Chapter VI

Savitri’s Quest for Perfection
Savitri’s quest for perfection constitutes major part of second half of the epic. Aswapati’s quest for perfection can be understood because though a king, basically he is the human being. But in the epic, Savitri is introduced as *devkanya* or the ‘divine word’. So some questions regarding her quest may be raised like - If Savitri is the divinity itself on earth, why she has to go through various stages of self perfection? What need she has to explore various planes of consciousness to find out the ultimate Truth? These questions may have two possible answers. Firstly, though Savitri is the divinity itself on earth, she was born human being. So she is divinity hidden in the mask of human body. To rediscover the hidden divinity in her, she has to go through various stages of self perfection as any human being would go for the same. Secondly, saviours have to set paradigm by their own examples of the ways to bring perfection in life for the human race.

After her marriage with Satyavan, Savitri leaves the royal palace of Madra and travels to the hermitage at Shalwa which is surrounded by beauty and bounty of the nature and hence a suitable place for search of the eternal truth. There she takes charge of the service of Satyavan’s father and mother, the blind king, Dyumatsena, and the queen. She performs all the duties of daughter-in-law so carefully and perfectly that soon she wins appreciations of not only Dyumatsena and his wife but the
neighbours and rishis living around. In the new surroundings, which seemed quite heavenly to her, she commenced a new life in the company of her husband:

At first to her beneath the sapphire heavens
The sylvan solitude was a gorgeous dream...
Two lives were locked within an earthly heaven.¹

But soon with the change of seasons, and setting of the Monsoon, the dark clouds with the sobbing winds and the cruel storm that came crashing in brought fear and grief to her heart. These reminded her of Narad’s warning and her lover’s doom. She knew that her golden days of sweetest joys were numbered; yet she continued her daily routine of work with peace and grace. Deep within she prayed for Satyavan's life, without letting even Satyavan know of the prophesied end. She could alone see ‘the desert’ of her coming days. But her need of Satyavan was infinite, not quite knowable to the mortal mind. There was something not mortal in her which was forcing her not to accept the fate as it was destined to come and to fight against it and finally alter it as she wanted.

As she sat vigilant through sleepless nights of grief, she heard a mighty Voice approaching from inaccessible heights and addressing her. To remind her that she is not the ordinary mortal being, it called her as
‘spirit’ and ‘immortal energy’. For the revelation of her divine powers she was appealed and challenged by it:

Arise, O soul, and vanquish Time and Death.²

At this moment there were some doubts and confusions in the mind of Savitri. She was feeling typical human helplessness before the mighty and undefeatable power of death. Savitri felt within that her strength was taken away from her and given to Death. It was futile to raise her hands in supplication to Heaven. So taking the human stance for a while Savitri replied in a desperate vein:

Is there a God whom any cry can move?
He sits in peace and leaves the mortal’s strength
Impotent against his calm omnipotent Law
And Inconscience and the almighty hands of Death.³

She asked what need Satyavan or she had to avoid the ‘black meshed net’ and call a mightier Light into ‘life’s closed room’. She asked why she should bring a greater law of divine into man’s little world. Why she should keep away death’s inevitable hour which is supported by mightier strength in this mortal’s world.
Though these were logical questions asked by Savitri in the given condition, surely, this was not the purpose for which she had come upon earth. In any condition, she was not supposed to forget her gifted strength or to remain deaf both to the earth’s as well as eternity’s call. She had come here into the world of space and time with a mandate from the timeless and the spaceless beyond to substitute the old dusty laws with those of light and immortality. She had come to:

... lead man to truth’s wide and golden road
That runs through finite things to eternity.⁴

It could not happen that this supreme guardian angel of light would return to her abode beyond leaving her task undone. She started to feel within that she is His portion here on the earth and charged with divinity’s work. She started to outshine the momentary weakness of mind which was the part of her human birth. Divinity in her responded to its originating source. She became receptive to the call of divine. Her heart fell mute and power of eternity within her answered the still Voice:

Speak to my depths, O great and deathless Voice,
Command, for I am here to do thy will.⁵
To which the Voice replied and gave her immediate task which was the base for her forthcoming journey of self realization and establishment of divinity on the earth. The revelation of hidden powers in her was possible only through the Tapasya. This process of ‘know thyself’ was necessary to come out of the habits of mortality which came with human birth. It was time to detach from the routine human lifestyle and attach with the strength of eternity. It was the only thing which could prove her far removed from other mortals around her. It replied:

Find out thy soul, recover thy self,
In silence seek God’s meaning in thy depths.
Then mortal nature change to the divine.⁶

As she sat listening to the Voice immersed in her, like a statue of the fire of the inner sun was disclosed to her the cosmic past, the mystic origins and the unfoldment of earth’s destiny through the aeons. The appearance of creation from formlessness of the supreme Self, the shaping of Matter, the sprouting of the seeds of Life and the chaos of little sensibilities as well as the emergence of Mind were all seen as giant steps of the great energy of God on the road to Eternity. Human nature holds within itself both the forces of darkness and light. Man-
Communicates with Heaven, tampers with Hell.  

He hisses but Savitri, undaunted, forces her way toward her soul. She first enters the chaotic world of the subconscious where everything is confused, ‘nothing self-found,’

For all was there but nothing in its place.

From there she proceeds further and enters the sense-world where she finds various forms taking shape. Things here are no longer vague and amorphous; they could be grasped by the senses, and yet the soul was not there. It was the ego around which sounds, senses and feelings centered; these created “a chaos of disordered impulses” void of any light or thought. Fixing her thought on the saviour Name, Savitri walked through this world for long hours before she arrived at the country of the physical mind. Here a greater danger awaited her, for she confronted giant head of vast and tumultuous life, uncontrolled by mind or soul. Released by the physical mind, a torrent of the blind life-force denuded the stillness of her silent self.

It cried to her listening spirit as it ran,
Demanding God’s submission to chainless Force.
It brought about rising and falling of the opposite movements of the Life-force, flame-ascensions and steep sinkings, tenderness and hate, joy and fear, ecstasy and despair. This is the Valley of the False Gleam, the nether realm of Life where all its contraries meet. Savitri is not attracted by this Gleam; she wanted to remain its master and not become its agent. She stands unmoved, and allows the current of Life-force pass by:

Through it all she moved not, plunged not in the vain waves,
Out of the vastness of the silent self
Life's clamour fled; her spirit was mute and free.¹⁰

Then, journeying further through the wide hush, Savitri came to a world where the Life-force was ordered or rather chained to an inviolable law; this is the beginning of a system.

There Life dwelt parked in an armed tranquillity;
A chain was on her strong insurgent heart.
Tamed to the modesty of a measured pace,
She kept no more her vehement stride and rush.¹¹

She had lost all the grandeur of her force, the revels of her play and the majesty of her muse. For, Reason had entered her world, coercing her to live ‘in adamant walls of law.’ Even the freedom of Thought ‘was cut into a system’ and was
...rivetted to Matter's solid ground. 12

to keep the soul from getting lost in its own vastnesses.

Life was consigned to a safe level path,
It dared not tempt the great and difficult heights
Or climb to be neighbour to a lonely star...
Or set the world ablaze with the inner Fire.13

This is the world of small ideals, of closed conventional and formal
meditation and rational religion - the country of Life-mind. Savitri
advances beyond this too, and comes to the domain of the measured
mind, where spirit itself is seen as a form of mind.

Here was a quiet country of fixed mind, .....  
Soul was not there nor spirit, but mind alone;
Mind claimed to be the spirit and the soul.14

It was a world of fixity and stability, firmness and finality. At the
entrance Savitri meets a commanding personality. Oracle-like, with
authority he speaks:

Ours is home of cosmic certainty.15
He wanted Savitri to permanently station herself in this kingdom of safety, certainty and mental ultimacy. But Savitri could not have stayed in this world of ordered and cold knowledge and fixed beliefs anymore than in those of the physical and vital minds; for, she had set herself forth in search of her soul. It was her psychic being that held the key to the unfoldment of earth's destiny. She replied:

Here I can stay not, for I seek my soul.\textsuperscript{16}

In this contented world it was unimaginable for someone to go outside the accustomed round of things and turn to the Beyond. Savitri's reply caused not a little astonishment and amusement to those around her, for they had long written off the soul for a sort of ‘gland or a secretion's fault.’ It was more a functional disorder of the brain, or rather an unreal term that made people ‘cling to living in a sea of death.’ To others, the soul was merely:

\begin{quote}
A splendid shadow of the name of God,
A formless lustre from the Ideal's realm,....
But none has touched its limits or seen its face.\textsuperscript{17}
\end{quote}

And to yet others,

\begin{quote}
Mind is that soul’s one parent, its conscious cause, 
All that is here is part of our own self;
\end{quote}
Our minds have made the world in which we live.\textsuperscript{18}

That someone could still think of the soul was beyond their comprehension. There were the powers of the mighty mind that seemed to strongly attract Savitri. But gaining control of herself she continued her journey to discover her soul, for she knew the principle very well:

Only who save themselves can others save.\textsuperscript{19}

Strange to her was ‘life’s riddling truth,’ for all those who desired to help suffering humanity turned to the outer world in search of external means whereas she alone looked for the eternal source of alleviation. She was in search of “the birth-place of the occult Fire,” the deep mansion of her saviour soul. Only one from amongst the gathered gods answered her call.-

Follow the world’s winding highway to its source.
There in the silence few have ever reached,
Thou shall see the Fire burning on the bare stone
And the deep cavern of thy secret soul. \textsuperscript{20}

These were the occult powers, the messengers who helped men and brought solace and light into their lives. They knew that Savitri was the incarnation of the Divine Mother.

O human copy and disguise of God
Who seekst the deity thou keepest hid.  

Following their suggestion, Savitri takes the winding road, the narrow path, trod only by rare wounded pilgrim-feet and soon feels the nearness of her soul.

It is on this listless, narrow and winding path that Savitri finds a woman in ‘a pale lustrous robe’ sitting in the ‘rugged and ragged soil’ with her feet resting on ‘sharp and wounding’ stones. She was filled with divine pity, and appeared touched by the grief of everyone living around. She owned the pangs of earth and identified herself with the toil of starry heaven;

Her eyes were dim with the ancient stain of tears.
Her heart was riven with the world’s agony...

She is the Mother of Seven Sorrows the divine participant of the suffering of all living creatures, bearing the first brunt of world-pain, and helping the earth to endure the otherwise unbearable agony of existence. She introduces herself:

O Savitri, I am thy secret soul.
To share the suffering of the world I came, . . .
I am in all that suffers and that cries...
I am the spirit in a world of pain.
She has been a witness to the suffering of humanity through the ages; also she shared the pain and grief of all existence with the steadfast hope that some day the Divine shall rule the earth and transform sorrow into pure delight. She carried the fire that never can be quenched and limitless compassion. She was waiting for the God who had promised her to come but never came till that time. However she was sure that he will come one day. With this hope of the better future she was waiting for that golden moment of transformation of earth.

As she ceased to speak, picking up the refrain an angry voice spoke - the voice of a tortured Titan crouched within man’s depths, of one who seemed to enjoy its suffering even as it complained against it. It is strange but true that many a times, knowing the terrible results that end with sufferings, man commit deliberate mistakes as if he is in love with it and is resolved to bear its bad consequences.

I am the Man of Sorrows, I am he….
To enjoy my agony god built the earth,
My passion he has made his drama’s theme.\(^\text{24}\)

It is the voice of a being who toils without success, who ceaselessly labours but is not fated to enjoy the fruit of his toil, who is slated to seek
but not find, and forced to fight but not win. It is the wrath of a being who is condemned to live with his evil thoughts and quarrelsome nature against both God and man.

I was made for evil, evil is my lot;
Evil I must be and by evil live...
What Nature made me, that I must remain.\(^2\)

It is the voice of an angry fatalist, symbolic of the sluggish, tamasic and demoniac nature of humanity in respect of any radical change of consciousness, the voice that grows and protests against the light and is averse to transformation. Man is an animal by birth. In due course of time he passes through various evolutionary phases and becomes human being. But there are many who refuse to the stages of advancement and subsequent change and like to be as beast. Savitri sees no reason to answer him because any argument or answer could not satisfy him. Instead she addresses the Mother of Seven Sorrows. Savitri accepted her as the part of her soul and told her that being less powerful; she was restricted to only console man’s suffering heart and not to save him from it. Lastly she promised her the bright future of humanity:

One day I will return, a bringer of strength,
And make thee drink from the Eternal’s cup;
His streams of force shall triumph in thy limbs
And Wisdom’s calm control thy passionate heart.\(^2\)
It is only then that misery could be hoped to be finally abolished from the heart of humanity and peace reign upon earth.

As Savitri continued her soul-ward journey, she came upon ‘a woman whose body was a mass of courage and heavenly strength.’ She was the Mother of Might:

Armed with the trident and the thunderbolt...
She menaced the triumph of the nether gods.  

Savitri observes various glorious shades of her personality. She is Durga, goddess of supreme Power; she is Lakshmi, mother of cosmic harmony; she is Kali, destroyer of the demon hordes. She slays the malignant Titan and responds to the cry of the oppressed. But she can save only a few, for

The cosmic evil is too deep to unroot:
The cosmic suffering is too vast to heal.

Perhaps that is the reason why she had to reveal her power many times in the history to kill demons of the contemporary period but evil spirit could
not be unrooted eternally. But she is confident of the eventual fulfilment of her mission even

When God comes out to meet the soul of the world. 29

At this point, Savitri is compared with most popular Goddesses of Hindus. When they kill *Asuric* mighty personalities, Savitri’s work is to transform the *Asuric* consciousness from where they take birth. Thus Savitri’s work becomes more fundamental and permanent than the temporary work of those Goddesses.

As she finished, there came a voice - the *Asuric* exact opposite, growing ego-like in the mind of the human person that claimed allegiance both of earth and the wide heavens. It was the voice of the dwarf Titan, the cry of

The Ego of this great world of desire. 30

It represents that part of man which makes him believe of his mastery over Nature. In truth, he is

A tool and slave of his own slave and tool...
Possessor he is possessed and, ruler, ruled. 31
Though a creature who is bound to work in conscious automation of Nature, he thinks that he is a claimant to the throne of heaven. Although he lives in Time and is besieged by Death and, precariously housed ‘on a little speck amid the stars,’ he thinks he is the emperor of the universe and that everything was created for his use and enjoyment.

The sun and moon are lights upon my path;
Air was invented for my lungs to breathe...
The sea was made for me to swim and sail...
The earth is my floor, the sky my living’s roof.\(^{32}\)

His ego, developed with short lived few moments of success in the limited world in which he lives forces him to think that he is the creator of his destiny and he can change even the destiny of this universe. Though born weak and helpless, possessed by over-confidence he thinks he has

...grown greater than Nature, wiser than God.\(^{33}\)

His misplaced confidence makes him declare:

There is no miracle I shall not achieve.
What God imperfect left, I will complete...
What he invented not, I shall invent:
He was the first creator, I am the last.\(^{34}\)

And thinks

When earth is mastered, I shall conquer heaven.\(^{35}\)
Savitri listens to the voice of the mental Ego but knowing that its power has a little place before the might of the destiny and it makes man blind before reality; she does not speak. She knows that power of ego is always short lived and it ends finally with frustration. So she turns to the Mother of Might and says:

Because thou art in him, man hopes and dares...
Thou hast given men strength, wisdom thou couldst not give.
One day I will return, a bringer of light,
Then I will give to thee the mirror of God.\(^{36}\)

This, she says would give the Mother of Might the vision to see the self and world as they are seen by the Divine.

Then Savitri moves on in search of her soul and comes across yet another woman. She reached a point from where all could be seen and felt being close to the source of her spirit. The woman’s eyes shone with crystal light, her face beamed like the golden sun. She mused:

O Savitri, I am thy secret soul.
I have come down to the wounded desolate earth
To heal her pangs and lull her heart to rest...\(^{37}\)
She is peace which is lost from man’s war-like heart. She gives peace to the seekers. She shades her grace on both foolish and wise. She is ready to save the earth if earth consents to be saved. She is the mother-power that labours for the best and builds a world of consciousness out of the Inconscience. She is the mother-light that leads life to immortality out of the darkness of death. She is Knowledge, she is Charity, she is Peace and Silence and yet cannot entirely succeed in her work because humanity clings to its ignorance and is not ready to be saved.

Close upon the woman’s self-description comes a voice, the voice of ‘the sense-shackled human mind,’ - the cry of an ignorant energy that cannot see God’s mighty whole. Human being has access only to the surface-nature of Reality and cannot commune with the ‘throbbing heart of things.’ Though, not infrequently inspired by the Unknown and visited by intuitions from beyond, he finds security only in reason and sense, and thus is baulked in this splendid effort to help himself and humanity. An immeasurable pathos was reflected in his voice:

I am the mind of God’s great ignorant world
Ascending to knowledge by the steps he made;
I am the all-discovering Thought of man.
I am a god fettered by Matter and sense.\(^{38}\)
Man has succeeded partly in mapping the universe and analysing
the stars but is ignorant of the secret purpose of life itself. He seems to
explain everything, but of himself knows very little.

I can foresee the acts of Matter’s force,
But not the march of the destiny of man...
Human I am, human let me remain
Till in the Inconscient I fall dumb and sleep.\(^{39}\)

This particular aspect of human mind is incapable of accepting a
higher destiny for man. It cannot conceive that man, constituted as he is
of clay and inconscience, could ever grow immortal and divine. It makes
man to think within his mental limitations. Savitri heard the voice and
turning to the Woman of Light spoke:

Madonna of light, Mother of joy and peace,
Thou art a portion of my self put forth
To raise the spirit to its forgotten heights.\(^{40}\)

But the intellect is a self-enclosing and self-limiting phenomenon;
lows only ‘a bright shadow of God’ to enter it, - and not God himself.
Savitri exhorts the Madonna of Joy and Peace to continue to nurse and
nourish the spiritual hunger in man and fill his yearning heart with
‘heaven’s fire’. She promises:
One day I shall return, His hands in mine,
And thou shalt see the face of the Absolute. 41

Then only the unification of the soul and supersoul can happen on
earth. Then only can the divine family be born. Then only can there be
light and peace in the entire world.

Savitri moved still onwards and entered the ‘night of God,’ a
region beyond knowledge and wisdom, outside the pale of any human
light and love. This is the darkness of ignorance and desperation. Here,
she realised that,

A sacred darkness brooded now within,
The world was a deep darkness great and nude. 42

She moved through the ‘fathomless impersonal Night’, the
‘formless, voiceless, infinite,’

As might a shadow walk in a shadowy scene,
A small nought passing through a mightier Nought. 43

However the darkness was long, she was sure that after every dark
night there is dawn. At last she approached the end of her journey and felt
the stirring of a luminous world within. It was the first light of knowledge after the dark night of ignorance. It was like the birth of Dawn wearing immortal lustre for her robe, and

She recognised in her prophetic mind...
The mystic cavern in the sacred hill
And knew the dwelling of her secret soul.44

Then enters the rock-temple, - the mystic cave upon the sacred hill, through the great rock-doors carved. There inside she found herself surrounded by the great figures of gods. They were looking fully awake in stone, as if living without breath. They could also be called as images or executive figures of the cosmic self, or world-symbols of absolute power.

While watching these images deep in her consciousness, through an inner identification,

She felt herself made one with all she saw.45

It was a re-realisation of the truth of her inner existence; she was indeed the energy, the being of all the gods. She knew herself as the Beloved of the Supreme. She experienced the feeling of oneness with
those Gods and Goddesses. She experienced herself as The Mother of Beauty and Delight, and The Word of Brahma in his created universe.

Savitri then moved into the last and inmost chamber of the rock-temple. There, she saw seated on a golden height a figure of supreme Effulgence, a form of indefinable Splendour, - the fount and force of everything,

A Sun of which all knowledge is a beam,
A Greatness without whom no life could be.\(^{46}\)

She realises everything receding into nameless silence of the pure formless Self. Then, passing ‘through a tunnel dug in the last rock,’ she comes out into radiant sphere of the deathless sun. Then in a houses of transparent truth and light,

……. she met her secret soul.\(^{47}\)

It was the immortal being cast in the flow of transience

In whose wide eyes of tranquil happiness...
Infinity turned its gaze on finite shapes.\(^{48}\)
There she was truly introduced with her hidden self. There she realized that she is not merely a mortal being but divine power’s conscious representative on earth. She understood that she is God’s delegate in humanity who is sent as friend of the universe with light of the knowledge. In the Everlasting’s universal play:

She had come into the mortal body’s room
To play at ball with Time and Circumstance. ⁴⁹

Moved by her infinite love for her children, the mother-being of Savitri puts forth a small portion of herself, something immortal into the mortal, into a hidden region of the heart to face the shooting pain, to share the suffering and endure wounds.

It is this immortal soul within us that supports the human life -our mental, vital and physical life; it takes on itself all anguish and defect. It is this hidden godhead that uplifts us from light to greater light. It is in the inmost ‘chamber of light and flame’ that

The secret deity and its human part,
The calm immortal and the struggling soul. ⁵⁰

see each other and, seeing, realize their utter identity.
After finding her soul Savitri returns to her human and earthly environment. The subtle world withdraws behind a luminous veil of inner sight and Savitri experiences within her the harmonizing oneness of life, mind and soul. She invokes the Supreme Mother to descend into her earthly body and make of it the temple of her transforming love. In response to her call there descends into her heart, a living image of the original Power. The very touch of its feet creates a mighty movement that rocks the subtle world and releases from its coiled-up sleep a flaming serpent that rises billowing its coils and stands erect. It touches different chakras- points of energy believed by yogis in her body ‘with its flaming mouth.’ The giant energy thus released ‘surcharged with light and bliss’ joined the thousandfold consciousness above, linking Matter’s nether base with the Spirit’s summits in the Eternal’s space. A stream of nectar flows down the mystic centres which brought about ‘a high celestial change’ in Savitri.

Then as a power and the flame of divinity for the onward journey of humanity towards the perfection, she broke the walls of Inconscient and effaced the circles of the Ignorance. She was the very embodiment of delight. Now as a power of the divine she could see her hand in every situation and felt her touch in everything.
Thus did Savitri succeed in building the strong fort of the Divine in a harsh world of ignorance and make the body ‘a capital of bliss.’

Savitri’s perfection is not merely the matter of individual’s quest for perfection. It is very significant turning point in the history of earth transformation. For the world transformation, the complete individual transformation is necessary. The victory of Savitri could be proved as the beginning of the dream success of world perfection. One mighty leader who is ‘complete being’ can show light to the world to bring completeness in every walks of life. Individual perfection can be extended to the world perfection.

Even if the struggling world is left outside
One man’s perfection still can save the world.\textsuperscript{51}

Savitri’s quest for perfection is merely to rediscover her original self and reveal her hidden divine powers. Her preparation and quest is for saving Satyavan- a symbolic soul of humanity from the clutches of destined death. So with her quest for self perfection-

A camp of God is pitched in human time.\textsuperscript{52}
Savitri finds her soul, the soul that is both cosmic and supracosmic. She passes beyond Time into eternity and lives eternally in consciousness of the supreme Mother.

There are two major quests for perfection in the epic; one is of Aswapati and another is of Savitri. Both are related with the internal journey of being in search of the ultimate truth. Savitri’s quest progress through various realms and different levels of consciousness. This part of epic contains many types of yogic experiences as Sri Aurobindo and his collaborator in Ashram, The Mother says. So, in many ways Savitri’s quest for perfection is the crucial part of the epic.
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Chapter VII

Conclusion
Indo-Anglian poetry has voiced the aspirations, joys and sorrows of the Indian people. It has striven increasingly to express the Indian temperament which is unique in itself. At the same time, its constant endeavour is to relate essentially to humanity and universality - which has a global appeal. Amongst Indo-Anglian poets some are neo-symbolist poets who imbued mysticism and sublimity in their poetry. These were the poets who were influenced by Sri Ramkrishna, Vivekanand, Theosophy or Vedanta. The neo-symbolists in India are more active because they have a living heritage which feeds their cultural sensibility. It appears that Indo-Anglian poetry is generally concerned with Nature, love, man, myth, legend and history. When its orientation turned inwards into the poet’s own personality, it was termed as introspective poetry. And a significant section of Indo-Anglian poetry is dedicated to the expression of spiritual vision.

The theme of Indianness, authenticity and self-revelation reaches high water-mark of excellence in Sri Aurobindo’s poetry. He believed in spirituality as the dominant note of Indian life. He drew upon Indian myths, legends and history liberally for his plays, narrative poems and lyrics.
Sri Aurobindo’s poetic sensibility, his philosophy of evolution and divine life, and his integral yoga reflected in Savitri put him on a different pedestal as an Indian writer in English.

During his long career in various fields like teaching, journalism, politics, Yoga and philosophy he never abandoned his first love, poetry. He has written lyrical, narrative, dramatic and epic poetry which, in volume and in variety, in quantity and in quality can be compared with the work of the greatest poets who have enriched the poetic field of the world. He firmly believed that English language has flexibility and adaptability, and therefore embodies essentially a greater potentiality required for an effective expression of the spiritual truth, a truth that has acquired a complex dimension in the recent times. In his writing he constantly tried to realize this potentiality. Undoubtedly, the worth of his poetry, in its outbursts of spiritual inspiration and vision achieves the utterance of the Mantra.

Sri Aurobindo’s poetry stands apart in Indo-Anglian poetry and offers a scope for critical assessment. His poetic career spans over a period of sixty years- from 1890 to 1950. In his long and versatile poetic career, we see at one end the influence of the Romantic and the Victorian poetry and on the other hand his poetry is distinctly futurist in its aim and