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Sri Aurobindo's Life
through His Poems

The five parts refer largely (though not rigidly) to the five phases of Sri Aurobindo's life namely,

1. Birth to the full blossoming of the Yogi
2. Early period of Pondicherry upto 1926
3. Later period in Pondicherry from 1926-1938
4. 1938 to 1950
5. 1950: The last one A God's Labor autobiographical

ALL INDIA MAGAZINE

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Phone Nos:(0413) 2336396-97-98

Email: info@aurosociety.org Website: www.aurosociety.org

Sri Aurobindo's Life through His Poems

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Editorial note: Sri Aurobindo once remarked that no one can write about his life since it has never been on the surface for men to see. Biographers mainly record outer events though the real value to these outer events can only be given if we know the inner events and states of consciousness that determined them. The only way to get access to Sri Aurobindo's inner life is through his poems and some letters written in an autobiographical vein. As an offering to Sri Aurobindo on his 150th Birth Anniversary we offer a string of his poems that indicate his inner states through the different periods of his sadhana and life.



To the hill-tops of Silence

To the hill-tops of silence from over the infinite sea,
Golden he came,
Armed with the flame,
Looked on the world that his greatness and
passion must free.



CWSA 2: 649

Part I
Light

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun rolled, black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast,
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it around with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's Virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art in the truthful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell..

When the waves that burst o'er a world accurst
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone few, tried and true,
Came forth among the dead,
With the wondrous gleams of the bridal beams,
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.....



CWSA 2: 5

A Strong Son of Lightning

A strong son of lightning came down to the earth with fire-feet
of swiftness splendid;
Light was born in a womb and thunder's force filled a
human frame.

The calm speed of heaven, the sweet greatness, pure passion,
winged power had descended;
All the gods in a mortal body dwelt, bore a single name.

A wide wave of movement stirred all the dim globe in each
glad and dreaming fold.
Life was cast into grandeur, ocean hands took the wheels
of Time.

Man's soul was again a bright charioteer of days hired by gods
impetuous, bold,
Hurlled by One on His storm-winged ways, a shaft aimed
at heights sublime.

The old tablets clanging fell, ancient slow Nature's dead wall
was rent asunder,
God renewed himself in a world of young beauty, thought
and flame:

Divine voices spoke on men's lips, the heart woke to white
dawns of gleaming wonder,
Air a robe of splendour, breath a joy, life a godlike game.

CWSA 2: 670



Adwaita

I walked on the high-wayed Seat of Solomon
Where Shankaracharya's tiny temple stands
Facing Infinity from Time's edge, alone
On the bare ridge ending earth's vain romance.

Around me was a formless solitude:
All had become one strange Unnameable,
An unborn sole Reality world-nude,
Topless and fathomless, for ever still.

A Silence that was Being's only word,
The unknown beginning and the voiceless end
Abolishing all things moment-seen or heard,
On an incommunicable summit reigned,

A lonely Calm and void unchanging Peace
On the dumb crest of Nature's mysteries.

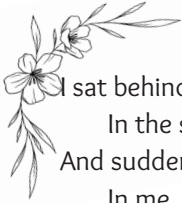


CWSA 2: 621

The Hill-top Temple

After unnumbered steps of a hill-stair
I saw upon earth's head brilliant with sun
The immobile Goddess in her house of stone
In a loneliness of meditating air.
Wise were the human hands that set her there
Above the world and Time's dominion;
The Soul of all that lives, calm, pure, alone,
Revealed its boundless self mystic and bare.
Our body is an epitome of some Vast
That masks its presence by our humanness.
In us the secret Spirit can indite
A page and summary of the Infinite,
A nodus of Eternity expressed
Live in an image and a sculptured face.

CWSA 2: 622



The Godhead

I sat behind the dance of Danger's hooves
In the shouting street that seemed a futurist's whim,
And suddenly felt, exceeding Nature's grooves,
In me, enveloping me the body of Him.

Above my head a mighty head was seen,
A face with the calm of immortality
And an omnipotent gaze that held the scene
In the vast circle of its sovereignty.

His hair was mingled with the sun and breeze;
The world was in His heart and He was I:
I housed in me the Everlasting's peace,
The strength of One whose substance cannot die.

The moment passed and all was as before;
Only that deathless memory I bore.

CWSA 2: 607

The Stone Goddess

In a town of gods, housed in a little shrine,
From sculptured limbs the Godhead looked at me,—
A living Presence deathless and divine,
A Form that harboured all infinity.

The great World-Mother and her mighty will
Inhabited the earth's abysmal sleep,
Voiceless, omnipotent, inscrutable,
Mute in the desert and the sky and deep.

Now veiled with mind she dwells and speaks no word,
Voiceless, inscrutable, omniscient,
Hiding until our soul has seen, has heard
The secret of her strange embodiment,
One in the worshipper and the immobile shape,
A beauty and mystery flesh or stone can drape.

CWSA 2: 608

The Guest

I have discovered my deep deathless being:
Masked by my front of mind, immense, serene
It meets the world with an Immortal's seeing,
A god-spectator of the human scene.

No pain and sorrow of the heart and flesh
Can tread that pure and voiceless sanctuary.
Danger and fear, Fate's hounds, slipping their leash
Rend body and nerve,—the timeless Spirit is free.

Awake, God's ray and witness in my breast,
In the undying substance of my soul
Flamelike, inscrutable the almighty Guest.
Death nearer comes and Destiny takes her toll;

He hears the blows that shatter Nature's house:
Calm sits he, formidable, luminous.



CWSA 2: 612

The Witness Spirit

I dwell in the spirit's calm nothing can move
And watch the actions of Thy vast world-force,
Its mighty wings that through infinity move
And the Time-galloppings of the deathless Horse.
This mute stupendous Energy that whirls
The stars and nebulae in its long train,
Like a huge Serpent through my being curls
With its diamond hood of joy and fangs of pain.
It rises from the dim inconscient deep
Upcoiling through the minds and hearts of men,
Then touches on some height of luminous sleep
The bliss and splendour of the eternal plane.

All this I bear in me, untouched and still,
Assenting to Thy all-wise inscrutable will.

CWSA 2: 602

Nirvana

All is abolished but the mute Alone.

The mind from thought released, the heart from grief
Grow inexistent now beyond belief;

There is no I, no Nature, known-unknown.

The city, a shadow picture without tone,
Floats, quivers unreal; forms without relief
Flow, a cinema's vacant shapes; like a reef
Foundering in shoreless gulfs the world is done.

Only the illimitable Permanent

Is here. A Peace stupendous, featureless, still,
Replaces all,—what once was I, in It

A silent unnamed emptiness content

Either to fade in the Unknowable
Or thrill with the luminous seas of the Infinite.

CWSA 2: 561

The Inner Sovereign

Now more and more the Epiphany within
Affirms on Nature's soil His sovereign rights.
My mind has left its prison-camp of brain;
It pours, a luminous sea from spirit heights.

A tranquil splendour, waits my Force of Life
Couched in my heart, to do what He shall bid,
Poising wide wings like a great hippogriff
On which the gods of the empyrean ride.

My senses change into gold gates of bliss;
An ecstasy thrills through touch and sound and sight
Flooding the blind material sheath's dull ease:
My darkness answers to His call of light.

Nature in me one day like Him shall sit
Victorious, calm, immortal, infinite.

CWSA 2: 613



Liberation

I have thrown from me the whirling dance of mind
And stand now in the spirit's silence free;
Timeless and deathless beyond creature kind,
The centre of my own eternity.
I have escaped and the small self is dead;
I am immortal, alone, ineffable;
I have gone out from the universe I made,
And have grown nameless and immeasurable.
My mind is hushed in wide and endless light,
My heart a solitude of delight and peace,
My sense unsnared by touch and sound and sight,
My body a point in white infinities.

I am the one Being's sole immobile Bliss:
No one I am, I who am all that is.



CWSA 2: 604

Jivanmukta

There is a silence greater than any known
To earth's dumb spirit, motionless in the soul
That has become Eternity's foothold,
Touched by the infinities for ever.

A Splendour is here, refused to the earthward sight,
That floods some deep flame-covered all-seeing eye;
Revealed it wakens when God's stillness
Heavens the ocean of moveless Nature.

A Power descends no Fate can perturb or vanquish,
Calmer than mountains, wider than marching waters,
A single might of luminous quiet
Tirelessly bearing the worlds and ages.

A Bliss surrounds with ecstasy everlasting,
An absolute high-seated immortal rapture
Possesses, sealing love to oneness
In the grasp of the All-beautiful, All-beloved.

He who from Time's dull motion escapes and thrills
Rapt thoughtless, wordless into the Eternal's breast,
Unrolls the form and sign of being,
Seated above in the omniscient Silence.

Although consenting here to a mortal body,
He is the Undying; limit and bond he knows not;
For him the aeons are a playground,
Life and its deeds are his splendid shadow.

Only to bring God's forces to waiting Nature,
To help with wide-winged Peace her tormented labour
And heal with joy her ancient sorrow,
Casting down light on the unconscious darkness,

He acts and lives. Vain things are mind's smaller motives
To one whose soul enjoys for its high possession
Infinity and the sempiternal
All is his guide and beloved and refuge.

CWSA 2: 551-52

Invitation

With wind and the weather beating round me
Up to the hill and the moorland I go.
Who will come with me? Who will climb with me?
Wade through the brook and tramp through the snow?

Not in the petty circle of cities
Cramped by your doors and your walls I dwell;
Over me God is blue in the welkin,
Against me the wind and the storm rebel.

I sport with solitude here in my regions,
Of misadventure have made me a friend.
Who would live largely? Who would live freely?
Here to the wind-swept uplands ascend.



I am the lord of tempest and mountain,
I am the Spirit of freedom and pride.
Stark must he be and a kinsman to danger
Who shares my kingdom and walks at my side. *CWSA 2: 201*

Krishna

At last I find a meaning of soul's birth
Into this universe terrible and sweet,
I who have felt the hungry heart of earth
Aspiring beyond heaven to Krishna's feet.
I have seen the beauty of immortal eyes,
And heard the passion of the Lover's flute,
And known a deathless ecstasy's surprise
And sorrow in my heart for ever mute.

Nearer and nearer now the music draws,
Life shudders with a strange felicity;
All Nature is a wide enamoured pause
Hoping her lord to touch, to clasp, to be.

For this one moment lived the ages past;
The world now throbs fulfilled in me at last. *CWSA 2: 601*

Surrender

O Thou of whom I am the instrument,
O secret Spirit and Nature housed in me,
Let all my mortal being now be blent
In Thy still glory of divinity.

I have given my mind to be dug Thy channel mind,
I have offered up my will to be Thy will:
Let nothing of myself be left behind
In our union mystic and unutterable.

My heart shall throb with the world-beats of Thy love,
My body become Thy engine for earth-use;



In my nerves and veins Thy rapture's streams shall move;
My thoughts shall be hounds of Light for Thy power to loose.

Keep only my soul to adore eternally
And meet Thee in each form and soul of Thee. CWSA 2: 611

The Divine Worker

I face earth's happenings with an equal soul;
In all are heard Thy steps: Thy unseen feet
Tread Destiny's pathways in my front. Life's whole
Tremendous theorem is Thou complete.

No danger can perturb my spirit's calm:
My acts are Thine; I do Thy works and pass;
Failure is cradled on Thy deathless arm,
Victory is Thy passage mirrored in Fortune's glass.

In this rude combat with the fate of man
Thy smile within my heart makes all my strength;
Thy Force in me labours at its grandiose plan,
Indifferent to the Time-snake's crawling length.

No power can slay my soul; it lives in Thee.
Thy presence is my immortality. CWSA 2: 612

While on a terrace hushed I walked at night,
He came and stung my foot. My soul surprised
Rejoiced in lover's contact; but the mind
Thought of a scorpion and was snared by forms.
Still, still my soul remembered its delight,
Denying mind, and midst the body's pain,
I laughed contented.

CWSA 2: 510



Part II The Blue Bird

I am the bird of God in His blue;
 Divinely high and clear
I sing the notes of the sweet and the true
 For the god's and the seraph's ear.
I rise like a fire from the mortal's earth
 Into a griefless sky
And drop in the suffering soil of his birth
 Fire-seeds of ecstasy.
My pinions soar beyond Time and Space
 Into unfading Light;
I bring the bliss of the Eternal's face
 And the boon of the Spirit's sight.
I measure the worlds with my ruby eyes;
 I have perched on Wisdom's tree
Thronged with the blossoms of Paradise
 By the streams of Eternity.
Nothing is hid from my burning heart;
 My mind is shoreless and still;
My song is rapture's mystic art,
 My flight immortal will.



CWSA 2: 533

Parabrahman

These wanderings of the suns, these stars at play
 In the due measure that they chose of old,
Nor only these, but all the immense array
 Of objects that long Time, far Space can hold,
Are divine moments. They are thoughts that form,
 They are vision in the Self of things august
And therefore grandly real. Rule and norm
 Are processes that they themselves adjust.

The Self of things is not their outward view,
A Force within decides. That Force is He;
His movement is the shape of things we knew,
Movement of Thought is Space and Time. A free

And sovereign master of His world within,
He is not bound by what He does or makes,
He is not bound by virtue or by sin,
Awake who sleeps and when He sleeps awakes.

He is not bound by waking or by sleep;
He is not bound by anything at all.
Laws are that He may conquer them. To creep
Or soar is at His will, to rise or fall.

One from of old possessed Himself above
Who was not anyone nor had a form,
Nor yet was formless. Neither hate nor love
Could limit His perfection, peace nor storm.

He is, we cannot say; for Nothing too
Is His conception of Himself unguessed.
He dawns upon us and we would pursue,
But who has found Him or what arms possessed?

He is not anything, yet all is He;
He is not all but far exceeds that scope.
Both Time and Timelessness sink in that sea:
Time is a wave and Space a wandering drop.

Within Himself He shadowed Being forth,
Which is a younger birth, a veil He chose
To half-conceal Him, Knowledge, nothing worth
Save to have glimpses of its mighty cause,

And high Delight, a spirit infinite,
That is the fountain of this glorious world,
Delight that labours in its opposite,
Faints in the rose and on the rack is curled.



This was the triune playground that He made
And One there sports awhile. He plucks His flowers
And by His bees is stung; He is dismayed,
Flees from Himself or has His sullen hours.

The Almighty One knew labour, failure, strife;
Knowledge forgot divined itself again:
He made an eager death and called it life,
He stung Himself with bliss and called it pain.

CWSA 2: 216-17



The Word of the Silence

A bare impersonal hush is now my mind,
A world of sight clear and inimitable,
A volume of silence by a Godhead signed,
A greatness pure of thought, virgin of will.

Once on its pages Ignorance could write
In a scribble of intellect the blind guess of Time
And cast gleam-messages of ephemeral light,
A food for souls that wander on Nature's rim.

But now I listen to a greater Word
Born from the mute unseen omniscient Ray:
The Voice that only Silence' ear has heard
Leaps missioned from an eternal glory of Day.

All turns from a wideness and unbroken peace
To a tumult of joy in a sea of wide release.

CWSA 2: 609-10

The Indwelling Universal

I contain the wide world in my soul's embrace:
In me Arcturus and Belphegor burn.
To whatsoever living form I turn
I see my own body with another face.
All eyes that look on me are my sole eyes;
The one heart that beats within all breasts is mine.
The world's happiness flows through me like wine,

Its million sorrows are my agonies.
Yet all its acts are only waves that pass
 Upon my surface; inly for ever still,
 Unborn I sit, timeless, intangible:
All things are shadows in my tranquil glass.

My vast transcendence holds the cosmic whirl;
I am hid in it as in the sea a pearl.

CWSA 2: 601

The Infinite Adventure

On the waters of a nameless Infinite
 My skiff is launched; I have left the human shore.
 All fades behind me and I see before
The unknown abyss and one pale pointing light.

An unseen Hand controls my rudder. Night
 Walls up the sea in a black corridor,—
 An unconscious Hunger's lion plaint and roar
Or the ocean sleep of a dead Eremite.

I feel the greatness of the Power I seek
 Surround me; below me are its giant deeps,
 Beyond, the invisible height no soul has trod.
I shall be merged in the Lonely and Unique

And wake into a sudden blaze of God,
The marvel and rapture of the Apocalypse.

CWSA 2: 606

Cosmic Consciousness

I have wrapped the wide world in my wider self
 And Time and Space my spirit's seeing are.
I am the god and demon, ghost and elf,
 I am the wind's speed and the blazing star.
All Nature is the nursling of my care,
 I am the struggle and the eternal rest;
The world's joy thrilling runs through me, I bear
 The sorrow of millions in my lonely breast.



I have learned a close identity with all,
Yet am by nothing bound that I become;
Carrying in me the universe's call
I mount to my imperishable home.

I pass beyond Time and life on measureless wings,
Yet still am one with born and unborn things.

CWSA 2: 603

The Cosmic Spirit

I am a single Self all Nature fills.
Immeasurable, unmoved the Witness sits:
He is the silence brooding on her hills,
The circling motion of her cosmic might.

I have broken the limits of embodied mind
And am no more the figure of a soul.
The burning galaxies are in me outlined;
The universe is my stupendous whole.
My life is the life of village and continent,
I am earth's agony and her throbs of bliss;
I share all creatures' sorrow and content
And feel the passage of every stab and kiss.

Impassive, I bear each act and thought and mood:
Time traverses my hushed infinitude.

CWSA 2: 619

The Cosmic Man

I look across the world and no horizon walls my gaze;
I see Tokio and Paris and New York,
I see the bombs bursting on Barcelona and on Canton streets.
Man's numberless misdeeds and small good deeds take place
within my single self;

I am the beast he slays, the bird he feeds and saves;
The thoughts of unknown minds exalt me with their thrill;
I carry the sorrow of millions in my lonely breast.

CWSA 2: 637



Light

Light, endless Light! darkness has room no more,
Life's ignorant gulfs give up their secrecy:
The huge unconscious depths unplumbed before
Lie glimmering in vast expectancy.

Light, timeless Light immutable and apart!
The holy sealed mysterious doors unclose.
Light, burning Light from the Infinite's diamond heart
Quivers in my heart where blooms the deathless rose.

Light in its rapture leaping through the nerves!
Light, brooding Light! each smitten passionate cell
In a mute blaze of ecstasy preserves
A living sense of the Imperishable.

I move in an ocean of stupendous Light
Joining my depths to His eternal height.

CWSA 2: 618

The Greater Plan

I am held no more by life's alluring cry,
Her joy and grief, her charm, her laughter's lute.
Hushed are the magic moments of the flute,
And form and colour and brief ecstasy.
I would hear, in my spirit's wideness solitary,
The Voice that speaks when mortal lips are mute:
I seek the wonder of things absolute
Born from the silence of Eternity.
There is a need within the soul of man
The splendours of the surface never sate;
For life and mind and their glory and debate
Are the slow prelude of a vaster theme,
A sketch confused of a supernal plan,
A preface to the epic of the Supreme.

CWSA 2: 606



Shiva

On the white summit of eternity
A single Soul of bare infinities,
Guarded he keeps by a fire-screen of peace
His mystic loneliness of nude ecstasy.
But, touched by an immense delight to be,
He looks across unending depths and sees
Musing amid the unconscious silences
The Mighty Mother's dumb felicity.

Half now awake she rises to his glance;
Then, moved to circling by her heart-beats' will,
The rhythmic worlds describe that passion-dance.
Life springs in her and Mind is born; her face
She lifts to Him who is Herself, until
The Spirit leaps into the Spirit's embrace. CWSA2:609



Bliss of Identity

All Nature is taught in radiant ways to move,
All beings are in myself embraced.
O fiery boundless Heart of joy and love,
How art thou beating in a mortal's breast!
It is Thy rapture flaming through my nerves
And all my cells and atoms thrill with Thee;
My body Thy vessel is and only serves
As a living wine-cup of Thy ecstasy.

I am a centre of Thy golden light
And I its vast and vague circumference;
Thou art my soul great, luminous and white
And Thine my mind and will and glowing sense.

Thy spirit's infinite breath I feel in me;
My life is a throb of Thy eternity.

CWSA 2: 601

The Bliss of Brahman

I am swallowed in a foam-white sea of bliss,
I am a curving wave of God's delight,
A shapeless flow of happy passionate light,
A whirlpool of the streams of Paradise.
I am a cup of His felicities,
A thunderblast of His golden ecstasy's might,
A fire of joy upon creation's height;
I am His rapture's wonderful abyss.
I am drunken with the glory of the Lord,
I am vanquished by the beauty of the Unborn;
I have looked alive on the Eternal's face.
My mind is cloven by His radiant sword,
My heart by His beatific touch is torn,
My life is a meteor-dust of His flaming Grace.

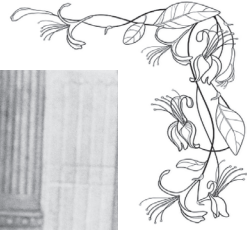
CWSA 2: 616

Immortality

I have drunk deep of God's own liberty
From which an occult sovereignty derives:
Hidden in an earthly garment that survives,
I am the worldless being vast and free.
A moment stamped with that supremacy
Has rescued me from cosmic hooks and gyves;
Abolishing death and time my nature lives
In the deep heart of immortality.
God's contract signed with Ignorance is torn;
Time has become the Eternal's endless year,
My soul's wide self of living infinite Space
Outlines its body luminous and unborn
Behind the earth-robe; under the earth-mask grows clear
The mould of an imperishable face.

CWSA 2: 616



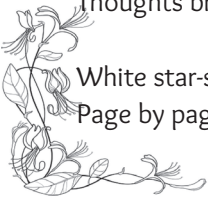


Seer deep-hearted

Seer deep-hearted, divine king of the secrecies,
Occult fountain of love sprung from the heart of God,
Ways thou knewest no feet ever in Time had trod.
Words leaped flashing, the flame-billows of wisdom's seas.
Vast thy soul was a tide washing the coasts of heaven.
Thoughts broke burning and bare crossing the human
night,

White star-scripts of the gods born from the book of Light
Page by page to the dim children of earth were given.

CWSA 2: 677





The Mother of God

A conscious and eternal Power is here
Behind unhappiness and mortal birth
And the error of Thought and blundering trudge of Time.
The mother of God, his sister and his spouse,
Daughter of his wisdom, of his strength the mate,
She has leapt from the Transcendent's secret breast
To build her rainbow worlds of mind and life.
Between the superconscious absolute Light
And the Inconscient's vast unthinking toil,
In the rolling and routine of Matter's sleep
And the somnambulist motion of the stars
She forces on the cold unwilling Void
Her adventure of life, the passionate dreams of her heart.



Amid the work of darker Powers she is here
 To heal the evils and mistakes of Space
 And change the tragedy of the ignorant world
 Into a Divine Comedy of joy
 And the laughter and the rapture of God's bliss.
 The Mother of God is mother of our souls;
 We are the partners of his birth in Time,
 Inheritors we share his eternity.

CWSA 2: 642-43



Krishna (Cretics)

O immense Light and thou, O spirit-wide boundless Space,
 Whom have you clasped and hid, deathless limbs, gloried face?
 Vainly lie Space and Time, "Void are we, there is none."
 Vainly strive Self and World crying "I, I alone."
 One is there, Self of self, Soul of Space, Fount of Time,
 Heart of hearts, Mind of minds, He alone sits, sublime.
 Oh no void Absolute self-absorbed, splendid, mute,
 Hands that clasp hold and red lips that kiss blow His flute.
 All He loves, all He moves, all are His, all are He;
 Many limbs sate His whims, bear His sweet ecstasy.
 Two in One, Two who know difference rich in sense,
 Two to clasp, One to be, this His strange mystery.

CWSA 2: 637

Part III Descent

All my cells thrill swept by a surge of splendour,
Soul and body stir with a mighty rapture,
Light and still more light like an ocean billows
Over me, round me.

Rigid, stonelike, fixed like a hill or statue,
Vast my body feels and upbears the world's weight;
Dire the large descent of the Godhead enters
Limbs that are mortal.

Voiceless, thronged, Infinity crowds upon me;
Presses down a glory of power eternal;
Mind and heart grow one with the cosmic wideness;
Stilled are earth's murmurs.

Swiftly, swiftly crossing the golden spaces
Knowledge leaps, a torrent of rapid lightnings;
Thoughts that left the Ineffable's flaming mansions,
Blaze in my spirit.

Slow the heart-beats' rhythm like a giant hammer's;
Missioned voices drive to me from God's doorway
Words that live not save upon Nature's summits,
Ecstasy's chariots.

All the world is changed to a single oneness;
Souls undying, infinite forces, meeting,
Join in God-dance weaving a seamless Nature,
Rhythm of the Deathless.

Mind and heart and body, one harp of being,
Cry that anthem, finding the notes eternal,—
Light and might and bliss and immortal wisdom
Clasping for ever.



CWSA 2: 578

The Golden Light

Thy golden Light came down into my brain
And the grey rooms of mind sun-touched became
A bright reply to Wisdom's occult plane,
A calm illumination and a flame.

Thy golden Light came down into my throat,
And all my speech is now a tune divine,
A paean song of Thee my single note;
My words are drunk with the Immortal's wine.

Thy golden Light came down into my heart
Smiting my life with Thy eternity;
Now has it grown a temple where Thou art
And all its passions point towards only Thee.

Thy golden Light came down into my feet;
My earth is now Thy playfield and Thy seat.



CWSA 2: 605

The Divine Hearing

All sounds, all voices have become Thy voice,
Music and thunder and the cry of birds,
Life's babble of her sorrows and her joys,
Cadence of human speech and murmured words,

The laughter of the sea's enormous mirth,
The winged plane purring through the conquered air,
The auto's trumpet-song of speed to earth,
The machine's reluctant drone, the siren's blare

Blowing upon the windy horn of Space
A call of distance and of mystery,
Memories of sun-bright lands and ocean ways,—
All now are wonder-tones and themes of Thee.

A secret harmony steals through the blind heart
And all grows beautiful because Thou art.

CWSA 2: 622

Divine Sight

Each sight is now immortal with Thy bliss:
My soul through the rapt eyes has come to see;
A veil is rent and they no more can miss
The miracle of Thy world-epiphany.

Into an ecstasy of vision caught
Each natural object is of Thee a part,
A rapture-symbol from Thy substance wrought,
A poem shaped in Beauty's living heart,
A master-work of colour and design,
A mighty sweetness borne on grandeur's wings;
A burdened wonder of significant line
Reveals itself in even commonest things.

All forms are Thy dream-dialect of delight,
O Absolute, O vivid Infinite.

CWSA 2: 623

Divine Sense

Surely I take no more an earthly food
But eat the fruits and plants of Paradise!
For Thou hast changed my sense's habitude
From mortal pleasure to divine surprise.

Hearing and sight are now an ecstasy,
And all the fragrances of earth disclose
A sweetness matching in intensity
Odour of the crimson marvel of the rose.

In every contact's deep invading thrill,
That lasts as if its source were infinite,
I feel Thy touch; Thy bliss imperishable
Is crowded into that moment of delight.

The body burns with Thy rapture's sacred fire,
Pure, passionate, holy, virgin of desire.



CWSA 2: 624

Transformation

My breath runs in a subtle rhythmic stream;
It fills my members with a might divine:
I have drunk the Infinite like a giant's wine.
Time is my drama or my pageant dream.
Now are my illumined cells joy's flaming scheme
And changed my thrilled and branching nerves to fine
Channels of rapture opal and hyaline
For the influx of the Unknown and the Supreme.

I am no more a vassal of the flesh,
A slave to Nature and her leaden rule;
I am caught no more in the senses' narrow mesh.
My soul unhorizoned widens to measureless sight,
My body is God's happy living tool,
My spirit a vast sun of deathless light.

CWSA 2: 561



With best compliments of:

Phoolashree Deorah Seva Kosh

Rajanigandha 13E

25, Ballygunge Park, Kolkata - 700019

Part IV
The Dwarf Napoleon
(Hitler. October 1939)

Behold, by Maya's fantasy of will
A violent miracle takes sudden birth,
The real grows one with the incredible.
In the control of her magician wand
The small achieves things great, the base things grand.
This puny creature would bestride the earth
Even as the immense colossus of the past.
Napoleon's mind was swift and bold and vast,
His heart was calm and stormy like the sea,
His will dynamic in its grip and clasp.
His eye could hold a world within its grasp
And see the great and small things sovereignly.
A movement of gigantic depth and scope
He seized and gave coherence to its hope.
Far other this creature of a nether clay,
Void of all grandeur, like a gnome at play,
Iron and mud his nature's mingled stuff,
A little limited visionary brain
Cunning and skilful in its narrow vein,
A sentimental egoist poor and rough,
Whose heart was never sweet and fresh and young,
A headlong spirit driven by hopes and fears,
Intense neurotic with his shouts and tears,
Violent and cruel, devil, child and brute,
This screaming orator with his strident tongue,
This prophet of a scanty fixed idea,
Plays now the leader of our human march;
His might shall build the future's triumph arch.
Now is the world for his eating a ripe fruit.
His shadow falls from London to Corea.



Cities and nations crumble in his course.
A terror holds the peoples in its grip:
World-destiny waits upon that foaming lip.
A Titan Power upholds this pigmy man,
The crude dwarf instrument of a mighty Force.
Hater of the free spirit's joy and light,
Made only of strength and skill and giant might,
A Will to trample humanity into clay
And unify earth beneath one iron sway,
Insists upon its fierce enormous plan.
Trampling man's mind and will into one mould
Docile and facile in a dreadful hold,
It cries its demon slogans to the crowd.
But if its tenebrous empire were allowed,
That mastery would prepare the dismal hour
When the Inconscient shall regain its right,
And man who emerged as Nature's conscious power,
Shall sink into the deep original night
Sharing like all her forms that went before
The doom of the mammoth and the dinosaur.
It is the shadow of the Titan's robe
That looms across the panic-stricken globe.
In his high villa on the fatal hill
Alone he listens to that sovereign Voice,
Dictator of his action's sudden choice,
The tiger leap of a demoniac skill.
An energy his body cannot invest,—
Too small and human for that dreadful guest,
A tortured channel, not a happy vessel,—
Drives him to think and act and cry and wrestle.
Thus driven he must stride on conquering all,
Threatening and clamouring, brutal, invincible,
Until he meets upon his storm-swept road
A greater devil — or thunderstroke of God.



CWSA 2: 641

The Iron Dictators

I looked for Thee alone, but met my glance
The iron dreadful Four who rule our breath,
Masters of falsehood, Kings of ignorance,
High sovereign Lords of suffering and death.

Whence came these formidable autarchies,
From what inconscient blind Infinity, —
Cold propagandists of a million lies,
Dictators of a world of agony?

Or was it Thou who bor'st the fourfold mask?
Enveloping Thy timeless heart in Time,
Thou hast bound the spirit to its cosmic task,
To find Thee veiled in this tremendous mime.

Thou, only Thou, canst raise the invincible siege,
O Light, O deathless Joy, O rapturous Peace!

CWSA 2: 624

In the Battle

Often, in the slow ages' wide retreat
On Life's long bridge through Time's enormous sea,
I have accepted death and borne defeat
If by my fall some gain were clutched for Thee.
To this world's inconscient Power Thou hast given the right
To oppose the shining passage of my soul:
She levies on each step the tax of Night.
Doom, her unjust accountant, keeps the roll.
Around my way the Titan forces press;
This earth is theirs, they hold the days in fee,
I am full of wounds and the fight merciless:
Is it not yet Thy hour of victory?

Even as Thou wilt! What still to Fate Thou owest,
O Ancient of the worlds, Thou knowest, Thou knowest. CWSA2: 614



The Pilgrim of the Night

I made an assignation with the Night;
In the abyss was fixed our rendezvous:
In my breast carrying God's deathless light
I came her dark and dangerous heart to woo.

I left the glory of the illumined Mind
And the calm rapture of the divinised soul
And travelled through a vastness dim and blind
To the grey shore where her ignorant waters roll.

I walk by the chill wave through the dull slime
And still that weary journeying knows no end;
Lost is the lustrous godhead beyond Time,
There comes no voice of the celestial Friend.

And yet I know my footprints' track shall be
A pathway towards Immortality.



CWSA 2: 603

The Inconscient

Out of a seeming void and dark-winged sleep
Of dim inconscient infinity
A Power arose from the insentient deep,
A flame-whirl of magician Energy.
Some huge somnambulist Intelligence
Devising without thought process and plan
Arrayed the burning stars' magnificence,
The living bodies of beasts and the brain of man.

What stark Necessity or ordered Chance
Became alive to know the cosmic whole?
What magic of numbers, what mechanic dance
Developed consciousness, assumed a soul?

The darkness was the Omnipotent's abode,
Hood of omniscience, a blind mask of God.

CWSA 2: 604

Part V
The End?

Is this the end of all that we have been,
And all we did or dreamed,—
A name unremembered and a form undone,—
Is this the end?

A body rotting under a slab of stone
Or turned to ash in fire,
A mind dissolved, lost its forgotten thoughts,—
Is this the end?

Our little hours that were and are no more,
Our passions once so high
Dying mocked by the still earth and calm sunshine,—
Is this the end?

Our yearnings for the human Godward climb
Passing to other hearts
Deceived, while sinks towards death and hell the world,—
Is this the end?

Fallen is the harp; shattered it lies and mute;
Is the unseen player dead?
Because the tree is felled where the bird sang,
Must the song too hush?

One in the mind who planned and willed and thought,
Worked to reshape earth's fate,
One in the heart who loved and yearned and hoped,
Does he too end?

The Immortal in the mortal is his Name;
An artist Godhead here
Ever remoulds himself in diviner shapes,
Unwilling to cease



Till all is done for which the stars were made,
Till the heart discovers God
And soul knows itself. And even then
There is no end.



CWSA 2: 643

Soul, My Soul [2]

Soul, my soul, yet ascend crossing the marge of life:
Mount out far above Time, reach to the golden end,
Mind-belt's verge and the vague Infinite's spirit seas.
Crossed by sails of the gods, luminous argosies,
Silence reigns and the pure vastness of Self alone,
Fulgent, shadowless, white, limitless, signless, one.
God-light brooding above, spreading eternal wings,
Free, held high above thought, void of the form of things,
Live there lost in God space, rapturous, vacant, mute,
Sun-bright, timeless, immense, single and absolute. CWSA 2: 648

Voice of the Summits

Voice of the summits, leap from thy peaks of ineffable splendour,
Wisdom's javelin cast, leonine cry of the Vast.
Voice of the summits, arrow of gold from a bow-string of silence!
Leap down into my heart, blazing and clangorous dart!
Here where I struggle alone unheeded of men and unaided,
Here by the darkness down-trod, here in the midnight of
God.
I have come down from the heights and the outskirts of Heaven
Into the gulfs of God's sleep, into the inconscient Deep.
All I had won that the mind can win of the Word and the wordless,
Knowledge sun-bright for ever and the spiritual crown of
endeavour,
Share in the thoughts of the cosmic Self and its orders to Nature,
Cup of its nectar of bliss, dreams on the breast of its peace.
CWSA 2: 681



A God's Labour

I have gathered my dreams in a silver air
Between the gold and the blue
And wrapped them softly and left them there,
My jewelled dreams of you.

I had hoped to build a rainbow bridge
Marrying the soil to the sky
And sow in this dancing planet midge
The moods of infinity.

But too bright were our heavens, too far away,
Too frail their ethereal stuff;
Too splendid and sudden our light could not stay;
The roots were not deep enough.

He who would bring the heavens here
Must descend himself into clay
And the burden of earthly nature bear
And tread the dolorous way.



Coercing my godhead I have come down
Here on the sordid earth,
Ignorant, labouring, human grown
Twixt the gates of death and birth.

I have been digging deep and long
Mid a horror of filth and mire
A bed for the golden river's song,
A home for the deathless fire.

I have laboured and suffered in Matter's night
To bring the fire to man;
But the hate of hell and human spite
Are my meed since the world began.

For man's mind is the dupe of his animal self;
Hoping its lusts to win,
He harbours within him a grisly Elf
Enamoured of sorrow and sin.

The grey Elf shudders from heaven's flame
And from all things glad and pure;
Only by pleasure and passion and pain
His drama can endure.

All around is darkness and strife;
For the lamps that men call suns
Are but halfway gleams on this stumbling life
Cast by the Undying Ones.

Man lights his little torches of hope
That lead to a failing edge;
A fragment of Truth is his widest scope,
An inn his pilgrimage.

The Truth of truths men fear and deny,
The Light of lights they refuse;
To ignorant gods they lift their cry
Or a demon altar choose.



All that was found must again be sought,
Each enemy slain revives,
Each battle for ever is fought and refought
Through vistas of fruitless lives.

My gaping wounds are a thousand and one
And the Titan kings assail,
But I dare not rest till my task is done
And wrought the eternal will.

How they mock and sneer, both devils and men!
“Thy hope is Chimera’s head
Painting the sky with its fiery stain;
Thou shalt fall and thy work lie dead.

“Who art thou that babblest of heavenly ease
And joy and golden room
To us who are waifs on inconscient seas
And bound to life’s iron doom?

“This earth is ours, a field of Night
For our petty flickering fires.
How shall it brook the sacred Light
Or suffer a god’s desires?

“Come, let us slay him and end his course!
Then shall our hearts have release
From the burden and call of his glory and force
And the curb of his wide white peace.”

But the god is there in my mortal breast
Who wrestles with error and fate
And tramples a road through mire and waste
For the nameless Immaculate.

A voice cried, “Go where none have gone!
Dig deeper, deeper yet
Till thou reach the grim foundation stone
And knock at the keyless gate.”



I saw that a falsehood was planted deep
At the very root of things
Where the grey Sphinx guards God's riddle sleep
On the Dragon's outspread wings.

I left the surface gauds of mind
And life's unsatisfied seas
And plunged through the body's alleys blind
To the nether mysteries.

I have delved through the dumb Earth's dreadful heart
And heard her black mass' bell.
I have seen the source whence her agonies part
And the inner reason of hell.

Above me the dragon murmurs moan
And the goblin voices flit;
I have pierced the Void where Thought was born,
I have walked in the bottomless pit.

On a desperate stair my feet have trod
Armoured with boundless peace,
Bringing the fires of the splendour of God
Into the human abyss.

He who I am was with me still;
All veils are breaking now.
I have heard His voice and borne His will
On my vast untroubled brow.
The gulf twixt the depths and the heights is bridged
And the golden waters pour
Down the sapphire mountain rainbow-ridged
And glimmer from shore to shore.

Heaven's fire is lit in the breast of the earth
And the undying suns here burn;
Through a wonder cleft in the bounds of birth
The incarnate spirits yearn



Like flames to the kingdoms of Truth and Bliss:
Down a gold-red stairway wend
The radiant children of Paradise
Clarioning darkness' end.

A little more and the new life's doors
Shall be carved in silver light
With its aureate roof and mosaic floors
In a great world bare and bright.

I shall leave my dreams in their argent air,
For in a raiment of gold and blue
There shall move on the earth embodied and fair
The living truth of you.

CWSA 2: 538





*O Supreme Reality, grant that we may live integrally the
marvellous secret that is now revealed to us.*

*

*Sweet Mother, grant that we may simply be,
now and for ever, Thy little children.*

CWM 15: 218

The Mother



*Our Gratitude and consecration to the
Mother and Sri Aurobindo*

Sri Aurobindo Society, Nairobi Centre, Kenya

SRI AUROBINDO SOCIETY

Notice for the Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the members of Sri Aurobindo Society will be held on Saturday, the 24th September 2022, at 4.00 p.m. at its registered office, Sri Aurobindo Bhavan, 8, Shakespeare Sarani, Kolkata – 700 071, to transact the following business:

1. To confirm the minutes of the last Annual General Meeting held on 7th February 2022.
2. To consider and approve the audited Balance Sheet and Income & Expenditure Account of the Society for the year ended 31.03.2022.
3. To consider and adopt the Executive Committee's Annual Report of Activities for the year 2021–2022.
4. To appoint an auditor for the Society for the year 2022-2023.
5. To consider and adopt the decision of the Executive Committee of the Society to amend Clause 3.1 of the Rules & Regulations to increase the maximum number of members of the Executive Committee to 15 (Fifteen only).
6. To consider any other matter with the permission of the chair.

18.08.2022
Puducherry

Sd/-
(Pradeep Narang)
Chairman

Note: The members are entitled to appoint proxy. Proxies must be deposited at the Registered Office of the Society, No.8, Shakespeare Sarani, Kolkata – 700 071, during office hours, in advance but not less than 48 hours before the time of the meeting. The proxy should be a member of the Society. Proxy form is printed below.



PROXY

SRI AUROBINDO SOCIETY,
Regd. Office: 8, Shakespeare Sarani, Kolkata – 700 071.

I, being a member of Sri Aurobindo Society, having membership No. valid upto do hereby appoint having Society's membership No. valid upto as my proxy in my absence to attend and vote for me and on my behalf at the Annual General Meeting of the Society, to be held on Saturday, the 24th September 2022, at 4.00 p.m. and at any adjournment thereof.

In witness whereof, I have set my hand this
..... day of 2022.

Revenue Stamp
(Signature of the member across the stamp)



Sri Aurobindo Society
 INDORE BRANCH *Creating the Next Future*



Appeal

To Contribute in Divine Work

With the infinite grace and blessings of The Mother & Sri Aurobindo, Sri Aurobindo Society Puducherry, Branch Indore has already started construction work from 25 January, 2021 on a land area of 13495 Sq.Ft. for the shaktipeeth "Sri Aurobindo Vishwa Nilayam"- A Centre for Integral Yoga & Meditation for conducting spiritual activities in order to build a Divine Society. The land is situated at survey no.126/8, Chota Bangerda, near airport, Indore

It is a pleasure to inform you that in the first phase work shall commence for Ground floor, First floor, Second floor, in which the hall with all facilities, Library containing Divine text of the Mother and Sri Aurobindo, Guest rooms, Kitchen, Dining hall and Shrine containing Divine Relics of Sri Aurobindo will be constructed. There are also expansion plans for the future.

The estimated cost of this divine construction work is Rs. 2.5 crores. This can only be possible with the co-operation and collective efforts of all of us. We therefore, invite you to be a part of this Divine effort by contributing generously to this Divine Cause. The offering given by you will be exempted under 80 (G) of Income Tax Act.

It can be made by Cash/Cheque/DD/NEFT/RTGS in the name of "Sri Aurobindo Society Indore." Your collaboration and support in this divine work is solicited and will immensely benefit not only Indore but humanity and the world at large.

Chairperson

Dr. Suman Kochar

sumankocher@rediffmail.com

Secretary

Manoj Kiyawat

mkiyawat@gmail.com

Bank Details –

A/C Name - Sri Aurobindo Society Indore

SB A/C No.- 0325101016104

Bank Name – Canara Bank

Branch – M. G. Road Indore – 2 (M.P.)

IFSC Code - CNRB0000325

Branch Office: 541, M. G. Road, Gorakund, OPP ICICI Bank, Indore (M. P.) – 452 002

Phone: 0731 - 2452500, Mob: 9826067685, 9826066520

Email: saaindore@aurosociety.org, Website: www.sriurobindosocietyindore.com

Head Office: Puducherry – 605 001, Website: www.aurosociety.org



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On my vast untroubled brow. ”



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