

A Bucket of Tears as I Say: “Until We Meet Again”

Oh sunrise and sunset of Madeena, Your shades of colors and your beauty surpasses any dawn and evening in the earth, as you pigment on the minarat and green dome of our Rasool صلی اللہ علیہ وسلم. I'm sure in comparison, you are nothing like the noor of Nabi صلی اللہ علیہ وسلم. In our eyes you are magical but I'm sure in your own eyes you are shy to rise in the city of Madeena when you have the Nabi to compare to.



Oh Moon of Madeena, I saw you, then I lost you! You are magnificent because you are the same moon our Rasool gazed at. I'm privileged to look at the same moon my Rasool looked at. Did he not split you in half? Are you not the same moon Hazrat Jaabir رضي الله عنه concluded that the face of

my Nabi ﷺ was more radiant? Oh moon, I'm sure when my Rasool gazed at you, he sent rays of light towards you. Let that light bounce back and create a ripple effect. Let it touch my heart.

Oh mighty sun of Madeena Shareef, how can we complain of your heat? Aren't you the same sun that shone down on Nabi ﷺ? Did you not let perspiration drop down his face like pearls which scent was of musk? Oh, how can we complain when we are fortunate to feel the same heat our Habeeb ﷺ felt.



Oh Green Dome, how blessed you are to hold the most sacred body that touched this ground. I wish to know what it's like to surround the Rasool ﷺ daily. How much of thanks you must be offering to Allah for giving you such a high place.

Oh cleaners of Masjid e Haram! People look down upon and consider you all *"lowly toilet cleaners"* and domestics in general, but if only I was not a shy person! I would hug you and kiss you so that I may take some of the light you constantly surrounded by. Oh how lucky you are. Your eyes that gaze upon us shows so many different nationalities. When the heart is connected to the Rasool, no matter which continent you from and how many 1000 miles away, Allah brings you to his beloved. Oh how lucky you are.

Oh Imam's of Masjid e Haram! What does it feel like to read Qur'an daily, in the presence of the Rasool ﷺ? The Aayaat He loved and the Aayaat that made him shake with fear. It is said that we

should read the Quran like the Arabs. Do you make sure your tajweed is correct before you stand on the Musallah? Do you revise your Qur'an before you raise up for Salaah? Or do you ask your wives to test you, so that you don't err in front of the being who the Qur'an was revealed to? I'd like to know.

Oh cats of this vibrant city, you are special. Even people with allergies are drawn to touch you. Animals aren't given understanding but I'm sure you understand who resides in your midst's.

Oh birds if you had to fly out of Madeena, I'm sure your heart only wishes to return. Your wings burn in other lands as darkness overpowers elsewhere, but in these sacred lands, twinkles of golden sands and dusts lays beneath you. I'm sure your hearts bursts with joy when you see the green dome in your peripheral view.



When I look around, I see I'm not even an ounce worthy of being in the presence of our Rasool ﷺ. People have come in threes to visit our beloved, some look they haven't eaten in days, some with cut feet, others ill, some unable to walk, others bent over and all in all they are more deserving than me. Thank you Allah for allowing me to be in the company of the pious. As I step on to the grounds of Masjid-un-Nabawi and I feel my shoes thread along it's path, I can't help but wonder. How can this disobedient servant be on these chosen lands? How can one even think to walk with shoes on this earth? Although it is permissible and pure, how sad that the shoes are more pure than the person wearing them. My shoes aren't worthy of walking on the same streets my Nabi ﷺ and his sahaba walked on. And my feet are even more unworthy.

Oh blessed land of Madeena, please don't curse us, we enter your city with abundant of food, then eat to our fill and beyond, we waste what we can't eat and complain about the food which isn't preferable to our taste buds. We have forgotten our neighbor Nabi ﷺ who starved and had no food, so much so, he had to tie 2 stones to his stomach to combat the pangs of hunger.

Oh sweet city, how we have failed you. Oh kind Nabi, how we have forgotten you. Oh Rasool of Allah, I wish to gaze at you, I wish to see you but how can these eyes who look at filth gaze at purity? If I had to have the honor of catching a glimpse of you, I know I'll look down. Not even Jibraeel A. S can take the نور of Allah, all his 600 wings will burn, but oh Rasool صلى الله عليه وسلم, you've been in the presence of نور علي النور. I only wonder what your noor looks and feels like. If I had to peer at you, I know I won't be able to raise my eyes before you.

Oh Nabi of Allah, ask Allah to accept my عيادة. If He doesn't accept it, then I would understand; as I'm so unfit to receive acceptance. Thank you Allah for giving me the opportunity to try and make your عيادة in the company of my Rasool صلى الله عليه وسلم / When I think of that alone, tears roll down my cheeks. My greatest desire is to pass away in Masjidul Haram when Allah is most pleased with me, but how huge are my dreams when I haven't earned the status of a person who should die in Madeena? I don't even have to ask myself this question as it's a rhetorical question.

Every time the Imam calls for Janaza Salaah, tears roll down my cheeks wishing it were the call of my death with Nab صلى الله عليه وسلم as a witness of my passing in his holy company. Please call me when you are most pleased with me in your blessed land.

I fully admit that I am not of the caliber or deserving to be buried in the sands of Madeena but oh how I wish my soul will depart in the Haramain shareef and the gardens of baqi will accept my useless body and not spew me out. When I form these words, it doesn't show any form of piety from my side, if anything it's a hypocrite and an insincere person at your door writing what the heart feels but the actions don't comply. It is said that Madeena turns away the hypocrites like how a furnace burns rust and as I leave this soothing city, I wonder if Madeena is tired of me and getting rid of me... But oh of course it must be! The most futile human in this blessed land. Or perhaps it will call me again?

Oh, Rasool maybe my time isn't at the end, maybe Allah will bring me again so that I may bring my progeny to make salaam to you. Then! Then, my heart will be at ease.

Oh Madeena!

Oh Rasool!

Oh Allah!

I wish to forever breathe the oxygen of this beloved city.

My heart already is skipping a beat, thinking of my return.

مدينة المنورة 🙏🙏



ANONYMOUS

For Esaale Sawaab of Molana Anvar Amod Ismail Moolla