



Английский через «Савитри»

Курс 2

вспомогательные материалы

“Readings in Savitri”, Volume 7

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www.sriaurobindyoga.com

BOOK FIVE

Canto 3

SUMMARY

SATYAVAN AND SAVITRI

Both Savitri and Satyavan recognise each other in the depths of their being.

Satyavan speaks: "Thou who art more than a mortal, what is thy name? I know that mighty Gods are friends of the earth; I have travelled long with my soul and I have seen behind forms many a wonder, beheld the nymphs and glimpsed the Godhead. I fear thou too art from the land of the immortals though I would rather that thou wert a human accessible to us. If thou canst dwell on earth's soil, descend from thy car and come down to us. My father's hermitage is close by."

She answers: "I am Savitri, princess of Madra. But who art thou? Why art thou here when thy glorious youth demands heroic deeds from thee elsewhere?"

Satyavan: "Dyumathsena was the king of all the tract behind these peaks before adverse Fate turned him blind and he came here in exile. I am his son, Satyavan; I have lived here content as I was not yet aware of thee. I have lived close to the earth in the bosom of Nature. I have caught echoes of the voice of God, felt his veiled touch but could not clasp his body. I have seen men, portions of one Self, living as fragments separate from each other, each shut within himself. I have sat with the forest sages entranced and glimpsed the One in all. But with all, Matter has continued to be without its Lord. Death and Ignorance continue. However, now that thou hast come, all shall change. My body shall be free like my spirit."

Savitri: "Speak more of thyself, Satyavan, speak till my mind understands the truth of our relation which my being feels."

Satyavan: "Savitri, words cannot speak what thou hast meant to me. All my life has moved towards this great moment, I see that I am the soul made ready on earth for thee."

"Once I was like other men, living in the common rounds of life. But there came glimpses of a deeper Self and the Mystery behind life beckoned me. I searched for the meaning of life with my Thought but it proved an inadequate guide. I strove to find it through Beauty and Art, but Form could not unveil the indwelling Power. When I looked upon the world I lost the Self, when I found the Self, I lost the world. I could not get at the link; but now the golden link comes with thy feet; I feel a diviner breath. All is expectant and awaits thee. Descend, enter my life, thy shrine."

Savitri: "I have heard thee and I know that thou art he."

She gets down from the car, picks flowers, weaves a garland quickly and lays it on the bosom of Satyavan as a flower symbol of her offered life. She bows and touches his feet with worshipping hands.

Satyavan gathers her up into his arms and Savitri feels her being flow into him as a river into a mighty sea.

Both are lost in each other and become one.

The wedding of the eternal Lord and his Spouse has taken place once again on earth and the Two begin a greater Age.

Then he leads her on the narrow path and shows his hermitage through an opening in the woods. Savitri is deeply moved and speaks: "Now I must go back to my father's house, but my heart will stay here. I shall soon return to thee never to part again."

She mounts her carven car and speeds back, but keeps her eye on the receding figure of Satyavan.

SECRET SELVES GROW AWARE

*Out of the voiceless mystery of the past
In a present ignorant of forgotten bonds
These spirits met upon the roads of Time.
Yet in the heart their secret conscious selves
At once aware grew of each other warned
By the first call of a delightful voice
And a first vision of the destined face.*

Thus do these two spirits — Savitri and Satyavan — meet in a present from which all memory of their past connection is shut off. All the same, at the first call of the heard voice, at the first sight of the destined face, some awareness of each other revives in their secret selves.

The active being does not know; but the inner, deeper self which is more conscious begins to grow aware of the relation.

ONENESS FELT AND MISSED

*As when being cries to being from its depths
Behind the screen of the external sense
And strives to find the heart-disclosing word,
The passionate speech revealing the soul's need,
But the mind's ignorance veils the inner sight,
Only a little breaks through our earth-made bounds,
So now they met in that momentous hour,
So utter the recognition in the deeps,
The remembrance lost, the oneness felt and missed.*

It happens at times that when two persons meet, the inner being of the one recognises the inner being of the other behind the veil of the outer senses; it struggles to find the right word that would unveil the concealed truth, and the intensity of its speech is a mark of the urgency felt by the soul. But the ignorant mind covers the inner vision

and only a little of the inner perception and experience comes through the sense-made walls. So it happens with Savitri and Satyavan at this fateful moment; in their depths the mutual recognition is unmistakable and complete, but in the external mind the remembrance is not there. The oneness is realised deep within, but missed on the surface.

HOW ART THOU NAMED?

Thus Satyavan spoke first to Savitri:

*“O thou who com’st to me out of Time’s silences,
Yet thy voice has wakened my heart to an unknown bliss,
Immortal or mortal only in thy frame,
For more than earth speaks to me from thy soul
And more than earth surrounds me in thy gaze,
How art thou named among the sons of men?”*

Satyavan first addresses Savitri:

“O thou who hast come to me from out of the distant silences of Time and yet whose voice awakens my heart to a bliss hitherto unknown, Immortal thou art; only thy body is mortal; for I feel something more than a physical voice speaking to me from thy soul and in thy eyes I see something more than physical eyes looking at me. What is the name by which thou art known among the humans?”

WHENCE HAST THOU DAWNED?

*Whence has thou dawned filling my spirit’s days,
Brighter than summer, brighter than my flowers,
Into the lonely borders of my life,
O Sunlight moulded like a golden maid?*

“Thou art the very sunlight moulded in the form of a golden maid. Whence hast thou come like a dawn filling the days of my soul, and dispelling the solitude of my life, thou who art brighter than summer,

brighter than my flowers here?

LONG HAVE I TRAVELLED (I)

*I know that mighty gods are friends of earth.
Amid the pageantries of day and dusk,
Long have I travelled with my pilgrim soul
Moved by the marvel of familiar things.
Earth could not hide from me the powers she veils:
Even though moving mid an earthly scene
And the common surfaces of terrestrial things,
My vision saw unblinded by her forms;
The Godhead looked at me from familiar scenes.*

"I am aware that great Gods are helping the earth. Day and night I have journeyed with my questing soul and have been struck by the wonder of even familiar things. Earth veils many of her powers from men, but she could not hide them from me. Amidst the plethora of the common things of the earth, my eyes have seen, in her many forms, the concealed Godhead regarding me from familiar scenes.

LONG HAVE I TRAVELLED (II)

*I witnessed the virgin bridals of the dawn
Behind the glowing curtains of the sky
Or vying in joy with the bright morning's steps
I paced along the slumberous coasts of morn,
Or the gold desert of the sunlight crossed
Traversing great wastes of splendour and of fire,*

"I have seen the bridal festivities of the Golden Dawn behind the bright curtains of the sky; I have shared in the joys of the moms; I have traversed the vasts under the fierce sun.

LONG HAVE I TRAVELLED (III)

*Or met the moon gliding amazed through heaven
In the uncertain wideness of the night,
Or the stars marched on their long sentinel routes
Pointing their spears through the infinitudes,
The day and dusk revealed to me hidden shapes;
Figures have come to me from secret shores
And happy faces looked from ray and flame.*

“I have seen the moon moving wondering through the changing night-skies, the stars marching on their appointed routes like sentinels with their spears of light. The day and dusk have shown to me hidden forms. From unseen shores of infinity, figures have sailed into my ken and happy faces have looked at me from light and fire.

HEARD THE CENTAUR’S SONG

*I have heard strange voices cross the ether’s waves,
The centaur’s wizard song has thrilled my ear;
I glimpsed the Apsaras bathing in the pools
And saw the wood-nymphs peering through the leaves;
The winds have shown to me their trampling lords,
I have beheld the princes of the Sun
Burning in thousand-pillared homes of light.*

“I have heard many strange voices all around me; I have thrilled to the enspelling song of the centaur. I have glimpsed the celestial goddesses bathing in the pools, seen the wood-nymphs peeping through the forest leaves. The blowing winds have shown me the Maruts, their storm-gods. I have beheld the splendid Sun-Powers, the Guardians of Light, in their homes of Glory.

THE BEAUTY TO HEAVEN ALLIED

*So now my mind could dream and my heart fear
That from some wonder-couch beyond our air
Risen in a wide morning of the gods
Thou drov'st thy horses from the Thunderer's worlds.
Although to heaven thy beauty seems allied,
Much rather would my thoughts rejoice to know
That mortal sweetness smiles between thy lips
And thy heart can beat beneath a human gaze
And thy aureate bosom quiver with a look
And its tumult answer to an earth-born voice.*

“Having beheld all these wonders, I can well believe that thou must have come down to earth at an auspicious hour from some high world above. Thy beauty is indeed celestial, still I would rejoice to know that thou art a mortal, that thy heart can beat in response to a human call.

DESCEND

*If our time-vexed affections thou canst feel,
Earth's ease of simple things can satisfy,
If thy glance can dwell content on earthly soil,
And this celestial summary of delight,
Thy golden body, dally with fatigue
Oppressing with its grace our terrain, while
The frail sweet passing taste of earthly food
Delays thee and the torrent's leaping wine,
Descend. Let thy journey cease, come down to us.*

“If thou canst feel our short-lived emotions, if the simple things of the earth can at all satisfy thee, if thy look can be content with the soil of the earth, if thy golden body — this epitome of Bliss — could experience the fatigue natural to life on this earth and lay the burden of its grace on our terrain, if the desire to taste the sweetness of our

earthly food and drink the heady waters of the torrents, can stay thee for a while, then let thy journey cease, descend from thy chariot, come down to us mortals.

INVADE OUR HONIED KINGDOM

*Close is my father's creepered hermitage
Screened by the tall ranks of these silent kings,
Sung to by voices of the hue-robed choirs
Whose chants repeat transcribed in music's notes
The passionate coloured lettering of the boughs
And fill the hours with their melodious cry.
Amid the welcome-hum of many bees
Invade our honied kingdom of the woods;
There let me lead thee into an opulent life.*

"Come. My father's creeper-covered hermitage is close by, screened by these royally tall trees. The voices of the multicoloured denizens of the forest render in music the lush patterns of the boughs and fill the air with their melodious cries. The bees welcome thee with their hum; step into our sweet forest-kingdom and let me lead thee to the rich life prevailing there.

SIMPLE HERMIT-LIFE

*Bare, simple is the sylvan hermit-life;
Yet is it clad with the jewellery of earth.
Wild winds run — visitors midst the swaying tops,
Through the calm days heaven's sentinels of peace
Couched on a purple robe of sky above
Look down on a rich secrecy and hush
And the chambered nuptial waters chant within.*

"Our hermit-life in the forest is indeed simple and bare, but it is rich with the gifts of the earth. Wild winds visit us shaking the tree-tops;

from the purple skies, peaceful clouds look down on the luxuriant, secluded tract below and murmuring brooks flow chanting through it.

CHAMBER FIT FOR THEE

*Enormous, whispering, many-formed around
High forest gods have taken in their arms
The human hour, a guest of their centuried pomps.
Apparelled are the morns in gold and green,
Sunlight and shadow tapestry the walls
To make a resting chamber fit for thee."*

"Here, enormous, vibrant and many-visaged forest Gods have admitted, for a while, the human world into their empire. We, humans, are allowed to share in their glory. The mornings here are clothed in green and gold; sunlight and shadow weave ornamental designs on the walls to make this dwelling-place fit for thee."

SAVITRI SPEAKS

*Awhile she paused as if hearing still his voice,
Unwilling to break the charm, then slowly spoke.
Musing she answered: "I am Savitri,
Princess of Madra. Who art thou? What name
Musical on earth expresses thee to men?
What trunk of kings watered by fortunate streams
Has flowered at last upon one happy branch?"*

Savitri keeps silent for a while, as though unwilling to break the spell of his voice. Then slowly she speaks: "I am Savitri, princess of the house of Madra. But who art thou? What is the musical name by which thou art known to men? Which is that house of royalty that has at last produced this happy glory?"

WHY THIS DWELLING

*Why is thy dwelling in the pathless wood
Far from the deeds thy glorious youth demands,
Haunt of the anchorites and earth's wilder broods,
Where only with thy witness self thou roam'st
In Nature's green unhuman loneliness
Surrounded by enormous silences
And the blind murmur of primeval calms?"*

"Why art thou here far away from the field of heroic actions that thy glorious youth calls for? Why this dwelling in the thick forest which is the natural habitation of anchorites and wild life, where thou roamest only witnessing things — not throwing thyself into action — in this awesome loneliness of Nature, engulfed by mighty silences and the absorbed murmur of ancient calm?"

KING DYUMATHSENA ONCE REIGNED

*And Satyavan replied to Savitri:
"In days when yet his sight looked clear on life,
King Dyumathsena once, the Shalwa, reigned
Through all the tract which from behind these tops
Passing its days of emerald delight
In trusting converse with the traveller winds
Turns, looking back towards the southern heavens,
And leans its flank upon the musing hills.*

"In the days when his eyesight was intact, King Dyumathsena of the house of Shalwa, used to reign over all the domain that extends behind these forest heights, northwards.

LIVING NIGHT ENCLOSED

*But equal fate removed her covering hand,
A living night enclosed the strong man's paths,
Heaven's brilliant gods recalled their careless gifts,
Took from blank eyes their glad and helping ray
And led the uncertain goddess from his side.*

But fate, that impartial dealer out of prosperity and adversity, withdrew her protection from him and darkness enclosed his life-journey; the splendid Gods in heaven withdrew their casually given gifts, took away his eye-sight and led away from him the fickle goddess of wealth and glory.

SOJOURN IN TWO SOLITUDES

*Outcast from empire of the outer light,
Lost to the comradeship of seeing men,
He sojourns in two solitudes, within
And in the solemn rustle of the woods.*

Denied the world of external light, unable to live in the company of men that see with their physical eyes, he now lives between two solitudes — the solitude of the soul bereft of all involvements in things of the world and the solemn solitude of the forest without.

LIVED CONTENTED

*Son of that king, I, Satyavan, have lived
Contented, for not yet of thee aware,
In my high peopled loneliness of spirit
And this huge vital murmur kin to me,
Nursed by the vastness, pupil of solitude.*

"I am the son of that king, my name is Satyavan. I have lived here

contented because I was not yet aware of thee — if I had been aware I could not have lived so. The loneliness of my spirit has been filled with the presence of great beings and I have felt a close contact with the vital life of nature. Nurtured by the vastness that surrounds me, I have learnt to live in solitude.

GREAT NATURE HELPED

*Great Nature came to her recovered child;
I reigned in a kingdom of a nobler kind
Than men can build upon dull Matter's soil;
I met the frankness of the primal earth,
I enjoyed the intimacy of infant God.*

“Great Nature helped me to recover from the grief at my father’s loss. I reigned here in a different kind of kingdom, other and nobler than what the humans can build on the inert soil of Matter. I was greeted by the unsophisticated earth of old, I delighted in the company of the Godhead taking shape.

INDULGED BY THE WARM MOTHER

*In the great tapestried chambers of her state
Free in her boundless palace I have dwelt
Indulged by the warm mother of us all,
Reared with my natural brothers in her house
I lay in the wide bare embrace of heaven,
The sunlight's radiant blessing clasped my brow,
The moonbeam's silver ecstasy at night
Kissed my dim lids to sleep. ...*

“In this vast palace of Mother Nature, nourished by her, I have lived with abandon. I have been brought up by her along with her other children of the forest deeps. I have lain free in the embrace of the skies, the radiant light of the sun bathed my face and at night the

ecstatic moonbeams playing on my lids put me to sleep.

EARTH'S MORNS MINE

*... Earth's morns were mine;
Lured by faint murmurings with the green-robed hours
I wandered lost in woods, prone to the voice
Of winds and waters, partner of the sun's joy,
A listener to the universal speech:
My spirit satisfied within me knew
Godlike our birthright, luxuried our life
Whose close belongings are the earth and skies.*

Awaking from my sleep I have felt earth's mornings to be specially mine. I have wandered in the woods following the voice of winds and waters, sharing in the joy of the sun, listening to the speech universal in the air. My contented being within has known that life is rich and our birth-right is as of the gods, whose intimate possessions are the earth and the skies.

AWAKENING TO EARTH-LIFE

*Before fate led me into this emerald world,
Aroused by some foreshadowing touch within,
An early prescience in my mind approached
The great dumb animal consciousness of earth
Now grown so close to me who have left old pomps
To live in this grandiose, murmur dim and vast.
As if to a deeper country of the soul
Transposing the vivid imagery of earth,
Through an inner seeing and sense a waking came.*

"Even before fate brought me here to this forest-world, some foreshadowing movement within me awakened in my mind an affinity with the vital life of earth, vast and mute, which has now grown so

intimate to me who has left the old pomps of a man-made world in order to live amidst the vast and complex murmur of the world of nature.

An awakening, through an inner sense and eye, came to some deeper region of the soul presenting as it were the vivid imagery of the physical earth.

HIGH BEAUTY'S VISITANTS

*A visioned spell pursued my boyhood's hours,
All things the eye had caught in coloured lines
Were seen anew through the interpreting mind
And in the shape it sought to seize the soul.
An early child-god took my hand that held,
Moved, guided by the seeking of his touch,
Bright forms and hues which fled across his sight;
Limned upon page and stone they spoke to men.
High beauty's visitants my inmates were.*

"All through my boyhood this spell of vision continued. All things caught by the seeing physical eye were visioned again through the interpreting mind and converted into avenues to meet the soul.

Some infant God took my hand and guided me to see the varied bright forms and colours that flitted across; these — whether impressed on page or on stone — were alive and conveyed their message to men.

My consciousness was filled with these touches of high beauty.

SHAPES OF SWIFTNES

*The neighbouring pride of rapid life that roams
Wind-maned through our pastures, on my seeing mood
Cast shapes of swiftness; trooping spotted deer
Against the vesper sky became a song
Of evening to the silence of the soul.*

“The varied wild life produced a multiple impression on my being. The running horse left imprints of swiftness on my perceiving mind; the passing line of spotted deer in the background of the evening sky seemed a poem to my silent soul.

MY INNER SIGHT

*I caught for some eternal eye the sudden
Kingfisher flashing to a darkling pool;
A slow swan silvering the azure lake,
A shape of magic whiteness, sailed through dream;
Leaves trembling with the passion of the wind
And wandering wings nearing from infinity
Lived on the tablets of my inner sight;
Mountains and trees stood there like thoughts from God.*

“An unwinking eye in me registered the sight of the kingfisher suddenly diving into a pool; the white swan glistening on the blue waters of the lake floated through my dream; leaves of trees shaking with gusts of wind and roaming birds approaching from infinity, as it were, produced lasting impressions on my deeper sight. Mountains and trees stood like some thoughts of God.

ECHOES OF WORD SUPREME

*Pranked butterflies, the conscious flowers of air,
The brilliant long bills in their vivid dress,
The peacock scattering on the breeze his moons
Painted my memory like a frescoed wall.
I carved my vision out of wood and stone;
I caught the echoes of a word supreme
And metred the rhythm-beats of infinity
And listened through music for the eternal Voice.*

“Spangled butterflies, living flames of the air, bright long-billed birds, the magnificent peacock, — all left deep and variegated impressions on my memory; I carved all I saw on wood and stone. Often I heard the echoings of a supreme, unearthly speech, put into metre the rhythm pulsating in the infinity and through music, listened for the Voice of God.

I HEARD A CALL

*I felt a covert touch, I heard a call,
But could not clasp the body of my God
Or hold between my hands the World-Mother's feet.*

“I felt some hidden touch, I heard a call; but I could not feel and clasp the body of my God nor hold, between my hands, the feet of the World-Mother.

STRANGE PORTIONS OF SELF

*In men I met strange portions of a Self
That sought for fragments and in fragments lived:
Each lived in himself and for himself alone
And with the rest joined only fleeting ties;
Each passioned over his surface joy and grief,
Nor saw the Eternal in his secret house.*

“I met men — all portions of the one Self, but strangely enough living as divided fragments and seeing everything in division, each confined to himself, lived in and for himself alone, associating with others with but fragile links. Each lived lost in his surface joys and griefs; none looked within himself to find the Eternal dwelling in his secret chamber.

WITH FOREST-SAGES

*I conversed with Nature, mused with the changeless stars,
God's watch-fires burning in the ignorant Night,
And saw upon her mighty visage fall
A ray prophetic of the Eternal's sun.
I sat with the forest sages in their trance:
There poured awaking streams of diamond light,
I glimpsed the presence of the One in all.*

"I communed with Nature, contemplated on the unchanging stars shining like God's watchfires in the dark Night of Ignorance; I saw a ray of the Eternal's splendour lighting up the face of the Earth — in prophecy of the coming future. I sat in meditation with the sages of the forest in their trance and there I witnessed the flow of awakening streams of pure white light; there I got a glimpse of the presence of the One Reality in all.

TRANSCENDENT POWER LACKED

*But still there lacked the last transcendent power
And Matter still slept empty of its Lord.
The spirit was saved, the body lost and mute
Lived still with Death and ancient Ignorance;
The Inconscient was its base, the Void its fate.*

"I saw and experienced all these, still the ultimate transcendent power which alone can save all and change all was not there; Matter — my material frame — continued to be unconscious, bereft of its Master, the living Spirit.

No doubt the Spirit in me was safe but the body was left to its own mute fallen state; it continued its companionship with Death and the sempiternal Ignorance; the black Inconscient was its foundation and the empty Void its destiny.

BUT THOU HAST COME

*But thou hast come and all will surely change:
I shall feel the World-Mother in thy golden limbs
And hear her wisdom in thy sacred voice.
The child of the Void shall be reborn in God.
My Matter shall evade the Inconscient's trance,
My body like my spirit shall be free:
It shall escape from Death and Ignorance."*

"But now that thou hast come, all will certainly change. In thy golden limbs I shall hold the Mother of the worlds, in thy sacred voice hear her wisdom. My being which has been for so long in the Void of Nescience shall be reborn in the splendour of the Superconscience. My material stuff shall escape the spell of the Inconscient and my body shall be liberated equally with my spirit; it shall be no more subject to Death and Ignorance."

SPEAK MORE, O SATYAVAN

*And Savitri musing still replied to him:
"Speak more to me, speak more, O Satyavan,
Speak of thyself and all thou art within;
I would know thee as if we had ever lived
Together in the chamber of our souls.
Speak till a light shall come into my heart
And my moved mortal mind shall understand
What all the deathless being in me feels.
It knows that thou art he my spirit has sought
Amidst earth's thronging visages and forms
Across the golden spaces of my life."*

Savitri contemplatively replies: "Speak to me yet more of thyself. I want to know thee with the intimacy that comes from the eternal companionship of souls. Speak to me till a ray lights up my heart and

my human mind is moved to grasp what the immortal being within me feels. That being knows for certain that thou art he for whom I have been searching amidst the crowding forms and faces of the earth, across the luminous passages of my life."

SATYAVAN ANSWERS

*And Satyavan like a replying harp
To the insistent calling of a flute
Answered her questioning and let stream to her
His heart in many-coloured waves of speech:*

Like a harp responding to the insistent notes of a flute, Satyavan answers her. He opens his heart to her in rich and colourful words.

SOUL MADE READY FOR THEE

*"O golden princess, perfect Savitri,
More I would tell than failing words can speak
Of all that thou has meant to me, unknown,
All that the lightning flash of love reveals.
In one great hour of the unveiling gods
Even a brief nearness has reshaped my life.
For now I know that all I lived and was
Moved towards this moment of my heart's rebirth;
I look back on the meaning of myself,
A soul made ready on earth's soil for thee.*

"O perfect Savitri, words fail to express all that I wish to say of what thou, though unknown, hast meant to me, all that this sudden flash of love has revealed. In this one great hour of revelation when the gods have unveiled themselves, even thy brief proximity has given a new shape to my life. Now I know that the whole of my life has all along been moving towards this moment of rebirth of my being. As I look back on the possible meaning of my existence, I realise that I am the

soul who has been made ready on earth for thee.

GLIMPSES OF DEEPER SELF

*Once were my days like days of other men:
To think and act was all, to enjoy and breathe;
This was the width and height of mortal hope:
Yet there came glimpses of a deeper self
That lives behind life and makes her act its scene.
A truth was felt that screened its shape from mind,
A Greatness working towards a hidden end,
And vaguely through the forms of earth there looked
Something that life is not and yet must be.*

“Once my days passed like the days of other men — all life was occupied with the routine of thinking, acting, enjoying and breathing. Still there did come glimpses of some inner self that lives behind the surfaces of life and makes life act as she does. Some truth was felt by me which hid itself behind the external mind, some Greatness working towards a veiled goal. I perceived vaguely something looking out through the forms of the earth, something that life is not yet but must become.

GROPED WITH LANTERN THOUGHT

*I groped for the Mystery with the lantern, Thought.
Its glimmerings lighted with the abstract word
A half-visible ground and travelling yard by yard
It mapped a system of the Self and God.
It could not live the truth it spoke and thought.*

“I tried to find and know the Mystery behind life with the aid of Thought as my lantern to light up the way. Its little glimmerings could only throw the light of its abstract words on a dim half-visible tract, though moving a little by little, it sketched out its own system of Self

and God. But the truth it worked out was so dry and theoretical that I could not live it.

SKELETON OF OUTWARD TRUTH

*I turned to seize its form in visible things,
Hoping to fix its rule by mortal mind,
Imposed a narrow structure of world-law
Upon the freedom of the Infinite,
A hard firm skeleton of outward Truth,
A mental scheme of a mechanic Power.*

“I tried to seize this Mystery in the forms seen by the eye. I hoped to determine its process by my human mind and to that end, I imposed the narrow structure of world-law concocted by the mind, upon the illimitable freedom of the Infinite; I constructed a rigid and hard frame of outer Truth, a mind-made scheme of a mechanical Power.

All that the mind could achieve was to build a constricted frame of laws, external and so a partial truth and a mechanical Power.

BEHIND THE COSMIC VEIL

*This light showed more the darkneses unsearched;
It made the original secrecy more occult.
It could not analyse its cosmic veil
Or glimpse the Wonder-worker's hidden hand
And trace the pattern of his magic plans.*

“This surface mental light served only to reveal more dark areas still to be traversed, it made the Mystery deeper still. It failed to break through the veil behind which cosmic workings go on or to get a glimpse of the hidden hand of the Wonder-worker and sketch the lines of his magic plans.

Behind the veil the great Cosmic Artisan is at work on his magic plans, but the human mind of reason cannot reach there.

KNEW SECRET LAWS

*I plunged into an inner seeing Mind
And knew the secret laws and sorceries
That make of Matter mind's bewildered slave.
The mystery was not solved but deepened more.*

"There I withdrew into the inner Mind that sees directly (does not have to reason out) and came to know the occult processes and magical workings by which Matter is made a dazed instrument and slave of the mind.

Still the mystery was not solved; it only deepened further.

THROUGH BEAUTY AND ART

*I strove to find its hints through Beauty and Art,
But Form cannot unveil the indwelling Power;
Only it throws its symbols at our hearts.
It evoked a mood of self, invoked a sign
Of all the brooding glory hidden in sense:
I lived in the ray but faced not to the Sun.*

"I tried to find clues to the Mystery through Beauty and Art, but discovered that Form cannot reveal the Power that dwells in it, it is only a sign, a symbol of what it contains. This brought on a deeper mood and I became aware of a gathered and vibrating glory hidden in the sense-world. I lived in the derived ray of the sun's light but could not stand face to face with him.

SELF AND WORLD

*I looked upon the world and missed the Self,
And when I found the Self, I lost the world,
My other selves I lost and the body of God,
The link of the finite with the Infinite,*

*The bridge between the appearance and the Truth,
The mystic aim for which the world was made,
The human sense of Immortality.*

“When I turned my sight on the world, I missed the Self; so too when I found the Self, I lost the world. I could never have both. In my preoccupation with myself, I lost contact with others who are indeed my own selves, I also lost the universe which is but the body of God; I lost the link between the finite and the Infinite, the bridge between appearance and the Truth behind it, the secret aim in the creation of the world and the meaning of Immortality in terms of man.

LINK COMES WITH THY FEET

*But now the gold link comes to me with thy feet
And His gold sun has shone on me from thy face.
For now another realm draws near with thee
And now diviner voices fill my ear,
A strange new world swims to me in thy gaze
Approaching like a star from unknown heavens;
A cry of spheres comes with thee and a song
Of flaming gods.*

“But now with thy arrival that link is made for me. God’s luminous Sun shines on me through thy face. For along with thee quite another realm of existence approaches me, diviner voices fill my ear; as thou lookest, a strange new world floats towards me like a star from mysterious heavens; a cry of celestial spheres comes with thee and a hymn of the flaming gods.

ALL FILLS

*I draw a wealthier breath
And in a fierier march of moments move.
My mind transfigures to a rapturous seer.*

*A foam-leap travelling from the waves of bliss
Has changed my heart and changed the earth around:
All with thy coming fills.*

“The very air I now breathe is richer; and life has become more intense; my labouring mind is changed into a rapturous seer; a sprinkle from the waves of bliss has altered my heart and the earth around me. Everything is fulfilled with thy coming.

CHANGE WITHIN ME

*Air, soil and stream
Wear bridal raiment to be fit for thee
And sunlight grows a shadow of thy hue
Because of change within me by thy look.
Come nearer to me from thy car of light
On this green sward disdaining not our soil.
For here are secret spaces made for thee
Whose caves of emerald long to screen thy form.*

“Because of this change within me by thy gaze, all without undergoes a corresponding change: air, soil, stream wear a festive look to greet thee, the sunlight is like a pale shadow of thy hue. Do not disdain our mortal soil, descend from thy car of light, and come nearer. Here secret spaces seem made ready for thee, here forest groves long to shade thee.

DESCEND, O HAPPINESS

*Wilt thou not make this mortal bliss thy sphere?
Descend, O Happiness, with thy moon-gold feet,
Enrich earth's floors upon whose sleep we lie.
O my bright beauty's princess, Savitri,
By my delight and thy own joy compelled
Enter my life, thy chamber and thy shrine.*

“O Goddess from afar, wilt thou not make this mortal Joy thy sphere?
Descend, O Happiness, with thy pure, luminous feet and enrich the
earth on whose dormant bosom we lie.

O my princess of bright beauty, Savitri, compelled by my delight
and thy own joy, enter my life which shall be thy chamber and thy
shrine.

THY HEARTBEATS NEAR TO MINE

*In the great quietness where spirits meet,
Led by my hushed desire into my woods
Let the dim rustling arches over thee lean;
One with the breath of things eternal live,
Thy heartbeats near to mine, till there shall leap
Enchanted from the fragrance of the flowers
A moment which all murmurs shall recall
And every bird remember in its cry.”*

“In this great quietude fit for a meeting place of spirits, thou wert
drawn by my mute desire to this forest of mine. Now come further
within, let the rustling arches of the trees bend over thee. Live here in
communion with the spirit of the eternal, in close intimacy with me till
the glorious hour of fruition, the hour which will be ever recalled in
the murmurs and songs of the creatures living here.”

O SATYAVAN, THOU ART HE

*Allured to her lashes by his passionate words
Her fathomless soul looked at him from her eyes;
Passing her lips in liquid sounds it spoke.
This word alone she uttered and said all:
“O Satyavan, I have heard thee and I know;
I know that thou and only thou art he.”*

Moved by his passionate speech, Savitri's profound soul lights up her eyes and she looks at him; and in clear flowing accents she speaks:

"O Satyavan, I have heard thee and I know the truth: I know that thou art he whom I have been seeking."

She says only this much but in saying it she has said all.

SHE COMES DOWN

*Then down she came from her high carven car
Descending with a soft and faltering haste;
Her many-hued raiment glistening in the light
Hovered a moment over the wind-stirred grass,
Mixed with a glimmer of her body's ray
Like lovely plumage of a settling bird.
Her gleaming feet upon the green gold sward
Scattered a memory of wandering beams
And lightly pressed the unspoken desire of earth
Cherished in her too brief passing by the soil.*

Then Savitri comes down from her car with faltering haste; her many-coloured dress glistening in the light and mixing with the radiance of her body, looks like the charming plumage of a bird coming to rest. Her shining feet on the green gold grass tract scatter beams of light, and as they pass lightly and swiftly over the soil, earth expresses an unspoken yearning to hold her back.

FLOWER SONG

*Then flitting like pale brilliant moths her hands
Took from the sylvan verge's sunlit arms
A load of their jewel faces' clustering swarms,
Companions of the spring-time and the breeze.
A candid garland set with simple forms
Her rapid fingers taught a flower song,
The stanzaed movement of a marriage hymn.*

Then with quiet but swift movements of her hands, she picks the spring flowers in clusters and weaves a simple garland as if composing a marriage hymn in flowers.

FLOWER-SYMBOL OF OFFERED LIFE

*Profound in perfume and immersed in hue
They mixed their yearning's coloured signs and made
The bloom of their purity and passion one
A sacrament of joy in treasuring palms
She brought, flower-symbol of her offered life,
Then with raised hands that trembled a little now
At the very closeness that her soul desired,
This bond of sweetness, their bright union's sign,
She laid on the bosom coveted by her love.*

The many-coloured and fragrant flowers of the garland breathe both passion and purity. She brings this flower-symbol of her offered life to Satyavan, a joyous offering in her loving hands. But as she comes near, her raised hands tremble — even though her soul has desired this closeness — and they place on his bosom — so much cherished by her — the garland which is their bond of sweetness, and sign of their bright union.

SHE TOUCHES HIS FEET

*As if inclined before some gracious god
Who has out of his mist of greatness shone
To fill with beauty his adorer's hours,
She bowed and touched his feet with worshipping hands;
She made her life his world for him to tread
And made her body the room of his delight,
Her beating heart a remembrancer of bliss.*

As if she were bent before a gracious god who emerges bright out of the veiling mist of his solemn greatness in order to delight his adorer, Savitri bows down and touches the feet of Satyavan with hands of worship. She lays her life before him to tread upon, offers her body as the chamber of his delight and her throbbing heart as a constant reminder of the bliss that is now his.

YEARNING JOINED

*He bent to her and took into his own
Their married yearning joined like folded hopes;
As if a whole rich world suddenly possessed,
Wedded to all he had been, became himself,
An inexhaustible joy made his alone,
He gathered all Savitri into his clasp.*

Satyavan bends down and gathers Savitri into his arms. Their longing for each other is fulfilled; he feels as if a whole rich world (Savitri's) had united with all that he had been, and he was enriched.

HER BEING FLOWS INTO HIS

*Around her his embrace became the sign
Of a locked closeness through slow intimate years,
A first sweet summary of delight to come,
One brevity intense of all long life.
In a wide moment of two souls that meet
She felt her being flow into him as in waves
A river pours into a mighty sea.*

His embrace becomes the sign of the intimate closeness that had developed through the slow passage of time across many lives. It is the first sweet touch of the delight yet to come, an intense moment that is the promise of the long life ahead.

In that potent moment of their meeting Savitri feels her being flow

into his like waves from a river rushing into a mighty sea.

SEPARATE SELF LOST

*As when a soul is merging into
God To live in Him for ever and know His joy,
Her consciousness was a wave of him alone
And all her separate self was lost in his.*

Like a human soul that is merging into God in order to live always in God — without break, without the least gulf — and realise the joy of His being, Savitri's consciousness becomes only a wave of Satyavan's and her entire individual self is merged in his.

CIRCLE OF BLISS

*As a starry heaven encircles happy earth,
He shut her into himself in a circle of bliss
And shut the world into himself and her.
A boundless isolation made them one;
He was aware of her enveloping him
And let her penetrate his very soul,
As is a world by the world's spirit filled,
As the mortal wakes into Eternity,
As the finite opens to the Infinite.*

Even as the bright heaven encloses this happy earth, Satyavan shuts Savitri into himself in a circle of bliss, and thus, as it were, he holds the whole world in their embrace.

This limitless isolation from everything else makes them one. He becomes aware of her enclosing him and lets her penetrate into his inmost depths and occupy him as the world's spirit fills the world, as one subject to time grows aware of Eternity, as the finite opens to the invading Infinite.

TWIN SELF-FINDING

*Thus were they in each other lost awhile,
Then drawing back from their long ecstasy's trance
Came into a new self and a new world.
Each now was a part of the other's unity.
The world was but their twin self-finding's scene
Or their own wedded being's vaster frame.*

And when they both come out of their blissful trancelike spell, they emerge into quite a new world, a new state of being. Each now is part of the other. The world becomes the scene of the self-discovery of these twin souls; it is found to be the larger body of their own united being.

ETERNAL LORD AND SPOUSE

*On the high glowing cupola of the day
Fate tied a knot with morning's halo threads
While by the ministry of an auspice-hour
Heart-bound before the sun, their marriage fire,
The wedding of the eternal Lord and Spouse
Took place again on earth in human forms:
In a new act of the drama of the world
The united Two began a greater age.*

Thus takes place again on earth the wedding of the eternal Divine Lord and his Spouse in the human forms of Satyavan and Savitri. The marriage is solemnised by Fate at the auspicious haloed morning hour before the witness Fire of the Sun.

In the eternal drama of the world, a new act opens and the Two together initiate a greater Age.

LOVE'S TWAIN JOIN

*In the silence and murmur of that emerald world
And the mutter of the priest-wind's sacred verse,
Amid the choral whisperings of the leaves
Love's twain had joined together and grew one.
The natural miracle was wrought once more:
In the immutable ideal world
One human moment was eternal made.*

Thus join the two halves of Love and become one in the silent murmur of that green world, to the accompaniment of the chant of the priest-wind and the low canticle of the leaves. The natural miracle of two coming together in love and becoming one is effected once again. This one moment of human time comes to be recorded as eternal in the realm of the Ideal.

HER FUTURE HOME

*Then down the narrow path where their lives had met
He led and showed to her her future world,
Love's refuge and corner of happy solitude.
At the path's end through a green cleft in the trees
She saw a clustering line of hermit-roofs
And looked now first on her heart's future home,
The thatch that covered the life of Satyavan.*

Then Satyavan leads Savitri across the narrow path and shows her what is to be her world in future — safe refuge of love and a happy solitude. At the end of the path, through an opening amid the trees she catches sight of a row of hermit dwellings and glimpses the cottage where Satyavan lives, the future home of her heart.

FOREST'S ANCHORITE MOOD

*Adorned with creepers and red climbing flowers.
It seemed a sylvan beauty in her dreams
Slumbering with brown body and tumbled hair
In her chamber inviolate of emerald peace.
Around it stretched the forest's anchorite mood
Lost in the depths of its own solitude.*

The cottage adorned with creepers and red mounting flowers looks like a veritable forest maiden, asleep dreaming in her chamber of verdant peace. Surrounding it all is the hermit forest musing in its own solitude.

SOON I SHALL RETURN

*Then moved by the deep joy she could not speak,
A little depth of it quivering in her words,
Her happy voice cried out to Satyavan:
"My heart will stay here on this forest verge
And close to this thatched roof while I am far:
Now of more wandering it has no need.
But I must haste back to my father's house
Which soon will lose one loved accustomed tread
And listen in vain for a once cherished voice.
For soon I shall return nor ever again
Oneness must sever its recovered bliss
Or fate sunder our lives while life is ours."*

Then speaks Savitri to Satyavan in words quivering with a little of the ineffable joy deep within her: "Though I go far, my heart will stay here on the forest edge close to this thatched roof. There is no need to wander any further. But now I must hasten back to my father's house which is soon going to lose my accustomed steps and miss my voice. For I am going to return here soon so that this bliss of oneness that we

have recovered shall not be lost again nor fate be allowed to part our lives as long as we live."

SHE MOUNTS THE CAR

*Once more she mounted on the carved car
And under the ardour of a fiery noon
Less bright than the splendour of her thoughts and dreams
She sped swift-reined, swift-hearted but still saw
In still lucidities of sight's inner world
Through the cool scented wood's luxurious gloom
On shadowy paths between great rugged trunks
Pace towards a tranquil clearing Satyavan.*

Savitri gets back into her chariot. The noon is bright and fiery but less bright than the splendour of her thoughts and dreamings. She drives fast, her heart beats swiftly, but in her inner vision that is calm and clear she keeps seeing Satyavan through the shadowed passages of the thick woods.

HER SOUL'S TEMPLE AND HOME

*A nave of trees enshrined the hermit thatch,
The new deep covert of her felicity,
Preferred to heaven her soul's temple and home.
This now remained with her, her heart's constant scene.*

The memory of the hermit cottage enclosed by a cluster of trees, the new home of her happiness, her soul's temple more cherished than heaven, remains a constant scene in her heart.

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