

I am the first and the last.
I am the honored one and the scorned one.
I am the whore and the holy one.
I am the wife and the virgin.
I am the mother and the daughter.
I am the members of my mother.
I am the barren one
And many are her sons.
I am she whose wedding is great,
And I have not taken a husband.
I am the midwife and she who does not bear.
I am the solace of my labor pains.
I am the bride and the bridegroom,
And it is my husband who begot me.
I am the mother of my father
And the sister of my husband
And he is my offspring.
I am the slave of him who prepared me.
I am the ruler of my offspring.
I am the staff of his power in his youth,
And he is the rod of my old age.
And whatever he wills happens to me.
I am the silence that is incomprehensible
And the idea whose remembrance is frequent.
I am the voice whose sound is manifold
And the word whose appearance is multiple.
I am the utterance of my name.
I am knowledge and ignorance.
I am shame and boldness.
I am shameless; I am ashamed.
I am strength and I am fear.
I am war!...