

TUTORIAL

Spring's Gift

(a poem about the Prophet)

I envy the sand that met his feet
I'm jealous of honey he tasted sweet
Of birds that hovered above his head
Of spiders who spun their sacred web
To save him from his enemies
I envy clouds formed from the seas
That gave him cover from the heat
Of a sun whose light could not compete
With his, whose face did shine so bright
That all was clear in pitch-black night
I envy sightless trees that gazed
Upon his form completely dazed
Not knowing if the sun had rose
Or if the sky was one with those
Who knelt, who prayed, and fasted too
Simply because he told them to
With truth and kindness, charity
From God who gave such clarity
His mercy comes in one He sent
To mold our hearts more heaven bent
I envy all there at his side
Who watched the turning of the tide
As truth prevailed and falsehood fled

What event does this line refer to?

In the hadith what was the Prophet's (saw's) face described as?

What does 'heaven bent' mean here?

And hope restored life to the dead
And men and women found their place
With aspirations for God's Face
I envy the cup that gave him drink
His thoughts that helped us all to think
To be one thought that passed his mind
Inspiring him to act so kind
For me this world is not one jot
If I could simple be a thought
From him to God throughout the ages
As revelation came in stages
I pity all who think it odd
To hear him say there is one God
It's pride that blinds us from the sight
That helps good men to see his light
He taught us all to be God's slaves
And he will be the one who saves
Humanity from sinful pride
Muhammad has God on his side
So on this day be blessed and sing
For he was born to grace our Spring
With lilies, flowers, life's rebirth
In a dome of green like his on earth.
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Earlier in the week, I had shown a poem to our children's Islamic Studies teacher who is also the father of one of my yr 6 students. "Do you want to hear what your daughter wrote in class?" I asked him.

"I would like that," he responded, turning from his computer work in the teachers' lounge.

I read from the paper I held in my hands...

*If the Prophet spent a day with me,
I'd give him my finest chair,
And give him my finest tea.*

*If the Prophet spent a day with me,
I'd bake the bestest cupcakes,
And serve him with lots of glee.*

*If the Prophet spent a day with me,
I would be so delighted,*

*If the Prophet spent a day with me,
I would be so excited.*

*If the Prophet spent a day with me,
I'd be sure to make it last,*

*If the Prophet spent a day with me,
It'd be an awesome class.*

I looked up, pleased and smiling, to find that he had removed his spectacles and was wiping his eyes with his thumb. No one said anything for a few moments before he cleared his throat and quietly addressed the parents in the room.

Things to think about:

1. Why have these 2 people written a poem about the prophet?
2. If the Prophet spent a day with you, how would you be like? What would you do? How would you dress? How would you talk?