

There are seven keys to the great gate,
Being eight in one and one in eight.

*eight limbs of yoga - seven preparations for
one attainment*

First, let the body of thee be still,
Bound by the cerements of will,
Corpse-rigid; thus thou mayst abort
The fidget-babes that tense the thought.

asana - control of the physical body

Next, let the breath-rhythm be low,
Easy, regular, and slow;
So that thy being be in tune
With the great sea's Pacific swoon.

pranayama - breath control

Third, let thy life be pure and calm
Swayed softly as a windless palm.

yama - rid life of disturbances

Fourth, let the will-to-live be bound
To the one love of the Profound.

niyama - fill life with virtuous purpose

Fifth, let the thought, divinely free
From sense, observe its entity.
Watch every thought that springs; enhance
Hour after hour thy vigilance!
Intense and keen, turned inward, miss
No atom of analysis!

pratyahara - introspection

Sixth, on one thought securely pinned
Still every whisper of the wind!
So like a flame straight and unstirred
Burn up thy being in one word!

dharana - concentration on a single thing

Next, still that ecstasy, prolong
Thy meditation steep and strong,
Slaying even God, should He distract
Thy attention from the chosen act!

dhyana - devotion

Last, all these things in one o'erpowered,
Time that the midnight blossom flowered!
The oneness is. Yet even in this,

samadhi - union with the universe

My son, thou shalt not do amiss
If thou restrain the expression, shoot
Thy glance to rapture's darkling root,
Discarding name, form, sight, and stress
Even of this high consciousness;
Pierce to the heart! I leave thee here:
Thou art the Master. I revere
Thy radiance that rolls afar,
O Brother of the Silver Star!