

**Messenger of Allah
Muhammed
(..peace..)
the Beloved of
Kathijah**



Translated from original Tamil by the author
M.A. Hyder Ali Yakinullashah
Kalifathul Kadhiri Sathari Chisti Sir Kalifa Rifayee

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the Beloved
of Kathijah**

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Dedication

*Dedicated to the
spiritual master
Sheikh el Mashaikh Syedhina Hajrath
M.G. Mohamed Hussain Sahib
great grandson of
Ganj Savai Hajrath Shahul Hamidh Badhusha
Sahib (RL) of Nagore.*

Preface

In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful

The Messenger of Allah, Muhammed (..peace..) the Beloved of Kathijah is the ideal of good conduct and behaviour and he is grace and compassion of the Providence for the entire universe, I the author of this poetic work pledge in the name of Allah, the Lord of the worlds.

I place this literary work before the entire world of muslims and people of other faiths for perusal appraisal and make sense of real image of the great personality of the seal of the prophets, the Prophet Muhammed (..peace..).

I have given much importance to Lady Kathijah in this book because the personality of Muhammed owe much to her. She is the woman behind the man, the Hero, the Prophet Muhammed (..peace..).

I have been inspired to write about the wonderful personality of Lady Kathijah who had been a great model of a kind woman, blessed to be the beloved wife of Prophet Muhammed (..peace..).

The orphaned Muhammed's search for Allah started from his early childhood. Lady Kathijah came into his life when he was a young man of twenties. From thence on she became his sole custodian and a great companion in his life.

When he came out with verses of Quran from the cave of Hira, she was the first and foremost to accept and agree him as a messenger of God.

He made revolution in every facet of human life and succeeded in establishing a rule of divine law over his motherland where the barbaric vices were the tenets of a cherished culture. His tremendous work of reformation in his society proved a must for the humanity of the entire world in its chronicle of coming times.

To revolt against immoral practices prevailed in his metropolis, mainly the polyandry, fornication, massacre of feminine infants, alcohol, gambling, hysteric foretelling, slavery and debauchery. He freely utilised the riches and fortunes of Kathijah for his activities.

Conversion under the banner of Islam was an utter necessity of the time to cull out the deep rooted vices from the sect of the Qureish. He knocked back the leaders who tried to bribe him with the fortunes of the world to stay preaching the new code of life.

As far as the getting into the affinity of God he remained a Hanif until his death. Hanifism simply means a love affair with God, with the ultimate, with the whole. It means that your person is ready to dissolve into the whole, that you are ready to invite the whole being of the universe to come into your heart.

His tireless hunt after God, the eternal soul of Single Being of the entire universe succeeded only at the night of Miraj while he met Him or Her, his beloved, Allah. It happened twelve years after the night of Lailat el Kadhr, while Gabriel visited him in the cave of Hira for the first time .

The purpose of religion is two fold. It teaches the people to live a moral life and to infuse peace among themselves. The other facet of religion is to use your wisdom to realise yourself and your God.

Muhammed was apt in his opinion “the begining of religion is from the pursuit of the knowledge of Providence - Avaludheeni Maghrebathullah.” To get into the affinity of God and search after his clarity conversion of creed is not at all a necessity.

The religionist whomever he be a Muslim, a Christian or an Hindu is stake at inviting the man of other religion into his fold but forgets to make a love affair with God and this is the cause of turmoil all over the world today. Every fanatic considers the founder of every other religion is a person who had gone astray.

Sufis the faithful followers of Muhammed with their counterparts of other faiths, the Saints of Christianity, Yogis of Hinduism, Zens of Buddhism and Hassidees amid Judaism sing their praise unto Him the Eternal God in silence and they were the blessed on whom sky showers flowers.

I, the author of this poetic enthusiasm invite the people of the whole world to enter into the paper back garden written from the view of the Sufis, “The Messenger of Allah, Muhammed(..peace..) beloved of Kathijah” and make sense of the reality of Prophet, and smell the alluring fragrance of his divine personality.

The total number of Quranic verses is 6666. The entire collection of Hadhis, his sayings accounts to six lakhs and odd. But the erudites had scanned the sayings into Sahih - believable and Laif - weak. However the authenticity of every word from his mouth recorded deserves to be regarded.

Two of his enlightening sayings “Ana Ahamed en bila meem” and “Ana Arabiyun bila eyin” seem to be controversial. While learned Ulemas deny them, the virtuous Sufis accept them fully with its connotation ie., “I am (Muhammed) the Origin (God), I am (Muhammed) the Preserver (Lord).”

The need of the hour is of course scrutinizing all his sayings, which has been accepted as elucidating the meaning of Quranic verses. Prophet had aptly said “There is an outer and an inner meaning for each and every verse of the Quran and the number of inner meaning is not less than seven - Inna Likulli Ayathin Lahran va Bathnan va Bathnan Thabittan.”

Regarding the very rhymes of Quran the great Sheikh Muhyidheen bin Arabi, the predecessor of Wahdath el Ujudh, the school of thought professing the singularity of Universal Being, held the view that Quran is not a book parcel sent by a person called Allah to Muhammed per the courier Gabriel. Instead he interprets it is the echo of the cosmic truth reflected in the vividness of Muhammed’s mind and wisdom.

The holy word Kalima “Lailaha Illallah” - There is no God but God is the outer meaning and the inner meaning is “there is nothing but God is in existense.” This is the elucidation of Sufis. It correlates with the word of Rig Veda, “Aham Biramasmi - Innerself of man is full with God.” And also with the Biblical echo that on the mount of Sinai, God told Moses, ‘I am that I am’ which does mean wherever the ‘isness’ is found whether it is in you, me or he, it belongs to God.

Everyone who is sound in their mind can elucidate the divine presence in every religion, faith and creed on earth. I the author of the poesy, am firm in my decision that to get the wisdom of God and to attain His affinity one should shun religious discriminations.

“Oh beloved Muhammed, the unfinished song of my soul, I behold thou everywhere around me. Thou art my faith and thou art my creed and religion. I long for you in the depth of my being. Could I behold your person pragmatically!

“I think there is no fault in me pursuing thee in the picture of the Prophet Krishna chariotearing Arjuna in the war field of Indhraprastha and pouring the Geetha for the benefit of the wise.

“I think there is no flaw in me searching for thy countenance on the face of the Enlightened Buddha sitting in his pose of thabasu the meditation.

“I think there is no failing in me making love to thee, looking at the serene visage of Jesus Christ, in his journey of elevation to the skies!

“Oh my Lord Muhammed simply for the sake of thy unending love upon Kathijah thy consort, accept this ballad of adoration on your life and carrier and rest thy flowery feet of lotus on my soul, shoulder head and heart and upon the hearts of all my fervent admirers.”

*“Oh the Lord Almighty Allah
The creator and sustainer of the worlds
Praise be to thee
Show me the path of those people
Who earn and long for thy love and affection
Bless the Prophet his kith and kins and his companions
Bless all men and women of every path of faith.
Bless all the living creatures on earth.”*

“Oh the Lord Almighty Allah! for he, your apostle said
“All God’s creatures are his family and he is the most beloved of
God who tries to do most good to God’s creatures!” and for
this saying of your Prophet I ventured upon this formidable but
intrinsic work!

Have I done a good thing to this humanity by penning a
biography upon your Prophet, the Prophet of indiscriminate
love upon the creatures on earth!

I am Singing in silence :-

*“Paanikka onna pathamperudharku en sirasai
Kaanikkai vaithen en Kanne Paraparamel!”*

*“Oh my Lord!
“To get the unattainable crown of salvation on me,
And for the religious coherence on earth and peaceful
co-existence of all the sects of humanity I lay my
head in sacrifice at thy pedestals.”*

01/06/2013

M.A. Hyder Ali Yakinullasha
Nellikuppam.

The Primeval desire

Long long before the beginning of the Universe there was only endless vastness. From the abysmal bottom of the vastness there arose a cry of desire. Desire found itself Muhammed. Jesus is Muhammed of Christians, Krishna is Muhammed of Hindus and Buddha is Muhammed of Buddhist people.

*Friends come! I have come with fresh testament
Of love of mortal and heavenly fulfillment!
“Oh Lord! I bow unto Thee. Thou made me a vine
Of grapes to the world! This life full of love art Thine”*

*No earth! No sky! No stars twinkling!
No cloud with thunder or lightning!
It was not a dawning day of light!
Nor it was darkness of night!*

*Endless vastness of void everywhere
From the abysmal bottom arose there
A desire cleaving the dead of darkness
Made a call, a cry asserting its ‘Isness!’*

*“I am here I have no end nor beginning
I am here I am alone no waning
I will create the world a lively stage
Where I will make myself ablaze”*

*The desire that arose within
Decides to create men and women
The first of its creation Muhammed
- The self realizing soul, was spirit of mind!*

*When the earth appeared below the sky
The sun, the moon and the stars were gay
Above and seas and mountains along
Its surface where the strokes of life, throng*

*Krishna was Muhammed to the land of Hind!
Jesus was Muhammed to the western end!
Buddha was Muhammed to the eastern shore!
Who dares to defy? Come with me to explore!*

*“Oh Kathijah the maker of the Messenger! Hark
Thou art the inspiring breath of this frail skylark!”
“Oh Lord! I bow unto Thee, Thou made me a vine
Of grapes to the world! This life full of love art of Thine!”*

The Vow of Parasakthi Parvathi, the Houri

Anasa Vantha Sakbahir (MaMahe) Mohava.. Mamahe Mohava (Mahmood Muhamed) will be born as Messenger of God
- Rigveda 6:28.

Oh! U(ma mahe) swari! Those who are adepts of Vedas consider Thee only the source of Trimurthis - Brahma, Hari and Hara. And Thou only rule over the entire universe.

- Soundharya Laheri - 97

- Aaadhi Sankara

*Juno, Zeus alias Parvathi, the Houri
Worshipped the Almighty at Gankavathi*

*Flooding waters of Ganges bound for north
At the ghats of Benares foam and froth*

*Kissed her holy feet as she does pronounce
“Ohm ohm ohm” the mystical spell of fragrance!*

*The nature hark the ageless invocation
In silence reciprocate the adoration!*

*Forlorn there he awaits, Agasthya the saint
Who took a wash in Holy river, with Her makes a plaint*

*“Oh! Mother Parvathi I am restless, athirst of
deliverance
My soul goes longing to touch the dim distance!”*

*The sage who had traversed along the face of earth
For thousands of years by occult skills, put forth*

*His desires for salvation the union
With Godhood and begged Parvathi's pardon!*

*She who does shine like a pearl adorn
She whose beauty beats splendor of the morn*

*Raises her brows and to him avows:
"Hum hum hum makes the magical slogas*

*Agasthya, hark, I am to get avatar
By centre of the earth at a desert afar*

*Find the words of Rig, the fountain head
Of scriptures, that reveals, Read*

*Anasa vantha sakbahir! Ye!
Mamahe mohava sadhussa!*

Me, U(MA MAHE)SWARI to be born Mamahe

To establish Shariath, the heavenly way"

*'Hu - the gloomy Dat Omnipresence Eternal
Mu or Ma, the self the spirit maternal*

*Ohm Hum Ohm the mystical spell fragrant
Above the earth along the heavens turbulent!*

*Ha the word! "The word" of the Lord the Bible does
proclaim
Made the universe and wrought the earth sublime!*

Muhammed in the Vedic words of Vinayaka

Vinayaka, the spiritual master of celestials prostrated and prayed before the Lord Almighty. As usual, verses of Vedas were revealed to him. On such a day the advent of Muhammed as the Seal of Prophets was disclosed to him. Vinayaka was the foremost to foretell the birth of Muhammed to the world in Adharvana veda in one of its chapter Allobanishath.

*Millions and millions of years back
"Ohm ohm ohm the enchanting spell"
Echoes by the surface of Manasarover
The vast water bed over Himalayas
Storms awake from night of slumber
Thunder voices from high sky sombre*

*Vinayaka the doyen of celestial wisdom
By the same shore of the lake
Prostrate and prays the Omniscience:*

*"Oh the Lord Almighty praise be to Thee
Thou art the origin and the end
And Thou art the source of
Trimurthi Hari Hara and Brahma
Thou art revealed by concurrence of day and night*

*"Light is thy garment light is thy seat
And light rests upon thy breast
Thou art the jubilation of our days
Thou art the goal of our ways
Thou art the wisdom for which we loiter*

*“Thou art the music of our song
Oh Lord! Pray what are the words of Vedas
Thou intend today, that I do scribe
Day after day at your command!”*

*Holy words ring over the ripples of Manasarover
Vinayaka, the divine symbol of gnosis
Writes it down on the leaves of Adharvan veda*

*“Alloji estam Brahmam om! Poorna brahma allo
Ohm! Rasula Muhammed subasya om!
Allo ataiyam athella pagnam hum
Hrundha va alla ohm ohm ohm!”*

*Allah, the eternal one and Muhammed
Is his Messenger and he will
Win over Asuras!”*

*The Godly verses captures the heart of the earth
And hastens all seeds of wisdom to trinity!*

**Thus the Everlasting Absolute forever
Brings forth over the earth
His own beatific teachings
Unto mankind from the days unknown**

Adam's Paradise

Adam and Eve thrown upon the earth by God, when they met after a longtime and lived together, gave birth to their offsprings. Every male born of them were Muhammed and every female Mehmoodha.

*Long long ago when the earth was in making
In that continent once called Zemuria
A fine morn it was, the sun was rising
A tall man was sitting in a remote area!*

*The meadow it was green and breezy
Where the rain clouds were giving shade over his head
But the man was weary and he seemed crazy
His looks were so sad lest he be called mad!*

*The brooks reeling by make music of laughing
The birds on their wings in row traverse the sky
No hearth, no cooking, no job but relaxing!
The man was alone does he long to fly?*

*Elephant amidst the cattle were grazing
Bang! There appeared a dinosaur so wild
At once the animals disappeared racing!
But at his sight the giant itself fled away!*

*Sitting alone he dreams, the time was passing
Few crows and dove and a pair of peacock
There appeared pecking with their mates, rejoicing!
Is this lonely man waiting for his skylark?*

*Ye! That man was Adam the first man on earth
Alas! His loss! The very blissful heaven
The orchards, the enchanting monsoon, the breath
Of peacefulness! Alas! The greatest of his loss was his
woman!*

*Woe on him! While he remembers the black day
He prostrated and begged "Oh Master!
Myself and my consort wronged to our own souls,
We pray forgive and save us from disaster"*

*"No, shall thee and thy spouse you did sin
Both be thrown upon the earth thy children
Shall breed, and quarrel and their blood stain
The earth!" the God's dictum drives their pleasures drain!*

*He sobs and then he laughs as if the night
And day rolls upon the earth alternate
Shall he meet his mate ever again and delight
The mercy of the Lord, compassionate!*

*He moans the song that she sang one fine evening,
As he was coming back to her from prayer:-
"Oh Adam! Thou art to me everything
I will be no more if you leave me, I swear!*

*I will seek thee until I breathe my last
Ye! I will love thee Until my life is lost
Neither moon nor sun is the reward I desire
Beloved, beg let me hug to thy breast fast!"*

*“Rabbana lalamna anfusina va in lam thakfirlana”
The man cried, the Quran says “Va tharhamna sanaquna
Min anfusina,” instead God refused*

*“Oh God he raised his hands in yearning
Will you give her back to me for the sake of”
As just it flashed to him like lightning
The word “Muhammed” in the Kalima*

*Now he prayed with His wisdom, fast
“For the sake of that name Muhammed
Forgive me, Lord, for the name of that son,
That Thou had promised me in heaven’s aboard”*

*Ha, the miracle! as he spelled name of that son
It brought him back the paradise he lost
And to his delight! Eve! his beloved companion!
“Hail! Muhammed is the name glorified!”*

The Ark of Noah

Prophet Noah escaped of devastating deluge by pronouncing the name of “Muhammed”.

*It was a dreary night of gloomy dark
Noah was upon the deck, marking his ark!
He the captain of the ship, God’s Prophet,
Saviour of all the life on earth and his folk!*

*The fortieth day, the rain began to pour
Lashout, and streams gush forth
If this persist the ship will meet the doom
Is the Lord yet not appeased of His wrath?*

*The apes gibber, the asses bray, while bears
Growl and elephants trumpet, through the doors
And the window a giraffe stretched out his neck
Upon its nose a sea-bird sat and flirts*

*The cocks crow, the crows caw and there cuckoos koo
A pair of parrots talk while pigeons coo
From the storeys of that huge boat
And the family of Noah feels it a zoo*

*While a whale below the ark gave a blow
The animals and birds all at once blared! Lo!
Noah the captain upon the deck, in despair cried
“Lord, save us from havoc! Thy mercy show”*

*There was a dead silence, And then lightning
Made a splash followed by thunder, alarming
Braved Noah, shouted again! "Lord! Thy mercy, show"
Ay! The response, the lightning scrawled Kalima
gleaming*

*The hero, then proclaimed at once
Of the name "Muhammed" and the tradition, "since
From time immemorial, his forefathers
Pronounced the name to get God's deliverance"*

*"For the sake of that son, the redeemer"
By the decendency of Lamech, with good humour
"My Lord, save all thy creation on earth
From total ruin by deluge," he did implore*

*"For Muhammed! Muhammed!" as he recited
The name, its holiness unreported
There appeared rainbow, the voice echoed through the sky
"Peace be to thee Noah," the voice called out*

*"Salamun ala Noohin Fil Alamin"
The water assuaged as God restrained the rain
The ark rested upon the mount of Judhi
"All lives upon this earth," God bids "remain"*

The son of Abraham

Ismahel the son of Abraham escaped from altar of sacrifice because on his forehead the name of “Muhammed” shined.

*Hail, Abraham, the man most civilized
On earth, of generations ever flourished!
Hail! He established, the unity of heaven
And the worship of unseen God he upraised!*

*Hail! The miracle! Famed scrolls of yore
His get away from Nemrudh's firepit roar!
Hail! He was greeted by God “Khaleel my friend!”
Brave kings, renowned prophets his loins bore!*

*Aged, he with his son Ismahel behind, trail
The sands of desert, heavy of heart and frail
Of limbs! Is the dreadful vision a “Word”
“Should his son be slain or the dream a guile?”*

*To his son now he breathes why he did swear
By God his firstling to altar an offer
If he begets children! Sara held barren
With her maid Hegra, he had love*

*Ismahel to Hegra, past Isac to Sara
He begot, Of course the heavens flora
But now a dream drives him not to defer
From his oath! Around his face was an aura!*

*Lo! Hot was the sun, the mood was sullen
The sands of the desert beseech to the heaven
Should the boy be killed, his blood split
Blind the earth, is this the decree divine?*

*No chirps of birds nor hooves of cattle make sound
But horrible was the voice of the whirlwind
The youth steadfast seems poised firm of faith
Politely he to his sire does respond*

*“I do obey thee and abide by the law of thy Lord
Dad do thy will, not go back of thy word!”
Obedience tendered at altar of Deity
No par! Proclaims the records of the world!*

*Head of the son now set on a rocky stone
The knife to slash below his hyoid bone
Sire affirms his faith “Allahu Akbar!”
Ah great! The tool rebels and leaves chop undone*

*Mumbles the dad! the boy would least bother
Said “Your passion delays the job! Oh father
Let me prostrate, face down, thy work would be ease”
Ha! He did! But sire finds it not easy rather*

*A mark by curly hair on boy’s back caught
Sire’s eye! The name of “Muhammed,” there who wrote?
“Oh God!” The same he learned at the firepit
Mumbling found the pit a pool, there it wrought!*

*Redeemer! Seal of the Prophets clan
Muhammed’s priceless seed lies near the lumbar bone
Of Ismahel! “Muhammed” the sire does cry
A sheep at the altar God replaced! His son reborn!*

*Vana dheena hum an ya Abraham
God who sufficed a sheep said unto him
“Thou hast fulfilled thy vision indeed”
God concerns the will of man, not seerum!*

The Message of Buddha

By the year 483 B.C. Gautama Buddha died at Kushi Nagar, north of Benares. In his final discourse with his disciples he informed of the coming Prophet, Muhammed who would be born amidst the deserts of Arabia.

*Hiranya the river downhill Himalayas was in spate
Buddha along with his disciples sailed by a boat
And reached Kushi Nagar on its bank
The sky looked golden, the sun was about to set
Down in the western horizon, darkening the earth!
The funeral fire in the vicinity seemed blithe!*

*Apostles were distressed leaving Visali
Where the Divine was hosted by Ampibali
The dancer, fell ill by the very day
But his radical doctrines had won the day!
The wise the world worshipped his feet, was old
Eighty three of age, but his stride was bold!*

*Disciples placed a cot between two Sala trees
The Divine seated there laid himself at ease
The full moon of Vaisaka made its appearance
Halo around his face shone no less in brilliance!
At once he began to speak of his nearing death
Disciples cried in fright but "Calm!" does he breathe!*

*"Children! Why do you panic for the message
The death is inescapable even to a Saint or Sage
By its occurrence the flesh and bone to earth return
Blood to water, breathe to air go back, learn
The heat of the physique with warmth of the weather
Mingle, I-ness in you, the soul, never wither!"*

*“I-ness in the eternal thing behind your thought
It changes its dye birth to birth but dies not
Children! I will be with you ever forever!”
Jackals’ cry in chorus from the woods makes an uproar
Ananda, the chief among them makes an appeal
“Sire, if you pass away who will save us, reveal?”*

*With his visage brightening The Enlightened did assert
“The Prophet namely “Meth” will appear in desert
He will save mankind and show the divine path”
Peace will rule everywhere Buddha ceased to breathe
Brotheren know it well Muhammed is “Meth!”
And Jesus the Messiah is “Meth!” They both are the
same!*

*Cries forlorn "Oh Master, conceived, thy bird
That found its sky in thine eyes now lay tired
Master! Let me but sour in thy eyes of vast sky
Offering my soul at thy feet and die"*

*Upon the mount of Kalvari clouds surround
He to her spoke while chill air swept the ground
"No more of cry! Lamb in thy womb is serene!
My dearest! Name her Sarah, with care up bring
A jewel she will bear of Abraham and Moses
By her vine amid the Arab desert in an oasis!"*

*Jesus promised her a daughter namely Aamina
By the descendency of Sarah, a celestial henna
She will bring to the world the fragrance of heaven
And the prophetic trend will end with the doyen
The world will praise him for his name will be "Praise
- Muhammed" he says and suddenly disappears!*

*The world woke up with the music of early birds
"Thou art mine" she wails, while he ascends the clouds!
The meaning of Muhammed is Praise!
He is heir descendant of Jesus! Let the world realise!*

The name of Abraham, the father of the Prophets is well known throughout the world. Ismahel is one of his sons who is born of Heggarr the maid servant. Abdullah the father of Muhammed is the sixtieth heir descendant of Abraham by his son Ismahel.

The descendancy starts from Kedar alias Hyder. Jamal, Babeil, Binta, Solomon, Hamyapera, Aad, Aadi, Adnaan and reaches Abdullah per Kusha, Abdul Munaf, Hasim and Abdul Muthalif two thousand years after Abraham.

None of these paternal forefathers of Muhammed were Prophets. Most of them were merchants. The Islamic scripts boast these people who by turn inherited the Prophethood of Muhammed.

Prophethood or prophecy is none but one of the wisdoms that God gave to Adam. And there could not be any contradict opinion in this regard.

Neither it is poetic talent or any of the artistic bend of mind, nor it is the researching intelligence of scientists. As the Prophet himself made it clear "I am a man like you except the difference that the revelations of God descends on me." This prophetic vision or revelation is a divine faculty.

Muhyidheen Ibn elArabi, the master of the spiritual school of thought *Vahdat el Ujudh*, regarding the prophecy and prophethood describes it as the wide wisdom of Muhammed and that Quran is not a parcel of letters from God, an unknown person at heavens, sent to Muhammed a citizen of Mecca per the courier Gabriel.

Prophecy is a capacity born out of nearness unto God (*Kurbe Ilahi*) is the description of Sufis.

Fifteen Prophets were born in the descending lineage of Issac, the other son of Abraham and his wife Sara. Jacob, Yusuf, Yunus, Iyub, Moses, David, Solomon and Jesus were among them.

The society made of male chauvinism praises a lot about the paternal hierarchy of Prophet Muhammed, but leaves abruptly the maternal hierarchy by just intimating his mother's name is Aamina, who came from Medina.

Aamina was born of a chieftain at Yathrib (ie) Medina namely Wahb Ibn Abdul Munaf. When she had been to Mecca on a visit with her uncle Suhaib, Abdul Muthalif the grandfather of Muhammed, chose her to be the better half for his son Abdulla. None more details are available about her forefathers.

Who was her mother or Grandmother? Nothing is elaborated. The world is proud of the manliness. Rama, the Hindu God is provided with a list of ancestry. But his counterpart Seetha just said, she is born of Janaka.

The whole of the humanity is warranted to respect a scientific truth. To produce the human embryo nature necessitates twenty three pair of genes both from man and woman.

To conceive a baby to develop its fundamental character of body and mind, the consumation of genes which is considered the secrecy of human life is an utter necessity. However human history is not giving much importance to the feminine genes.

While happily appreciating the paternal lineary of Prophet Muhammed reaching Abraham per his illustrious son Ismahel. It has been forbidden from our regard, that maternal lineary of Aamina, the mother of Prophet Muhammed reaches Jesus per his daughter Sarah, born of Mary of Magadlane, his paramour. This is history's deceit on womanhood.

By the second century A.D. there arose a conflict between Jews and Christians in and around Jerusalem. Decendants of Sarah migrated to various places on earth escaping religious turbulence in fear of death.

Those who entered the Arab desert settled near an oasis which was later called Medina. In fact they were the people who constructed the city. Nesthurian, Aerial and Bellian were some of the sects among them. They claimed their descendancy from Prophets Moses and his brother Haroun.

Auz were the Arab sect to live in the city of Medina. Amid the populace of Arabs and Hebrews who lived together closely and had matrimonial relations Aamina the mother of Prophet Muhammed was born.

On the light of these recent discoveries, we can conclude that the Prophethood of Muhammed could have come to him via his paternal and maternal ancestors hailing from Ismahel and Isaac, sons of Abraham.

To establish this truth, in the Quran God had foretold the event of Muhammed arriving at Medina. "When he (Muhammed) would come unto the people of Medina with scripts they (both Jews and Christians) will recognize him as their own son" - Quran 6:20.

And that goes vividly that Jews and Christians of Medina will recognize Muhammed as the heir descendant of their Prophets and forefathers Moses, Haroun, David, Solomon, Jesus and others.

"Heavens lie at the feet of mother" - is a famous maxim of Muhammed. A maxim could only be a personal experience of a person who advocates it.

What is the personal experience of Muhammed with his mother? How long it was? The fact is he lost his father before his birth. His mother died and left him an orphan when was six.

On the seventh day of his birth, he was seperated away from his mother, since she was unable to breastfeed him. Halima took him away to her native, suckled him and brought up him after three years. When she took him back to Mecca, the metropolis was in an insanitary condition and she had to take him back with her.

When he was six, Halima again brought him to his mother. His mother Aamina took him to Medina, her native. They stayed there for two months. He was taken to his father's tomb. However when they were on return to Mecca, mother Aamina died at Abava.

Muhammed's personal experience with his mother is not for more than three or six months. What made him to say "Heaven lies under the feet of mother." On search, another proverb of the Prophet comes forth to our reference. And this is "The key to open the door of heaven is prayer."

There is no doubt the typical prayer Salaath of Islam with its Rukuh, Sujjid that bowing and prostrating and sitting, which is claimed in Quran to have been practiced by the prophets Moses, David, Zakaria, Jesus and Mary were taught to Muhammed by his mother in his early childhood.

Aamina the mother of Muhammed is an holy lady in pair with Mary, the mother of Jesus. She was born of an ancestor, bearing the genes of Jesus as a descendant of his daughter Sarah, who lived in Medina with the Jews, Christians settled there intermingled with the native Arabs.

We arrive at the conclusion, the pair of genes Muhammed had received from both of his parents made him a great personality and the seal of Prophethood.

The Song of Aamina

Before the birth of Muhammed his father Abdulla passed away at Medina. When the child was born his mother took him in her hands on the third day of his birth and lamented in agony.

*In the 671st year of Anno Domini
On the 4th of April it was full moon day
Of Rabiul Avval!*

*Early by dawn in the holy city of Mecca
Amid the Beccan plateau
In the proud land of Arabia
Muhammed was born!*

*The morning birds are singing
To make the date and palm trees dance
The southern breeze send its voice
To the heart of the surrounding sand dunes
The sunlight at the mirror of the sand bed
Makes for its own face a glance*

*Aamina, the young widow of Abdulla
Sings to herself, fondles her bewitching Babe
In her arms, does to her breast him embrace*

*Our sweetest songs are our saddest thoughts!
The withered flower of Medina
Looks with ecstasy into her boys gaze that gleams*

*She searches for the traces of her
Deceased husband in the child's limbs and face!
And sinks in dreams*

*“No more of pains, no more of
Sorrow, my mother!”
The speechless speech of this young son
Drives the shadows of sadness from her face, farther*

*Suddenly the boy’s shrill voice rose into the sky
By the enchantment of his smiles her face brightens
“Mother do you want heaps and heaps of gold?
To make beautiful ornaments?
Mother do you want pearls, diamonds
And beads to bedeck your garments?”*

*She is silent and makes no answer to the boy
But he speaks again “Oh my mother!
Shall I bring you a pair of horses
With wings to fly over the skies
To reach my father’s heavenly asylum”
Half crying and half laughing
She nods her head, agreeing
Clasping the boy to her bosom*

*She cries in elation and euphoria
“Oh my son I gaze on your face
The beaming bright face of your dad, its trace!
Mystery overwhelms my thoughts!
You who belong to all the worlds
Have become mine! You are mine! Mine!”*

*And the boy, who has come to the world
To comfort its trivials by his words
Now comforts his mother patting her breast
By his little tender palms and fingers
“Oh mother no more of pains no more
sorrows my mother
For the earth will sing thy praise forever and ever
That Muhammed is son of Aamina!”*

The Youthful Messenger

Muhammed lost his mother when he was six. He imagined of his parents from the precincts of Khaba, the house of God when he was about eleven .

*Doves were flying over the precincts of Khaba
Where warble a nightingale, day in and day out
The bird of eternal love
The message carrier between Solomon and Sheeba*

*“Oh Mother mine let me imagine”
The cry across the sky reaches the heaven
The shouting little boy
Muhammed was in his age of eleven*

*“Oh my mother!
You are travelling where the land lies desolate
Passing through a strange country
In the hereafter of the Lord Almighty*

*You are riding in a beautiful palanquin
And my youthful father, by your carriage trotting
On a green horse of tranquility*

*You seem frightened and thoughtful
My Father says to you*

*“Aamina don’t be afraid”
But you simply retort to him,*

*“No I am not afraid
I am thinking of my boy”
He becomes silent and sad”*

“Mother let me imagine!

*It is evening and the sun goes
The land lies barren
Slowly the darkness engulfs the Zion
You are sleeping like a princess
On the faraway shore of the heaven
Lonely beyond the impassable seas which are seven*

*Suddenly you awake in the middle of the night
My father feels you startled
“Don’t be puzzled by loneliness
Aamina, God with us keep thyself unfurled!”*

*But you retaliate him
“No I am not puzzled of loneliness
I think of my son”
He becomes silent and hangs his head!”*

*“Mother let me imagine!
It is hour of sunrise in the land of paradise
Zigzag brooks and dark woods
Around your camp house make it a surprise
Amid the orchard you sit on a couch
Angels wait for thy call to approach*

*My father comes there with a wand in his hand
Magically it will materialize whatever you demand
You keep silent your looks swim across the sky*

*He comes near you and hush hush “Why?”
You simply tell him “I cannot forget my child”*

*“No Aamina!” He says “he is not at all a child
Divine he is! Godly man!
He has in him a message for humanity
Divine the message of love and peace for eternity”*

*Doves were flying over the precincts of Khaba
Where from warble a nightingale, day in and day out
The bird of eternal love
The courier between Solomon and Sheeba*

*And the little boy resumes his cry
“Oh mother if you meet Him the God Almighty
Tell him that you have sacrificed your son
And that your son has, sacrificed his mom and pa
For the cause of you! Oh God!
And tell him that the son feels glad!*

*Tears flow down his cheeks
And the frightened orphan wails aloud
“Oh God! Oh God! My Lord!”*

House of God and Tomb of Adam

Underneath the Khaba, house of God lies the tomb of Adam. It was revealed to Muhammed.

*Dilapidated Khaba, the house of God
Was renovated by the citizens
Who belonged to various sects of Meccan origin
When the masonry was over
There arose a dispute
Among them as they are warmongers
Who to replace the holy stone
The Hajrul Azvath on the wall?
Who has the right was the
Puzzle of the brains*

*By the fall of night a decision
Was taken to solve the problem
All of them to spend the night
Inside the precincts of the house sublime
The first come of the first light
They preferred the man to give the verdict
When the left hand of the sun was on the eastern horizon
There came an a young! "Hail Al Ameen" they cry*

*Muhammed, the trustworthy was the foremost one
To pass across the venue of the divine abode
As agreed, all of them approached
The young Muhammed for a decision bold!
Puzzled Muhammed unfurled
His shawl on the floor of the citadel
Placed the holy stone on it and
Asked chieftains of
Various sects lift the cloth to avoid ordeal*

*When he took the stone on his own hands
And placed it befitting on its niche
There was an uproar of joy and jubilation*

*As all of them entered the new built chamber in dark
In the first light of the dawn
Muhammed there witnessed hundreds of idols for worship
To them "Where is Allah?" was his query in friendship
Chieftans laughed, said "Allah has no form nor fancy
He is good old of Gods of sire Abraham's days"*

*Just then the adolescent swooned fell down on a dais
At once in a dream he saw Adam, the father the man raise
From the tomb there in!*

*Oh the whole of the mankind
Prostrate worship Adam's feet
In according with the primeval ordinance of God
Unto the mob of angels
"Bow and prostrate to Adam's feet" no retreat!*

Kathijah the Lady of Golden heart!

Love at first sight is the beginning of the celestial love between Muhammed, the young revolutionist and Kathijah, the noble woman of Mecca.

*While maids exclaimed
"Muhammed! That's him! Its him!"
"Is that Muhamed?" Lady Kathijah
Sneaked from within the window*

*'Tend to the feeble feminine
Burry not the infants of this gender!'
- were the words of this young lad*

*Him and his band! - they blame
Argue and brawl - at the street corners
Women of the locale admire his personal!*

*Dazzled by the words of her maids
The feminine elegance, hailed the young lad
Fighting for the feminine cause!*

*As she enquired about the tender hearted!
Along came the lad of the conversation*

*As her maids exclaimed!
"Muhammed! That's him! Its him!"
"Is that Muhammed?" Lady Kathijah
Sneaked from within the window*

*A thought of knowing from the past -
Who is he?
A vine of love springs within her!
- On seeing him!*

*Eyes fluttered when they met!
Unable to withdraw from within!
Their souls cuddled up!
- In a nestling of love!*

*Virgin - became the lady widow!
And sauntering came young Muhammed!
- Along the spring of ecstasy!*

*“How many ages!
Had been I waiting here!
Where had been thee?
Into the hiding from me*

*Ye alone - I seek!
Adam and Eve
Of the heavens were We!
- Fluttered lady Kadhijah’s heart*

*“Ye - Lady of golden heart!
Starlet of the Kuraishi skies!
A destitute I am! How can you and I...”
Confound young Muhammed’s heart!*

*Though his feet made him depart
His eyes glued to Kathijah's dwelling
And heart lost in the window of the lady
- fluttered as an amorous pigeon*

*Behind a pillar stood the lady!
- who strode down the stairs!
Gentle looks of the young lad
- With the beauty behind the pillar!*

*"Shall we chance on again!"
Those four eyes - did gossip!
"Shall I call on tomorrow!
Is it false to come on firstlight?"*

*"Schedules should ye fix up!
Frequent should thee visit!
Open I kept my garden doors!
Be gleeful - to set your foot in!"*

*"Crown prince of the league!
Thou who protect the feminine vines!
Sustain thee will I - with pride!
Sheild ye will I - through the times!"*

*As her maids exclaimed!
"Muhammed! That's him! Its him!"
"Is that Muhammed?" Lady Kathijah
Sneaked from within the window*

The Pearl on the Crown

The love affair between Muhammed and Kathijah seeded on him a brainstorm that set right the entire world by the way of his Quranic revelations.

*The hour is fornoon the sky looks cloudy
Under the rainbow the earth makes a melody
Amid the sand dunes in her citadel shady
Stood Kathijah the Meccan Lady*

*“Behold madam there comes the man again
The talk of the town the flower of women!”
“Hush! This juvenile boy do you mean
Man braving the cause of the feminine?”*

*With her maids behold Kathijah the dame
From the storey, Muhammed the youth of fame,
Crown of the ring, she pretends to defame
Yet he had become already her flame!*

*As he comes nearer her splendid fort
His face so serene and looks of comfort
Rises her beat she does her thoughts convert
Appraising comments “A pearl, no short!”*

*He in twenties, she in her thirties
Yet age no bar, when hearts glide at heights!
“Does he belong to the clan of Qureish?”
“Yes mam but an orphan with good traits”*

*Eyes lingering on eyes with longing
Divine dictum! Muhammed and Kathijah in loving
Trumpets are blowing
Across the heavens doves are flying*

*Her pitiful thoughts over him hover
A cold cirrus lowers on her
“Is he the blessed one the clouds shower?”
She shrieks “Is Muthalif his grand sire?”*

*“Yes mam, Abdullah his dad’s name!”
She steps down to bid him welcome
By the stairs, he escapes again, a gleam
From his eyes appeasing her whim!*

*Nightfull of blissful dreams she spent
By cuncurrent days! The dawn was pleasant
She by her window avails her presence,
With agony of love passes by the adolescent!*

*Her garden blooms with roses every morn
Her villa is full of joy and jokes on John
The cupid’s play hush hush goes on
The mystery of love to the world not known!*

*‘No child of feminine be killed anymore!
No woman be slaved nor made a whore!’
By her glances she does him inspire!
The revolution starts through love’s clamour!*

*Again it was a dusk of delightful eve
Sneaking to the window Kathijah stood live!
Her maids hurray as her fiance there arrive
“Oh the favour of the dame what is thy grieve?”*

*She by the window, he on the lawn!
The maids from hide blow the horn!
“Thy affair to the world already known!
Oh golden lady the pearl brightens thy crown!”*

The secret love affair

Kathijah offered her to Muhammed voluntarily when she found him reluctant God intervened and made him accept her golden heart.

*The vast sky overhead looks cloudy but calm
Atop the citadel somebody cries "Guests have come"
Steps over - hurried maids make jubilation
Kathijah at reception looks like a garden full bloom*

*The youth with his young companion enter her palace
In ectacy she exclaims "I am here to serve you"
She bids welcomes to them the band Hilful fuzool
Lady Kathijah's heart trills!*

*"The bond between you and me still remains a secret
None else but my maids know the bliss in my heart
No hesitation, come in Oh Muhammed!
I belong to you and my fortunes at thy behest!"*

*The group earlier, the day before took her by surprise
Asking relief and support for their humane services
Among them absence of her fiance she regrets
"Come with him" she bids "For a dinner and get thy
prize"*

*Safeguarding the depressed, assisting the deprived
Taking in hand the cause of the poor and the grieved
The team of youngsters had gained good name in Mecca
Al Amin, the trustworthy Muhammed, their leader
approved*

*Hosting them a relishing dinner she supervises
It seemed casual while she stood before him to impress
But her query "What made you avoid my meet?
Oh Muhammed! Is not shying feminine? Made all
surprise*

*Winds cried out amid the sand dunes of the desert
Clouds ran across the sky as if horses athirst
Rainbow appeared on the northeast corner of the sky
Drizzling rain at once made her home a summer resort*

*The stern atmosphere found a sudden change
While she stooped near him to take on a challenge:
"Loitering in front of my window no good!
Like to take me thy spouse?" He looked strange!*

*"I am after the Creator" he facing the floor did murmur
While the lad held up eating she at once retorted
"So poor
Your statment! Does the Creator dwell near my door?
Thou! Not mad after me? Shall I trumpet out our affair!"*

*As the thrilled duet was on between their looks
The God himself the mute conversation breaks
"Accept the lady" the heavens dictum he hears
By clairvoyance and Muhammed bows to wedlocks*

*By neighbourhood beating the drum recites a poet
"Friends do not keep to yourself your longing secret
A matter of tears or smiles it might be of
Say it to me I will soften the feelings of your heart"*

Abolition of slavery

By the very first dawn after the wedding of Muhammed the bridegroom released the youth Zaid, who was a slave of Kathijah his wife and proves to the world slavery is inhuman.

*North South East and West liberty do the directions have
To move along in circles liberty do the planets have
To stay together in clusters liberty do the stars have
To ebb in the seas liberty do the tides have
To jump jerk and journey liberty do the winds have
To glide across the skies liberty do the birds reserve
To roam around the seas liberty do the fishes reserve
To drift along the skies liberty do the clouds reserve
To be ablaze liberty does the fire reserve*

*“Who’s that to enslave thy brotherhood in treachery?”
It is the fistful lonely words of Muhammed in bravery
O’ men oppressing thy brethren in slavery
Don’t ye’ know what ye’ practice is so brute?*

*The morning after his nupital
Blissful the way the day broke*

*To assist him an enslaved kid the bride gave
Prompt was Muhammed to make a coup to free that slave
Started there the revolution around!
“All men are equal, slavery not justifiable”*

*Liberty that Zaid the young lad got
In the world where it was long lost
Paved the way for the black Bilal - To be liberated!!
And recite the Azan uncluttered!!
Azan! The call to prostrate before the Lord the Great!
Whomever you be a black brown or white!
Come to the mosque for delight!*

Call of the Providence

On the 40th day of their wedding Muhammed slept in Kathijah's embrace. He is taken aback by a call from God which reverberated from the cave of Hira on mount of Nur.

*The rainy stormy night of cold and gloom
Give in to silvery sky and breezy dawn to bloom*

*Muhammed the gentle groom on bride's blossom lays
His face and crown for rest relax and solace*

*"Wailing and suckling! My consort! your breast
I saw myself a baby in a dream of unrest*

*"Licking and sucking thy navel and flower
Crawling upon you in a mood of despair!"*

*"Oh Kathijah, my darling does this dream mean
That I fall short of thee unsuited to thy prime?"*

*Days of honeymoon lavishly lingering
Muhammed on her waist lies there wavering*

*Spouse pitily pets her man "Muhammed!
What happened to you this day? Are you mad?"*

*He keeps mum a moment then shrieks "Oh mom!
In the vision, Oh Kathijah thou likened my mom!"*

*"Mom left me an orphan when I was a boy of six
Will thou too desert me?" Lo! He pitifully cries!*

*“Do you really love me dear? Me do you admire?”
She draws him near to her face his mood of sombre to
redress*

*“Ease my boy!” she now whispers to his ear
“Years younger to me yet you are my dear!”*

*“The dearest pearl of my heart delightful thought of my
soul
Thou art Muhammed! With thee no failing no foul*

*“Indeed with two other men in the role of a dutiful wife
I was longing for thee in the obscure depth of my life*

*“In the bottom of my dreams you were like a moon
I had in me a vision I will meet you in heaven*

*“With me no more of words to design my passion
Love concealed of soul but the soul cannot be seen*

*“I love you to the core and it is outright
Zeal and zest in me I cannot portrait*

*“No daughter of Eve could have loved her mate
Than I love thee Muhammed so intimate”*

*Now he burried his head between her warming breast
And wept and sobbed to satiate his longing thirst*

*The sorrows of his past solitary juvenile life
Now begins to melt as he gets peace and relief*

*Fully exposed to the acme of soulful love
Filled with harmony his thoughts to slumber bow*

*The silvery sky is again raped by drunken clouds
Storm of the desert ravaged date and palm groves*

*At once a call from the mount of Nur does blow
Urging call of the Divinity rings "Lo!"*

*"Oh Adam! Are you appeased of the love of thy Eve?
Awake! Escape to realize thyself in the cave!"*

*The fullness of the love is the love of the Providence
The Providence is the Being Eternal and Omnipresent*

*The moment later Muhammed wings upon the hill path
That leads on the mount Nur to the cave of the Truth*

*A cry from the citadel of the lady from behind
"Muhammed where do you run? Stop! Your ears to me
lend!"*

*The sky is cleaved by lightning and thunder
The earth is flooded by rain pouring to wonder*

*"No! Kathijah! I hear Him candid calling from atop the
hill!
Like Moses and Jesus, Prophets of the past I run to obey
His will"*

*He inside the cave of Hira meditates upon God
Of course she in her home meditates upon her beloved!*

Muhammed the Learned

Muhammed is called "Ummi Nabi - Unlettered Prophet."
When he met Gabriel in the cave of Hira for the first time the
angel hugged him Muhammed became literate learned, every
language and every letter opened before his eyes and mind.

*Down the roads of Heera
Like a lightning came Muhammed
Knock the doors of the citadel - he did!
Kathijah could sense - nervous he was!*

*Before the door was opened
Hastened was he to hug his love
"Rescue me Kathijah! - From behind
For sure! Somebody is trying to seize me"*

*"Where Muhammed?" queried his lady love
"There he is!" - did the Prophet speak!
For there was nothing to see
Disapproves him did she!*

*"What do ye Muhammed say? For none I see!"
"Kathijah! - Never had I seen him before!
A man! Or a Giant! - nothing can I gather!*

*Magnificent was he!" - exclaimed Muhammed
"Materialize before me in the cave - he did
Read this! He bid! Unlettered am I! - I declared*

*Written on a golden plate glittering words he showed
Right here! Right now! Read this! - he said
To read or write neither can I for ignorant I am"*

*“Of course! He hugged me tight with his chest!
Read now! He urged - in a flash I could see
A blast of knowledge surged inside me!
As alphas and numerals drew meaning*

*The literals I saw gathered momentum
To reveal their meaning as an addendum
Alphas and numerals the windows to wisdom
Dawned within me to gain their rhythm*

*Read! In the name of God!
He! - Created man by the clots of blood
Bestowed knowledge by letters to be read*

*Swooning I fell when I read those words
Springing I came as dreaded my heart was
Unruffled my mind as glad I’m to see thy face”*

*Cuddling with her he began to blabber-
“Ghost! Evil spirit! Or delirium! took me over!
My beloved! Embrace me to relieve my fear!*

*Ghost! Or Jin! Recognize I can’t
Nor identify what shook me over
This! A boon as the God’s deed!
Or a plight from the devil’s side!*

*To know the God determined was I
Amiss none I did for only this is the need
Falter did I with my speculation?
The giant! - Uncaring is he to bully me”*

*Sob he did till deep in slumber
Worried was his lady love in wonder
Awake she lay with him till he slept*

*Rushing in haste was she in the crack of dawn
To meet Varaga Ibn Navfbal - the scholar in Bible
"What do these incidents signify!
Can ye clarify" - Kathijah asked*

*Deep in thought was he before replying
"Lady! - He's the one without doubt!
He's the final Prophet of the Eternal God!*

*Gabriel! - an angel of the heavenly skies he met
The words he gave were from God to worship
Protect this young lad! As he's Almighty's Prophet!"*

*Hastened home Kathijah for blissful her heart was!
First one was she to see the new moon of Islam!
Exalted was her joy to kiss her lovable Prophet!*

*Glad was Kathijah to know
The man she married was holy!
Gleeful was she to learn
The moon that loved her was holy!*

The World of delight

Six months after the first revelation of Quran Gabriel called on Muhammed. Now he enjoined on Muhammed the God's dictum to boldly declare himself the messenger of God.

*“Kathijah! Who will admit my claim
Myself a messenger of God sublime!
Tell me dear! Myself sane or insane?
Mystic awareness in me Satanic or divine?”*

*“Heaven enjoins on me I am bound to trumpet
My Prophethood! Farce? And to say prayers prompt!
Beloved! The angel taught me norms of prayer
And its decorum and decency that do require!”*

*Hell! Who to believe me among the populace?
Any chance, somebody to follow me from Qureish?”
Muhammed confessed in depressed mood!
Until tamed by divine music world is world of wild!*

*“Make me thy cup, let my fullness help the creatures
I live in my little world ! Lord pardon my breaches”*

*Muhammed's mood of sorrow
Drives Kathijah, that she his Prophethood approve*

*Jumped Kathijah at once from her kitchen couch
Hailed thrice “Lailaha illalla hoo
Muhamedun Rasulullahi”
Hailed Kathijah loudly “God is one and only!
Muhammed is His divine messenger!”*

*Rapture wellsforth and all space is radiant with light
Words of Kathijah lead Muhammed to the world of
delight!*

Hind, The dead who came alive

Hind, son of Kathijah, was killed by enemies of Muhammed. By divine power Muhammed raised him to life.

*Muhammed gestured to the corpse by his forefinger
And the dead body of Hind came to life proving
Muhammed a celestial power*

*Hind the son of Kathijah, born to her
first husband Hala, the late
He was affectionate to Muhammed, his uncle,
a passion maternal, innate
Hind always appreciated Muhammed's revolutionary
words*

*His pursuits of social resurgence and seditious leads
By the morning of the day when he came to the market
He found few people refuting making
false remarks on the Prophet
That Muhammed swindled the wealth of Kathija h
by sorcery
To foster his new religion against orthodoxy*

*The ten year old boy jumped in challenging their head
Alas! He was beaten to death by
the enemies of the new creed
Be told of the tragedy Muhammed left the cave
and reached home
Beholding, wailing Kathijah, he comforted her
"Calm thyself
My beloved! You have sacrificed
your son for God's sake
See the reward of the offering now
Made for the cause of the seraphic"
Muhammed gestured to the corpse by his forefinger
And the dead body of Hind came to life proving
Muhammed to be of a Celestial power charmer*

Worship Thyself

God is personal or impersonal? God has a form or not?
The most disturbing questions on earth was answered by
Muhammed to Abujahil who was previously known as Abul
Hikam, the father of wise.

*Here comes Abul Hikam with the Quraish!
And his sidekicks as he raised his voice!
Ahoy Muhammed! Erudite of the locale!
Will ye elucidate us! About thy doctrine!*

*With fascination came the Pa with brains!
To Muhammed - with a clarification to gain!
“The God of the worlds is one! - Ye claim!
A thing our forefathers did never declaim!*

*Gods! - Two to celebrate do we decree?
Three! - Gods to rejoice do we proclaim?
God is one! Only one! With thee we agree!
Each idol to its worshippers is solo and sublime!*

*Icons we adore are to worship the Almighty!
And focus our minds into the Oneness!
Realize Muhammed! Still why thee disagree!”*

*Though the words of Abul Hikam were blurted!
Exalted and giggling were the each sect of Arabs!
“Oh sire!”
For their chieftain disclosed the best of his tricks!*

*“Take heed the lover of Kathijah!
The Lath Mano and Ujja we desire
All Almighty for each sect! Oh sire!
Your stillness makes me wonder!
To know what makes thee ponder!”*

*To the fore came Muhammed!
To disclose his doctrine of the Peerless Divinity
“Ye! Man of the intellect!
I appreciate your erudition
Doth your Almighty Omnipresent?”*

*Doth He stay with the sky?
Doth He sway in the air?
Doth He swing in the water?
Doth He ablaze in the fire?”
To all the questions of Muhammed
The erudite and his fellowmen nod their head
When Muhammed grilled them again
Taken aback was he, Abul Hikam, their brain*

*The quiz was simple but canny
“Does the Almighty keep Himself out
Of your body and mind? Tell me Johny?
Does the Omnipresent only thyself avert?”
Does He not avail Himself within thee only?*

*As Abul Hikam stood speechless
Muhammed reflects “When the Almighty God avails
Himself in yourself and concealed in you
Is not thy image is His own image?
There is your Lord within you
While your image is spotless for Godly pursuits
Why do you crave for icons to bow?”*

The sunrise in the west

This is another of Prophet's awestruck miracles.

*Curfew falls on earth
By the departing day
Zephyr of the eve
Sweeps the bed of sandy bay
The shepherds homeward
Plods their weary way
And all the where solemn
Stillness the air does hold
Ali came to the Prophet
With disgust he his hands held
He had lost his evening prayers,
The hour lapsed
Hanging his head Ali to Prophet plead
"What to do now?"
Seeing his disciple worried
The Prophet pointed his index finger
To the sky
He made no words but the sun
Rises above the lee
Ali stood in silence, does pray,
Bow and prostrate
Finishing his prayers
He to his Master, vociferate
"Is not this a miracle
Never known in history"
Prophet is full of smiles
"Praise be to Allah!" he says
"To Him belongs mystery!"*

The Summit

Muhammed's selfrealisation at the event of Miraj is thought provoking.

*"I am ageless! I am boundless!"
Seated upon the throne of Almighty
Relaxed, Muhammed the messenger wonders!*

*By the fig tree where under
Great Buddha of the east
Attained celestial knowledge, the gnosis*

*By olive, by the fragrant oil of which tree
The damsel of Megadylene anointed
The flowery feet of Jesus*

*By mount of Sinai, where upon
Glorified Moses was stricken down
By the blazing light of Almighty*

*And by this soil where holy remains of Adam
The father of man lies
In the precincts of Khaba in profound security*

*"To whom soever it will concern, hark!"
Muhammed the messenger trumpets from dark
"I am ageless!
And agelessness is the mystery
Of my existence!*

*I am boundless!
Boundlessness is the secret
Of my being! My -isness!"*

*With this spaceless space of eternity
I feel my innerself blossoming
Forever and forever*

*And this blossoming of myself
And its fragrance of consciousness
Bears no beginning, no end whatsoever!*

*This vine of life was sowed on earth
By Amina, my mother
The holiest soul of Medina*

*And the flowers of love it blossoms forth
By the magical touch of Kathijah
The countess of Mecca!*

*Aye! This supernatural living in my being
It has attained its pinnacle today
The day of Miraj*

*I am ageless!
And agelessness is the mystery of my existence!*

*I am boundless!
Boundlessness is the secret of my being! My-isness!*

*From the early age of my orphaned childhood days
I craved for the meeting
With my Beloved Lord of my longings*

*When I encounter Him this day
There is no one He and me
Shun my very Being of vivid loneliness!*

*I am alone! Candidly I am alone! Cleaved!
I am the Lover and the Beloved*

*I am the wakefulness and slumber
I am the dream and the dreamer*

*I am the obeying slave the commanding Lord dignite
I am the bright full day and the frightful night*

*I am the immortal singer elite
And the songs of sorrow and delight*

*I am the poles of the globe, the continents yonder
And the oceans of wonder*

*I am the elements of air, the fire, the earth and water
I am the regions of the arid plateaus sandy deserts wet
lands
The rivers the ponds and fields
I am the life of men and women around
I am the being in animals, birds reptiles on ground*

*I am Muhammed! I am the Life of Life!
Wherever there is I-ness it is I am I myself*

*I am Muhammed! I am the angel Gabriel!
I am the Burak, who on her wings
Took me to the abode celestial*

*When I reach Arsh, the seat of God
I find I am Ahamed bila Meem
I am Ahad, the Alpha, I am the Absolute Lord*

*I pronounce legibly
Say: He is God, the one and only
The eternal the absolute heavenly
He begets not nor He is begotten
And there is none unto Him liken*

*Disappearance of my affectionate mother
Forced me to the gates of divinity*

*Reappearance of Kathijah my beloved
With motherliness carried my soul to His affinity*

*Ana min Noorilahi Kullu Shaiyin
Minannoor - by the brightness of Allah I shine
And the entire universe shines by brightness of mine*

*I-ness is the brightness of God, absolute!
And the creation as a whole
Is the brightness of His I-ness, resolute!
I am ageless! I am boundless!”
Seated upon the throne of Almighty
Relaxed, Muhammed the messenger wonders*

*Muhammed is the Lord of the worlds
When he is seated alone
And poses from His throne*

*Muhammed is God's slave
When He walks over the sandy land
Where he is a man, born of man!*

Marriage made in Heaven

Ali with Fathima's engagement was carried over at Aarsh on Miraj, the meeting of Muhammed with Allah.

*Just after the morning prayers
Muhammed made a sermon
Inside the mosque
He explained his tryst
With Almighty Lord by the night!
In Miraj He wears no mask
The courier was Gabriel
Burak was the carrier
God on His throne
He met, was a Beauty
Vividly Muhammed discussed
Everything in detail with friends
Who sat wonderstruck!
At last, when his looks
By chance fell on a ring
On Ali's finger
The Prophet was taken aback
"Ah! I gave it to a lion, the Prophet stumbled
Who came to encounter me
On the way to God's throne!"
Ali is full of smiles
Of course this ring
Is nothing but an engagement sign
Myself with Fathima the queen!
Ali in him rejoices!
Oh the Prophet!
"You met your beloved on Her throne
Allah the Beauty you said
I long to meet Fathima the beauty
You gave your ring to me
The God made her by bride!"*

The golden hill

*Cap of the hill Noor glitters
Like golden cupola*

*Pointing to it by his forefinger
Prophet deplore lo!*

*“Kathijah your estates
Drained because of me
Because of my new faith!
Lavishly spending money
On devout Muslims who
Hid themselves in caves
And met penury
On those who migrated
Abroad to save
Their life from the enemy”*

*Kathijah was taken aback
To realize that Muhamed
Had read her mind*

*The glittering cap of the
Hill beheld she and stood astound
“Oh! No Muhammed”
She makes excuses
But he is on his heels
Ardent heart of paramour
Has dried up he feels
“Oh God she could
Drop me too
From her heart!”*

*On the terrace of the fort!
Muhammed laid himself
“Is she on him short?”*

*Kathijah was philanthropic
Enough to spend all her
Wealth and riches for
Muhammed and his
Preaching of Islam
It was a day unfortunate
She mourned on the
Loss of her fortunes*

*“Faults are thick when love is thin”
Proverb makes him sad*

*Tired, heavy eyed he lies
On his breast
Feels a girlish hold
By the light of the silvery moon
He could see the
Face of an young damsel*

*“I am yours! Of course always!”
A peerless girl with his own
Face and limbs
And odour he does smell!*

*Of course none but his own soul
Had come out of himself to
Comfort him and console!*

Gabriel beholding the Lord

Gabriel the archangel visited Arsh the God's throne with a permission from the Prophet.

*Ages and Ages together Gabriel the archangel
Cherished him the ardent desire*

*To see Him the Almighty God
Before whose obscure presence he makes
His devotion and praise and revere*

*He had discerned His commands to obey
He had read His revelations
To pious of men and genie*

*But, never had he beheld Him
Not even His light, which by later days
Brightened the mount of Sinai*

*More than hundred Adams
Were fashioned and Enlivened
By the passage of time by His Goodness!*

*The earth and cosmos were created
Destroyed and renewed oft by Him
For God's trivial play
Gabriel was the witness!*

*At last the hour came
When he approached Muhammed
With a revelation from the Lord!*

*The Prophet was in his chamber
Combing his hair before a mirror!
Still it is dark all around
The crack of dawn is on earth's door*

*Fragrance of musk fills the air
Chilly cold wind of the desert
Pervades through the citadel, Kathijah's abode*

*Muhammed, himself poses the Paragon
"Reverend Gabriel!
Have you ever seen the Lord?"*

*The query brightens his face!
No sooner he responds "No! not only me
None of the angels of the rank could see Him ever!"*

*And Gabriel unfolds the misery
In his heart unto Muhammed
"Oh! Muhamed the darling lad of God*

*Far and near of yesterday
Myself and my soul used to soar
High above the stars to His abode*

*Across the blues, beyond the colossal cosmos
Cleaving through and through the thousands of curtains
Of darkness and light*

*But nowhere could I spy Him
Nor spot the seat of the Heavenly Delight*

*Oh Muhammed! The pearl of the Eternity!
Like remnant of a cloud
Of Autumn I am uselessly roaming the sky*

*God's touch has not reached my soul
And thus I count ages and ages
Seperated from Him! Still
It seems He had yet to hear my cry!"*

*The shadow of rainy clouds covers
Dawning of day from east to west of Meccan sky
Fierce thunder and lightning is sundering
The darkness of the clouds that gather on high*

*A feminine call from inside the home resounds
"Muhammed, my boy, breakfast is ready"
By and by the tinkling of Kathijah's
Anklet bells, the wind carries away in glee!*

*"Gabriel my friend!" thrilled Muhammed
In haste urges "Shun your waste voyages
Close your eyes and look into your ownself!*

*Friend! like the ocean in your ownself
The soul in you is not a doll, but the all!"
Gabriel closes his eyes and finds
In his soul the chamber of God
In the likeness of Muhammed's bower*

*Without his venture the door of the chamber
Is thrown open and to his surprise
He finds there Muhammed who was all smiles*

*"Oh Gabriel!" It rings as follows, from nowhere
"Keep aloof of terror
Beauty is your life when
Life unveils the holy face of Her
But you are life and
The veil too you are!*

*Beauty is eternity gazing at
Itself in a mirror, that does glitter
But you are eternity and
You are the mirror! No error!"*

*Gabriel looks here and there to trace
The bedrock of the echo
He feels the graceful voice
Is of Kathijah, the fiancée of Muhammed!*

*As he stood wondering is it a dream?
Kathijah sounds off
From the kitchen room, her face in full beam*

*"Oh Gabriel it is me only!
When Muhammed was in meditation
In the cave of Hira, for Divine illumination*

*It is me Kathijah, who meditated upon Muhammed
For days together at the facade of the cave
And found Him the so called God in Muhammed!"*

*It rings again " Oh Gabriel, who is on thy feet
Puzzled on Eternity and Omnipresence*

*Become aware! The Hour of the Present
Is a drop of the sea of eternity
While the eternity is a drop of the self in thee!"*

*"Friend!
Kill the religion, kill the creed
And clear off the congestion
In thy heart and mind
To find that yourself is the self of your Lord Himself!"*

Kathijah in Medina

Muhammed lost his beloved wife Kathijah and the Meccan Qureish sect plotted on his life. The Prophet escaped the intrigue and eloped to Medina where he was given a warm welcome. The incident took place in 13th of September 622 A.D. The very date is the commencement of Hijra, the Islamic calendar. Thereafter one evening in Medina...

*“Why do you cast your looks to the south
To brood on pitful past is of no worth!
God has given us the joyful heaven
Medina and this for His faith an haven!”*

*As Ayesha questioned the Prophet
“No dear!” he replied, “I did forget
The valley of Becca, the David’s praise
Mecca, the city of Allah’s grace*

*The surrounding range of hills
The sand dunes and women thronged wells
Hovering birds and singing bards
Dancing wizards and rejoicing nomads*

*Alas! Look there the moon full to its brim
Could I forget, dear! This Meccan gleam?”
The lady looked at him, scornful, and said
“The moon belongs to the sky! Are you mad?”*

*“No Ayesha! See the graceful face
Of Kathijah blooming on its surface!”
As he said, Ayesha, with anger bawled
“That old widow still you long to hold?”*

*“Get lost! You make off! I feel asleep!” freak
She leaves him! Comes back hearing him shriek
“A dozen to count we are young damsels
Of fancy to meet your lididos swells*

*Why do you crave now for that ceased granny?”
“No Ayesha! Until she was alive
I was safe at home reamed on hills and caves
In search of truth, of abode no bother no cares*

*Unto the path of God I called the people
Enemies could make the cause no cripple
Until she was alive she shielded my life
When she was no more they designed on my life!*

*I did forfeit and forget Abu Lahab
His cruel wife also a villainuous Abu Jahil
The mount of Hira and its cool breeze
The cave of Thaur, the spider, the freeze*

*But how could I forget lady’s citadel
Her death funeral and its cold ordeal?
The woman who relieved me of my anguish
The first love that did my loneliness relinquish!”*

*And he cried “O Lord could Thou help me go back
To Mecca could Thou help me Kathijah’s come back!
Oh God could Thou help me go back
To that valley of Becca, and Kathijah’s come back?”*

*Ayesha retorted loud “Muhammed! No more!”
Unto the phantom of Kathijah makes clamour
“Do you desire to take the Prophet with you
Oh spirit! I won’t allow your dreams of blue!”*

The Clarion call for prayer

The vivid meaning of Azan, the call for Islamic prayer.

*From atop the minaret of the mosque
Bilal the black slave does the task*

*Of trumpeting across the sky “The God is the most
Great”*

Five times a day, let it keep the world alert

*“Allahoo Akbar Allahoo Akbar
Assahadh an Lailaha Illallah
Assahadh anna Muhamadin Rasulullah”*

*He proclaims again and again the “God is one”
And he pronounces “To Him equals none”*

*Blazoning again “Muhammed is His Messenger”
He beckons people “Hurry up for prayer and surrender”*

*Oh the various sects of human dignitary
“Be prompt! Prayer leads to spiritual victory”*

“Haia ala salath haia alal falah”

*From atop the sky scrapping minarets of mosques
All around the world, five times a day! Hark!
Muezzin echoes Bilal’s clarion call*

*“Allahoo Akbar Lailaha Illalaah”
He proclaims again and again “The God is the most
great”
And he pronounces “There is no God but Him!”*

Ali who beheld the Almighty

The shariath and haqiqath or the law and philosophy behind. Muhammed is the messenger of Allah to the people of Shariath. He is not other than God is his status in Tharikath the phylosophy and Haqiqath the truth.

*Six to ten men stood behind the doors
Of the mosque newly built
“Conceal my words my peers
Ana Ahamedun Bila Meem
Me! The Ahamed without Meem!”
Tara ram pam paba bam bam pam
“The Omnipresent I’m! -”
The Prophet does claim!*

*Others close to his compassion
For prying were their senses in compulsion
To unbolt the doors gleeful were they
Surge in did they one and all*

*Appeasing were the Prophet’s words -
“Gleam of thy God I am !
Ana Min Noorillahi Kullu Shaiyin Minan noori!
My radiance makes the world glitter -”
The Prophet broke!*

*For them who knew the Prophet
By Bathine and Lahir - the In and Out
Truth is him! No doubt
All know this
Stated - Ali the wise said
“I prostrate before my God
Beholding Him! With both my eyes”*

Prohibition first time in Histories

God decreed prohibition in metropolis of Medina first time in human histories.

*Flows the liquor like a river
Across the chivalrous lanes of Medina!
Spurts that liquid in fervor*

*When God decreed prohibition
Beverages ripe with ages
Gushes along the lanes*

*Barrels that made homes reek
Were kicked into the streets
To rumble across the lanes*

*Goblets and bowls that made weaker the dwellings
Found their place in the streets to make their fillings*

*For the men lost in giddiness
To rip apart their happiness
Forbids the religion in sternness*

*Untimely before the sunshine
Men who yeild to the wine
Make their drowsiness renew
Quran gives them a life anew*

*Him who's mean to beat his spouse
And siblings makes himself a louse
Prophet's words to elucidate
Both the literate and illiterate*

*Liquor! Not can Ye sell!!
Neither can thee buy!
Miracles do these Quranic words make
For only this liquid to drink is at stake*

*No to liquor and no to idiocy
Citizens of Medina to obey
Prohibit they did! To make things bleak
First time in histories to speak*

The service of God Loving

*By the gusty night rain patters
On date fronds
Thunder the laughter of skies with lightning
Flash through the windows*

*Ayesha is waiting and watching
For the Prophet to come home
She lies awake thinking of her Beloved
Who preferred sleeping always on her bosom!*

*What happened to him?
Where does he gone?*

*He knocks at the door
But only by the dawn!*

*With her anklets making music
She flies to receive him in
Wet all his clothe the Prophet
Gets in shivering!*

*Drying his hair with a towel
She makes her queries
Where have you been? to Zainab
Or Maria, the black parrot
Or Hafiza the white cirrus?*

*Where had you been
Leaving me to worries?
You forgot tonight is my turn?*

*Prophet shows both of his lotus palms
Finding reddish burns
She is taken aback “What happened?” alarms*

*He reveals “No Ayesha!
You, I will never disappoint”*

*A slave in the neighbourhood
Was beaten by his boss a Jew
For not finishing grinding flour
To be given to a customer
By the morning it is due*

*I heard him as I passed
By the shop the previous eve
That he will beat him to death
If the flour is not ready by the morning*

*I stayed with the slave through the night
Assisting him grinding the flour*

*Tears from Ayesha’s eyes
Drops on the wounds
On Prophet’s palms soothing!
And he says
“Serving the needy and down trodden
Is the service of the God loving!”*

The living Martyrs

*“Suhadhaine, the Martyrs on the path of God
Are not dead!” is the word of the Almighty Lord!*

*If love is true it is abiding, eternal
If it is a pretension it is ugly and cruel
It leads to untreatable disease terminal
Dead on the path of love suffer not burial*

*Those who are dead for the cause love are green
In the Warfield of Uhad, after Badhr, there fell slewn
Fourteen of the Sahabis, the battle was lost
But God eased their misery voicing ‘Martyrs not dead’*

*After the warfield of Thafuk, the Prophet quoted
‘We are returning from little combat to massive Jihad’
As his friends were terrified he made it clear
‘Fighting within you to establish a God’s bigger throne!’*

‘There too the dead live?’ One quizzed! He nodded

*Love is a puzzling phenomenon
One who dies for the love of eternity dies not.*

Is God ruthless?

Death sentence should be carefully made. Because He is merciful and compassionate. One of His name is "The one who forgives."

*Some time capital punishment is false and farce
If the world heeds Prophet's meaningful voice
"If someone by my blood becomes visible at the site
Of hanging or stoning to death the culprit acquit"*

*Reposing under the shadow of a tree in evening breeze
The Prophet with Abubakar explore a Quranic verse
"O believers never feel bleak or helpless in God's
forbearance
Be hopeful My compassion that exceeds My anger always
For He is in no circumstances ruthless!"*

*There came a woman all at once wailing "I am a sinner"
In front of Muhamed she stood stern to make clamor*

*But he turns his face otherwards
Resolute! woman to face his face move towards
There again he spins around to avoid her!*

*Beholding her, stubborn, to stop her tries Abubakar
No! She shrieks "punish me I have seduced an youth
Put me to death atleast in the hereafter
I will not have to face His wrath!"*

*The Prophet interceded "God admits your apology go
home"
Conceding she now goes back turned pious and sublime
To Abubakar the Prophet said*

*"God sent me His grace unto mankind
If someone of my blood becomes visible at the site
Of hanging or stoning to death the culprit acquit"*

Breathren with His creatures always be kind

More of Muhamed

May the people realize the divine and mystic nature of
Muhamed.

*Ayesha and Zainab! to the Prophet they belong
Lightly and gaily the camels bear them along*

*Desert lies asleep on the laps of the night
Glitter the sands reflecting the stars of delight*

*Both of them princess, to the Prophet they belong
On the back of the camels they travel along*

*From warfield to Medina by desert they pass
Hundreds of soldiers on camels and horse*

*Swiftly they move like a lightning flash
Late by the night the Prophet does rush*

*To climb on the cabin where Ayesha sleeps
For the third of the nights again he leaps*

*Pleasant breeze, like a lover leans higher above
And peace rules upto the atmosphere's brow*

*Both of them Goddesses, to the Prophet they belong
Lightly and gaily the camels bear them along*

*Late by the night the Prophet does rush
To rest with Ayesha his sweet heart hush hush*

*Cleverful Zainab the other wife the damsel
Had shifted her cabin to Ayesha's camel*

*Skies are asleep, the fiance steals in but to jerk
The birds are asleep, still Zainab does shriek*

*"Oh Muhammed, mischievous!" she does him yell
While draws him in! then it went on all very well*

*Ha! pathetic excuses and after he goes asleep
Until the day break with the bird tired so deep!*

*When the left hand of the sun was on sky
Both the beauties walk hand in hand with glee*

*Deep into the woods very near the oasis
Where the army halted to rest and refresh*

*"How was my gambit that I stole him? indeed
I had him with me, were you badly in need*

*Of him?" Zainab yells at Ayesha el Thohra
"You had Muhammed with you oh Hoorah*

*Were he with you?" she retorts, "No chance
I held him with me, a nightful of romance!"*

*"Were he with you?" "Were he with you?" they decry
Their counter claims the scornful sky mimicry*

*Their Angel Muhammed appears before them laughing
Two of him and many more of him like lightning*

*Utterly confused as they stood he does appease
“Peace upon you! No fear no surprise*

*I am the being of the beings! I am the being of all!
Friends of my soul, I am none but your inner soul*

*I will be with you whomsoever you be who earn!
With both of you I only slept till the morn!
It is none but me with you till the morn!”*

Wailing veil

*Rumors drove her to face that doom
Miscreants say she played away cheating her groom
She took off towards her parent's home
Wailing and weeping Ayesha, the bloom*

*The animal on the earth
Is noisy!
But the bird on the
Sky is singing!*

*Hands of fate spare none, not even Prophets
Muhammed, the renowned was caught in its clutches*

*It happened while returning from a warfield
By an oasis the troops for privy alighted
She got into the woods donning Burka with a veil on her
face
Late she came back, after searching for a lost necklace*

*Alas! She was taken aback to see the site of the resort
vacant*

*Brooding she awaits until there came the servant
Who had been appointed for collecting leftovers
After the troops from the site disappears*

Men are cruel but... Man is kind

*Rumor drove her to face the doom
That she played away cheating her groom
She took off towards her parent's home
Wailing and weeping Ayesha, the bloom*

*“O Prophet make me thy cup
And let my fullness
Be for thee and for thine”
In still darkness of night she craves*

*Shawak of the camel missed the burka donned mistress
He mistook her on the cabin started with others,
The veil! Alas! on her face was cause of distress
Her late arrival by the dark night with the servant
At Medina, cast on her a look of resent*

*Hypocrites who were awaiting to take vengeance
On the Prophet, to eclipse his fame, it was a chance
Abdullah bin Ubai, the Munafik was the leader
To proliferate, Ayesha indulged in fornication, a slander*

*‘Beg God’s pardon Ayesha if thou has done wrong’
Were the helpless words of the Prophet!
Women’s veil on their face a safety or risk?*

*Chastity is a wealth that
Comes from abundance of love
She was never in lack of love in abundance
With her consort the Prophet
She took off towards her parent’s home
Wailing and weeping Ayesha, the bloom
Rumors drove her to face the doom
Miscreants say she played away cheating her groom*

*‘Thou has done well my lover, thou has done well
Instead of thy word you could have sent me home
My world is still with the great expectations
Of thy coming into my life again!’*

*Since the honor of the leader's paramour shadowed
Mood of the populace of Medina lay clouded
At last the Providence after a fortnight of turbulence
Intervened, in her favour, a revelation of coherance
Conforming her virtue and innocence*

*We come nearest to the great
When we are great in humility*

*O Lord let us obey Thy dictum!
Believing women! Lower thy gaze guard thy modesty
Veil thy bosom and beauty
Not thy face of sign and serenity*

*'Beloved! Have you come to me as my sorrow
All the more I cling to you
My face is veiled in dark,
Veiled only to you
All the more you should see me!*

*'Tears flow from my eyes
Let them flow round your feet in worship
And let the pain in my breast speak to me
That you are still mine!'*

*Tear the wailing veil! Believing women
Veil thy bosom and beauty
Not thy face of sign and serenity!*

The Egyptian bird

One of the wives of Muhammed, Maria the Egyptian lost her male child born of Muhammed. Sorrow drives her to her motherland.

*“Is it fair on your
Part, my love
To part with me
To leave for your home and homeland?”*

*Leaving me in
The dreams of darkness
And to carry
The pangs of sorrow
In my wakeful hours!”*

*Muhammed cry in solitude
Sauntering on the silky sands
Of Medina along its fringes*

*Maria, the Egyptian girl
The tender consort of Muhammed
Who bore his son in her womb*

*Wearied now lay like a vagabond
At the shadow of a
Lonely green almond tree
Faraway from Medina*

*The sun drooped
Its boastful
Head down the skies of west
And the full moon
Bright to its brim
Cleaving the veils of clouds
Raises her graceful face by the horizon*

*She had walked
tired tired and thirsty
The full day
Over the hot sands
Beyond the
Outskirts of the city of the Prophet*

*The thoughts of her lost son, Ebrahim
The infant of one and half an year
The only hopeful male heir
Now takes her to nowhere
Turns her a nomad*

*On her decision to
Go back to
The land of Patra
Her homeland Egypt
She stuck to*

*Oh Muhammed
Do you need me anymore
The dames and damsels
Of Arabia surround you
Their beauty and grace
The land bows to and does praise
I think that my voyage
Has come to an end
She broods as she lays in silence*

*The breeze of the oasis nearby
Brought sleep to her eyes
Alas! The cry of Muhammed
She hears in her dreams:
“Is it fair on your part my love
To part with me
To leave for your home and homeland?*

*Leaving me in the
Dreams of darkness
And to carry the
Pangs of sorrow
In my wakeful hours!”*

*Maria came to him at once
Crying “Oh Muhammed
Do you still love me?
Do you still need me?”*

*As her thoughts flow
Like the rippling
Waters of a brook*

*Muhammed! The enchanting
Magician of amorous arts
She found and felt in her
Within her soul by the moment*

*Bliss flows in her blooms
And her flowers
Are wet with pleasure*

*No moment went waste in pause
She took to her heels
As her mind and heart cry*

*“That I want Thee only
Thee Muhammed
Let my heart, remember thy name
Forever without end”*

*As the night keeps in its depth
The thirst for light*

*In the depth of her conscience
Rings the cry
“I want thee, only thee I want”*

*Like a storm of the east
She runs back to
The fringes of Medina*

*And Muhammed was
Fast at the post by the verge
To receive her back*

*Under the great sky
In solitude and silence
With humble heart she stands
Before him face to face*

*“Oh the Lord of the worlds
Yet the Lord of the
Secret love of this poor soul
Will you take me back?”*

*Her weeping sobs of sorrow
And her helpless cries
Mingle in everlasting joy
The moon was full
And their joy was full
To the core and crux of love!*

The moon and Sword

Prophet's Divine nature allured one and all.

"Your hands who will like to refuse?"

Ali was bold to pose the Prophet

"A girl, woman? a damsel or duchess?"

Prophet made a smile, swift there he left

In a tent by the battlefield won by the evening

Prophet spent the night with a duchess bereaving

Zuairiya, the beauty, booty of the warfield

Preferred herself to the Prophet when divided

Though Sahabis hoorayed Ali had grim suspicion

That she designs to deceive and kill the Prophet

After nightful of walks round the shelter to avoid treason

*By the crack of dawn Ali beheld his Master coming out
perfect*

He storms near him to inquire any mishap

But the story the Prophet told is scintillating

The duchess, now princess of Medina, in a nap

Month back dreamed full moon streaming on her lap

When she unfolded the dream to her husband

He drew his sword and tried to slew her with a sound

"You vamp do you love Muhammed? For him you long?"

Got puzzled at once on Prophet she became forlorn

"O the God sent!" Ali slide in his sword

Exclaimed "No suspicion anymore!"

*Since she had lost her sire, brother and her man, her
guard*

I thought she will kill thee deceiving by her glamour"

Beard is her right

The beard on face of men is Sunna (following the practices of the Prophet) for men. But there is an hidden Hadhis of the Prophet “The beard is haram (not allowed) if his wife does not like it.”

*“Let us enjoy equal rights fully delight
With men!” is the voice of feminine elite
From the days of yore in the universe
Rings here and there the deserving voice*

*In Medina the house of Ayesha a resort!
For every distressed woman ofcourse a court
To make appeal for their rights whatsoever!
And she with her hub fight for whomsoever*

*The rights to learn, the right to earn their bread
The rights to go to the lands abroad
The rights to share estates of the parents
And the rights to speak out their heart’s ferments*

*Right to enjoy the life to the core
Right for love and sex, a meaningful desire
Right to cut jokes and joyfully play
Right to get into the mosque and pray!*

*Well! One day a girl with a complaint came
In teens she was with dreams in her eyes gleam
She says “I hate his beard, so grave
I can’t bear the sight but he reclines to shave”*

*Thoughtfully Ayesha to her complaints retorts
“No, no Jane! The beard for men, their face befits
A charm an appeal and for Prophets a grace
It is better I feel, you learn to like its blaze”*

*By and by there came in the Prophet as usually gay
From behind the doors hearing the girl's flay
With lot of smiles a discretion he ruled
“Beard for men a goodlook, if she defies it makes no
good”*

Beat not your life

The Prophet was dead against men beating their wife.

*“Beat not your wife”
Is Prophet’s advice for life!
It was a day of clamor
In the family of Prophet
The clamor was about the rumor
The booty of war fields and contributes
Among the companions the Prophet distributes
A major of the share!
And a little of riches for himself
To allocate for the living of his paramours!
The wives club together one day to uproar
Hafiza the daughter of Omer to bell the cat
“For their own living they badly need more”
In the house of Hafiza they gather
The Prophet was interrogated
He hangs his head he could not answer them proper
There came Omer hear say the incident
Startled he came in
And slam on the back of his daughter
The Prophet sitting until then peaceful
Rose to his feet hollering
“Omer! You don’t have the right to beat my wife
And none of the men have powers
Over their women to assault them!”*

The love and endurance

Seperation from the Prophet, his wives could not forbear.

*“The love between you and us
Is sweet like a simple song
O Prophet, thou art a mystery, no fuss
We raise our hands for thee! For thee only we long!”*

*“When our life lost all its hopes
And our hearts are filled with worries
It is thou who brought smiles to our lips
Your flute made us dance like fairies!”*

*Forty days of loneliness they suffered
The Prophet’s wives! And now brood
It is wrong they felt, they him differed
His sharing bootees to them enough not for their bread*

*The Sahabis take more, wives complained
Clubbed together to compel him a good share
But he prefered ‘a life content’ for his beloveds band
Life of the world dust like, the God made declare*

*Better and enduring is the life of the hereafter
But his wives were to the words of God blind
He flies to confine himself in a shelter
Near mosque, all his activities stay behind*

*The day is dim with rain
Angry lightnings cleave the sky
Thunder shocks the earth, grin
The life of the wives become monotonous, dry*

*The very day they hear his voice
'Love endures, other grievances'
Alas! The Quranic verse
Surge with bitterness*

*"Consorts of the Prophet thou lost thy allurement
Thou art free and he is ready for divorce!
Let him live for God! Thee enjoy the bewilderment
Of worlds enticement and strangles worse!"*

*"Oh no!" They cry from their independent homes
Thou came to us in the hours of spring with songs
Thou troubled our hearts rocking red lotus blooms
But we fell asleep with murmuring leaves of bangs*

*"The love between you and us
Is sweet like a simple song
O Prophet, thou art a mystery, no fuss
We raise our hands for thee! For thee only we long!"*

The Paradise regained

Love between Muhammed and Kathijah is eternal. The following is the mologue of Muhammed while he entered the city of Mecca, recapturing it from the hands of Qureish.

*“A dancing peacock in the orchard
Where years back there was a graveyard
The lady sweetheart of my youthful days
Lady Kathijah’s soul now in disguise!*

*Muslims took over the city of Mecca by arms
After years in exile, they rushed to their homes
The Sahabis who sacrificed their prime of life
For the faith, now having coming out of grief*

*The idols were sacked, Khaba the house of God
Sanctified now stands sole of the Almighty Lord
Lo! For me Muhammed where to go for solace?
But the citadel of Kathijah, the heartening place!*

*Alas! now it looks a devastated palace!
Where once there ruled compassion and grace
Not even the shadow of the Lady of Brave
Was there, in despair I walked unto her grave!*

*There could I see a peacock of wonder
The greeny portrait of her soul so tender
The fantastic face of the bird was of my beloved
Protruding the body of feathery bird*

*Her inviting looks, of the days of yonder
Myself on her bosom on the verge of surrender
By the fullness of night and by the twilight
Kindled in me the desire of amorous delight*

*As I sobbed cried aloud O my beloved
She came near embraced me in her shroud
By the minute myself I found becoming a peacock
Just as in Jabruth in God's presence agesback*

*Together we winged across the sky
And reached China where the heaven is very nigh
I entered her nestle like that of Miraj in surprise
In blissful communion with her in timeless space!"*

*If love upon mother opens the door to the world
Is not the love upon fiancee threshold to heaven
Return of Kathijah with soulful of love
Enchant in Muhammed the divinity's glow!*

The discourse of the Prophet from Arafath

The Prophet's final words are scintillating. The sermon from Arafath after the conquer of the city Mecca from Qureish is historical.

*Muhammed, the messenger of God
The chosen and beloved of
The people waited twelve
Years in the city of Medina
For an opportunity to return
To his native, Mecca, the holy city
Of God's House*

*Now he looks like a monarch
Ascending over the little rock
Amid the vast ground of Arafat
Near Mecca on Kazwa,
His massive horse!*

*His eleven wives like queens
Ride surrounding him
As his custodians on
Horses, mares
And on camels back*

*A scene of grandeur
The world had never witnessed
In its Pathos
Eleven passionate
Truthful peahens amid them
Posing there a male peacock*

*The groundful of Sahabis
His faithful friends
Twelve million and add
In number stood there attentive
To hear his words of advice*

*Years back he fled the city
With only of his friends
In fear of his life in disguise
The Supreme Single Being
Of the universe, whom he
Trusted and obeyed made
Him return to his
Home victorious*

*He spoke:
“Praise be to Allah the God
He is one and He rules over
The entire universe!
He gives life and makes it extinct
He will rekindle life again in us!*

*“The Great One
Was true to his words
He made to me
He gave me victory
Over the city of His House!*

*“Him belongs sovereignty
Over the entire universe
Compassionate over His creation*

*“He has out lawed vengeance
And vendetta
He has shunned giving
And getting of interest over capital
Of any dimension*

*“Keep Him in thy heart
And ward off all other
Imaginations away
From thyself*

*“Men and women are equal
Wife has rights over her husband
As he entertains rights in her
God has given her a safe making
In his hands, he be whomsoever!*

*“Free the slaves, treat them
Equal to thee in food and dress*

*“All of you
Respect each other,
Upon you similar
Are the duties and rights!*

*“A perfect Muslim is he
From whose tongue and hands
Mankind is safe of course!*

*“The greatest enemies of God
Are those who entered into Islam
And do acts of infidelity
And who without cause
Shed the blood of men*

*“God has enjoined
Nothing on the face of the earth
More fervour of him
Than the freeing of slaves*

*“And God has created nothing
On the face of the earth that is more
Hateful to him than divorce*

*“Do you like to love your creator?
Love your fellow beings first!*

*“All God’s creatures are His family
He is the most beloved of God
Who tries to do most
Good to God’s creatures!*

*“I have left with you in your hands
The verses of Quran
And, Hadhith my advices*

*“Take them with you
They will be helpful to you
Till the day of judgement!”*

*Raising his voice Muhammed
Now vociferated to the gathering*

*“Have I spoken to you
The tenets of the Providence?”*

*And he posed again
“Tell me have I done or not?”
Answer me in the name of His goodness*

*The whole of mob exclaimed
“Of course you have done it
Perfectly with good manners”*

*He faced the skies and cries
Again “O my Lord Thou
Art beholding and
Thou art the witness!”*

*The skies reciprocated
The God’s word of response*

*All the men and women on earth!
Final revelation sublime:
“Today unto you I have
Made perfect your creed Islam!”*

*And a cry of hurray came from the people
As from a single heart and it
Rose into the dusk and was
Carried out over the sands
Like a great trumpeting!*

*The affirmation of wholesome
“Assahadh an Lailaha illallah
Wa Assahadh Anna Muhamadh Rasoolullah”
“We are sure and we proclaim
The God is one!
And we are sure and we proclaim
Muhammed is the Messenger of Him!”*

Virtue the meaning of Islam

Connotations given to the word Islam are so many. Prophet's final definition during his last days is, "Virtue is the meaning of Islam."

*Gleefully seated under a fig Muhammed was seen
Sahabis to encircle him were ten to sixteen*

*Blissful was he to address his friends
Of course! His words were divine in its trends*

*Faltering came an Arab Bedouin
"Will thou! Reveal me thy religion
Fascinated am I" he spoke!*

*Lucid were the Prophet's words
"One! Only is thy God to worship!
Prophets to guide the world He sends!*

*Eternal life lies after this worldly joy!
Skies of heaven and hell are there!
Living on earth with this faith is Islam!*

*Very sooner before a month was lost
Along came the same Arab Bedouin
With a laugh! His question to cast
At the God's Prophet*

*Sahabis made their rages heal
As defence did their leader steel*

*Placid the Prophet spoke
"The word, the prayer, the fasting
Almsgiving and pilgrimage to Mecca
Are the rites of the religion!" he went*

*Like a brute he came the third month
Savagely he asked, "Make it clear!
What thee mean by the religion of Islam"*

*Alarmed were his associates
"Are ye' to amuse thyself
You often visit and
With the same question thee insist?"
They queried the Arab
We'll batter you" they said!
"Stay calm!" the Prophet said*

*Like a magical word spoke the Prophet
With a remark he explained
"Avoid thee, your anger!
Let us make it clear
Virtue - It is religion of Islam
Virtue - Is the meaning of Islam"*

*After the Bedouin was gone
The Prophet spoke
"The man who trotted to come to us is Gabriel"
To the exclamation of others
He expressed again
"The man is none but Gabriel"*

Beacon of Deliverance

“Hasan and Hussain and their descendants are my heirs.”
Thus declared the Prophet in the last days of his life on earth.

*Prophet lay ailing
People were agonized
It seemed his days of declining
“My mission ends”
He recently verbalized*

*Ali, his nephew came to his home
Sat at his side sad and gloom
Prophet was started up
He inquired Fathima’s bear up*

*Ali retorted “You are
Always thinking of your daughter!
And she was also
Thinking of her father!”*

*“The previous night I woke up
And was taken aback!
Instead of her, you were by my side!”
A gleam in the dark!*

*“By the dawn, ‘Are you all times
Thinking of your dad?’
I posed her outright!
‘Do you have a thought of me
Fathima! Once a day at least?’”*

*“Master she laughed and said
‘As my father noted
I am a piece of his heart!
And he is my soul! No short”*

*“O Prophet! You both so dear
And near! Love each other
I feel forlorn! Won’t you both me bother?”*

*Ailing Prophet laughed heartily
Contending “O Ali dhammuka dhammi
Lagumika lagumi!
- Ali your flesh is my flesh
Your blood is my blood!”*

*Ali was appeased
Prophet at once declared
“Your children Hasan
And Hussain art my heirs”*

*Whomsoever you may be
Thy truth realize!*

*“Panjathane Pak! The Prophet
With is daughter
Fathima, Ali,
Hasan and Hussain!*

*They are the
Beacon of deliverance
For believers! No restraints!”*

Garden of Democracy

When the Prophet of Islam died he left his people without appointing a leader to them. There by paving a way for democracy to arrive in.

*Hail the democracy that blossomed near an oasis
In Medina, at Banu Saidu the garden of roses
For the first time in the history of the world
Referendum openly was held
To elect the Khalif of the Islamic society
Bereaved of Muhammed, the Messenger of Almighty!*

*By the evening of the burial of his holy remains
Came together Ansaris of Medina and Meccan
Mujahirins
While the Ansaris claimed for the leadership
Emphasizing hostage offered by them, a timely help*

*To Muhammed and his colleagues who came from Mecca
evicted
The mujahirins with Muhammed their blood kinship
highlighted
"None helped me more than Abubakar!" the saying
Of the Prophet now came to the fore for agreeing
And Abubakar was elected unanimously*

*While the another maxim of him said unambiguously
That "Be loyal to your leaders
Even if he is a black Negro with sticky hairs!"*

*Bilal, the Muezzin, once a black slave
Was to lead all who did embrace Abubakkar
To approve and accept the elected leader the brave*

*Credibility of the claim Athens is the cradle of democracy
A farce! That slaves of the city never had been a
franchisee!*

Funeral of Muhammed

The Prophet died by his age of sixty three and was burried on the very next day ie., on 9th June 632 A.D. 12th Crescent day of Rabi el Avall, 11th year of Hijra. His holy remians were burried at the very same place where he lived with his wife Ayesha and breathed his last on her fold.

*The funeral of Muhammed
Moves along the streets
His loving spouses of eleven
Sob on the lane sides
Lady Kathijah's daughter
Weeps with Hassan, Hussain
Buddy Bilal runs unconscious
Along the lanes of Medina*

*Mounds of clouds
Rumble across the skies
Sand dunes of deserts
Poorly scattered were they!
No movements in the oasis'
Hides within is the sorrow
Only timeless void is there
Giddily fell the time*

*“Oh Allah! Are you happy?”
Weep the women loud
“All will disappear except the Alpha!
Kulluman alaihaa Faan!”
The words of Quran echoes!
People recite these words
To heal their wounded hearts!*

*Camels cows and goats
Mules desert horses and deers!
The evil eagles and falcon!
The birds that roam the skies
Are unhappy on this day!*

*The kaliphite Abubakar, Omer, Usmaan
An elite of Sahabis in a thousand
Angels walk along with them!
In the darkness Hyder Ali
Recites his heartfelt Shahadath!
Unhappy faced follows the angel Gabriel*

*Muhammed made this decision
“Enough! Enough! To live in this world”
And closed his eyes forever
Like the star in the horizon of evening skies
There the lady Kathijah
Looks out to see the corpse of her beloved!*

*Allah recites the salavath
On Thaahaa the Rasool!*

Blissful Amalgation

Who is God? Who is man? Who is Muhammed?

*Amalgamates! Amalgamates!
Does every atomic droplet into the void!*

*Amalgamates! Amalgamates!
Does the soul- into the blissful!*

*Amalgamates! Amalgamates!
Does the drops of dew
Into the radiance of the deserts!*

*Amalgamates! Amalgamates!
Does the drops of rain
Into the cradle of the seas!*

*Amalgamates! Amalgamates!
Does the 'I'ness
Into the vivid blue skies!*

*Amalgamates! Amalgamates!
Does every trickle of hours
Into the ocean of time!*

*Amalgamates! Amalgamates!
Does Muhammed
Into the Omnipresence!*

*Amalgamates! Amalgamates!
Does the Alpha of Bliss
Into the presence of Muhammed!*

Ma Kathijah open Thy door

*Awake! The wintry night is past
And the whole of the world arises from rest
Ma Kathijah! O darling of the Prophet! Open thy door!
Let us get near him! Asleep in thy blissful nest!*

*Astray on the distant sky like an eagle
These poor destitutes loiter near thy cathedral
Ma Kathijah! The angel of the Prophet! Open thy door!
Let us behold him! Asleep in thy mystic thrall!*

*Beholding the floating clouds shading over the youth
Whom Bukhaira praised 'the Seal of Prophets on earth'
Ma Kathijah! The charm of Muhamed! Beg open thy
door!
This vagabond is fast dying to see him! The heaven's
mirth!*

*Bewitching babe of Aamina, the flower of Medina
Prudent son of Abdulla, the sage of Meccan arena!
Ma Kathijah! Thy beloved we love! Open thy door!
To witness him awhile atleast! Thy garden's henna!*

*A dove of peace among the Qureishy sect!
On Khaba who simply solved their dispute, worst!
Ma Kathijah! The Maker of the Prophet! Open thy door!
He only our asylum! Lo! Slept between thy breast!*

*A jewel among the precious sons of Adam on earth
A pearl from providence buried deserts underneath
Ma Kathijah! Thine Muhamed! Beg open thy door!
For a glimpse at his face! Asleep lulled by thy breath!*

*Celestial cloud which poured Quran to earth as a grace
Beloved of all creatures on globe and space!
Ma Kathijah! Muhammed is yours! Open thy door!
With him our deliverance! Leave him off thy embrace*

*The saviour of womanhood who absolved
Ayesha when miscreants her chastity ridiculed!
Ma Kathijah! Muhammed is yours! Open thy door!
With him our salvation! To see him we resolved!*

*By the crack of dawn eastern sky whitened sprawls!
Stout camels spread themselves out for feed of grass!
Ma Kathijah! The woman behind thy great man!
Open thy door!
To wake to his face on their threshold await
neighbourhood girls!*

*“Let me live among the penniless and poor!
Amid them only raise me in the hereafter” his prayer!
Ma Kathijah! Beloved of poors Defender!
Open thy door!’
Be kind enough to let him behold these wayfarers!*

*Does he not mark the screeching of morning birds
Lying drowsy by the jingling of thy string of beads
Ma Kathijah! The courage of Muhamed! Open thy door!
Muhamed is our creed! Let him listen to our pleads!*

*We pray, give alms and perform sacred pilgrimage!
We observe fasting and the Holy word divulge!
Ma Kathijah! Possessor of Muhamed! Open thy door!
Our aim of doing these rites! Ye! A peep at his graceful
visage!*

*By his moonlit glimpse of compassion on us
Sure! We will be absolved of all our sins!
Ma Kathijah! Have mercy with us! Open thy door!
Let us get into the fold of virtuous souls!*

*May Izraael blast the conch of mournful death
May Gabriel blow the breeze of life on earth!
Ma Kathijah! No bother with us! Open thy door!
We will be safe in heaven at Prophet's feet underneath!*

*He simply forbore the woman who day by day poured
Her dustbin over his head, instead on her mercy he
showered!
Ma Kathijah! to see the kindest! Open thy door!
Man of good traits and virtues in the tales of the world!*

*He declared "conceit and vanity of caste and class
Quashed and crushed under my foot, found worthless!"
Ma Kathijah! Music of the Messenger! Open thy door!
Let us become human in our heart, seeing him, the
spotless!*

*The cocks and the crows come everywhere and caw
Fragrance from the locks of thy hair does his slumber
grow?
Ma Kathijah! The dove of Muhammed! Open thy door!
To awake him up, his praise, to the air let us blow!*

Gratitude

In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful

By this instance I long to thank a lot of people whom I came across in my life and inspired my being with their presence, for I find in everyone of them the holy charisma of God.

My mother Fathima Bi who while suckling me fed me the name of Muhammed in her music.

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After completing my college education I stayed for ten months at the precincts of Nagore Dargah Sharief. While staying there I was twenty four. The Saint Shahul Hamidh Badhusha made my soul to come out of my mortal body and kissed me on my forehead and blessed me.

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While writing the manuscript of this work Lord Siva impressed his presence in my mind and astounded that the Prophet Muhammed is the advent of Parvathi his counterpart.

The last but not least is the direct distinct holy appearance of Jesus and Moses before my awakening eyes. Jesus signalled me with his right hand and said "Write outright there, Muhammed is my heir descendant born of my daughter Sara by Mary Magathelene."

I am indebted to all of the spiritual beings for their favour upon this slave of Almighty God.

I finally thank all those people who assisted me and helped me in bringing out this valuable biography on Prophet Muhammed(.peace.),

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Aayesha

Writing & Editing

Abuthahir

Kathijah

Improving

Hawwa Zainul Faizi

Marie D'cruz

Esther D'cruz

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Nellikuppam.

* * * * *

Poems rendered to English from original Tamil by Abuthahir:-

**Lady of Golden heart*

Abolition of slavery

Eyes that learned letters

Worship thyself

The clarion call for Prayer

Prohibition first time in histories

Funeral of Muhamed

Blissful amalgamation