There was neither existence nor non-existence then.  
There was neither sky nor heaven beyond it.  
What covered it and where? What sheltered?  
Was there an abyss of water?  
  
There was neither death nor immortality.  
There was nothing telling night from day.  
The One breathed breathless autonomously.  
There was nothing else.  
  
There was darkness concealed in darkness.  
All was water without shape.  
The One enclosed in nothing  
Emerged by the power of heat.  
  
First to arise was desire,  
The primal seed of mind.  
Wise poets searching their hearts  
Found the bond between existence and non-existence.  
  
That cord was stretched across.  
What was above and what below?  
Seeds were shed and mighty powers rose.  
Below was urge, above was will.  
  
Who knows and who can here tell  
Whence it all came, whence is this creation?  
The gods came later to this world.  
So who knows whence it came?  
  
Whence this creation came,  
Whether he made it or not,  
The overseer of it in the highest heaven,  
Only he knows it. Or doesn't he know?