

# The Lady of the Pond & The *Jihaad* of the Tongue



Written and designed

By

**Soumy Ana**

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[http://www.ummah.com/islam/taqwapalace/soumy\\_ana.html](http://www.ummah.com/islam/taqwapalace/soumy_ana.html)



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*Can anyone ever know?  
How many stalks sprang from within a rice field?  
How many bends curve in a river?  
How many layers add up in a monsoon cloud?  
Can anyone sweep the leaves of an entire forest?  
And tell the wind to stop shaking its trees?*

*How many leaves must a silkworm eat for us to weave a dress  
of colors from the past?  
How much rain...*

Flip, flop, the hand paddles of the lady of the pond seems to echo among the plants.  
How many strokes does she need everyday, she thought, in order to gather all closed blossoms for 5.000 dông a bouquet?

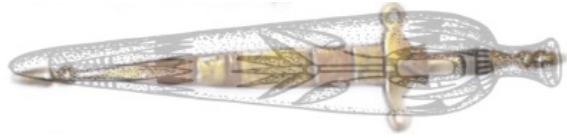
*How many miracles happen everyday by the will of Allaah,  
things that humans cannot produce, things that pertain to the  
miracles of life?  
How many new blooms will appear in each pond with catchy  
fragrances that delight her buyers?  
And have I any power over it?*

The lullaby comes from the lips of a maiden of the Far East but her heart is Muslim.

As she sings, gathering the long stems of lotus flower, the boat slides like the drops of water slide on the lotus leaf. She looks grateful.

She pushes the dark waters of the pond aside, her long *hijab* made of white cotton floating on the sunlight. Her triangular hat catches the first rays of the light and casts a constant shadow on her face. She sings with melancholy and her poetry is made of all the unseen she can think of, yet her song is no more any less than a folk song.

In this song life fights the odds of the world. In this song she puts also all her might. She is patient because she cannot compete with the unseen.



On his other side of the world her brother the Muslim fights in his *jihad* of the *nafs*. He pushes his sword in the reality of the world. His soul is rough, stamped by life but he has the delicacy of a shy wife. His only concern now is survival, however he recites a *qasidah*:

*Men perish as a victim to their greed.*

*Words are deadlier than the sword.*

*Prudence starts with seeking advice.*

*A free man honors his promise.*

*Whims are the enemy of wisdom.*

He is patient. His words bring patience. He is not greedy. He asks and reflects before acting. He does not speak in vain and controls his envies.

He remembers among the lost tribes of pre-Islamic times

Labeed and his words that rang true:

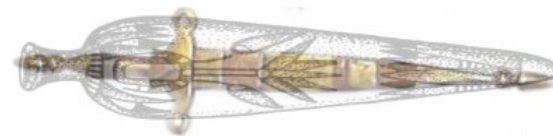
*Personal possessions and family are merely entrusted with us,  
Such trust must one day be returned.*

In his hands were entrusted so many Muslim families. In his hands they feel safe. He is aware of them but his ultimate desire is to be a *shaheed*. His companions will count how many wounds he bore, but that will be only for the sake of Allaah. He addresses someone of the past:

O Abu Hurayrah, may Allaah be pleased with you, what did Rasulullaah (saws) used to tell you? "The most truthful couplet recited by a poet is that of Labeed bin Rabi'ah: "Verily be aware, besides the Almighty everything else is futile." And

Ummayyah bin Abis-Sault was about to accept Islaam".  
(Tirmidhi 232; *Muslims Book 028, Number 5605*)

Two poets of the pre-Islamic times: one saw the truth and accepted it; the other one remained deaf and this one was one of those who used to express the truth in his poetry. He was the one who believed in *quyyaamah*. Rasulullah (saws) said regarding him: "His poetry accepted Islam but his heart did not."



On her side of the pond, the elegant hand of the lotus lady sprays water flakes all over her face. The weather is hot as proves the clean stains on the sides of her dress and she relates Abu Hurayrah as the man did, saying again: Rasulullah (saws) said that the best words from among the poets of Arabia is that of Labeed: "Verily be aware, that everything besides the Almighty Allah will perish." (Tirmidhi 237)

She changes her words accordingly in the lullaby:  
*And who can make perish the words of Allaah sub'anallah wa Ta'alaah?*  
*And who can make Umayyah accept Islam when he himself advice the truth and mentions tawheed (unicity of Allaah), except by the permission of Allaah?*  
*But what passed his lips was not in his heart.*

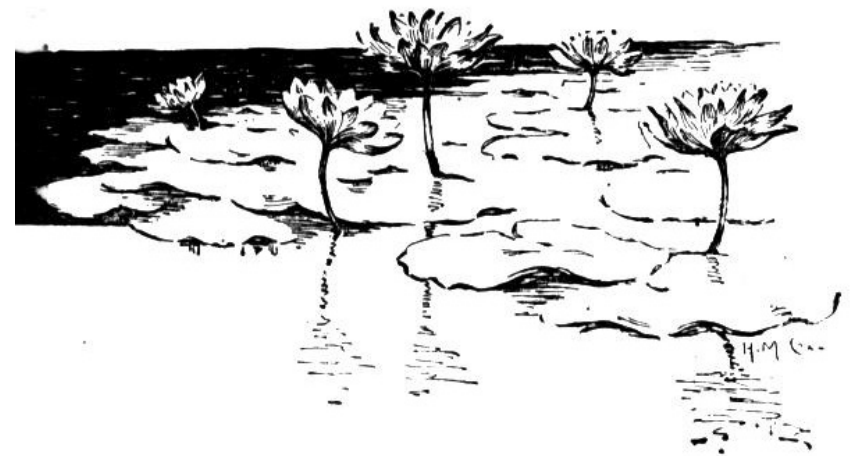
She thinks. A free man honors his promises. My Muslim brothers used to follow their words to the death. Because one of the signs of the hypocrites were unkept promises, so Rasulullaah (saws) learned from Jibril (as) these *ayat* and composed a poetry in the memory of Labeed who saw the truth and obeyed the truth and saying it in poetry was like a promise: "O, our Lord, all praises, affluence and superiority is only for You. None is more worthy of praises, nor greatness besides You."

*Labbaik Allaah! Labbaik!* Repeats the chorus of the pond.

Her white fingers have caught on the sharp edge of a stem, leaving a red spot coming forward. As all ears were paused on

her words; all eyes are now paused on her wound. She looks around at the other ladies and makes her *jihad* of the tongue: She slowly recites again:

*Can anyone stop the wound from reclaiming its rights?*  
*Can anyone count how many drops of blood one body can hold and how the wind will dry it?*  
*Can anyone produce only one single surah or one single ayah?*  
*Not even the composer of the seven Mu'allaqat, Labeed, who declared:*  
*"I shan't recite any poesy now that Allah has graciously taught me Surat Al-Baqarah."*  
*So what weighs the blood of the maiden when she recites Al-Baqarah?*

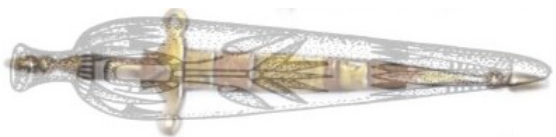


The man of the *jihad* happened one day to walk along another lake, it is then that he recognized the lady of the pond as one of them. Yes, he recalls her as if vividly.

The man sees the lady of his dream and approaches her in the form of a stream. He says: "As the old Arab custom enshrined them, there are many qualities of courage, integrity and pride and the most praised of all is generosity. You have shown all of them, lady, but let me show you the last one of them!" So he picks a petal from the greenish stem and wraps it carefully in the form of an immaculate scroll where she can slide her slender nail. Then he recites casting his eyes down the lake in shyness and avoiding her eyes scrupulously:

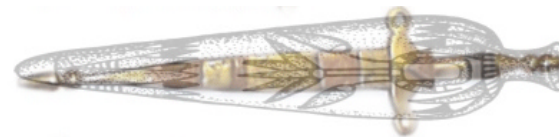
*"I am a slave to my guest so long as he or she is my guest, but I have no other trait that brings me closer to being a slave. And if you remember me and happen to walk to my place with your mahram, as my forefathers used to do in case of their guests, I will lit bonfires on an hilltop at night to guide any wandering strangers to my fire."*

She looked straight in his eyes, surprised, and his large gaze averting from hers battered away in retreat for the words he could not finish. His dark eyelashes shake. She casts down her own eyes against the drops coming from his forehead and the heat. His chest heaves, then he disappears from her memory.



The lady remembers well the verses the Arabs whispered in her memory: "May I spend the night hungry and remain in that condition until I have learned my way in a decent manner" and being decent was to remember and be just. May he loves me for loving Him, she sighs. Antara the poet had said the same and Rasulullaah (saws) had loved him for that.

She hears another voice lifting against the wind and recognizes it as the one of Rasulullaah (saws): "Yes, I have never felt anxious to meet Bedouins because of what is reported about them, except for Antara."



The man returns towards his companions in *jihad* with the memory of the sweet lady of his pond and the crimson petal. He catches up just in time to hear a man say as related to Jundub bin Sufyaa (ra): "Once a stone hit the Mubaarak fingers of Rasulullah Sallallahu 'Alayhi Wasallam and injured them, they became covered in blood. Rasulullah Sallallahu 'Alayhi Wasallam thereupon recited this couplet: *'You are but a finger, no damage has overcome you, besides covering you in blood. This is not fruitless, for reward has been obtained in the path of Allah'*" (Tirmidhi 233)

Do you remember?

'Amr bin Sharid. Do you remember any Poetry of Umayya bin Abu Salt asked from you by Rasulullaah (saws). I said: Yes. He said: Then go on. I recited a couplet, and he said: Go on. Then I again recited a couplet and he said: Go on. I

recited one hundred couplets (of his poetry). (Sahaah Muslims, Book 28, Number 5602)

However he was not a poet as it is clearly stated in the Noble Qur'aan:

*“And We have not taught him (Muhammad sallallahu alaihe wasallam) poetry, nor is it suitable for him” (Surah Yaseen, 69)* even if he did listen patiently to it and approved of it. Because if the subject matter is good and beneficial, then poetry is good, but if its effects are bad and detrimental and based on falsehood, then it is prohibited or *haraam* or *makruh*.

And Baraa ibn Aazib radiyallahu anhu was once asked, “You all deserted Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam and ran away in the Battle of Hunayn?” He replied, “No, Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam did not turn away, except a few people in the army who were in a hurry (many of whom were from the tribe of Sulaym and a few newly converted youth of Makkah) turned away when the people of the tribe of Hawaazin began to shower arrows. Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam (with whom there naturally were the great Sahaabah radiyallahu anhum) was riding a mule Abu Sufyan ibn Al-Haarith ibn Abdul Muttalib radiyallahu anhu was leading it by its reins. Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam was reciting the following couplet:

*“Verily, without doubt I am a Prophet. I am from the children (grandsons) of Abdul Muttalib” (Tirmidhi, 234)* who had forecast to the Quraysh pageants they would be defeated by him.



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Later they even went to Makkah for Umratul Qada. Abdullah ibn Rawahah radiyallahu anhu (throwing his sword over his shoulder and holding the reins of the camel of Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam) was walking ahead of him reciting these couplets: ‘O’ non-believers clear his path (and leave today. Do not prohibit Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam from entering Makkah as you had done last year) for today we shall smite you. We will take such action against you that we will separate the brain from its body. And will make a friend forget a friend.’

Umar radiyallahu anhu stopped him and said, “O’ Ibne Rawahah, in the presence of Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam and the Haram of Allah you are reciting poetry?” Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam said, “Leave him O’ Umar, these couplets are more forceful than showering arrows onto them.” (Tirmidhi, 235)

The Muslim fighters encamped in Ma'an for two days. After consulting with one another, they decided to send word to the Messenger of Allah telling him of the large numbers of their enemies, and await his instructions. But `Abdullah ibn Rawahah objected saying: "O people - by Allah, we fight not with our numbers, but with this faith with which Allah has honored us." They all agreed saying: "You speak the truth! " Thus they prepared for war, even though they were only three thousand.

Then came the engagement of `umratu'l-qada' (the lesser pilgrimage performed in compensation for the one missed the year before) in 7 A. H. When, however, the people of Quraysh heard of this, they vacated the city hastily and in disarray. He thus entered Mecca and circumambulated the Ka'bah on his camel. He held in his hand a stick with which he touched the Black Stone. `Abdullah ibn Rawahah led his camel by its rope reciting:

*Move away, O children of the rejecters of faith, and hinder not Allah's way.*

*Move away, for all goodness is in His Apostle.*

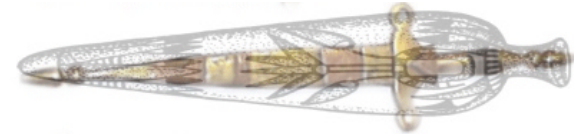
*The All-merciful has declared in His Revelation,*

*That we should strike you sorely on account of its exegesis;*

*As we struck you on account of its revelation;*

*Such blows as would remove heads from bodies!*

*Lord, I do believe in all that he says!*



The woman of the lotus pond stretches her neck towards the foaming waters that sprung up under her paddles: flip, flop.. flip, flop...

She recites the middle of lullaby remembering her brother:

*Can anyone ever know?*

*How many stars there are in the sky?*

*How many men fell on the battlefield saying the name of Allaah?*

My brothers have the dignity of faith and the depth of their fate. They do not tolerate injustice; they say as the Arab proverb says:

*No one will tolerate injustice except the donkey and the wedge.*

*The latter is beaten into the ground, while the other is beaten above the ground and no one feels sorry for either of them.*

*Can anyone see how many grains are kept hidden in the forest?*

*How many souls do what they say?*

*How many mutton's hair there is there in a prayer carpet to form each thread bare?*

*How many shaheed there will be to win the battles of Allaah?*



My poetry will not be a record of my daily life. I will not sing: “Your eyes are two groves of palm-trees” or love, war, and praising, or even condemning. No! My tongue will not glorify its men and bravery and will not hang the poems of Tarafa or Qais written with gold water on the curtains of the Ka’aba! I will not weep over beloved’s deserted ruins or loved ones that I cherish, no, I will not because Rasulullaah (saws) once said: “It is better for a man's belly to be stuffed with pus which corrodes it than to stuff one's mind with frivolous poetry.” (*Sahih Muslims Book 028, Number 5609*).

But when it is good poetry, it is good poetry.  
So I will make my poetry the *jihad* of the tongue and by that way I will support you my brothers and all the Muslims who remind me of my duties!

*How much rain must fall from the sky before the ocean overflows with tears?  
How many years must the moon age before it is considered old?  
How much rain must fall from the sky before the ocean overflows with tears?  
How many years must the moon age before it is old? In the middle of the night, the moon comes and waits nearby.  
He who can steal my heart  
For him, I will forever sing joyful songs.*

My poetry will chant the sky and all the celestial trail!  
And my poetry will be *jihad*.  
Cause it is related in a hadith that Ka’b radiyallahu anhu inquired from Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam that Allah Ta’ala has despised poetry in the Qur’aan. Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam replied, “A Mu’min makes *Jihad* with a sword and also with the tongue. This *Jihad* of the tongue is also like showering arrows.”

And Aisha radiyallahu anha said: “Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam would place a *mimbar* (pulpit) in the Masjid for Hassaan ibn Thaabit, so that he stands upon it and recites poetry on the praises of, and on behalf of Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam, or said that he used to defend Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam (in reply to the accusation of the kuffar). Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam would say, ‘May Allah assist Hassaan with Ruhul Qudus till he defends, or praises, on behalf of Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam.’” (Tirmidhi, 239)

Replies were given and debates were held. Events of praise were composed. It was something like present day debates.

Once a delegate from the Banu Tamim came with his poet Aqra. They requested a debate in composing poetry and reciting praises. Rasoolullah sallallahu alaihe wasallam replied that he was not sent to compose poetry nor recite praises, but nevertheless, let the debate take place. Their poet was the first to accept Islam, which shows that poetry had a great effect on people of that time. Rasul-Allaah said about the Qurayshs: "I swear by Allah, this poetry hits them like an arrow."



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*So, I am the prisoner of the lotus pond.  
It is more late than you realize  
We all are the prisoners of what or whom we care for...*

### For further reading:

A beautiful collection of photos,  
<http://phototravels.net/japan/photo-gallery/japanese-rock-gardens.html>

And a beautiful photo of lotus garden (Kyoto, Japan):  
<http://phototravels.net/japan/pcd2633/lotus-87.html>

=====  
A little Eastern Wisdom.  
=====

"You are the big drop of dew under the lotus leaf,  
I am the smaller one on its upper side,"  
said the dewdrop to the lake.

=====  
What is wisdom?  
It is like the lotus flower.  
Throw her in the company Of the noisy and the dirty,  
And she will be like a lotus flower Growing from muddy  
water, touched by it, Yet unstained.  
--T'u Lung --

=====  
"The mud is as valuable as the lotus flower that it nourishes."  
--Proverb --

Explanation:  
A white lotus flower blooms upon a muddy pond,  
fragrant sandalwood grows in compost soil,  
delicate cherry blossoms arise from the hard bark of  
trees... Similarly, unfortunate words can emanate from a sweet mouth  
to ruin a person, while great deeds can arise from a shallow mind to bring  
one good fortune and the respect of the wise...