Non-existence wasn’t, yet existence wasn’t then.  
Dust didn’t exist, nor did space beyond.  
What moved back and forth? Where? In whose care?  
Did water exist deep, impervious?

Death wasn’t, immortality wasn’t thence.  
Day was not distinguished by the night.  
Without breathing air, the one by power of self-establishment –  
None else beyond that was.

Darkness it was, hidden by darkness, at the point.  
Undistinguished, unsteady, all this was.  
Hidden by nothing, coming to being, it was.  
The one manifested by the greatness of heat.

At the point, passion evolved,  
Over the thought, which was the first seed.  
The bond of existence they found in non-existence :  
The poets, seeking in heart, by wisdom.

Across was stretched, the cord.  
What was below …? What was above …?  
There were the great establishers of seed.  
Self-establishment was beneath Effort beyond.

Who really knows, who could here proclaim  
When this has manifested – when – this release.  
Towards are the devas, of this wide release.  
Then who really knows whence this has come to being!

This wide release, from what it came to be –  
Or else if it was “established”, or else if not ….  
He who is its overseer in the highest space –  
He does indeed know, or else if he doesn’t know….