

# The Questions raised by Death, an Instrument of Divine in Ignorance:

*Sri Aurobindo* was able to accommodate His (and also *The Mother's*) all life's comprehensive high Spiritual Visions and experiences in symbolic characters of incarnations, emanations and instruments, depicted from the legendary epic *Mahabharata* where *Savitri*, the descending Godhead, *Avatara*, the all Mother, the Mother of all Time, knew her fiery Self and her Being's aim of pursuing the Soul of earth, symbolised as *Satyavan* in his earthly form in each birth and in all life. She glimpsed the glory for which she had chosen earth and its atmosphere for gradual and subsequently constant, intense, comprehensive and instantaneous total descent of Divine attributes of Truth-Light, Power, Wisdom and Delight. She keeps her will alive to drive human Souls and fills in their brute elements, the endless hope to Divinise clay and confronts the riddle of Birth, inevitable Death, grooves of iron Law and fixed Fate in them with the sheer power of her unchanging Soul force manifested as Divine Love. She has chosen the Souls who have long suffered on this harsh globe, for the field of her sacrifice and action and she is even ready to walk and waste all infinity with wounded feet to accomplish her seemingly impossible task of transforming earth's shadow, twilight and grey inhibitions.

*Satyavan*, a mere woodsman raised his consciousness to the status of the ascending integral Godhead, *Avatara*, by the Power of consecration and loss of ego and was destined to fulfil *Savitri's* mighty Mission of bridging the gulf between Heaven, Earth and Hell. He was also the Eternal Consciousness, a unique rare treasure loaned by Gods, who accompanied *Savitri* from the beginning of the creation as first 'man and woman'<sup>5</sup> or first dual Incarnation and the Supreme had promised to grant physical immortality in all life when the first *Avatara's* 'heart dared death and suffered life.'<sup>6</sup> He continued his life in many successive births and bodies as 'twin souls born from one undying fire'<sup>5</sup> of this mortal existence to endure in his human heart a million wounds representing the delegate Soul of earth. Through his long suffering in human form the God's debt is paid. His Godhead status does not prevent him from living 'in one house with the primal beast'<sup>17</sup> in the forest, colloquies with the *Djinn* and *Asuras* of the Subconscient world; thus in the Divine's single plan he reveals solidarity with antagonist powers; 'high meets the low'<sup>17</sup> or 'God's summits look back on the mute Abyss;'<sup>17</sup> accepts to be small and human on earth. While tracing the path of immortality he signed salvation's testament with his blood and broke into the dangerous and dark Inconscient's depth and if he were to meet the **Spiritual fall** in the form of death while attempting to break the wheel<sup>14</sup> of earth's doom and before bridging the gulf between Heaven and Earth in order to balance the dark account of mortal

Ignorance then this would be a great loss for humanity. Or an *Avatara*, as a delegate Soul of Heaven lent to earth must live a brief period in human history in order to trace and build a passage in intermediate ranges consciousness so that a large section of humanity will be able to bridge the gulf between Heaven and Earth and reconcile Spirit with Matter with less effort. This work is further accelerated if Divine Love becomes active in earth's atmosphere through action and interfusion of dual *Avatara*. His Divine work on earth of invasion of series of Light and Love is treated unfinished and half done till all the evils are slain or transformed in their Inconscient home.

In *Savitri* and *Satyavan*, Soul and Nature had realised equal Divine Presences and merged themselves in oneness of wide harmony and balance. They had treasured the rich relation of their brief human birth through a subtle link of union or clasp of two eternities through many successive births and bodies of unbeginning past and felt the call of Spirit's unending future joy; even they knew their Selves older than the birth of time. A vast intention of love's unseen Presence has drawn these dual incarnating Powers closer in this life and their love asks to wait endlessly as if they have all eternity ahead for their self-fulfilment. Together they have disdained from the God's everlasting Night of Inconscient world and turned away from His everlasting Day of *Sachchidananda* plane and returned to earth to wage a million wars against the universal dark rebel forces attached to present unstable existence, to bear the earth Mother's ancient adversary and to accomplish their double task of raising the world to God's deathless Light, a permanent ascent of Divine Consciousness and bringing down Divine *Shakti* to earth and men, a permanent descent of Divine Consciousness.

*Death*, the dire universal impersonal dark Force, here personified as godhead of the Inconscient world, *Yama*, who as the intolerant dark instrument of the Divine, *Yantra*, guards and obeys the Divine's fixed immutable law of Nature which is a part and derivation of His dynamic Super nature and his hunger through world spreading death-net-trap can devour all those who are unable to open towards the Spirit's changeable Supernature and endless truth. He was oblivious of his temporary instrumental action in Ignorance and considered himself as Omnipotent Supreme Power without the Spiritual experience of Divine Identity and Oneness. He was aware of static Divine union of Saints and *Avataras* and the *Ananda* and Freedom gained through this union was not enough to dismantle death from outer existence. For him man's identity was diminished as 'the naked two-legged worm'<sup>2</sup> and he was not aware of the Divine's mighty whole, total vision and swift evolutionary change in Knowledge through dynamic Divine union for His unfinished world existence and was aware only of the incomplete task given to him during the passage of man's tardy evolution in Ignorance within the boundary of three *gunas*. He, like cosmic Gods, has the immeasurable heart of silence, knowledge of past, present and future, *trikaladristi* and limited power of offering boons to the wounded mortals and in his understanding of existence, the Soul

saving truth is thoroughly distorted and his Soul slaying words have denied contact with the Spirit and Divine. *Savitri's* Mind and Soul's clarity delivered *Death* partly from limitation of gospel of human love and twilight thought in which falsehood is 'mingled with sad strains of truth'<sup>19</sup> and he became powerless before her greater God status and a superior incarnating Divine Mother Power. The future vision of *Savitri* promises that when she will enter Spiritual experience of everlasting Day, this formidable shape of *Death* and his pessimistic harsh philosophy will be changed into beauty of suns and a sum of all sweetness will gather into his limbs. His grand fort of darkness, huge Inconscient's grasp and sad destroying might will be abolished forever, his vague infinity filling the universe with dangerous breath will be transformed and he will emerge as wonderful God. Now the Spiritual significance and utility of *Death* is identified as a passage in the Soul's unending journey of all life in order to 'force the soul of man to struggle for Light'<sup>9</sup> and a 'whip to his yearning for eternal bliss.'<sup>9</sup> The nobility of Divine instrumentation of untransformed *Death* is still hidden from humanity as he abruptly ends the parable of the charm of life. This greatness will be revealed to man when he will be aware of the Divine's comprehensive plan extending over all life confirming that death is a Spirit's opportunity to begin greater life.

1: ***Death* said:** "Thy passionate influence and relax,  
 O slave Of Nature, changing tool of changeless Law,  
 Who vainly writh'st rebellion to my yoke,  
 Thy elemental grasp; weep and forget.  
 Entomb thy passion in its living grave.  
 Leave now the once-loved spirit's abandoned robe:  
 Pass lonely back to thy vain life on earth." *Savitri-575*

**Answer attempted:**

"Ever he comes to us across the years  
 Bearing a new sweet face that is the old.  
 His bliss laughs to us or it calls concealed  
 Like a far-heard unseen entrancing flute  
 From moonlit branches in the throbbing woods,  
 Tempting our angry search and passionate pain.  
 Disguised the Lover seeks and draws our souls.  
 He named himself for me, grew Satyavan.  
 For we were man and woman from the first,  
 The twin souls born from one undying fire.  
 Did he not dawn on me in other stars?  
 How has he through the thickets of the world  
 Pursued me like a lion in the night  
 And come upon me suddenly in the ways  
 And seized me with his glorious golden leap!

Unsatisfied he yearned for me through time,  
Sometimes with wrath and sometimes with sweet peace  
Desiring me since first the world began.  
He rose like a wild wave out of the floods  
And dragged me helpless into seas of bliss.  
Out of my curtained past his arms arrive;  
They have touched me like the soft persuading wind,  
They have plucked me like a glad and trembling flower,  
And clasped me happily burned in ruthless flame.  
I too have found him charmed in lovely forms  
And run delighted to his distant voice  
And pressed to him past many dreadful bars.  
If there is a yet happier greater god,  
Let him first wear the face of Satyavan  
And let his soul be one with him I love;  
So let him seek me that I may desire.  
For only one heart beats within my breast  
And one god sits there throned. Advance,  
O Death, Beyond the phantom beauty of this world;  
For of its citizens I am not one.  
I cherish God the Fire, not God the Dream.” Savitri-613-14

2: **Death said:** “Wilt thou for ever keep thy passionate hold,  
Thyself a creature doomed like him to pass,  
Denying his soul death’s calm and silent rest?  
Relax thy grasp; this body is earth’s and thine,  
His spirit now belongs to a greater power.  
Woman, thy husband suffers.” Savitri-575

**Answer attempted:**

Savitri  
Drew back her heart’s force that clasped his body still  
Where from her lap renounced on the smooth grass  
Softly it lay, as often before in sleep  
When from their couch she rose in the white dawn  
Called by her daily tasks: now too, as if called,  
She rose and stood gathered in lonely strength,  
Like one who drops his mantle for a race  
And waits the signal, motionlessly swift.  
She knew not to what course: her spirit above  
On the crypt-summit of her secret form  
Like one left sentinel on a mountain crest,  
A fiery-footed splendour puissant-winged,

Watched flaming-silent, with her voiceless soul  
Like a still sail upon a windless sea. (Savitri-575)

3: **Death said:** “Hast thou beheld thy source, O transient heart,  
And known from what the dream thou art was made?  
In this stark sincerity of nude emptiness  
Hopedst thou still always to last and love?” Savitri-586

**Answer attempted:**

The Woman answered not. Her spirit refused  
The voice of Night that knew and Death that thought.  
In her beginningless infinity  
Through her soul’s reaches unconfined she gazed;  
She saw the undying fountains of her life,  
She knew herself eternal without birth. (Savitri-586)

4: **Death said:** “What shall the ancient goddess give to thee  
Who helps thy heart beat?” Savitri-586  
“Aimless man toils in an uncertain world,  
Lulled by inconstant pauses of his pain,  
Scourged like a beast by the infinite desire,  
Bound to the chariot of the dreadful gods.  
But if thou still canst hope and still wouldst love,  
Return to thy body’s shell, thy tie to earth,  
And with thy heart’s little remnants try to live.  
Hope not to win back to thee Satyavan.  
Yet since thy strength deserves no trivial crown,  
**Gifts** I can give to soothe thy wounded life.  
The pacts which transient beings make with fate,  
And the wayside sweetness earth-bound hearts would pluck,  
These if thy will accepts make freely thine.  
Choose a life’s hopes for thy deceiving prize.” Savitri-587-588

**Answer attempted:**

“First I demand whatever Satyavan,  
My husband, waking in the forest’s charm  
Out of his long pure childhood’s lonely dreams,  
Desired and had not for his beautiful life.  
Give, if thou must, or, if thou canst, refuse.” Savitri-589

*Dyumatsena*, the self-exiled King of *Shalwa*, father of *Satyavan*, is the  
Divine’s Conscious instrument, *Yantra*, here fallen blind, limiting his capacity to

three *gunas* and walks lamely on this dangerous world with slow evolutionary mental footsteps. Through this **Spiritual fall** he has lost the celestial inner kingdom of seven immortal Selves and through that loss its kingdom of outer glory and opulence. Due to this adverse fate, he now sojourns a wiser life in the solemn rustle of the wood and his yearning towards All meets two solitudes (1) that of outcast from the empire of the outer light symbolically represented as crutch upon which his faltering-limb supports and he helplessly stumbles in the rushing speed of hasty Time and (2) lost to the comradeship of five galloping hooves of sense that of sound, touch, sight, taste and smell symbolically represented as his sightless blind identity. This double doom of his father compelled *Satyavan* to live in the high peopled loneliness of the Spirit which called the Divine Mother to enter his earthly life in human form and finally helped his long pure childhood's lonely dream to restore King *Dyumatsena's* steady royal walk in high dynamic outer Kingdom and a deeper visionary eye of Divine Wisdom. Restoration of outer Kingdom was also the outcome of his revival of inner kingdom through *sadhana* in double seclusion.

**5: Death said:** (First boon offered by Death)

“Indulgent to the dreams my touch shall break,  
I yield to his blind father's longing heart  
Kingdom and power and friends and greatness lost  
And royal trappings for his peaceful age,  
The pallid pomps of man's declining days,  
The silvered decadent glories of life's fall.  
To one who wiser grew by adverse Fate,  
Goods I restore the deluded soul prefers  
To impersonal nothingness's bare sublime.  
The sensuous solace of the light I give  
To eyes which could have found a larger realm,  
A deeper vision in their fathomless night.  
For that this man desired and asked in vain  
While still he lived on earth and cherished hope.  
Back from the grandeur of my perilous realms  
Go, mortal, to thy small permitted sphere!  
Hasten swift-footed, lest to slay thy life  
The great laws thou hast violated, moved,  
Open at last on thee their marble eyes.” Savitri-589

6: **Death said:** “Hast thou god-wings or feet that tread my stars,  
Frail creature with the courage that aspires,  
Forgetting thy bounds of thought, thy mortal role?” Savitri-590

**Answer attempted:**

“Who is this God imagined by thy night,  
Contemptuously creating worlds disdained,  
Who made for vanity the brilliant stars?  
Not he who has reared his temple in my thoughts  
And made his sacred floor my human heart.  
My God is will and triumphs in his paths,  
My God is love and sweetly suffers all.  
To him I have offered hope for sacrifice  
And gave my longings as a sacrament.  
Who shall prohibit or hedge in his course,  
The wonderful, the charioteer, the swift?  
A traveller of the million roads of life,  
His steps familiar with the lights of heaven  
Tread without pain the sword-paved courts of hell;  
There he descends to edge eternal joy.  
Love’s golden wings have power to fan thy void:  
The eyes of love gaze starlike through death’s night,  
The feet of love tread naked hardest worlds.  
He labours in the depths, exults on the heights;  
He shall remake thy universe, O Death.” Savitri-591-92

7: **Death said:** “What is thy hope? to what dost thou aspire?  
This is thy body’s sweetest lure of bliss,  
Assailed by pain, a frail precarious form,  
To please for a few years thy faltering sense  
With honey of physical longings and the heart’s fire  
And, a vain oneness seeking, to embrace  
The brilliant idol of a fugitive hour.  
And thou, what art thou, soul, thou glorious dream  
Of brief emotions made and glittering thoughts,  
A thin dance of fireflies speeding through the night,  
A sparkling ferment in life’s sunlit mire?  
Wilt thou claim immortality, O heart,  
Crying against the eternal witnesses  
That thou (Savitri) and he (Satyavan) are endless powers and last?” Savitri-592

**Answer attempted:**

“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.” Savitri-594,

8: **Death said:** “But if there were a Being witnessing all,

How should he help thy passionate desire?" Savitri-593

**Answer attempted:**

"When I have loved for ever, I shall know.  
Love in me knows the truth all changings mask.  
I know that knowledge is a vast embrace:  
I know that every being is myself,  
In every heart is hidden the myriad One.  
I know the calm Transcendent bears the world,  
The veiled Inhabitant, the silent Lord:  
I feel his secret act, his intimate fire;  
I hear the murmur of the cosmic Voice.  
I know my coming was a wave from God.  
For all his suns were conscient in my birth,  
And one who loves in us came veiled by death.  
Then was man born among the monstrous stars  
Dowered with a mind and heart to conquer thee." Savitri-594

9: **Death said:** "How can the heavens come down to unhappy earth  
Or the eternal lodge in drifting time?  
How shall the Ideal tread earth's dolorous soil  
Where life is only a labour and a hope,  
A child of Matter and by Matter fed,  
A fire flaming low in Nature's grate,  
A wave that breaks upon a shore in Time,  
A journey's toilsome trudge with death for goal?  
The Avataras have lived and died in vain,  
Vain was the sage's thought, the prophet's voice;  
In vain is seen the shining upward Way...  
O traveller in the chariot of the Sun,  
High priestess in thy holy fancy's shrine  
Who with a magic ritual in earth's house  
Worshippest ideal and eternal love,  
What is this love thy thought has deified,  
This sacred legend and immortal myth?...  
If Satyavan had lived, love would have died;  
But Satyavan is dead and love shall live  
A little while in thy sad breast, until  
His face and body fade on memory's wall  
Where other bodies, other faces come...  
Love cannot live by heavenly food alone,  
Only on sap of earth can it survive.  
For thy passion was a sensual want refined,



A hunger of the body and the heart;  
 Thy want can tire and cease or turn elsewhere.  
 Or love may meet a dire and pitiless end  
 By bitter treason, or wrath with cruel wounds  
 Separate, or thy unsatisfied will to others  
 Depart when first love's joy lies stripped and slain:  
 A dull indifference replaces fire  
 Or an endearing habit imitates love:  
 An outward and uneasy union lasts  
 Or the routine of a life's compromise:  
 Where once the seed of oneness had been cast  
 Into a semblance of spiritual ground  
 By a divine adventure of heavenly powers  
 Two strive, constant associates without joy,  
 Two egos straining in a single leash,  
 Two minds divided by their jarring thoughts,  
 Two spirits disjoined, for ever separate.  
 Thus is the ideal falsified in man's world;  
 Trivial or sombre, disillusion comes,  
 Life's harsh reality stares at the soul:  
 Heaven's hour adjourned flees into bodiless Time.  
 Death saves thee from this and saves Satyavan:  
 He now is safe, delivered from himself;  
 He travels to silence and felicity.  
 Call him not back to the treacheries of earth  
 And the poor petty life of animal Man.  
 In my vast tranquil spaces let him sleep  
 In harmony with the mighty hush of death  
 Where love lies slumbering on the breast of peace.  
 And thou, go back alone to thy frail world:  
 Chastise thy heart with knowledge, unhood to see," Savitri-609-10-11-12

**Answer attempted:**

"My love is not a hunger of the heart,  
 My love is not a craving of the flesh;  
 It came to me from God, to God returns."

Savitri-612

"Love is not sexual intercourse.  
 Love is not vital attraction and interchange.  
 Love is not heart's hunger for affection.  
 Love is a mighty vibration coming straight  
 from the One. And only the very pure and

very strong are capable of receiving and manifesting it.' Then an explanation on what I mean by "pure," the very pure and very strong. 'To be pure is to be open only to the Supreme's influence, and to no other.' Far more difficult than what people consider purity to be! Which is something quite artificial and false." The Mother/The Mother's Agenda /4/319-20,

10: **Death said:** "But where is room for soul or place for God

In the brute immensity of a machine?...

Earth's human wisdom is no great-browed power,

And love no gleaming angel from the skies;

If they aspire beyond earth's dullard air,

Arriving sunwards with frail waxen wings,

How high could reach that forced unnatural flight?...

But not on earth can divine wisdom reign

And not on earth can divine love be found;

Heaven-born, only in heaven can they live;

Or else there too perhaps they are shining dreams.

Nay, is not all thou art and doest a dream?...

How shall the Ideal's unsubstantial hues

Be painted stiff on earth's vermilion blur,

A dream within a dream come **doubly** true?

How shall the will-o'-the-wisp become a star?" Savitri-618-19

**Answer attempted:**

"All our earth starts from mud and ends in sky,

And Love that was once an animal's desire,

Then a sweet madness in the rapturous heart,

An ardent comradeship in the happy mind,

Becomes a wide spiritual yearning's space.

A lonely soul passions for the Alone,

The heart that loved man thrills to the love of God,

A body is his chamber and his shrine.

Then is our being rescued from separateness;

All is itself, all is new-felt in God:

A Lover leaning from his cloister's door

Gathers the whole world into his single breast.

Then shall the business fail of Night and Death:

When unity is won, when strife is lost

And all is known and all is clasped by Love

Who would turn back to ignorance and pain?" Savitri-632-33

11: **Death said:** "Thus wilt thou hire the glorious charlatan, Mind,

To weave from his Ideal's gossamer air

A fine raiment for thy body's nude desires  
And thy heart's clutching greedy passion clothe?" Savitri-634

**Answer attempted:**

"O Death, I have triumphed over thee within;  
I quiver no more with the assault of grief;  
A mighty calmness seated deep within  
Has occupied my body and my sense:  
It takes the world's grief and transmutes to strength,  
It makes the world's joy one with the joy of God.  
My love eternal sits throned on God's calm;  
For Love must soar beyond the very heavens  
And find its secret sense ineffable;  
It must change its human ways to ways divine,  
Yet keep its sovereignty of earthly bliss.  
O Death, 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.  
Our lives are God's messengers beneath the stars;  
To dwell under death's shadow they have come  
Tempting God's light to earth for the ignorant race,  
His love to fill the hollow in men's hearts,  
His bliss to heal the unhappiness of the world.  
For I, the woman, am the force of God,  
He the Eternal's delegate soul in man.  
My will is greater than thy law, O Death;  
My love is stronger than the bonds of Fate:  
Our love is the heavenly seal of the Supreme.  
I guard that seal against thy rending hands.  
Love must not cease to live upon the earth;  
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." Savitri-633

12: **Death said:** "For how in the soiled heart of man could dwell  
The immaculate grandeur of thy dream-built God,  
Or who can see a face and form divine  
In the naked two-legged worm thou callest man?" Savitri-634

**Answer attempted:**

"Yes, I am human. Yet shall man by me,  
Since in humanity waits his hour the God,

Trample thee down to reach the immortal heights,  
Transcending grief and pain and fate and death.  
Yes, my humanity is a mask of God:  
He dwells in me, the mover of my acts,  
Turning the great wheel of his cosmic work.  
I am the living body of his light,  
I am the thinking instrument of his power,  
I incarnate Wisdom in an earthly breast,  
I am his conquering and unslayable will.  
The formless Spirit drew in me its shape;  
In me are the Nameless and the secret Name.” Savitri-634

**13: *Death* said:** “O priestess in Imagination’s house,  
Persuade first Nature’s fixed immutable laws  
And make the impossible thy daily work.  
How canst thou force to wed two eternal foes?  
Irreconcilable in their embrace  
They cancel the glory of their pure extremes:  
An unhappy wedlock maims their stunted force.  
How shall thy will make one the true and false?  
Where Matter is all, there Spirit is a dream:  
If all are the Spirit, Matter is a lie,  
And who was the liar who forged the universe?” Savitri-635

**Answer attempted:**

“My heart is wiser than the Reason’s thoughts,  
My heart is stronger than thy bonds, O Death.  
It sees and feels the one Heart beat in all,  
It feels the high Transcendent’s sunlike hands,  
It sees the cosmic Spirit at its work;  
In the dim Night it lies alone with God.  
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.  
It can drink up the sea of All-Delight  
And never lose the white spiritual touch,  
The calm that broods in the deep Infinite.” Savitri-635-36

**14: *Death* said:** “He said, “Art thou indeed so strong, O heart,  
O soul, so free? And canst thou gather then  
Bright pleasure from my wayside flowering boughs,  
Yet falter not from thy hard journey’s goal,  
Meet the world’s dangerous touch and never fall?”

Show me thy strength and freedom from my laws.” Savitri-636

**Answer attempted:**

“But Savitri answered, “Surely I shall find  
Among the green and whispering woods of Life  
Close-bosomed pleasures, only mine since his,  
Or mine for him, because our joys are one.  
And if I linger, Time is ours and God’s,  
And if I fall, is not his hand near mine?  
All is a single plan; each wayside act  
Deepens the soul’s response, brings nearer the goal.”” Savitri-636

15: **Death said:** (Second boon offered by Death)

“I give to thee, saved from death and poignant fate  
Whatever once the living Satyavan  
Desired in his heart for Savitri.  
Bright noons I give thee and unwounded dawns,  
Daughters of thy own shape in heart and mind,  
Fair hero sons and sweetness undisturbed  
Of union with thy husband dear and true.  
And thou shalt harvest in thy joyful house  
Felicity of thy surrounded eves.  
Love shall bind by thee many gathered hearts.  
The opposite sweetness in thy days shall meet  
Of tender service to thy life’s desired  
And loving empire over all thy loved,  
Two poles of bliss made one, O Savitri.  
Return, O child, to thy forsaken earth.” Savitri-636-37

**Answer attempted:**

“**But Savitri replied,** “Thy gifts resist.  
Earth cannot flower if lonely I return.” Savitri-637  
16: **Death said:** “What knowst thou of earth’s rich and changing life  
Who thinkst that one man dead all joy must cease?  
Hope not to be unhappy till the end:  
For grief dies soon in the tired human heart;  
Soon other guests the empty chambers fill.  
A transient painting on a holiday’s floor  
Traced for a moment’s beauty love was made.  
Or if a voyager on the eternal trail,  
Its objects fluent change in its embrace  
Like waves to a swimmer upon infinite seas.”” Savitri-637

**Answer attempted:**

But Savitri replied to the vague god,  
“Give me back Satyavan, my only lord.  
Thy thoughts are vacant to my soul that feels  
The deep eternal truth in transient things.” Savitri-637

17: **Death said:** “Return and try thy soul!  
Soon shalt thou find appeased that other men  
On lavish earth have beauty, strength and truth,  
And when thou hast half forgotten, one of these  
Shall wind himself around thy heart that needs  
Some human answering heart against thy breast;  
For who, being mortal, can dwell glad alone?  
Then Satyavan shall glide into the past,  
A gentle memory pushed away from thee  
By new love and thy children’s tender hands,  
Till thou shalt wonder if thou lov’dst at all.  
Such is the life earth’s travail has conceived,  
A constant stream that never is the same.” Savitri-637-638

**Answer attempted:**

“All our earth starts from mud and ends in sky,  
And Love that was once an animal’s desire,  
Then a sweet madness in the rapturous heart,  
An ardent comradeship in the happy mind,  
Becomes a wide spiritual yearning’s space.

**A lonely soul passions for the Alone “Savitri-632**

Its complementary line:

“The soul that can live alone with itself meets God;” Savitri-460  
“In the dim Night it (Savitri’s heart) lies alone with God.” Savitri-635

“The **ideal sadhaka** should be able to say in the Biblical phrase, “My zeal for the Lord has eaten me up.” The Synthesis of Yoga-58

“One thing only I can tell you that whatever the sincerity, simplicity and purity of the relation between two human beings, it shuts them off more or less from the direct divine force and help and limits their strength, light and power only to the sum of their potentialities.” The Mother

18: **Death said:** “Hope not to call God down into his life.  
How shalt thou bring the Everlasting here?  
There is no house for him in hurrying Time.  
Vainly thou seekst in Matter’s world an aim;  
No aim is there, only a will to be...

The aimless journey that can never pause,  
 The waking toil, the incoherent sleep,  
 Song, shouts and weeping, wisdom and idle words,  
 The laughter of men, the irony of the gods?  
 Where leads the march, whither the pilgrimage?  
 Who keeps the map of the route or planned each stage?...  
 Think not to plant on earth the living Truth  
 Or make of Matter's world the home of God;  
 Truth comes not there but only the thought of Truth,  
 God is not there but only the name of God.  
 If Self there is it is bodiless and unborn;  
 It is no one and it is possessed by none.  
 On what shalt thou then build thy happy world?  
 Cast off thy life and mind, then art thou Self,  
 An all-seeing omnipresence stark, alone...  
 How shall the mighty Mother her calm delight  
 Keep fragrant in this narrow fragile vase,  
 Or lodge her sweet unbroken ecstasy  
 In hearts which earthly sorrow can assail  
 And bodies careless Death can slay at will?  
 Dream not to change the world that God has planned,  
 Strive not to alter his eternal law." Savitri-644-45-46-47  
 (The third boon offered by Death)  
 "If heavens there are whose gates are shut to grief,  
 There seek the joy thou couldst not find on earth;  
 Or in the imperishable hemisphere  
 Where Light is native and Delight is king  
 And Spirit is the deathless ground of things,  
 Choose thy high station, child of Eternity.  
 If thou art Spirit and Nature is thy robe,  
 Cast off thy garb and be thy naked self  
 Immutable in its undying truth,  
 Alone for ever in the mute Alone.  
 Turn then to God, for him leave all behind;  
 Forgetting love, forgetting Satyavan,  
 Annul thyself in his immobile peace.  
 O soul, drown in his still beatitude.  
 For thou must die to thyself to reach God's height:  
 I, Death, am the gate of immortality." Savitri-647

**Answer attempted:**

"Offer, O King, thy boons to tired spirits  
 And hearts that could not bear the wounds of Time,  
 Let those who were tied to body and to mind,

Tear off those bonds and flee into white calm  
Crying for a refuge from the play of God.  
Surely thy boons are great since thou art He!  
But how shall I seek rest in endless peace  
Who house the mighty Mother's violent force,  
Her vision turned to read the enigmaed world,  
Her will tempered in the blaze of Wisdom's sun  
And the flaming silence of her heart of love?" Savitri-647-48

19: **Death said:** "Why should the noble and immortal will  
Stoop to the petty works of transient earth,  
Freedom forgotten and the Eternal's path?" Savitri-652

**Answer attempted:**

"I trample on thy law with living feet;  
For to arise in freedom I was born.  
If I am mighty let my force be unveiled  
Equal companion of the dateless powers,  
Or else let my frustrated soul sink down  
Unworthy of Godhead in the original sleep.  
I claim from Time my will's eternity,  
God from his moments." Savitri-652

She answered, "Straight I trample on the road  
The strong hand hewed for me which planned our paths.  
I run where his sweet dreadful voice commands  
And I am driven by the reins of God.  
Why drew he wide his scheme of mighty worlds  
Or filled infinity with his passionate breath?  
Or wherefore did he build my mortal form  
And sow in me his bright and proud desires,  
If not to achieve, to flower in me, to love,  
Carving his human image richly shaped  
In thoughts and largenesses and golden powers?  
Far Heaven can wait our coming in its calm.  
Easy the heavens were to build for God.  
Earth was his difficult matter, earth the glory  
Gave of the problem and the race and strife.  
There are the ominous masks, the terrible powers;  
There it is greatness to create the gods.  
Is not the spirit immortal and absolved  
Always, delivered from the grasp of Time?



Why came it down into the mortal's Space?  
A charge he gave to his high spirit in man  
And wrote a hidden decree on Nature's tops.  
Freedom is this with ever seated soul,  
Large in life's limits, strong in Matter's knots,  
Building great stuff of action from the worlds  
To make fine wisdom from coarse, scattered strands  
And love and beauty out of war and night,  
The wager wonderful, the game divine." Savitri-652-653

20: **Death said:** "Or is this the high use of strength and thought,  
To struggle with the bonds of death and time  
And spend the labour that might earn the gods  
And battle and bear agony of wounds  
To grasp the trivial joys that earth can guard  
In her small treasure-chest of passing things?  
Child, hast thou trodden the gods beneath thy feet  
Only to win poor shreds of earthly life  
For him thou lov'st cancelling the grand release,  
Keeping from early rapture of the heavens  
His soul the lenient deities have called?  
Are thy arms sweeter than the courts of God?" Savitri-652

**Answer attempted:**

"What liberty has the soul which feels not free  
Unless stripped bare and cannot kiss the bonds  
The Lover winds around his playmate's limbs,  
Choosing his tyranny, crushed in his embrace?  
To seize him better with her boundless heart  
She accepts the limiting circle of his arms,  
Bows full of bliss beneath his mastering hands  
And laughs in his rich constraints, most bound, most free.  
This is my answer to thy lures, O Death." Savitri-653

21: **Death said:** "A Light above which none but thou hast seen,  
Thou claimst the first fruits of Truth's victory.  
But what is Truth and who can find her form  
Amid the specious images of sense,  
Amid the crowding guesses of the mind  
And the dark ambiguities of a world  
Peopled with the incertitudes of Thought?  
For where is Truth and when was her footfall heard  
Amid the endless clamour of Time's mart

And which is her voice amid the thousand cries  
That cross the listening brain and cheat the soul?" Savitri-654

**Answer attempted:**

"How sayst thou Truth can never light the human mind  
And Bliss can never invade the mortal's heart  
Or God descend into the world he made?  
If in the meaningless Void creation rose,  
If from a bodiless Force Matter was born,  
If Life could climb in the unconscious tree,  
Its green delight break into emerald leaves  
And its laughter of beauty blossom in the flower,  
If sense could wake in tissue, nerve and cell  
And Thought seize the grey matter of the brain,  
And soul peep from its secrecy through the flesh,  
How shall the nameless Light not leap on men,  
And unknown powers emerge from Nature's sleep?  
Even now hints of a luminous Truth like stars  
Arise in the mind-mooned splendour of Ignorance;  
Even now the deathless Lover's touch we feel:  
If the chamber's door is even a little ajar,  
What then can hinder God from stealing in  
Or who forbid his kiss on the sleeping soul?" Savitri-648-49

22: **Death said:** "Or is Truth aught but a high starry name  
Or a vague and splendid word by which man's thought  
Sanctions and consecrates his nature's choice,  
The heart's wish donning knowledge as its robe,  
The cherished idea elect among the elect,  
Thought's favourite mid the children of half-light  
Who high-voiced crowd the playgrounds of the mind  
Or people its dormitories in infant sleep?" Savitri-654

**Answer attempted:**

"But who can show to thee Truth's glorious face?  
Our human words can only shadow her.  
To thought she is an unthinkable rapture of light,  
To speech a marvel inexpressible.  
O Death, if thou couldst touch the Truth supreme  
Thou wouldst 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.” Savitri-663

23: **Death said:** “If Truth supreme transcends her shadow here  
Severed by Knowledge and the climbing vasts,  
What bridge can cross the gulf that she has left  
Between her and the dream-world she has made?  
Or who could hope to bring her down to men  
And persuade to tread the harsh globe with wounded feet  
Leaving her unapproachable glory and bliss,  
Wasting her splendour on pale earthly air?  
Is thine that strength, O beauty of mortal limbs,  
O soul who flutterest to escape my net?  
Who then art thou hiding in human guise?  
Thy voice carries the sound of infinity,  
Knowledge is with thee, Truth speaks through thy words;  
The light of things beyond shines in thy eyes.  
But where is thy strength to conquer Time and Death?  
Hast thou God’s force to build heaven’s values here?  
... O human claimant to immortality,  
Reveal thy power, lay bare thy spirit’s force,  
Then will I give back to thee Satyavan. (fourth and last boon)  
Or if the Mighty Mother is with thee,  
Show me her face that I may worship her;  
Let deathless eyes look into the eyes of Death,  
An imperishable Force touching brute things  
Transform earth’s death into immortal life.  
Then can thy dead return to thee and live.” Savitri-663-664

**Answer attempted:**

“A **mighty transformation** came on her.  
A halo of the indwelling Deity,  
The Immortal’s lustre that had lit her face  
And tented its radiance in her body’s house,  
Overflowing made the air a luminous sea.  
In a flaming moment of apocalypse  
The Incarnation thrust aside its veil.  
A little figure in infinity  
Yet stood and seemed the Eternal’s very house,  
As if the world’s centre was her very soul  
And all wide space was but its outer robe.  
A curve of the calm hauteur of far heaven  
Descending into earth’s humility,

Her forehead's span vaulted the Omniscient's gaze,  
Her eyes were two stars that watched the universe.  
The Power that from her being's summit reigned,  
The Presence chambered in lotus secrecy,  
Came down and held the centre in her brow  
Where the mind's Lord in his control-room sits;  
There throned on concentration's native seat  
He opens that third mysterious eye in man,  
The Unseen's eye that looks at the unseen,  
When Light with a golden ecstasy fills his brain  
And the Eternal's wisdom drives his choice  
And eternal Will seizes the mortal's will.  
It stirred in the lotus of her throat of song,  
And in her speech throbbed the immortal Word,  
Her life sounded with the steps of the world-soul  
Moving in harmony with the cosmic Thought.  
As glides God's sun into the mystic cave  
Where hides his light from the pursuing gods,  
It glided into the lotus of her heart  
And woke in it the Force that alters Fate.  
It poured into her navel's lotus depth,  
Lodged in the little life-nature's narrow home,  
On the body's longings grew heaven-rapture's flower  
And made desire a pure celestial flame,  
Broke into the cave where coiled World-Energy sleeps  
And smote the thousand-hooded serpent Force  
That blazing towered and clasped the World-Self above,  
Joined Matter's dumbness to the Spirit's hush  
And filled earth's acts with the Spirit's silent power.  
Thus changed she waited for the Word to speak.  
Eternity looked into the eyes of Death  
And Darkness saw God's living Reality." Savitri-664-665

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