

“Awakened to the meaning of my heart  
That to feel love and oneness is to live  
And this the magic of our golden change,  
Is all the truth I know or seek, O sage.”  
Wondering at her and her too luminous words  
Westward they turned in the fast-gathering night.

From the entangling verges freed they came  
Into a dimness of the sleeping earth  
And travelled through her faint and slumbering plains.  
Murmur and movement and the tread of men  
Broke the night's solitude; the neigh of steeds  
Rose from that indistinct and voiceful sea  
Of life and all along its marchings swelled  
The rhyme of hooves, the chariot's homeward voice.  
Drawn by white manes upon a high-roofed car  
In flare of the unsteady torches went  
With linked hands Satyavan and Savitri,  
Hearing a marriage march and nuptial hymn,  
Where waited them the many-voiced human world.  
Numberless the stars swam on their shadowy field  
Describing in the gloom the ways of light.  
Then while they skirted yet the southward verge,  
Lost in the halo of her musing brows  
Night, splendid with the moon dreaming in heaven  
In silver peace, possessed her luminous reign.  
She brooded through her stillness on a thought  
Deep-guarded by her mystic folds of light,  
And in her bosom nursed a greater dawn.

THE END