

## EPILOGUE

When the chill of earth black-breasted is  
    uplifted at the glance  
Of the red sun million-crested, and the forest  
    blossoms dance  
With the light that stirs and lustres of the  
    dawn, and with the bloom  
Of the wind's cheek as it clusters from the  
    hidden valley's gloom;  
Then I walk in woodland spaces, musing on  
    the solemn ways  
Of the immemorial places shut behind the  
    starry rays;  
Of the East and all its splendour, of the  
    West and all its peace;  
And the stubborn lights grow tender, and  
    the hard sounds hush and cease.  
In the wheel of heaven revolving, mysteries  
    of death and birth,  
In the womb of time dissolving, shape anew  
    a heaven and earth.  
Ever changing, ever growing, ever dwindling,  
    ever dear,  
Ever worth the passion growing to distil a  
    doubtful tear.  
These are with me, these are of me, these  
    approve me, these obey,  
Choose me, move me, fear me, love me,  
    master of the night and day.  
These are real, these illusion: I am of them,  
    false or frail,  
True or lasting, all is fusion in the spirit's  
    shadow-veil,  
Till the Knowledge-Lotus flowering hides  
    the world beneath its stem;

Neither I, nor God life-showering, find a  
    counterpart in them.  
As a spirit in a vision shows a countenance  
    of fear,  
Laughs the looker to derision, only comes  
    to disappear,  
Gods and mortals, mind and matter, in the  
    glowing bud dissever:  
Vein from vein they rend and shatter, and  
    are nothingness for ever.  
In the blessed, the enlightened, perfect eyes  
    these visions pass,  
Pass and cease, poor shadows frightened,  
    leave no stain upon the glass.  
One last stroke, O heart-free master, one  
    last certain calm of will,  
And the maker of Disaster shall be stricken  
    and grow still.  
Burn thou to the core of matter, to the  
    spirit's utmost flame,  
Consciousness and sense to shatter, ruin  
    sight and form and name!  
Shatter, lake-reflected spectre; lake, rise up  
    in mist to sun;  
Sun, dissolve in showers of nectar, and the  
    Master's work is done.  
Nectar perfume gently stealing, masterful  
    and sweet and strong,  
Cleanse the world with light of healing in  
    the ancient House of Wrong!  
Free a million million mortals on the wheel  
    of being tossed!  
Open wide the mystic portals, and be  
    altogether lost!