Eight Spiritual Sonnets by Sri Aurobindo

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The Miracle of Birth

I saw my soul a traveller through Time;

From life to life the cosmic ways it trod,

Obscure in the depths and on the heights sublime,

Evolving from the worm into the god.

A spark of the eternal Fire, it came

To build a house in Matter for the Unborn.

The inconscient sunless Night received the flame,

In the brute seed of things dumb and forlorn

Life stirred and Thought outlined a gleaming shape

Till on the stark inanimate earth could move,

Born to somnambulist Nature in her sleep,

A thinking creature who can hope and love.

Still by slow steps the miracle goes on,

The Immortal's gradual birth mid mire and stone.
Because Thou art

Because Thou art All-beauty and All-bliss,

My soul blind and enamoured yearns for Thee;

It bears Thy mystic touch in all that is

And thrills with the burden of that ecstasy.

Behind all eyes I meet Thy secret gaze

And in each voice I hear Thy magic tune:

Thy sweetness hunts my heart through Nature's ways;

Nowhere it beats now from Thy snare immune.

It loves Thy body in all living things;

Thy joy is there in every leaf and stone:

The moments bring Thee on their fiery wings;

Sight's endless artistry is Thou alone.

Time voyages with Thee upon its prow, —

And all the future's passionate hope is Thou.
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.
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.
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.
The Hidden Plan

However long Night's hour, I will not dream
That the small ego and the person's mask
Are all that God reveals in our life-scheme,
The last result of Nature's cosmic task.

A greater Presence in her bosom works;
Long it prepares its far epiphany:
Even in the stone and beast the godhead lurks,
A bright Persona of eternity.

It shall burst out from the limit traced by Mind
And make a witness of the prescient heart;
It shall reveal even in this inert blind
Nature, long veiled in each inconscient part,

Fulfilling the occult magnificent plan,
The world-wide and immortal spirit in man.
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.
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.
Sri Aurobindo, as sketched by The Mother (1935)