

The Arab Epic

for Peace

Written by One Hundred and Thirteen Poets
in Eight Thousand Lines

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Foreword

Abdul Aziz Saud Al-Babtain Cultural Foundation has believed in poetry as an ideal way to reach the hearts of people wherever they are and regardless of how they are through the sweetness of the word, the smoothness of the phrase and the sublimation of the meaning .. It has found in poetry a solid bridge between different civilizations, and a sublime language of dialogue circulated by all people everywhere.

In the course of its long journey, which is more than a quarter of a century, the Foundation have provided fifteen sessions in the names of the great poets, which has dealt with poetry, literature, culture, as well as the dialogue between civilizations and the call for peace and coexistence between religions. It has also provided seven major cultural events in addition to nine poetry festivals called “Spring Poetry Festival” Through which it sought to strengthen the relationship between Arab poets of all walks of life, in addition to recalling the poetry and literary march of Kuwaiti poets and others from different countries.

The Foundation has also published more than three hundred and fifty books in more than 400 volumes, distributed free and printed hundreds of poetry books, translated dozens

of cultural and scientific books from international languages into Arabic, and achieved dozens of poetry manuscripts through the Babbain Center for analysis of poetry manuscripts.

Thanks to Allah Almighty, the Foundation has made thousands of friends throughout the Arab world and the countries of the world who have participated by their presence and discussions in the activities of the Cultural Foundation since its establishment in 1989 and until today.

These friends amid poets, writers, academicians and politicians interested in poetry, brought good feelings to the Foundation in recognition for their care and attention to poetry and poets; poetry that was and still is the Diwan of the Arabs, expressing their hopes, dreams and aspirations. Poetry also presents the bright and correct image that has been distorted by the hands of the abusers and the perpetrators of this era among brutal terrorist organizations in their acts offensive to Islam and to the Arab nation.

We call upon the Arab poets - the conscience of the living Arab nation - to participate in a collective epic of poetry, calling for peace, renouncing violence, fighting sectarianism, and calling for coexistence, dialogue and showing the true image of religion, Islamic values and authentic Arab values.

It is worth mentioning here the way we were inspired by the idea of the Arab poetry epic. It was in June 2011 when the Abdulaziz Saud Al-Babbain Cultural Foundation, in collaboration with the International Academy of Poetry in Verona,

the city of Romeo and Juliet, organized a poetry evening to celebrate international poetry. In this celebration, (A poem from the Japanese Renga was sung by a group of poets) on a specific theme in the same language and with a certain number of verses. We have advised them to recite these poems in their original languages. These poets have represented all continents, and their poems have been translated thus into English. It was then, when it came to my mind the idea of this epic of Arabic poetry, one subject and multiple poets. The idea indeed sprang from the interaction between Arab, European, Asian, African, American and Australian cultures.

The epic opened with the following verses called in Arabic poetry “bahr erraml”:

**All Arabs believed
In the call of the prophets**

We then published an announcement on the website of the Foundation, where we invited poets to write poems on the same subject and to follow the same rhyme. More than one hundred and twenty poets responded and wrote over four thousand and two hundred verses, referred by the Foundation to a specialized technical committee of professors of Arabic literature and poetry to make their observations and examine the verses to exclude what did not meet the conditions of the Epic.

We thank God that we have accomplished this work to the fullest. We present it in Arabic to the Arab and Islamic nations and translate it in english to reach out to the whole world and to make it easier for them to understand.

We hope that the publication of this epic in english would have a good impact on all the international community, and that the voice of Arab poets would come to the ears of cultural communities in the world, in order to know that the poet is a person who calls for brotherhood and coexistence with the other.

God bless you

Abdulaziz Saud Al-Babtain

Kuwait on 26 Shammal 1437 AH

Corresponding to 31 July 2016

The Arab Epic

(1)

Abdul-Aziz Saud Al-Babtain

A poet From Kuwait

All Arabs believed
in the call of the prophets
Embraced the religions of Christians
And God's messages
Almighty indeed said
Equal are God's messengers
Our religion is that of sublimation
and brotherhood messages
Sedition and terrorism,
The cowards' religion, we should renounce
And keep in mind that
True religion and us denounce
O humans we call
To our call, give a response
You were created weak
From earth, with water, mixed
Relinquish hatred, death
And thriving on bloodshed
We are all God's creatures
We the wise-minded
May earth with peace, flowers
And joy be filled
Put on as a robe
And take the route of love
For in peace, prosperity ...and brotherhood
Should you live

(2)

Abu Al Saud Salama Abu Al Saud

A poet from Egypt

Whenever a light loomed
And up in the sky ascended
History awakened
Glories that in space loomed
To highness and hope
The Arabs dug a road
The universe to a spring was altered
And destiny with gifts lavished
You observe the world and move on
In ecstasy and peace
You harvest thoughts
And rise in scholars' universe
Islam has always called
For brotherhood and highness
Embraced mercy
And renounced injustice
You should ride hope
To glory and happiness
Hence religions rest
In the pious' hearts
And championship succeeded
In the generous' efforts
Every era commanded
Fighting the weak should cease
Thus the prophet recommended
Taking care of women and elderly
The story of Al Faruq in Palestine

Was told by poets
When he formulated the covenant
He guaranteed the poor's rights
Khalid rides the deserts
Despite Bedouins' tricks
And Ibn Al Waqas was bestowed
With purity and virtues
Voluntarily he revived
Glory and highness
And knowledge turned into a torch
For advancement and progress
The Arabs left a legacy
In the scholars' minds
They firmly renounced violence
And vowed commitment to faithfulness
Their knowledge is still useful
To the faithful masses
They made a feast from preaching
In the lawns of the wise
And went on ploughing in the world
In pursuit of progress and highness
They adorned the world with beauty,
Songs and brightness
The teaching of Qur'an flows
Free from hypocrisy or falseness
It burst all the meanings
And went on building highness
A nation which came back by dawn

Embracing fairness
It bestowed the world with beauty
Majesty and awesomeness
And protected all the world
from fools' madness.

(3)

Abu Hafs El Samahi

A poet from Morocco

What a plague...what a plague!
With hatred, the world is filled
In civilizations of brotherhood
Fraternity is no longer embraced
The crisis of morality
Nothing but corruption produced
Whilst under all prophets
All messages for peace preached
Nobility is showing respect for others
When nobles vanished
Religion calls for brotherhood indeed,
This is what heaven revealed
Islam has never
For oppression and aggression called
It's God's realm
For all strangers opened
Love, light
Nourishment and cure, it embraced
A mercy to the people
Both the pious and the wicked
Hey Man, take a break
Where is the mind of the wise?
All of us....are partners

On this land
I belong to you, you belong to me
For what is all this hatred?
We demolished bridges between us
Shouldn't reconstruction be started?

(4)

Ahmed Abd Almunim Akili

A poet from Syria

Do plant love as a torch
Near loyal Arabs
Do look for pure sincerity
And beseech the Lord of Heavens
The nation of Arabs is a torch, indeed
It's the land of preachers
The teaching of Islam love and fraternity requires
A true man's faith is lavishness
You should be a friend of theirs
You should rejoice in love
Our love is the star in the skies
You should live there forgiving
And disdaining all contempt
You should awaken faith
Do not stir up enmities
We prevailed with love, indeed
Love and building are our mottos.

(5)

Ahmad Farrag Al Agamy

A poet from Egypt

We were overwhelmed with a torrent of alienation
And conflicts of the parties
Hence ignorance is loss
A mirage and idiocies
For a long time we've been following illusion
We've been submissive to ninnies

And had enough pretence
From pretenders and imbecilities
We've missed the legacy
Of well-established scholars
Oh, our nation,
You should be the foundation of constructions
Are we crushed with tipsiness
Or those are the dust's curses
We've forgotten our power
Which resides in the holy books
We've overlooked, indeed
Brotherhood charters
We addressed the evening
to erase the brightness of lights
We drowned in arguments,
discord and nonsense
Hence we moved from darkness
to darkness and curse
And we hesitated a lot
In the gloom of disguise
We fell down from the peak
to the weak's plains
Like someone who got lost in the Sahara
Without any means of travelling or waters
Perhaps we step a little bit towards the waterfall of
lights
But the steps are erased
By twisting and missteps

We deteriorated with an illusion
Deeply engrossed in woes
The answer is God's will
Whenever we err in the bottom of darkness
If we enjoy
Some dependence and complaisance
The ignorants ignited an evil
That no one can avoid, hence
Do put it out, do extinguish it
Before the world's demise
If we lament our reality
Lamenting would be hopeless
Do watch the stars
And be in sky's galaxies
Do smother their sedition
As daggers are always thirsty for bloods
Do enjoy the shiny straight path
from the wise men's torches
Do remove the pain
from the wretched veins
Our religion is the religion of hope
The religion of all prophets
The charter of God is peace
To all the strangers
Our faith is white and pure
It allows no secrets
For people it's the birds of love
Sweeping the space

Every bright colour is welcome
Except the colour of bloods
The characters are drowned
In the deep sea of poets
The clouds of hope gathered
In the shadow of the words
O peace advocates
Do not, on water, write promises
We are fed up with voices
strangled with calling cries
If we are consoled with silence
The answer is not silence
Do respond to consciousness
Conscience raised in the airs
Do show that all of us
Are building blocks
For deprivation there is a way
For hatred, there are waters
The language of war is nothing but letters
written by mortals
A goal that brings them together
For riches purposes
Their malice is manifest
To all except idiots
Hiding wickedness is exposed
Despite the cries
Nothing is stronger for enlightened people
Except H and B characters⁽¹⁾

(1) he means by «H and B» Love in arabic language.

Do make a memory for tomorrow
The world is not endless
Do decipher the secret of hope
And take the way of pureness
May God guide you to the straight way
And may he pay with rewards.

(6)

Ahmad Yusuf Abd Al Raheem

A poet from Egypt

Life is mere seconds
Do fill it with lights
Do not spread murder among us
Do not, into bloods, immerse
The religion of God is higher
Everyone can get higher if he wishes
Let us see the world in deeds
Neither in hypocrisy nor words
The religion of God is Islam
To all prophets it owes reverence
It celebrates others
and wants them to be devout
The prophet, who preaches,
Ahmad is extremely full of radiance
This is our morality, in which
equality and brotherhood exist, hence
He doesn't belong to our community
the one who boasts
about bold and vengeance
He doesn't belong to our community
The one who, ruining and murdering, seeks
With free peace we move on

In life, or with chants
I can't help but direct
Satire and criticism for ISIS
You're an incurable disease
Or a plague which advances towards us
O people with black flags
Black hearts and robes
Hey men of black flags
You're really thirsty of bloods.

(7)

Oussama Ezzini

A poet from Egypt

In my blood, a female of dreams
Not like any other woman, lies
Her heart is light...and her eyes
Are seasons of tears
And horses, in the open,
Are running in ponds
Drums and Mongols
And stranger armies
My heart is worn out
Avid of life and lust, are her eyes
O female of winter
Do hug me in the frost of fears
May be a perfume spray
a drink of waters
a hug of love that
fills the void of hearts
Do hug my covered face
In the court of martyrs
Do give me the kiss of death

If doomsday comes
And bid me farewell
Every time, with my coffin, they pass
in the evenings
Let me rest in your bereaved heart,
living in empty lands
Do shed tears on a soul
In the open, split into pieces
The vendors of death call each other
But innocent are the victims
The enemies on earth became
In our blood allies
The vendors of death exceeded
All lavishness roofs
Our elegies over passed
Everything told in laments
Their market was rife
We have nothing left but prayers
We have not been created for this death...
Who, death, instigates?
Vendors of death
Or Satan called for massacres?
O brother, ponder over my death
We would die all of us
For thousands of armies in the open
We are the targets
Many souls are meant to die
Assassinated by villains' hands

O brother, my death, in the name of God
Light and purity is
O brother, my death
In the name of God
Planting and building is
O brother, my death, in the name of God
Love and brotherhood is
But it kills us treacherously
The enemy of prophets
In our death, both come to celebrate
Misery and evils
Toasts are raised
In a wedding of prostitution
The demon party is targeting
A flock of fools
Gives them fire to shoot
And silently escapes
It puts on, in the state of death,
The clothes of the caliphs
In the name of God, cries of "God the almighty"
Are raised, deceptively, in the airs
How dare he use the name of God
This murderer, the enemy of lights
What religion is he embracing?
What nausea? What false illusions?
They ripped bodies apart
They sold their illusion to the idiots
They burned sense alive

In the nobles' castles
They put on, to peoples' eyes,
The robes of the pious
Hypatia was massacred
by pious hands
Descartes was poisoned
by pious hands
Jordan was put on fire
by pious hands
And then, in the name of Allah,
They came back like plagues
They raised the flags of an Islam
Miserable like cries
Like owls' hoots like lizards
Like death when suddenly it comes
O brother, our Islam is not
Bullets thrown in the air
It's not a strange body
Exploding in the air
It's neither a sword
Nor an explosive belt under a dress
O brother, our Islam
Is free from any murderers
I wish I offered my soul to you
If I had been ever killed by their hands
If ever you've got hurt
Life would be meaningless
If these monsters were still free

My chant is useless
While my brother under the earth's rubble
Imprisoned are his chants

(8)

Ashraf Abd Al Aziz

A poet from Egypt

Listen to our call
O people of the world
We are Arabs seeking
Good, highness and justice
We do not mean any harm to you
Neither lies nor injustice
We all belong to God our Lord
The only one, no one to him is previous
We belong to Muhammad
The best one in the world
and of all the prophets
We belong to mother earth
For its sake we sacrifice our bloods
O people of the world, come on
It's high time we met
After fighting, misery
Invasions and occupations
After travelling in the world
After science and openness
Remember what remains
From the prophets' commandments
The world is engrossed in blindness
Blindness and blindness
No longer is safety ensured
Nor hope or peace

O people of the world
 Before the end, take this chance
 If you have a leader
 Or a sick with animus
 Who considers Arabs only
 as war opponents
 We are a nation made of pride
 We are not good at bows
 Here we are living together
 We are all cousins
 Making no difference between race
 A tongue or bloods
 If there is a fool among us
 Or a jurist in idiocies
 We all declared truthfully
 That, for them, we have despise
 Burning the world is a disgrace
 Bloodshed is a disease
 Let this be a decision
 An affiliation and a choice
 May be with love we live
 Like all friends.

(9)

Al Asaad Ibn Al Bashir Al Jamii

A poet from Tunisia

I wish my poetry would hide
 O poets, my tears
 The tears of the soul trying
 To forget, through hope, its burns
 The tears of a heart bereaved
 in secret, by wounds

Without love we will not sing
How could strangers sing cheers
Without peace and pacifism
Filling, with purity, the universe
Mother earth is for all of us
How come we were thrown into the airs
We just want to enjoy life
We do not call for demise
Terrorism has no religion
It's a plague and pure chaos
God made us nations
Meant to meet and make each others' acquaintances
He made people from the east and the west
To keep faith
He made our hearts and souls
To see love as medicines
Terrorism is a denial
of heaven's messages
Demolition is terrorism charter
Suicide and idiocies
Let us be a shield to the world
And protect it from every disease
Let us be either on land or sea
Or space protectors
Nations of the world are woven together
In difference lies richness.

(10)

Al Bachir Al Mechrgui

A poet from Tunisia

Our religion is a religion of brotherhood,
purity and peace
So why does hatred harm us

mornings and evenings?
We are snapping each other
All the time in ecstasy
Look at how we changed
How we turned to be hopeless
While the west without trouble beat us
He owned the world with its knowledge
And invaded even the skies
While we were idle
With critique and praise
Destruction and wars
Its dowry is blood
Every kind of terrorism
is a woe and a plague on us
Is it to that extent that we
accept to be hopeless
While to be pure
God called us
Get up Arabs! You do not
belong to the faction of the powerless
You are elite on earth
Full of pride and dignity
Do spread peace
And be the wise sages
Do relinquish terrorism,
murder and cowardice
The earth will be
as good to you as heavens

The one Almighty God, indeed
Is the most merciful
Do worship God truly
And put on purity as a dress
Renouncing hatred is to be free
from woes and distress
No hatred will prevail
No matter how much hostility reigns
Love will prevail
Indeed, a condition for survival love is
Why is this universe following
demise footsteps
Wherever you look
You see the color of blood
We are fed up with torture
Persecution and cries
We should adopt
the guidance of all the prophets
So do spread love and be
the wise sages

(11)

Ilham Bouraba

A poet from Algeria

We were used to brightness
We believed in prayers
Our character is keeping peace
And having pride in brotherhood
No hypocrisy, no deceit
Or revenge and fights
We are good, we are happy
By granting hopes

Since we were born, we followed
The path of prophets
Is it torture and persecution
Or songs and chants?
O my poem
Be on my side in the appeals
It's the peace of the generous
And faithfulness' presence
Pride has been revealed
By union not hypocrisy
Peace is our destiny indeed
As wise poetry requests

(12)

Amal Abdu Ezaabi

A poet from Jordan

A true follower to Islam
So high, pride in him, is
To the Christian we call
The religion of God by heavens
We are all descendants of Adam
Father of all prophets
O countries of Arabs get up
With dialogue the universe has been luminous
Arrogance does not come to our minds
Hypocrisy does not approach us
Do not call for intolerance
Like an epidemic, intolerance is
Our religion is Islam
In which loved are the pious
My nation, you were for the Arabs
A home of good and highness

You embrace the depressed
You are the home of prosperity and success
The people of Syria and Iraq
The people of Egypt and the Libyan lands
A Muslim, Shiite or Coptic
They are united with the religion of heavens
God bless a people
whose religion is the religion of faithfulness

(13)

Amin Nureddine Abdelmunim

A poet from Lebanon

Al Babbain for the poets is
A gathering for the loyal
A forum for rhythmic poetry
And the den for writers
the enlightenment for science
the glory and dignity of Arabs
Yesterday he started calling
With respect and hopes
Arab poets, come on
Do come, answer the calls
Asking for writing poetry
Under brotherhood banners
Gather the Arabs in harmony
Gather all foes
His plea for peace is
And mercy for the helpless
Renouncing terrorism and murder
An invitation to the wise
In order to live in peace
Safety and affluence

The most beautiful poetry we wrote
When needed the righteous
It was a revelation of hearts
The magic of the eloquent depictions
Every effort we have made
In order to be partners
In an incomparable poem
Having the same privileges
We entreated God
A glorious in heavens
That peace always prevails
My Lord do answer our prayers
We entreated you for good
We are full of hopes
To be happy
To live in bliss
Full of mercy
Compassion and forbearance
Our God has told us
Some stories about the prophets
All of them teaching a lesson
A moral for the wise
Refines the mind with thought
And scholars' science
Takes the path of right
As a solution
It calls for dialogue
For purity and peace

All are well-written
With clarity and explicitness
Faithful and loyal
Are all God's messengers
They were sent in every era
As a mercy for the helpless
They are sons of highness
They are the brothers of faithfulness
Their religion is the religion of peace
That is the religion of the righteous
They united people with love
Merciful and intercessors
People who used to be
Glorious and Muslims
Adam, the grandfather, their father
From Earth, are his origins
Before the soul was breathed into him
He was created from earth and waters
Adam, the pure, is our prophet
After him, Noah the generous
Their mother in creation is Eve
They are brothers and relatives
They are the first creation of wombs
Then offsprings and cousins
He used to be guidance for the wretched
A preacher and a messenger he was
He preached to people kindly
He was the best of the gracious

He saved the offspring with a ship
After him, Abraham comes
He was always in dialogue
With his father, with grace
Perhaps, he would, one day, be a believer
If he objects, for him, he is blameless
He always argued with Nimrod
Burning was the price
He prepared people for a say
What he did backstairs
He said, “away with you” , if you disbelieve
God has no partners
He talked to everyone with knowledge
Neither with dimness nor ignorance
And remember Moses, our prophet
And a faithful brother of his
He took Aaron as a help
They followed the path of deliverance
They were voluntarily loyal to God
Doing all his bidding
God said, “Pharaoh
Was unfair like the piteous”
He over passed injustice, he trespassed
His speech is full of slander and lies
I am the only God
Only to me, you owe allegiance
No other is to be worshipped like me
There is no God in heavens

Aaron and Moses were said
God's command came hence
Move ahead without delay
Speak with clarity and lenience
Do talk to him, remind him
Perhaps, he would fear penance
Aaron delivered a speech
The best words of orators
He prayed God and praised
He would show the wretched the right path,
perhaps
They addressed Pharaoh with grace
This is the way of the pious
Today is just a lesson
Try to comprehend, you, ponderous
Try to comprehend
With speech and dialogue
Like the prophets
This is our invitation to God
And to the religion of the wise
Islam, our religion, is a religion of love,
brotherhood and peace
Or did you forget Jesus preaching
He wandered preaching the hopeless
For pure honey, he holds love
He is a chaste full of timidness
A Muslim who beseeches
In prayer and calls

In the still of night, he calls
Thanking the God of heavens
He is a light either on earth or in heaven
And the most eminent of the dignitaries
He is loyal to his words by his deeds
He is worthy of beneficence
He spent all his life preaching
For brotherhood and peace
He privileged people, he was devoted
So that they would be joyous
He was a preacher and a Christian
in the land of strangers
His concern was restoring ties
Between adversaries
He reunited opponents in peace
As God commands
He really convinced people
That God is in Heavens
For peace, he lived, indeed
And a model of kindness
Shall we take him as a model?
Or shall we follow in his footsteps?
Do remember the era of loyalty
For the Imam of prophets
For peace and harmony
Purity and grace
The envoy came for hope
He came, the purest one of the pious

Ahmad, the pure, is our prophet
We promised him allegiance
He came to call for union
Between all adversaries
He changed hatred to love
A blessing from God, The Generous
The right path of God is a fortress
And a refuge of the helpless
With the messages of heaven
Of God when he wants
The chosen was sent a light
For the ignorant disobedient
He addresses the minds with knowledge
And with the grace of the wise
The seed of faith sparkled vividly
In the hearts of the victorious
He tamed the soul
Abundant with nobles' grace
It raised to reach the stars
And radiated pureness
He treated people with justice
All of them were equal, hence
He did not punish who misbehaved
He used to free prisoners
He has always been forgiving
and compassionate
and mild with penance
He said to prisoners, come on

Do teach the alphabets
to become free
After struggle and sufferance
He wanted to free every person
Both males and females
And even liberation of peoples
Of corrupt leaders
You spend money secretly
To help the helpless
You visit relatives kindly
You true pureness
I was sent from a God
As right and light source
I refined minds with knowledge
I was a guide for the ignorants
Taha said firmly
No way to oppressing the helpless
I come to protect the weak
from the corruption of brutes
I came up with a view
that makes the poor glorious
It is justice, it is truth
There is no way for the rich to abuse
O Imam of the merciful
O messenger of the pious
You were a help for the oppressed
Blessed, you are, for benevolence
Your endeavor is that generations would awaken

to live in happiness
You guide men to rise
To be high and glorious
O Messenger of Allah, welcome
O beloved of the pious
You are a hope for the poor
To the peoples a guidance
It used to be an era of servants
No respect for females
They were stripped of every right
To live or survive, thus
They buried girls under the earth
No conscience, just shameless
There was no hope in them
They didn't care about cries
She is a mother, she is a sister
She is a daughter, O brainless
She is buried out of ignorance
Not because of some guilt or for penance
Fearing poverty and shame
She was buried by squats
He came to call for peace
To help the destitute
O Imam of rescuers
You are the most generous
Their concern is piling money
Enjoying affluence
They do not care about the poor

Or who suffer from an illness
Whoever is in need, suffering from
Lack of bread or medicine
The duty of a Muslim is,
Voluntarily, to help the moneyless
An era of ignorance and darkness
Where the mighty, of their power, abuse
Their religion is money and glory
They are stupid idiots
They made statues of dates
They worshipped them in glorious times
They ate them in hunger
When in need or alarms
When miserable and choking
They worshipped the Lord of Heavens
Just like the brutals
Today, they are a scourge to us
They slipped away from the religion of "Taha"
They took it as a cover, hence
They falsely claimed Islam
Their religion is the religion of vice
They insulted our prophet
They are the epitome of evils
We should say no to people who made religion
A misery and animus
Their ignorance stirred up a war
A war of injustice and demise
They terrorized people by killing

And by slaughtering the innocent
They do not care about
Injuries or cries
They have a cruel heart
They shed pure blood
Today is a time
Where scholars turned to be ruthless
They are indifferent to the weak
Those mighty potent
Our land has become commonplace
But, in it, we are strangers
Wars, in it, started
From assaults and Fatwas
Wicked scholars showed
Their loyalty to Sultans
They served them as slaves
And stuck with them mornings and evenings
They betrayed their homelands
For enmity, they are allies
They permitted everything
Heinous and infamous
They injected people with animosity
And split them into parties
They set up fierce wars
In ruins they are partners
They assisted, in each country,
In the advent of outsiders
They bewitched people and spread

The poisonous enmity of cowards
Perhaps something would happen
And they would become advocates
In order to humiliate every free person
They murdered the virtuous
They bought people with money
And appointed them as princes
They have experience in evil
They are experts in abuse
They considered all the people disbelievers unfairly
They overthrew the law of Heavens
They set up an unjust ruling
With the most evil scholars
They beat men harshly
They assaulted females
They murdered them, they burned them
They cast them in open lands
This is a test indeed
From you, my God, and ordeals
They made an equal to God
We rejected founts' ignorance
They stripped all their money
And every glory or riches
You may find really pious people
And honorable scholars
Who do not break a promise
Their promise is a covenant of allegiance
They promised God with a saying

And with loyal deeds
They were forgiving and wise
With evils' arguments
They guided people kindly
They reunited them as brothers
God's command is to argue with them
To converse with them in grace
Do not be weary, do not be bored
That is the patience of the pious
Try to convince who really wants
Among the pious
And forgive who misbehaved
Do not trust those who have arrogance
Ask for God's guidance
He shows the right path to the oblivious
He sends goodness to people
who are kind and bounteous
You will benefit from keeping calm
When arguing with the vicious
Tell them nice words
You earn them friends
Do answer harm with kindness
That would bloom the heart with pureness
Today we are calling
foes to shake hands
for a reunification and coalition
Gathering generous generations
So that they would be active

And they start building, hence
They are a glory to homelands
A glory of fame and eminence
They have always obeyed God
With loyalty and faithfulness
And they really established justice
And helped the helpless
They have built a new view
Where science ascends
To see men free
From the rambling of ignorance
They followed the Qur'an of God
It is the secret of the wise
For the believer, it is the right path
and a friend for the pious
There are examples, in it, for people
And a guide for scholars
It is the refuge of every sinner
It is the guidance for the ignorant
It calls for dialogue
For well-being and peace
Like all the messages of Heaven
They call for alliance
For loving the creation of God
For peace
Our religion, Islam, is light
The religion of all prophets
It is a universal religion

With Arabic origins
Absolutely rejects terrorism
Against the killing of innocents
We are loyal people
Honest and pious
We are the people of peace, we want
With dialogue, to rise
To have, moderately, good living
and affluence
It is a call for love
For all the wise
For respect and accord
To live amiably
It is our call for peace
Not for hostility or wars
We finish life with grace
and happy dreams
This is how I end my poem
with fraternity and peace
I hail the honorable
from all the parties

(14)

Iyad Ahmad Hashim

A poet from Iraq

Do work in this lea as these plants
Grow by tenderness
And chant with what God
Guided prophets' words
You are good news for the world
You revealed survival's secrets
So do spread the seeds of peace

In the generous' leas
It is Abraham's call
Recited by the Heavens
That religion belongs to God
And God lasts
O, nation of Moses
And Jesus has what he wants
We came from Ahmad
For tomorrow were the appeals
That people would be as a comb
Equal in their rights
We wear love like a cross
As Magdalene does
We are lovers of peace
We are not adversaries
Our Qur'an is illuminating
David received psalms
We raise white flags
And stunning hearts
We open our arms to meet
and embrace friends
Terrorism has no religion
No, for it, we have no allegiance
We belong to the Arabs' house
The best robe is piousness
The scared can feel safe among us
And the helpless can live, hence
Pride belongs to us

But we are not arrogant souls
We feed the hungry knowing
That he has Arabic affiliations
With God's peace we call
In greetings and farewells
We come from a sperm
which belongs to humans
Then from a small flesh
We become males and females
To live life in grace
Where faithfulness flaunts
We are not warlords
No, neither are we pretenders
We open the doors for brothers
With love and allegiance
God helps a land
where spread the pious

(15)

Iman Abu Al Azm Hasaballah

A poet from Egypt

Our religion, Islam, elevates
With love and tenderness
How we coexisted and lived
In purity and happiness
There is love between all people
Mornings and evenings
Our thought is peace and justice
Between all the foes
Mosques and churches
Embraced the sky's face
Since thousands of years

Here faithfulness elevates
 There is no compulsion in Islam
 For the unwilling to become Muslims
 We just wish highness
 To all the virtuous
 O, God of the universe, we,
 In you, put high hopes
 To save Man and make him
 Every day is joy
 No blood or tears
 Make children happy
 With safety and existence

(16)

Ayman Osman

A poet from Egypt

O fellow, I am your brother
 So do respect the religion of alliance
 This is a life and we
 In it, have resemblance
 Be my partner and friend
 And listen to the voice of the Heavens
 Do not leave me alone, today
 So I suffer from sadness
 And live depressing life
 My beverage is plague and disgrace
 I spend life mixed
 With echoes of cries
 Dressing in sorrows
 What a petty dress!
 In winter I put on
 Winter's storms

The torrid summer embraces
Sparkles of cleverness
My home has no roof
But the roof of space
If I lived, I would live sick
Overwhelmed with plagues and illnesses
Or if I died, I would die in disgrace
Between the folds of demise
And nights cried over me
Who suffered ordeals
From a hand which once was thought
To bestow happiness
That it made hearts happy
With chants of brotherhood
How has it become a foe
Blowing animus?
How has our religion become violent
Full of harm and defamations?
How is a race considered
better than another because of tricks?
How a nation called another nation
With pettiness and dimness
Blamed is a person who ignored
Betrayal that poisoned the air
Vice came not only in oceans
But also in lands and skies
Do help me if ever
I raise my hands in prayer

For God to remove evil
That turned to be so villainous
O my brother, here is my hand
A source of loyalty and kindness
So do relinquish deep hatred
And get away of animus
Try to be merciful
And faithful to friendliness
Do spread peace in the universe
From the chants of Heavens
Do plant good in people
You will harvest pureness
We drink happiness of the days
And the nectar of bliss
We would long live together
God willed this

(17)

Bagdad Sayeh

A poet from Algeria

Arabs reached highness
With harmony and grace
They overwhelmed the universe with peace
And watered it by benevolence
If they are cast with sadness
Turmoil is a test, thus
They smashed darkness violently
They flew with grace

(18)

Hassan Shihab Eddin

A poet from Egypt

This is not poetry, this is a call
O my brother under the skies
O brother of dreams

To live together in happiness
You are not someone else
We are one in the mirror of pureness
Our white and black faces
For light is a dress
Your warm voice comes to me
as chants and peace
My poesy is a cloud
That overwhelms you with love and pureness
Put your hand forward, as my hand
Advances to grant you peace
And my arms, from a distance
Are ready for the embrace
They are spreading peace and love
In spite of blood
We are made of clay
But we were created for brightness
We both, we are
The siblings of prophets
Let's move ahead hand in hand
Filling, with glory, the universe
If the vicious hands
Moved forward to harm us
Do live my friend
I will be happy to be the sacrifice

(19)

Hamza Shabab

A poet from Palestine

God's cry will gather
All of Heaven's messages
The gathering would include a group
That arose and lit with brightness

Ask the dove of the bushes about
 Our generous palms
 About who arose civilization
 With a covenant of pureness
 And insulted slavery among us
 And uplifted women's status
 If you want, it is a cooing
 Above beaming melodies
 So you can see the sorrow of the weak
 Craving for high hopes
 O moon which came forth
 O decades of brilliance
 O Arab nation, shame on
 A call to murder which is a disease

The heart believed, followed
 and answered the call of prophets
 I Believing that the Lord is the only God
 And believing in Heaven's secrets
 Which religion is like mine?
 Its ruling is love and brotherliness
 Either males or females, in it
 We are all peers
 Calling for peace, but
 We do not rival those who abuse
 We all beseech God
 Raise up your imploring hands
 May God keep from us
 All evil and resentment

(20)

Khalida Tabi

A poet from Algeria

(21)

Khalaf kalkoul

A poet from Syria

Our religion is great
Put forward by the Lord of Heavens
He proposed it for complaisant people
So they would live in happiness
Without animosity and hatred
Nor glare and bitterness
We are all, in it, honored
We are all peers
No haughtiness, no brag
Nor disdain or despise
Only love embracing us
Harmony and pureness
Our religion is a light for the heart
A spring and remedies
In it, we grew into the best people
In it, we lived glorious
It came to us through a prophet
Who led the group of prophets
He rescued the bewildered folk
From hell and distress
And forgave any sinner
He said, "you are free"
Do come to build an edifice
Of fraternity and faithfulness
And get away of all violence
Evil and animus

(22)

Raja Junaid Abdelkader

A poet from Syria

Terrorism has no religion
Violence has no acceptance
Hatred is an outsider, indeed

It stood in the path of the timorous
He is mistaken whoever accuses us
With terrorism, erroneous and false
Our religion, Islam, is gracious
The kin to Heaven's religions
History would be a true testimony
With no hypocrisy or lies
Nobody knows but us
The conquerors and virtuous
We did not believe in violence and war
Especially in prosperity times
We have never betrayed any living soul
We are merciful with God's creations
Or have we failed a hermit
Forbearing the world with abstemiousness
We are no match to a prophet
All the folk, toward him, harboured animus
They were too hateful
And afflicted him with heinousness
He conferred his grace on them
As they went free
He inspired many people with his morals
As he made an edifice with justice
The universe darkness turned into
brightness due to his ethics
Jesus, the messenger of God
Brought about only fondness
He repelled deep hatred

And professed brotherliness
Prophets are known for forgiveness
and sublimation by bounteousness
They renounced violence and laid
As a banner peace
In my country, flew a river
Of blood and tears
They covered death's palm
And every inch with distress
Life turned to be impossible with this disease
For which we have no remedies
Death turned into destiny
Every mornings and evenings
It fought the recent past
But it was killed as a price
Bitter cries rose high
In consolation rings
No doubt sedition
Whose fire reached the innocent
Whenever the flame is extinguished
They set the fire of animus
Do tell whoever fuels the wick
"You are not one of us"
The tendency to murder blindly
Smote the veil of bashfulness
It became deaf and mute
And robbed us of bliss
Where were we...what have become of us?

Did the era of purity come to a close?
We have lived many years as brothers
Relatives and kins
Friends...neighbours...cousins
All equal; Arabs and other races
We make an edifice for love
We compete in allegiance
With our hands, we turn
Hardships into gloriousness
We are one of Christians
They are brothers to us
O my friends, enough killing
Enough shedding bloods
Do put out sedition and extinguish
Every fire for animus
Do extend bridges for peace
And turn hatred into brightness
Desperation grows into confidence
The stronger the glue
The pack of stick strengthens
And rapidly, they fall apart
When they become parties
The lion attacks the detached
Antelope from the whole groups
O servants of God, do revive
The message of the best of prophets
Religions exude love
God destines and God wills

(23)

Saud bin Muhsin

A poet from Saudi Arabia

Whenever stupidity comes
The more distress grows
While extremism comes
Carrying the sword of animus
Holding a lifelong grudge
Taking religion as a disguise
The homeland of Islam complains
While they are messing up and being mischievous
They cleared it from benefits
Only God remains
A league that did not have a mercy on it
Where are the pious?
O my heart was torn
Like the tearing of robes
We are the cause of its death
We hastened its nemesis
They destroyed all its aspects
We should offer it a solace
They made people scattered
This is the most evil distress
A nation that moves slowly
It did not reach the space
A nation which was shattered
When the idiots made Fatwas
We were afflicted with villains
Who gave Fatwas as it comes
They forbade kinship
Between Heavenly religions

They made people,
Who used to be friends, hate us
Things, we did not see or hear
Told by the pious
But a weak talk
Not the words of prophets
What they told are lies
Refuted by scholars
They undermined the religion of brotherhood
Those stupid preachers
They called everybody an infidel
To justify murders
Where is the tolerance path
Where is the atmosphere of tenderness?
O remote friend, come along
And listen to my pleas
Do listen even if I lost my voice
Our religion is a religion of pureness
We generally love goodness
It is welcomed from wherever it comes
We adore the universe full of life
We adore the universe full of pureness
Our religion Islam is peaceful
No murder or assaults
Our religion is a religion of agreement
It brings people together as equals
If we had all joined together
And had gathered in meetings

And had taken to dialogue
Reuniting all the parties
We would have overcome all evils
And we would have been strong
I was attracted by a verse
Lamenting poets
Written by the professor as a text
Signing it in the eventides
All Arabs believed
In the call of the prophets

(24)

Said bin Muhammad Saqlawy

A poet from Oman

O my brother, in every house
No matter how we were, we are equals
Brother, you are in my heart and soul
In prosperity or distress
You have your own religion and I have mine
We are all free, hence
No colour is more privileged
No race is chosen in preference
The religion of God is love, indeed
Peace and brotherliness
All people are equal in it
All of them are made of clay and waters
Every soul is a universe
A life and a brilliance
So take care of your soul so as to live
Do not surrender it to nemesis
O son of my mother and my friend

And the stepson of forgivers
Our mother earth is generous
It is the paradise of abundance
We are humans, sons of humans
We are created generous
Mercy walks between us
Along with faithfulness
So fill your soul with love
And fill your eyes with praise
The soul becomes safe with strong belief
And becomes pure with good morals
O my brother, you are part of me
And I become full by you, hence
The whirlwind of evil goes on
In the morning and twilights
You will see Karbala
Whatever you face
The corruption of Earth is ignorance
In the wretched hearts
Doing good on Earth
Is the message of prophets
How do we reject each other
And adopt lies
My way is Islam
look out for brightness
Our Lord is God, you do not
Pray for anyone else
Stretch your palm for doves

Stretch your palm for Heavens
For you, I shed my life's water
So do give me bliss
O my brother we are one
Hope is the light of our eyes
The world can embrace the two of us
And what makes it more beautiful is peace
Hatred has no fruit
In the hearts of the righteous
Grudge has no place
In the merciful hearts

(25)

Sonia Maddouri

A poet from Tunisia

We are afraid to sing
Whenever winter comes
To a country frozen
By all kinds of lies
To birds that were astray
By some doors of Heavens
My friend do not tell me
We are Arabs or brothers
Every day we forget
To pray for the lights
Whenever we say "Arabism"
A wound, in secret, bleeds
O my sister tell me about
my ancestors and glories
Tell me about my country
Before betraying the prophets
In Tunisia dreams are

Of Jasmine and chestnuts
 Libya will always remain
 A bud despite wars
 For Algeria, my friends
 My heart beats full of happiness
 Morocco, your glory increased
 Glowing with eminence
 Syria, you will not die
 You are the land of devotees
 Egypt, you are the mother of the universe
 You are the bosom, you are the crux
 The great Palestine
 Is covered by bloods
 It turned to be an eternal festival
 It has no endings
 O Iraq, be patient
 In spite of Karbala's bleedings
 Of palm trees, it gets nourished
 Thrive comes from Tigris
 This is my poem, do read it
 Something, in my heart, swells
 This entire dream would be good
 If love prevailed

A puff, clay and water
 God's creation, with perfection, elates
 You belong to me...you do not know that
 To you, my blood belongs
 You do not know which cloud

(26)

Sillini Ghania

A poet from Algeria

Fed the branch with brotherliness
You do not know... in the morning eyes
Confidence amasses
You do not know...from the cracks of silence
Dawn breaks
You do not know...how much
The bare kid was clothed in hope
You do not know...how would you know?
After dust ages
Do you see me...or am I

Between the ribs of solace
You know that in the mirrors
The shadow is derived from the encounters
Travel to me, as home
Is remote to my eyes
I am alienated, do not cry over me
I am dead from thousands of rejections
I am estranged longing to you
As dusk is longing for morrows
Give me your heart and take mine
A fused figure comes
Amid the toast of our celebration bang of love
embraced us
So we adopted love as our religion
A miracle, the character of Heavens?
Night tamed the stars
Surprised with the glow of lights
From the threads of dawn, we look

So the future was bestowed with happiness
In the vein of the sun we grow
Life picks pureness
The fold ages with a soul
Embroidered by pureness
O our hearts cried
So we obeyed the prophets
From the time we found the path, we knew
That we are, in it, equals
We are not concerned with distress
The end earns affluence

(27)

Scheherazade Medila

A poet from Algeria

Whenever a caller calls
I hurry to answer the calls
He is in peace and security
His generosity is not anonymous
The best voice to me
Is one doing prayers
When I see the Arabs go
Faithful, in peace
I unveil the light within my heart
O mighty ones
I create peace with my hands
So I can see it as a goal
I am a beautiful dream
I have nothing but praise
Make me listen to the tune of the homelands
Even in faithfulness
The most beautiful words of me

On the land of the prophets
Give him a cup of tenderness
To see a healthy place
I wish my poesy rose
High as the sky towers
And the cry of love in it
It is the home for heroes

(28)

Shayma Hassan

A poet from Egypt

Some love is a kind of religion
When we are filled with faithfulness
When we dismiss our sins
And any notion of distress
When we dream high
We will settle on the throne of the skies
The one who worships God truly
is the lord of the pious
Not asking for money
Nor hoping to be endless
I wish Man would become
So full, so generous

(29)

Sadik Al – Turaihi

A poet from Iraq

All Arabs believed
In the call of the prophets
They planted the desert with water
To quench thirst
The moon looked at them
And bestowed them with brightness
They spread peace on earth
They stopped bloodshed

O God, we repel murder
We do not approve of animus
We are the sons of a mother
Whose mercy is the secret of endlessness
We are the sons of this land
We are not afraid of demise
If we all love are another
And meet as friends
(All Arabs believed in the call of the prophets)
They embraced knowledge as a way of life
And made devout prayers
They wrote poetry to faithfully
report strangers' worries
O Urwa Ibn Alward
O brother of the necessitous
They followed the rule of the mind
Since equal are God's messages
They succeeded, when confronted
With foes' blows
They ascended when they met
With ignorants' senselessness
And they loved God sincerely
And loved the companion in distress
He brought them a book
It teaches the love of prophets
They loved the prophets of God
Their pureness and abundance
They competed whose poetry

Is the best
Who has most mercy
On delicate females?
We all won the best
Trip as friends
O Saud, the father of poetry, thank you
We all pray to Heavens
That prosperity and peace spread
On the land of the pious
That war should die immediately
So that the simple could live
That the Earth becomes a field
A book and a stream of brotherliness

(30)

Sabah al-Dhabi

A poet from Morocco

O human beings
We are following the way to confidence
We seek true love
Like a cloud in the skies
Its water submerges the lands
Makes the soul drink pureness
It lets go of grudges
Under the feet of lights
Do enter into peace together
Do rip the robe of animus
Do wipe the tears of the wretched
Put down the fire of distress
Put off the night of tragedies
And kindle the age of lights

Spread the flower of love
Drink the cup of brotherliness
You will get nothing from wars
Water, your origin is
All of you worship
One without claims
The great puff of God
In you resides the light
Stop the torrent of murder
Halt the rivers of blood
If you forgive, you will certainly be
among the happy clusters

(31)

Sabri Hawass
A poet from Egypt

Our religion calls people
For construction and brotherliness
Since it came in Hira
This is what recommended the verses
Do not help unjust people
So that you do not live in distress
Taha is the leader of the pious
He said in eminence
“Anyone who hurts a man of religion
My trust, he will lose”
The flower of morals withers
With wars and arrogance
Do embrace peace so that
You will live in glory and grace
O Man, my brother, come on
Ride the horse of success

We renounce terrorism and ascend
To Heaven in peace
O my friend, O Man
How are we engrossed with animus?
We are all creatures on earth united by the right for
existence
God made a difference
Before the advent of prophets
Come on, let's build a dialogue
On a land of pureness
To God, since the past
Are equal all bloods
O peace, we are seeking peace
You are a healing for the wounds
How we walked in its footsteps
Then we ran backwards
Our life is no longer peaceful
Or glorious because of wars
Have you ever heard of a little star
That lit in the darkness of wars?
Have you ever heard of success that in the midst
of filth grows?
So do have mercy on widows
And beware of the path of nemesis
Do a lot of good
You will be safe on doomsday, hence

(32)

Slah Daoud

A poet from Tunisia

The pleading cry sways
with the glory of Heavens
It addressed my soul and went

beseeching me with prayers
My tears burst with love
for the dearest prophets
for whose eminence
Meteors showered the skies
Oblivion overcame my silence
And provoked glories
I missed dignity
Going up towards the heights
So the son of Abdullah flows
In my blood and ribs
He still emanate lights
To serve the ignorant
And heat ember in us
From the waves of decency
The owner of flowers tells
Stories for the pious
And plays with a fragrance
In love with faithfulness
To a lover, to a friend
And the mate of the pious
My religion is a religion of union
Peace and bliss
Oppression disappeared forcefully
It died on truth's entrance
There is no black or white
We are all equal human beings
To God, we are all free

Neither servants nor slaves
No one is better than the other
Due to affiliation or affluence
We are the followers of God, we seek
We carve glory with bliss
O my friend, if only you knew
That you are the prize of the honorable
Whenever you make a victory
The chest elates with bliss
Or you make an innovation
You would be a tattoo in the air
They talked about you and me
About the land of the famous
I belong to you...you belong to me
The day we reached the Heavens
We did not fall down broken
Under the name of chance
We did not hail to ruins
Or to murdering the innocent
We did not applaud Jihad
Fouled with blood
We did not trade with a horse
In decline and cravings
For dignity, we are swords
Coming from prophets
We stone oppression eagerly
Which provokes the pretenders
History recorded that

We surpassed the nullity
We are Arabs, famous of justice
Neither repression nor assaults
Dew is love and drinks
For the thirsty pious
From the commandments of God in us:
Teach children diffidence
Respect for girls is a crown
On great men's heads
She is a bliss at home
Without her, life is emptiness
We taught remote lands
We commence without ends
Glory is earned indeed
With determination and perseverance
impossible wishes
Are achieved with efforts
And men in iron
Who crave for making efforts
Neither with misery nor bending
Did we face our enemies
We are not afraid of poverty
The only rich is the Lord of Heavens
And the lines of mystery are full of
Generosity and abundance
How much we planted in the lands
The good sees of pureness
We gobbled fire with patience

We were not afraid of hurt
We jumped from a star
To a star with eminence
We passed over pits
And the tunnels of disguise
Most intelligent people went around
In wise men's circles
It told us about minds
Which disturbed woes
And they made taste a drink
From brotherhood sweetness
Our utmost faith
Chastity feeding pureness
And victory for the suns
That breaks the clouds with highness
How many vows we have made
We were their trustees
How many houses did we protect
The day it did not receive defense
How many foolish people did we abandon
Considering them as distress
Because we are merciful
We won our lovers' hearts
And because we resisted only
People who call for ruins
How did fuel conflicts
With aggression and battles
Rape and robbing

For innocents' rights
We harshly trod on
Loyal people's eminence
We were not ashamed of Fatwas
Dressed with dimness
When we allowed fighting
Between brothers of faithfulness
We were extremely ashamed
As we fell in love with fools
What did we earn, O brother?
It's the same to us, whether we win or we lose
What did we achieve?
Only idiots' success
Living people are mourned
Is there any healing in obituaries?
Tears of the eyes are nonsense
Declaring war is darkness
We'd rather sing
Enthusiastic hymns
O man, all of us are soldiers
We fill the universe with success
Our utmost faith is
Chastity the kin of pureness
The sons of Islam are light
Shining with radiance
And a victory for suns
That breaks the clouds with highness
Maxims telling about ages

Which were not hurt by any disgrace
If you ask the palm trees about us
How we protected it in distress
And non-sleepy butterflies
Nourished splendor in us
We were not tired...we did not kill serenity
The joy of longings
Our utmost love is
Peaks of heights
Our dream aims for a breakthrough
To the madness of the wise
I have the necks of the rebellious
And fruitless inventions
O Man, we do not
Boast of your origins
Superiors would grow high
On the top of the airs
Low people would settle definitely
Under the feet of demise
The best words are actions
that do not expect any praise
We overcame numerous blasts
Woven by low foes
The symbol of the prophets' ascent
To the highest skies
We are made out of light
That transcends ten airs
And forgiveness of sins

Whose worth is to be trodden by shoes
We are tempted by snatching
The vulnerable' rights
The arrogance of souls is a loss
Between bending and collapse
And a hoarding of vice
That would not save you of demise
Arabs' prophet is grace
Let him be our guidance
The messenger of God is humble
He does not like arrogance
The charter of Islam is peace
Safety and confidence
The wisdom of faith is a mind
That does not follow the idiots
And beseeching us out of breath
Trees calling for waters
The breeze of longing flows
To a faithful embrace
Dew is love and drinks
For the thirsty pious
It is a sin to dirty my land
And to be a foe to the airs
Is love meant to suffer
In the deserts by antelopes
The eyes of camels are mad
From the fighting of adversaries
Rocking and launching

As death follows distress
The wound of death is oozing
As killing is endless
Shrapnels are above my head
And my land is in tears
And the shrieks of agony swells
The bitterest of shrieks
Here are the remnants of my people
Rotten in the deserts
The bereaved are stuck
In affliction and torment
A crow settled on the roofs
With its hoarse caws
Crying from deep suffering
“There is cure in my glumness
O people you are cursed
You are the only ignorants
What distress have you brought
What age is yours
Where a man kills his brother
And make him suffer of cries?
At the beginning, it was a lavish affection
Its dowry is spilling blood
My grandfather withstood to mop
Ignorance, sin’s offence
Do you forget intentionally
the consequence of a million assaults
Or are you ashamed

to live in happiness?
Cain did not die in you
What a shame for the idiots
A smile on a child's lips
A balm against the strongest evils
They clapped it tightly
With misery chains
Here is a war between neighbours
Wiped away the rest of face
That is a mother who was fed
The bitterest blasphemies
And, there, they raped her
When she was free between the tents
Even shame was disgusted
From pride decease
A small land which includes
Only the cawing of crows
They heated in it a fire
That turned it into wilds
And the tragedies howled in it
With the wildest howls
The price of a rocket equals
The food of equator peoples
Wheat grains mourn
The silent voice of scholars"
"How could people forget me
Whose Lord is the God of abundance?
They want me to be ran out

They dirtied my earth with glues
While stomachs are craving for me
They made me airless”
So hospitals replied:
“We are equal in distress
We wish ears could hear
We wish they cared for our cries
Our bottles are empty
No medicine, no vaccines
There are no doctors for children
They live on bitter cries
Doctors allowed themselves
To heal...it is useless”
Roosters clapped their wings
Morrrows and eves
He did not wish silence for people
which is the title of demise
O companion of dawns, do chant
To the coming of peace
And fill the place with love
and invent the tune of faithfulness
Repression nested in my heart
Because the grudges of hase
Dark colors are longing for
Grass color and happiness
And hills are burnt
Looking for cleansing blood
The spirit of decay would disappear

If we dream of light
If we grew roses with love
In brotherhood gardens
Would my dreams be achieved?
O how longing are poets?
So fill the strings with chants
And happy airs
And feed it with tunes
Of the best of songs
The bird's tone shook
Pride in the rivers
So water glittered
More than any sparkling lights
It is the divine light
A healing for the souls
The journey of longing to my Lord
Dictates respect for His rules
As we are ashamed to have among us
People who abused their neighbours
We do not accept the violation of dignity
Or women abuse
Religion is relief indeed
It is a healing for the souls
and mad demeanour
Our religion rejects
How much longing did we have
to hoped for reunions
With a lover who has beautiful eyes

With crazy grace
We drank from glasses
which misled us
And we played lively
with joy and happiness
They we were not murdered in disgrace
To the grand Lord of Heavens
Utmost pleasure oozed
Like the oozing of recipients
Here, a throne's glittering
Lights are endless
It is the throne of righteousness calling
For all repentants
Those who overcame their sins
Followed with repentant tears
Those who messed up before
With wine and bribes
Those who lost the right path
And followed their lust and desires
For those who did well
And those who did anxious prayers
With a true heart
That, with good, swells
And did not bow to anyone
Except the Lord of forbearance
Here the prophet of Arabs is honest
Let him be our guidance
How many views have we made

We were their trustees
How many houses have we protected
The day it did not receive defense
How many foolish people have we abandoned
Considering them as distress
We overcame troubles
Woven by low foes
Because we are merciful
We won our lovers' hearts
And because we resisted only
People who call for ruins
I said to the sun: "Do rise
And cover us with lights
Various religions overruled
God's commandments
They committed distressful troubles
Full of cheating and disguise
Overwhelming and breaking
Tops which turned into demise"
How do disputes make us forget
That we are one nation, hence
Diversity is a completion
For opponents' minds
Whenever a beam starts
Glory overwhelms the universe
Is Jasmine jealous of Roses
Whenever a dispute happens
Both of them a cure

For misery and worries
If a lavender's smell fills the airs
We are swamped with covetousness
Is a parrot jealous
From small kittens
Or aspires one day
To sing like deers
Every difference is a similarity
And ascension comes from sameness
Did we brood over a cloud
Embraced by the airs
The day it succumbed to rivers' temptation
And fell down overwhelmed with cries
And offered it a blanket
Full of water and flowers
Human beings are entitled
To live in happiness
Worries have no hope
For healing or cures
Without affection or a lover
Or care and smiles
The doctor is one of us
But we are hopeless
We were distracted
With business
Mirrors darkened
With the loss of the hapless
The most evil vice on earth is

the treason of pretenders to faithfulness
and wearing the guise of pureness openly
and the hypocrisy in lies
I wish I had only one robe
Before the role of disguise
People lost a path
Not known for guidance
They alienated us from our wish
To be free
From the chains of ignorance
Like the prophets
This life is a trust
Before the world to an end comes
Pondering over, it is advisable
For alert brains
Its secret is a light
That cannot be seen by idiots
It is a glow for justice
And a conquest for injustice
If the soul follows
The flow of instincts
As it oppressed and fouled
The most cursed of vice
It smashed the nests
Taken as shelter by the birds
It did not leave plants in the fields
From the horrors of catastrophes
Cheers were soaked with tears

Of women and orphans
It amputated old people
Who were innocent from any crimes
If this is considered a crime
For the opponents of pureness
Love is a frank affection
And a halting of massacres
And lovers hugging
And kins in bliss
Look at the branch boasting
With the tenderness of benevolence
Dates offered by God's abundance
What bounteousness and largess
Deers' eyes tell
Stories full of happiness
About snow the was melted
By the fire of eternity lovers
And poured passion
In the wretched people's cups
Love tore drapes
which hid Eve's face
Hatred invaded hearts
So morns turned into eves
O Man, doesn't it make a difference
When become brothers?
The bride of peace is in love
With hope for compliance
Who does aspire to it

So that we rejoice
 All my pains are a test
 For a heart tenantless
 How much burden filled our hearts
 With my burden, my heart tires
 The best love for a people
 Is to glorify it with praise
 But if it leans to sleep
 It deserves nothing but condemnation.
 States that live to die
 Wearing the worst dress
 And the dress does not last
 It is a shame...like nakedness
 May disgrace wane one day
 And comfort us, the cries
 But humiliation is a tattoo
 That cannot be wiped out with solace
 Love is joy and misery
 And crying...is the hypocrisy of solace

(33)

Diaa Jassem Mohammed Al-Khakani

A poet from Iraq

Islam shone with love
 Gone is the age of animus
 Omar, the son of Ali
 and Jesus are friends
 Adversities are fading
 Like a cloud moving towards demise
 The survival of roses is a rule
 It is the title of endlessness
 The religion of God refuses

That arrogance prevails
Peace devotees
Are making grace
Nothing is sweeter than graceful
Loyal to God's rules
And forget all the difference
And affiliation disparities
We belonged to the almighty
And we move on equal basis
He is not one of us who blesses
Murderers and pretenders
We grow love faithfully
We the sons of Heavens

(34)

Taher Al-Atabani

A poet from Egypt

God sanctified brotherhood
And called for heavenly guidance
The cry of truth went up
And the hymns of lights
With a holy call
Pleas and prayers
On the path of lights' dialogue
Walked the prophets
They drew an edifice of light
They blew up a river of waters
Come on sons of Earth
And live in happiness
In its lands and hills
They revived affluence

Spread good in the universe
And be friends
Do not hasten a rose in the gardens
which sang for brotherliness
The tree of faith is dew
A drink and fragrance
Your land is fed up with quarrel
And is sick of massacres
So do spread love, raise
Its edifice high in the skies
Love is spring indeed
Do defeat winter storms
The sun rises in the morning
For all parties
Do not consider the deprivation of a human being
As a sign of enlightenment
Its melody is beam and its path
Hope and abundance
Bestowing all people with warmth
Without downsize
Brilliance does not distinguish
Between humans
He did not discriminate between you
The God of the universe
God's generosity covers everybody
All people without exceptions
Do spread peace on Earth
And be loyal to faithfulness

Be brothers under the shade of love
No misery remains
The bird sings and chants
Birds are songs
It does not shield a person
From Heaven's hymns
It tunes a melody in the air
For people on with no distinction
Chants did not discriminate
Between humans
Fragrance scatters its aroma
Everywhere in the space
Bestowing your souls
Every morn and eve
Together with
Joy and fragrance
The rose of gardens should not
Be imprisoned in brotherhood gardens
The trees of love fruit
They give with abundance
It did not say that it belonged to "Zayd"
Nor to "Amr" or "Ata", hence
It did not deprive people
Of its generous shades
The tree of love sings
In pious chests
They believed in God, so they were
Messengers of goodness

A book of victories
 And hymn of an edifice
 They discussed the universe and
 Called for dialogues
 To them, all God's creatures
 In love, are equal
 O friends, this is a call
 which came from Arab countries
 We are a palm of peace
 For all friends
 We do not aggress anyone whose hand is extended
 with trust
 The call of God in our souls
 Is a love that shines
 Our souls prostrated to God
 Islam rejects
 A mean person who turned faith
 Into idiocy and animus
 Faith is, indeed, a holy
 Spring, not animus
 And peace which embraces
 The entire universe, not attacks

(35)

Tariq Yahiya Sheikh Osman

A poet from Syria

On the road of peace, we go
 In harmony, in brotherliness
 We take the best prophet as guidance
 In his grace and pureness
 Our religion is an enlightened path
 Inspired by the Heavens

O nation of Islam, move on
On prophets' paths
Look for an affectionate life
And cast away the spirit of animus
God bestowed us with a prophet
Whose path is pure eminence
Its rule is love and affection
It glitters with the light of stars
O nation of Quran, move on
Pious' footsteps
And cast away the path of terrorism
It is the worst vice
O birds of peace, do fly
And play the tune of faithfulness
We all, in love, sing
We are all, in life, equals
We are the servants of God
For peace, we sacrifice

(36)

Aisha Sultan Al-Hajri

A poet from Oman

Our voice chanted in the horizon
To stay in space
Looking for a solid idea
About affectionate brotherliness
For a tomorrow where good people's
Voices ring
The mistake of life
Is that there is no one for advice
Going on safely
Wearing a colourful dress

Injustice reigned
Becoming a barrier emboldening hardships
Where rang the cries of
The forlorn and helpless
Like non-sleepy eyes in darkness
In a state of wretchedness
But the soul, with faith
Flows like lights
Aiming for victory and peace
And mercy from the God of skies
If peace shone
And talked to preachers
They ceded their spirits to God
In lofty entreats
The big story is till
The talk of rhetoricians
Its path is full of thorns
Since the first steps
Hoping for a peaceful future
A meeting for love encounters
The messengers of God came up
With active vigilance in us
We are grateful that religions agree on obedience
Following each other and agreeing
On God's oneness
It straightened different civilizations
And called for alliance
Then with Islam

It soared with affluence
The basis of union in legislation
Are reasons for celebrations
This is Man's character
Raising in prominence
Ethics are indeed
The heart of morals
Thoughts are really enhanced
In the minds of the wise
Everyone is equal
The justice of enlightened commandments
It seeks tolerance morals
As the best dress
Our religion enhances thoughts
whose aim is a strong edifice
Our religion is a way of life
True without pretence
Peace and submission
To the call of the Lord of the skies
A view that unified all
Nation with eminence
Clear, fair, true
In the righteous hearts
You will find all people
Full of pureness
The ruling of Quran is truly
A reference to scholars
The religion of the eminent prophet

Is the principal guidance
In religion, are equal
All the allies
Arabs and other races
They all lived in peace
A weak and a powerful
no matter what origin
Souls in the core of a heart
Whose pulse is united by reverence
To God which raises
In the best performance
where spirits are stripped
Of desire or lustfulness
Fearing the wrath of God
It hopes only for the righteous
And a feeling of connection
which has no equals
Optimal values found
Exaltation with abundance
Where there is neither retribution
Nor fuss, nor violence
But just a right for defense
Against violation or abuse
The victory of God, indeed
Has no equals
When we let it down
Beware foes from the disease
Of allowing crimes

Hidden in disguise
A nation that would not succeed
With scholars' difference
Whose origin is belief in the one God
And prophets' messages
The messenger of God
Said in times of distress
O God, my refuge, guide my nation to the straight
path
They are not equals
As war starts
When executing the sentence
Go away, you are free
You are on the loose
Then, they followed the right path
As they are the successors
Telling, alike, words of
Truth and justice
We are the centre of union
Our duty is spreading justice
Setting the best values
Is the aim of devouts
How did the world shine
With peace in your bosoms
Your hidden prayers
Are answered with grace
We are all brothers in the love of God
In satisfaction, no animus

They were created different nations
Relatives in hearts
The best people in them
Those who are pious
Not those who had money
Or promoted among the nobles
Who hate oppressors
Tyrants and despots like pests
Who live in peace
And for week people's assistance
They embodied Islam truly
The day they lived in reverence
This nation is an emblem for the rule of fairness
It is the healing for souls
It does not argue in talk
Or call for backwardness
It enriches thoughts
With pious scholars
It cries that Man is free
He has the right to eminent existence
It calls for forgiveness
No attacks for the foes
It has an ample heart
To embrace all the peoples
It prepares arms
For power not for adverse
It is not fearful of the others
It does not comply with praise

It takes a lesson from those
who were drawn in distress
They hasten to answer the calls
Of God's messengers
Once in their earnestness in prayer
Other times in their pleas
How do they insist on animus
Those despotic tyrants
When they call for charms
While they are among the righteous
They also call for spell
As a balm for spirits
O our souls are longing
To unveil disguise
To spread the mighty glow
In the midst of radiance
The light embraces a beam
A feeling for endlessness
A craving for rest
In scholars' paths
And an eternal peace
In setting limits
Peace would certainly follow
In spite of tyrants' chaos
They abuse on earth
If they introduce depress
They heat turmoil
They allow slaughter

God, the almighty, associated
Fear and reverence
In the life of believers
And the denial of opponents
A religion which calls for union
Without doubt is an alliance
Beware of dispersion
So that to avoid non-success
But the nation of God
Is looking for success
With the book of God in us
It is the guidance of the Heavens
For pure guidance
To God's rule comes
Our religion promotes thoughts of alliance
In agreement or in difference
Discord is simple
In the view of scholars
It does not lead to dispute
Or to the simplest abuse
It is solved with quiet dialogue
And mild debates
In the past, in remote eras
Where commotion prevailed
People were biased to disunion
And lived in dissidence
Satan whispered among people
Animus thoughts

Men of religion were not consulted
In this discordance
While pious friends
In the age of prophets
Dealt with discord
Matters with grace
Discord hides
A weak instance
Everybody only gets
What he deserves
The best of people is that
Who does not care for eminence
Holding the best spirits
Very generous with abundance
People would have been taken aback
If he were unkind and heartless
Every arrogant's end
Should be in demise
God has humiliated people
Because of their arrogant sovereigns
Pharaoh was so despotic
That he deserved abyss
The bliss of peace
Settled certainly in us
Thanks to God we lived
In prosperity and abundance
Rulers prepared reasons
That they crafted with carefulness

The leaders of peace lived
With the aim of sparing lives
A few hands befouled peace
In the confusion of blasts
It grew thorns in a path
That became the fate of the innocent

(37)

Adel Farouk Muhammad Ahmed

A poet from Egypt

O companions in Arabism
The revelation of God came hence
The attribute of the chosen prophet
Is emblematic of devotion and amplitude
Deserts are sweeter with love
While moors became a plague with animus
Do not say that before we were
In toil and distress
Dawn came after night
its gleam brightened the space
Do not be inclined to fighting
It is the way to demise
All the opponents in war
Are in the same case
Do always adhere to peace
You would harvest the star in the skies
Forgive with grace
And grow the seed of kindness
If rulers continue
In quarrel and disputes
They would teach the baby wolf
Ferocity and howls

Between white people or black
We have no bias
Our religion is fair
It does not care about colours
Our religion treated equally
Free people and servants
People appreciate its piety
Say: Live long the pious
O friends, do not care
About appearance and dress
If forgiveness wore dignity
Do put any dress
No for despicable terrorism
From idiots' minds
which inculcates malicious evil
Openly and in disguise
It makes hope scary
In innocents' hearts
We are all worthy of life
We are all equal in this universe
Anyone who wants happiness
Should embrace tolerance
Happiness is in peace
And peace is in brotherliness

(38)

Atef Ahmed Erekat

A poet from Jordan

While the world was darkness
Vacuum and emptiness
Surat Iqra' descended upon the chosen prophet

In the cave of Hira, hence
In the Arabic language
Bright with no torsion
What news! What a blessing!
Filling the universe with brightness
It woke us from a long sleep
From darkness and blindness
We embraced the call of love
We were gracious
We followed our destined footsteps
As God wants
We have set up a state of justice
And the best of edifice
To God, all human beings
Undergo the same rules
There are no longer any slaves
Gone is the age of servants
We filled the earth with justice
Peace and brotherliness
We had mercy on the elderly and children
And honored females
In a treaty, we did not scare a monk
Looking for pureness
Our religion is love
It completed God's messages
It has no extremism
It has no abuse
We entreated you, O God

Please, do answer our prayers
We are fed up with monsters
Who distorted the religion of pureness
It has never been a religion of terrorism
Nor a religion of massacres

(39)

Atef Hakim

A poet from Egypt

O Arabs, wake up
It's time for eminence
It's the time of forgiveness
Meeting and brotherliness
Wake up, now, you
Favored by the God of the skies
With great messages
And being the cradle of prophets
Spread love and safety
In wretched people's lands
On the hills of the bleeding Aleppo
In all the innocents
In all the peoples of the world
We are all sons of Heavens
Show people that we are
The cradle of brotherliness
We all deserve justice
We took it as a dress
Terrorism has no religion
In the land of prophets
Terrorism has no sprout
In the houses of the ascetics
Your religion is the religion of

Love, forgiveness and faithfulness
Then, do live in love
Elation and peace

(40)

Atef Khalaf Al-Ayyeda
A poet from Jordan

O people, you were created
From dust mixed with waters
You were destined without any doubt
To be the successors
On the earth of God so that
You Construct it, hence
God granted you with
Blessings that require much gratitude
He chose you and guided you
And made you wise
He was generous with you
So that you live in happiness
He set strong commandments
With peoples' hands
The prophets of God were so devout
To Heaven's messages
They carried truth and moved on
All of them advocated truthfulness
They covered earth with love
And illuminating peace
They called every lover
Who longs for the life of eminence
To love people so that
Eternity reigns
Why do we live

In quarrels and conflicts
And wars full of bloodshed
That took us backwards
O Man, enough
Massacres
O Man, take care
Of children and women
of youth, of the bereaved
And of the weak elderlies
This is your Earth
Do not be strangers
Do renounce all violence
And thus raise these appeals
O cruel demons
O ignorant minds
O hearts of iron
Do listen to these pleas
Take back what you have lost
So that you may live in peace
The machine of war gushed
It turned to be distress
It mixes the glass with tears
The dress of death, is woven
With hateful bullets
Playing the tune of demise
Missiles and gas
Like air particles
The wisdom of death is dictated

Only by God, O forlorn peoples
How did you set
Peoples' souls as banners
How did you rule
With contempt and lies
How did you kill and rob
Then, you said; we have brains
Look at how many children died
Tears are on their cheeks
How many hearts did you break
And spread sadness?
How many houses did you ruin
Its inhabitants drowned in forgetfulness
The loaf of bread was dismissed
After having been nutrients
They eat rocks bitterly
And chew on distress
Then, a richling comes to them
From the wealthy clans
He bestows them with affection
Saying, O poor people
I will give you abundance
From generous people's pockets
He is from a group of evils
Who are not alert
They are not judicious
They are not wise
The wisdom of the world is life

And merciful people
Joy and laughter
Between faithful people
No one of us is exaggerating
No one of us made offense
Nation of Islam, you are my people
Get up and move upwards
And declare that we are people
Kind and gracious
We fear God and
We keep our promises

(41)

Ahid Abu Lamthi Al Sharif

A poet from Iraq

The universe glittered with brightness
For the coming of the prophets
Light seemed bright
Embracing the secret of endlessness
There was darkness in the East
When the universe was waters
God set on the throne
Filling the whole space
He created the universe, perfected it
And summoned the pious
Then, he assigned a prophet
From Arab origins
Who spread love and gave
everything with abundance
He told all the people
You are equal

There is no difference in religion
There is no contempt in its rules
The murderer is not one of us
Neither is the offensive
This deed does not belong to us
Religion is indeed brotherliness
Islam was sent as a religion
which cares for the helpless
It is love, it is justice
It is fineness and pureness

(42)

Abd Al Jalil Jabri

A poet from Morocco

We have made wishes
Of dust and skies
Whenever a dove lands
Faithfulness played with feathers
Whenever wind blows
spreads in the airs
How many springs did we open
And scattered songs
We passed by and left
The whisper of eternity behind us
We mould the night with candles
We feed books with eminence
We feed marble with affection
And put off tornadoes
We smiled as we found
Fragrance in the space
We cried so the affectionate cloud

Felt thirsty
Neighing went on
Destroying the cottage of pain
Between the mountains of contest
Or the evening gab
In every hollow voice
There is bountiness
With a visitor's knock
And a flood of brotherliness
In the skies, it makes a drawing
And beautiful stars
With bright branches donates
A home for vineyards
Here it is looking down
From our hands, brightness
Wearing the longest verses
Smooth, full of pureness
Every end is a start
Eminence and abundance
Anxiety is my companion
hastening reunion
of remote hearts
unable to hear the call for peace

(43)

Abd Al Hamid Daha

A poet from Egypt

History is a witness
Enlightenment for civilizations
Ignorance was supreme
The world was darkness
Arabs became suns

That filled the world lights
 The earth was in ruins
 Knowledge had no importance
 Arabs used to live
 Amidst misery and ignorance
 Rambling was a chain
 Making knowledge a grievance
 If, one day, knowledge took the lead
 Knowledge will be soaked with blood
 How proud were the Arabs
 Being the source of science
 They were not selfish with light
 Or medicine or science
 O history, remind people
 That loneliness is helpless
 In God's name we will stay
 As long as we live, true to faith
 We will recover glory
 So that what we missed returns

We all swang
 Between fear and hopes
 In mother Earth which
 Had afflicted us
 We were glad in the morns
 And we were distressed with the eves
 We quarreled on its land
 And we shed blood
 So why are we keen

(44)

Abdul Rahman bin Ibrahim Al Idl

A Saudi Arabian poet

on being opponents?
What are we craving for
Peace or demise?
This earth is a space
That holds all the foes
We have come to live
In peace and happiness
Our religion is merciful
Filled in the world with beams
Its rule is justice
Where all people are equals
The unfair cannot aspire to
Affection or highness
He would be punished
If he insisted on arrogance
The oppressed will always be victorious
Without affiliation or connections
Every person would benefit
Of the life of eminence
He is free to choose
Whatever religion he wants
under the roof of safety
Glory and peace
This has always prevailed
Since the era of prophet
He spread peace and disposed of
The ignorants' idiocies
A whole nation was established

After him with succeeding Caliphs
 People reveled in a peaceful life
 Without any troubles
 All of us came to this world
 To construct the edifice
 We are a nation of tolerance
 A nation of compromise, not assaults
 We bear love as clouds
 that spread eminence as they pass
 Righteousness will prevail
 As God wills

(45)

Abdulrahman bin Abdullah Al Wasil

A poet from Saudi Arabia

When poets rise
 In their visions with appeals
 They call out with consciousness
 Characterized by radiance
 With feelings and thoughts
 Full of truth and dignity
 Love will override
 With Arabic pulse and happiness
 Poetry would spread in
 A patriotic voice
 That connects with the world
 In thoughts and feelings like the air
 As long as this is the case
 This is logical without pretence
 I will call with rhymes
 Hopes and pleas
 My rhythm is beautiful

And worthy of chants
So do sing it as a hymn
Every morn and eve
Make your children learn it
As they grow
Perhaps, it would affect them
With what illuminates the paths
O Man, hold on
We are alike in prayers
All of us, raise our hands
Beseeching the Lord of Heavens
We ask God peace
We ask God happiness
All of us crave for justice
We are equal in justice
We all long for safety
Where distress fades
O people, our father is
Adam as God wills
This is why we were all created
On equal basis
Everybody is for the others
Their match, in this universe
He is a help for the others
When faithfulness calls
Some people complete each other
Males and females
O Man, my brother, renounce

Empty mottoes
Turn your aims into lights
That nothing hides
If you are physically stronger
Than poor people
Do not be a tyrant
Robbing people of their rights
Justice cannot be set
With fights or tricks
Converse with me in kindness
that fills the spirit with pureness
Let us live life in love
Affection and happiness
We were created for a life
That, with toil, improves
We live on earth and we seek
Construction and extol
If you dismissed my role
I will be stifled in this big space
Do ask history about
What, in the past, was the plight?
Of civilizations which were wiped
By assaulting despots
Nations that lived and went through
Tornadoes of massacres
O Man, my brother, I have
The same wishes as anybody else
If you consider the “other” as ridiculous

And his opinion as worthless
You consider that your opinion is better
Than his, in pretence
Do not sneer at his opinion
This is just outrageous
When a difference occurs
In a field or confrontations
If it was solved with discussions
It would end in grace
And if goes on unresolved,
It would turn to a killing virus
Then, it would become a dispute
Clash and disturbance
We would not be healed from it
For its contagion, there are no solutions
Islam is indeed, a religion
That came from the Lord of Heavens
It calls for peace
Purity and happiness
It goes high in the air
In the matter of brotherliness
There is no bias for a nation
Over another, all are equal
The best one of them, though
Is the most pious
If you have more money
You just belong to the prosperous
So do thank God who granted you

He is the God of the helpless
Do not be arrogant
Full of haughtiness
If you have more brains
Than people with simple minds
Deal with them wisely
Do not call them idiots
In this case
This is a test for spirits
O Muslim, my religion is yours
An eminent religion
When you become racist
With biased feelings
When you consider violence as a good demeanour
And a way for resistance
With which you strip the right
Of the helpless
And you justify it with Fatwa
From a scholar or a man of letters
Who claims that his Fatwa is the door
For loyalty and innocence
This is unjust of you
A deed forbidden by the pious
This is to God a deed
That can be committed only by the helpless
When you become racist
Openly or in disguise
Do remember God's saying

About the pious signs
And consider moments
In which came prophets
Dismissed terrorism,
shattered dissidence
Rejected violence as a way
That promotes massacres
A country that united a nation
With praise and abundance
It would raise when its people
With patriot ascended
Truth is fair, indeed
It arises with the virtuous
Then, power would be justice
When the most powerful moved upwards
If you consider that your view
Is more worthy to be adopted and followed, hence
Try to convince the others
With logical arguments
If you forced people
Whomever you choose
They would follow you out of fear
Full of hatred and lies
When the other was discarded
When he had equal views
And underwent oppression from you
He would suffer in disguise
Exclusion would yield repression

It is the container of oppressions
Then, the reaction
For oppression is a way, hence
So do have a dialogue
And embraced it with happiness
You would live in this world in peace
And respect
Where you are on the equal footing
If he followed you out of conviction
and bliss
Fights which grow by discord
Would fade away, thus
If some contrarities remained
In the hearts of the foes
This would be a faux pas
to move on to disputes
A country where there are shades
Does make life eminent
So do live together until
Your life, to an end, comes
After that, God would rule
He is fair, the Lord of Heavens
He is just with all people
But he loves more the pious
They are blessed
It is the best prize
Blamed is he, who spent his life
In assaults without morals

Blamed is he the one who lived
To kill the innocent
He will be punished
He will live in torment and distress

(46)

Abd Al Rahman Muhammad Ahmad

A poet from Egypt

O my friends, only if brotherhood had dwelled
Between us
With true peace we would have lived
And have been merciful with the innocents
We would not have left any weak
Or a depressed person in the airs
Terrorism would have gone
I would have been belittled by the wolf of distress
We would have been embraced by chants
We would not have been scattered by distress
Everything would have exalted
And embraced gloriously the universe
Neither groans, nor disputes and antagonism
Would have deranged our lives
We advocated mercy
Foes do not belong to us
We neither assaulted, robbed
Or abused the helpless
The universe witnessed only
Our noble deeds
Ask history it will tell you
That we are a nation of enlightenment
How we did fill the earth with justice?
So it awoke with pureness

Terrorism is a trick indeed
From idiot mischievous
O Man, draw near
Here, brotherhood is in my hands
Do welcome it and come
Let's favour the river of happiness
The radiant morrow is calling
Do not live as foes
We are all the creation of God
Equal, he made us
You are free like the others
And I am free in my prayers
So why do we meet
with arrogant faces?
Difference between people
In prayer and dress, is a grace
This is wisdom from God
He created us to follow his wishes
The prophets of God called
For affection and abundance
We would live under the shade of love
In peace and bliss
The people with enlightened thoughts
Move towards eminence
Our religion calls for this
It nurtures compassion
Will God bless us
if we are bleeding with distress?

Brought by terrorism
Or thrown by ignorants
Come on, move into peace
Stop all massacres

(47)

Abd Al Rahim Kenwan

A poet from Morocco

Our heart is overwhelmed with love
In the lagoon of the sage
It delighted in grace
Exalted with pureness
Arose in revelation
And was clear in the skies
It defends the land
Its water and its scent
We were created for caring
We cheered for lights
Everything comes from nectar
And goes to the nectar of brotherliness
Every inch is a grace
In good will and respect
He is journeying with people
Who sipped love in bliss
To see the goals of roads
Which were crowned with calls
The call for peace
In the circle of prophets
They moved on upwards
In the clan of the pious
Sedition is oppression indeed
And floods of blood

There is no hope to see it glorious
Or living in eminence
If some era blossomed
It would be silenced by nonsense
Do ask the rose one day
For some help to subsistence
It is watering for life
When blast ends
It blooms for good intentions
inspiring connection
We are all the flowers of the open
In toil to reach happiness
You, who is setting fire,
Put down grudge with waters
Take light as a path
On the pious footsteps
God has a radiance
with a cride coeur against rancor

(48)

Abd Al Razzak Hussein

A poet from Jordan

The world was empty
of purity and bliss
It was filled with injustice and unfairness
Along with helplessness
All that it had was evil
Rape and distress
The strong and powerful stripped
The poor of their rights
His assault was a right and duty
The poor's rights dispersed

People became starta
Who are not equal
The rich got their fortunes
Without any pains
The miserable were numerous;
Servants and slaves
The powerful Lords reigned
They owned all the rights
It was easy for them
To kill people in the airs
The rights of people were lost
They did not find the path of faithfulness
All the plagues spread
From captivity to vice
People became slaves because
Evil not only spread but reigned
Then, the revelation suggested
To a prophet by pleas
Go to people and plead
Tell them gone is distress
O people do approach
To a garden of pureness
Do reject all evils
Do reject all the worthless
Do listen to God's Qur'an
It's a cure to disease
It has a light of guidance
It has glory and eminence

God sent a prophet
whose light is the light of brilliance
He is the best of all prophets
Crowned with the best morals
He is the best creation of God
He is protected by Heavens
Roads glittered with his beam
Like glittering diamonds
He has come to rescue people
From injustice and distress
He has guided them to the lights
And to the way of deliverance
His rule in people is so just
It does not have any twists
He has never told lies
His era is an era of faithfulness
He has set up love as a basis
With affection and brotherliness
He has reinforced justice and settled
penal praxis
There is no difference between people
In colour, affiliation or race
Truth is the basis indeed
It is a clause in justice
He is, for people, a mercy
which overflow with water and shades
For Jewish, Christians
He has come as a help for the hopeless

With generous abundance
He is a shelter for the needy
He is a dress for the helpless
He favours the hungry with meat
While food, he heeds
He has made people as equal
As the teeth of a comb
He has banned killing
And shedding blood
He would be killed in retribution
The one who killed on purpose
The one who killed inadvertently
He would pay a ransom as deliverance
People's spirit is more precious
Than all else
In war, it is valued
That's why reverence, it obliges
He is merciful with prisoners
He is for people a guidance
He has forbidden the killing of children
The elderly and the female
And devout people praying
In God's houses
He has forbidden burning plants
Or cutting a plant in the lands
He is spring to the universe
With him, glory reigns
The envoy is sent to us

With selection and careful choice
A mercy to people
So he has bestowed them with dress
It has included the entire place
Free from arrogance
It has overwhelmed every plant
As well as sheep and camels
You have your own religion
Our religion is a religion of abundance
Every person who worships God
He fears no assaults
He is safe among us
He is free in his prayers
Justice is a shield for him
He is the shelter in distress
Our religion is a beautiful garden
Where eminence reigns
Glittering with flowers
Looking wholly glorious
It is the spring of Salsabeel
For quenching thirst
He is guidance for the helpless
From perdition of the sightless
It is a home for the deprived
It is for the wretched fortress
It is a shelter from life's selfishness
And the paradise of the pious
He has filled the world with peace

With Him, shiny is the universe
He is the way to all good
At commencement or close
The one who scorns a religion
Inspired by the Heavens
He will live in misery
Trouble and distress
If we followed it truly
Our world would sway with abundance
So hold on tight to it
Stick firmly to its rules
Abide by the commandments of God
They are a shield from distress
If you missed its guidance
You would live in loss

(49)

Abd Al Aziz Al Faisal

A poet from Saudi Arabia

We are higher than getting astray
We are a help for the innocent
We seek compensation and move on
With neither grudage nor animosity
We spread awareness with love
Following heaven's teachings
Our guidance is the chosen prophet
And the other messengers
Aggression, destruction
And killing, we renounce
We reject terrorism and blasphemy
We uproot calamity

Our vow is true oath
Since the ancient times
It was not distorted by time
Or the corruption of pretenders
It came to people as pride
Satisfaction and deliverance
Its light distinguished
He is the banner of kindness
Peace and security
Truth, with Quran, comes
We accept it as salvation
Prayer and lights
And a motto for life
Of honesty and eminence
We give a hand, we help
We are the shelter for all the helpless
We grew good in us
We became friends with strangers
We are a safety for our neighbours
And faithfulness to friends
We contained those who call
For wars and destruction
We have moved away from fights
We have scorned vice
We have held high the banner of justice
Moderation and guidance
And the name of pure religion
which is still a cure for the universe

(50)

Abd Al Aziz Al Mansub

A poet from Kuwait

O sons of Islam, you should be proud
Our religion is a religion of brotherliness
Ask Bilal and Souhaib
How they were treated when slaves
Their eve was wretchedness and trouble
Their morn was distress
Every house scorned them
They afflicted them with scourge
After Islam, tell them
About goodness and wellness
A master of people chanting
For every prayer, he calls
He is a winner as people answer
He is blessed by Heavens
A third instance is Salman, he is one of us
What glory! What eminence!
It is the commandment of Islam
Do ask any one
In it, all people are equal
With piety, the edifice arises
Our Islam is true in words and deeds
Our Islam is not pretence
It is forgiveness and pardon
Ask the day of deliverance
The day of the battles
In the past vengeance
No sword was raised

They could be impaired
 They abused the innocents
 They assaulted, on purpose, a prophet
 who conveyed brightness
 Do worship God and be good
 With piety not with assets
 Ask Suhail, the son of Amr
 When he was touched with the meeting, hence
 About a prophet who signed a treaty
 Saving, thus, all the blood
 Their treaty is shaky
 It has a spirit of arrogance
 In spite of a clause which became a victory
 Should long last in peace
 O Ali, endorse an order,
 Call a name for alliance
 Is it a religion of peace or war
 O war defenders?
 The day of the opening of Makah, people were
 mad
 Was it the day of downfall?
 We cast him out forcefully
 With assault and pretenders
 If he sought retaliation, we would be done
 We preferred disputes
 He said while people were listening
 "What do you think of nemesis"
 "Mercy on us, you, best of all!"

We asked you assistance
Go all of you
You are all set free
It is Islam, peace
A religion of love and brotherliness
A religion of justice for people
It does not favour affluence
Muslim be they or Jewish
The same is the sentence
Be afraid of God
That is the age of prophets
You should take them as guidance
Do justice, doomsday comes
Anyone who misbehaved
He is not one of us
The one who followed the right path
Gets the best rewards
Who wants to disbelieve as a way of life
Let him be free in his choice
Talk about the eras of peace
Our Jerusalem, the meeting, recounts
How they lived in peace
Without injustice or disguise
Anyone who became destitute would receive help
From houses of abundance
The story of fairness is told
And of the victory of justice
Our Egypt under the reign of Rome

Its people got abused
When they opted for religion
Eminence returned to the universe
Its people lived in affluence
Its guards are the best defense
Our religion is a religion of exaltation
Our religion came up with peace
Our Islam is not a protection
From enemies and foes
Our Islam is a lion, a power
Our robe is the purest dress
The religion of God forbids
Corruption and abuse
Terrorism has no religion
Our religion dismisses it, hence

O sons of earth, be all ears
And listen to the most glorious pleas
Originally, we were created
From clay and waters
Why are we keen on
fighting and bloodshed
Every violence is vice
Depression and ruins
Do spread peace on earth
Do not head for nemesis
Every horrible terrorism
will lead to nemesis
The nearest one to God

(51)

Abd Al Ghani Al Haddad

A poet from Syria

Is the one who is a help to others
He went on calling for good
This is the path of the pious
The call for good will last
In spite of pretenders' tricks
Our religion is a religion of exaltation
Over grudge and distress
With it, we seek goodness
We do not seek wretchedness
It is guidance for people
It is growth for the universe
Terrorism has no religion
It is the path of animus
Do come to reconcile
In the forgiveness of friends
Do follow the path of goodness
Going up in the skies
In the shade of safety, we live
Every love, with it, comes
Souls are blessed with light
From the hymns of the Heavens
Vile has no place
It is the most vicious vice
Raise the banner of love
People are thirsty for grace
The call of Islam came
For peace and brotherliness
Not terrorism or killing

Not lies or pretence
It calls for peace
It calls for guidance
The religion of God, the almighty
Is a protection from every vice
Do not turn away from it
It is an honour for the universe
The prophet of God is guidance
We should be his followers
Holding the best values
With no disguise
O sons of earth! Do come
Answer the pleas
As you do goodness on Earth
The spring of serenity flows

(52)

Abd Al Qahhar Al Hajjari

A poet from Morocco

You are the messengers of the comely
That crossed lands and waters
To the poetry of Okaz, they came
They embellished the dress of faithfulness
Poets who told us
The best of poems
They composed an epic of peace
Adorned with eminence
We call for peace
We seek to spread brotherliness
We spoke through rhymes
And we sent these appeals
We are not discouraged by failure

Or ruins or animus
To reach, one day, love
And the warmth of belonging
The fire of war proponents
Is heated with calamity and blight
They poured oil in fire
They spread the wind of vice
All the days of God
Witnessed massacres
They burned plants and animals
To kill the innocent
The houses of God were dashed
Against all prophets' teachings
They abused women openly
They revived the era of servitude
They killed all people
With evil and vice
They terrorized every country
They continued in happiness
We felt a burning
A longing for chants
We had refuge in tunes
To hide cries
We are not discouraged by wealth
To reach the high stars
We seek bread and oil
And, for the rest of life, peace
A country for people would be

A warm embrace for eminence
The breeze of the morns is the best
How beautiful when wind blows
The light of guidance flows
In Heaven's hymns
O sons of earth, come on
Look for peace
Look for the purity of rivers
As souls look for pureness
Do come for a life
Beautified with glittering pureness
For friendship and brotherhood
And dedication in setting the edifice
Save Earth and forget
About fights of animus
Spread love so that its fragrance
Embellishes the rose of brotherliness

(53)

Abdullah Al Fiki

A poet from Saudi Arabia

A nation of prophets
They are the skies' lanterns
Reciting the language of God
Reiterated by nature
It opened a way in the horizon
Full of bliss
A nation that cherishes love
Gives it to the thirsty to quench their thirst
It taught the blossom of lavender
How dandelions deify
It drew on the first cloud

The alphabet seeds
It started a generation,
One after the other, of females
Every female grew
A land and a nation of affluence
The chants of civilizations
Are filled with the smell of bloods!
It is my nation that taught
People the meaning of the prophecies
It is the one which drafted
The heavenly charters
It resigned since "Hammurabi"
From the laws of the populace
And pleaded all the people
"Do unite our prayers!"
Jerusalem is seized
But would vanish remoteness
O peoples of the world, get up
As a healing kiss
That rejects injustice
And birds would fly with no's
No for the fathoming intentions
No for building rancor
No for tearing the green robe
amidst the bloomy gardens
No for racism
Or a religion of hypocrisies
From earth to earth

grime of allegiance
Send it as a feather
Asking in this space:
The flow of flood, O Noah
Is it a start or an end, hence?
The end of flood is a branch
From the peace of the arrogant
Don't we deserve then
A boost of brilliance?
The way to salvation is enlightenment
And light is the way to grace!
He said: for a better future
I watered the eves
From the remnants of stars
The dawn of salvation breaks
With my eyes, I wake up
The sun in the soul of demise

(54)

Abd Al Nasser Al Sheikh Ali

A poet from Syria

The aim of all religions
Is love for all the peoples
For love, called God
And all the prophets
Islam is a religion
Sent by Heavens
We are all made of mud
And we do share the air
And we do share the mundane
And the celestial sphere
We are all on this earth

Like a ship in space
Let's live, in it, with love
Peace and bliss
Why don't we sing
a tune of love and brotherliness
We spread roses for bed
And birds for cover
We remove thorns from us
Thorns are always accompanied with bloods
If I misbehave, do forgive me
There is nothing like the plague of grudges
It burns the greenness in us
If it spread like pests
It can only be healed
With love and brotherliness

(55)

Arafa Muhammad Hassan

A poet from Egypt

Morning broke dewy
Filling the universe with brightness
We hold no grudge, nor evil
nor rancor in our hearts
Poesy screams, come
Do save the calling appeals
O love! Do come with
Hope and wishes
Where is justice?
Where is the era of caliphs?
Many years, from our life, pass
So put on the dress of grace

It is a humble dresses
It is the best of dresses
The branch blossomed gorgeously
Raised with eminence
Wearing the beam of light
so bright, it is
Amidst a wedding flourishing
With chestnut flowers
It has the colour of my chant
Dancing in the shadows of the water
A rose overwhelmed with
Love blossoming with bliss
And flowers of all kinds
Do not want to renounce
it is the religion Moses of Jesus
And of Ahmed as it pleases
All of them came and called
To worship the Lord of Heavens
It is a decent religion
It is the religion of the best of prophets
The last one of all the prophets
And the supporter of the helpless
O Islam, render all my soul
scented with brotherliness
May God bless us
And answer our prayers
People have tossed my verse
Distorted its strocture

Butterflies are lost
Among the atoms of space
How could they settle peace
When the world is full of distress?
They fear the roses'
Thorns, in connecting moments
My nostalgia and longing increased
Because of sermons
If ruling had been based on justice
Exaltation and eminence
We would have extolled
Overpassed the cries
And wiped the tears of a nation
With glowing lanterns
And dreamed of nations
In shelter from the cold of winters
Equal in love
Understanding and guidance
And roses in the spring of
Love, in the land of bliss
We extinguished the sedition of war
And we supported the helpless
He is mephistophetes of my verse
who may have softened and came
To listen to adorned tunes
which embellished with eminence
Seeking a hint and guidance
The chants would be his guidance

Would a cursed Satan
Become free of distress?
Perhaps he is lured
By one of the poets
Perhaps he seeks peace
Exaltation and eminence
Woe! Rising and setting down
Between praise and curse
O lantern do light up
A candle for strangers

(56)

Alaa Al Din Hassan

A poet from Syria

O lifelong seekers of piety
This is the best of edifice
You are the light of guidance
And illuminating lanterns
We witnessed love in you
Ascending up in the skies
How much effort have we made
How long have we sought faithfulness
Our path is alliance
With bliss in brotherliness
We are seeking justice
It is the way to gloriousness
We spread love in the air
And a beam of happiness
We look for reviving a day
of which we could have hopes
Do listen, my friends
From you, we seek pureness

Do spread good anon
You are people of bliss
This is an appeal to you
Have you listened to the pleas?
Then we would exalt all
In the fields of abundance

(57)

Ali Al Ajhar Al Azimi

A poet from Kuwait

All over the universe flow
The good spirits of the pious
They fill the universe with fragrance
Peace and happiness
Let the devout pray
And entreat as he pleases
Let the pastor chant
The hymns of Heavens
Let the birds sing
Ah! How beautiful singing is!
Let the flowers flutter
In the footsteps of the gear
There is no distinction in the universe
between men and women
they are all bestowed with a heart
with an essence and some wits
There is no hostility in the universe
To the teachings of the Heavens
If we all forgive each other
We will sway in happiness
O my friend, we all live
In this universe as partners

why do we wage wars when all
Are bound to die
We all toil and moil
The reward, from God, is
We are only letters
A “A” that “B” follows
You are a good soul, so why
Don’t you comfort the helpless?
You are a heart, so why
Don’t you love the generous?
You are a mind, so why
Don’t you follow the pious
You are free, so why
Do you complain like prisoners?
You are a guest, so why
Don’t you care about strangers
You are a light, so why
Do you disappear at eves?
Be as you want to be
But don’t be the whip of distress
Be a hope, be a cure
Don’t be a tune of cries

I thank God so amply
With prayers and praise
O, messenger of God
O, the eminent and ultimate of all prophets

(58)

Ali Al Baz

A poet from Egypt

you are great
they are all equally revered
Ahmed, Jesus and Moses
Brothers, they are, blessed is their brotherliness
Islam is security
Peace and bliss
All religions called
For the teachings of Heavens
He has a peaceful mind and a world
That abounded with reverence
With fruits of love, hope
And gloriousness to the universe
Do establish a powerful peace
Not the peace of the helpless
Not the peace of the helpless to the powerful
But the peace of the great
Not the peace of repression
But the peace of content and complacency and
content
Renounce war for its consequence
Is struggle, decrease
Destruction, desolation
And seas of blood
Do ask history; what is the consequence
of distress but demise?
Do ask history; what is the consequence
Of content but gloriousness
“Peace” is a name of God
The Most Merciful of all, hence
Spread peace in search

of God's bliss
You would enjoy the mundane and the celestial
With the sovereignty of the pious

(59)

Ali Al Radawna

A poet from Jordan

O people make appeals
To the damain of the devout
Make love a light
From which we seek faithfulness
We restore the earth to a garden
With the generosity of the loyal
And the hymn of glory becomes a pride
When we plead for bliss
We have never sought disputes
Or deceit in disguise
We sincerely plead
For the path of mercy, hence
The sons of our religion pleaded
Our way is an emblem for brotherliness
We all plead for happiness
We have not pleaded for wars
We have pleaded for love
Embellished with the glory of eminence
We have sought a dialogue
That defended the way to affluence

(60)

Omar Tarafi

A poet from Algeria

O Man, Truce
Did you mention the beginnings
We came from Adam
We are all prone to brotherliness

So why do the rules of violence
Override us?
Terrorism fuelled in us
The fire of killing the innocents
It set fear as retaliation
In which we have no hands
Our religion bans killing
Of which complain the women
Of which complain the bereaved
When grief cries
He is shunned as Arab
Who kills innocent infants
Since Islam came pleading
For the peace of prophets
Our religion is a religion of dialogue
And reunion without scorns
A religion of knowledge, a religion of peace
A religion of forgiveness and exaltations
Grudges are a plague indeed
So do renounce the worst of vice
Be enlightened by a prophet
who has the revelation of the Heavens
He only pleads for good
Shouldn't we take him as guidance?
O Man, truce!
Do you remember the beginnings?

(61)

Omar Abd Al Hedi Al Saied

A poet from Egypt

Be my brother, you will own me
O mine, take what you want, hence
My bread is in your hands

And I have salt and water
In “Fez” lovers yearn
for lovers in Karbala
love is born in the west of the ocean
and is nurtured in the east of the gulf
We are all living with love
We all promote fondness
This is how Arabs chanted
With brotherhood and pureness
So that grace, peace
And glory would rule the universe

(62)

Ghazi Ismail Al Muhr

A poet from Jordan

In the book of God, there is a secret
With which we live in greatness
This is manifest
In the teachings of the Heavens
“We made you peoples and tribes”
to love and care for each other
So we moved on in union
United and generous
The plea of God to us
Is to be forgivers
His apprehension that we live
In wars and aversion
Islam is a religion, indeed
In which we live in grace
Man gets justice whatever
His allegiance is
It calls for security

Peace and embrace
It does not call for arrogance
Nor for conflicts of survival
It called us for dialogue
In love and kindness
It called us for agreement
Whenever bitterness is intense
Islam does call us
To be forgivers
No matter how different we are
We will stay wise
We do not stir violence
It is the fire of distress
We do not call for sedition
We do not call for animus
We live together
And together we earn opulence
Violence is a path
Of intense massacres
Let us be the people of affection
In spite of cries for animus
Let us be good to the universe
Not fields of distress
we all did come from clay
How do we live in arrogance?
What is the purpose of difference?
What is the point of disunions?
We have nothing but union

Between summers and winters
In which every soul extols
It is a healing for the spirits
It is God's will
It is the prophets' heritage

(63)

Ghosn Ibn Hilal Al Ibri

A poet from Oman

When God bestowed us
At first, with his spirits
Then, for Earth, he favoured us
Of all the other creatures
To good, he guided us
By sending the prophets
He said: O my people
I am, to the servants, a bliss
O people, do fear me
And listen to these pleas
Killing an innocent soul
Is the most evil vice
He made sacred, the souls
And the blood of the innocents
He gave people rights
In which, they are all equals
May they be black or white
Poor or prosperous
He said that the dominion is mine
You are mere agents
Poor people are my children
Be not avaricious
This is what God recommended
To you, to be loyal

All this came to us
From the eminent prophets
Taha is the choice procreation of God
And after him come the pious
Islam has a light
That should be adopted as guidance
It is free of hatred
No, it is free of animus
“You have your own religion, I have mine”
The saying is, by the wise, understood
The religion of Abraham is mine
And all prophets’ religions
And those who opted for other religions
They deserve sincere bliss
This land has a right
Where faithfulness is a reverence
You should live in peace
Love and bliss
Planet Earth is beautiful
It deserves homage
Sons of Adam should seek
Construction and glory
This is the aim of life
It is the will of the Lord of the Heavens

(64)

Foued Taman

A poet from Egypt

A voice called from the clouds
So awaited the skies
It said: “Good news, a sun
Will glow with brightness
It will shatter darkness and injustice

With prophets' guidance"
I performed ablution...light came
And filled the space
The prophets came and called me
I answered their calls
I received my banner
I was quite vigilant
I called people for love
They hug each other, all the foes
They experienced justice and lived
In exaltation and grace
I set justice with the name
Of God, all people are equal
I renounced massacres
I sanctified blood
I recited prophets' sayings
And revived hopes
Why did you stray from justice
and allow the ignorants to propel
They misled you...they shed
In the elation of power, blood
To religion, they attributed
Injustice and the killing of the innocent
They ignited sedition among people
Hostility became more intense
They considered as disbelievers
all the people who believed in God,
They flattered rulers

The universe returned to darkness
They moved backwards
As if Earth illumined not
With prophets' lights
The beast comes out of Man
looms in the air
We called all believers in God
They answered the calls
We revived
Heavens' messages
We challenged injustice and oppression
And antagonists' of light
On Earth, we revived love
And the radiance of brotherhood

(65)

Fadel Safan

A poet from Syria

We are overwhelmed with grudge
In the realms of the wise
And it set limits on us
When we were once free
This is how our land became
In the eyes of strangers
With your name, O God, we came
To seek protection from this chaos
O bliss is manifest
the conscience of the honorable
Purity drew on its lands
The shade of eminence
Dawn dressed it with a robe
That cannot be overcome with demise

Man derives from its aura
The spirit of eminence
Bliss made it a mirror
And made it a sovereign on justice
The day Adam set on earth
The thought of prophets
An awakening overrode
In morns and eves
We will stay a thorn
That bleeds the eyes of intruders
Do wait for a blessed day
When plague ends
Contrary to your will
Only God's will overrides
Take the small chance you have
And keep your face
People would respect you thus
All people would with no exception
You will never cross anyone truer than us
In brotherly coalition
And by the gate of sustenance we stood
An abode to our friends
Bliss bestowed us
With this dress of affluence
And made us avoid
All the causes of distress
When we sacrifice every inch
Of our land with our blood

That is the goal of any human being
Who seeks praise
In the age of fear you stay
Naked, without covers
All people, men and women
Would be overwhelmed with distress
Injustice would override
In the labyrinths of disguise
The unconscious would realize one day
How would be driven the slaves
We do not favour anyone in love
When loyalty reigns
Our lands would always be
A refuge for assurance
we are the defenders of rights
even when defeuse is wanting
in this chaos, we are heedful
of the sordids villainy
thus we discern what it means
to wage war
When foes crave
For endlessness
Do ask sailors
Along the open space
Perhaps, you would be allured
By water and bread, in their juorny
thus you will know the true taste of life
when the vessel tightens

It would hide the poor ones longing
In the shade of abundance
Time has gone by
And preachers have become numerous
We unite the thoughts
Of all opponents
Without any doubt, this is bliss
When affluence governs
Our view proclaims the prosperity of good
In the universe, this is not insane
When there is no food
Our riches are a donation from the Universe
We have aspirations for the future
We are full of hopes
Tomorrow, we would revive
The past, with grace
Our religion is a flood of peace
There is no doubt in this
All people are equal
To the powerful Lord of Heavens
With it we realize that love
Is the way to construct the edifice!
We are the generous people in this world
We are full of abundance
We have, in plentiful,
Spirits of sacrifice
Tomorrow, the eternal paradise
Would be the sojourn of the pious

Await from us the bliss of life
Without troubles
Hard workers would know that truth
Is the light of diligent
All that you offer to friends
As in faithfulness
Has no value , if it ignores truth
You would end in demise
Do not say that is blether
Of poet's delusions
solemnity is the key to security
In all lands
O God, help us achieve our goals
And shield us from distress

(66)

Fakia Sabahi
A poet from Algeria

O Brother, this is my hand
Take it to the lights
Fill the universe with peace
Don't be an affliction in the hearts
Cultivate the early morning,
You the descendant of prophets
Denial has disseminated in us
since strangers' predominance
We have put behind a fort of glory
long guarded by the pious
Be a bird to Islam
Revoking hostility
Don't be an arrow in my chest
Bestow me with bountiful decency

O road, take our caravan
toward serenity
to attain peace
and defy the fools
My pulse still beats
flourishing despite weariness
My voice still roars
challenging cowards
Right will remain with us
A Mecca till demise
Let the generations follow
piety with serenity
We haven't assembled for ages
in the fields of eminence
Let the roses of honour
Inhale the dew of success
Relinquish a wild war
That ripped purity within us
Pour these rhymes
a scream into the skies
Oh God, bless us with rain,
When the bud of faithfulness decays
Hills longing for glory
would awaken, perhaps
We are weary of the woonds of the chains
and the bleeding of the innocent
who from the outset
Have been living by a religion of brotherliness

(67)

Feisal al- Mekhlefi

A poet from Saudi Arabia

We Arabs, of this terrorism,
are innocent
Our religion renounces
the ideology of those wicked pretenders
The deeds of those unblessed
Contravene the spirit of Islam
Our religion is a religion of brotherhood
Purity and peace
They followed its footsteps
My glorious ancestors
Glory bowed with respect
to those noble men
Without any bloodshed, with splendour
they filled the universe
They believed in God
and all the prophets
They proved to mankind
that faith is knowledge and pureness
and that all humans are equal
in this universe
One ground embraces them
and one sky, all of them, covers
So, come, let's fill the world
with amity and peace
We renounce hatred,
We do not torment the weak
We reject division and labels

For feud is a fools deed
On earth, we all
have the right for existence
No race should be extinguished
Or have any privileges
Let's live in the palm of love,
Let's stay friends
Life will pass
like fading stars
Let us exit as we entered
In sheer purity

(68)

Fawaz Galeb Abdun

A poet from Syria

It is Islam
that calls for brotherhood and purity
There is no extremism in my religion
It is mere hearsay
God made us all
Equal creatures
We are all God's creatures
Only God is everlasting
Lauded are the pious
not the wealthiest people
Revered is our prophet
He came with bliss
In the cave of Hira'
Divine revelations came to him
The day he was called to "read"
He was overwhelmed by the greatness of the call
O people, we have had enough

of alienation
You are the inhabitants of this Earth,
so do live in it with brotherliness
Cultivate it with harmony
Love would suffice
Blessed is the one to whom the Lord grants
piety and purity
Many prayed to God
In vain
He does not belong to us
The one who makes women cry
He does not belong to us
The one who permits the killing of the innocent
He does not belong to us
the one who claims that we belong to that set
They belong, without any doubt
to the lowest depth of wretchedness,
They are not humans
We regard them with despise
The invocation of the oppressed
filled the space
Beware of mis demeanor
This life is a test
He will be punished
the one who assaults, afflicts, or harms
Alone he meets his Lord
who punishes or rewards
This life is a gift

that does not last
Days are a succession
of sorrows and happiness
This is God's wisdom in his creation
God's decree and will
These calamities prevailed
In the absence of the pious
O Lord, O my salvation
We suffer from deep distress
Do appeal to God
In times of distress,
No one can end this torment
but You, the Lord of Heavens

(69)

Fawzi Alam Addeen

A poet from Lebanon

God bestowed his favours on you
without efforts
So, do seek his contentment
with invocations and entreats
To Allah ascend
love and prayers
O Man rise
to construction and diligence
You may do better
than apathy and lamentations
Combat evil with good
as benevolence heals
Our Lord is pardoning, generous
A lord of mercy and grants

Do your best to be good
Be benevolent to the helpless
Thank Allah enormously
Take care of the powerless
Seek effective knowledge
and avoid vanity
Allah does not like actions
that imply affectation
Allah's light is holy
It is an illumination to the souls
So, follow the lights
that fill the world with magnificence
Allah hates dissipation
and blesses indulgence
He blesses the generous
who help the powerless
God dedicated some part
From the prosperous' riches
So Man would be a succour
to the powerless
When wealth is divided equally
misery disappears
Have mercy upon the poor
and pray the lord of the Heavens
to bestow you with blessings
He is the most Gracious
Perhaps some benediction
Is better than any remedy

Doing good is rewarded
benevolence and innocence
Wipe the tear of a child
Look after the miserable
Honour a weak elderly
tired of troubles
Bring warmth to him
in winter, homeliness
Honour your parents' rights
With respect and obedience
Be generous with guests
Don't be mean or greedy
Save the grieved anon
Help them in distress
Support the oppressed
Have mercy on them
Honour the word you give
Be friendly
All people are brothers
in time of distress
Be noble
Beware of immorality and virulence
Treat captives with kindness
Do well to prisoners
Rule with justice
Don't be unjust with the innocent
Your punishment will be of the same kind
As any misdeed you committed

O people repent
An irrevocable repentance
Tame the soul
with the teachings of the righteous
Make dialogue the bases
of politics and jurisdictions
Rule justly and impartially
Be honest
Grant freedom of speech
to all parties
Treat people fairly
regardless of affiliation
without discrimination
Between men and women
All Allah's creatures are siblings
They are equal in God's eyes
Trust each other
with forgiveness and faithfulness
We are all descendants of Adam
We are all brothers
This is not our law
but the creator's
All we have mentioned is blessed
in the teachings of the Heavens
which gather people on the right path
And call for pureness
Let's live
honest and noble

(70)

Fawzi Issa

A poet from Egypt

Our religion is a religion of peace,
moderation and brotherliness
He does not belong to us
the one who nourishes terror
Terrorism is a disease
A plague that fills the earth
with evil and blood
Allah did not call
for the killing of innocent souls
But he called for peace and good
How true prayers are!
This is what all prophets messages
called for
So, do come westerners
Join in a common cause
to fill the earth with peace,
flowers and prosperity
We reject hatred and abhorrence
We live in sincerity
Let us seek good
Let's be partners
We will rise high with free debate
Then clouds of hostility will disappear.

(71)

Qais Taha Quqaza

A poet from Jordan

O People, my heart is so heavy
that it would burst in tears
People are killed in the morning
People are slaughtered in the eves

Every day so many a war
covers the universe with blood
O people rise up
from your lethargy and your conceit
You have been dormant in the caves for years
It is time to rise
In our life, there is no place
for conflicts among foes
O People rise up
from ashes and witheredness
Free the human resist
Resist all shapes of extinction
Take my hand to restore
peace and brotherliness
Our hands are eager to hold yours
Shake our hands O dears
Islam is a religion of
peace and brotherliness
It advocates true rights
with pure truth
It is a lamp enlightening,
endowing the universe with splendour
It is an end, a continuation
of all prophets
In the Quran, Virgin Mary is
purity and righteousness
The Chosen Prophet, Muhammad, called her
“the best woman of the world”

She shook the palm, so it let fall
light and splendour
Jesus, the prophet of Allah
Is a star shining with truth
On Earth, he became a model
to all the pious
Moses who spoke to God
Is a symbol of faithfulness
He divided the sea
For the weak to pass
We are a people of peace
Cowards do not belong to us
Our mien is clearly frank
Not tinted with pretence
In our life we are content
with the living of the nobles
In our demise we stand erect
As the bearing of martyrs
We resemble roses, and to the thirsty
We are like a desert being irrigated
Our religion rejects
murderers
The universe will be filled with virtue
when we water it with peace
When we give it goodness
We cover the universe with bliss
We grant people the right
to live ... without distress

We open prosperity in the face of
the simple hardworking people
The earth becomes a place where
no strangers exist
Verses suspend exclusion
so the poor may live
Good never dies
in a land that loves poets

(72)

Lina Irshad

A poet from Jordan

All Arabs believed
in the call of prophets
When the circumstances were harder
they answered the calls
It was an Arab star
that bestowed the universe with magnificence,
that boasted the great victory,
that filled the sky with lights
that adorned the land with flowers
at the very beginnings
It filled the world with indulgence
when delusion hit the world
O madness O delusion
of every letter of condemnation
Is a dancer in the day of victory
Agin the frenzied of the world
O Kuwait rise
and carry my dream please
to many you were a shelter
benevolent and boutiful

From the levant our esteem
inspired by sways of tribute
In your lands, we pray for
a religion of love
This is not atheism
My religion rejects wars,
Curses terrorism, halts
anyone who plans for enmities
Many a levantine are righteous
Honorably bearing their heads,
with diglity they behave
and bednin tidelity
O lions of injustice its your declining years
My lions are sturdy
With justice, they became
wiser like Abul - Ala Al-Ma - arri
A poetic call that makes one cry
recited elegies
O my God, you are my Lord
Unity should spare bloodshed
God replies: "People
be persistent in prayers"
In my heart,
Lord, there is humility
I obey like palm trees
in the glorious Iraq
Lofty, palm fronds bow
when it rains tears

Here is a call from my country
The land of the mighty
Its tremendous pulse is mine
bears the victory of the great
The world flourished around us
after long lasting injustice,
O Palestine, chant
and hold high the banner of pride
the oasis of sudan is like a sun
which glitters with peaceful learn
So, the heart was overwhelmed with warmth
The soul was filled with peace
Its people have noble roots
scented with love
Our mother Egypt boasts
Equal are all humans
Here, every branch
embraced the lights
There is no longer any coercion
or mourning and laments
After difficulty, ease surely sluices,
After drought, water surely comes
Branches are filled
with blossoms of comeliness
Watered by Tigris river
Bending in it with grace
A cloud of every colour
Put forth buds to the branches of peace,
followed the pilgrims
bestowed them with happiness

Saudis were generous
Their dates are healing honey
A fig from every Arab branch
What bliss!
Whenever shadows blew
their brightness on earth shines
God's promise is true
So, seek help with prayer
It flourished with glorious olive
that offered medicinal oil
It fruited genuine almond
named the cedar of redemption
Somalia represents love
Watered with pride
O Morocco, my dream
We would meet on your hills
We are banners lofting
above the banners of unity
The Emirates embraced
all who sought help
We met in Algeria
in the land of prosperity
Tunisia is singing
greenness in the rains
an original melody spread
playing morning and eves
All Arabs believed
in the call of the prophets

(73)

Maher Al-khadi

A poet from Jordan

O God in Heavens,
O Generous, when he wills
Let it be, and it will be certainly
without hardship or tiredness
We ask for great victory
Faith in you never fails
If peace lasts one day
This is a mercy for new borns
Not knowing what is escaping
nor why to hide
a refugee in every land
His only belonging is this space
His days pass in tears
with women and orphans
In the tents of humiliation he stays
when bloodshed starts
O mothers of patience, charters
Be patient
After difficulty, is surely ease
Suffering has an end
Groans are rewarded
Heaven is the reward of bareness
Terror tore for a while
the lives of all the poor
Terror has no religion
Its ideology is the root of all evils
He made peaceful people live

all kinds of distress
We have the secret for healing
with luminous minds,
good hearts
and the pride of the mighty
Our deeds will prove
that the sun would shine
We are all against extremism
and wicked peoples' evils
We do well today
in the fields of sacrifice
We prove that we are nobles
We are one and equal
We do thwart the hidden hand
of cowards
The hand that feeds sectarianism
in miserable teens
that exterminates humanity
and spreads disdain
A strife that killed the youth
Who were shining lights
It made them dogs
since they lost the feeling of belonging
After suicide and death
they would finish in abyss
They killed souls on suspicion
Their suspicions are nonsense
They seek heaven

with the death of the innocent
They accused us of atheism
and dunked in distress
Our hand extended with love
for peace and faithfulness
The poems of victory were written
in glorious seas
Had the armies of the war been convened
We would be the army of prudence
Among the chaos of war
We came for construction and peace
We conceive that man is to stay
in honour with no offence
We are a nation
with neither land nor sky

(74)

Majdi Yusuf

A poet from Palestine

After night comes light
As sunlight shines
It has risen
from a fragrant bed in the sky
It looks to the horizon
with obedience and shyness
Surrounded by a sea of clouds
in coyness and splendour
wearing a soft dress
It is said, passion is a disease
The universe is calling
O healer, O cure
O beloved in the distance

O messenger of glory
It walks slowly like an angel
It fills the universe with generosity
The hummingbird is reciting
from the prophet's acumen
Standing in its nest
In prayers and pleas
It spread a wing to Allah
"Would the sky neglect my calls?"
Allah is my relief
He will quench my thirst
Deprivation has burdened my back
and my life was wasted
The vessel became wreckage
and hopes turned to howls
Roses deserted a lover
that's an arrive in the flesh
If you think I'm quasi-dead
I am just patient yes, indeed but i'm patient
The wounded went on coming closer
to flowers in space
They admonished him out of longing
He blamed bad fate
He kissed their lips
and cried with pride
The dew cried in sympathy
The blossom cried in bashfulness
They hugged in reverence

Then said in serenity
“You are a part of me, in my blood
The secret of my life, like air
You are the cords of my sky,
every melody of redemption
You are a gift from God received
by the hand of the empty land”
So, it unveiled itself in happiness
Heavens are the reward
the grass spread
in pride and nobility
Like bows of splendour
birds came closer
Hours passed drowsy
Aimless and harsh
It was a face of a moth
envying the coming hummingbird
It cut deep cries
from singing lips
O hummingbird,
I am more deserving of this nectar
These flowers are mine
and the splendid space
This throne is mine
I dismiss partnership
Would I break the sword
with my palm in case of offence?
Leave the flowers

I am a contagious illness
Drink the earthworms
You get the medicine
keep chanting confined
It is just nonsense
The mouth is sulking for the loss
of one of the best friends
The mouth is mocking for a sword
shining in hands
The spell is broken
The mask of hypocrisy is down
Take these flowers
if they fulfill your wishes
That beauty is pure
You cannot buy with water
It walks to the den carried
on a blade of fate
The worst evil is a friend,
a killer who betrayed trustworthiness
It left the vow in agony
within the breath of emptiness
Time passed slowly
Nights passed in animus
Friends are shameless
with eyes of glass
like fragments of stars
falling with no lights
frozen down in abyss

lost in sadness
under piles of distress
In the garden, there was an old man
who like a frog, thirsty for blood
It did not taste flesh
for many long weeks
He was astonished at the hummingbird's
desertion of his friend, that night
He wished, for dinner, that the bird
had fallen between his jaws
That arrogant one with the sword
that sways in the skies
As the day broke, he
went with remorse
Unusually, the hummingbird came out,
and went astray
in a space seeking
faithful friends
He was crying, and hiding
the trace of the tears
The frog has seen tears
So, quickly, he hid
laying in a bed
of arrogance
He was drunk with the nectar,
his favourite drink
The victorious frog drew near him silently
He took out the whip of his mouth

in a healing bite of death
He got closer to the drunkard
swiftly, like water
very close,
so death was approaching
The arrogant one opened heavy eyes
burdened with tiredness
Then, the hummingbird fell
on it as a ferocious predator
And devoured the little naive bird
In a glimpse
Where is the sword of time?
Has it become a casualty of vanity?
What has imprisoned the wind
and the sound of parrots?
The poor prey was stunned
when he confronted death
He bended the head in shame
as his pride was broken
I don't know how I sold
A shadow of brotherliness
He was always my soul mate
And was lost like a spilled drink
Forgive me, O my refuge,
O the most splendid of prophets
You have never left my mind
In every day of distress
I wish that fate

would grant us peace,
that days would flourish again
with a spring of happiness
God damn the serpent
that incited chaos
As Adam felt naked
with blood and sins
He sought reign with a sin
The forbidden tree would be the remedy
He left Heaven to Earth
Out to ignorance and foolishness
It is God who gave you
The heart of the pious
That fills the jungles with beauty,
with redemption and peace

(75)

Mahgub Musa

A poet from Egypt

The gift of Islam is dedicated
to the minds of the wise
True peace is for the whole world
without any doubt
It came to bestow the world with safety
And spread grace
There is no place
for injustice
Its soul is love and justice
Its pulse is true brotherliness
Its message was not sent for the white
disregarding the black, they are all equal

No virtue is avirtue
Except for righeouness
as the holy book says
It was not spread by the sword
That is falsehood and forgeries
But, with wisdom, it spread
without a doubt
The sword was drown only in war
and for defence
It was directed at the opponent
not at the innocent
Its message was neither to terrify
Nor to shed blood
Peace is neither cowardice
Nor leaning and obedience
Yet terrorism is terror,
absolutism and injustice
Humanity refuses this evil
The worst of evil, it is
It is killing, it is destruction
No construction, it is
Islam is the remedy,
It is hope
It calls people to love
What a noble call!
There is neither compulsion in Islam
Nor twistedness
There is no room in it for

terrorism, murder or betrayal
O people,
Listen to this call
To all people
We call for peace
Let us be a war on terrorism
days and eves

(76)

Mushin Zafer Gareeb

A poet from Iraq

Arabs stand as an example for
fraternity and highness
They related Moses and Jesus
with the last prophet
Allah ended his messages
with a calling for forgiveness
O sons of Adam, do love each other
You would return to the Heavens
My tent and the Tower of Babel
are equal in supplication
The Dubai tower is also
An edifice of aspiration
and Kuwait, past and present,
recommends compassion
All are equally ready to give the best
for the common good

(77)

Muhammad Amen Joob al-asemee

A poet from Senegal

O people you received
The calls of messengers
Listen, and then obey
To be happy

Raise in every land
a flag for the nobles
In unity, in harmony
This is the message of prophets
We were created from earth,
bones and flesh
You are a part of me, with no doubt
and I am for you forever
We are the pillars of an edifice
Our God is the Lord of heavens
Arabs are not superior
Or better than Westerners
We all originated from water,
Blood runs in everyone's veins
Bury all hatred
Put the sword away
to harvest good, a long time
in prosperity and paradise
Fear God and live
Put on the dress of fidelity
Restrain anger and pardon
Why do we bless giddiness?

We were and we still
belong to the nobles
We never wronged or fouled anyone
The Holy Book is our guidance
We have always been generous
About giving, we have never worried

(78)

Muhammad Al-Jurani

A poet from Iraq

We were in distress
But we never showed any assault
When we greet, we salute
with peace and prayers
O universe, witness
that, bloodshed, we reject
Our hand we have extended
to those who wish to meet
Our love is huge
It embraces everyone
Terrorism, go away
You are a mere blasphemy
Your claim to Islam
is completely rejected
Our religion is nor faulty
It treats people equally
Our faith is a religion of peace,
harmony and brotherliness
It filled the world with sympathy,
hope and grace
In the path of love, we will continue
Not fearing distress
Following the path of Muhammad,
the last of all prophets
In Taëf, when they hurt his feet
He did not ask for their death
He forgave those who wronged
And wished them grace
Values that were and still are
the way for ascension

(79)

Muhammad al-Said Abdelfattah

A poet from Egypt

O violence enshrouded
under a river of blood
How could you invade a child's dream,
the heart of an elderly or a woman?
How could you build from screams
and pain an edifice?
Hearts are blinded
when invaded by animus
You can't see flowers in gardens
You can't see water in rivers
You can only see darkness
feeding on foolishness
Not moved by tears
in the eyes of the innocents
O terror, tell me
How could you sleep in eves?
Do you see the faces of the victims
in the mirrors, in curtains?
Or you comfort yourself explaining
This is the rule for survival
This is the law of wolves
when there is no justice
No, I swear to God, you are not one of us
You are cursed in Heavens
You are Satan reincarnated
In the flesh of the wicked
Oh, how you buried the sun alive

when you assassinated the lights
when you turned on a fire
and burnt the air of prosperity
We live by a religion
where all people are equal
Remove hatred from your heart
Be the prophets' successor
Don't be a sword for ignorance
cutting the rope of brotherliness
Can you have fire on water?!
Can you have water in fire?!
Indeed, the wise mind
is the one who follows the path of life

(80)

Muhammad AlHadi bin Abdullah

A poet from Tunisia

Our religion is forgiving and gracious
It does not call for bloodshed
Islam is fair,
a religion of love and purity
Muhammad came with this religion
He is an eminent prophet
to whom the Quran was revealed
shining in the skies
Our religion is not violent
Our religion is a religion of brotherliness
It recommends people
to live in peace
It advises people
to live in happiness
Don't fight any one

Don't be a stupid cruel
 Be merciful, be smart
 In Islam there is no room for distress
 This is a Sunnite, this is a Shiite
 This one has another faith
 This one kills, this one criminalizes,
 This one works in secret
 Are you really eager for strife?
 Beware of this epidemic
 O people, be brothers
 Listen to heaven's calls
 Our religion is a faith of mercy
 It is a remedy for all
 Forgiveness is the core of our religion
 Distance the curse from us
 O wise comprehend
 We all live in unity

(81)

Muhammad Turki Hgazi

A poet from Jordan

Islam is our religion
 And Islam is the religion of the honest
 Terrorism is the path
 of the apostate villains
 They killed souls unjustly
 They assaulted days and eves
 All religions reject them
 They are evil and illness
 Islam, with justice
 and benevolence, comes
 It is the sun, the light
 shining with grace

(82)

Muhammad Shreim

A poet from Palestine

Salutations to you my nation
You are worthy of praise
We were dressed with pride
when we sought this dress
We weaved with honour,
with threads of pride
When we were glorious
we were high in the skies
from the dawn of time
For generosity we were famous
We honor our guests
A deed that omes from the heart
Hatim, the generous, is one of us
And so is Qais
we have the spirit of giving
Whenever someone is in need
we answer the call
We grant the oppressed safety
if refuge he seeks
Swords are unsheathed in defence
We are the shields
In defence of truth, we never
fear the mighty
But when able to punish
we never exaggerate
We are lenient and idulgent
Our religion is a faith of pureness
The day of the greatest Conquest

was when the parties met
Then, the mercy of our prophet
was obvious to the eye
Remember (Umar- Al Faaruq) when
he entered (Elia)
He made an oath
and was committed to his word
such a faithful nation
overtly or covertly,
It is the Arab man's vow
Such is loyalty
He never abused
nor caused suffering and distress
He never enslaved nor detained dissidents
nor called for bloodshed
Those who wanted to stay in Mecca
Were never denied that right
And those who wanted to leave
were never denied leaving
This is the light of our religion
This is the path of the pious
How many Imams recommended
following its path
And people answered eagerly
When to victory soldiers moved
the best of them answered the call
Not to cut palms unjustly
nor destroy buildings

Renounce torturing people
Don't kill the innocent
We call not for
hostility and assault
when dissidence arises
Neither do we call for hatred
But we engage in dialogue
of peace and serenity
A dialogue of logic and science
not mingled with rigmarole
We have been known
to be the symbol of compassion
The noblest amongst us is the most pious
And he is more fit to lead
When a black lives among us
he is honoured
When a Persian is in our lands
he is never treated with disgrace
This is a history of glory
written in the book of honour,
written in inspiring texts
and shining letters

(83)

Muhammad Abdullah Shaibani

A poet from Saudi Arabia

O you, unique and honourable
To you go my greetings
Every day you ascend
in the fields of giving
You are always shining
commending comaraderie

to enhance forgiveness
Your effort never end
You spend money so much endeared
by the prosperous
to enhance good
not to gather riches
I have never seen around you
but distinguished writers
O, you always smile to all
with no bias
In the heart of people, you live
with love and faithfulness
calling for true good
In mornings and eves
calling for cherished peace
by the souls of the innocents
You endorse in the souls
the rejection of offense
You seek peace
Your heart is a vessel
Every heart reflects, with no doubt,
what it contains
I have nothing to award
I only have prayers
You are the pride of Arabs
You are the pride of the wise
of all people
regardless of affiliations

Every heart you resided
but the hearts of the mindless
Every noble you enchanted
with no efforts
O you caller for the good
for the wicked, this is not good news
I invite the world
to reward your efforts
You are a king without a kingdom
You are the sultan of cleverness
You deserve to rule
when God wills
A kingdom named compassion,
harmony and pureness
You are the honourable king
gaining every adherence
always supporting humanity
without any hesitation
Ignorance is not your character
You are a shelter for strangers
You are so great that
you deserve to be only in heavens
You are the universe to people
You are their guidance
God bestowed you with wisdom,
pride and grace
Amongst nations
you were the best of orators

Amongst nations
you were the guidance
You were an inspiration
to the poets
You were their honourable king
You were the king of the pious
You called, we answered
What a call it was!
You paved the way and we followed
with rhythms and meters
Poems are like sand
Not melted with waters
O sailor
You are the best guidance
You sailed many seas
that have never been crossed
Be patient when difference
You are not happy with distress
Our religion, Islam, is guidance
From which ignorants deviated
Those who deviated
left the right path of the pious
of the messenger Ahmed
No offence it has
It is a message of light
of the last prophet
He never called for injustice,
hatred or demise

We worship, the creator, our God
He is the richest of all
He has no assistance, no partner
No partners he accepts
He is the one and only
He knows what is hidden
Religion is how you treat others
with no offence
Don't you see wise
Men and women!
Wisdom is following
the acts of prophets
All prophets call Allah
Without any difference
They worshipped the only
who has no partners
This is true religion
With no disguise
Not hidden behind
neither bigotry nor decay
Not hidden behind extremism
Not hidden behind nonsense
Not hidden behind presumptuousness
infatuated with blood
Not hidden in killing
in the maze of demise
Not hidden in arrogance
without any guidance

O you who is getting far
Come let's meet in goodness
In the path of good we live
in harmony and pureness

(84)

Muhammad Issam Allush

A poet from Syria

Our religion is a faith of pureness
Our religion is a faith of indulgence
The chosen prophet is sent to us
with the heavens' guidance
He called for peace
He called for brotherliness
Recite the Quran, Allah's revelation,
the path of prophets
It has neither violence, nor terrorism
nor bloodshed
There is no compulsion in religion
no spreading of distress
God's book is a guide
for dialogue and highness
In Allah's book
There is a call for alliance
Graciously
for hope to survive
In God's book
is a call for true peace
It says: Incline to peace
This is the path of the pious
God's book calls for wisdom
not violence tricks

In God's book
we are the nation of true religion
In God's book
we are famous for brotherliness
We are not sectarian
nor factional
We are all slaves of God,
all from mud and waters
Only devotion can distinguish
between nobles
It invited us
to love and pureness
Neither to violence, hatred
Nor to the killing of innocents
We were raised believing in forgiveness
and concerned with building
The life of the messenger
is a guiding light for us
Its perfume flooded the air
all around the universe
Its light guides hearts
to the rank of the pious
He was merciful to people
With manners
he was always smiling
like shining lights
There is no place for hatred
In times of distress

he was tormented and terrorized
days and eves
He was called a liar
Every kind of enmity he faced
He was besieged in the valley,
It was a foolish act
Thorns were thrown at him
In prostration and prayers
Devoted to God, praying
He carried on his prayer
Dirt was put in his way
and in front of his house
That day, in Mecca, he said: Be content
I will not punish offenders
You are free
O my people, you are forgiven
The day of victory was not a day of judgment
It was a day of forgiveness,
It was a day to win hearts
longing for the revelation of heavens
To Taif, he walked spreading the good word
after suffering from distress
He was thrown with stone and mud
Scamps
He returned sad and sorrowful
suffering bloody wounds
From the seventh heaven
an angel came with the orders

He said: I will destroy the mountains
if you wish
He said: Let them go
May God guide whom He wants
From dissident's descendants
faithful believers would come
To war prisoners in Bader, he said:
If you wish redemption
Teach our children
Then leave honoured
He loved children
He assisted the poor
He supported women
He healed the sick
He was kind to his wives
He was a symbol of humbleness
A leader he was in his kindness
in his purity, in his serenity
He said; who tortured a cat
would suffer the worst of punishment
Awarded would be the one
who gives water to a weak dog
or forbids hurting a bird
or hurting its young
He was offended by burning ants
Violence is a plague
Allah is merciful to those who have mercy
God is the most merciful

When delegates came
they had poets
When delegates came
they had orators
When delegates came
they had eloquent speakers
When delegates came
they had scholars
This is the basis for understanding
wishing to meeting Allah
It paved a path for dialogue
It planned the reason for glory
This is our Islam
full of peace and prosperity
This is our Islam
a religion of justice and advance
This is our Islam
When we raised our flag
Then, it Rose east and west
with the teachings of the Heavens
How much Knowledge we spread
when civilisation we established
How much art we created
that never ended
How much beauty, we sprinkled
that was splendour to the world
How many virtues we chanted
In which there was guidance
So, ask history about us
How generous we were

(85)

Mahmud Uqab

A poet from Egypt

With guidance Islam was lit
with prophets' lights
It adorned Earth as a bride
for the star in the skies
Our religion, Islam, is a light
that lit for all people
It was sent with no exception of any people
It was sent for the whole universe
It unified the world in one line
in calling and prayers
It responded with good
to those who wronged
It is soft like a spectrum
Our souls melted in its pureness
Our religion is forgiving and generous
It warmed the world with grace
It has never been a shelter to violence
But a source of dignity it is
It never discriminated between nations
in colour or clothes
It lived as a caring neighbour
protecting all religions
The flag of Islam is peace
Under it, the world is prosperous
It embraced nations
wrapped by compassion
A flag that flew high

and perfumed the airs
Islam never sought hatred
But with understanding it came
This light which embraced the universe
did not spread with swords
With swords, we protected
a castle under attack
The prophet of God is a dawn
brightening the world with its grace
It shed its light as a star
In the heart of darkness it shines
With guidance, he came
saving the drowned in distress
He came to the world as a healer,
a medicinal herb
His sword shines like a full moon
reflecting the purest of light
a guardian of peace on earth
a preventer of bloodshed
shining with truth,
erasing all wrong that covers the universe
The heavenly revelation of the Chosen prophet
came in the cave as splendour and glory
Quran was revealed as sweet
as water for the thirsty hearts
It is a niche
that spreads guidance at every age
It clears every argument

as a miracle for the smart minds
foretelling in sciences,
miraculous for the scientists' minds
Arabs have a tongue
that taught birds how to sing
It was full of prayers
with a flow of giving
The messenger of God's grace
is growing in the skies
His axe is seriousness
that destroyed the structure of polytheism
Guidance is flourishing
So the soul would harvest happiness
Our religion is a faith of construction,
a renaissance with glory
A paradise that grows in the desert,
as watered generously
Our faith, Islam, is an innate belief
for truthful living
It agrees with the good human nature
and embraces it
It is a way of life
we suffer without
It is the law of the universe
with natural ruling, it came
It is guidance for the confused
It is a remedy for the ill
Our religion is assurance

It goes against terrorism
It is a shelter and protection
from the flames of aggression
So, seek shade in a rich garden
flourishing with bliss
Seek to salvage your soul
Have the purest of remedy

(86)

Mukhtar Said Salah

A poet from Syria

My forehead is an olive branch
My hand is a spring
I ponder over the rain
and the call of prophets
aiming for healing the wound
with the revelations of poets
A poetry line may stop
the rivers of blood
With half a verse
souls may live and constructions rise
Death may hear me
and have mercy on me
as it consumed people
In proxy war
and offered countries
for hurricanes of death
It wasted a rosy generation
of martyrs
O fellow!
In right and good you find salvation
That is the heavenly message

that the prophets brought
With them, were raised
towers of love, growth
peace, construction
happiness and glory
and honoured Muslims
shrewd and brave
Who understood Islam
the enlightened bright Muslims
masters of the world
and the origin of its glory and pride
Ask the Spanish
about the Arabs
O fellow,
The ultimate aim is building
Religions are not for killing
but for life
This is the will of God
This is Allah's wish
So, understand and heed
You live in happiness
I genuinely wish God's grace
Be upon the land of nobles
Upon glorious Kuwait
the desert's crown
Blessed be its call
to gather poets
May God reward it with bliss
prosperity and peace

(87)

Mustafa bin Hilal Al kindi

A poet from Oman

Our religion is a faith of brotherhood,
dignity and eminence
Always seeking reform
to live in happiness
Islam is a religion
of great glory and affluence
Quran is our legislation
We follow the heavenly teachings
My ideal is Taha, Muhammad,
the eminent prophet
He saved lives and protected
souls from bloodshed
This is written
in the commandments of the pious

(88)

Mustafa Hamed

A poet from Egypt

O Man, slow down
Life is just emptiness
Everything will disappear
We are all in the hands of fate
So, fill the world with peace
Hatred would not be of any good
Plant love and sing
Love is a remedy
The purity of love is
Indigenous to the heavenly messages
All came with peace, mercy,
and brotherliness
We are all slaves of God

Our origin is mud and waters
God revealed that:
All of you are equal in my eyes
Do always obey Allah
and believe in prophets
God's religion is love
So, renounce bloodshed
Killing is a crime
that is not forgiven by prayers
God has no partner
So, pray to him as he wants
O Man, slow down
Life is just emptiness
Fill the earth with peace
Hatred would not do us any good
Plant love and sing
Love is a remedy

(89)

Mustafa Izz Addeen Al Aidee

A poet from Egypt

O guardians of religion, please
How can we live in grace
If you permit...follow my words
so that they shine
The words of Arabs are a lamp
lit with brotherliness
They are fruits from shadows
and rhymes of songs
A true prayer
with no pretension or arrogance
My love, a prophet

that appeared with grace
The water of his river in paradise, Kawthar, prayed
So words bent with grace
He cared for the weak
and was merciful to the slaves
May peace fill a soul
that shuns grief and dirges
O guidance ...! we are tired
with succeeding distress
Tell the one who asks
about the place where serenity sings
He is a branch from a garden
He is a moon in the nights
He glorified the Lord thankfully
spiritually connecting in the cave of Hira
He is the sun in hiding
He is a sea with no limits
He is the fruit of palms
He is a rain of eminence
When mentioned,
hearts are warmed with prayers
O you! who ask, truce!
Our religion is forgiving and full of lenience
I came to sing my poetry
to be blessed by the skies
I will tell man loudly
that religion is a remedy
Light would spread

despite the ignorance of the mindless
The jewel of words is a book
It is a reminder and lights
O, worldly brother, slow down
before crying starts
You have witnessed fighting
bleeding with distress
My Islam calls for good
and salvation, with no dispute
You are my friend, indeed
Wherever we are, we are equal
My goal is to seek truth
In it we may find answers
Did you see
how the Lord bestowed spiritued wisdom
serenity prevailed
And lights shone
The arrogant and the tyrants
were distanced
Materials are only worldly adornments
that will disappear like dust
So, do good in secret
under cover
Dismiss deception
everything to an end
I wish Omar called us
How weak the parties are
A flag of despair that falls

in the hands of prisoners
Who sees them
Only empty ghosts he sees ...
and drunkards led by a human hand
from behind
Not awakened by morality
of the pious' consciousness
Do they see in the darkness
a key for blindness?
And the dress of glory decays
over empty bodies
I wish Zayed called us,
O suffering of strangers
Don't ask about poor people
Overburdened with distress
Be safe from evil sins
Stand up, adorn with beauty
I was right ! sins are
a snake in the blood
Not alike, the one who destroys
and the one who builds
Not alike the one who gives growth
and the one who corrupts crops.
Blamed would be the one who gives
fatwa with ignorance,
and was careless
How sad, the rights of people are
more deserving to be handled

A Call for truth
he made gently when he came
What happened to us
And people are in distress
Who are you following?
The deviation of the soul is a disease
We are all sons of Adam
Our origin is mud and water
Helpless is the one
who is not mentioned highly
O friend! I in every land
You are shaded by the skies
Arabs ... foreigners
We are all free and equal
How could we be fouled
by exaggerated claims of the mindless?
I don't know my friend,
where the guards of the building are?
Either from the east or from the west
We are always friends
We are all believers
united by one sky
We were forbidden from discord
But ordered to be content
Our quest for justice is true
This is the vow of the pious
Would my people know
how to meet with others?

Resisting thier whims
without grudge or assault
United with a bond
with no exaggeration
If a wicked person came to us
or was hostile to us
How could we become great
when war peaks?
This is how you reason
It is not just win or lose
Peace is a messenger
of all prophets
The light of good lasts
if approached by deers
How could evil satisfy a soul
if it were prone to fears?
Not alike who lives honoured
and who is tainted and failed
Not alike who remained pious
and who lost morals
O friend! if you want
to live free, renounce
Think if you see violence!
Every false accusation is rumbling
So, if you are harmed
and defeated
Think! Pray to Allah
and win glory

How would you flourish in your quest
with no love or giving?
The lord's almighty words
are true
He revealed the Evangel and the Torah
to people equally
Then the almighty revered
a book full of remedies
written in Arabic with
Bona fide and earnest
What a rue! that some
could nor fathom deep
Had they pondered they would have dispelled
their skeptic agnostcic
He would fail the one who listened to deception
or to cunning liars
We live in a world
filled with distress
We are all seeking survival
where we get rewarded
Serious events would scare
those who are engrossed in tricks
They have always said before
"What a mimic! "
The heart of religion is dialogue,
serenity and science
Its secret, in the universe, is remaining
without efforts or hardships

This is the Merciful will of God,
with no disguise
The messenger is a prophet
praised with thanks
He came with verses
revealed by heavens
Its letters are graceful
From them, we seek richness
The Lord sent it impeccable
Then followed it by generosity
They have said “how joyful,
Ahmad travelled inviting for redemption”
He came from Mecca
holding the revelation of the skies
His position in people’s hearts gets greater
like the luck of happy people
He said: Be patient my nation
Our life is just a trial
If we go against God’s will
woe betide us! this is defamation
Would you know?
Everything starts with Allah
The beginning he is
Muslims without doubt
To Allah the will end
Harmed he was, by a wretched
who only sought to deprecate
Many a scence had he seen

of despicable conduct
Poetry recited,
When I came to see, how loyal!
O complaining heart
So burdened by distress
Look, this is a bearer of glad tidings
holding the call for happiness
Which rhymes did he sing,
which became remedy?
My heart went towards him
with no distraction nor blur
I came asking for his love
What does fate hold for us
Oh, I wish my poetry was eloquent
There is hope in my silence,
Honoured would be the person
who renewed the memory of loyalty
He is a Muslim who continues in the right path
With no exaggeration or animus
Here, there is beauty for him,
There is comfort in the purity of his eyes
He reached his target with an arrow
with his true allegiance
He never flees in fear
nor retreats in distress
So, follow his footsteps
No delusion, no blindness
You are free where to go

You can't escape destiny
You are destruction, if you choose
and you are dignity, if you wish
Don't say "No and woe betide me!
I had a cover over my eyes
A judge who did not witness events
might sleep in the open
O mad man, come on
Seek the best of messages
Some faces have become ugly
You would be comforted with condolences
Our life in peace is security
Without it demise reigns
You may see in people a flaw
assuming hatred is a disease
Let aside your desires
God is all the grace
The pious
is the address of faithfulness
Not like one who separated a religion
and who disbelieved with sorrow
You are my brother
Let us hurry and meet
We are worshipers and Muslims
like clear verses
One is guarded by peace
Embraced by faithful people's bliss
Walk slowly, be like the dew

or like a shadow in the open
Avert delusion to preserve
and spare blood
Our faith is a religion of peace
That is the fortress of the wise
O brother, humbleness is sufficient
The source of dignity, is
those who grow frail
Are no match to the rigorous
Life will pass
and his name will rise
Go ahead determined, my friend
The heart of the wise is generous
The Muslim garden flourishes
If the fragrance of prosperity comes
Fill the universe with happiness
And seek the secret of survival
If you see the right truth
seek generosity from it
You are not the devil
with no shame
You ask people for a medicine
And it is there in your hands
The ruling in our religion
from God came
We are not praising ourselves
nor boasting with our opinions
The core of our dreams

is the doctrine of the eloquent
And we take pride in AlAzhar
that invites the wise ones
O Lord!
We are true Muslims
We will not earn good
until evil we avoid
Every time I see the country
I turn angry at the foes
O Lord, my nation
my nation before the suffering
We meet around it
and regain our dignity!
Praised the one who revealed to it
and granted it with grace
A great religion, a way to live
and a belief in fate
Since then
people of truth were scared and longing
Whenever it was heard
wherever recited by the scholars
As blessed rain comes
after true prayers
O friend! or foe!
who amused himself with canniness
The river of my tears
Is so dear in the airs
O I fear that my heart would catch

the epidemic
The one with a sound heart is saved
He would be faultless
Don't say we were, and we were..
whether men or women
Don't live in hunger and fear
wearing the dress of hypocrisy
I wish my suffering
saved us from demise
When a gleam of hope is seen
it remains difficult to win
Let the creator guide
as he judges with his will
How could a Muslim live
with no trust or promise
O my support
Support me if I feel depressed
I have an Arab tongue
which loves expressing loftiness
I cannot give in full
while my death is approaching
O my Lord, grant me beautiful words
in splendour
A verse to live with and send
eloquently for brotherliness
O people, take heed!
as we are meeting on Judgement Day
Give me more knowledge

when my chest is tight
Help me, save us
of extremism and distress
O my hope! my heart
would be rid of sobbing
Lenient is this religion
full of splendor and profusion
Good deeds
would be rewarded
I thought they would never come back
and vanished
I didn't find any hope
but in prayers
Religion is not hardship regardless
of what claim wrongdoers
False arguments would end
Long lasted the lies
One would suffer from passion
between satisfaction and pain
We are people
who are true to their words
We speak neither delusion
nor lies
The sounds of the morning come
easy as splendorous melodies
True Islam is known
And fine dust will disappear
Perhaps he will go mad

every loudmouthed truant
I don't take parties because of fear
I show good manners
The echo of my voice is clear
with no variation or adversity
The one who values charity lives
amongst beaches of riches
And obeys ... his Lord the Almighty
And is satisfied by the reward
May God renounce sins
And bless the benevolent
They gathered what has been separated
Wretched are the thoughts of villains
This worldly life is to end
No doubt
O Lord, you purified us
of any misunderstanding or pretension
Guide us to the path of good
Bless us with happiness
Grant us your mercy
and blessing of prophets
With every promise of pledge
greatness comes
Blessed what they had
The best reward believers have
They admired our deeds
and bought the best dress
Peace has never been

out of the reach of the faithful
Here the right is clear
and obvious
One day we will see
what the Lord has chosen and wanted
Indeed a person would only reap
what he sows
The heaven of Eden is calling
O noble believers
Live on earth loving
You are the inheritors
Incline to peace
as God is your witness
No shrewd, I reckon
Would pay no head to God's rewards
Good deeds are the ones
blessed with grace
Doors to good were open
How happy is man
Support true religion
Gracious and splendidous
These are, with no doubt,
Grateful miraculous verses
It is the pledge of certainty
no doubt, no absence
Trust remains
in the hearts of the pious

(90)

Mutlaq Al qarawee

A poet from Kuwait

We Arabs are famous for
generosity, O leaders
It is a rooted virtue
a character of the nobles
True men's actions
We put on as a dress
Generosity makes the heart merciful
and removes arrogance
It was bequeathed to us as a religion
God's reward we seek
It is Prophet Muhammad's guidance
and a virtue of the messengers
We built a generation
Happy they were
Among people it is love
In morals, it is richness
Read my message
And see, O wise ones!
Blamed would be the stingy
An equal to cowardice, he is

(91)

Mootaz Ali Qutob

A poet from Palestine

Read what is in my book
of the stories of heavens
A rose in every valley
A flower in every yard
Fragrances spread
to heal every sickness
My ancestors' resplendence

filled the earth with brightness
We are not arrogant
Our religion is a faith of trust
Like a river running
in the deserts and fields
He is not one of us who favours
a criminal, be it even kin
Every memory of Christians
was full of praise
Their honouring is a duty
just like prayers
Prophet Jesus like Taha
should be revered
We are great people
who built a bridge of brotherliness
We are seeking true peace
from strong believers
How many bridges we built
strong and high in the skies
We extended the robe of love
and brought happiness
And turned love into a perfume
that scented musk in the airs
Don't blame us for a sin
coming from the wretched
Don't blame us for the immoral actions
of imposters
Don't blame us for a fault

or a guilt of pretensions
Today, we renounce
the actions of the mindless
Don't blame us and close
any door for evils
Treat the poison of snakes
Then increase the dose
How did we hate one another?
We are victims
We are reaching for you
to work together for the good
How many drinks did we prepare
by the hands of the trustworthy
Do take a sweet drink
poured from an expensive vessel
Food for guests is always ready
plenty to offer
Our water is still pure
salubrious
Clear of any flaws
Bring your buckets
How would a body stay alive
with no water or nutrition?
These poems are telling
good sayings and messages
Roses may turn into thorns
in the eyes of pride
Good will die defeated

when the innocent are wronged
The day will seem like years
when in distress
Differentiate between the victims
wicked or worshipers
Exclude the bad
from the pious
Criminals don't belong to us
Neither do wrong doers
They distort Islam in ignorance
or cover from shame
In my country
a river of tears has flooded
Jerusalem is still suffering,
days and eves
Tears were mixed with blood
of faithful Christians,
Christians are my people
despite wars
We lived in here together
in everything we were equal
When young, we learned
together, the letters
Who would think our foes
would feast upon our misery
In Jerusalem, they opened,
every day, a funeral house
They took victims from us

We drowned in lamentation
They deprived us from a remedy
that may lead to healing
They blazed the child's innocence
like a fire of roast
We all turned into slaves
for hypocrites
Ask in Jerusalem about us
Ask the trustworthy
Ask the church gate
about the meaning of brotherliness
A Muslim in Jerusalem is truly
full of brotherliness
A Muslim is every day
seeking hope
He opens the gates of a Christian house
for prayers
He prevents disputers
in the Christian fortress of brotherliness
Ask all the Christians
about trials
How he became a judge in Jerusalem
O people of redemption
A Muslim closes the gates
in eyes
A Muslim pleases Christians
with good manners
When we were kings

A time of splendour it was
The land is still narrating
what happened before departure
We filled the universe with good
And giving we sought
Did we wrong anyone
under our rule and reign?
Then birds of legends
sang beautiful songs
Ziryab's song appeared
a melody towards the skies
and commandments of a prophet
to be faithful
How all free men lived
in the county of the pious
With us, the christians and the Jews
felt at home
Islam was a nestle
gathering all friends
We gave pacts
seeking the blessings of God
Filling the earth with flowers
from the gardens of prosperity
Omar gave an assurance
written with the ink of kindness
Omar's assurance recounts about
our ancestors with praise
Saladin did not revenge
with blood
Did you forget all

and bent or reproving
Still, all times,
We seek living in faithfulness
We dress the earth to flourish
the best dress and covers
Look how it was during my grandfather's reign
How the dress looked
Did we leave but good
on land or sky?
The science of medicine tells
of the smartness of my grandfathers
Al-Khwarizmi is one of us
Blessed he is as a pure man
So do help us please
and come to meet
O Arabs, raise
your children to be glorious
From every child remove
the tendency for animus
Teach your children how
love brings happiness
Teach them that its good manners
to respect others' opinions
Tell them the earth is now
free of slaves
Now or later
we are heading for demise
He has lost his life
the one who spends time in vain
Teach them how we save ourselves

in times of distress
Teach them that with mercy
we live in serenity
Teach them to punish
The wrong doers, who insists on evils
Teach them to be like
a spring of waters
Remember, from the same source
We all came
The nation of Arabs slept
after sun set
So, help it to rise
from sleep and dust
I still insist
We are heading for glory
We will still have roses
after winter passes
I believe, I will live
a servant for the prophets,
honest in my life,
strengthened with brotherliness.

O brother in humanity, truce!
Everything ails to an end
The earth has immortality not,
No and no permanence
Not above the ground alive
Is a soul not prone to mortality
The wind blows and we pass
Like smoke in the air

(92)

Mufeed Fahad Nebzu

A poet from Syria

So plant the Earth with peace
And the waters of devotion
Do not be a wolf in a wilderness
For treachery lusts for blood
Do not be a fox, cunning
Of hypocrisy and guile
In you is humanity and bonhomie
In you is the worthiness of brotherhood
Our lifetimes are wretched with war
Abuse and assault
So when do we live and chant
As sparrows in the sky?
Let our lives be liberated
Like the birds in the sky
Let us live to build
A world with prosperity
With all that is peaceful
When we rise with giving
Live life not in illusion
In the labyrinths of hope
Oh my brother, fragrance of my soul
My parallel in misery
Of my senses you share my feeling
Of my honesty you share belonging
Give me the coolness of peace
and of the sun its brilliance
Be with me, a splendid light
Let us immerse in splendor

Let us sing in all tongues
Oh how sweet is song!
Of the snow we draw doves
and bestow purity to the land
Let us prosper today
Like the butterflies of light
And by good deeds we build
All the towers of philanthropy
Be with me, to justice a voice
As it was always meant to be
To heal every wound
and soothe it by solace
Paradise of the Earth is harmony
Gazelles and deer
Today we will announce
Loyalty to the free tomorrow
We refuse to live demonic
Crazed and idiotic
The memory of the good remains
And all that is not memory is vain
Do not claim if you live in humiliation
That that is divine will
For the Mighty God is just
He is not pleased with ailing
My brother in every land
The Earth is plagued with suffering
Do you see a living conscience
With the orphans in the streets?!

Or do you see in us remains
But only a little reserve
As if we were deafened
and cries are of no concern
O my brother, patience is drought
Just as death is drain
So come to me in peace
Be not a scapegoat
Our hands blossom with love
and our gatherings with warmth.

(93)

Manaf Al kafri
A poet from Syria

Hear my words for I
have come to you, my friends
From the Levant, from the cradle
of Prophecy and purity
where the people downed death
from the pitchers of the heavens
I come, mounted by exhaustion
And stirred by loyalty
In the convoys of poetry, I march
with my fellow poets
We have all come
To meet that calling
To invite you to live
In peace, in brotherhood
Holding love in a palm
staggered with blood
Stop, advocates of war
Stop, for the sake of survival.

(94)

Mansoor Damas Mathkoor

A poet from Saudi Arabia

For the bereaved there are squeals
 that bow to sorrow
 And for the orphans are tears
 and for sacrifice there are wounds
 and the appeal of youth
 Of men and women
 and agony that shattered children
 Barefoot and innocent
 and hills and mountains
 that grew sick of the flow of blood
 and the life of oppression did not
 show mercy to the moans of the weak
 O sons of Islam, victory!
 Where is the great past?
 We seek a motto of peace
 and the forces of love our banners
 O people of silence enough of
 wretchedness, enough of aching pains
 O sons of the Arabs, till when
 do we give love our tears
 Our parts kill one another
 In vanity, in idiocy
 We hold our enemies in love
 and see friends as foes
 The mind is perplexed why
 Your march goes backwards?
 For precession has a path

That clouds not its passer
It has no room for terrorism
No, and not for cowards
Not to the misguided parties
and not to conflict and fabrication
All it needs is harmony
Safety and purity
From which the wishes are relieved
and pride prospers
The victory will be righteously
Deserved by the nobles
How glorious is the path of light
for the proud happy ones
We seek a compromise in the path
through which commoners prevail
No arrogance and no grandeur
No hauteur, no pomposity
O sons of my religion, sublimity
is in brotherhood and appeal
Unite our ranks and march
In the path of the righteous
Since the dawn of time, the hand of safety
favors the mighty ones!
How do we find happiness when
Our light is not united?!
How many brotherhoods, in secret
Did not value their bonds?!
Glory has become paths

Dispersed in vain
It is time for the present
To take the right steps back
Determination of the willing will end
the oppression of the despicable
And the woes will be soothed
by the compassionate of the kind
The tongue of history will tell
of the supreme purity
It will tell of the good ascension
Of the building of fidelity
A union and a light
That quench the thirst of pride
Despite the injustice
despite the intruders
And the people of Islam line up
Their might rises in light
To the tyrants comes destruction
Next, and the infiltrators
He who sought light is happy
And darkness is of the wretched
O God of the universe, do away with
All the enemies of light
For people to live safe
In prosperity and ease
O God you have my prayers
- O respondent of the good -
My Salam, as large as creation
For our eminent prophet

(95)

Mansour Zita

A poet from Algeria

O people of the earth
I am of Arabian essence
I've lived free and so will remain
That is the path of nobility
I've lived fearless and generous
Standing tall with pride
I do not support war, but
I cannot accept assault
I love the world, like others
And aid the miserable
I wish to live always
In peace and prosperity
The desert knows my heart
It is the symbol of purity
I taught it patience and purpose
and to quench blight
I taught it the love of Leila,
Challenge and fulfillment
I taught it how to sleep
In the eyelids of the sky
O people of the earth
I am of Arabian essence
The act of terrorism is a crime
of which I am innocent
It laid restraints to my stallion
And laid drought in the winter
It sent wails through my mornings

And wounds in my evenings
It even destroyed lands
and left no buildings
There is no longer an infant
That cries out for relief
There is no longer a harvest
Or tunes of song
All beautiful emotion
Became worthy of condolence
All has become a shadow
The fountain of light has dried
The scourge of terrorism is a disease
Revolution of the people is healing
O people of the earth
I am of Arabian essence
My religion urged me
to love all of the prophets
Jesus is like Moses
They are springs of giving
They are suns that shine
In the nights of the unfortunate
My religion urged me
To give, and to honor women
And to master my work
And to plant hope
The values of Islam call upon me
to convey brotherhood
To renounce transgression

To spare bloodshed
and to draw pigeons
With the elixir of splendor

(96)

Muneer Muhammed Khalaf

A poet from Syria

O sons of man we strive
to attain the light
Generously we spread love
with hands of devotion
Of us flows a spring of peace
of purity and progress
We spread good deeds
with generosity of the noble
We water the earth with guidance
From the deeds of the prophets
In them radiates a fragrance to the light
that fills life with splendor
O how they built the earth's glory
By the teachings of the heavens
To the people they responded
and nurtured them to happiness
They protected them from all peril
To live in prosperity
Our religion is of brotherhood
It sees only charity
It is kindness and generosity
In it the wise prosper
They donned the robes of forgiveness
And the attire of the wise
With it they bestowed knowledge

and they rose without bend
Those who have been granted manner
Remain alive in ascension

(97)

Muhanna Belal Al Rashid

A poet from Syria

Between the B and E
God created the world
And illuminates the whole universe
The galaxies in the space
with suns and stars
Floating in the air
The earth was but a cloud
then the mountains sprung of water
The bright light shone
over the branches of splendor
And the tunes overflow
in inspiration from the heavens
The glow of Ahmed shone
and lit the universe
The Merciful Lord, of clay made man
and blew in him of His splendid spirit
And then of him he made a successor
Let the justice of the sky prevail
Magnificent is The Creator's work
always revered in splendor
Praise Him, my birds
My sheep, and deer
No eyes could picture
thus stated the prophets
Oh beacons of love

Oh hymns of light
Bless us to Excellency
And raise us to supremacy
From the country of jasmines
The cradle of the prophets
I come to Dar Al-Babtain
With the ink of pride
I craft my letters in sorrow
with hope to quench my thirst
Opening the door of knowledge
A leader of the poets
I envisioned knowledge a Prince
Sailing in a sea of meanings
Lord of letters guide me
Winter tires my soul
Then grant me meanings
Put out the cruelty of thirst
In the shades of jasmine trees
Or shades of chestnut trees
I'm not a Quixotic shadow
That aspires for the remains of air
I am the knight of meanings
For thirst I am the water
Water of the purest rhymes
A heavenly spring of light
Go on, give me your hand
Together we build a bridge of brotherhood
It is with love that we rise, and
it is with love that we build.

(98)

Nasser Luhishi

A poet from Algeria

O palm of dawn, bring back
the pages of the pious
The rose of Islam sheds fragrance
that is a symbol of yearning
It is a spring that strolls
Incredibly splendid
Remind history that we are
The beginning of all goodness
Our motto is justice and giving
all between the letters of love
The dictum of the Creator is merriment
and it goes without end
with glamour and joy
shades and light
Woven in every inch
Joy that gleams in song
Long may you live, our beauty
in pride, dominance, and vanity
Yes, may your shades always expand
Oh symbol of purity
All the appeals withered
And the evening greets you
You are the honey and the bees
In generosity and munificence

(99)

Nayef Al Rashdan

A poet from Saudi Arabia

God wills what he wants
And we reach where he bid
God's blessing upon us
Is the glory He granted us

For from God we began
And to Him we end
Do not ask how we came
Or when the meeting was
My brother, you are the son of Eve.
and I am her son, loyal
And our Father -Adam-, through him
We have become partners
Adam's blood that runs through us
Is the fragrance of the pious
O Adam, what is asked of us
is not the misery of Cain
Adam of creation is our father
and to him dates all pride
We were not created of agate
We were not created of air
There was no angel in us
Our origin is clay and water
But we are the creation of the Lord
In it the spirit of elevation
In the paths of the earth we creep
And with love we survive
We are human, naked
Our brotherhood is our clothing
From our deepest wishes
Our dreams find richness
Our years in our hearts live
And in meanings we find song

Our heartbeats are meaning
In a brigade of brotherhood
We are all an army of love
Falling under the same brigade
If we fill the Earth with fairness
Then light will shine of justice
Or if we build the universe in amity
We will belong to the pure
My people, our land is gravid
with the hopes of the honorable
We rode the sea only
To witness the splendor of purity
We only ever treasured living
so we can sing of it together
We, for love, were created
We are the building blocks
Our luck in our lifetime is only a shadow
an array in space
But death is destiny
All that is living comes to an end
It is a breeding ground for wishes
And the end of satiety
Let us make fields out of love
For the evening butterflies
And enjoy love, for we
are at the posts of joy
And in life we are the remains
of the nectar of the prophets

How much they have guided us to life
that builds the universe with purity
In it the fragrance of faith
extends to the sky
And the disobedience of God
is the malice of the wretched
Human purpose is supreme
He does not live in emptiness
We see love a remedy
and love is truly healing
Our lives are shorter than
to live in adversity
We will live with feeling
like all friends
With the melodies of a life
that is the haven of all happiness
with sublimity and peace
like the forgiveness of the loyal
We plant the Earth with beauty
And of creation is splendor
O ye who seek it
why do we live in disparity?
O my brother in every turn
We all live the same
Do not speak ill of me
He who walks in evil becomes evil
My skin is not my banner
My blood is not loyalty

My words in my heart are
as the intentions of the innocent
Why are we cruel to one another
over differences of blood
Be in my heart before cursing
And you will see my grateful heart
Be beside me when I am thrown
With malicious slander
Be with me in spirit and sense
and in you I will be hope
Live with me in sincere humanity
To be truly virtuous

(100)

Nabila Al khateeb

A poet from Jordan

The call to righteousness rose
and bent towards heaven
O man of mud, shine
in beauty and splendor
When in life you were made a successor
You were a symbol of growth
Affirm your soul and it will nourish
and water it with virtuous purity
Then it will tremble in beauty
and rise to charity
look around deeply
with hope of guidance
To see the universe a book
in it the clear and the hidden
Read the universe with a heart
exalted with serenity

With an enlightened mind
with no shred of hypocrisy
You will find the right clearly
untainted by falseness
The sun shines on us
with unmistakable light
The will of the Beneficent is in us
without a blot of defamation
Mercy is a secret
in the hearts of the merciful
For the soul it is sublimity
for the face it is satiety
All the prophets were sent
with splendor among splendor
And all the people in diligence
Each in their own prayer
Each has an approach
and God holds reward
He made mankind into peoples
nations, as He pleases
So leave creation to the Lord
For He is their Judge
I am not a judge in them
I am not the envoy of scourge
Do not be an ailment for the people
Be a remedy for their suffering
But Islam is in the earth
for peace and survival

For, in China, if a sigh breaks
Hira will tremble in compassion
And if Damascus moans in pain
all of Karbala cries
and you see Somalia praying
for the prosperity of Sana'a
Jordan delights when
Egypt is in bliss
The heart of Tunisia blossoms
When in Lebanon the rain falls
And Kuwait is my elixir
In it my wounds heal
All land of the Arabs is a home
Of harmony and brotherhood
If a part of it promises
All answer in loyalty
Oh man! Truce!
what is the excuse for ignorance ?!
Make of love a robe
flowing and splendid
A cry for love resonated
Letting the universe hear the call
He who wipes tears
Is not the equal of a blood shedder
He who burns wheat
Is not the equal of a benefactor of the poor
Is the explosion of a spring within a rock
the same as the explosion of a building?!

A cooing pigeon
or bullets in the air?!
Is the sweet sound of birds better
Or the wailing and crying ?!
Or is he who spreads happiness
Like he who calls for misery ?!
It is the days that go on
We all come to an end
Let us be a people of good
in it the reasons for hope
No harm that seeds spite
No hurt, no suffering
Let us be a shining light
Each time it softens, it illuminates
An effect that remains beautiful
That is the path of the great
The jewel of ethics is compassion
In the hearts of the pious
The human being to another is
not but support and solace
We are all sons of Adam
We are all clay and water

(101)

Nada Al Rifaii

A poet from Kuwait

It is Islam, the religion of justice
the religion of mercy
Taha was thus sent
and thus was the appeal
Mercy spread and tribute
And hence the messenger came

And light shone in all expanses
From the cave of Hira
He is not of us that allows
Killing or bloodshed
Our religion is a religion of peace
As we renounce division
And the Book of God calls on us
to forsake enmity
God bless hearts that cluster
in desire for purity
And Allah's prayer prevails
ever without expiration
Ahmed the leader and his kin
For them we pray
And peace will reign
As long as the moonlight shines

(102)

Natheer Tayyar

A poet from Algeria

You, the part of me!
truly, you and I are the same
We were created in diversity
Not to live as duplicates
You are my front and I am yours
Such is belonging
Be my shades if once
I lay, you drape me
Be the part of me that I lost
in my solitude
You are the light that lights
the lost corners of my soul

You are the water of my life
And I am the water for others
We both, in the winds of peace
have raptured
I am the beginning of love
What would I be without its remnant
I live through the other
Losing him means misery
He has what I do not
Without him I am not whole
We were destroyed by riddles
weightless, mindless and futile
We were dispersed in cocoons
And great monopolies
And desertion of a book
whose essence is love
This Earth is a space
for connection, for brotherhood
So inhabit it, in peace
and plant it, in bliss
And ask to live in the spirit
made of the tears of prophets
O people: wake up
You are all clay and water
All who kill people
All who love blood
Do not belong to my religion
Of them I am innocent

All love is my religion
And in it lies my loyalty
All who invade land
are killers despite all claim
All who build peace
are well-doers with no offence
O you who always dreams
of the era of the caliphs
O you at sea who seeks refuge
in the heavens of the strangers
Here we will build a realm
Here we are the space.

(103)

Hadi Eid

A poet from Lebanon

O cry of poetry, come
And fill within us this emptiness
Make room for the mind to
sublimate, and praise the poets
the messengers of love, console
the sad and the miserable
They fill the earth with guidance
In the teachings of the heavens
Poetry does not draw a sword
It draws peace and purity
No, it does not revel in slaughter
nor destruction, but in building
It is the friend of the soul
It gives hope and yearning
The Qur'an descended as poetry

That filled life with splendor
testimonies of the verses in it
are prose poetry, with no deception
It stirred the hearts of people
of Jahili affiliation
Poetry gave it a drive
Raising its banner
And it invaded the universes with knowledge
And reason, after seclusion
it fashioned the Arabs a heritage
within a few gifted men
For the poet of peace among us
All the love and loyalty
Al-Babtain prospers with “Dhad”
the pillar of writers
He who sought sublimity in poetry
enriched it and brought the spoils
for Arabs he set an example
worthy of following
he resurrected a peace heritage
That even the vigilant overlooked
Then Andalusia flourished
after a long slumber in blindness
The West recovered the pulse of the
East through the saviors
He gathered the opposites, and of them
he made friends, colleagues
Gathered in Oxford

And others academics, the wise
They gathered as gazelles and unicorns
and of any and all affiliations
From thinkers, to researches
carried in purity
About displacement and suppression,
and the concerns of the poor
The image of Arabs straightened
for all to see
an Arab Muslim proceeded
with gathering and brotherhood!
Here is a straight path
To gain friends
After they were far,
Against us, rather adversaries
We are people who honor guests
and we house the homeless
the real great one, is who
gives and sacrifices in generosity
Denies himself, grieves
and suffers harshness
He is not chivalrous, but weak
he who drags the tail of pride
O sons of the Arabs, rise
To become princes again
Engage in the era, throw
your heap among the heaps
Prove to all people

You are truly the highest
The Messengers of the Lord
have come since the beginning
“man hath only what he sought”
such is the reckoning
Advance, do not hesitate:
Crying will not matter tomorrow
The Koran of truth shone
With brotherhood and unity
sheer falsehood .. what was foisted to it!
from the beginning or the end
In Mecca it was an asset
for the meeting of the contented
Moderate, refuses terrorism
from wherever it emanates
Despite what tainted it of similarities
attested by the scholars
of the necessities of conquest
And the setting of loyalty
Circumstantial memories called
and cried in the appeal
Its echoes in this era
call for introversion
It is the era of dialogue
not of reticence
It is the era of a Sun that cast away
The darkness of the night in dispersion
Secularism of today

eliminated all twists
And included all the sons of the man
all in one say
It is a life of connection, and who
abandons it with his load is shunned
O my people, is it not enough
blight and scourge?
We wear pain until
It has become weary of us
Our miserable people beg of us
and are worn-out of the trouble
they have knocked the doors of embassies
in search of bliss
In the lands of God, they breathe
the breezes of the air
The breezes of benevolent freedom
the treasure of the honest
they left the land they love
the resting place of their kin
After it became a hell
Of submissiveness and contempt
they battled the dangers in the sea
and the horrors of the open
In search of a life of luxury
of water, and food
to see the future, promising
of bliss and prosperity
For their children, and for families

left behind in the land of misery
The homeland of liberals .. is now
A dwelling for the foolish
Can they awaken the mind in us
Without deceit or shame?
We were the best people
that came into this low life
The era of sword and shield
is gone, replaced by the bright
We are in globalization,
Its title is good performance
It requires our interaction
in the tracks of subsistence
It is a race in the lands of the Earth
and the tracks in the space
Miracles of science attracted
All the intelligent ones
It conquered the world, it surpassed
What shows of the sky
How often religion has called to the public
for science, and praised the scholars
“Seek knowledge, even to China”
was the clear recommendation
We lost, the day that the
Sophistry of idiots came
Falsity of thought engulfs us
Like poison in a pot
So when does the spring of the soul

awaken from this winter?
Theologians! the time has come
To rise in prayer
Islam carries hope in you,
And in you seeks an example
You are the successors of the righteous ancestors
You are the hope
Your ancestors had not
more knowledge or redemption
You are the captains of this era
from you, light shines
Talk of Islam with knowledge
Spread it with purity
Free it from trepidation
meant to adorn our enemies
“You are the high-minded”, if
you take an example in the tolerant
The West casts accusations
of lies and rambling
Return their offences to them
with the pardon of the wise
Assert your legacy among creations
the legacy of the mighty
It is the legacy of love, not hate
and the lantern of light
Be strong with reason
with wisdom, not with hiding
O my people of ‘Dhad’, run

run away from this plague
The wave of terrorism burns you
so, not the strangers
The true Jihad is taming
the souls of the knowledgeable
the spiteful and murderous Jihad
Is that of the pretenders
They kill the soul unjustly
For a difference in performance
the war in Syria is an inferno
The like of which was never lived
Since the days of conquest
or the age of the righteous
It is a malicious gathering
of the confused youth
to kill in the name of a religion,
of which they are the ignorant!
Sons of Yarub, my brothers
In origin and loyalty
I am the same as you
when counting the impartial
So let your souls rise
rather than dubbed nonsense!

(104)

Hadi Muslim Haddad

A poet from Iraq

Do not hesitate, behold
We are the true Arabs
We are all sons of Adam
Our mother is Eve
We all have been created

from drops then we ascended
We have no say on the unseen
So was the Creator's will
Man was dignified exclusively ..
Then Satan disobeyed and wronged
Praise be to the merciful
for immortal glory and lit faces
Listen to the voice of brotherhood
And comprehend the appeal
Our religion is righteous
Like all the religions of heaven
O Muhammad, you are among us
the pulse of sincerity and charity
So are Moses and Jesus
And all the prophets
They all came in righteousness
Messengers of justice and construction
So the religions called
Black and white are equal
The awakening of the conscience is triumph
The whisper of Satan is disease
You are a great creation
So wear the robe of fineness
If you say what is
said, you are a parrot!
A man is honesty
virtue and loyalty
In the soul there may be evil

Of fanaticism or foolhardiness
So find the friendliness in people
So you may live in brotherhood
Terrorism has no religion
But nonsense, and more nonsense
So hear my voice, please
I can only plead
What is earnest is brotherhood
So you may live in happiness

(105)

Hisham Al Saqri

A poet from Oman

Our voice here is an appeal
That traversed the lengths of space
Our voice was not, ever
dissonance or allegation
We were nothing but birds
and our meanings were song
Such flows the tune
with no trouble
Our life went dark so we became
the light, to life's eye
We are the humanity of man
the spirit of belonging
The alphabets of love in our hearts
are between the letters of "love"
Love was branded into our cells
When it wills, we will
We do not pour hatred
Our intentions are sublime
The kisses of the cloud poured

in the form of water
Our religion is love and
in love we are loyal

(106)

Walid Alsayed Ahmed Muhammed Salah

A poet from Egypt

In Islam there are verses
That contain all wisdom
Open your hearts to the verses
and all the hostility shall end
Confer with the learned
in the spirit of guidance
Opinion is not violent
Violence is a scourge
The prophet established peace
and he is to us all an example
He let it be peace
and mercy and prayer
He poured them a cup of lenience
A drop that is healing
How cold the enemy has become
When the fire died out
How the enemy now said
I seek satisfaction
Tell me about a loved one
for whose meeting I yearn
Our joy is the mention of a messenger
whose face is full of light
God's bliss is within us
a smile that radiates virtue
So he dressed the man in a garment

After he suffered in nakedness
The nakedness of thought is death
“Takfir” is but a disease
We drank from the spring in repulsion
Wherein you see no water
When you come you find
A separation that aims to perdition
And the West poured a cup
of doubt, of estrangement
It still slithers as a snake
its fangs bring decease
its skin smooth to feel
the touch of the head is demise
Among the masters of violence is
a Faqih disdainful of loyalty
But homelands are a religion
O men of depravity
A blow on the land of my people
Is like a hurtful meeting
an evening in the Nile of knowledge
is like a prayer and a tribute
Religion does not defend
Thoughts of bloodshed
Islam is indeed light
And loyalty and devotion
In the nocturnal robes
It is a healing cup
The mercy of Islam is closeness

That is how Islam came
O men of truth spurn
All the lords of asperity
They exploit religion
with their erroneous thoughts
they spread terrorism
with incursion and slander
In it we see vainglory
then revenge and ravishment
In it we see eccentricity
with no repentance, and no shame
God has increased its foolishness
In fighting the innocent
violation increased its perversity
That is not the prophets' path
The sound of the verses disappeared
The voice of hypocrisy rose
Where are the lords of meanings?
Where are the maidens of modesty?
O Darwish! Truce!
in you is the mind of a parrot
But Islam is lifetimes
In the path of guidance
Would religion show regret
and grant loyalty to violence?
No, I promise, my religion
is a smile at the gathering
A joy of meeting

mercy at a time of asperity
Pride that always flourishes
In the garments of the saints
My greetings are inspired
From the souls of pious
My religion still suffers
from the evils of delinquents
Ignorance says “after me
The infidel holds the brigade”
Thus Takfir will live
In the shadows of slander
They open the door to war
By the idiocy of the wretched
injustice bred injustice
Thus is the judgment of the blind
You blockheads, you are
All the causes of scourge
The verse of the Qur’an travels
Like a star in brilliance
It rises at the summit of distinction
And guidance rises with it
O youth of today! Truce!
That is the very affliction
To think religion is coercive
Where are the thoughts of tolerance?
Where is the refinement of the appeal?
Where is the resonance of the call?
Where are the poems of the rustic?

Where is the voice of pride?
What ail is in harm?
There is no disease but violence
The civilizations are rich
with the nectar of the saints
The door is not shut by people
whose words are those of heaven
But Islam is indeed a creed
That has no seclusion
the dogma of Islam is peace
In it there is no aggression
A sentence that breathes life to souls
A smile that holds the remedy
The call of Islam is light
Wherever it moves is brilliance
The rule of God is a book
The pages are verses of purity
Persevere with knowledge, always
And all hostility will end
Open your arms to the people
greetings to all friends
My sect is sweet in my eyes
Those are the words of the idiots
For the conviction of people is victory
O how beautiful is satiety!
The men race
In the paths of affiliation
If there is light in the heart

It will embrace all perspectives
Not afraid of criticism, is a heart
whose words are revelations of heaven
For the torment of the soul is an old man
a frowny-face hypocrite
He walks in vanity
In the blood of the pious
and when right surfaces
to the right he heeds feud
He puts dresses on sheep
Then he speaks in slander
Destruction has a share
In the words of the prophets
Can religion be anything but
Good deeds and tolerance?
They have perfected their webs
for the innocent to die
Since we were young
In the time of yearning
And infants in the fantasy
Of the nectar of the poets
The ears rejoice in poetry
and quench all thirst
And the tears pour love
of the beauty of beginnings
By Christ, poetry is clothed
In the robes of passion
By Batool, poetry sweetens

in modesty and reserve
And speech is made more eloquent
by the last of the prophets
Let us be a loving people
Do not think love is a disease
God's revelation is light inside us
that asks "where is the brotherhood?"
In the Quran there are indeed verses
That make peace a healer
In the Gospel there is love
that teaches no hostility
It spoke loud in pride
Among arrogance and pretense
Poetry had no role
In the time of the mighty
We are for Islam an army
We do not bend
Among us are Khaled and Saad
We are the army of the saints
They were true to life and faith
Woe upon you! Where is your devotion?
"Religion cannot be love"
That is the creed of pretenders
a scent dissipates in the valley
It is the taste of remedy
O bullets of death, sing
Start the dinner party
Oh please, hatred, pause

Before biting the fools
I found only my revenge
Like the tunes of elegies
You see us like a wind
that covers the earth with perdition
What glory do we seek
Our star is above the sky
All that have been afore said
are the laments of hypocrisy
One's conquests are ample
spread the fragrance of praise
I said, Truce my dear ones
Your actions are shameful
Religion is indeed brotherhood
ignorance is indeed asperity
It is easy to be hostile
to all the supporters of brotherhood
People have alienated us
Grandeur has distanced itself from us
We have not lived in contentment
Since we roiled the purity
We clothe Islam in a garment
Of the language of hostility
We feuded for years
When we rose in daring
Where faith was suppression
with no level grounds
where there is a sword and a whip

There is no doubt bloodshed
We said obedience and compliance
They said damn the loyalty
A quasi-volcano erupted
when we spoke of fidelity
My lord, my Sheikh, my refuge
Where is the path of guidance?
We are drowned, confused
Wherever we go is tribulation
Amid the waves of darkness
The moon of the mighty traversed
My path said, my path is to
heed feud to the west
But piety is innocent
Of the civilizations of aggression
Let the cursed roam
In the spaces of perdition
He turned wholly ascetic
Like all the prophets
Leave the road of the West and you
will live in the open lands of the pious
Follow who has risen at night
In humbleness and tears
the bones of my chest have dropped
From prostration and worship
my heart approves not what was said
For clemency is radiance
In the road of knowledge we live

In combat and suffering
By the hands of knowledge we build
For people the solidest buildings
My soul was not quenched by letters
whose assertion is the making of feud
If you pray, that is a virtue
from which you expect tribute
But deeds need be concealed
All pride is hypocrisy
If you pray do not be hostile
He who claims knowledge is water
But knowledge is a prayer
a book and a fate
Its pleasure is Halal
Its delight is healing
Grant those who need a mind
A sip from the cup of light
and the advocates of faith are first
To find the thought of construction
They built the world with light
and shut the door of damnation
My smile, how do I wear it?
It is the burial of the abyss
My thoughts are the guidance of the Quran
Of the nectar of the prophets
The fear of God was my peace
But piety is indeed satiety
We have shed streams of tears

From the conquests of heaven
Reflection and conviction
Are the answers of our prayers
The devil wounded our tears
Their waters contain diffidence
Keep our hearts to God
to attain elevation
O fundamentalist raise yourself
Here are the hands of brotherhood
By Jesus, he swore, no by Moses
We are all in essence water
There is love in all religions
That is the path of the prophets
Take the guide as an Imam
His path is that of serenity
Moderation of our resolve will lead
All that scourge to end
Do you see relief in a mercenary
Wherever he treads comes perdition
There is no justice in terrorism
No, and no affiliation
The ancestors killed nor
even those who wronged
Ask history about them
In the time of the caliphs
Who seeks history will flourish
their souls will be hearty
Where is your faith? Tell me!

O grandson of the saints!
He said later, my perspective
comes above all points of view
Every man is my foe
He heeds grudge to all
I wish I hid my family
from sedition, from the tears of pride
O heretic, away with you
It is a war of survival
Have you ever heard or seen?
a knight afraid of combat?
Between temptation and oppression
The rocks hear the call
Between the positive and the negative
and more and more women
O daughter of Islam and the Qur'an
and the teachings of the light
If ignorance destroys Eve
In her modesty, it has sinned
There will not be virtue in religion
You are not the beetle
If a female is born today
Condolences commence
Where is the bay of religion, tell me?
In the paths of infinity
My era has spurned Islam
When modesty died
What rattled me, what severed my chest

A little girl between the tents
She is craved by every heathen
At the Wednesday auction
O hands of lust, Truce!
Her lap is filled with blood
they orphaned her then they
stood above the shards of the light
The heathens rejoiced in revenge
Of the daughters of the pious
They distorted all standards
And claimed the guidance of the heavens
This religion is a young man
Whose heart cries in tears
It bears our tears
It hears the satirical aggression
We did not find a merciful heart
Where is the heart of the pure?
we are now being slapped
Every morning and every evening
Closing the door on it now has turned
Such as relief in the thirst
My child has already been counted
a supporter of the leaders
The project of the orphans is
To be the new martyrs
His blood was shed in vain
O the injustice of the innocent
They have soaked her in shame

She and inequity are a like
Under a rule that flows in
the path of the wretched
Look at the war! Does war ever
contain peace and brotherhood?
Apotheosis has become
the approach of all the mighty
Oh you stout who never feared
The day when all hostility ends
The cursing of Europe is a dictum
In the words of the wretched
And the Zionists roamed free
In the land of the prophets
Everything said is deceit
injustice and slander
They trenched the charm of the night
They poisoned all the air
Where religion became night
That is where it will fade

(107)

Walid Al Fadhli

A poet from Saudi Arabia

A Muslim, I come calling
Who responds to my plea?
With the language of love I call
For brotherhood and serenity
O people, rise, for giving
for good deeds
Generate kindness
in all places and all fields
And uphold the truth and

Raise a banner for the weak
If you uphold justice, the earth will
flourish in security and prosperity
My religion urged me to this
And from God comes the reward

(108)

Waleed Harfoush

A poet from Lebanon

Since centuries, we are folk
that give the world its tunes
Our poetry is eloquent
Of noble origin
We speak it fluently
With no effort nor bother
Our bearing is generous and free
with the vow of the loyal
We are Arabs, of heritage
Of the origins of purity
We lived in towers
of glory, of pride
Our oath is pivotal
We are not the feeble ones
In the summer we traveled
and we traveled in the winter
We seized the earth with trade
That is the means of the sorry
God did send us
The last of the prophets
We were guided and we followed
Every order he came with
All terrorism we condemn

We are people of mercy
We raise love as a slogan
In peace and brotherhood
Mercy to all people
is the attribute of the mighty
The prophet came with guidance
that is the finest to heed
He emancipated all people
When they were all wretched
In shackles of iron
In houses of suffering
Our religion is sublime
We do not call for hostility
An approach that smashed the idols
with patience, on the day of conquest
People came to him in numbers
After victory and trials
What do you think of me?
After all has been judged
It is the conquest, revealed
The space for polytheism grew tight
The people came and said
after loyalties were shown
“You are of the most generous”
He said, “you are free”
He taught the world lessons
How to live in greatness
How to judge with no hatred

With no injustice or asperity
Our God is forgiving
Our path is that of the sky
God sent men
Prophets who are pure
They taught the people love
After miserable living
Moses came, Jesus came
Then when Taha came
He completed the order,
With love and with hope
He is not one of us who transgresses
Or sings of blood
The land is not a field
For the brawls of the reckless
The Quran recalls Jesus
The prophet of mercy
When he gave a heart
pure and loving
O People of the Earth call for
the Peace of the forefathers
It is time to live in love
Not in the sea of misery
The religion of Allah is true
Religion is not assault
Teach the world truly
How to live in brotherhood
We renounce terror, we build

An age of love and hope
It is the earth that prays
In humbleness, for survival
How do we leave out our souls
and march with spears and shields
How do we march in destruction
And assassinate all splendor
At times, for the sake of hatred
In the hearts of the miserable
But there is no conflict in this world
Between summer and winter
Between bees and roses
Between water and air
This life is a mixture
Like texture, like a robe
God sent the people
Then he called for brotherhood
Our creator called for gathering
Life sweetens with connection
O my land, my yearning
O land of the humble
You are an emblem of fraternity
You are the land of the faithful
You are of the spirit of excellence
You are the cradle of the honorable
How did they lay poison in you
In contention and asperity
You are verses and recollection

You are generosity, and giving
Quench the darkness of the nights
Tear the shabby garments
Renew the thoughts so that
We may rise after misfortune
In the past, we were a spring
Now we are tears, and woes
O my land, my land
Where is the path of the great
Where are the days of gathering?
In progress and guidance
When knowledge was light
In the minds of the wise
The meanings are secure
In the verses of the poets
When love was pure
In men and women
Tell us, my land
How the sword of terror came
We were not afraid to pray
In darkness, in the open
The world was safe
In a happier time
O East, show yourself
From the orchards of the light
And turn love to a salvation
the path of the honest
Teach the world sublimity

Between taking and giving
And send love in a generation
Of young and honorable men
Overwhelm the world with kindness
We are worthy of purity
The Spirit once taught us
To pray in clarity
So that right will always be
the lord of the pure
Let us cut through terrorism
With no sword nor aggression
Spread awareness, so that
Justice and profusion rule
Teach people sublimity
And let truth be their dictum
All judgement that is fair
grants care to the right
“Al – Farouk” story states
the justice of the Caliphs
He kept the church’s right
When he prayed in the open
Devised a solemn covenant
and kept the pledge of Elijah
How do we rise, my homeland?
Between ignorance and idiocy
Our ignorance is an alarming weakness
Knowledge radiates brilliance
The mind shines with light

the light of virtue and growth
Our creed has no hostility
Where is the path of the virtuous?
Where are the brilliant thoughts?
In the minds of the learned
A rejuvenation is required
After all the barren drifts
Deception drained my nation
After confusion and blindness
they deceived us, so we trailed
The drift of evil and pretense
Sunrise will come one day
and the muse will cure this disease
History was fabricated
Where have the perceptive ones gone?
Every day, in it is earnestness
and in it is falsehood and deceit
Do resort to history
For the reckless have seized us
They altered the thoughts of moderation
After oppression and contempt
Teach the world brilliance
O Book of splendor
In you the law of God sublimed
Above the thoughts of the malicious
Teach the world compassion
a creed of truth and guidance
a creed of patience that does not

accept injustice from the pious
Killing a soul was forbidden
Without right, and with assault
Killing the soul is a sin
That brings disgrace and scourge
the Lord afflicted the folks
With destruction and perdition
“Kill God’s camel”
People said with slur
God sent down punishment
Judgement fell among people
O sky of love, be
our balm after trouble
and keep us away from wounds
which cannot be healed
Resurrect the human in us
Anew with care
Terrorism distorted a religion
of kindness and ascension
O sky of love, overflow
with tears of purity
teach us love until
we meet in peace
Among the people of the earth we flow
A river of love and serenity
Oh love, embrace us
You are to the soul its remedy
Live in people with passion

And give the earth satiety
O love, march
In the land of the forefathers
dress your wound and pray
God accepts prayer
The Orient is crying
Sorrow and tears have lasted long
Wipe the tears, and treat
In tenderness, whom you will
Our night is long and dreadful
Dreams of horror and funerals
Return safety to the Orient
Return bliss to the people
Turn the lanterns on until
We follow the visage of light
By the riverside of love, chant
O universe of serenity
Resurrect the human in us
Anew with care
We make the mind wise
An example of progress
We send love, a messenger
From the hearts of the pure
There is no difference between people
Between color and garments
Every heart bears goodness, that
teaches the world to give
He wiped the tears with tenderness

A believer that remained loyal
When we quench thirst with love
bloodshed ends
O my land, make us forget,
Bless us with hope
Terrorism will become a past
twisting towards an end
Awaken glory and return
the radiant sun of righteousness
Make man a symbol
Of connection, of brotherhood
Then the world will sing
We are the sons of the heavens

(109)

Wahhab Al Sharif

A poet from Iraq

It is the creed of God that came
A victory to the weak
And a beacon of parity
Among all the unfortunate
No aggressor comes from us
whose purpose is bloodshed
It is the mercy of our Lord
for all to be alike
To love one another
to not fall in dispute
Save this land
Build it with construction
Resolve the issues of your youth
so you may live contented

God laid peace upon you
Praise the Lord of heaven
Do not be lost
Between the figures of loyalty
But God has guided you
By the grace of the prophets
So thank God again and again
You are the clay of splendor
God's creed is in you
an endless grace
So be worthy of your faith
And devote yourselves to friendship
In your name, O God, we live
for this world is fleeting
Let us be a spring of love
Let us be a land of fraternity

Our religion tells of light
And calls for prosperity
It does save man
and oppose the wretched
it makes man righteous
With no blemish nor emptiness
And it raises nations that do not
wear the robes of transgression
We seek the glory of the people
and reject evil and bloodshed
It is Islam that calls, to
The springs of brotherhood

(110)

Yasser Al Shishtawi

A poet from Egypt

It is a religion that
does not adopt asperity
But it assists people
to reach the land of bliss
Misguided is he who claims
It is a religion of assault
It is an antidote that comes
from the healing heavens
It is the religion of love that anchors
In hearts of purity
the makers of terrorism are wolves
Our religion is innocent of them
We have never been advocates
For wars or damnation
We pray for sweet peace
In it our buildings rise
No to bloodshed, no to fear
Nor destruction and cries
Misguided is he who occupies a land
Or insults the innocent
How do we protect wolves
And see them as friends?
Misguided is he who raises a sword
For the victory of the vile
We pray for real peace
Not only words and claims
Every religion comprises those
of narrow understanding and offence

It is 'haram' to say
Or repeat to the scum
We have never been advocates
For darkness, nor hypocrisy
We would rather spread goodness
In all of life, without end
We seek love to tell stories
in all roads, in celebration
we nurture the human in us
and advocate devotion
I wish to see
Sincerity in prosper
This land belongs to us
not to the demons of the wicked
Enough with calls of bigotry
That attract the ignorant
Sectarianism called upon
the greed of the unjust
How do we become so,
with such thought of vanity
we are stronger than all ugliness
once we remain devoted
Our Father is one
O our origin, we are the same
This land is for us
not for the ailing combats
So together we will turn it
to a splendor of progress

Let greed perish
so we may live contented
There is shelter in fraternity
should we be betrayed by water and shade
No to poisonous violence
No to the begot of idiocy
We were all made of clay
No to pride and disdain
My brother in any land
Let go of the idiots' weapon
Let go of bullets, let go
of speech that feeds hatred
It will only strengthen destruction
and grief with no consolation
Let us march in one path
No to voices of seclusion
Peace is a gift
Such is the weapon of the wise

(111)

Yusuf Jundi

A poet from Syria

By the hymns of the sky
The genius of love came
The universe dazed with radiance
the colors of space arched
And the night chanted, listen
to the hymns of the light
The revelations of the daisies remain
In hiding and retreat
They murmur of modesty
And hesitant beauty

In every flower it spreads
What is muttered in disguise
The birds were ready
For the cheers of the meeting
In their feathers they carried pride
certainty and belonging
I loved that visage
It is therapy, it is remedy
It is a mother's bosom, tender
It is the worship of the pious
The mind drew a statement
of dialogue and brotherhood
Rejecting violence treats
the diseases of ignorance of idiocy
and of dissent, I know not
which disease, which disease!
it comes from here and from there
And upon the enmity
The child is born with
a sectarian constraint, with no selection
This is how it comes, and is fed
In the forenoon or in the sundown
The world of man has gone
With the winds of nonsense
The sky weeps today
Winter no longer comes
O neighbors, I
No longer blame the sky

How does it water the earth
When we have drenched it with blood?
The soil is sodden with grief
and it was watered with tears
O giant, come forth
And carry me in the open
So the eyes see my fineness
Since I am misconstrued
So that I am seen in my gowns
Not in the gowns of vanity
In my purity, in my ascension
And in my passion to give
We are rich people
wealthy and affluent
whether in heart, in spirit
or in thought, we are generous
Our chosen ancestor, Taha
is the greatest of the prophets
He is an example in all matters
to follow and sustain
He awakened in us the creativity
And built the throne of allegiance
by dialogue, not by sword
Not by ignorant people
But by learned men
Devout and wise
So remember the day of conquest
How the mighty do pardon

Here is history, my origin
the air does not expose me
For my roots are sturdy
And my branches are in growth
How many streams passed around me
And springs of slander
But my fortresses are stable
The stream sweeps the scum
We are the voice of Islam
Its call has levitated
Whoever seeks us in brotherhood
We are the best allies
Whoever seeks us in dialogue
We are the best companions
Whoever seeks us in war
We are merciful people
And the commandments of Mustafa
The chosen one, are our brigade in war
If peace looms from afar, to it
we precede before the enemy
It keeps the covenant and remains
Despite the aberration of separation
This is how Islam is honesty,
Commitment and loyalty
We have not stolen safety
We have not killed the innocent
Our religion calls for leniency

For brotherhood and serenity
That is the law of God, so know
That it has never been scourge
It has never been exclusion of the other
or autocracy despotic
Whether in excessiveness
Or in negligence
We are moderate and fair
The Lord of heaven said
And for the good of the people we came
With hopes and prayers
Not for expiation and disbelief
nor for thickening the covers
A cat that leads to the damnation of man
When it was imprisoned without food
A man saved a dog, when he
gave it water in his slipper
That is how we are people
Gallant and gracious
Like birds carried by the wind
and augmented their travails
They spread their wings to reach out
with eyes full of hope
Their concern is safety
In the galaxies of survival
They rise in the air, they ascend
In the breezes of pride

(112)

Yusuf Laftah Alrabi'ee

A poet from Iraq

Our Lord commended
And called upon us to pray
He gave with plenitude
Blessing with his gifts
He extended livelihood and enriched
and made hopes equal
He showered us with bliss
In it, the causes of prosperity
He made the moon lightsome
And created the sun in radiance
He mixed the two seas with limit
alongside, without intrusion
The Qur'an revealed light
Mercy, and within healing
It drew a track to us
A path towards brotherhood
And it forbade us from approaching
the ails of harlotry
And prevented us from drinking wine
that turns our essence void
It forbade us to speak in pantheism
That is the key to scourge
and forbade us to speak in perjury
Our religion is innocent of it.
Blood relation is a bond
that grants purity to life
He who approached God one day

Moving towards ascension
Earned Paradise, a haven
Ensuring the best reward

(113)

Yusuf Mish'al

A poet from Jordan

O brother, Son of heaven
In you may there never be disappointment
Your visage is incandescent
A verse of brilliance
Maybe you are an angel
Maybe you are radiance
Like the blackbird of the wilderness
That fills the world with tune
Or like a tame goldfinch
That dazzles the eye with splendor
The flower of love sublimines
In the brow of the nobles
in your prison I am free
And my imagination in space
Maybe you will dig my grave
in the evening of tomorrow
Maybe you will carry my weight
Maybe my weight will slip away
In life do not be in a hurry
Think about the penalty
He who desires this life
and seeks its pleasures
They are all mirages
All that is in it is vain
O glorious Ruler

Glory has no survival
in your day you are high
Tomorrow you will plummet to emptiness
But we are only rocks
Kneaded with some water
If you endeavor in patience today,
and seize the healing
You will remain alive forever
In the ranks of the prophets
However it is, let us live
Let us endure the scourge
Do not say how and where
Determination is a sharp blade
Walk the path in radiance
In the assembly of the wise
In my hands, I have only
To remind of fraternity
There is no preference for the white
No, nor is blackness a disease
We were not created wolves
That fill the earth with howls
We are all a noble man
Who fills the heart with purity
We are children of Adam
In it we are all equals
If among us comes a fiend
Let among us be the remedy
Indeed good character rises

If the hopes are high
Every judgment that is not God's
However good, it falters
O brother, son of the dear ones
My companion in misery
Let us grow wheat
Let us rise in structure
Let us build souls
With amity and brotherhood
Do not force me to a weapon
A sword has no allegiance
It is love by which we live
And plenty of fulfillment
Do not transform it into bloodshed
With your bombs and your blood
God curses politics
When it is all in slander
Look at the wounded Aqsa
Look at the destitute Levant
Wherever I turn my face
I wish for lucid clarity
I am finished and the heart is bleeding
In the ranks of strangers
Whenever the asylum is broken
In the homes of my relatives
The sea yearns and calls
My water is no longer pure
He who ignites war

In the hearts of innocent
is not human, even if he ascends
to the gates of heaven
He is not spring
He is a winter night

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