

1431 After Hijrah

If time had a choice it would have stopped.  
It would have refused to budge from an anchor pegged with a knot.  
It would have rested its calendar at the feet of the Beloved,  
The Prince of Madina, the Arabian Prophet.  
Another year on it sheds its days,  
At the distance it moves from the Owner of praise.  
It would not want to be known as *After Hijri*,  
Not after, nor before, but simply *al-Aam al-Muhammadi*.  
Yes it confesses, *the creation are bound by me*,  
*But I am the willing slave of the Prophet al-Hashimi*.  
*Do you not see how I served him in Madina?*  
*In the lap of Ali, and on the journey of Isra?*  
And now it contemplates, wonders and ponders.  
They call her by him, an After, and no other.  
And so it rushes onwards not caring the fate,  
Love urges it on to a greater end date.  
Its realised the only way to catch that fragrance,  
Of the sanctuary and salvation in every station.  
Is to rush to the Divine appointment of Judgement and Rule,  
Where it too will plead in the court of *Abil-Batul*.  
If time had a choice it would have stopped.  
It would have refused to budge from an anchor pegged with a knot.  
So call it not 'After' for it finds offence  
But call it the lover of perfection; the Muhammadan essence.

Sami's brother