Chapter-IV

Human Predicament in Savitri

The epic is only the narrative presentation on its largest canvas and, at its highest elevator greatness and amplitude of spirit and speech and movement. It is some time declared that the epic is solely proper to primitive ages when the freshness of life made a story of large and simple action of supreme interest to the youthful mind of humanity. The literary epic and artificial prolongation by an intellectual age and a genuine epic poetry no longer possible now or in the future. This is to mistake form and circumstances for the central reality. The epic a great poetic story of man or world or the Gods, need not necessarily be a vigorous presentation of external action: the divinely appointed creation of Rome, the struggle of the principal of good and evil as presented in the great Indian poems the pageant of the centuries or the journey of the seer through the three worlds beyond us are as fit themes as a primitive war and adventure for the imagination of the epic creator. The epics of the soul most inwardly seen as they will be by an intuitive poetry are his great possible subject, and it is the supreme kind that we shall expect from some profound and mighty voice of the future. His indeed may me the song of greatest flight that will reveal from the highest pinnacle and with the largest field of vision the destiny of the human spirit and the presence and ways and purpose of the divinity in man and the universe.

There are people who read Sri Aurobindo seeking an answer to the seeming riddle of his extraordinary career: there are many who see in him the promise of superman, the pro pounder of Integral Yoga, the prophet of Life Divine: there are others who feel attracted to the patriot, the fiery evangelist of Nationalism: there
are others who are drawn to the teacher, the scholar, the interpreter of the Veda, the critic of life and literature: and there are many more to whom he is a man of letters in excelsis, a master of prose art, and dramatist and poet of great power and versatility.

Savitri has come to occupy special place among Sri Aurobindo’s works, which acclaimed books as The Life Divine, The Foundation of Indian Culture, The Human Cycle, Essays on the Gita and On the Veda. The Mother has called it ‘the supreme revelation of Sri Aurobindo’s vision’. Savitri cannot understand by the mind alone, no matter how well-equipped it is. It is too refined and subtle for that. There must be new extension of consciousness and aesthesis to appreciate the new kind of poetry which Savitri is. Savitri is essentially the poetry of tomorrow, what Sri Aurobindo called “Future Poetry”.

The composition of Savitri has a long history; definitely it has a history of thirty-four years, beginning with August 1916 till mid-November 1950. Sri Aurobindo completed the first draft of this poem between 1916 and 1920 and at that point in time it was a narrative poem 1637 lines long. The second phase of its composition extended from 1930 to 1945, although he seems to have taken the decision to do so after 24 November 1926 when he had a major and decisive spiritual siddhi. During this second phase, he began to consider Savitri as his major literary work. The poem started as a narrative tale picked up from the Mahabharata. It had in the beginning some eight hundred lines. Eventually it grew into a full epic and consists of twelve books running into twenty-four thousand lines. In the process it acquired the significance of a symbolic transformative legend which is also the luminous medium for presenting yogic-spiritual experiences and realizations of the Author. Several versions in the form of manuscripts and typescripts add up to about eight thousand sheets; with repeated
drafting and revisions the poem continued to grow almost till the end. Savitri in its creative intensity and universality of the theme embraces possibilities of the immense, of the deathless spirit entering deathlessly into the mortal creation; it triumphantly expresses them in it. Its triumph is in the conquest of Death, it opening the pathway of immortality for the manifestation of love, truth, beauty, joy, strength, knowledge here in this mortal world.

While this is just a broad thematic aspect of Savitri, there is another one also though much less significant,—the compositional. It arises due to the nature of the writing of the poem itself. We might say that though the first part is essentially in Sri Aurobindo own hand, later it did undergo revisions by dictation, after 1944 or so; the remaining parts were practically composed newly by dictations. Then, of course, fair copies of these dictated passages were made and typed. At every stage, when these were read out to the poet there were revisions and additions, including the stages of the final proofs coming from the press. On one occasion when a proof sheet came to check punctuation, Sri Aurobindo instead added several lines by dictation! The growth of Savitri was never monotonic, was never mathematically linear.

In a letter dated 1934 Sri Aurobindo writes: “Savitri is a work by itself unlike all the others. I made some eight or ten recasts of it originally under the old insufficient inspiration.” This remark was essentially concerned with the Savitri as it stood at that time, consisting of just a very few portions of the first part, kind of a trial version. The progress is marked in a letter written thirteen years later, in 1947; he reveals to Amal Kiran: “… I have made successive so many drafts and continual alterations till I felt that I had got the thing intended by the higher inspiration in every line and passage.” But even at this stage many Books had to be written, the Book of Yoga for instance was hardly there. About the status of his
earlier drafts, we get some idea from a letter written by him in 1936. The five Books of Part I of that time, he tells us, “will be, as I conceive them now, the Book of Birth, the Book of Quest, the Book of Love, the Book of Fate, the Book of Death. As for the second Part, I have not touched it yet. There was no climbing of planes there in the first version—rather Savitri moved through the worlds of Night, of Twilight, of Day—all of course in a spiritual sense—and ended by calling down the power of the Highest Worlds of Sachchidananda. I had no idea of what the supramental World could be like at that time, so it could not enter into the scheme. As for expressing the supramental inspiration, that is a matter of the future.” In July 1948, in a letter to Dilip Kumar Roy, he states: “Savitri is going slow, confined mainly to revision of what has already been written, and I am as yet unable to take up the completion of Part II and Part III which are not finally revised and for which a considerable amount of new matter has to be written.” The seal of “incomplete completion” was put on Savitri just before three weeks of Sri Aurobindo’s passing away on 5 December 1950 which thus marks a doubly significant event.

It is hard to imagine the complexity of the process through which the massive Savitri opus had preceded, developed, grown. The author at one stage speaks of the “chaos of manuscripts”. Draft after draft, and revision after revision, and handling of thousands of pages or sheets of various sizes have practically made now the whole sequence intractable. These drafts quite often went back and forth, to the typist, to the press, and back to the author, and the author took every opportunity to expand or revise the earlier text. Obviously, from the point of view of editing, this led to difficult situations. But that was the part of the process, and it has to be accepted as things do stand. However, one of the unfortunate results is, at
times the loss of unusually wonderful passages which should have really come in some proper place in the final text. Thus the following lines

Voices that seemed to come from unseen worlds
Uttered the syllables of the Unmanifest
And clothed the body of the mystic Word—

Lines charged with occult-spiritual power have regrettably, remained unused.

Three known distinct periods of the composition of Savitri can thus be seen. During the Arya-phase, before 1920, Savitri was a narrative poem retelling the ancient story of Savitri and Satyavan. This draft began in August 1916. The second phase was during the 1930s when Sri Aurobindo gave it an altogether different turn, making this narrative an epic. It was about this time that the Tale of Savitri became a Legend and a Symbol. There is a date bearing on the Book of Beginnings; a 110-page draft of it was completed on 6 September 1942. During the last phase, roughly six-seven years prior to his departure in 1950, enormous amount of new material was added; this was essentially by dictation. There were heavy revisions also at various stages. In fact, as late at November 1950 three new dictations belonging to Book Six, the Book of Fate, Canto Two were given. These mark absolutely the last to be added to the epic, the last line being “But leave her to her mighty self and Fate”; here Narad is admonishing Savitri’s mother not to intrude in the matter, too superhuman for human comprehension. He is almost assuring that Savitri with her mighty self and with the God-given strength will undeniably meet the challenge of Fate. Earlier, the long and futuristic Book Eleven, The Book of Everlasting Day, was almost entirely done by dictation. About these dictations Nirodbaran says: “I am now amazed to see that so many
lines could have been dictated day after day, like The Book of Everlasting Day.” he also speaks of the “colossal labour” Sri Aurobindo had put into Savitri.

The word "Savitri" is derived from the word "Savitru" which in its turn is derived from the root "su"—"to give birth to". The word "Soma" which indicates an "exhilarating drink", symbolizing spiritual ecstasy or delight, is also derived from the same root "su". It links therefore the creation and the delight of creation. Savitru, therefore, means the Divine Creator, One who gives birth to, or brings forth from himself into existence, the creation. In the Veda, Savita is the God of illumination, the God of creation. Savitri as a character marks her presence in the epic but it is notable that her character is painted four times as a human being in the entire epic. She is the daughter of the King Ashvapaty. It is a great victory of the poet that having divine quality in Savitri he has very successfully presented the character of Savitri as ordinary human being seems living ordinary life outwardly. But it is the poetic genius of Sri Aurobindo that he has used the myth from Mahabharata as a symbol and legend and gave the shape to the epic Savitri.

Aswapathy, the father of Savitri, has been significantly called by the poet "the Lord of Life", (Book II, Canto XV). The name suggests an affinity to Vedic symbolism. In the Veda, Aswa, the horse, is the symbol of life-energy or vital power. Aswa+paty, Lord, would mean the "Lord of Life". In the poem King Aswapathy is the symbol of the aspiring soul of man as manifested in life on earth.

Dyumatsen was living in exile because his enemies had taken advantage of his blindness and driven him out of his kingdom

Satyavan The young prince was brave, intelligent, generous, forgiving.

Yama is the god of Death
Some readers have found it difficult to follow the time-sequence in the arrangement of Books and Cantos of *Savitri*. Really speaking, there is no discrepancy in the time-sequence because the story in the symbol follows the same course as the story in the legend. Only, the poet of the epic has made a rearrangement of the subject matter in his presentation. The poem has definitely gained in its power of gripping the attention of the reader. The poem opens with the Symbol-Dawn that simultaneously ushers in the outbreak of the Spirit in Matter as that of the Sun from the dark Night. We see here Savitri face to face with the crucial problem of her life, the death of Satyavan. We see her face to face with Earth, Love and Doom, with universal pain in her heart gathering her calm and supreme strength to meet the forces of Nescience concentrated in the God of Death. The second Canto gives us a picture of Savitri’s own inner workings before she faces the supreme test of her human life. The remaining Cantos of the first Book (III, IV and V), take us back to Aswapathy before the birth of Savitri. After the first two Cantos the poet goes back upon the story to connect it up with the central incident by creating the vast background of Aswapathy’s inner life, its struggles, its achievements and the circumstances under which the birth of Savitri becomes possible. The results of his individual sadhana lead him to the knowledge of the planes of being, the levels of consciousness, below and above the human range. Having completed his ascension almost to the top of the created cosmos, he is led to supra-cosmic planes and worlds whence he descends back to the earth with a command to pursue his labour for the spiritual perfection of mankind and a promise of help of the supreme Grace that would ultimately solve the problem of man and achieve the victory for the Divine. This cosmic and supra-cosmic voyage occupies Books II and III.
Book IV brings us to the birth of Savitri, her growth and her going out to choose the partner of her life. Book V, the Book of Love, deals with her meeting Satyavan, their falling in love with each other, and her promise to return to him after once going back to her father. Book VI, the Book of Fate, describes the meeting between Savitri, her parents and Narad when Satyavan's fate and Savitri's choice are affirmed. Savitri returns to Satyavan and the story goes up to their marriage, one year's married life and the death of Satyavan.

So, when Book VII, the Book of Eternal Night, opens, the day that dawns in the first Canto of the first Book has arrived and we have to resume the thread of the story from the seventh Book onward as if it were passing in consciousness, and not on earth. For, when Yama, the God of Death, has taken Satyavan, Time has already ceased to be. Again, when Savitri and Satyavan, free from Death, rise to the Higher Consciousness, it is also the realm of the Eternal Day where human time does not exist. So, when they both return to the earth to begin their Divine Work, the day that dawned in the first Canto of the first Book has hardly ended. Perhaps they resume their work even on earth in the presence of the Eternal Day. So far as the time-sequence of the story is concerned, it is perfectly understandable.

Sri Aurobindo’s Savitri is an epic poem of high spiritual challenge in the Yoga or Divine Union or Goal of Self-Realisation it presents. Its spiritual conception is so all-embracing, so integral that it gives birth to a power which transforms life on earth to a life of divine activity rather than leading to an escape from life. The epic is a mantric expression of this great Seer-sage’s inner findings and conquests, leading to his vision of an age of truth-consciousness and immortality. It portrays in living drama the daring climb within of a king-soul through progressive states of consciousness to Nirvanic heights and beyond to summits never reached before. The poet reveals how at meditation’s peaks at one
with God, where many cease their search, he becomes aware of a Presence, God’s Consciousness, Power and Bliss, which he calls the Divine Mother. He relates how this Creatrix of boundless Love and Wisdom-Splendor comes down to transform Darkness into Light, the Unreal into the Real, and Death into Immortality.

Savitri has an Indian legendary background. But this background is merely the starting point for the poet’s inspiration and the reader is not expected to know all the details of the original legend. But as some acquaintance with the legend may help the reader to enter into the spirit of the poem a short account of the legend is given here. The story woven in this epic is based upon the Mahābhārata (Aranyak Parva, Ch. 248). The story of “Love Conquers Death” is made the basic symbol of this mystic scripture of “Divine Life on Earth”. The legend tells of the noble and virtuous King Aswapati performing all kinds of austerities in order that God might be pleased and grant him a child to uphold his kingdom. After 18 years the goddess Savitri, wife of the Divine Creator, issues forth from the sacrificial flames and promises the king a radiantly spiritual daughter to spring from her own being.

The child is born and is named Savitri. She grows up “like unto the Goddess of Beauty” herself in embodied form and is blessed with godlike qualities. When she reaches maturity, kings and princes, overwhelmed by her divine character, dare not ask her hand. So her father sends her forth to seek her own lord. Her heart finds Satyavan, the faithful son of Raja Dyumatsena, a blind and exiled king who lives in a forest hermitage.

When Savitri comes to declare her love to her father, she finds him in a conversation with Narada, the great heavenly sage. When Narada hears Savitri’s words, he warns that Satyavan, though gifted with all high qualities and honor constant as the Pole Star, is destined to die in a year. The parents try to convince
their daughter to choose another, but it is ineffective. Narada advises the father, however, to allow Savitri to marry Satyavan. So the princess is married and lives a simple, quiet life in the forest. She pleases all with her tender service, self-denial, evenness of temper, her skill and gentle speech and her love for Satyavan.

But night and day Narada’s prophetic words are present in her mind, but she speaks of them to no one. When the appointed day for Satyavan’s death approaches, Savitri fasts and prays, and on the fated day she begs permission to follow her husband into the forest in order to see the blossoming woods through which he passes daily. Never having petitioned anything previous to this day, she is granted her request stand soon comes to where he stops to cut wood for the home fire.

After a few strokes, Satyavan falls smitten with pain and Savitri, stricken with grief, sits and holds his head in her lap. Suddenly she beholds Yama the God of Death, standing before her with noose in hand. She rises and asks why he had come himself instead of sending one of his emissaries as was his custom. Yama tells her that this prince is endowed with such a sea of virtue and accomplishment and beauty that he is too worthy to be borne away by anyone but the God of Death himself. Then Yama takes the soul of Satyavan and proceeds southward. Savitri, undaunted, follows him. Time and again Yama turns to stop her, but with wise and appealing words, she moves him to grant one boon after another, save the life within his hand. Still she continues to follow him, right into his dark cave, until finally her devotion and unparalleled love and wisdom move Yama to return the soul of Satyavan. Savitri hastens to the woods where her lord’s body lay and woos the soul back into consciousness, and together they return to their home, and all the boons promised by Yama are fulfilled.
Adapting this legend as a symbol for a great living spiritual experience, Sri Aurobindo changes King Aswapathy’s sacrificial asceticism into the Tapasya, or conscious spiritualization, of an aspiring soul of humanity. Savitri is not only the incarnation of a goddess, but Divine Grace born in answer to Aswapathy’s longing for help in bringing some living form of God on earth to relieve it of its burden of inconscience. The marriage of Savitri and Satyavan is the divine linking of their lives for the raising of the world and man to God and the bringing of God to earth to transform it into an abode of Divine Delight.

Sri Aurobindo first gives a panoramic vision of the character and might events of the momentous day of Divine Conquest (book 1, canto 1). Dramatically he opens the epic with a description of the dawn of the day destined for Satyavan’s death and makes it the symbol of the dawn of the spiritual tomorrow which is to usher in an age of Truth-Consciousness and immortality. How this wondrous dawn appears to humans with “time-born eyes” and how it affects Savitri awaiting her mighty struggle with Death is compared. Telling verses give the key to the source of Savitri’s power to rise above her lone grief and the thoughts oppressing her mind. Her godlike character and sensitive nature are set forth and reveal the source of her power and will in the battle of Death.

As the significant day of death arrives (canto 2), Savitri is pictured preparing within, struggling with the burdens of her karmic past, seeking the aid of her will born of Self to help her disown the trials and legacy of past selves which were “a block on the immortal road”. As she reviews her past, we hear the radiant prologue to this day, her twelve months’ life in the secluded beauty of the woodlands where there was “deep room for thoughts of God”.

Striking verses tell of how, when faced with the death of Satyavan, her heart stood “in the way of the driving wheels” of the “engines of the universe”, how she kindled her divine strength, how pain assailed her divinest elements, and how the truth of her divinity “broke in a triumph of fire” and empowered her to smite “Death’s dumb absolute” and “burst the bounds of consciousness and Time”.

After this survey of the mighty moments of the epic, the poet takes up the sequence of events (canto 3) in accordance with the original legend, commencing with a description of the spiritual steps taken by Aswapthy for his soul’s release. We learn how through inner concentration and a steady will he kept his consciousness in his supernature and is helped in turning “his frail mud-engine to heaven-use”. To free he from ego and its finiteness, from mind’s limits and “the lines of safety reason draws” are his task. What a conscious sleep brings once one is no more drugged by Matter, what powers develop are part of the spiritual romance related.

Then we are told how “these wide-poised upliftings” whose peace the “restless nether members tire of” are made to endure, how the spirit’s power gradually transforms the darker parts of man’s being, even the body’s cells, and makes them feel the need and will to change in order that “this immense creation’s purpose may not fail”. What he must check crowding through mind’s gates under “forged signatures of the gods”, what the silences of his being reveal, and what priceless riches he finds in the deep subconscient as his being becomes transfigured are all here described.

The secret knowledge (canto 4) follows, giving out the grandiose meaning of our lives, the story of the climb of the god-spark through the kingdom of the earth to Godhead, how the Spirit-guardians of the Silence of the Truth work in the
vicissitudes of our lives, what the true sources of our beings are, who the cosmic managers are, and how the secret God within makes himself felt in our lives. But still unexplained problems make Aswapathy plunge into “unplumbed infinitudes” in order to find the key to what could join Spirit and Matter, join “what is now parted, opposed and twain” and fulfill the Oneness that was the stamp of Being.

So Awapathy moves (canto 5) into the freedom and greatness of his Spirit, dares “to live when breath and thought were still” and steps into the magic place where all is elf-known, where the riddle of the world grew plain and “lost its catch obscure”. In magnificent poetry we follow him as he rises, leaving earth-nature’s summits below his feet. We are made to feel the ecstasy, might and sweetness of God’s mystic power, as he is drawn from his loneliness into God’s embrace.

As he climbs, his eye uncovers a series of graded kingdoms twixt life’s poles through whose “organ scale of consciousness” soul’s move. Up this stairway of worlds he starts and enters into another space and time. With Aswapathy, we travel (book 2, canto 1) and become acquainted with the nature of these spheres and their godheads. Here Sri Aurobindo unveils occult cosmogony in grandiose and vibrant detail in a clarity of language that only direct experience can utter. To read of these inner states of ours, also the pattern of the universe to be seen within, below, without, above, is to understand ourselves more fully.

Aswapathy crosses out of this gross material world into a subtle material existence where the patterns of our forms are found: then into planes of pure life-force, where in the lower regions, “an unhappy corner of eternity”, the little cravings of earth’s beings and a motley mass of lower vital creatures abound; while in its higher regions live the higher emotions, desires, and aspirations, where unattained ideas are beings and kings. Then lower into the dangerous nether
regions of nescience with its brood of hate and selfishness along with this explorer we go to find the causes of the failure of the desire-worlds to fulfill themselves. There we see the twists of Nature. Further below into Hell we penetrate with this warrior-adventurer who keeps “a prayer upon his lips” and the great “Name” to protect him from its terrors and demoniacal creatures. What scenes of horror and yet grim majesty are portrayed! Even to the hidden heart of Night, the absolute denial of Truth and Being, this spirit-soul dives, where the “hypocrite blooms”, a “spiritless hollow”, a home of the dark Powers, “a studio of creative Death” and a dire place to torture. Passing through the suffering of its blackest pit, while “treasuring between his hands his flickering soul”, Aswapathy discovers that the highest secrets are locked in these abysmal depths.

Then up into the paradises of the Gods of Life and Hope we are made to feel the sweetness and joys of this state. But this too he quickly leaves, journeying on to find something higher, that which makes all One; for to remain within the limits of Desire’s satisfactions delays the discoveries of that Immortal One who gives all one could desire and more. The kingdoms and godheads of the little Mind show him their ceaseless analytical workings, and we are introduced to the three dwarfs of mind: habit, desire, and reason. Then into the more luminous planes of Greater Mind, where few are guests, he enters and finds there a plane which God uses as a bridge to send his forms of Truth to man. Inspiring are the lines outlining what could be ours if we opened the gates leading to this shining corridor of Mind.

Next Aswapathy ascends to the blissful heavens of the Ideal, the home of the source of our spiritual longings where from we hear “the flutings of the Infinite” which rouse the soul from its depths. From this beautiful realm where mind’s radiant flower-children dwell, he enters into the Silence where the Self of Mind, the witness-Lord of Nature has his secret base. Aswapathy watches the motive-
thoughts of this Thinker, but this firmament of abstract thought he observes is a Finder only, but not a Knower or a Lover.

Seeking for an escape from these limits, the king-soul goes through a brilliant opening carried by a mysterious sound into the Soul of the World. Here the poet describes the universal harmonies, sympathies, and wisdom of this Cosmic Consciousness, home of souls in spiritual sleep between lives on earth. We learn how souls plan there in this “fashioning chamber of the Worlds” the adventures of their new lives. The watching eye of this spiritual traveller sees there his own soul, and now soul-conscious, becomes aware of the “Two-in-One”, the Cosmic Father-Mother absorbed in deep creative joy, and learns of their works and powers. In awe, he falls before this unveiled Goddess, knowing he is nearing the heart of things. Now our hero-soul steps into a realm of boundless silence “where all are different and all are one”. The plenitudes of Wisdom found there are spread before us.

Next (book 3) on creation’s heights this tireless seeker arrives where only a formless Form of Self is left. There appears the Godhead of the whole with “his feet firm-based on Life’s stupendous wings.” the utter aloneness, stillness, and inscrutability of This God with diamond gaze rejecting from itself world and soul is powerfully set forth. Still, this “Consciousness of unheard bliss” did not satisfy him. He sought in this absolute silence “the Absolute Power”, for he knew that a huge extinction is not the crown of the Self’s mission or the Self’s power, or the meaning of this great mysterious world. Verses of challenge ring forth to the soul who mighty seeks the end of his being in Nirvana.

Passages pregnant with deep meaning then flow forth from the poet as he narrates the drawing near of the Divine Presence behind the Godhead, that
luminous heart which Aswapathy has been yearning for with the passion of his soul. Here was the Glory of God, the Divine Mother of all. Soul-stirring is his prayer to the Mighty Mother after having torn up “desire from its bleeding roots and offered to the gods the vacant place.” The poet depicts the transformation that comes over Aswapathy as his heart meets the Divine Mother and describes the vision that comes to him of the New Creation to dawn on earth, bringing with it a harmony of all contraries. Splendid and prophetic passages! Suddenly the Divine Mother rises in him and speaks in his hearts’ chambers, warning him not to awake too soon the immeasurable descent, and revealing her miraculous powers. But Aswapathy, who has now be held this wondrous Mother, pleads with a heart grown vibrant with love for all: “Incarnate the white passion of thy Force” (book 4). The beauteous Immortal’s consent and her promise to come down to earth is one of the lofty mantric passages of the epic. So to change Nature’s doom Savitri is born. Exquisite poetry recounts her childhood, the gradual growth of the Flame within her, the call to her divine quest and the meeting of the two young lovers (book 9).

Then we hear Narada (book 6), the heavenly sage, not only announcing to Aswapathy, Savitri’s father, the fated death of Satyavan, but giving out with singular force the laws and ways of Karma, fate, pain, and the mystery of why great souls suffer. Like the despondency of Arjuna in the Bhagavad Gita, the ordeal of the foreknowledge of Satyavan’s death and heart’s grief are shown to be the beginning of Savitri’s yoga (book 7), her union with God. With the poet we watch he struggles with forces of indifference and inertia, and with the senses, desire and the restless brain, against truth mixed with poison, and against weakness of heart. The strong charge of her soul in response to her command—“Speak to my depths, O great and deathless Voice, for I am here to do thy will”—is the spiritual charge for every soul seeking to serve the Divine and conquer Darkness.
Next we are given a picture of what Savitri sees when she looks into herself and seeks her soul. Closing the door to the God within are serpents of temptations of all kinds, limitations luring to the easier paths of the all-negating absolute, to escape from the battle with life and to Nirvana. How she answers these and pushes them away is told. On seeking the occult Fire within, three Soul-Forces appear: the Mother of Divine Pity, the Mother of Might, and the Mother of her Secret Soul. Each relates her various forms and work in the world. Finally the poet chants Savitri’s finding of her Secret Deity.

But soon the portentous yet promising day of Satyavan’s death (book 8) arrives, and it is portrayed in verses of poetic pathos. At the moment of death (book 9), Savitri enters the mystic lotus in her head, “a thousand-petalled home of power and light”, and rises to meet the dreadful God, the limitless denial of all being. The two oppose each other, Woman and Universal God of Death. The poem shows Satyavan moving with Death into the silence beyond and Savitri casting off her sheaths and entering into the trance of her soul in order to stay with Satyavan. At the brink of the shadow world, Death peals forth his abysmal cry ordering her to go back. But silent, she dares enter into the Eternal Night with them. Death warns her to go no further and depicts his home of dark immensity and the helplessness of all in his power. After his ruthless speech, Savitri answers what to her is a black lie of Night and declares her spirit’s power can resist him and then demands and challenges Death to give what Satyavan desired in his life for his parents. Death smilingly yields, but demands she return to earth lest she be destroyed. But Savitri boldly states her powers, which, like fire, can destroy him. Death in mocking verses cries out that he is the Originator and Destroyer of all. Savitri then meets scorn with scorn and in dynamic poetry proclaims the wondrous might of her
God’s will and Love. Death refutes all her statements, claiming his Power can deny them all, make all things vain.

Savitri’s soul continues to wrestle with Death and to ridicule his words of Reason. Death challenges her to seek to know, for knowledge kills love. Quickly comes her response that Nature of Love gives birth to knowledge. Drifting along with them as they move into the Land of Nought (book 10), we hear the debate continue, hear them pit all the contraries of life against each other, and we hear from Savitri the very reason of Death’s existence. Death peals forth a long proclamation of how he cancels all life’s golden truths. To his dangerous music this warrior-maiden gives a picture what her God of Love has done and will yet accomplish, and dares Death to produce a greater God to captivate her soul. Death sneeringly interprets her words as hallucinations of the mind and gives an oration on the deceptions of mind and raises Unconsciousness as the pinnacle of all. Savitri answers in Death’s own words, calling him the dark-browed sophist of the universe making divinity with his dance of death. She sings forth in glorious poetry the occult miracle of God’s wonders from a tiny seed; and then again in lines of majestic power speaks of her assured triumph, of her love as stronger than his bonds of death.

The Dark King still trying to discourage her, ironically speaks of her fantasy of Truth, says that Truth is hard as stone. Back and forth sparkle the words of the debate. Death uses subtle reason and arms himself with all man’s faltering searches, his limiting spiritual goals, and exaggerated and imperfect understanding of Truth to prove the futility of God’s power, but Savitri, delivered of twilight thoughts, with a heart of Truth, answers his lures. Here Savitri chants lyrics of Natures miracles, of the wonders of the Infinite and of the limitless powers of a soul integrally surrendered to god.
Death, suspecting her to be the Mother of the Gods embodied, challenges her to show a body of living Truth, for has matter ever been able to hold Truth? Savitri tells Death who he really is and warns him he will cease to be when he touches the embodied Truth Supreme, and then reveals her being all one with God. Death, still unconvinced, makes his last stand in support of his blind force and dares Savitri to reveal the Power of the Divine, for many have Truth, but who has the Power to radiate it? Then is given a picture of Savitri as she becomes transformed into a divine being with all her chakras or lotuses of Power scintillating. The most powerful speech of all follows, and Savitri exhibits her living Power of Truth and proves that death is needed no more. Death is shown gradually vanishing and finally defeated, eaten by light.

In the silences of the beyond (book 11), Savitri and Satyavan were alone. Into the avenues of the Spirit they roam happily. But even there voices rise enticing them to come to a blissful home away from the battles of life, but Savitri again meets the test of strength. With sun-words she replies that she was born on earth to dare the impossible, that imperfect is the joy not shared by all. Then God, knowing Savitri now to be absolutely at one with his diamond Heart, rings forth the final joyous paean of the divine transformation that shall be on earth and sends Savitri as his Power and Satyavan as his Soul back to earth to change this earthly life into a life divine.

Savitri falls to earth like a star (book 12) and Satyavan invisibly drawn, soars past her. They reunite on earth and the epic closes unveiling the age-long secret deep-guarded in the stillness—the promise of a greater dawn.

We have seen here the brief of the poem Savitri. Were we come to know about the plot and theme of the epic along with it we have discussed Savitri as an
epic poetry. Now the time for to examine human predicament in Savitri and in this epic it is very easy to study as the one separate book is given in the epic entitled the book of fate. From this book up to book eleven the struggle of Savitri against her Fate and Death is described very beautifully. It is a love’s victory over Death and Fate.

Narada, the sage, from Paradise came chanting through the air "bordering the mortal's plane". He came attracted by the golden summer-earth that lay like a bowl "tilted upon a table of the Gods". He came from happy paths of the immortals "to a world of toil and quest and grief and hope", of death and life. From Mind he passed to Matter. He passed through a sea of ether and then through "primal air", from there he went through the "creative fire" and saw its triple power "to build and form". "He beheld the cosmic Being at his task" and "the eternal labour of the Gods".

Then a change of mood came over Narada:

"A rapture and a pathos moved his voice". Until now his theme was adoration of the Supreme. But now he did not sing "of light that never wanes", of unity of being, "everlasting bliss", and "deathless love". He sang of Ignorance and Fate. "He sang the Inconscient and its secret self" working blindly and yet bringing definite results. He chanted of the "darkness yearning towards the eternal Light".

And Love that broods within the dim abyss ||106.9||

He sang of the Truth that cries from Night’s blind deeps, ||106.10||

And

He sang of the glory and marvel still to be born, ||106.11||
Narada, who had conquered the immortal's seat "came down to men on earth, the Man divine". He came down like lightning "where arose King Aswapathy's palace to the winds."

He was welcomed by the King and Queen. For one hour they talked while Narada spoke of "the toils of men and what the gods strive for", "the marvel and mystery of pain". "He sang to them of the lotus-heart of love" which "sleeps veiled by apparent things". One day that love will bloom "in the garden of the Spouse", "when she is seized by her discovered lord."

Even as he was singing Savitri arrived and "her radiant tread glimmered across the floor". She was not the same Savitri now, she was changed by the halo of Love like

One carrying the sanction of the gods
To her love and its luminous eternity

Savitri noticed the presence of Narada with his "fiery sweetness Narada flung "on her his vast immortal look".

The speech of Narada here is one of the rarest poetical passages in world's literature. It has chiselled classicism of the Greeks, and romanticism rarely equalled in its exuberance and intensity and colour. And yet it is convincingly real. It is the yogic vision revealing a picture of absolute Beauty perceived impersonally and yet with an intensity not possible to a personal view. It is rich, it throbs with life, and is overflowing with delight. Beauty is revealed here in its most impersonal and universal aspect, in its utmost intensity. This once for all shatters the current notion that yogic consciousness is divorced from a sense and perception of Beauty.
Narada says: "Who is this that comes, the bride, the flame-born" with lights flashing about her? "From what green glimmer of glades, bringest thou this glory of enchanted eyes"? There are in Nature expanses, hills and woods where felicity reigns undisturbed. "There hast thou paused", "thou hast not drunk from an earthly cup" but hast wandered through "brighter countries than man's eyes can bear". Thou hast been in the Gandhamadan mountain sporting divinely, "and in god-haunts thy human footsteps strayed, Thy mortal bosom quivered with god-speech." And what kind of divine melody "still surprised thou hearest?"

The empty roses of thy hands are filled
Only with their own beauty and the thrill
Of a remembered clasp ||106.31||

Thus Narada discerns in his yogic vision the truth of Savitri experience and expresses it in terms of exquisite beauty.

Then he sees another aspect: "Thou hast not spoken with the kings of pain", never known pain. Thou seemest always to feel life like music, like a song,—harmonious, rapid, grand. "Thou livest in thy inner bliss" undisturbed by pain. Thou art like a silver deer "O ruby-eyed and snow-winged dove!", flitting in the unwounded beauty of thy soul. Thou hast come to this world "where hardly love and beauty can live safe"—"Thyself a being dangerously great". Thou hast lived safe in thy dreams "leaving doom asleep" and thou couldst have a very happy earthly life "if for all time doom could be left to sleep".

Narada "spoke but held his knowledge back from words". But in the non-committal words of Narada Aswapathy had "marked the dubious close" and "an ominous shadow felt behind his words". So he answered him with guarded speech: from what you say I am led to believe that Savitri would have a god-like life as she
has divine elements in her inner being. In this world hardly a being is able to keep up the heavenly note, the joy and the light. "Behold this image cast by light and love

..... a pillared ripple of gold! [106.48]

Her body like a brimmed pitcher of delight [106.49]

Dream-made illumined mirrors are her eyes [106.50]

Even as her body, such is she within, [106.51]

Then he requested Narada to give his blessings so that Savitri's joy would last and pain would not throw its bronze note in her days: behold her and give her your blessings that this fair child shall pour nectar of a sorrowless life around her and "heal with her bliss the tired breast of earth". Her dawns are "like jewelled leaves of light; so casts she her felicity on men." He said "Doom surely will see her pass and say no word". But such a good fortune is rare in human life, the Mother of the World is careless and the fire of suffering tests even great souls. He at last requested Narada: "Once let unwounded pass a mortal life."

"But Narada answered not; silent he sat". He evaded answering and diverted the topic by asking: On what high mission did Savitri go? Aswapathy replied: She had gone to "find her lord": Then he turned to Savitri and asked:

Virgin who comest perfected by joy, [106.70]

Whom hast thou chosen kingliest among men?" [106.71]

Savitri calmly replied

The son of Dyumathsena, Satyavan
I have met on the wild forest’s lonely verge. [106.74]
My father, I have chosen. This is done.”

The king saw a heavy shadow float above the name but it was chased by a sudden and stupendous Light. He approved of her choice saying it would all end well, whether good or evil in appearance ultimately the Good would triumph. Through contraries of Nature we draw near to God. Then Narada might have spoken but the King intervened and asked him not to give "the dire ordeal that foreknowledge brings". Men are not like the Gods; their life is full of trials and difficulties. "To light one step in front is all his hope." If thou canst loose her grip—the grip of Fate—then only speak.

But "Narada answered not the king".

Now the queen raised her voice: As your arrival coincides with the chance of a happy married life

Then let the speech benign of griefless spheres
Confirm this blithe conjunction of two stars

There is no reason for not rejoicing nor any for inviting fear. Bless their union and push away the ominous shadow from their days. Man is already a frail being, his heart "dares not be too happy upon earth". If you really think that their union is doomed to suffer "then also speak", so that "we may turn aside" and rescue our lives from it.

Narada answered: what help can foreknowledge render to men who are driven by Fate? "Safe doors cry opening near" but "the doomed pass on"—they do not see the doors of escape. The knowledge of the future to such ignorant men "is an added pain". Fate has fixed everything. Man is an unconscious being, he moves compelled by forces he does not know.
None can refuse what the stark Force demands,
No cry or prayer can turn her from her path, [106.105][[106.105]]

Narada spoke as one who knows not grief.

The queen—"as a common man beneath the load...breathes his pain",—spoke in ignorant words: what doom took the form of Satyavan and attracted Savitri? Is he an enemy from the past? "The gods make use of our forgotten deeds". Man himself is the creator of his doom—it is love that makes him suffer the most. There are other elements that compel us to suffer; our own sympathy increases the range of our suffering—"our sympathies become our tortures". I am able to bear my own suffering, but the suffering of others gives me unbearable pain.

We are not as the gods who know not grief [106.120][[106.120]]

We keep the ache of breasts that breathe no more, [106.121][[106.121]]

We have sorrow for a greatness passed away
And feel the touch of tears in mortal things. [106.123][[106.123]]

She requested Narada to speak out, if there was the doom; suspense is worse than suffering. "To know is best, however hard to bear".

Then Narada spoke setting free destiny in that hour, "piercing the mother's heart", "forcing to steel the will of Savitri." Satyavan whom Savitri has chosen is marvellous,

His figure is the front of Nature’s march,
His single being excels the works of Time. [106.133][[106.133]]

He is
A living knot of golden Paradise,
A star of splendour or a rose of bliss. [[106.137]]

In him Soul and Nature are perfectly balanced. There is in him an aspiration for the immortal's air. He is a "godhead quarried from the stones of life."

But there is an adverse Fate,

Twelve swift-winged months are given to him and her;
This day returning Satyavan must die.” [[106.146]]

The queen then complained to Narada that the Grace of Heaven, in that case, would be in vain. If the Divine showers grace with one hand and smites the human being with the other then I would reject both of them.

She then addressed Savitri: Go forth, O Savitri! and "choose once again". Do not plead that you have made a choice "for death has made it vain."

Savitri calmly but firmly replied:

“**Once my heart chose and chooses not again.** [[106.157]]

It is like a Truth once uttered which always remains and "sounds immortally" "in the memory of Time."

**My heart has sealed its troth to Satyavan:**
**Its seal not Fate nor Death nor Time dissolve.** [[106.161]]

Fate’s law may change, but not my spirit’s will.” [[106.165]]

But the queen thought that Savitri was ignorantly denying every avenue of escape and fixing her own doom. She said to Savitri "O child, in the magnificence of thy soul" "thou lendest eternity to a mortal hope". In this world that is constantly
changing there is no lover and no friend. Everything in life is passing. Someone comes into our life, plays his part and departs. But nothing really happens to our souls; they join and separate according to the need of the great Dancer. Man has only the capacity to call; he can only aspire for "an unseized bliss." But when he attains the bliss, when the hope is fulfilled the charm melts away, the heavenly music ceases. Would you follow the uncontrolled passion of your mood and defy the Law? "Only the gods can speak what now thou speakest". But thou art human, "think not like a god." Calm reason alone must be your guide, neither the furious march of the giant to capture heaven, nor the fall into the abyss of Hell is proper to the human being. "The middle path is made for thinking man." Love can be eternal not on earth but only on the higher levels of being. In life one has to march slowly towards timeless peace.

But Savitri replied:

“My will is part of the eternal will,
My strength is not the titan’s, it is God’s. [106.190]

My spirit has glimpsed the glory for which it came, [106.193]

I will have joy only in union with Satyavan.

Compared to that joy "the riches of a thousand fortunate years, are a poverty".

I shall walk with him like gods in Paradise. [106.197]

If for a year, that year is all my life [106.198]

... I know now why my spirit came on earth
And who I am and who he is I love. [106.199]
I have looked at him from my immortal Self,
I have seen God smile at me in Satyavan;
I have seen the Eternal in a human face.” ||106.200||

After that none could say anything:

Silent they sat and looked into the eyes of Fate. ||106.201||

The great problem "why pain at all in a world created by God" is represented here in the actual situation of life, and Narada, the Man divine, answers these questions and suggests correct attitude to be taken with regards to pain. The presence of Ignorance and pain can no more keep out the possibility of man attaining knowledge and delight than the existence of night prove that the sun does not exist. The divine Presence is behind the outer appearances, it is behind each one's heart. Through chequered experiences of life—of pleasure and pain—man marches towards the birth of divinity in life.

Even world-saviours have to suffer pain in order to help mankind. The reason is that there is an adversary Force which opposes any move towards Light. Escape from the world of pain would not solve the problem. The Light must descend into the Inconscient which is the basis of Ignorance and therefore of pain.

Such a world-saviour may come and he would bring the Light down into the Inconscient and then only the law of Pain will end.

Pain and suffering help men to grow towards God. They have their divine utility in the scheme of life. Man should patiently bear pain if it comes but he should not invite it.
Also he should follow the way of ordinary Nature which takes him through
joy and sorrow—and not follow the Titan's way which is dangerous.

Rightly seen pain, joy and indifference are only garbs of universal Delight.

As to the origin of pain: Man himself has created his pain. The original
Absolute Consciousness felt attracted by a negative Absolute and so the descent
came, then duality and the world was created.

Aswapathy then asks whether the divine Power that is in Savitri is capable of
controlling Fate. Narada says that with the higher Truth everything that happens
here on earth is foreseen. Man sees with his limited Mind and therefore cannot see.
It is true Satyavan must die; but death is not the end. The Fate of the Spirit is not
the events but the goal and the path he chooses. The Fate of the Spirit is to march
from Matter to Spirit. Many great spirits have worked at this goal and of these
Savitri is a master builder.

Then Narada asked the Queen not to interfere with Savitri's decision, nor to
take it in the ordinary human way. It is an issue too big for such human feelings
and should be left to God. So saying Narada disappeared.

In the previous Canto Narada's word of Fate seemed to fix the doom of
Satyavan and Savitri affirmed her choice: two affirmations stand opposing each
other: Fate on one side, the soul's divine choice on the other. But the Fate is not
unchallenged by the world; one voice, over and above Savitri's soul, from the
silence "questioned changeless destiny." It is the queen who felt the leaden,
inevitable hand of Fate and her quietude was disturbed. She became, for the time
being, the voice of human grief: "She bore the common lot of men," "Passionate
like sorrow questioning heaven" she spoke. She brought in her utterance the full
burden of suffering that is in the world's dumb heart: "By what pitiless adverse
Necessity", "by what random accident or governed Chance", came "the dire mystery of grief and pain?" Is God who created the world, cruel? or is there some antidivine power that thwarts the work of God? How did this duality, these pairs of opposites,—pleasure and pain, good and evil etc.,—gain first entry into human life? The animals though inferior to men have a frank simplicity and are not subject to this kind of suffering. But man has lost the instinct, has twisted his being and created duality and is subject to suffering. The very birth of man is "in pain and with a cry". Even though birth of life is welcomed by earth, still life on earth is precarious. Our very bodies are an engine cunningly made and superior in many ways but the body is at the same time very vulnerable. Diseases, "purveyors of death and torturers of life", enter the body and we, human beings, "make our own enemies our guests". Even his mind which is free from physical ailments, "suffers lamed by the world's disharmony".

And the unloveliness of human things. ||107.24||

Man is like a "fort besieged", "a marvel missed," "An ill-armed warrior facing dreadful odds", an "imperfect worker", "an ignorant judge of problems Ignorance made." Even when life tries to fly high,—"Its heaven-ward flights reach closed and keyless gates." Whatever man does is always inflicted by this duality, he is not able to attain perfection. He does not know from where his actions spring—his "fount of action", comes from some darkness. Many of his actions are subconscious in their origin. Man's past history is "a growing register of calamities." History of man is full of "Man's follies and man's crimes." There are countless ills of Nature around him, but over and above them, "the centuries pile "upon the countless crowd of Nature's ills." Man makes wars, brings ruin and massacre. In his frenzy he destroys what beauty and grandeur he has created: "An idiot hour destroys what centuries made." Man sows misery with his own hands
and reaps the results: "He walks by his own choice into hell's trap", "Nothing has been learnt from time and its history". Man's life "is an episode in a meaningless tale". Why and wherefore are we here?—This is an unanswered question.

If man is really divine in his origin and his destiny is to return to his divinity then from where comes this present state of imperfection and suffering? "Whence rose the strange and sterile interlude", "lasting in vain through interminable Time?" Does all this suffering and travail lead to anything? Is there any significance of this suffering? "What need had the soul of ignorance and tears?" And "What power forced the immortal spirit to birth", or, who "persuaded it to fall from bliss?" why at all this "will to live"? If there is no Spirit, then "What hard impersonal Necessity compels the vain toil of brief living things?" If the explanation is that all this is an illusion then where is the security for the human soul? Also, "where begins and ends Illusion's reign?" Or, is it really that soul is only a dream and the Eternal a mere fiction?

To the Queen Narada made reply by putting a counter question: "Was then the sun a dream because there is night?,"—just as behind the dark veil of the night the sun is hidden, so is the Eternal secret here in life and its appearances:

Hidden in the mortal’s heart the Eternal lives:
He lives secret in the chamber of thy soul, ||108.4||

A veil hides Him, so you do not see, or feel or hear the divine Guest. You speak only from your human mind and therefore, ignorantly: for Thought is "a light of Ignorance". You can see the world but cannot know the meaning of God in the world.

Thy mind’s light hides from thee the Eternal’s thought, ||108.8||
Its brilliant curtain hides from thee God’s face. [108.6]

As to suffering—"Where ignorance is, there suffering too must come." "Thy grief is a cry of darkness to the Light." "Pain is the hammer of the gods to break" "A dead resistance in the mortal's heart." It is this suffering that makes possible man's ascension to divine heights. The whole earth-consciousness is, as it were, in birth-pang to deliver the divine Being: "and yet the godhead in her is not born". Before that great event takes place all the gods and human beings have to work hard to bring it about: "with pain and labour all creation comes." Pain is the hand of Nature sculpturing man "to greatness" and "an inspired labour chisels with heavenly cruelty an unwilling mould." Sometimes, when the outer being seems to suffer the inner spirit takes delight as it feels that suffering leads it to its goal.

Besides, it is not only ordinary mortals who suffer pain, even the great spirits who come to "save the race must share its pain." For example Christ, "The Son of God, born as a Son of man", who came to save mankind "has drunk the bitter cup" and by his suffering "he has opened the doors of his undying peace".

His knowledge immortal triumphs by his death. [108.41]

Hewn, quartered on the scaffold as he falls
His crucified voice proclaims, “I, I am God;”
“Yes, all is God,” peals back Heaven’s deathless call. [108.42]

But when God’s messenger comes to help the world
He too must bear the pang that he would heal:
How shall he cure the ills he never felt? [108.43]
Even if there be no outward participation in the world's suffering still "he carries the suffering world in his own breast". "A siege, a combat is his inner life", because he has to meet "an ancient adversary Force".

In the fight against the antidivine Force "the weeping of the centuries visits his eyes", "the poison of the world has stained his throat". "He is the victim of his own sacrifice", because he voluntarily invites suffering—"he dies that the world may be new-born and live."

There is in human nature a secret enmity to the Divine that impedes God's work on earth. "Till it is slain peace is forbidden on earth." Man is, in a way, an instrument of those hostile forces: "forces intangible besiege", "thoughts not our own," "touches from alien realms" come to man. This adversary Force hides from man "the straight immortal path". It twists everything divine and turns it into evil.

It is the origin of our suffering here,
It binds earth to calamity and pain. [108.58]

This hidden foe lodged in the human breast
Man must overcome or miss his higher fate. [108.60]

This is the inner war without escape. [108.61]

The task of the world-redeemer is hard because "the world itself becomes his adversary." "His enemies are beings he came to save." Why is this so? Because "This world is in love with its own ignorance," "It gives the cross in payment for the crown".

There is an easier and a sun-lit path to God. But few can tread that path. Even if a few souls can escape from ignorance the world cannot be saved.
Escape, however high, redeems not life,\(109.7\)

Escape cannot uplift the abandoned race
Or bring to it victory and the reign of God. \(109.8\)

The labour to bring the Light into life has to be continued till the adversary Force is "slain in its own home," "And Light invades the world's inconscient base."

There is hope for mankind, for, "One yet may come armoured, invincible" and "the ineffable planes already have felt his tread." "He has seized life's hands, "he has mastered his own heart." "He too must grapple with the riddling sphinx." He has known the constitution of Matter and the laws of its workings, the lower life

He must call light into its dark abysms, \(109.26\)

He must enter the world’s dark to bring there light. \(109.27\)

And know God’s darkness as he knows his Sun. \(109.29\)

And

For this he must go down into the pit,
For this he must invade the dolorous Vasts. \(109.30\)

When he comes out victorious then the "secret Law of each thing is fulfilled."

Then shall be ended here the Law of Pain. \(109.34\)

and then even

The body’s self taste immortality. \(109.36\)
Narada addresses the human being:

O mortal, bear this great world’s law of pain,
Turn towards high Truth, aspire to love and peace. [[110.2]]

"Make of thy daily way a pilgrimage." You progress towards God through your small joys and griefs. The Titan's way is not good for man. "Heavenward he clambers on a stair of storms". He does not rely on the Divine's help. He wants to grab everything, he wants to make "his own estate of the earth's air and light". He wants to dominate over all. He inflicts suffering on himself and on others. He resorts to hurry, riot, excess, hate and violence in order to be equal to the Divine. And the Divine to him is only Power. He feels his own strength by pain of others. He wants to "stamp his single figure on the world." "He sees his little self as very God."

Take not that stride, O growing soul of man; [[110.24]]

O mortal, bear, but ask not for the stroke,
Too soon will grief and anguish find thee out. [[110.26]]

And yet in spite of all the limitations of thy nature the Divine that is within thy heart is thy spirit's goal. It is the imprisoned Divinity in thee that makes thee feel pain.

Pain is the signature of the Ignorance
Attesting the secret god denied by life:
Until life finds him pain can never end. [[110.29]]

It is Bliss that is the secret self of all that lives, "even pain and grief are garbs of world-delight". It is the inability of the separated little self to bear the "world's tremendous touch" that translates itself into pain. Indifference, pain and
joy are a triple disguise of bliss. By the strength of the Spirit within thee thou wilt attain the divine goal—the calm and the bliss.

As to the origin of pain and the question who created pain? Narada makes the following reply: "Thou art thyself the author of thy pain." Originally the spirit was in the state of perfection. It became "curious of a shadow thrown by Truth." It sensed "a negative infinity" which became the ground for Nature's ignorant birth of Matter, unconsciousness and from it Mind rose. Thus,

The eternal Consciousness became the home
Of some unsouled almighty Inconscient;

This was the result of the Silent One turning to manifestation, the Immortal turning towards mortality. The lure to it was the hazards of the adventure: the "music of ruin", "savour of pity", "gamble of love", "toil and battle", "the vast incertitude", "strange meetings on the roads of Ignorance", "solitary greatness"—were some of the elements that called it from "its too safe eternity".

As a result of the choice of the lure of adventure "a huge descent began, a giant fall". "For what the spirit sees, creates a truth"; the vision of the Spirit is charged with the power of self-realisation. Thus "a Thought that leaped from the Timeless" can become "a cyclic movement in eternal Time." Thus came from a "blind tremendous choice"

This great perplexed and discontented world,
This haunt of Ignorance, this home of Pain:

Here in our world "A vast disguise conceals the Eternal's bliss." Aswapathy then asked Narada: "Is then" the spirit bound to be governed by "an outward
world?" "Is there no remedy within?" I had thought that a "mighty Power" had come down with Savitri: "Is not that Power the high compeer of Fate?"

To his question Narada did not give a straight reply. He said Nothing is accidental or casual in this world. Everything is determined above—"foreseen above".

...... but of this high script
How shall my voice convince the mind of earth? [112.7]

It is the superior wisdom of the Divine that rejects the mortal's prayers dictated by his ignorant desires and hopes. It is true, "a greatness in thy daughter's soul resides." But even she "must cross on stones of suffering to its goal". She has got to go through suffering. Man is unable to see the integral, infinite Truth because he is a limited being. He looks at the Reality through the veil of Thought which cuts the boundless Truth in sky-strips and "every strip he takes for all the heavens." Man does not feel this a living universe,—it is mechanical, driven by chance or Necessity. Even when he perceives a law at work, it is to him a lifeless law—not a living heart. But the Self is there, behind the machine. If man could identify his nature with God's, if he could surrender to God then all can change here. Then can "the mind of man receive God's light"

It is decreed and Satyavan must die;
The hour is fixed, chosen the fatal stroke. [112.21]

But "What else shall be is written in her soul." The determination of Fate goes up to the death of Satyavan but Narada does not see any Fate beyond. He implies—and makes it explicit later on to the queen—that Savitri is the Power that can determine Fate. "Fate is Truth working out in Ignorance". Man is free in spite of Fate, in the sense that he can accept or reject his Fate, for, "doom is not a close."
The events of life, happy or otherwise, "are not thy fate". "Thy goal, the road thou choosest are thy fate." In this sense "fate is a long sacrifice to the gods" till they have made "thee one with the indwelling God". Thus Fate is intimately connected with the destiny of man. "Thy spirit's Fate is a battle and ceaseless march",—"a passage from Matter into timeless Self." In this long battle man has to pass through—in fact, mankind has passed through—many vicissitudes: he goes forward alone and separated, he marches on earthly plains, fights on dangerous fronts, has to effect slow retreats, make frontal assaults, hold on forts, fight with the odds in lonely posts, keep watch in camps at night, wait for the tardy trumpet of the dawn.

Thus "Through peril and through triumph and through fall", through "green lanes" and "desert sands" of life

Led by its nomad vanguard’s signal fires,
Marches the army of the waylost god. 112.35

Man, the waylost God, marches towards his goal through all these. He will have to continue his march and battle till he "forces the last passes of the Ignorance", "till climbing the mute summit of the world, "He stands upon the splendour-peaks of God." "In vain thou mournst that Satyavan must die", because "His death is a beginning of greater life".

"Death is the spirit's opportunity." There is a purpose behind the working of this world, "And love and death conspire towards one great end". Many great souls have contributed to make possible the realisation of the goal. "And of its master-builders he is one."
Narada then addressed the Queen: do not try to change the secret will, do not bring in your human tears between Savitri and the Fate. She feels her "single will and God's as one". She is armed and alone ready to face her Fate.

Her lonely strength facing the universe,
Affronting fate, asks not man’s help nor god’s: ||112.45||

When she is prepared to meet her Fate, there is no use your interfering, for, "sometimes one life is charged with earth's destiny". "Alone she is equal to her mighty task". Do not intervene in a strife "too great for thee."

As a star, uncompanioned, moves in heaven
Unastonished by the immensities of space,
Travelling infinity by its own light,
The great are strongest when they stand alone. ||112.48||

Narada says: "The soul that can live alone with itself meets God". Savitri may have to stand alone "carrying the human hope in a heart left sole".

To conquer or fail on a last desperate verge;
Where all is won or all is lost for man. ||112.51||

She may be the one who is destined to carry out some great spiritua change for man. Narada here actually says:

For this the silent Force came missioned down;
In her the conscious Will took human shape: ||112.55||

Savitri no longer is a woman—she is the embodiment of that silent Force and conscious Will on earth. Therefore, says Narada, "leave her to her mighty self and Fate".
So saying Narada disappeared "like a receding star" and yet
A high and far imperishable voice
Chanted the anthem of eternal love. [113.3]

Savitri gazed on her "sleeping husband" and felt like one who is about to die. She relived her life in that short time.

The whole year in a swift and eddying race
Of memories swept through her and fled away
Into the irrecoverable past. [133.3]

She got up and bowed down to the goddess "carved by Satyavan upon a forest stone". Then she went to Satyavan's "pale mother, queen". She spoke to her with great composure so as not to allow her to perceive "a dire foreknowledge of the grief to come". She said to the queen: I have lived one year with Satyavan on the edge of the green forest in this hermitage but I have not gone "into the silences" of the forest. A strong desire has "seized all my heart to go with Satyavan" into the forest. "Release me now".

The queen answered "Do as thy wise mind desires". Then Savitri accompanied Satyavan "with linked hands" into the beauty and grandeur and majestic silence of the forest. Satyavan walked beside her "full of joy" "because she moved with him". "He showed her all the forest's riches",—flowers, creepers, birds. Savitri listened deeply to "The voice that soon would cease". She did not give attention to the sense of what he spoke: "Of death, not life she thought". Her heart was moaning with anguish at every step and she looked round to see if there was the dim and dreadful god of Death anywhere near.
Satyavan stopped now; he wanted to finish the work of cutting wood first so as to be able to wander freely with Savitri afterwards. Savitri, "wordless but near", watched Satyavan. "Her life was now in seconds, not in hours". But Satyavan, quite unconscious of Fate, "wielded a joyous axe". He sang and "sometimes paused to cry to her sweet speech of love and mockery tenderer than love". Savitri "like a pantheress leaped upon his words." Then Satyavan felt "the violent and hungry hounds of pain" in his body "biting as they passed". Then he felt a little relief. But "now the great Woodsman hewed at him and his labour ceased". He called out to Savitri who clasped him. Then he said:

I feel a pang in my head and heart similar to that which the tree must feel when it is sundered.

Awhile let me lay my head upon thy lap
And guard me with thy hands from evil fate:
Perhaps because thou touchest, death may pass.” [133.29]

Then Savitri avoided the tree which Satyavan had cloven and sat under another tree trying to soothe "his anguished brow and body with her hands." She felt no grief or fear; a great calm descended on her.

Then the colour of Satyavan changed into "tarnished greyness". Once before the light of life faded completely he cried out: "Savitri, Savitri" "Lean down, my soul, and kiss me while I die".

Even as Savitri kissed him Satyavan died.

Then she found that they were not alone: "Something had come there conscious, vast and dire". There was all round an awful hush.
As if from a Silence without form or name
The Shadow of a remote uncaring god
Doomed to his Naught illusory universe,
And its imitation of eternity. ||133.39||

had come there and

She knew that visible Death was standing there
And Satyavan had passed from her embrace. ||133.40||

So Savitri was "left alone in the huge wood", "her husband's corpse on her forsaken breast". She did not weep, nor did she rise to face the dreadful god of Death. She felt "as if her mind had died with Satyavan". She clasped closely the lifeless form of Satyavan. Then suddenly a change came over her—as it happens sometimes to the human soul—the veil was torn and then "the thinker is no more, only the spirit sees" and "all is known". "Then a calm Power seated above our brows is seen". It is "immobile", "it moves Nature, looks on life". "Then all this living mortal clay"

Is seized and in a swift and fiery flood

Of touches shaped by a Harmonist unseen. ||134.11||

Immortal yearnings, high will, leap down on man. All this happened to Savitri "in a moment's depth". She remembered everything of her past "where she had worked in her lone mind" and created her human self, "a power projected into cosmic space". She saw that she was "the passionate instrument of an unmoved Power". This Higher Power descended into Savitri and "she was changed". She
found herself covered with "immortal wings" of the Power. It entered the lotus in her head and stood above her "omnipotent", "calm, immobile, mute".

All trace of humanity in Savitri was, as it were, slain by Death. "The young divinity in her... filled with celestial strength her mortal part". She calmly laid the body of Satyavan and "sole she rose" "to meet the dreadful god". It was, as it were, to resume her work begun long ago in the past that she found herself there in the presence of the god of Death, "a limitless denial of all being that wore the terror and wonder of a shape". It "bore the deep pity" in its eyes; it was "refuge of creatures from their anguish and world-pain". It calmly watched "life", the writhing serpent. Cycles of history had passed, stars had dissolved and this God of Death had looked on with "unchanginggaze." The two—woman and universal God—opposed each other. Then "a sad and formidable voice arose". "Unclasp... thy passionate influence and relax, O slave of Nature,... thy elemental grasp, weep and forget. Entomb thy passion in its living grave.... Pass lonely back to thy vain life on earth."

But Savitri moved not. Then it spoke again: You are "a creature, doomed like him to pass", will you then deny Satyavan's soul calm and silent rest for ever? "relax... thy grasp; thy husband suffers."

Savitri drew back her heart's force and she rose and stood gathered for action. It was not she, the human person, who acted, she left it to "her spirit above". Then Death leaned over and touched the earth and Savitri saw that "another luminous Satyavan arose", "forsaking the poor mould of that dead clay". He stood between Savitri and Death. It had no resemblance to the physical body of Satyavan but "the spirit knew the spirit still". He stood "like one who, sightless, listens for a command". The three powers stood in silence. Then "the impulse of
the Path was felt",—the impulse to move came to them. Satyavan moved, "behind him Death" "with noiseless tread... and Savitri behind eternal Death" moved, "into the perilous silences beyond".

At first Savitri moved in a blind tangled wood and she seemed to move on earth but on its top, with thick obstacles of boughs of trees and leaves around her. But she felt the subtle physical body a burden. "Earth stood aloof, yet near". Then gradually the true Being in her freed itself from the earth atmosphere, and "into a deep and unfamiliar air" "they seemed to enlarge away"—away from the control of earth. It seemed as if Satyavan and Death would escape now. Then her "spirit soared at Satyavan" flaming from her body's nest—like "a fierce she-eagle." Her spirit separated itself from the body and the physical body fell into a trance. Now she was not human Savitri; there was no Sun or earth, "All was the violent ocean of a will" "Where lived... her aim, joy, origin, Satyavan alone". He was thus imprisoned in her heart, "a treasure saved from the collapse of space." Savitri surged around him nameless and infinite. It seemed "as if Love's deathless moment had been found,—A pearl within eternity's white shell".

Then her mind arose out of that ocean and the three moved onward in the soul-scene. They were the only travellers in this new world "where souls were not," "but only living moods." Everything in this country was weird including a "road which like fear hastening towards that of which it has most terror" passed through rocks and was lost in a giant night. Then they arrived at a heavy line and Satyavan looked back with his wonderful eyes on Savitri. Then death pealed forth a cry: "O mortal, turn back to thy transient kind, aspire not to accompany Death to his home, as if thy breath could live where Time must die". Thy mind-born passion is not heaven's strength. "Only in human limits man lives safe." "Armed vainly
with the Idea's borrowed might" do not dare to outstep mortal bounds. "O sleeper
dreaming of divinity", "impermanent creatures, sorrowful foam of Time"

Your transient loves bind not the eternal gods.””

But Savitri, the Woman answered not, her nude soul stood up in its sheer
will, a primal force. "Lone in the silence" "a columned shaft of fire and light she
rose."

They stood on the dreadful edge of Night. In front of them "were glooms
like shadowy wings". Beyond them was the hungry Night. In that sombre darkness
Savitri’s "flame-bright Spirit... burned like a torch-fire from a windowed room"
"against the darkness' sombre breast". Savitri led the way. They moved in the "inky
ground" of Night with "swimming action and a drifting march"; they went
"slipping, gliding on". Time—past, present and future—dissolved. "They seemed
to move" and yet were still, they felt they were "not conscious forms". "A mystery
of terrors' boundlessness" surrounded her, and "a shapeless throat devoured her"
into its shadowy mass. An impenetrable dread hung round the cage of sense,—
dread of something unknown in the Night. The mind renounced the effort to live
and its dream of action. "In the smothering stress of this stupendous Nought mind
could not think, breath could not breathe, the soul could not remember or feel
itself". To all that claims to be here Truth, and God, self, rapture, Love, Knowledge
there came in that Nought the eternal "No". Savitri disappeared in it like a golden
lamp in gloom, "there was no course, no path, no end or goal". The region was
only "black unknowing Waste" or eddy of winds assembled by Chance. Death was
not there, nor Satyavan. There was a silent gulf between her and Satyavan. She felt
"even from herself cast out, from love remote". She travelled long hours "on the
corpse of life" "lost in a blindness of extinguished souls".
But Savitri lived in spite of death. She got tired of monotonous self-torture of pain. Then a faint gleam of memory flickered—"a memory that wished to live again". The whole darkness shrank back from this gleam as though it "felt all light a cruel pain", "and suffered from the pale approach of hope". In spite of the resistance of the Night "the light prevailed and still it grew". Savitri awoke to her lost self and she saw Satyavan grow "into a luminous shade".

Then death missioned to the Night his call: "This is the home of everlasting Night... Entombing the vanity of life's desires". In this nude emptiness can you hope to last and love?

But Savitri did not answer. She refused the very voice of Night that claimed to know and of "Death that thought." She knew that she was eternal without birth. Death looked at her and said: as you have survived the void you have won the "sorrowful victory" to live for a little while without Satyavan. After all, what are you going to gain from the eternal Goddess? Nothing but the prolongation of this dream of existence. Man is "a fragile miracle of thinking clay" and "armed with illusions" he "walks, the child of Time". "God" "heaven" etc., are only his imaginations. It is the mind of man that creates all these unreal images, and "the incurable unrest". Man is subject to Ignorance and yet he has the courage which is met by death. So, you should return to earth and live normally. Do not hope to win back Satyavan. I can give gifts to thee "to soothe thy wounded life".

Savitri spoke: "I bow not to thee; O huge mask of Death!... Conscious of immortality I walk". I come to thy gates "a victor spirit" "not as a suppliant." I do not seek minor concessions like the weak. "Mine is the labour of the battling gods". I therefore demand whatever Satyavan "desired" and did not have during his life.
"Death bowed... in scornful cold assent" and said: "I yield" to his father "Kingdom and power and friends and greatness lost". And "The sensuous solace of the light" I give to his eyes. Go back "to thy small permitted sphere."

Savitri answered: I was thy equal spirit born. I am immortal in my mortality. My soul can meet the stone eyes of Law and Fate with its living fire. Give me back Satyavan to do with him my spirit's burning will. "I will bear with him the ancient Mother's load", "I will follow with him earth's path that leads to God." "Wherever thou leadst his soul I shall pursue".

Universal death cried out: You forget that you are mortal. I have created all things, I destroy them. I have stamped life with my impress, the life that devours. I compel man to sin that I may punish him, I goad him to desire and then I scourge him with grief and despair. Depart in peace without taking the risk of awakening the Furies.

But Savitri answered meeting scorn with scorn:—"who is this God imagined by the Night... Who made for vanity the brilliant stars? My God is Will" and he triumphs, "My God is Love and sweetly suffers all." "Love's golden wings have power to fan thy void" I "shall remake thy universe, O Death".

Then Death made answer to the human soul: You are attracted by the body's lure of bliss, and a sense of "vain oneness seeking to embrace the brilliant idol of a fugitive hour". And what are you? a dream of brief emotions, glittering thoughts, a sparkling ferment in life's sunlit mire. Against the eternal witnesses would you claim immortality? Death only is eternal. "I, Death, am He there is no other God". Everything is born from me, lives by me and returns to me. The world is created by me with the inconscient Force. I am the refuge of thy soul. Gods are only "my imaginations and my moods" reflected in man. Your soul is also myself. I am
nobody—"Only thy thought gave a figure to my void" "because,... Thou callest me to wrestle with thy soul,

I have assumed a face, a form, a voice. ||137.116||

Even if one grants that there is a being witnessing all, how will it help thy passionate desire? It is the One that lives forever. There is no Satyavan and there is no Savitri.

There is no love in the One, or Time, or space. It has no name, no form. If you desire immortality, live in thyself alone, forget the man thou lovest.

Savitri replied: "O Death, who reasonest, I reason not" "Reason that scans and breaks but cannot build" "or builds in vain because she doubts her work".

I am, I love, I see, I act, I will.” ||137.127||

Death replied: You should also "know "Knowing, thou shalt cease to love," and "cease to will" "consenting to the impermanence of things".

Savitri replied "When I have loved forever, I shall know." "I know that knowledge is a vast embrace." It is the "calm Transcendent" who "bears the world". He is "the veiled Inhabitant, the silent Lord." "My coming to life was a wave from God." "Man was born... with a mind and heart to conquer thee".

Then "Gliding half-seen on their unearthly path" "in the dimness moved the three".

In the black dream there was no change nor even any hope of change,—all was darkness. It was "positive Non-Being's purposeless Vast." Savitri there was like "an ineffectual beam of suffering light". The will-to-be seemed there "the original sin" for which Savitri must atone. The greatest sin was to think that being
"made of dust" she could equal heaven, to claim "to be a living fire of God", to harbour "the will to be immortal and divine". In that region of darkness "a great Negation was the Real's face.

Prohibiting the vain process of Time: [138.6]

Thus it seemed non-being must last for ever and Savitri had lived there "for ever empty of bliss." "But Maya is a veil of the Absolute"

A Truth occult has made this mighty world:
The Eternal's wisdom and self-knowledge act
In ignorant Mind and in the body's steps. [138.8]

The Inconscient is the Superconscient's sleep. [138.9]

In life

All here is a mystery of contraries:
Darkness a magic of self-hidden light,
Suffering some secret rapture's tragic mask
And death an instrument of perpetual life. [138.11] Really speaking

Death is a stair, a door, a stumbling stride
The soul must take to cross from birth to birth, [138.12]

Although we are ignorant, "Night is not our beginning nor our end". We come to her from a supernal Light, "by Light we live and to Light we go." Savitri's being in the Darkness was like a "faint infiltration" that "drilled the blind deaf mass." That feeble beam "changed into a glimmering sight"

That housed the phantom of an aureate Sun
Whose orb pupilled the eye of Nothingness. [138.16]
Then the Inconscient grew conscious and Night began to think. The Darkness paled and drew apart on account of the attack of Light "till only a few black remnants stained that Ray."

Death

... fled down a grey slope of Time. [138.19]

There was now "a morning twilight of the gods". There is then a passion of new birth, coloured visions fly across the lids, thoughts fashion the ideal worlds. Savitri slipped into this twilight. She saw "vague fields", vague pastures, vague trees—a material world but not yet of our gross Matter. There were forms but subtly elusive. These "fugitive beings" and "elusive shapes" were "the natural inhabitants of that world." "But nothing there was fixed or stayed for long" and "beauty evaded settled line and form." But there was repetition of the same movement and that created "the sense of an enduring world". There was unearthly beauty, bliss and thrill that, though momentary, were far sweeter than any earth has known. The raptures of creation on earth—in life—last too long, their formations are absolute, they "win immortality by perfect form." They are too clear, too great, too meaningful.

Here vision fled back from the sight alarmed,

And sound sought refuge from the ear’s surprise, [139.18]

Everything in this fair realm was "heavenly strange." Savitri walked in this "illusion of a mystic space" feeling "bodiless touches," hearing sweet voices. There were repetitions of things but no fulfilment: "Thus all could last, yet nothing ever be." Satyavan seemed to her the centre of charm in this realm. Savitri, a comrade of the Ray and Mist and Flame, seemed only a "thought mid floating thoughts" and
moved in this vague and beautiful world for a while. The spirit above saw everything and lived for its transcendent task.

An inexorable voice was heard

This vague world you have now seen is one from which thy "yearnings came". It is a dream-world and it is from there that the ideal is formed by the human being. But it is not based upon any Reality.

The ideal dwells not in heaven, nor on the earth,
A bright delirium of man’s ardour of hope
Drunk with the wine of its own phantasy. ||140.7||

It is "thy mortal longing" that "made for thee a soul". Love is nothing but "a passion of thy yearning cells," your mind only "dreams awhile that it has found its mate". It is the animal passion in you, "a beast of prey" and you dream that this beast "is immortal and a god." The effort on the part of man to persuade "the insensible Abyss" "to lend eternity to perishing things" is vain. Besides, the ideal cannot be realised in life; it lives only in the abstract world: it shines in man's heart "rejected by his life". Ideal is the "aerial statue of the nude Idea"; it stirs man to create an image of divine things in life. But only a coloured reflection falls on man's act—the ideal always fails to realise itself in life. Men "hide their littleness with the divine Name". Earth only is there. Even if Heaven and Truth exist they cannot come down to unhappy earth. Even "the Avatars have lived and died in vain":

Vain was the sage’s thought, the prophet’s voice;
In vain is seen the shining upward Way. ||140.26||
"Earth lies unchanged", "She loves her fall" and no Omnipotence can erase her mortal imperfections. This love you feel is nothing else but a sacred legend and immortal myth. It is only the physical yearning that passes and the world is as before, "A thrill in its yearning makes it seem divine", makes you feel as if it is "A cord tying thee to eternity". Love is brief and frail. "If Satyavan had lived, love would have died."

You would have lost your love for him! It is true that love raises the human being to a divine height but even in the purest love "the snake is there and the worm in the heart of the rose." "A word, a moment's act can slay the god." "Love cannot live by heavenly food alone."

"Only on sap of earth can it survive." Love can be a victim of treason and wrath. Even "dull indifference" can replace its "fire", or there remains an "outward and uneasy union". Generally it ends by being a struggle between two egos who get disillusioned. Death saves you from this predicament and it also saves Satyavan. What is the use of calling him "back to the treacheries of earth" and "poor petty life of animal Man"? "Renounce,... thy passionate nature in the bosom profound of... Nothingness" and be at rest. Forget all human aspirations and be calm.

Savitri replied to the Dark Power: Your music is dangerous, your falsehood is mingled with sad strains of truth. But "my love is not a craving of the flesh";

"It came to me from God, to God returns." Even in the degraded forms of love, generally found in life, one finds "a whisper of divinity". One day I shall behold my great sweet world.

Put off the dire disguises of the gods,
Unveil from terror and disrobe from sin. ||140.56||
We have met and known each other since the world began. Savitri then commanded Death "Advance,... Beyond the phantom beauty of this world"

For of its citizens I am not one. \[140.74\]

I cherish God the Fire, not God the Dream.” \[140.75\]

But Death once more replied to her:—Passionate words have no content of knowledge in them. "Vain is thy longing to build heaven on earth." Mind persuades the human being to ascend to higher levels but this "Mind... walks lamely on the earth," it cannot control the tumultuous senses. Mind creates the idea of your soul. But body and life are subjected to laws of matter. "If Matter fails, all crumbling cracks and falls." But what is Matter is not known. It is "an appearance and a symbol and a nought". It appears fixed but that is only the "cover of a captive's motion's swirl". Matter is "a stable-seeming movement without change," and yet the "change arrives and the last change is death". If you see the stuff of which you and the world are made then Inconscient will be found to be the foundation. By some movement within it consciousness began till mind could watch its acts and "imagine a soul within." When there was only unconsciousness I could create this world by Necessity and by Nature. From ether and fire, atom and gas, the universe was created. Man was created by the chemical plasm. Then Thought came and spoiled the harmony. Mind that is "seeking ignorance" wants to find soul, a god.

But where is room for soul or place for God
In the brute immensity of a machine? \[140.105\]

Your consciousness, interposed between the upper and the lower Void "reflects the world around"."In the distorting mirror of Ignorance", you are asking for immortality but for imperfect man it will be a punishment, an eternal pain.
Wisdom, knowledge, love in spite of their appearance to the contrary have no basis in anything except Matter,—the Inconscient. If they are from the higher regions they have no significance for earth. All that man is and does is a dream. Everything that man is and does depends upon Matter—and "these children of Matter into Matter die." Even this Matter is nothing but Energy and energy means motion in Nothingness. Ideal's unsubstantial colours cannot be painted on "earth's vermilion blur." "The Ideal is a malady of thy mind"—and like all human things the ideal must share the human imperfection. Accept, therefore, life as is given to you, submit to Fate, suffer what you have to, then at last my long calm night will silence your heart in everlasting sleep.

Savitri answered Death: You have "woven the ignorant Mind into a screen." You are a sophist and take delight in "the sorrow of the world". "A lying reality is falsehood's crown and a perverted truth her richest gem." Thou speakest Truth "but Truth that slays. I answer to thee with the Truth that saves". The Divine, a traveller, made of Matter's world his starting-point: God covered his face in Matter, "infinity wore a boundless zero's form, eternity became a blank spiritual Vast". "The Timeless took its ground in emptiness" so "that the spirit might adventure into Time." The spirit built a Thought in Nothingness. Matter was made the body of the Bodiless and slumbering Life breathed in Matter. Mind lay asleep in subconscious Life and became active in conscious Life. The waking mind gave rise to the Thinker: Man became a reasoning animal: he measured the universe, opposed his fate, conquered and used the laws. He became master of his environment. Now he hopes to become a demi god. He now "sees the vast descending might of God."

"O Death, thou lookst on an unfinished world", it is not sure of its road and therefore thou "sayest God is not and all is vain". But man is an infant today, shall
he never grow? "In a small fragile seed a great tree lurks". So, in man's imperfect state the Divine is hidden.

In God concealed the world began to be,
Tardily it travels towards manifest God:
Our imperfection towards perfection toils. [141.27]

"the infinite holds the finite in its arms", "Time travels towards revealed eternity". We feel the presence of the Divine in all. The Sun is a blaze of his glory—the sky is his glory. The stars, the trees, the blue sea, the rivulet are all murmurs "from infinitesimal dust." This vast universe is His play and yet no play but the deep scheme of a transcendent Wisdom finding "ways to meet her Lord in the shadow and the Night." In the world

His knowledge he disguised as Ignorance,
His Good he sowed in Evil’s monstrous bed,
Made error a door by which Truth could enter in,
His plant of bliss watered with Sorrow’s tears. [141.40]

Through all the vicissitudes man has moved towards the Divine: "All blundered and straggled towards the one Divine." Man began with very imperfect idea of divinity and there was plenty of mixtures of animality in his divinity. Wisdom, virtue and such other things have also failed to be without faults. Reason has sounded the shallow depths and caught small fish but the great truths escape her as they live in the depths. Man's mortal vision peers with ignorant eyes: His knowledge leans on error, he worships false gods, or is a fanatic, or he doubts every truth he finds, "a sceptic facing Light with adamant No", or cynic stamping out God in man.
In spite of all these the "Light is there." It slowly grows. Then larger dawns arrive, knowledge progresses in man. From beyond Mind visionary sight, inspirations come to man. A spirit within "hears the Word to which our hearts were deaf." "Thus all is raised to meet a dazzling Sun".

The mask of death "has covered the Eternal's face" and "The Bliss that made the world has fallen asleep",—it forgot itself completely and so Death and Ignorance govern the mortal world. The bliss is still there in Nature, in the charm of the earth, though the divine Inhabitant is veiled. It is the creatrix Bliss that has become sorrow:

She comes to our hearts and bodies and our lives
Wearing a hard and cruel mask of pain. [141.73]

Man takes a perverse delight in suffering and grief. So much has man become ignorant that even Saints and sages have dreaded this Bliss, which is "God's sweetest sign." Puritanical outlook has advocated the avoidance of pleasure. And "yet every creature hunts for happiness," it works hard to have "some fragment or some broken shard of bliss". Man sacrifices even "eternity... for a moment's bliss".

A sweet delight supports all being—a hidden "Bliss is at the root of things". The objects of this universe—"are carved cups of World-Delight"—the Sun, the moon, the winds, stars, the birds, trees and flowers, all express this delight. "Even in this labour and dolour of Ignorance" "in spite of death and evil circumstance", "a joy to be" persists. This joy pervades all actions of man—good or bad. There is "a taste in tears and torture of broken hearts"—man derives perverse pleasure in these experiences. "In life's nectar of sweetness and its bitter wine" this delight lingers. From the outward and the sensual man probes deeper and in thought and art finds
delight. But the "perfect crown" of wisdom and joy is beyond the earth and is "meant for delivered earth".

Immortal bliss at last climbs to the summits of consciousness above mind and there like a -great heaven-bird on a motionless sea is poised her winged ardour of creative joy on the still deep of the Eternal's peace." It is for this great delight that the world is created,—for this the spirit descended into the Inconscient. "Our earth starts from mud and ends in sky." When the transfiguration comes then "all is new-felt in God", and then Night and death would end, because "when unity is won, then strife is lost"

And all is known and all is clasped by Love
Who would turn back to ignorance and pain? ||142.24||

Savitri said: I have already "triumphed over thee," O Death, within;

My whole being is filled with Love.

My love eternal sits throned on God’s calm;
For Love must soar beyond the very heavens
It must change its human ways to ways divine, ||142.26||

"Love human must be transformed and become divine.

... not for my heart’s sweet poignancy
Nor for my happy body’s bliss alone
I have claimed from thee the living Satyavan,
But for his work and mine, our sacred charge. ||142.27||

For I the Woman am the force of God,
He the Eternal’s delegate sole in man. ||142.29||
My will is greater than thy law, O Death;
Our love is the heavenly seal of the Supreme. ||142.30||

For Love is the bright link twixt earth and heaven,
Love is the far Transcendent’s angel here;
Love is man’s lien on the Absolute.” ||142.32||

Death replied: You have hired mind to make for you a fine cover for your passion. But it is no use adding magic colours to the drab realities of life which are physical and material. How can "two-legged worm, man, be divine?"

O human face, put off mind-painted masks:
The animal be, the worm that Nature meant; ||142.38||

Savitri replied: "Yes, I am human. Yet shall man by me,... Trample thee down to reach the immortal heights",—"my humanity is a mask of God".

Death cried out: You are living in imagination; how can you force two eternal enemies to join? For example: "Where Matter is all, there Spirit is a dream"

If all are the Spirit, Matter is a lie, ||142.48||

The Real with the unreal cannot mate. ||142.49||

He who would turn to God must leave the world; ||142.50||

and even

Sages exploring the world-ocean’s vasts,
Have found extinction the sole harbour safe. ||142.51||

Savitri replied "my heart is wiser than the Reason's thoughts",—"it sees and feels the one Heart beat in all." "My heart's strength can carry the grief of the
universe" "and never falter from its luminous track", "its white tremendous orbit through God's peace."

Death asked Savitri to show her strength and freedom from his laws. But Savitri answered she would find joys that were common to her and Satyavan.

Death asked Savitri to demand anything for her own self which he would grant. But restoration of Satyavan was against hard laws. But Savitri insisted on her only choice: "Nothing I claim but Satyavan alone." Death then promised Savitri: "Whatever once the living Satyavan desired in his heart for Savitri" that I give. But Savitri refused the offer and also refused to return to earth".

Death replied: Do you think that all joy depends upon one man? One easily forgets grief in life and the object of love changes "like waves to a swimmer upon infinite seas". But Savitri insisted on her choice which was the result of her feeling "eternal truth in transient things." Death asked Savitri to return to earth and try: You will soon find other men equally lovable. Mortal being cannot dwell glad alone. Satyavan will then become only a memory. That is life—"A constant stream that never is the same."

Savitri replied: I and Satyavan have loved each other from eternity. The secrets of the gods are plain to me,—you will not be able to deceive me. Everything,—even life and death,—is only fuel for my unceasing fire. I shall certainly reach the goal and get back Satyavan.

Then her words spread into infinite space and became precursors of a future change in humanity. Savitri called back her thoughts and concentrated all her force within. The three journeyed onward "companioned by the glimmering mists"! But everything began to flee faster before Savitri's clearness of soul.
A slope that sank downward came and the ideal air was lost, thought fell towards lower levels, to some hard and crude reality. The atmosphere became duller in colour: Savitri felt heavy and she saw minarets and towers, toiling multitudes "A savage din of labour" and "monotonous hum of thoughts and acts that ever were the same." She also saw fragments—"phantoms of human thought and baffled hopes," "philosophies and disciplines and laws", "constructions of the Titan and the worm." "Revelation and delivering words, emptied of their mission and their strength to save", voices of prophets, and creeds, "ideals, systems, sciences, poems, crafts",—each that claimed to be eternal in its hour—went by her. There were ascetics, lonely seers on mountain summits or on river banks seeking heaven's rest or spirit's peace. There were sages who "in bodies motionless" sat. Perhaps that was also a dream. All that had been in the past was there

Because of joy in the anguish of pursuit ||143.15||

The rolling cycles passed and came again,
Brought the same toils,
Forms ever new and ever old, Appalling revolutions of the world. ||143.16||

The voice arose once more: behold these figures and these motions and see how hope which man harbours is an "incurable malady"; "where Nature changes not, man cannot change". Man has got tq obey Nature. The human race is moving in "ever wheeling cycles". Mind is limited, cramped, even when it can fly man "sinks back to his, native soil." Prayers are vain, even when he calls the incommunicable godhead to be the lover of his lovely soul he is imparting his own will to the Immobile. "Hope not to call God down into his life", "there is no house for him in hurrying Time". There is no aim in Matter's world, there is "only a will
to be". The lives of men, his works, his creeds that cannot save themselves perishing "in the strangling hands of the years", philosophies that solve no problem, sciences "omnipotent in vain"—that cannot tell what the things are or "why they came", politics and revolutions convulsing mankind "only to paint in new colours an old face"—"where leads the march, whither the pilgrimage?"

If Mind is all, renounce the hope of bliss;
If Mind is all, renounce the hope of Truth. [144.21]

For Mind can never touch the body of Truth [144.22]

Mind is a tissue woven of light and shade
Where right and wrong have sewn their mingled parts; [144.23]

It is only by renouncing life and mind that Self can be attained. If there is a God he is indifferent to man's destiny. He does not require man's love. Do not dream of changing this world and its eternal law of ignorance and pain. If there is heaven where there is no grief you should seek joy there after leaving the earth. "If thou art Spirit and Nature is thy robe" then cast off thy garb, turn only to God,—"forgetting Love, forgetting Satyavan".

Savitri answered Death: You can offer your boons to tired spirits, "hearts that could not bear the wounds of Time". "Let those who were tied to body and to mind" tear off those bonds. "...Thy boons are great since thou art He".

But how shall I who house the mighty Mother's violent force seek such a peace? The world is

A language mispronounced, misspelt, yet true. [144.40]

The world is not cut off from Truth and God. [144.43]
"Man's soul crosses through thee to Paradise". Heaven's sun and its light force their way through death and night. "How sayst thou Truth can never light the human mind" when from the meaningless Void creation arose, from a bodiless Force Matter was born, and green delight could break into, emerald leaves, "and Thought seize the grey matter of the brain?" Why should not unknown powers emerge from Nature?

"Even now hints of a luminous Truth like stars arise" in the ignorant mind of man. If the door of the inner chamber of man "is even a little ajar" what can prevent "God from stealing in"? "Already God is near, the Truth is close". "I live in the glory of the Infinite... The Ineffable is now my household mate." "But standing on Eternity's luminous brink I have discovered that the world was He Then Savitri makes clear to Death her mission:

I am a deputy of the aspiring world,
My spirit's liberty I ask for all.”

Death then spoke but its voice was that of one oppressed. "Disdainful, weary and compassionate" its sound seemed like life's. But it was life "Toiling for ever and achieving nought." Life has played long "with Fate and Chance and Time" and has assured itself of the game's vanity, it is "crushed by its load of ignorance and doubt". As knowledge increases so do ignorance and doubt. The earth-mind therefore sinks in despair. But could one say that nothing has been done? Some great thing has been done; some Light, some Power "delivered from the huge Inconscient's grasp" has come to stay.

The voice said to Savitri: "Because thou hast the wisdom that transcends

Both veil of forms and the contempt of forms,
Arise delivered by the seeing gods."
The spirits who have "too much love" are violators of God. The wise are tranquil, the great hills that rise towards unreached sky are silent. But "how all shakes when the gods tread too near!" "If strength from heaven surprised the imperfect earth" time would stumble. Gods keep their power veiled. "Be still and tardy in the slow wise world", respect the established laws.

Savitri replied "if changeless Law is all" then vain is the hope of the soul. The world moves on to the new and the unknown. If constantly the restraint was not overcome in life there would be no meaning in the great travail. The law, fixed and immutable, is good for the animal but not for man. If I am Divine then "I claim from Time my will's eternity,

God from his moments[[145.33]].

Death replied: Why should the Divine stoop to these petty works of transient earth? Did you tread "the gods beneath thy feet only to win poor shreds of earthly life"?

Savitri replied "I run where his sweet and dreadful voice commands, "and I am driven by the reins of God." "Wherefore did he build my mortal form" "if not to achieve, to flower in me, to love". "Easy the heavens were to build for God." "Earth was his difficult matter". It is greatness to create Gods there on earth. What kind of liberty has the soul if it cannot kiss the bonds which the Lover winds round it? Free soul really "laughs in his rich constraints, most bound, most free".

Death replied: whatever may be the Divinity that you are the iron rampart with which gods fence their camp in space cannot be broken by your "heart's ephemeral passion." "Even God himself obeys the Laws he made; the Law abides and never can it change". You have seen a Light which none else has seen and you know that it is Truth. But what is Truth? Who can find her form amid so many
sense-images, guesses of the mind, and incertitudes of knowledge? Which is the voice of Truth "amid the thousand cries" "that cross the listening brain and cheat the soul?" The two elements,—one positive and the other negative,—are constantly at work in the world: e.g. man is at once animal and god—the aspiring animal, the frustrate God. Man cannot become a God, cannot depend on ideas and when he tries to stand on reason he finds that reason stands upon a plank of doubt. Show me the body of the living Truth and I will obey and worship her; then I will give thee back thy Satyavan. "No magic Truth can bring the dead to Life".

When Savitri spoke her "mortality disappeared" and her Goddess-self grew visible: O Death, thou too art God and yet not He, but only his black shadow on the path

As leaving the Night he takes the upward Way
And drags with him its clinging inconscient Force. [[146.23]]

All contraries are aspects of God’s face. [[146.25]]

Darkness below, a fathomless Light above, [[146.28]]

"In Light are joined, but sundered by severing Mind". But they are two contraries needed for his great world-task. God's offence against human reason is this: that being Absolute he lodges in the relative world of Time; being omnipotent, he sports with chance and Fate; being spirit, he becomes Matter—he is animal, human and divine. As the Universal he is all,—as Transcendent he is none; and yet "There is a purpose in each stumble and fall." Even though to the outer view it seems that Matter is all and man's being is only a bubble on the ocean of Time still "the soul grows concealed within its house." Man studies life and thinks about its goal. "At last he wakes into spiritual mind."—There, in the spiritual mind—out of the narrow scope of finite thought—man glimpses eternity, touches
the infinite and feels the universe as his larger self—and "in the heart's cave speaks secretly with God." A few have risen to the higher "air and bathe in its immense intuitive Ray,"—they live on the plane of Intuition. On the summits of Mind there are altitudes exposed to the lustre of Infinity. Man can visit those planes but as yet he cannot live there. There is Cosmic Thought of which man's mind is only a portion. But this is not the highest height possible to man. The consciousness can climb still higher and there "all becomes a blaze of sight,"—one sees the Truth. One can even rise to Revelation's sun-bright eyes. One hears the Word,—the voice of Inspiration. One can even ascend higher into the cosmic empire of the Overmind.

"Time's buffer state bordering Eternity", from there each God builds his own nature's world. There "all Time is one body, Space is a single book". The transcendent Mother sits above this Overmind holding the eternal Child upon her knees—the growing Divinity in the world. It is from there that the glory sometimes seen on earth comes and the perfection born from eternity.

Calls to it the perfection born in Time, ||146.58||

The immortal Supermind lives above in its Truth-realm. There on the Supramental planes every movement is Truth-inspired and then it is possible for the soul of man to "sip the honey wine of Eternity" in the moments. The Transcendent becomes Many and the Immobile universal stands behind each daily act.

But who can show thee Truth's glorious face? Human words can only shadow her. If you could touch the supreme Truth you would "grow suddenly wise and cease to be"
If our souls could see and love and clasp God’s Truth,
Its infinite radiance would seize our hearts,
Our being in God’s image be remade
And earthly life become The Life Divine.” ||146.72||

Death made its last reply to Savitri—

If Truth is transcendent of life what bridge can cross the gulf between her and the world she has made? Who can bring Truth down to men? Have you got that strength? You have knowledge and Light but have you the Power—"the strength to conquer Time and Death?" Truth and knowledge are an ideal dream.

If Knowledge brings not power to change the world,
If Might comes not to give to Truth her right. ||146.80||

Reveal thy power, lay bare thy spirit’s force,
Then will I give back to thee Satyavan. ||146.82||

Or if you are the supreme Mother show me her face. "Let deathless eyes look into the eyes of Death". Then thy dead can return to life and earth feel near the secret body of God.

Savitri looked at Death, and answered not.

A mighty transformation came on her. ||147.3||

A halo of the indwelling Deity,
The Immortal’s lustre ... 
Overflowing made the air a luminous sea. ||147.4||

In a flaming moment of apocalypse
The Incarnation thrust aside its veil. ||147.5||
The power descended into the centres of the body. She waited for the Word to come from the Infinite:

“I hail thee almighty and victorious Death, [147.16]

O Void that makest room for all to be,
Consuming the cold remnants of the suns [147.17]

Thou art my shadow and my instrument. [147.18]

It is you who
... force the soul of man to struggle for light [147.19]

Live, Death, awhile, be still my instrument. [147.21]

"But now,... stand aside;" and "Release the soul of the world called Satyavan".

Death was unwilling to obey her command and so he stood against Savitri.

His being like a huge fort of darkness towered;
Around it her life grew, an ocean’s siege. [147.29]

Awhile the Shade survived[147.30]

Then

A pressure of intolerable force
Weighed on his unbowed head and stubborn breast;
Light like a burning tongue licked up his thoughts, [147.31]

He called to his strength, but it refused his call. [147.33]

His body was eaten by light. [147.34]
The Shadow then disappeared vanishing into the Void.

And Satyavan and Savitri were alone. \[147.38\]

Now God's everlasting day surrounded Savitri: She lived in the finite fronts of Infinity—they were ever new to an everlasting sight. Delights, grandeur, powers, scenes, forms—all came from the eternal Source. Night was impossible there. It was "a march of universal power in Time" harbouring a cosmic rapture in endless figuring of the spirit. Of all that was there "eternity was the substance and the source". All occult planes were seen and found active: "seven immortal earths", "homes of the blest", pastures of eternal calm. Even the earth-nature changed and "felt the breath of peace". Air and matter were transformed: other earths were seen and other beings. There lived children of God's day in a happiness never lost,—glad eternity's blissful multitude. There were voices musical, birds singing, and with coloured plumage, breeze full of fragrance, flowers with laughing eyes. In every guise one embraced the Godhead. "What would be suffering on earth was fiery bliss." On this plane of the Eternal Day "rapture was a common incident", "limbs were trembling densities of soul". Higher up great forms of deities sat. Beings with bright bodies, tracing the movement of delight, Apsaras and Gandharvas were there; "immortal figures and illumined brows", the great forefathers of the human race moved in that splendour. The world of Light went higher and higher: "Worlds of an infinite reach crowned Nature's stir." "On a wide living base of wordless calm"

All was a potent and a lucid joy. \[148.51\]

There Time dwelt with Eternity as one; Immense felicity joined rapt repose. \[148.54\]
She found that only one Omnipresent Reality was working in the universe.
And even

One whom her soul had faced as Death and Night
A sum of all sweetness gathered into his limbs

His formidable shape was transfigured. Night was transformed into a wonderful face. Then Savitri found that for such a rich transformation,

All Nature’s struggle was its easy price,
The universe and its agony seemed worth while.

There was no torment under the stars, no evil, no hate. All perversions were changed into their original true forms. All was freedom and bliss, Death was transfigured into Love. It became a fourfold Being "Virat, who lights his camp-fires in the suns",

And the star-entangled ether is his hold.

"Expressed himself with Matter for his speech." It is he who "In the current of the blood makes flow the soul." He has Will and Intelligence which work effectively without mind.

In him the Golden child shadows his form: this is Hiranya Garbha, "author of thoughts and dream;" "He is the leader on the inner roads"; "His is the vision and the prophecy," "He is the carrier of the hidden fire". This is the second spirit.

A third spirit stood behind, "A mass of superconscience closed in light," "creator of things in his all-knowing sleep". "The omniscient Ray is shut behind his lids;" "He is the Wisdom that comes not by thought," "Because he is there the
Inconscient does its work", "He is the centre of the circle of God." "His slumber is an Almightyness in things." When he is awake "he is the Eternal and Supreme".

The fourth spirit is "the brooding bliss of the Infinite" which is above. Here the Bliss that made the world in its body lived. All forms of Love, Delight and Beauty were there.

All these four powers worked harmoniously in that embodied Light. Then a voice rose from the heart.

You have unlocked the avenues of the spirit's sight, and entered the divine planes. You have attained a vision beyond Time and beyond Death, "my tunnel which I drive through life."

"To reach my unseen distances of bliss", "I am the beauty of the unveiled Ray" drawing the pilgrim-soul of earth.

I am Ecstasy. They who have looked on me shall grieve no more.

Two powers born from one original ecstasy walk near but are parted in the life of man: One leans to earth, the other yearns to the skies:

Heaven in its rapture dreams of perfect earth,
Earth in its sorrow dreams of perfect heaven. [150.7]

The two shall join and be one. Attend that moment—but meanwhile you two—Savitri and Satyavan,—shall serve the dual law making division your means of happy oneness.

But if you want to abandon the vexed world—you have to cross to the Beyond, casting off your sympathy with mortal hearts. You can ascend into the blissful home and live there as the gods "who care not for the world".
Savitri’s eye smiled as she said:

I climb not to thy everlasting Day,
Even as I have shunned thy eternal Night. [151.2]

Earth is the chosen place of mightiest souls;
Earth is the heroic spirit’s battlefield, [151.4]

Thy servitudes on earth are greater, king,
Than all the glorious liberties of heaven. [151.5]

I know all the glories of the perfect life of heaven. But "a heavier tread is mine". I am on earth "where the gods and demons battle in night". I am there "to dare the impossible;" "in me immortal love" aspires to embrace mankind. " Imperfect is the joy not shared by all."

Oh to spread forth, oh to encircle and seize
More hearts till love in us has filled thy world! [151.11]

"Take not the warrior with his blow unstruck." "Weld us to one in thy strong smithy of life." Savitri then pleads with the Voice to continue their union:

I know that I can lift man’s soul to God,
I know that he can bring the Immortal down. [151.20]

Her mission is to raise man’s soul to the divine and his power is to bring down the Immortal in life. There is a divine sanction to our works: "Our will labours permitted by thy will".

The godhead replied: How would it be that earth-nature—human nature—would rise while the earth would remain unchanged? Heaven’s light may visit the mind of earth, but earth remains earth subject to her ignorance, suffering and evil.
Earth can have only "fragments of a star-lost gleam". She can have only "careless visits of the gods." She can have "high glimpses, not the lasting sight". On earth Heaven's call is rare, rarer the heart that heeds, "the doors of light are sealed to common mind". Man hardly responds to greater things except in the hour of stress, or when raised by some strong hand. Men slide back to the mud from which they climbed. They take delight in the mud which is their natural element. They want to be "common." It is also good that each creature is bound by its nature because "if this were easily disturbed, it would break"

The settled balance of created things; [152.17]

The call of the Divine is there in men and things

But the Inconscient lies at the world’s grey back
And draws to its breast of Night and Death and Sleep. [152.19]

The Nescience like a fond ignorant mother keeps her child tied to her apron strings.

Man is the key to unlock the conscious door—But his mind is limited. "He is barred out from his own inner depths".

O Eager Savitri! leave to time's tardy pace, to its "imperfect light, the earthly race." All shall be done in the long act of time. Rise to the sphere of the Eternal and live in Timeless Eternity and infinite Power. "Melt, Lightning, into thy invisible flame". Leave the limit that divides you and Satyavan: "Receive him into boundless Savitri." "Lose thyself into infinite Satyavan."

But Savitri answered: my soul and his are indissolubly linked to raise the world to God, to bring God down to the world,—to change earthly life to life divine. "I keep my will to save the world and man". "If thou and I are true, the
"world is true". "Since God has made earth, earth must make in her God". If man cannot outgrow his present limitation then a greater race than man must appear from man.

The God answered: "thou art the force by which I made the worlds.

But you know the world-plan and the tardy process of Time. Do not lead the spirit in an ignorant world to dare too soon the adventure of the Light, the danger of the Infinite. If you do not want to wait for Time and God then do your work and force your will on Fate.

But this is not the plane where Fate is fixed; for that you must rise upon a ladder to greater worlds where no world can be. The summit of Mind, greater Life-plane, or subtle Matter are only mediating links—they are not originating planes. If you want to deliver man and earth then, on the spiritual height, "discover the truth of God and man and world". "ascend... into thy timeless self".

"Choose destiny's curve and stamp thy will on Time." Then the heaven-worlds disappeared in spiritual light. Savitri heard the eternal Thought. She lived then as

A rapture and a being and a force,
Bearing the eternity of every spirit,
Bearing the burden of universal love,
A wonderful mother of unnumbered souls. ||153.31||

A voice was heard: Choose now an immense extinction in Eternity. Silently the woman's heart replied: Give me the boon to keep thy peace and thy calm within me in the roar and ruin of wild Time.
The eternal cry rose a second time: Wide open are the gates, pass into silence if you like.

There was a world-destroying pause: Savitri heard a million creatures cry to her.

The woman's nature spoke: Give me thy Oneness O Lord! in many approaching hearts.

A third time the call was heard: I give you the refuge of my wings, my power withdrawn looks forth above the "whirling of the world".

There was a sob from Nature in response. The woman's heart passionately replied: Give me thy energy, O Lord, to seize on woman and man,

To take all things and creatures in their grief
And gather them into a mother's arms.” [153.49]

The woman yearningly replied: Give me thy embrace which rends the living knot of pain, "thy joy, O Lord, in which all creatures breathe,

Thy sweetness give to me for earth and men.” [153.51]

Then a blissful cry arose: "I have spoken in thy voice
My will is thine, what thou hast chosen I choose. [154.2]

All thou hast asked I give to earth and men. [154.3]

Because thou hast obeyed my timeless will
I lay my hands upon thy soul of flame,
I yoke thee to my power of work in Time. [154.5]

Now will I do in thee my marvellous works. [154.7]
..., thou shalt raise the earth-soul to Light ||154.10||

Men shall be lit with the Eternal’s ray ||154.12||

Living for me, by me, in me they shall live. ||154.13||

I will possess in thee my universe,
The universe find all I am in thee. ||154.17||

Thou shalt respond to me from every nerve. ||154.19||

From every where in every aspect and every object thou shalt see and know Me and

My eye shall look upon thee from the sun. ||154.26||

Thou shalt not shrink from any brother soul. ||154.32||

Thou shalt be attracted helplessly to all. ||154.33||

All that thou hast, shall be for other’s bliss, ||154.36||

I will pour delight from thee as from a jar,
I will use thee as my sword and as my lyre, ||154.37||

It is my hidden presence that has led you up til now,

Who hunts and seizes me, my captive grows: ||154.40||

O Word, cry out the immortal litany:
Built is the golden tower, the flame-child born. ||154.44||

“Descend to life ||155.1||

O Satyavan, O luminous Savitri, ||155.2||
I send you forth,

Bringing down God to the insentient glow,
Lifting earth-beings to immortality. ||155.2||

He is my soul that climbs from nescient Night ||155.4||

He is my soul that gropes out of the beast
To reach humanity’s heights of lucent thought,
And the vicinity of Truth’s sublime. ||155.6||

"O Savitri, thou art my spirit's Power." You will show to men my glory in their ignorant life.

There are great things concealed in God's beyond. Now Mind is all, it is the leader of the human race. But there are greater destinies and Mind is not the last summit of human ascent:

There is a fire on the apex of the worlds;
There is a house of the Eternal’s Light. ||155.15||

A few shall glimpse that great Truth and

Ascending out of the limiting breadths of mind,
They shall discover the world’s huge design
And step into the Truth, the Right, the Vast. ||155.20||

These are the high forerunners, the heads of Time,
The first-born of a new supernal race. ||155.29||

The incarnate dual Power shall open God’s door,
Eternal supermind touch earthly Time. ||155.30||
Then man will realise divine life:

The Eternal’s truth shall mould his thoughts and acts, ||155.36||

All then shall change||155.37||

And

Light shall invade the darkness of its base. ||155.40||

All earth shall be the Spirit’s manifest home,
An unerring Hand shall shape event and act. ||155.45||

Man shall forget to consent to mortality; the spirit shall be the master of his world, and Nature shall reverse her action's rule. Even if man should refuse his fate and hostile power cling to its reign, even then,

The hour must come of the Transcendent’s will: ||155.51||

"The end of Death, the death of Ignorance" must also come.

But for that Truth must descend on earth and man must aspire to the Eternal's light. Even that will happen; and when Superman is born then matter's world will be transformed and even dumb earth will become a sentient force. The Summit of the Spirit and the base of Nature will know each other as one deity.

Even humanity awake to deepest self, ||155.62||

The frontiers of the Ignorance shall recede, ||155.67||

"More and more souls shall enter into light" and even flesh and nerves grow capable of a strange ethereal joy,
Savitri's soul sank like a star amidst laughter of unearthly voices pursuing her was the face of a youth. Then it changed and grew a woman's face dark and beautiful. In the headlong fall—held like a bird in a child's satisfied hands—she kept within her heart the soul of Satyavan drawn down inextricably in that mighty lapse. Then she felt the "fearful rapidities of downward bliss." "A hospitable softness drew her in" and "she was buried in a mother's breast".

But in place of the silence of the Gods that had passed there was earth with its ecstasy and laughter and a cry: "Over wide earth brooded the infinite bliss".

Savitri found herself in the forest where nature was all joy. She felt Satyavan's living body and again "Human she was once more, earth's Savitri".

And yet she was not now the same. She had a power in her that was too great for earth. The whole wide world clung to her for delight,

Created for her rapt embrace of love. ||157.10||

She then turned round to recover old threads of life on earth. She cast her look upon Satyavan's face "not yearning now" but "pure, passionate with the passion of the gods." There was in her no desire but a quiet rapture, a vast security. Then Satyavan awoke. He found her eyes waiting for his, and felt her hands. Then in wonder he cried:

"Whence hast thou brought me captive back, love-chained,
To thee and sun-light’s walls, O golden beam
And casket of all sweetness, Savitri, ||157.21||

...surely I have travelled in strange worlds
By thee companioned, a pursuing spirit,
Together we have disdained the gates of night;
I have turned away from the celestial’s joy [157.22]

Where is the formidable shape that rose against us? or was it all a dream?

Savitri replied: "Our parting was a dream". Look round, here is our home—
this forest and the trees and birds. Then they rose and hung on each other in a silent
look. Then Satyavan with a new flame of worship in his eyes said: what high
change has taken place in thee!

You were always bright and pure but you were dearer to me by the sweet
human parts which earth gave you. But now you seem almost too high for mortal
worship.

Time lies below thy feet
And the whole world seems only a part of thee, [157.30]

By thee I have greatened my mortal arc of life,
But now far heaven’s unmapped infinitudes
Thou hast brought me thy illimitable gift. [157.33]

Savitri replied:

“All now is changed, yet all is still the same. [157.35]

"We have looked upon the face of God", "we have borne identity with the
Supreme" "and known his meaning in our mortal lives". But nothing is lost of
mortal love's delight because "heaven's touch fulfils but cancels not our earth". I
am the same Savitri, "the sovereign and the slave of thy desire" "thou art my
world"—and "the god I adore". Now the world is given back to us and it is now
known—"a playing ground and dwelling house of God" "who hides himself in bird 
and beast and man"

    Sweetly to find himself again by love, [157.45]

    Let us now go back because evening is coming:

    Let us give joy to all, for joy is ours. [157.50]

    Our spirits came not for ourselves alone, into life but "to lead man's soul 
towards Truth and God we are born." Then she closed her arms about him and for a 
while they stood entwined. "Then hand in hand they left the solemn place" for their 
sylvan home. Then "day and night leaned to each other's arms".

    Then they heard a great sound—sound of human beings, many voices and 
sound of many feet and at last they saw "the brilliant strenuous crowded life of 
man." It was a brilliant crowd with torches in their hands—there were priests, 
strong warriors with steeds. In front King Dyumathsenā walked with his restored 
sight. By his side was the queen with anxious face. Her eyes were the first to find 
out the two. The parents embraced them. Then Dyumathsenā said chiding 
Satyavan:

    The Gods have been gracious to me. Today my eye-sight and Kingdom 
came back to me seeking. "But where wast thou? What danger kept thee for the 
darkening woods?" Then he turned to Savitri and said:

    It was not like thyself, Savitri: "Who ledst not back thy husband to our arms"

    Satyavan replied: It is all her fault she is the cause of all!

    Behold, at noon leaving this house of clay
    I wandered in far-off eternities,
Yet still, a captive in her golden hands,
I tread your little hillock called green earth
And in the moments of your transient sun
Live glad among the busy works of men.” ![158.18]

Then a priest and a sage spoke: "what light, what power revealed opens for us by thee a happier age?"

Savitri replied:

That to feel love and oneness is to live ![158.24]

Is all the truth I know or seek ![158.24]

Then murmur and movement and tread of men broke the night's solitude—

Then the moon in her stillness "nursed a greater dawn."

We have seen few books of the poem from the book of Fate to book of Everlasting Day, where savitri’s character rises remarkable. The words spoken by Savitri is like a center of the universal energy and spirit through which every man on earth can get enlighten guidance in the journey of human life which is not given to us as a punishment or predicament but life is the field of the performing Dharma.