosmic, with interventions from the supra-cosmic Transcendent at crucial stages of its development, is part of the Avatarhood. This linkage between the cosmic and the Transcendent gives a dual status to the Avatar; that is, though he becomes an integral part of terrestrial existence, an earthlike creature like other men, he remains on the summits of his being the supraconconscious, the Lord of Nature. This awareness of consciousness gives him the central fact of the Avatar's being. There is the Divine Presence behind, above, supporting and guiding the work to be done, and the front of his consciousness in Nature working amidst terrestrial conditions; that is why he is such an eloquent teacher of the Avatar—the being in the front in the Divine and behind above.

Such a conception of the Divine Incarnation will most probably appear fantastic to the moralistic temper of the modern mind, for to it the process of Avatarhood is not grounded in a metaphysical. But to the Indian mind Avatarhood is a logical outcome of its Vedantic world-view: it is a coherent part of its metaphysic, which is based on the spiritual realizations of the ancient philosophers. It declares that the Supreme Being is the One reality, and cosmic existence an emanatory manifestation of Himself in Time and Space, Name and Form. Therefore all is made of the very substance of Divinity. But all is not Divine to the same degree and in exactly the same manner—there is a hierarchy of being and substance, from the summits to the depths. Every man is divine in essence, but not in manifestation. Ordinarily the Divine Being pours Himself into the forms of Nature and is known through His Eternal Verities, Truth, Good and Beauty—through Knowledge, Power, Love and Delight; but when He takes up a human form and incarnates in it, it is, says Sri Aurobindo, the height of the conditioned manifestation, it is the Avatar.

Considering that all men of God are not Avatars; some are saints and prophets, and some are Jivanmukta; at least He is potentially capable of rising to these heights—be it the Avatar or the Jivanmukta, the Avatar is a special manifestation. He is a phenomenon sui generis.

Regarding the Avatar's function in world, it may be stated that the Divine Avatar comes on the human life, mind and body with all their limitations in order to shake men out of the laws of Nature; by a growth into the spiritual consciousness; he accepts the conditions existing upon earth; he breaks through the anarchic and chaotic state of the world, and changes them and establish a new truth, and carries evolving humanity a step further by bringing a particular type of spiritual development possible, which was hitherto not possible.

Now we may well ask: "In what sense, and to what extent can it be said that Sri Aurobindo has been doing all these years the work of an Avatar?" In a very few lines I shall give the reader the metaphysical background necessary to understand the nature of his work.

Avatar, Life and Mind are today established principles on earth; all the theories of the Omnipotent, the Omnipresent Divine Reality, that they have evolved one after another out of the Inconscient; but Sri Aurobindo points out that we cannot speak of an evolution unless we post a previous involution. Something does not come out of nothing; he says that in the Divine all that which is is eternal and pre-existing, in being, predestined in its will to become; if there is an evolution, then there must have been a previous involution, for there seems to be no reason why the principle of Life should evolve out of Matter, or that of Mind out of Life, unless we assume that Life was already involved in Matter, and Mind in Life. Now, these three principles that have emerged have their corresponding typal planes which intersect our earth-plane—the typal non-evolutionary worlds of Mind, Life and Subtle Matter, each with its own laws. These principles have come out of the Inconsciente ascending series owing to a secret urge and impulsion in themselves and in response to a pressure put upon them from their respective typal planes. The last emergent was Mind; when a pressure from the Mind plane was exerted on its own principle lying latent in animated and vitalised Matter, it responded owing to the secret urge in it to emerge, and a linkage was formed. After that, Mind was gradually established in the earth field as a new principle; it has been the spiritual power. Now, says Sri Aurobindo, the next principle, the Supermind—the gnostic light and creative dynamism of the Divine Being—has to emerge and take up within itself all the other powers and show them the way to their divine fullment. All the principles of existence are interlinked and buried deep in the unconsciousness of the Inconscient; in order to make the Supermind act on its own involute in this nether region and bring it out, someone who represents the earth-consciousness and humanity has to first attain the Supermind, and then delve into the abys of the Spiritual Light and Power and so act on this involution. This is the work Sri Aurobindo has been doing for the past forty years. Through his own spiritual development he has been joining together principles of Being and Becoming, of life and mind, of mind and life, giving a new meaning to the nether region of the Inconscient. The bridge being built had to be done in his own being before it could be used by other people for the cosmic scale. The base of the Inconscient had to be broken and the Light made to infiltrate its dark tunnels, because it is in this Inconscient that the consciousness of humanity has to come first to attain the Supermind, and then delve into the abys of the Spiritual Light and Power and so act on this involution. This is the work Sri Aurobindo has been doing for the past forty years. Through his own spiritual development he has been joining together principles of Being and Becoming, of life and mind, of mind and life, giving a new meaning to the nether region of the Inconscient.

In the morning the news came that Sri Aurobindo had passed away. To the Judeo-Christian world it was a shock, for in their world one did not think of God being a human, and certainly not of Sri Aurobindo a very old man? To the disciples it came as a shock; they were not only shocked, they were surprised and puzzled. It seemed impossible to them that their Guru, who had snatched so many of them out of the jaws of death, who had cured them of serious maladies, avverted calamities, and done things which would seem utterly miraculous to outsiders, whose mastery over the physical was remarkable even for a great Yogi, could not cure himself of an ailment like urcinia, a thing which he had already done once. They argued that if he had cured himself and others so many times by his yogic force, surely he could have done it this time too. Then gradually the idea dawned on them that they should not look at the passing away from a purely personal angle, but should try and see it in relation to his world mission. Perhaps he had deliberately decided to withdraw from his body for the better execution of his work. Had he not once written to a disciple, who had shown misgivings about his staying on in the world till his work was finished, that nothing of this nature would happen unless he gave his sanction to it? Then arose the question: "If so, what was the necessity of making such a decision?" This is the question on everyone's lips. I shall make an attempt here to clarify certain points about his passing away and give an answer which will be satisfactory. Every idea of the effect of his atmosphere unexpressed. It would be presumption on my part to think that what I have written is true in every detail; nevertheless, I can say Flatwise, "Something like this is true," as it will begin by saying that in many years it will be realised that in the complete and total life of the Avatar known as Sri Aurobindo this withdrawal from the body was only an intermediate step; a very necessary step at a crucial and dangerous stage of his work, at a time when he was confronted with the problem of making the avataric consciousness—still but an intermediate step, not the culminating point of his work; it will be said that this withdrawal was only a middle link connecting his complete life which was divided into two distinct periods—the first part of Miming with the struggle and victory of the being who acted as the
spearhead of the evolutionary nias and established on earth the conditions necessary for the advent of the Divine Light and Power of the Supreme, and the second dealing with the actual Supramentalisation of the earth consciousness and the divinisation of humanity. The first period will emphasise the divine consciousness, the second will integrate it back again from behind a veil, the second his Divinity—his so-called “death” connecting the two periods and serving as a means to bring down the light. If so, “How much has he actually achieved, and how is the withdrawal from the body related to his work?” That is the next question. The Supreme mind has been brought down into the very cells of his body, spirit has been entirely lodged in Matter—not merely in essence, that it always was “from seniors upwards,” Matter has been transmuted through a modification enabling it to hold within itself the Divine Light. The Supreme mind has not only touched the earth consciousness, it has been successfully housed in a mortal frame. Now the next step is its descent and gradual infiltration into earth-life till it becomes an operative power and transforms and divinises the entire being of man—his mental, vital and physical nature. The conditions necessary for this descent have been now established by Sri Aurobindo; he has broken the very base of the Inconscient, he has gone down into its abyss with the Divine Light and made it act on its lowest strata. The terrible upsurge from this dark region caused by the touch of the Light, an upsurge which if it had been allowed to remain unchecked would have shaken the earth to its very foundations and engulfed it in darkness, bringing suffering and unhappiness to mankind, has been drawn up by Sri Aurobindo most deliberately into himself. He could do this because he possessed a cosmic consciousness, and not an ego-centric consciousness like ordinary men; he could identify himself with whatever he wished to in universal Nature. Instead of transforming his own body with the Supreme mind, he chose to bring its Light into the lowest regions of the earth consciousness so that it could be placed within the reach of the children of men. He could have gone straight to the root of all evil and been in his own identity the deliverer of the sons of men. He has been content to remain within the human circle and transmit the Light to the children of men when the time comes; he has himself paid by taking into his body all its poisonous elements; he has emptied the sewers of the Inconscient into himself so that men may have the Light of God and live in happiness. God love hath no more than God love...

“Death” did not come upon Sri Aurobindo; it seems that he must deliberately decided to draw the poison from the Inconscient into himself. After that he must have felt that he would be able to carry on his work better out of the body than clearly understood that he was following a particular line of action, a definite process, and that demanded the establishing of certain conditions in earth-life before the transformation of his own body could be taken up. He wrote so much of An Avatar to have given precedence to the transformation of his own body before the work of bringing down the Light had reached a satisfactory stage. Every act of his has the unmistakable stamp of the Avatar,—the cosmic sweep of action, the mastery over the field covered, the immense capacity for self-sacrifice, and above all, the possession of the Light that draws one nearer and the Compassion that envelopes all. His words express his thoughts and sentiments very clearly when he says: “I have no intention of achieving the Supreme mind for my own good, but for myself I have no personal interest in anything, neither of salvation (Moksha) nor supramaterialisation... I am only interested in the transformation of the earth consciousness, done for its own sake, it would be perfectly futile.”

The passage quoted to Sri Aurobindo: “If you act so great why don’t thou save thyself?” has not understood the meaning and purpose of the Divine Incarnation; he is still thinking in terms of miracles.

I was weighing the truth of the ideas expressed here, when I happened to meet a friend of mine who is an old disciple of Sri Aurobindo. He is a man of spiritual experience and has a remarkable opening for vision. My ideas found the corroboration they needed when I listened to what he had seen when he went for the “darshan” on the hill. He saw Aurobindo’s body covered with a golden light, and streaks of blackness were there as if they had mounted up from the lower part of his body. The light he saw was obviously the Divine Light of the Supramental, and the blackness was the poison he had drawn up from the Inconscient into his pure and golden body. Sri Aurobindo had linked the Empyrean to the Abyss, and had taken up his abode with it.

Now we have some indication why, although uraeas had set in, the body remained intact for so many days. To know the nature of the golden light seen by the disciple, one has only to turn to the communication made by the Mother to the Very Important. His body was charged with such a concentration of supramental light that there is no sign of decomposition working.

It will not be out of place here to try and see what indications Sri Aurobindo has given in his poems about the inner occult and spiritual significance of his work. The lines quoted below from A God’s Labour and the epic Satvriti.

Coercing my head I have come down Here on the earthly, material, labouring, human ground Twists the gates of death and birth. I have been digging deep and long Mid a horror of fifth and nine A bed for the golden river’s song, A home for the deathless fire.

But the Avatar has to face tremendous opposition:
A dark concealed hostility is lodged In the human depth, in the hidden heart of Time That claims the right to change and mar God’s work.

Yet still the joy is in its own home And Light invades the world’s inconscient base And perished has the adversary Power, He still reigns on, his work held done.

All this is exactly what Sri Aurobindo has been doing. He says:
I have delved through the dumb Earth’s dreadful heart And heard her black mass bell.
I have seen the source whence her agony part And the inner reason of all.
On a desperate stair my feet have trod Armoured with becoming peace, Bringing the rays of the splendor of God Into the human abyss.

He has had to do all this because it is the Divine Will that conditions should be established for humanity to take the next step in its evolution. Therefore one must try to understand that Sri Aurobindo’s decision to leave the body has an evolved reason and a result. As in all things, if one can see the mouth of the river, one may see the head. The mouth of the river of evolution is the present stage, the head is the future one.

It is said that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children; this is true in the ordinary life, but in the spiritual and yogic life where the Guru is intimately connected with his disciples and, if he happens to be an Avatar, with the people of the world through a cosmic bond, the reverse seems to be true—the sins of the children are visited upon the Father, who gathers quietly within his own being all that they throw upon him, ill-will, hostility and antagonism.

Another important question to consider is the future of Sri Aurobindo’s work. It is possible to make a positive statement regarding it—that it will not suffer; on the contrary it will gather momentum as time goes on. The spade work has been done, Matter has harboured the Supreme; a slow and gradual Descent will be the next step followed by the consolidation of the Supramental Light and Power and Bliss in the earth consciousness. This part of the work Sri Aurobindo can very well direct and accomplish from the plane of existence now occult to us. But then, if we admit this, another difficulty at once arises: what about the link with matter? For the Supramentalisation of the earth, it is absolutely necessary to grip matter—working purely from the occult planes cannot be sufficient. Sri Aurobindo would never have taken this step if he had not possessed an adequate means to have a firm hold on matter. The answer to the problem is the Mother, that great lady who has for the past twenty-five years tilled side by side with him in the work of the transformation and divinisation of humanity. All along the two have kept up a certain spiritual poise for their yogic work—be, the Consciousness behind supporting her actions and drawing down the Light and Power of the Supreme, and carrying on a general occult-spiritual action behind the veil, and she, gripping matter and manifesting that Light and Power in it. This same relation will be kept up still. It is evident that Sri Aurobindo made his decision knowing full well that his work will not suffer. He has time and again stressed the fact in his letters to his disciples that his consciousness is the same as hers at the summits. The Mother once said: “Without me he remains unmanifest, without him there is no existence of mine.” Sri Aurobindo is still in her all the time; he has only to read the message she gave to the disciples to grasp the meaning of what has been written here. The message reads: “Lord, this morning thou hast given me the assurance that thou wouldst stay with us until Thy Work is achieved, not only as a consciousness which guides and illumines but also as a dynamic Presence in action. In unmistakable terms Thou hast promised that all of Thyself would remain here and not leave the earth atmosphere until earth has transformed...” The meaning is very clear; Sri Aurobindo has not gone away leaving behind him an emasculated Power of his being for the fulfilment of his work as great spiritual figures sometimes do; it cannot also be said that though he has gone away, he will be present in the Ashram in spirit; or he will be not manifest as a supraspecial Presence behind the Mother guiding the execution of the work but “a dynamic Presence in action” as he always was.

Now the last question. Perhaps it will be remarked: “Is not Sri Aurobindo dead? What is all this talk about setting foot from occult planes? Is not the author deluding himself—somehow trying to sophisticate his mind into believing that his Guru is alive, even though he has passed away?” We accept what he says about Sri Aurobindo’s Avatarhood, if the Avatarhood...
THE MASTER IS ALWAYS HERE

Even as he assumed the earthly frame, even as he took upon himself the physical suffering and ailing that are incident to a material body, he accepted the last consummation. He has accepted indeed the whole gamut of ignorance and impurity, even to death. But he has embraced the integral wholeness to the utmost limit, on either side, the full circle of earthly life. How else is he to seize it and transform it? By an apparent yielding to the normal fated flux, has he not simply by-passed it—to overtake it from behind, as it were? Has he not thus opened a new line of campaign leading to inevitable and absolute victory?

How is he to do it? That is his occult work—his supreme secret. And we need not pry into it for the present.

Even otherwise, we fight and labour for the goal. The goal is there assured. There can be no doubt about it. We want it to be of today. If it is not, it matters little. The Karmayogins, the ideal worker-workers, but awaits not the fruit. He works letting the fruit take care of itself. It ripens, the ripe fruit, the fullness of what must and shall be, in its own time; nothing can stay or cancel its inevitability. We work with a total conviction that it will be today, here and now. The general who leads his army or the soldier who goes to fight has in view always immediate victory, otherwise he cannot move a step forward: that is the drama of his consciousness. For, in the fluctuating movements of probabilities which is the normal actual world, as anything can happen, so anything can be brought about—the probability is never ruled out. There is perhaps a higher destiny above, but we do not know its decree: at least it does not annul or abrogate our human endeavour.

We have met here on earth to carry out a mission. We do what we can and are appointed to do it. We labour, we strive, we toil, and now, even then, we do not falter, but march on. We will meet another time and yet another time till all is achieved and consummated. Time is no consideration. Even eternity is a fraction in His timelessness.

NOLINI KANTA GUPTA

A Hymn To Sri Aurobindo

Whatever I own may I now dedicate
As offering at thy feet:
My body, my life, my song—all I create
Be on wings, Lord, thee to meet.
Diamounting from thy throne of inviolate Light
Thou canst not, O Friend, in Grace,
Down to my life of dust and mud at its night
Outflower in loveliness.
My penury to reclaim.
What play is this of an unimaginable
Compassion—Oh who will name?

O cherished of Gods, thou castest to my station
Of ash my fire to wake
But I failed to welcome thee with the adoration
Thou wouldst crave ere my sake.
I only ask and ask: what can one give
To One who could take by storm
The Kingdom of Heaven and yet for our earth live
And woo with His love-warm
Heart-throbs my heart of clay.
Seeking His birth in me for what Compassion’s
Deep, unfathomed play?

DILIP KUMAR ROY

THE DEBT TO RUDRA

—Continued from page 6

of Rama and Krishna and Christ is accepted, there is no particular reason why Aurobindo should not be accepted—the bringing down of the Supermind cannot possibly be the work of a mere religious teacher, or prophet or moral leader. But this talk of acting from occult planes is a little too much.

My answer is that I do not expect everyone to believe what I have written here; my object in writing this essay is to enlighten, to the best of my ability, the minds of those who really want to know about the future of Sri Aurobindo’s work. Consequently I am addressing only the spiritually-minded, who are naturally not as sense-bound as their less fortunate brothers, and am writing for those “that believe though they have not seen.”

Actually the problem is this: when should a man be called dead? He is really dead when his entire being has been reduced not only to the outer material sheath, the body, but also to the subtle-physical, the vital and the mental sheaths. After the dissolution of these sheaths, the immortal part of his personality, the soul-being or psychic being—chatya purusha—returns to the Psychic or Mental Self or Soul. It remains for the various aspects of his ego like ego and remnant to be dissolved. It is not for the next birth. It is only when the soul-being goes away to this World that it loses all connection with cosmic existence. Now, if a person’s material body only is dissolved and the other sheaths are intact he can remain connected with the world atmosphere, that is, if he is physically advanced and willing to do so. Then such a person happens to be a Master of Yoga of Sri Aurobindo’s spiritual status, a person integrally one with the Divine in Being as well as in Dynamis, and it is not difficult to understand that he can remain in contact with the earth and influence it. We can sum up and say: Sri Aurobindo’s life was different from other men’s, unique, extraordinary and baffling; so is his “death.”

It was stated in the beginning that his complete life can be divided into two periods; as the second period is related to the future it is not possible to make any definite pronouncements about it other than those already made, especially as a new Power will be now working on the earth consciousness, the Supermind. That he will again manifest in a body seems certain to the author; to have a Supramental race without Sri Aurobindo would be like staging Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. Of course, in this particular case Hamlet can work silently and remain unseen, but the author does not envisage such a possibility. It is more probable to him that Sri Aurobindo will make his own body and manifest not as a man, but as a Gaotic Beast.* All this is, of course, sheer moonshine if the existence of other worlds is admitted; but he would be a bold man who would deny truths which are real in the experience of spiritually advanced men, but which do not fall within that of the unenlightened. Even if only a hard common sense view of things is taken, two factors clearly emerge—the body remained aglow and intact for 99 hours after the doctors had declared it to be dead; a few days before that Sri Aurobindo had been in an unassimilated coma, in which the patient always sinks deeper and deeper till he loses consciousness for ever. Most surprisingly he came out often from this coma and was coherent and conscious. These two facts by themselves would perhaps be classified as unexplainable scientific curiosities, utterly bewilder- ing but of little value to the medical profession; but when they refer to a person who is worshipped as a Divine Incarnation, as the Kalki Avatar, by hundreds—by intellectuals, not yokels—they make one sit up and think.

To the majority of human beings only physical objects, which are sensibly perceptible, seem real; as soon as they cease to be perceived by the senses, it is thought that they no longer exist. This assumption is definitely incorrect if experience is the final criterion of truth. Sense perception is only one order of experience; a higher order of experience can at once show its limitations and reveal that what has ceased to exist in a physical object is not a being, but an individual in a physical space and time, not capable to exist in a subtle body in another space, and remain connected with it.

The debt to Rudra has been paid; not by humanity, but by a single individual representing it—not an individual imprisoned in the narrow confines of his ego like ego and remnant. This payment has been the labour of forty years of yogic action with the sacrifice of his body and its crowning glory. But this sacrifice is not the culmination of his life’s work—it is the beginning of a greater life for him and for humanity.

In vain thou movest that Satanom must die,
His death is the beginning of greater life,
Death is the Spirit’s opportunity.

That is the great secret. Sri Aurobindo has turned death into an opportunity for securing the Light permanently for the earth—he has outmanoeuvred the powers of Darkness by cutting across their revolt with his own body.

It is finished, the dread mysterious sacrifice,
Offered by God’s martyred body for the world.

The highest law of Vishnu must now prevail—the law of the Supermind, because the conditions necessary for its advent have been established. The last act of the drama has yet to be played and Sri Aurobindo still remains the chief actor. He still remains the mighty man who is God, God who is man, bridging Heaven to earth, linking Spirit to Matter, creating here for us the Kingdom of God. A seed has been "sown in Death’s tremendous hour, a branch of Heaven" has been transplanted "to human soil", the world now waits for the complete manifestation of the Divine in human existence. I shall end this homage to my great Master Sri Aurobindo by turning my face towards the Light that He is and saying:

I shall leave my dreams in their argent air.
For a rainment of gold and blue
There shall move on the earth embodied and fair
The living truth of you.
SAVITRI by SR AURABINDO

BOOK VI: THE BOOK OF FATE: Canto 2—The Way of Fate and the Problem of Pain

(The text below—setting forth the colloquy between the divine sage Narada and Savitri’s royal parent’s apropos her choice of doomed Satyavan for husband—contains some of Sri Aurabindo’s last lines but remains without final revision—EDITOR)

A silence sealed the irrecoverable decree,
The word of Fate that fell from the heavenly lips
Frying a doom no power could reverse
Unless heaven’s will itself could change its course.
Or so it seemed; yet from the silence rose
One voice that questioned, and another of dispute
A will that strove against the immuttable Will,
A mother’s heart had heard the fateful speech
That rang like a sanction to the call of death
And came like a chill disease to the soul and hope.
Yet hope sank down like an extinguished fire.
She felt the leaden inevitable hand
Invade the secrecy of her guarded soul
And mingle with sudden pain its still content
And the empire of her hard-won quietude.
Awhile she fell to the level of human mind,
A field of mortal grief and Nature’s law.
She shared; she bore the common lot of men
And felt what common hearts endure in Time.
Voicing earth’s question to the ineradicable power
The queen now turned to the still immobile seer:
Assailed by the discontent in Nature’s depths
Partner in the agony of dumb driven things
And all the misery, all the ignorant cry,
Passionate like sorrow questioning heaven she spoke.
Awhile she lost her spirit’s tranquil poise.
Awhile she shared the lot of common souls
And bore the heavy hand of Law and Time.
And felt the anguish in life’s stricken deeps.
Lending her speech to the surface soul on earth
She uttered the suffering in the world’s dumb heart
And man’s revolt against his ignorant fate.
“O seer, in the earth’s strange twofold nature
By what pitiless adverse Necessity
Or what cold freak of a Creator’s will,
By what random accident or governed Chance,
That shaped a rule out of fortuitous steps,
Made destiny from an hour’s emotion,
The divers mystery of grief and pain?
Is it thy God who made this cruel law?
Or some disastrous Power has marred his work
And he stands helpless to defend or save?
A fatal seed was sown in life’s fast doom;
When evil twinned with good on earth so well.
Then first appeared the malady of mind,
His pang of thought, its quest for the aim of life.
It twisted into forms of good and bad
And the frank simplicity of the animal’s acts;
It turned the straight path hewn by the body’s gods,
Followed the zigzag of the uncertain course
Of life that wanders seeking for some aim.
In the pale starlight falling from thought’s skies;
It guides the universe idea, the wavering will.
Lost was the instinctive major identity
With the arrow-point of being’s inmost sight,
Marred the sure steps of Nature’s simple walk
And truth and freedom in the growing soul.
Out of some aggregate of privileges
Of soul not yet betrayed to birth,
Cast down to suffer on this hard dangerous earth.
Our life was born in pain and with a cry.
Although earth-nature welcomes heaven’s breath
Inspiring Matter with the will to live,
A thousand ills assail the mortal’s hours
And wear away the natural beauty of life.
Our bodies are an engine cunningly made,
But for all its parts as cunningly are planned,
Centred ingeniously with demon skill
Its apt inevitable pain and mortal danger and peculiar pain,
In the malignant hollows of the world,
In its subconcocted cavern-passage
Ambushed they lie waiting the heir to leap,
Surrounding with danger the sieged city of life:
Admitted into the citadel of man’s days
They mine his force and main or suddenly kill.
Ourselves within us lethal forces course,
We make of our own enemies our guests:
Out of their holes like beasts they creep and gnaw
The chords of the divine musician’s lyre
Till frayed and thin the music dies and gone
Or cracking snaps with a last tragic note.
All that we are is like a fort bested,
All that we strive and do like altars of no dream
In the grey sleep of Matter’s ignorance.
Mind suffers lamed by the world’s disharmony
And the unholiness of human things.
A treasure mined and cheaply fruitlessly sold
In the bazaar of a blind destiny.
A gift of priceless values from Time’s gods
Lost or mislaid in an unceasing world.
Life is a marvel missed, an art gone wry;
A seeker in a dark and obscure place.
An ill-armed warrior facing dreadful odds,
An imperfect work given a baffling task.
An ignorant judge of problems Ignorance made,
Its heavenward flights reach closed and keyless gates,
Its glorious outbursts peter out in mire.
On Nature’s gifts to man a curse was laid.
All walks inanition by its own opposites.
Error in the comrade of our mortal thought,
And falsehood lurks in the deep bosom of truth.
Sin poisons with its vivid flowers of joy.
Or leaves a red scar burned across the soul;
Virtue is a grey bondage and a gag.
At every step laid for us a snares.
Alien to reason and the spirit’s light.
Our fount of action from a darkness wells;
In ignorance and nascence are our roots.
A growing register of innumerable calamities.
In the past’s account, the future’s book of Fate:
The centuries pile man’s follies and man’s crimes
Upon the countless crowd of Nature’s ill.
As if the world’s stone head was not enough.
A crop of miseries obstinately sown.
By his own hand in the furrows of the gods,
The vast increasing tragic harvest reaps.
From old misdeeds buried by oblivious Time.
He walks by his own choice into hell’s trap;
This mortal creature is his own worst foe.
His science is an artifice of death;
He runsacks earth for means to harm his kind;
He slays his happiness and other’s good.
Nothing he has learnt from time and its history;
Even as old in the raw youth of Time;
When earth ignorant ran on the highways of Fate,
Old forms of evil cling to the world’s soul.
War making sought the sweet soothing calm of life,
Battle and rapine, ruin and massacre.
Are still the fiercest pastimes of man’s warring tribes;
An idiot hour destroys what centuries made.
His wanton rage of frenzied hate lays waste
The beauty and greatness by his genius brought
And the mighty output of a nation’s toil.
All he has achieved he drags to the precipice.
His grandeur he turns to an epic of doom and fall;
His littleness crawls content through squalor and mud,
He calls heaven’s retribution on his head,
And wallows in his self-made misery.
A part author of the cosmic tragedy.
He will conspire with death and time and fate.
His brief appearance on the engimmed earth
Ever recur, but brings no great result.
To this wanderer through the aeons of Time
That shut his life in their vast longevity.
His soul’s wide search and ever returning hopes
Pursue the useless hermit of their course
In a vain repetition of lost toils
Across a track of soon forgotten lives.
All is an episode in a meaningless tale.
What is it all and where are we here?*
If to some being of eternal bliss
It is our spirit’s destiny to return
Or some still impervious, child of endless calm.
Since that we are and out of that we came.
Whence rose the strange and sterile interlude
Lasting in vain through incomparable Time?
Or if these being must be and their heart lives,
What need had the soul of ignorance and tears?
Whence rose the call for sorrow and for pain?
Or all came helplessly without a cause?
What power forced the immortal spirit to birth?
The eternal witness once of eternity,
There is a cloumber of battle, a tramp, a march:
A cry arises like a lowing sea,
A desperate laughter under the blows of death,
A doom of blood and sweat and toil and tears.
Men die that man may live and God be born.
An awful Silence watches tragic Time,
Pain is the hand of Nature sculpturing men
To greatness: an inspired labourer chisels
With heavenly cruelty an unwilling mould.
Implacable in the passion of their will,
Lifting the hammerers of titan's toll
The demigurges of the universe work;
They shape with giant strokes their own; their sons
Are marked with their enormous stamp of fire.
Although the shaping god's tremendous touch
Is torture unbearable to mortal nerves,
The fiery spirit grows in strength within
And feels a joy in every titan pang.
He who would save himself lives bare and calm;
He who would save the race must share its pain:
This he shall know who obeys that grandeur urge.
The great who came to save this suffering world
And rescue out of Time's shadow and the Law,
Must pass beneath the yoke of grief and pain:
They are caught by the Wheel that they had hoped to break.
On their shoulders they must bear man's load of fate.
Heaven's riches they bring, their sufferings count the price
Or they pay the gift of knowledge with their lives.
The Son of God born as the Son of man,
Has drunk the bitter cup, owned Godhead's debt,
The debt the Eternal owes to the fallen kind.
His will has bound to death and struggling life
That yearns in vain for rest and endless peace.
Now is the debt paid, wiped off the original score.
The Eternal suffers in a human form,
He has signed salvation's testament with his blood:
He has opened the doors of his unforgiving peace.
The Deity compensates the creature's claim,
The Creator bears the law of pain and death;
A retribution strikes the incorpore God.
His love has paved the mortal's road to Heaven:
He has given his life and light to balance here.
The dark account of mortal ignorance.
It is finished, the dread mysterious sacrificial,
Offered by God's martyred body for the world;
Gethsemane and Calvary are his lot,
He carries the cross on which man's soul is nailed;
His escort is the crowd of the condemned.
Insult and jeer is his right's acknowledgement;
Two thieves slain with him mock his mighty death.
He has trod with bleeding brow the Saviour's way,
He who has found his identity with God.
Pays with the body death's soul's vast light.
His knowledge immortal triumphs by his death.
Hewn, quartered on the scaffold as it falls
His crucified voice proclaims, "I, I am God."
"Yes, all is God," peals back Heaven's deathless call.
The seed of Godhead sleeps in mortal hearts,
The flower of Godhead grows on the good-tree:
All shall discover God in self and things,
But when God's messenger comes to help the world
And lead the soul of earth to higher things,
He too must carry the yoke he came to unloose;
He too must bear the pang that he would heal.
Exempt and unafflicted by earth's fate,
How shall he bear the ills he never felt?
He covers the world's agony with his calm;
But though to the outward eye no sign appears
And peace is given to our torn human hearts,
The struggle is there and paid the unseen price;
The fire, the strife, the wrestle are within.
He carries the suffering world in his own breast;
Its sins weigh on his thoughts, its grief is his.
Earth's ancient load lies heavy on his soul;
Night and its powers beleaguer his tardy steps,
The titan adversary's clutch he bears;
His march is a battle and a pilgrimage.
Life's evil smiles, he is stricken with the world's pain:
A million wounds gape in his secret heart,
He journeys sleepless through an unending night;
Ants, with fiery crowds across his path;
A siege, a combat is his inner life.
Even worse may be the cost, dire the pain:
Its large identity and all-haunting love
Shall bring the demon anguish into his heart.
The sorrow of all living things shall come
And knock at his doors and live within his house;
A dreadful cord of sympathy can tie
All suffering into his single grief and make
All agony in all the world's own
He meets an ancient adversary Force,
He is lashed with the whips that tear the world's worn heart;
The weeping of the centuries visits his eyes:
He wears the blood-gshed fiery Censur’a’s shirt.
The poison of the world has stained his throat.
In the market-place of Matter’s capital
Amidst the chatterings of the world called life
He is tied to the stake of a tournament of Fire,
He burns on an unseen original verge
That Matter may be turned to spirit stuff:
He is the victim in his own sacrifice.
The Immortal burns out his mortality
Appearing and perishng on the roads of Time
Creates God’s moment by eternity’s beats.
He dies that the world may know he lived and born.
Even if he escapes the fiercest fires,
Even if the world breaks not in, a drowning sea,
Only by hard sacrifice is high heaven earned.
He must face the fight, the fight the gods who would conquer Hell.
A dark concealed hostility is lodged
In the human depths, in the hidden heart of Time
That claims the right to change and mar God’s work.
A life that is left among the world’s march;
It leaves a mark on thought and speech and act:
It staves stamp and defeat on all things done;
Till it is slain peace is forbidden on earth.
There is no visible foe, but the unseen
Is round us, forces intangible besiege,
Touches from alien realms, thoughts not our own
Overtake us and compel the erring heart.
Our lives are caught in an ambiguous net.
An adversary Force was born of old:
Invincible of the life of mortal, it hides
From him the straight immortal path.
A power came in to veil the eternal Light,
A power opposed to the eternal will
Diverts the message of the invisible Word.
Contorts the contours of the cosmic plan:
A whisper lures to evil the human heart,
It seals up wisdom’s eyes, the soul’s regard,
It is the origin of our suffering here,
It binds earth to calamity and pain.
This all must conquer who would bring down God’s peace.
This hidden foe lived in the human breast
Man must overcome or lose his higher fate.
This is the inner war without escape.
Hard is the world-vindicator’s heavy task;
The world itself becomes his adversary,
His enemies are the beings he came to save.
This world is in love with its own ignorance;
Its darkness turns away from the savour light,
It gives the cross in payment for the crown.
His work is a trickle of splendour in a long night;
He sees the long march of Time, the little won.
A few are saved, the rest strive on and fall:
A Sun has passed, on earth’s Night’s shadow falls.
Yes, there are happy ways near to God’s sun;
But few are they who tread the sunlit path;
Only the pure in soul can walk in light.
An exit is shown, a road of hard escape
From the sorrow and the darkness and the chain.
But how shall a few escaped release the world?
The human mass lingers beneath the yoke.
Escape, however high, redeems not life,
Life that is left behind on a fallen earth.
Escape cannot uplift the abandoned race
Or bring it to victory and the reign of God.
A greater power must come, a larger light.
Although Light grows on earth and Night recedes,
Yet till the evil is slain in its own home
And Light invades the world’s inconscion base
And perished has the adversary Force,
He still must labour on, his work half done.
One yet may come armoured, invincible;
His will immobile meets the mobile hour;
The world’s blows cannot hurt that victor head;
Calm and sure are his steps in the growing Night.
The goal recedes, he hurries not his pace,
He turns not to high voices in the Night.
He asks no aid from the inferior gods;
His eyes are fixed on the immutate sim.
Man turns aside or chooses easier paths;
He keeps to the one high and difficult road
That sole can climb to the eternal’s peaks;
The ineffable planes already have felt his tread;
He has made heaven and earth his instruments,
But the limits fall from him.
The law he transcends but uses as his means.
He has seized life’s hands, he has mastered his own heart.
The fronts of Nature missed not his sight,
Indefinable his look towards Truth’s face
Fate’s deaf resistance cannot break his will.
In the dreadful passages, the fatal paths
Invulnerable his soul, his heart unlain,
He lives through the opposition of earth’s Powers
And Nature’s ambushed and the world’s attacks,
His spirit’s stature transcending pain and bliss
He fronts every knell with calm and equal eyes.
He too must grapple with the riddling Sphinx
And plunge into her long obscurity.
He has broken into the Inconscion’s depths
That veil themselves even from their own regard:
He has seen God’s slumber shape these magic worlds.
He has watched the dumb God fashioning Matter’s frame.
Dreaming the dreams of its unknowing sleep.
And watched the unconscious Force that built the stars.
He has learnt the Inconscion’s workings and its law,
Its incoherent thoughts and rigid acts,
Its hazard wastes of impulse and idea.
The chaos of its mechanical freedoms,
Its random calls, its whispers falsely true,
Misanthrope of the hooded listening soul.
All things come to its ear but nothing abides;
All rose from the silence, all goes back to its bud.
Its somnolence founded the universe,
Its obscure waking makes the world seem vain.
Arisen from Nothingness and towards Nothingness turned,
Its dark and potent nescience was earth’s start;
It is the waste stuff from which all was made:
Into its depths creation can collapse.
Its opposition clings the march of the soul,
It is the mother of our ignorance.
He must call light into its dark abysm.
Else never can Truth conquer Matter’s sleep
And all earth look into the eyes of God.
All things obscure his knowledge must reume,
All things perverse his power must unloose.
He must pass to the other shore of falsehood’s sea,
He must enter the world’s dark to bring there light.
The heart of evil must be bare to his eyes,
He must learn its cosmic dark必要,
Its right and its dire roots in Nature’s soil.
He must know the thought that moves the demon act
And justifies the Titan’s erring pride.
And the falsehood lurking in earth’s crooked dreams:
He must enter the eternity of Night
And know God’s darkness as he knows his Sun.
For this he must go down into the pit,
For this he must invoke the dolorous Vasts.
Imperishable and wise and infinite,
He still must travel Hell the world to save.
Into the eternal Light he shall emerge
On borders of the meeting of all worlds;
There on the verge of Nature’s summit steps
The secret Law of each thing is fulfilled,
All contrivances heal their long distance.
There meet and clasp the eternal opposites,
There pain becomes a violent fiery joy;
Evil turns back to its original good.
And sorrow lies upon the breasts of Bliss:
She has learnt to weep glad tears of happiness;
Her gaze is charged with a wistful ecstasy.
Then shall be ended here the Law of Pain.
Earth shall be made a home of Heaven’s light,
A sheer heaven-born shall lodge in human breasts;
The superconcentrated beam shall touch men’s eyes.
And the truth-conscious world come down to earth
Invading Matter with the Spirit’s ray
Awakening its silence to immortal thoughts.
Awakening the dumb heart to the living Word.
This mortal life shall house Eternity’s bliss,
The body’s self taste immortality.
Then shall the world-vindicator’s task be done.
Till then must life carry its seed of death.
And sorrow’s plaint be heard in the slow Night.
O mortal, bear this great world’s law of pain.
In thy hand passage through a suffering world
Lean not thy soul’s support on Heaven’s strength,
Turn towards high Truth, aspire to love and peace.
A little bliss is lent thee from above,
A touch divine upon thy human days:
Make of thy daily way a pilgrimage.
For through small joys and griefs thou movest towards God.
Baste not towards Godhead on a dangerous road,
Open not thy doorways to a nameless Power.
Climb not to Godhead by the Titan’s road.
Against the Law he pits his single will,
Across its way he throws his pride of might.
Heavenward he clambers on a stair of storms
Aspiring to live near the deathless Sun.
He strives with a giant strength to wrestle by force
From life and nature the immortality’s right;
He takes by storm the world the world-maker’s seat.
He comes not to the high world-maker’s seat,
He waits not for the outstretched hand of God
To raise him out of his mortality.
All he would make his own, leave nothing free,
Stretching his small self to cope with the infinite.
Obstructing the god's open ways he makes
His own estate of the earth's air and light;
A monarchist of the world-energy,
He dominates the life of common men.
His pain and others' pain he makes his means;
On death and suffering he builds his throne.
In the hurry and clangour of his acts of might,
In a riot of excess of fame and shame,
By his magnitudes of hate and violence
By the quaking of the world beneath his tread
He matches himself against the Eternal's calm
And feels in himself the greatness of a god:
Power is his image of celestial self.
The Titan's heart is a sea of fire and force;
He exults in the death of things and ruin and fall,
He feeds his strength with his own and others' pain;
In the world's pathos and passion he takes delight,
His pride, his might call for the struggle and pang.
He glories in the sufferings of the flesh
And covers the stigmata with the Stote's name.

His moments centre the vast universe.
He sees his little self as very God,
His little "I" has swallowed the whole world,
His ego has stretched into infinity.
His mind, a heat in original Nothingness,
Ciphers his thought on a sublime timeless Time.
He builds on a mighty vacancy of soul
A huge philosophy of Nothingness.
In him Nirvana lives and speaks and acts
Impossibly creating a universe.

An eternal zero is his formless self.
His spirit the void impersonal absolute.
Take not that stride, O growing soul of man;
Cast not thy self into that night of God.
The soul suffering is not eternity's key,
Or ransom by sorrow heaven's demand on life.
O mortal, bear, but ask not for the stroke,
Too soon will grief and anguish find thee out.
Too enormous is that venture for thy will;
Only in limits can man's strength be safe;
Yet is infinity thy spirit's god.

Its bliss is there behind the world's face of tears.
A power is in thee that thou knowest not;
Thou art a vessel of the imprisoned spark.
It seeks relief from Time's enslavement,
And while thou shun'st it in, the soul is pain:
Bliss is the Godhead's crown, eternal, free,
Unburdened by life's blind mystery of pain:
Pain is the significance of the Ignorance
Attest the secret god denied by life:
Until life finds him pain can never end.
Calm is self's victory over all delight.
Bear; thou shalt find at last thy road to bliss.
Bliss is the secret stuff of all that lives,
Even pain and grief are garbe of world-delight.
It hides behind thy sorrows and thy ways
Because thy strength is a part and not God's whole,
Because afflicted by the little self
The unconsciousness forgets to be divine
As it walks in the vague penumbras of the flesh
And cannot bear the world's tremendous touch,
Thou cruest out and sayest that there is pain.
Indifference, pain and joy, a triple dis guise,
Attire of the rapturous Dancer in the ways,
Withhold from thee the body of God's bliss.
Thy spirit's strength shall make thee one with God,
Thy agony shall change the mortal's prayer.
Indifference deepen into infinity's calm
And joy laugh nude on the peaks of the Absolute.

A mortal who completes all of death and fate,
Accurse none of the harms that he is called.
This troubled world thou hast chosen for thy home,
Thou art thyself the author of thy pain.
Once in the immortal bloom of Selves,
In a vast of Truth and Consciousness and Light
The soul looked out from its felicity,
It felt the Spirit's inerminable bliss,
It knew itself deathless, nameless, formless, one,
It saw the Eternal, lived in the Infinite.
Then, curious of a shadow thrown by Truth,
It strayed towards some other manner of self,
It was drawn to an unknown Face peering through night.
It sensed a negative infinity,
A void supernatural whose immense excess
Extends from God and everlasting Time
Offered a ground for Nature's prime birth
And Matter's rigid hard unconsciousness
Harbouring the brilliance of a transient soul
That lights up birth and death and ignorant life.
A Mind arose that stared at Nothingness
Till figures formed of what could never be;
It housed the contrary of all that is,
A Nought appeared as Being's huge sealed cause,
Its dumb support in a blank infinite,
In whose abyss, all spirit must disappear.
A darkened Nature lived and held the seed
Of Spirit hidden and feigning not to be.
The eternal Consciousness became the home
Of some unsounded already inconceivable,
One breathed no more the spirit's native air.
A stranger in the intervening universe,
Bliss was the incident of a mortal hour.
As one drawn by the grandeur of the Void,
The soul attracted leaned to the Abyss.
It longed for the adventure of Ignorance
And the marvel and surprise of the Unknown
And the endless possibility that lurked
In the womb of Chaos and in Nothing's gulf
Or looked from the unfathomled eyes of Chance.

It tired of unchanged happiness,
It turned away from immortality:
It was drawn to hazard's call and danger's charm,
It yearned to the pathos of grief, the drama of pain,
Perdition's peril, the wounded bare escape.
The music of ruin and its glamour and crash,
The savour and pity and the gamble of love
And passion and the ambiguous face of Fate.
A world of hard endeavour and difficult toil
And battle on extinction's perilous verge,
A clash of forces, a vast incertitude,
The joy of creation out of Nothingness.
Strange meetings on the roads of Ignorance
And the companionship of half-known souls
Or the solitary greatness and lonely force
Of a separate being conquering its world,
Called it from its too safe eternity.
A huge descent began, a giant fall:
For what the spirit sees, creates a truth
And what the soul imagines is made a world.
A Thought that leaped from the Timeless can become,
Indicator of cosmic consequence
And the itinerary of the gods,
A cyclic movement in eternal Time.

Thus came, born from a blind tremendous choice,
This great perplexed and discontented world,
This haunt of Ignorance, this home of Pain:
There are pitched desire's tents, grief's headquarters,
A vast disguise conceals the Eternal's bliss.

Then Aswaipathy answered 't, the seer:
"Is then the spirit ruled by an outward world?
O seer, is there no remedy within?
But what is fate if not the spirit's will
After long time fulfilled by cosmic Force?
I deemed a mighty Power had come with her;
Is not that Power the high compeer of Fate?
"But Narad answered covering truth with truth:
"O Aswaipathy, random seems the ways
Along whose banks your footsteps stray or run
In casual hours and moments of the gods,
Yet your lost stumblings are foreseen above.
Infallibly the curvets of life are drawn
Following the stream of Time through the unknown;
They are led by a clue the calm immortals keep.
This blazoned hieroglyph of prophet moon
A meaning more sublime in symbols writes
Than sealed Thought waketh to, but of this high script
How shall my voice convince the mind of earth?
Heaven's wisest love rejects the mortal's prayer;
Unblinded by the breath of his desire,
Unclouded by the mists of fear and hope,
It bends above the strife of love with death;
It keeps for her her privilege of pain.
A greatness in thy daughter's soul resides
That can transform herself and all around
But must cross the stream of suffering to its goal.
Although designed like a nectar cup of heaven,
Of heavenly ether made she sought this air
She too must share the human need of grief
And all her cause of joy transmute to pain.
The mind of mortal man is led by words,
His sight retires behind the walls of Thought
And loocks out only through half-opened doors.
He cuts the boundless Truth into sky-strips
And every strip he takes for all the heavens.
He starts at infinite Possibility
And gives to the plastic Vast the name of Chance.
He sees the long results of an all-wise Force
A blind god is not destiny's architect;  
A conscious power has drawn the plan of life,  
There is a meaning in every curve and line.  
It is an architecture high and grand  
By many named and nameless mausoleums built  
In which unseen hands obey the Unseen,  
And of its master-builders she is one.  
In the Queen, strange no more to change the secret will;  
Time's accidents are steps in its vast scheme,  
Bring not thy brief and helpless human tears  
Across the fathomless moments of a heart  
That knows thee will and God's as one;  
It can embrace its hostile destiny;  
It sits apart with grief and facing death  
Affronting adverse fate armed and alone.  
In this enormous void standing alone  
In the mightiness of her silent spirit's will,  
In the passion of her soul of sacrifice  
Her lonely strength facing the universe  
Affronting fate asks no man's help nor god's:  
Sometimes one life is charged with earth's destiny,  
It cries not for succour from the time-bound powers  
Alone she is equal to her mighty King.  
Intervene not in a strife too great for thee,  
A struggle too deep for mortal thought to sound,  
Its question to this nature's rigid bounds  
When the soul's rude of garb and name,  
Its too vast theme of a lonely mortals will  
Facing the silence of eternity.  
As a star, unaccompanied, moves in heaven  
Unastonished by the immensities of space,  
Travelling infinity by its own light,  
The great are strongest when they stand alone.  
A God-given might of being is their force,  
A ray from self's solitude of light the guide,  
The soul that can live alone with itself meets God;  
Its lonely universe is their rendezvous.  
A day may come when she must stand alone  
On a dangerous brink of the world's doom and here,  
Carrying the world's future on her lonely breast,  
Carrying the human hope in a heart left sole  
To conquer or fall on last desperate verge  
Alone with death and close to extinction's edge.  
Her single greatness in that last dire scene,  
She must cross alone a perilous bridge in Time  
And reach an apex of world's destiny  Where all is won or all is lost for man.  
In that tremendous silence lone and lost  
Of a decisive hour in the world's close  
In her soul's climbing beyond mortal time  
When she stands sole with Death or sole with God  
Apart upon a silent deserted brink.  
Alone with her self and death and destiny  
As on some verge between Time and Timelessness  
When being must end or life rebuild its base.  
Alone must she conquer or alone must die  
No human aid can reach her in that hour,  
No armoured God stand shining at her side.  
Cry not to heaven, for she alone can save.  
For this the silent Force came mending down  
In her the conscious Will took human shape  
She only can save herself and save the world.  
O queen, stand back from that stupendous scene,  
Come not between her and her hour of Fate.  
Her hour must come and none can intervene.  
Think not to turn her from her heaven-sent task,  
Strive not to save her from her own high will.  
Thou hast no place in that tremendous strife  
Thy love and longing are not arbiters there.  
Leave the world's fate and her to God's sole guard.  
Even if he seems to leave her to her fires,  
Even though all failers and falls and sees an end  
And the heart fails and only are death and night,  
God-given her strength can battle against doom  
Even on a brink where Death alone awaits  
And no human strength can hinder or can help.  
Think not to intervene with the hidden Will,  
Introduce not twixt her spirit and its heart  
But leave her to her mighty self and Fate."  
He spoke and ceased and left the earthly scene.  
Away from the strife and suffering on our globe,  
He turned toward his far-off blissful home.  
A brilliant arrow pointing straight to heaven,  
The luminous body of the eternal seer  
Assailed the purple glory of the noon  
And disappeared like a receding star.  
Vanishing into the light of the Unseen,  
But still a cry was heard in the infinite,  
And still to the listening soul on mortal earth  
A high and far imperishable voice  
Chanted the anthem of eternal love.