

And to meet it guide the unheedful moving world.
 Thus will the masked Transcendent mount his throne.
 When darkness deepens strangling the earth's breast
 And man's corporeal mind is the only lamp,
 As a thief's in the night shall be the covert tread
 Of one who steps unseen into his house.
 A Voice ill-heard shall speak, the soul obey,
 A Power into mind's inner chamber steal,
 A charm and sweetness open life's closed doors
 And beauty conquer the resisting world,
 The Truth-Light capture Nature by surprise,
 A stealth of God compel the heart to bliss
 And earth grow unexpectedly divine.
 In Matter shall be lit the spirit's glow,
 In body and body kindled the sacred birth;
 Night shall awake to the anthem of the stars,
 The days become a happy pilgrim march,
 Our will a force of the Eternal's power,
 And thought the rays of a spiritual sun.
 A few shall see what none yet understands;
 God shall grow up while the wise men talk and sleep;
 For man shall not know the coming till its hour
 And belief shall be not till the work is done.

A Consciousness that knows not its own truth,
 A vagrant hunter of misleading dawns,
 Between the being's dark and luminous ends
 Moves here in a half-light that seems the whole:
 An interregnum in Reality
 Cuts off the integral Thought, the total Power;
 It circles or stands in a vague interspace,
 Doubtful of its beginning and its close,
 Or runs upon a road that has no end;
 Far from the original Dusk, the final Flame
 In some huge void Inconscience it lives,
 Like a thought persisting in a wide emptiness.