

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!...