

Poem 1:

[The angel Gabriel said to Mary]: “peace be with you, the blessed one among women, behold my Lord is with you.”

She did not know what he wanted or who he was, what was his place, or what had brought him to her.

She said: “Tell me, O man, who is your Lord and which is his place? You look like a man, for I do not know your Lord.

Where have I seen Him and what have I told Him that He now knows me? Have I heard His word, or perhaps not, and have you come to deceive me?

If you are a servant clothed with lightning upon your members, then your Lord is entirely fire as you say.

If you are a servant, do not conceal from me who is your Lord. Reveal and explain to me the whole of your story: I myself am amazed by you.

What is His name; which is His people and where is His place? Is He far distant or is He from this region? You must tell me everything!"

The angel said: “It is enough girl, conclude your discourse! My Lord is concealed, and His place is hidden and His name is a secret.

All I know is that He is coming to you, I have heard from him, and I have announced it to you. Maybe He is in you; you can learn the truth from Him.”

Believe me, I have not tricked you, O Daughter of David! Accept my words; for they are words of truth.