

The world, filled with hatred and darkness
If mankind was a book these would be the dim and dull pages
For it was a hopeless swirling of misery, truly the dark ages
A time of chaos, every man for himself, animalistic
It was kill or be killed, no sympathy, cruel, simplistic
A society that was polytheistic
Mystic and ritualistic
Heartless men who lived off misery, sadistic
Most were pessimistic and narcissistic
Very few realistic
Only one was optimistic
Only one had hope, was futuristic

They worshipped statues
Worshipped stones of their own creation
Rocks and pebbles were their salvation
And with these gods there was an infatuation
They would bow and bend in prostration
Kiss the feet of their lord and master
A figment of their own egotistical imagination
You can imagine Muhammad's frustration

And he left to go up in the mountains and ponder
About the world, his life, the universe he would wonder
Humanities unanswered questions he would contemplate
And with the concept of God he would think and ruminate
Away from the evils of his society away from all the hate
He would sit and unknowingly to God he would prostrate

And this would continue for a time
Until from God their would come a sign
From God to Muhammed Gabriel went
From God to Muhammed a message was sent

This is a message from the creator
You are the people's saviour
The final prophet you are chosen to be
And a hero for all of Humanity
Whose name across the galaxy
Inscribed in our memory
Mentioned in every salat
Muhammed ibn Abdullah
The first phrase we hear and our final goodbye
Oh Muhammed your name we do cry

In the darkest of our depths we remember his name
A light in the darkness, in the night he's a flame
Whom in our hearts burns brightly
And with us we hold tightly.

The poet Saeed Alhakeem asks for your dua