There was neither being nor non-being then;
there was neither the air nor the heaven which is beyond.
What encompassed all? Where? In whose protection?
Was there water, unfathomably deep?

There was neither death nor immortality then.
There was no distinguishing mark of night or day.
That One breathed, windless, by its own power.
Other than that, nothing else existed then.

In the beginning, darkness was hidden by darkness;
all this was the void with no distinguishing forms.
Coming into being, that One was hidden by the void,
and was generated through the power of heat.

Desire came upon that One in the beginning—
that was the first seed of mind.
Sages searching their hearts with wisdom
found the bond of being in non-being.

Their cord was extended across:
Was there a below or was there an above?
There were impregnators, there were powers;
there was energy below, there was impulse above.

Who truly knows? Who shall proclaim it here?
Out of what was this creation fashioned? From where did it emanate?
The gods came only after the creation of the universe.
Who then knows the source from which it arose?

From where did this creation arise?
Perhaps it formed itself; perhaps not.
Only the One who looks down from the highest heaven knows...
or perhaps even He does not know.

Trans. by Michael S. Russo