

Book 7

Canto One

The Joy of Union; the Ordeal of the Foreknowledge of Death and the Heart's Grief and Pain

Summary:

This canto marks the beginning of Savitri's journey into the 3rd phase of her Life – the path into Abysmal Night. Her childhood and youth was the 'Sunlit path', her meeting and union with Satyavan was the 'Golden path'. This canto describes how Savitri is finally united with Satyavan in his hermitage and the agony that raged within Savitri (in particular the untransformed parts of her outer being) as the days passed by bringing Narad's fateful day closer. Her being suffers like we all do due to some (Spiritual incapacity) pending tragedy. All she could find to combat her grief was her resolute will and strong heart, but these could not neutralize the suffering (or transformed it into exceeding Joy). She needed the (transforming) power of her inner/higher being, which still hid itself awaiting the proper time/(askesis) for the revelation.

Detail:

Man seems to be driven by his unalterable fate/karma that uses the instruments of lower nature (desires, ambition, will etc) to lead him to his fixed fate. It seems to most of us (those who have not found their secret self/soul) that we are at the mercy of this fixed fate and are subjugated by our outer nature/matter. It seems to us that the soul if it is indeed present within is a silent witness or at the mercy of the fate and nature, unable (to dynamise the witness Divine or change fixed fate to changeable Spiritual destiny) to alter it.

198, What is the nature and origin of Ignorance (from which fixed fate and doom are born) and its distinction from Knowledge (from which the Spiritual destiny evolves.)? The Life Divine-506-07-08

Ans: "We have then to **scrutinize** more closely than we have yet done the character and operation of this principle or this power of Ignorance and arrive at a clearer conception of its nature and origin. And first we **must** fix firmly in our minds what we mean by the word itself. The distinction between the Knowledge and the Ignorance begins with the hymns of the *Rig Veda*. Here knowledge appears to signify a consciousness of the Truth, the Right, *satyam rutam*, and of all that is the order of the Truth and Right; ignorance is an unconsciousness, *achitti*, of the Truth and Right, an opposition of its workings and a creation of false or adverse workings. Ignorance is the absence of the divine eye of perception which gives us the sight of the supramental Truth, it is the non-perceiving principle of our consciousness as opposed to **the truth-perceiving conscious vision and knowledge**. In its actual operation this non-

perceiving is not an entire inconstancy, the inconstant sea from which this world has arisen, but either a limited or a false knowledge, a knowledge based on **the division of undivided being**, founded upon the fragmentary, the little, opposed to the opulent, vast and luminous completeness of things; it is a cognition which by the opportunity of its limitations is turned into falsehood and supported in that aspect by the sons of Darkness and Division, enemies of the divine endeavour in man, the assailants, robbers, coverers of his light of knowledge. It was therefore regarded as an *undivine Maya*, that **which creates false mental forms and appearances**, -- and hence the later significance of this word which seems to have meant originally **a formative power of knowledge**, the true magic of the supreme Mage, **the divine Magician**, but was also for adverse formative power of a lower knowledge, the deceit, illusion and deluding magic of the *Rakshasa*. (A Magician's formulas have made Matter's laws (*static witness Divine*)...All here can change if the Magician choose (*Dynamic Divine*). Savitri-457 All's miracle here (*witness Divine*) and can by miracle change (*dynamic Divine*). Savitri-85) The *divine Maya* is the knowledge of the Truth of things, its essence, law, operation, which the **gods possess** and on which they found their own eternal action and creation and their building of their powers in the human being. This idea of the *Vedic mystics* can in a more metaphysical thought and language be translated into the conception that **the Ignorance** is in its **origin** a dividing mental knowledge which does not grasp the unity, essence, self-knowledge **of things** in their one origin and in their universality, but works rather upon divided particulars, separate phenomena, partial relations, as if they were the truth we had to seize or as if they could really be understood at all without going back behind the division to the unity, behind the dispersion to the universality. The **Knowledge** is that which tends towards unification and, attaining to the supramental faculty, seizes the oneness, the essence, the self-law of existence and views and deals with the multiplicity of things out of that light and plenitude, in some sort as does the Divine Himself from the highest height whence He embraces the world. It **must** be noted however that **the Ignorance** is this conception of it is still a kind of knowledge, but, because it is **limited**, it is open at any point to the **intrusion of falsehood and error**; it turns into a **wrong conception of things** which stands in opposition to the true Knowledge.”

FATE followed her foreseen immutable road.

Man's hopes and longings build the journeying wheels (*our hopes, desires, ambitions etc are the instruments that Fate uses to lead us to our fixed unalterable destiny*)

That bear the body of his destiny

And lead his blind will (*not one with the Divine Will*) towards an unknown goal.

His fate within him shapes his acts and rules;

Its face and form already are born in him,

Its parentage is in his secret soul (*the source of this fixed fate is in our secret divine self, mother (Maa Krishna) is it the Psychic Being that is referred to here): Yes*

Here Matter seems to mould the body's life (*matter seems to drive the soul, but that is only the proximate/apparent reason*) (*complementary line: "An unseen Presence*

moulds the **oblivious clay.**" Savitri-60 and "Then **life** beat pure in the corporeal frame" Savitri-232)

And the soul follows where its nature drives. (The condition of Ignorance and subjection of Soul to Nature.)

Nature and Fate compel his free-will's choice. (Nature is the fixed mechanical law of the Divine in Ignorance and Inconscience and Fate or doom is the outcome of Karma. *Karma* is the outcome of sin; sin is the outcome of evil; evil is the outcome of wrong action; wrong action is the outcome of wrong will or activation of physical and vital mind; wrong will is the outcome of falsehood; and falsehood is the outcome of Ignorance or part knowledge. So all doom can be transformed into high Spiritual destiny by emergence of integral Knowledge.)

But that is not the Truth, man if he can unite his consciousness with 'greater spirits' (the spiritual/supramental consciousness), then his soul will be liberated from ignorance and will then be empowered to overturn his fixed fate. It no longer needs to be a silent witness.

But greater spirits this balance can reverse (Spirit has the power to transform all negations into affirmation.)

And make the soul the artist of its fate. (through intervention of Psychic and Spiritual being the Spiritual destiny evolves.)

This is the mystic truth our ignorance hides: (We are oblivious of our Spiritual destiny due to the mental Maya of lower Knowledge.)

Doom is a passage for our inborn force, (Here doom is not considered as sin or evil but as a passage towards immortality.)

Our ordeal is the hidden spirit's choice (we have chosen this path and travel through the ignorance, our ordeal is not imposed on us by some other force), (Ordeal visits through intervention of other universal negative forces. In Ignorance the hidden Spirit chooses them while they have no role in Knowledge.)

Ananke is our being's own decree.

Savitri was escorted to Satyavan's hermitage by her family and left in the care of Satyavan. The Lord describes the King Dyumatsena as the "great blind king" (blind of inner Light that deprives him of the light of outer kingdom.) and a "pillar of fallen mightiness" (a Spiritual fall which deprived him from the status of mighty king.), the queen is described as a "stately care-worn woman once a queen". (Life flourishes through love and care.) In a way the fallen king can be thought of as the fall of the spirit into inconscience, matter. The queen seems to be like the descent of the vital plane into the matter who was full of life and vitality but now only a shadow of her former self. Savitri is being given by her parents (Their pride and loved one to the great blind king) to the care of the King/Queen and Satyavan, represents perhaps the descent of the Divine Love (to fill the hollow in men's heart) into matter to raise and liberate/transform it, change its fate. Satyavan perhaps represents the Soul that has descended within matter (In the Night of Matter while tracing the path of Immortality he was caught by Death's net) and like the Purusha bears all the suffering (of earth) behind the scene.

All was fulfilled the heart of Savitri
Flower-sweet and **adamant**, passionate and calm,

Had chosen and on her strength's unbending road
 Forced to **its issue** the long cosmic curve.
 Once more she sat behind loud hastening hooves;
 A speed of armoured squadrons and a voice
 Far-heard of chariots bore her from her home.
 A couchant earth wakened in its dumb muse
 Looked up at her from a vast indolence:
 Hills wallowing in a bright haze, large lands
 That lolled at ease beneath the **summer heavens**,
 Region on region spacious in the sun,
 Cities like chrysolites in the wide blaze
 And yellow rivers pacing lion-maned
 Led to the **Shalwa** marches' emerald line,
 A happy front to iron vastnesses
 And austere peaks and **titan solitudes**.
 Once more was near the fair and fated place, *(where Savitri and Satyavan met)*
 The borders gleaming with the groves' delight
 Where first she met the face of Satyavan
 And he saw like one **waking into a dream**
 Some timeless beauty and reality,
 The moon-gold sweetness of heaven's earth-born child.
 The past receded and the future neared:
 Far now behind lay Madra's spacious halls, *(Before the pull of Spiritual call, the prosperity of material life becomes meaningless.)*
 The white carved pillars, the cool dim alcoves,
 The tinged mosaic of the crystal floors,
 The towered pavilions, the wind-rippled pools
 And gardens humming with the murmur of bees,
 Forgotten soon or a pale memory
 The fountain's splash in the white stone-bound pool,
 The thoughtful noontide's brooding solemn trance,
 The colonnade's dream grey in the quiet eve,
 The slow moonrise gliding in front of Night.
 Left far behind were now **the faces known**, *(Spiritual life is a second birth, the past known faces leave far behind.)*
 The happy silken babble on laughter's lips
 And the close-clinging clasp of intimate hands
 And adoration's light in cherished eyes
 Offered to the one sovereign of their life.
 Nature's primaeval loneliness was here:
 Here only was the voice of bird and beast, —
 The ascetic's exile in the dim-souled huge
 Inhuman forest far from cheerful sound *(forest is inhuman for them those who are attached to earthly enjoyment.)*
 Of man's blithe converse and his crowded days.
 In a broad eve with one red eye of cloud,
 Through a narrow opening, a green flowered cleft,
 Out of the stare of sky and soil they came
 Into a mighty home of emerald dusk.
 There onward led by a faint brooding path

Which toiled through the shadow of enormous trunks
 And under arches misers of sunshine,
 They saw low thatched roofs of a hermitage
 Huddled beneath a patch of azure hue
 In a sunlit clearing that seemed the outbreak
 Of a glad smile in the forest's monstrous heart,
 A rude refuge of the thought and will of man
 Watched by the crowding giants of the wood.
 Arrived in that rough-hewn homestead they gave,
 Questioning no more the strangeness of her fate (Savitri's family accepted her wish
 and no longer questioned her choice),
 Their pride and loved one to the great blind king,
 A regal pillar of fallen mightiness
 And the stately care-worn woman once a queen
 Who now hoped nothing for herself from life,
 But all things only hoped for her one child,
 Calling on that single head from partial Fate
All joy of earth, all heaven's beatitude. (The parents' highest aspiration for their
 children.)
 Adoring wisdom and beauty like a young god's,
 She saw him loved by heaven as by herself, (Satyavan's Mother was also a follower
 of middle path of moderate Spirituality.)
 She rejoiced in his brightness and believed in his fate
 And knew not of the evil drawing near (Satyavan's mother, the queen, had only one
 wish that her child should have all happiness, she was not aware of his fate to come).
 (A moderate is oblivious of future doom and preoccupied with present moments. An
 awareness of future doom comes through vision, and by consecration, Divine union is
 experienced and the doom changes.)

Her family returned to Madra leaving her to face her fate, they wondered within how
 fate having brought 2 such wonderful beings together carelessly breaks them
 apart....Her higher spiritual being observed all and waited for the time to intimate its
 presence to her.

Lingering some days upon the forest verge
 Like men who lengthen out departure's pain,
 Unwilling to separate sorrowful clinging hands,
 Unwilling to see for the last time a face,
 Heavy with the sorrow of a coming day
And wondering at the carelessness of Fate
 Who breaks with idle hands her supreme works,
 They parted from her with pain-fraught burdened hearts
 As forced by inescapable fate we part
 From one whom we shall never see again;
 Driven by the singularity of her fate,
 Helpless against the choice of Savitri's heart
 They left her to her rapture and her doom (Here the Moderate and Ascetic spirituality
 give consent to the higher Spiritual appetite of Savitri.) (If Savitri's parents were
 mundane they would not have supported Savitri's choice.)
 In the tremendous forest's savage charge.

All put behind her that was once her life,
 All welcomed that henceforth was his and hers,
 She abode with Satyavan in the wild woods:
 Priceless she deemed her joy so close to death;
 Apart with love she lived for love alone.
 As if self-poised above the march of days,
 Her immobile spirit watched the haste of Time, (the witness Spirit if dynamised can stay the movement of Time.) (Savitri was preparing from strong witness state of Spirit, *Sakhi*, to strong giver of sanction, *anumanta*, and state of the Lord, *Ishwara*, controlling Spiritually the fixed law of Nature and Fate.)
 A statue of passion and invincible force,
 An absolutism of sweet imperious will,
 A tranquillity and a violence of the gods
 Indomitable and immutable.

In the initial months Savitri enjoyed her oneness both (subtle physically which is symbolized in physical terms) physically and spiritually with Satyavan, with her surroundings and simple life.

121, What is the nature of Subliminal Soul (subtle physical) and what is its influence on the desire soul? The Life Divine-236-237

Ans: "The **subliminal soul** is conscious inwardly of the *rasa* of things and has an **equal delight in all contacts**; it is also conscious of the values and standards of the **surface desire-soul** and receives on its own surface corresponding touches of pleasure, pain and indifference, but takes an equal delight in all. In other words, our real soul within takes joy of all its experiences, gathers from them strength, pleasure and knowledge, grows by them in its store and its plenty. It is this real soul in us which compels the shrinking desire-mind to bear even to seek and find a pleasure in what is painful to it, to reject what is pleasant to it, to modify or even reverse its values, to equalize things in indifference or to equalize them in joy, the joy in variety of existence. And this it does because it is impelled by the universal **to develop itself by all kinds of experience** so as to grow in Nature. Otherwise, if we lived only by the surface desire-soul, we could no more change or advance than the plant or stone in whose immobility or in whose routine of existence, because life is not superficially conscious, the secret soul of things has as yet no instrument by which it can rescue the life out of the fixed and narrow gamut into which it is born. The desire-soul left to itself would **circle in the same grooves for ever.**"

At first to her beneath the sapphire heavens
 The **sylvan solitude** was a gorgeous dream,
 An altar of the summer's splendour and fire,
 A sky-topped flower-hung palace of the gods
 And all its scenes a smile on rapture's lips
 And all its voices bards of happiness.
 There was a chanting in the casual wind,
 There was a glory in the least sunbeam;
 Night was a chrysopraxe on velvet cloth,

A nestling darkness or a moonlit deep;

Day was a purple pageant and a hymn,

A wave of the laughter of light from morn to eve. (The Soul's natural state.)

His absence was a dream of memory (when Satyavan was physically away from Savitri working in the woods), (Through memory we make up our deficiency of all life by relating to our past and by integral Consciousness we fulfill our relation with all life through activation of triple time, that of past, present and future.)

204, What is memory? The Life Divine-519-20

Ans: There is a line of thought in which great stress is laid upon the action of memory: it has even been said that **Memory is the man**,--it is memory that constitutes our personality and holds cemented the foundation of our psychological being; for it **links** together our experiences and **relates** them to one and the same individual entity.

205, How memory is related with Consciousness? The Life Divine- 520

Ans: The **real truth of things** lies not in their process, but behind it, in whatever determines, effects or governs the process; not in effectuation so much in Will or Power that effects, and not so much in Will or Power as in the Consciousness of which Will is the dynamic form and in the Being of which Power is the dynamic value. But **memory is only a process of consciousness**, a utility; it cannot be the substance of being or the whole of our personality: it is simply one of the workings of consciousness as radiation is one of the workings of Light. It is Self that is the man: or if we regard only our normal surface existence, Mind is the man, --for man is the mental being. Memory is only one of the many powers and processes of the Mind, which is at present **the chief action** of Consciousness-Force in our dealings with self, world and Nature.

His presence was the empire of a god. (His Presence activates the Divine Union and as a result brings creation, action, ananda and love.)

A fusing of the joys of earth and heaven, (And also fusing together of terrestrial human love and Divine love whose essential truth are one and self-existent.)

A tremulous blaze of nuptial rapture passed,

A rushing of two spirits to be one, (two individual Psychic beings.)

A burning of two bodies in one flame (of the immutable Spirit).

Opened were gates of unforgettable bliss: (These experiences are stored in memory as Soul-experience.)

Two lives were locked within an earthly heaven (Subtle physical is identified as earthly heaven which is very close to material world but is of the nature, imperishable and self-existent delight.)

And fate and grief fled from that fiery hour. (subtle physical love and enjoyment are far from fixed fate and earthly enjoyment.)

But nothing in this world lasts forever and soon like the change in the seasons so too did the thought of Satyavan's death and Narad's words surface to haunt her outer being. The grief that mortals feel on a pending doom or misfortune afflicted Savitri and she grieved within all mere mortals do. This suffering only touched Savitri's untransformed outer being. Savitri is now turning to the 3rd phase in her life, the path into Abysmal Night (the 1st phase being the 'Sunlit path', the 2nd phase being 'Golden

path' – see mind map for Savitri's Yoga)

But soon now failed the **summer's** ardent breath
And throngs of blue-black clouds crept through the sky
And rain fled sobbing over the dripping leaves
And storm became the forest's titan voice.
Then listening to the thunder's fatal crash
And the fugitive pattering footsteps of the showers
And the long unsatisfied panting of the wind
And sorrow muttering in the sound-vexed night,
The grief of all the world came near to her.

Night's darkness seemed her future's ominous face. (Night symbolizes the Inconscient darkness.)

The shadow of her lover's doom arose

And fear laid hands upon her mortal heart. (fear, doubt and impatience are three friends, coexistent in the life which is not yet transformed.)

The moments swift and ruthless raced; alarmed (If passing moments are not rightly utilized in Divine union, it will give birth to impatience.)

Her thoughts, her mind **remembered Narad's date.** (Mind cannot transform death into immortality, for which intervention of higher Consciousness is needed.)

A trembling moved accountant of her riches,
She reckoned the insufficient days between:

A dire expectancy knocked at her breast;

Dreadful to her were the footsteps of the hours:

Grief came, a passionate stranger to her gate:

Banished when in his arms, out of her sleep (grief can be banished through Divine union. His arms represent divine Love and Divine union.)

It rose at morn to look into her face. (At morn she met her desire soul in the form of grief and memory of fore knowledge. This takes years to transform in the life of a Sadhaka through persistent effort. Here it is symbolized that her desire soul will be transformed within a period less than one year.)

Vainly she fled into **abyssms of bliss** (There are bliss which transform life and escape from life. The former is considered as higher siddhi than the latter.)

From her pursuing foresight of the end.

The more she plunged into love that anguish grew; (human love is not free from attachment. With the growth of attachment the anguish will grow.)

Her deepest grief from sweetest gulfs arose. (The gulf which is untouched by Divine Love is the seat of highest attachment.)

Remembrance was a poignant pang, she felt (The remembrance of incapacity to transform death became a poignant pang.)

Each day a golden leaf torn cruelly out (like the leaves that fall from a tree in autumn, so too each passing day was like a leaf falling from her tree of one life with Satyavan)

169, How are Time and Consciousness related? 377

Ans: "If we go behind Time by a similar inward motion, drawing back from the physical and seeing it without being involved it, we discover that Time observation and Time movement are relative, but **Time itself is real and eternal.** Time observation depends not only on the measures used, but on the consciousness and the position of the observer: moreover, each state of consciousness **has a different Time relation;** Time in Mind

consciousness and Mind Space has not the same sense and measure of its movements as in physical Space; it moves there quickly or slowly according to the **state of consciousness**. **Each state of consciousness has its own Time** and yet there can be relations of Time between them; and when we go behind the physical surface, we find several different **Time statuses and Time movements** coexistent in the same consciousness. This is evident in dream Time where a long sequence of happenings can occur in a **period which corresponds to a second or a few seconds of physical Time**. There is then a certain relation between different Time statuses but no ascertainable correspondence of measure. It would seem as if Time had no objective reality, but depends on whatever conditions may be established by **action of consciousness** in its relation to status and motion of being: time would seem purely subjective. But, in fact, Space also would appear by the mutual relation of Mind-Space and Matter-Space to be subjective; in other words, both are the original spiritual extension, but it is rendered by mind in its purity into a subjective mind-field and by sense-mind into an objective field of sense-perception. **Subjectivity and objectivity are only two sides of one consciousness**, and the cardinal fact is that any given time or Space or any given Time-Space as a whole is **a status of being in which there is a movement of the consciousness and force of the being**, a movement that creates or manifests events and happening; **it is the relation of the consciousness that sees and the force that formulates the happenings**, a relation inherent in the status, which determines the sense of Time and creates our awareness of Time-movement, Time-relation, Time-measure."

From her too slender **book of love** and joy. (Another complementary line: "And the mystic volume of **the book of Bliss**" Savitri-232)

Thus swaying in strong gusts of happiness (she vacillated between the joy when she was with Satyavan and the sorrow in her heart when she remembered the fate to come)

And swimming in foreboding's sombre waves
 And feeding sorrow and terror with her heart, —
 For now they sat among her bosom's guests
 Or in her inner chamber paced apart, —
 Her eyes stared blind into the future's night.

Out of her separate self she looked and saw (Mother (Maa Krishna) who is the 'separate self'), (Not the Psychic being, but this separate self or ego bound self is located between the surface self and the desire self.)

Moving amid the unconscious faces loved,
 In mind a stranger though in heart so near,
 The ignorant smiling world go happily by
 Upon its way towards an unknown doom
 And wondered at the careless lives of men. (men lead a careless life, oblivious of true aim of life.)

As if in different worlds they walked, though close,

They confident of the returning sun,
They wrapped in little hourly hopes and tasks, — (ignorance is bliss)
She in her dreadful knowledge was alone. (because nobody can help her to overcome
the dreadful future knowledge.)

The rich and happy secrecy that once
Enshrined her as if in a silver bower
Apart in a bright nest of thoughts and dreams
Made room for tragic hours of solitude
And lonely grief that none could share or know,
A body seeing the end too soon of joy
And the fragile happiness of its **mortal love**.

(Its complementary line: "But vain are human power and **human love**
To break earth's seal of ignorance and death;")

Savitri-315

While the sorrow and agony raged in Savitri's heart she maintained an outer mask of
sweet calmness and those around her did not know what she suffered silently within.
She looked for a power within that she could use to either rise above the agony or to
transform/neutralize in some way but that power she would not find, only her strong
adamant will and passionate heart was available to her and these are not enough to
transform...for her Psychic Being was still veiled from her, only occasional glimpses
were given.

Her quiet visage still and sweet and calm,
Her graceful daily acts were now a mask;
In vain she looked upon her depths to find (Because in the depth below the surface
she found the vast untransformed subliminal self.)
A ground of stillness and the spirit's peace.
Still veiled from her was the silent Being within
Who sees life's drama pass with unmoved eyes, (Witness state of the Soul to bear all
suffering.)
Supports the sorrow of the mind and heart
And bears in human breasts the world and fate.
A glimpse or flashes came, the Presence was hid.
Only her violent heart and passionate will
Were pushed in front to meet the immutable doom (but these are insufficient to face
the pending doom);
Defenceless, nude, bound to her human lot
They had no means to act, no way to save. (Only the unveiled Psychic being has the
power to save.)
These she controlled, nothing was shown outside: (So she controlled her violent heart
and passionate will.)
She was still to them the child they knew and loved;
The sorrowing woman they saw not within. (This means the new surrounding world
was still in the surface and was unable to identify with Savitri's issue.)
No change was in her beautiful motions seen:

In spite of her inner agony, Savitri with a bright sweetness did all the work and served
all those around her, she was not despondent and indolent, rather the difficulties

seemed to accentuate her inner divinity, for into every simple act of her menial work she suffused her Divine love and this raised the work to something Divine. However from time to time the agony would invade her heart and the hidden divinity would retreat to the depths and she would feel the meaninglessness of life that we all feel.

A worshipped empress all once vied to serve,
She made herself the diligent serf of all, (To become the slave of all is the condition of becoming the Master of all.)

"There are two who are unfit for greatness and freedom, the man who has never been a **slave** to another and the nation that has never been under the yoke of foreigners." ²

Sri Aurobindo

"If thou canst not be the slave of all mankind, thou art not fit to be its master..."

Sri Aurobindo

"To be the master of the world would indeed be supreme felicity, if one were universally loved; but for that one would have to be at the same time the slave of all humanity."

Sri Aurobindo

Nor spared the labour of broom and jar and well,
Or close gentle tending or to heap the fire
Of altar and kitchen, no slight task allowed
To others that her woman's strength might do.

In all her acts a strange divinity shone: (This demonstrates her perfection in Karma Yoga)

78, What is the limitation of action in surface constructed personality and how in true consciousness we experience liberated action? The Life Divine-476

Ans: "But in experience we find that for us it is, normally, a quiescence that brings in the stable realization of the eternal and the infinite: it is in silence or quietude that we feel most firmly the **Something** that is behind the world shown to us by our mind and senses. Our cognitive action of thought, our action of life and being seem to overlay the truth, the reality; they grasp the finite but not the infinite, they deal with the temporal and not the eternal Real. It is reasoned that this is so because all action, all creation, all determining perception limits; it does not embrace or grasp the Reality, and its **constructions disappear** when we enter into the indivisible and indeterminable consciousness of the Real: these constructions are unreal in eternity, however real they may seem or be in Time. Action leads to ignorance, to the created and finite; kinesis and creation are a contradiction of the immutable Reality, the pure uncreated Existence. But this reasoning is **not wholly valid** because it is looking at perception and action only as they are in our mental cognition of the world and its movement; but that is the experience of our surface being regarding things from its shifting motion in Time, a regard itself superficial, fragmentary and delimited, not total, not plunging into the

inner sense of things. In fact we find that action need not bind or limit, if we **get out of this moment-cognition** (second exclusive concentration) **into a status of cognition of the eternal** (essential, multiple and higher concentration) proper to the **true consciousness. Action does not bind or limit the liberated man; action does not bind or limit the Eternal:** but we can go farther and say that action does not bind or limit our own true being at all. Action has no such effect on **the spiritual Person** or Purusha or on the psychic entity within us, it binds or limits **only the surface constructed personality.** This personality is **a temporary expression** of our self-being, a **changing form** of it, empowered to exist by it, dependent on it for substance and endurance, --temporary, but not unreal."

Into a simplest movement she could bring
A oneness with earth's glowing robe of light,
A lifting up of common acts by love.
All-love was hers and its one heavenly cord
Bound all to all with her as **golden tie.**
But when her grief to the **surface pressed too close,**
These things, once gracious adjuncts of her joy,
Seemed meaningless to her, a gleaming shell,
Or were a round mechanical and void,
Her body's actions shared not by her will.
Always behind this strange divided life
Her spirit like a sea of living fire
Possessed her lover and to his body clung, (Spiritual protection extended to Satyavan.)
One locked embrace to guard its threatened mate. (Death has to break this lock of love in order take Satyavan.)
At night she woke through the slow silent hours
Brooding on the treasure of his bosom and face,
Hung o'er the sleep-bound beauty of his brow
Or laid her burning cheek upon his feet.
Waking at morn her lips endlessly clung to his,
Unwilling ever to separate again
Or lose that honeyed drain of lingering joy,
Unwilling to loose his body from her breast,
The warm inadequate signs that love must use. (The Divine Love must work in all the ten sheaths of which physical realm is considered very inadequate.)
Intolerant of the poverty of Time
Her passion catching at the fugitive hours
Willed the expense of centuries in one day (Through Yoga or Spiritual evolution one can compress a thousand year progress or growth into a single year.)
(The complementary of this line:
"An **inspired Knowledge** sat enthroned within
Whose seconds illumined more than reason's years:" Savitri-37)

Of prodigal love and the surf of ecstasy;
Or else she strove even in mortal time

To build a little room for timelessness (In this little room death cannot enter.)
By the deep union of two human lives,(That is possible by deep Divine union through human vessel.)

Her soul secluded shut into his soul.
After all was given she demanded still;
Even by his strong embrace unsatisfied,
She longed to cry, “O tender Satyavan,
O lover of my soul, give more, give more (Love gives invisibly the fullness of life.)
Of love while yet thou canst, to her thou lov’st.
Imprint thyself for every nerve to keep
That thrills to thee the message of my heart.
For soon we part and who shall know how long
Before the great wheel in its monstrous round
Restore us to each other and our love?”
Too well she loved to speak a fateful word (at times she wanted to confide in Satyavan and share her suffering with him)
And lay her burden on his happy head;
She pressed the outsurging grief back into her breast
To dwell within silent, unhelped, alone.
But Satyavan sometimes half understood, (and Satyavan intuitively grasping her agony gave as much of his time to her as he could)
Or felt at least with the uncertain answer
Of our thought-blinded hearts the unuttered need,
The unplumbed abyss of her deep passionate want.
All of his speeding days that he could spare
From labour in the forest hewing wood
And hunting food in the wild sylvan glades
And service to his father’s sightless life
He gave to her and helped to increase the hours
By the nearness of his presence and his clasp,
And lavish softness of heart-seeking words
And the close beating felt of heart on heart.
All was too little for her bottomless need.
If in his presence she forgot awhile,
Grief filled his absence with its aching touch;

When Satyavan was physically away working in the woods, she was reminded of his pending permanent absence and was overcome with grief, she sometimes imagined that she would follow him in the funeral pyre but knew that she would need to remain to look after his parents. This again represents that untransformed part of Savitri that did not want to/could not confront death, that gave into doubt. Savitri had to overcome 3 obstacles to her union with Satyavan (the 1st was her birth mother’s objections, the last will be Death itself, now she wrestles with the 2nd obstacle – parts of her untransformed outer being)

She saw the desert of her coming days
Imaged in every solitary hour. (In every leisure hour she was conscious of the issue.)
Although with a vain imaginary bliss
Of fiery union through death’s door of escape
She dreamed of her body robed in funeral flame,

She knew she must not clutch that happiness
To die with him and follow, seizing his robe
Across our other countries, travellers glad
Into the sweet or terrible Beyond.
For those sad parents still would need her here
To help the empty remnant of their day.
Often it seemed to her the ages' pain
Had pressed their quintessence into her single woe,
Concentrating in her a tortured world.

Savitri became even more inwardly withdrawn and became even more merged with Satyavan's inner being till the union between them was so complete that even the physical barrier between them seemed to melt. The love within her grew each day till it engulfed her and the whole world and made her vessel fit to receive the blows that the mighty gods deal to men and earth to transform it.

Thus in the silent chamber of her soul
Cloistering her love to live with secret grief
She dwelt like a dumb priest with hidden gods
Unappeased by the wordless offering of her days,
Lifting to them her sorrow like frankincense,
Her life the altar, herself the sacrifice.
*Yet ever they grew into each other more
Until it seemed no power could rend apart,
Since even the body's walls could not divide.*
For when he wandered in the forest, oft
Her conscious spirit walked with him and knew (while Satyavan was away from her
in the forest.)
His actions as if in herself he moved;
He, less aware, thrilled with her from afar.
Always the stature of her passion grew;
Grief, fear became the food of mighty love.
Increased by its torment it filled the whole world;
It was all her life, became her whole earth and heaven.
Although life-born, an infant of the hours, (the present evolution is in its infant stage.)
Immortal it walked unslayable as the gods:
Her spirit stretched measureless in strength divine,
An anvil for the blows of Fate and Time:
Or tired of sorrow's passionate luxury,
Grief's self became calm, dull-eyed, resolute,
Awaiting some issue of its fiery struggle,
Some deed in which it might for ever cease,
Victorious over itself and death and tears.
The year now paused upon the brink of change.
No more the storms sailed with stupendous wings
And thunder strode in wrath across the world,
But still was heard a muttering in the sky
And rain dripped wearily through the mournful air
And grey slow-drifting clouds shut in the earth.

So her grief's heavy sky shut in her heart.

Yet her inner/higher being hid itself and waited for the appropriate time to reveal.

A still self hid behind but gave no light: (To discover the light of the Psychic being she will pursue the Sadhana.)

No voice came down from the forgotten heights; (No Soul saving voice descended from above.)

Only in the privacy of its brooding pain

Her human heart spoke to the body's fate. (The limitation of her human heart was unable to alter the body's fate.)

END OF CANTO ONE

My Divine Child,

I send this Canto-1, book-7, today on this sacred Diwali (02.11.2013). I hope we will do further work on this line by Her Grace.

With my all love and blessings.

At Their Feet

S.A. Maa Krishna