



Words of Inspiration Poetry Book



THE FARAH SAEED TRUST

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Competition in June 2014.**

A Token Of Strength

By Sister Halima Hafeez

**This may sound strange and a little odd
But how could I pity the one who may reach there
before me, may reach God.**

**This world was never your home nor mine,
It was meant to be part of our journey but we thought
of it as our destination, Oh how we are so blind.**

**I can only imagine that everyone must be sharing
words of pity with you**

I can't imagine what you must be going through.

I can continue

**Telling you "I'm sorry to hear you're ill" but I'm not
going to.**

**Instead I ask, if I gave you something as a loan and I
ask you for it back, would you give it to me?**

Of course you would because it belongs to me.

**Why am I asking you this? I'm actually narrating a
story**

**Of a wife who asked this question to her husband
when he came back from a journey.**

**She gave him food, and they had relations that night
The she told him of news that I can only imagine must
have made his chest close tight
She posed the question that I had just asked you, and
then told them that Allah has taken their son,
He became furious and complained to a man of what
happened, to which the man prayed that Allah blesses
their night.**

**This man was no more that the Sahabi Abu Talha his
wife Umm Sulaym & that man was no more than our
prophet (pbuh).**

**Allah accepted the du'a and blessed them with
offspring, Subhan Allah such patience bought them
profit.**

**You see, our souls are never for those who we will leave
behind,**

**Our souls are for return to our Rabb, the most
beautiful, the most kind.**

**In every pain, there is beauty, closeness to Allah that
cannot be achieved in any other way.**

**It's such an attaching relationship because we're
constantly calling for ease through the day.**

**My dearest sister, do not let people pity you,
For Allah tests those whom HE loves sahih, & he's the
only one who will get you through.**

**Things of value do not come cheap and Jannah is not
cheap
It is surrounded with hardships and I'm not going to lie,
the journey to is steep.
Each hardship is custom made to suit each person;
Allah is building your strength
To give you the means to carry this hardship breath by
breath.**

**I only know of you through Hafsa, our mutual friend,
The only right I have to speak to you like I know you, is
because we are part of the same Ummah to whom our
prophet salullahu alayhi wasalaam was sent.
He made du'a for both of us, binded by our sisterhood
I have a request and I hope you can fulfil it if you could.
If you reach jannah insh Allah and do ot see me, could
you please ask Allah that I join you there.**

**For this duniya is our prison and difficult to bare
And jannah is a place where pain does not reside there.
I close this poem not as a farewell or a goodbye but an
insh Allah I want to hear you story in jannah with all of
our beloved people there.
My last line has no rhyme nor a witty or wise quote, just
a token of my sisterhood to you, "Asalaamu alaykum."**



Farah With Me, Farah With Us All

By Lailla Hussain

**Farah with me Farah with us all,
We pray that once again u will blossom & stand tall.
Farah with me Farah with us all,
Oh Allah heal Farah & answer this call...**

**In Allah we believe & in Allah we trust,
To maintain sabr & shukr is an absolute must.
For surely Allah is with those who are patient,
Never should we overlook our blessings & become
complacent.**

**These trials & tribulations enable us to increase in our
ranks,
Allah tests those He loves most for that we give
thanks.**

**In sickness & in health we turn to Allah,
The reward we seek is to reside eternally in jannah.**

**Farah with me Farah with us all,
We pray that once again u will blossom & stand tall.
Farah with me Farah with us all,
Oh Allah heal Farah & answer this call...**

**Our destiny has been written & we await our final
judgement,
That day we pray our saviour rasoolAllah will be
standing at our forefront.**

**We must work hard to please Allah in everything
we do,
Regardless of the difficulties we experience we
must continue.
Having reliance on Allah in every situation is what
we need to succeed,**

**We are so blessed to have such a beautiful Deen.
Whatever happens to us we know it is for the best,
Allah has showered His Mercy upon us from the
east to the west.**

**Farah with me Farah with us all,
We pray that once again u will blossom & stand
tall.**

**Farah with me Farah with us all,
Oh Allah heal Farah & answer this call.**

Farah

Farah

By Amara Majeed

A deadly diagnosis that those doctors dreadfully delivered:

she stared at them dumbfounding, in disbelief dreams deteriorating and depression developing.

Within weeks, her realm of reality was reversed, and she really reckoned, during some rare moments
This can't be real.

So she convinced herself that this couldn't be conceivable that these fraudulent physicians were feeding her fictitious fallacies.

She would postulate these preposterous proposals, reason with these ridiculous rationalizations until she realized that whatever Allah willed was what he wanted.

Alas, she said Alhamdulillah.

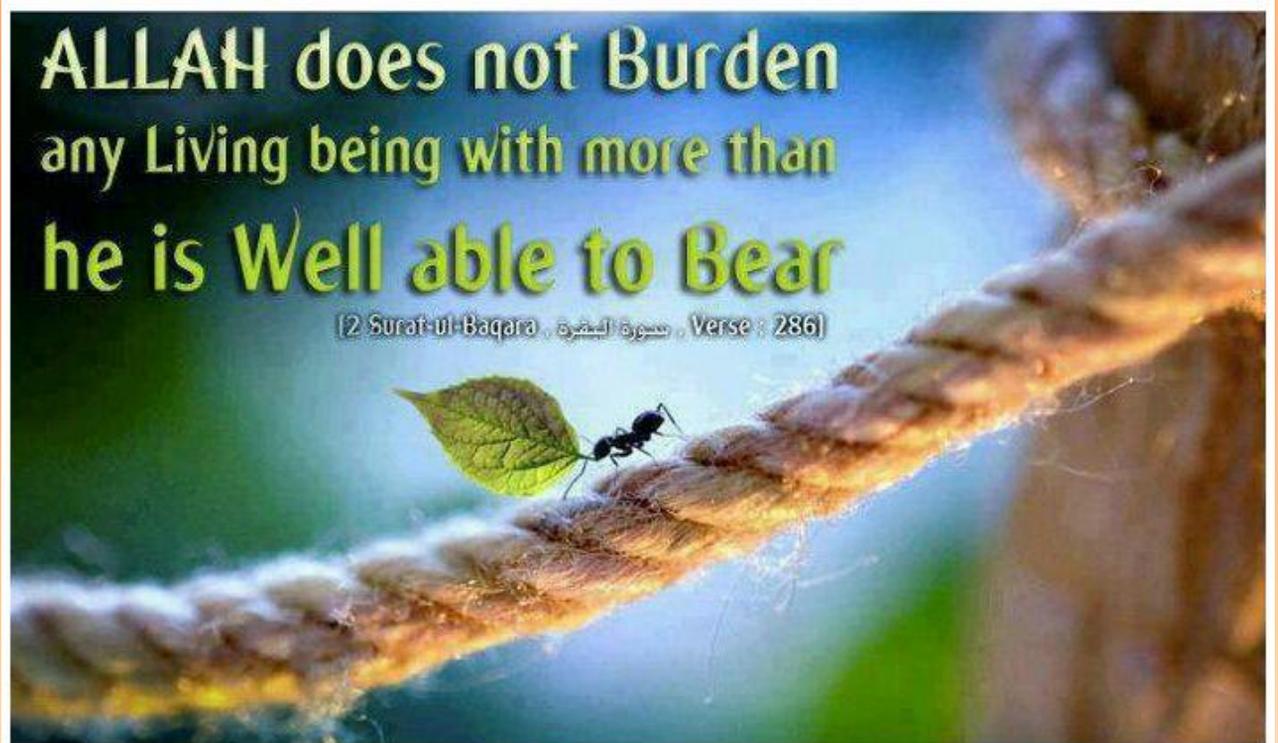
Of course, obstacles would sometimes obstruct the optimal outcome, trial after trial would test and trivialize her values until she would be tired of trying and terrified of being tested, until she would feel this was the exhausting end to her energy-less existence.

But she would eventually learn to live, laugh, and love and perhaps one day, they would create a cure for this cruel thing called cancer.

Nevertheless, she would live happily and hopefully, holding onto everything that she has; her iman would be initiated and she would no longer feel intimidated by this illness.

InshaaAllah.

“Allah does not burden a soul beyond that it can bear”
(Al-Quran, 2:286)



A message to Time

By Kandeel Butt

My days have been nourished with your patience and rhythm. Never forbidden.. hidden are your talents awaiting to bloom.

Your touch warms when winds whirl and twirl and raise the leaves. Seeds of life planted within your soul-you feed them, nurture them, free them to be of what they will.

More and more I yearn to feel your space and immerse myself into your mystery for today, tomorrow and history, defined by your sweet memory. You give me no choice but to fall for you deeply. Unconditionally. Trusting you, holding on to you, breathing you.

For some, your illusion breeds confusion but to me your presence has proven worthy of my attention never to be forgotten as you make foes forgiven, lovers envision, trials and troubles ridden, life driven by hope and determination in a direction that you so humbly have given.

You fill my life with a wondrous mix of bliss and splendor, rainbows and thunder, hope and wonder, and sometimes I ponder- time, do you tire in your constant unending fire to fill fleeting minutes with desire to inspire? No, you remain wound, sounding the brilliance of your existence, exposing your skin in silence. Loud In your modest violence.

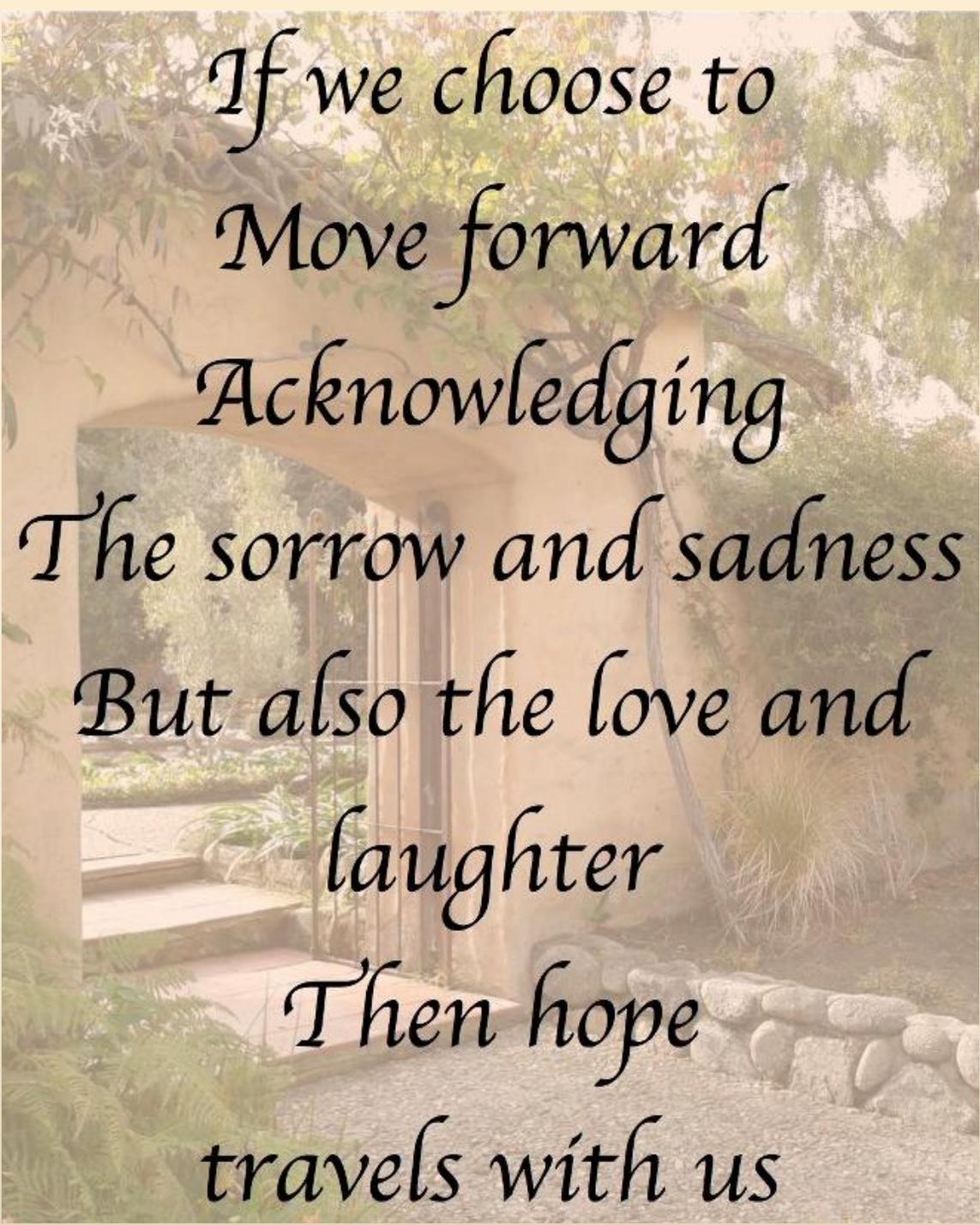
Undoubtedly you may bring pain. Staining my soul, my heart bleeding, weeping. I am weak. I yearn for you to speak, reveal the raw truth that I seek.. Free me from this discontent that you sent.. Unwind my chains of worry, bury them in layers of the past.

Carving my every step with your eminence. I can't spend a moment without you. You free me and see me through each success and struggle. When I scream when I dream.. When I win when I stumble. Time, you allow for moments to unravel the favourable yet sometimes the unbearable. Still I am surrounded, dumbfounded by your bold boundlessness worthy of my patience and perseverance, strength and tolerance.

Unwittingly you mastered the balance of hope and fear, your will to engineer the best for me and remain sincere, instilling in me to take a moment of prayer to clear my mind and steer my faith, draw near to the light despite the fight as I trust your sight to pave my today's and tailor my tomorrows, easing my sorrows as serenity follows, I surrender to the intensity of your peaceful afterglows, tranquil falsettos. Your essence inseparable from our need to meditate.

To separate ourselves from our past and contemplate. Distillate our fears into faith and belief, relief nurtured with the remembrance that with hardship indeed comes ease.

**Yours truly
Free Traveller**

A photograph of a garden path leading to a building entrance, with text overlaid. The path is paved with light-colored stones and leads towards a building with a large glass door. The garden is lush with green plants, including ferns and various shrubs. The text is written in a black, elegant script font, centered over the image.

*If we choose to
Move forward
Acknowledging
The sorrow and sadness
But also the love and
laughter
Then hope
travels with us*

Seeking

By Rabiah Khatoon

Seeking alone is not enough,
One must search through his yearning –
For the *Beloved* is shy,
Like the wind you feel but cannot see.





Grateful

By Janette Grant

Gratitude

soft and peaceful

serene

gentle

I lay down my head in sujud
and come up with calm

serenity

I sit up in meditation
to awaken to the beauty of
Allah's gift to me - to us

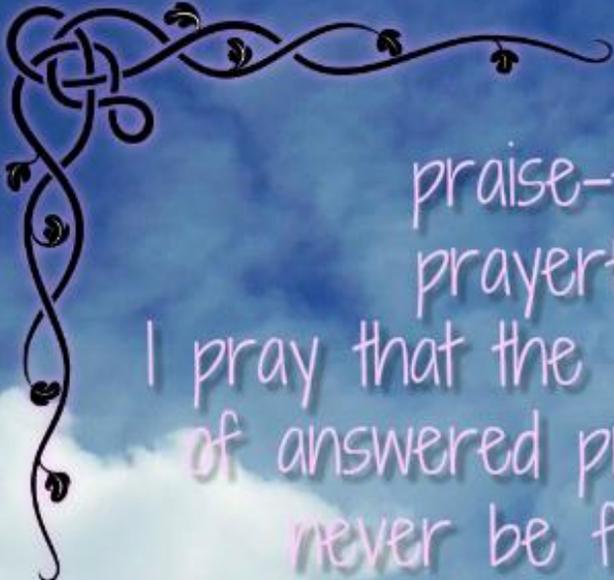
this life

this opportunity

to live right

consciously

gratefully



praise-fully
prayerfully
I pray that the sweet delight
of answered prayers may
never be forgotten
that the fragrance of worship
ever fills our homes
for we are not alone
and with every single difficulty
there is relief
because God is Good all the
time

Subhanaa'Allah
Shukra wal-hamdulillah



HOPE

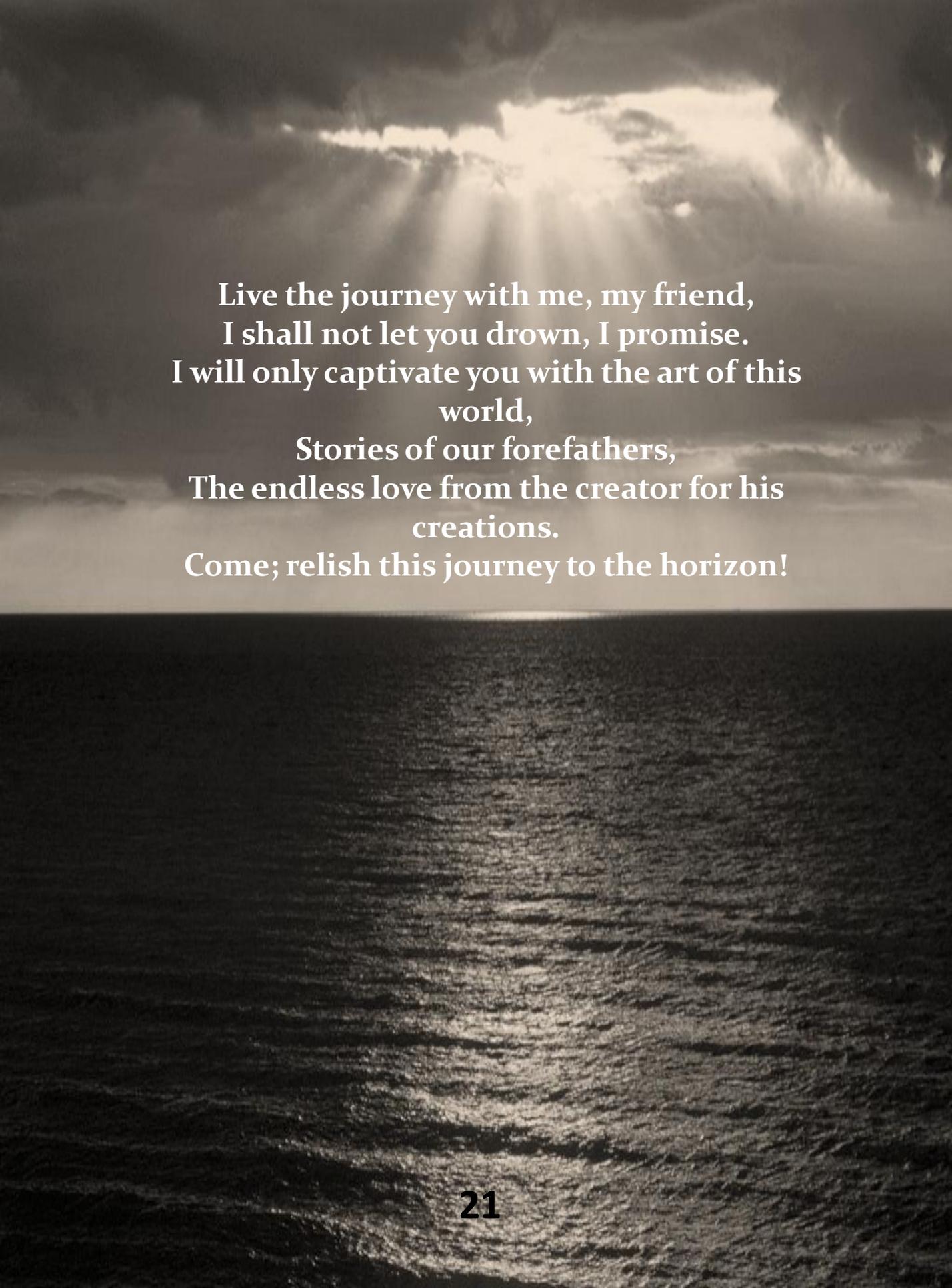
The Horizon

By Musarrat Bte salam

Leaf, one of us, on our own,
Seeking for the pure truth in the horizon,
Drifting in the vast ocean,
They said the world is round,
I believe those mortals,
For they believe in mocking death.

I see the light, do you?
If darkness ever dares to steal your soul,
You have my ripples to navigate you.
I am just a leaf, on my journey.
Tracking every sunset, now and then,
Blades of my leaf feel weary.

Oh dear friend, I am in search of you,
If I ever cross path with your ripples,
I'll own you to be my one and only.
I look like a miniature boat, made out of frail veins,
Maybe you can take a ride on me someday.
For it is strong enough to embrace you.
You will see whales and seagulls,
Creatures you only dreamt of.



Live the journey with me, my friend,
I shall not let you drown, I promise.
I will only captivate you with the art of this
world,
Stories of our forefathers,
The endless love from the creator for his
creations.
Come; relish this journey to the horizon!

Prayer is better than sleep

By Rabiah Khatoon

Why do you not hear the Beloveds call?
When He found you lost and guided you.

He found you broken and saved you.

He found you alone and befriended you.

He found you hurt and healed you.

He found you each and every time, by calling you:

“Assalatu khayrum minan naum”

الصلاة خير من النوم

Why do you not hear the Beloved call?

Has your heart become so attached to the sounds
of this Earth,

that you do not hear the soft tone, of The One.

The Earth spinning on its axis hears His call,

The Sun that rises in the east and sets in the west
hears His call,
the Moon taking over at night hears His call,
each rushing to obey swiftly, at His Call.
Yet you do not hear the Beloveds call.
Why has your heard hardened to the Call of the
Beloved?

“Assalatu khayrum minan naum”

الصلاة خير من النوم
Come, Come, lets go Home.



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I NEED ~~BEAUTY SLEEP~~
FAJR

WOLVES

Seeking a heart of steel
Running from the souls of evil
Whispering the old stories of the people
Standing strong in our beliefs
Holding onto a rope with no end
Howling with pride of the fact that we are the trusted
ones
Standing high over the thrones of the kings.
The wolves are the pack
We, the wolves, smile upon life.



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BY MEI-
YING MAIR

By Rabiah Khatoon



Tree of Life: SHE



**She, looked at her familiar surroundings, sighed and sat down, cross legged, tired limbs, puffy eyes, ragged skin.
No. This can't be it.**

**She, picking up her pen and deep rooted notebook, sighed and starting writing; fragmented thoughts, disjointed puzzles, unanswered questions.
No. This can't be it.**

**She, torn between half smiles and those half frozen tears; laughs.
No. This can't be it.**

**The tree has deep rooted veins, the golden veins bulge on the cover, a backdrop of long brown winters.
The tree, has branches and leafs.**

**They begin to fall, scattering the brown earth like stars in the dark sky.
Her golden feathers crumble to the ground.
No. This can't be it.**

She, sits staring at her leafless tree, sighs and puts the pen down.

**No. This can't be it...
The roots don't budge,
but
The branches still grow,
Seasons change,
Life once more takes ITs form.
She, sitting cross legged, tired to the bone;
rejoices and quietly cries.
See, this is IT....**

GREED By Mei-Ying Mair

I am vile and harmful,
I am disgusting and horrid,
I am unseen and dangerous
Sense the badness and uneasiness
Come, Come, I say dripping with venom
Bloodshed follows me closely
I am peoples' enemy,
I turn wonderful and pure hearts to stone
Even I say, do not follow Greed.

WARNING!



**"AS LONG AS GREED
IS STRONGER THAN
COMPASSION, THERE
WILL ALWAYS BE
SUFFERING."**

~RUSTY ERIC

Media

Zaynah Farak

"It's ok, because we see, this projection of imagery, a full blown fantasy, written for the masses to believe.

Lies and deceit; a solid transparency on foundations of hypocrisy, constructed with efficacy, yet crumbling under scrutiny.

Oh we applaud the ability of your advocacy!

BUT!

We know there's more than meets the eye, we see with our minds through the web of your lies.

We're are not blind"



I am the Rose

By Saira Anwar

I am the rose; not the one that grew from seeds.

Lying beneath the soil under the earth.

Not the one deprived of beauty and light by the rain from above. Strengthened by His divine light.

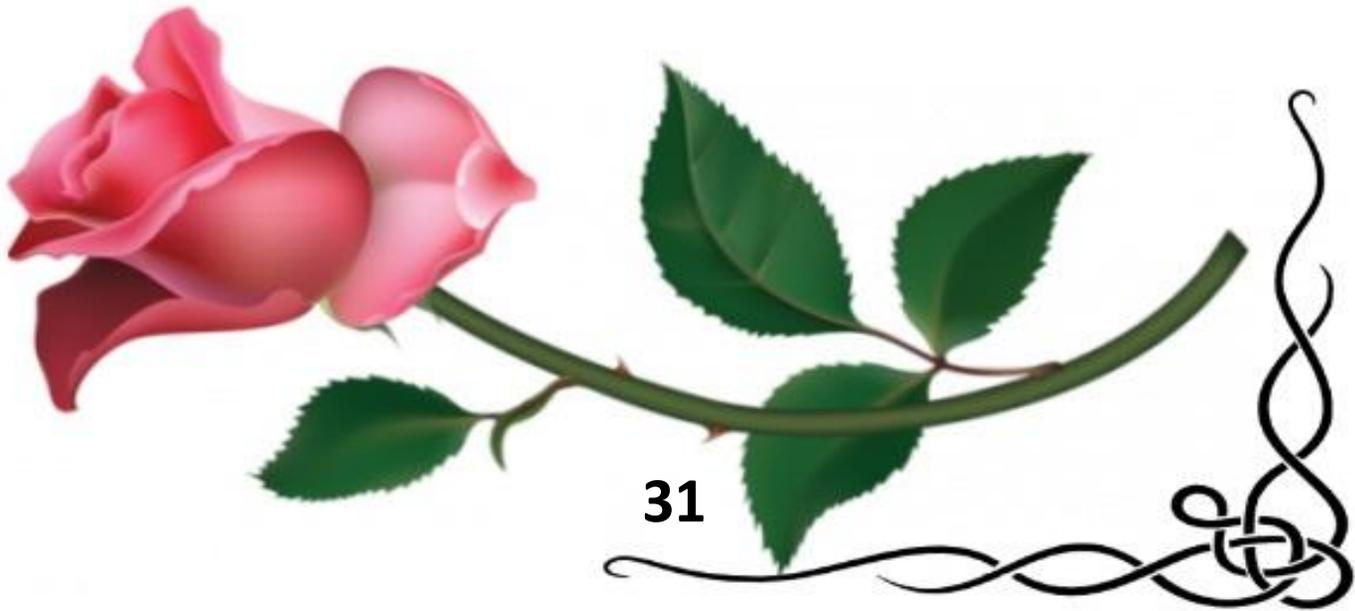
I am the rose that sprung from the twists and turns of life.

What you thought would destroy me only made me stronger; facing the storm with ease.

Swinging back with powerful words across the globe.

My thorns are fortified with a new light. My wounds healed from the pain. All the scars on a exterior once without imperfection.

Formed from the travesty of my existence; now beautiful emblem adorning my soul.





The aching past was never my turf. Treasured wisdom; it only brought to my present. One that will never be found wanting in my new skin. The alluring elegance of my replenished soul, now emerges from His heartfelt presence.

From blizzards never to come again, I build up momentum to rise up again. To bounce into a gem so rare. No more jackboots to pound upon me. After the sunlight has shone on my fragments.

Now my obscurity is spent in reflection, in awe of the one whose light shines on me. My days are spent in gratitude. For the miracles of my graceful rebirth. And for the bloom of a beautiful season.

The essence of my new journey has its root in a reflection so deep. Rising from the strength gathered in sujud. Fortified with the hope that comes along with it, knowing that illumination lies in the destination ahead.

What's The Point?

By Seemee Khan

*What's the point of a palace
When you don't have solace
A house is not a home
If you still feel alone
Even when it's filled
With family and friends
There's no inner happiness
Something missing I guess
Aimlessly wandering room to room
Thinking you'll find your way
A soul looking for an outlet
Not realising the point yet
The point of truth is
The soul is not at home
And it will keep on wandering
Until it reaches its' true King
The point of return
Is where the soul yearns to be
In the heavenly palace
Its' home of solace.*

Muhammad (pbuh)

Do you not know?

Have you any recognition of a man who came with the
greatest of missions?

A message to mankind, for all to listen, and adhere to the
laws with full submission.

A legacy that lasts past the end of his (pbuh) life.

A man who suffered.

His teachings were many, but his message was one.

So I urge you to listen, and through truth let us show that
this is a man you can't afford not to know!



The Guiding Light

By Saira Anwar

When I was lost in the vast darkness of life.

You became my guide; beaming up my path.

When I was adrift on a sea of doubt. You heard
my cry for help; giving entity to my voice.

When my world came crashing down before
me. You sent down your tranquility upon
my soul.

When a single soul seemed not to understand
me. You lent your ears to my helpless cries.

When I was drowning in the cloudy corner of
life. You walked with me in the darkest
time, When I writhed in seemingly endless
pain.

You held my trembling hand; soothing my
soul.

Your embrace gave birth to beautiful words,
that was once devoid of a voice. Your
blessings carved me into the person I am.

And with a towering strength; I am no longer
afraid.

Plea for Eternity

Seemee Khan

Keep me confident
Keep me strong
Give me the strength to carry on
Guide me to be close to You
Tell me what I need to do
To earn Your mercy and gratitude
For life is all about pleasing You
Only You can fix me when I'm broken
When I can't figure out what I need to do
When I'm waiting to understand Your Plan
And I know You're the One holding my Hand
At that time of loneliness
When I'm uncertain which way to go
You give me the guarantee
But I have to have faith in Thee
If I question myself truly
You've always been duly

And as I think of death
I'm scared for a time
Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide
When we'll be brought back to life,
Having lived and having died
O' Lord, forgive me when I doubted You
Forgive me when I didn't turn to You
All those sins, all those sins
I'm often reminded of all those things
To be free of sin, I'm trying hard
To better myself and be on my guard
Against the negative forces within
If only I could be rid of those sins
I'm trying my hardest to follow You
And living my life to please You
O' my Lord, pave me the way
So I can reach you in this day
And know that You'll accept my plea
And grant my wish for Eternity
(Forgive us all our sins, Aameen)

