Busy

Some were busy welcoming the spiritual banquet, And some were intoxicated by the sound of hunger in their bellies rattling against tired limbs bent in prostration.

Some were devouring the Words of God, Whilst others were busy feeding those that were in need.

Yet there was one who was busy in scheming and conniving. The one who was seeking a sharp sword and polished it lovingly in devilish glee...

Greed overtook sense until he stood as an animal in human form. This one was feasting on a different banquet than the others...

Morally bankrupt having sold his soul
Not recognising that he planned to murder the Divider of Heaven and Hell!

This evil one did not rest whilst others fasted or worshipped... He was not content to just kill or maim, His demented mind had a more devilish game.

He searched high and low for the strongest poison in town! And as the day neared, he dipped his sword in the poisonous concoction. Hell bent on mischief and of an "infallible's" destruction.

The night stood still it seemed for some time...
The geese and the orphans may have sensed impending doom...
Anxious and agitated within the dark gloom.

The Infallible One looked up at the night sky and smiled,
The time had come for which he had eagerly awaited...
Embracing sweet death by a poisonous sword, that had been fated...
Good roused evil from his malevolent sleep,
Knowing full well that the sleeper was not asleep.

The Call was made and the good hastened to pray... The evil one knew today was definitely his day.

He knew the Achilles Heel of the one he planned to kill-Prayer was the only time this man ever lost his outward concentration, So he stealthily crept ever closer to his target in prostration.

As the poisonous sword sliced the Infallible's head with deadly intent... A piercing shreak tore the sky asunder with a heartbreaking lament!

Jibraeel's cries echoed in the dawning sky...
The Rope of Allah had been cut, he would cry...

Poet Sukaina Khatau

