There was not then what is nor what is not.

There was no sky, and no heaven beyond it.

What power was there? Where? Who was that power?

Was there an abyss of fathomless waters?

There was no death then, nor yet deathlessness;

of night or day there was not any sign.

The One breathed by its own inherent power,

other than that there was nothing at all.

Darkness was there, all wrapped around by darkness,

and all was water indiscriminate.

Then that which was hidden by the Void, that One,

emerging, stirring, through power of Ardor, came to be.

In the beginning Love arose,

which was the primal germ cell of the mind.

The seers, searching in their hearts with wisdom,

discovered the connection of Being in Nonbeing.

A crosswise line cut Being from Nonbeing.

What was described above it, what below?

Bearers of seed there were and mighty forces,

thrust from below and forward move above.

Who really knows? Who can presume to tell it?

Whence was it born? Whence issued this creation?

Even the Gods came after its emergence.

Then who can tell from whence it came to be?

That out of which creation has arisen,

whether it held it firm or it did not,

He who surveys it in the highest heaven,

He surely knows - or maybe He does not!