

A Prophet in the Snow

Have you ever seen the Prophet walking in snow,
Wrapped in a Hibra shawl tight against the cold?
Leaving prints of guidance in the winter of places
The snow kissed heels of Throne gracing temples

I wonder what would happen if the Prophet walked in snow,
Wrapped as Muzammil, and Muddathir as told.
Would the sun shut down; a blown out candle?
Annihilation in preference to the prints from a sandal.
Would street deep snow, change its state into water?
Preferring to morph, or die; then to trouble its master.
Would the cold wind rush to embrace him with warmth?
Seeking Allah's mercy and protection from wrath.
Would the sound of night silence shout in jubilation?
'I've found my voice; the sweetest in creation!'
Would red breasted robins give up their cares?
To stare in crowds on branches iced bare.
Would snowflakes race to take pride of place?
Attempting to fall first upon the most blessed of face.
Would wonderland winter now be summer or spring?
Bringing life to dead hearts with crystallised blessing
Would the months agree that winter is the season?
For in it once walked ...the most generous of all people.

Sami's brother