

When I think of you, words do not come to mind
Faltering in awe of you
Look into my heart and you'll find
A special love encompassing you

Time stops when you're in my thoughts
This feeling I can't explain
But love is the essence of life that you taught
And from wrongdoing to abstain

Sending blessings on your name
Softens the hardest of souls
A lion in your presence becomes tame
It is our hearts, oh precious one, you stole

These words are meagre to describe your Eminence
But these words are all I possess
If I could I'd take from your purity an essence
And gift you with an effort that would transgress

On this auspicious occasion of your birth
We send glad tidings on this joyous day
The day the golden era began on Earth
The creation of light contained within clay

Like abundant water flows in rivers and seas
Deep love for you is exploding from within
I'm the dirt that surrounds the roots of the purest of trees
Covered in my own oppression and sin

Yet you are the brightest of lights
Blinding me with your guidance
Your name shouted in athaan from the highest of heights
That you are the seal of the Prophets, I pledge my allegiance

The answer to life is found in your last will
For what is life without the Quran and the Ahlulbayt?
To love your holy progeny a message you instil
Their enemies surely have the worst of fate

This priceless gift of Islam you brought
I'm a humble servant forever attached to you
Without you in my life, I'd be distraught
I'm indebted to you, how can I not provide the love that's due?

Purity upon purity within your holy progeny
These fourteen examples of perfection
Reaching the maximum ranks in the eyes of the Almighty
Our aim is to attain the same satisfaction

Send one blessing on the Holy Prophet
He'll bless you with tenfold more
And still he'll think nothing of it
If when faced with the smallest challenge, you knock on his door

So for your own happiness and wellbeing
Send blessings on him and his holy Household
You'll find your hard heart singing
With the peace and love of which I told.

The poet Sura Ali requests your duas.