

What Completes My Eid

If you go to the Mosque on Eid,
Then you may not get a place,
Because of all the passionate worshippers,
Prostrating in front of His Grace.

Then listening to Huzur's sermon on MTA,
His charming face lit up with Allah's awing glow,
Alert, angelic and active,
Even though, since twilight he's been on the go.

Now time for the Mulaqats,
Tens of thousands of people trying to shake a hand,
A hand which belongs to a man of God,
Every handshake uniting hearts with an eternal band.

It is being said that Huzur is coming to visit,
Scarves for women and hats for men,
Scramble into the mosque,
Now the question being: "Is He coming? When? "

Crowds gathering and children pointing,
A procession of black cars through the gate,
Which one is Huzur in? we wonder
Finally they arrive, an end to our agonizing wait.

Now for the part that started and completed my Eid,
As adoring followers lined the street,
Huzur passes and says "Salaam" to everyone,
Our inspirational leader who they all want to greet.

And so it was only then that my Eid came alive,
Not when I saw him on TV or when I heard him speak,
But when with his presence he graced us,
Yes, for me that was the peak.

So let's pray this moon of Khilafat,
Continues to shine in the Islam sky,
So we can use its infinite light to find our way,
Along the inevitable path through which we must get by.
(Ameen)

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