

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!