

Written by : FMS

We are the seeds you sowed
We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the water of your remembrance;
On echoes of the recorded Seerah is our reliance.

We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the pleasant echo;
Of the joy of Your blessed birth;
Blessed is your Lineage;
The likes of which no human can bring forth.

We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the revering echo;
Of the vision shown to Aminah;
She sought refuge in Allah from all those who had hasad;
And was told to name you Muhammad ﷺ

We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the desirous echo;
Of the narrative of Halima;
The famine made her destitute;
But Allah blessed her when she fed you.

We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the emotional echo;
Of the passing of your mother and grandfather;
The sorrow of which was getting heavier.

We are the seeds you sowed;

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Buried far away;
Growing through the timely echo;
Of the intelligence of Khadija who was noble;
And had the foresight, so sent you the proposal.

We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the favored echo;
Of your liking solitude and your dreams coming real;
For the Quraysh, your Prophethood was becoming a big deal.

We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the quiet echo;
Of you preaching secretly for first three years;
But when Allah commanded to proclaim openly, for the idols they
had fears.

We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the joyful echo;
Of the Companions increased by your side in lots;
When people called you sorcerer, they believed and said "By Allah
he is not".

We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the spiritual echo;
Of the migration to Abyssinia of Uthman, Ruqayyah, Zubair, Ja'far
and alike;
When Ja'far confronted Najashi and narrated what Islam is to be
like.

We are the seeds you sowed;

Buried far away;
Growing through the reinforcing echo;
Of Allah guiding Hamza and Omar from
whom people were in fright;

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When Omar came to kill you, because of your Du'a, he was blessed
with the
light.

We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the depressing echo;
Of the staunch Boycott by Banu Hashim and Bunu Al-Mutallib;
When Allah strengthened you with more revelations, for the wife of
Abu Lahab,
the situation was flipped.

We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the saddening echo;
Of the Year of Sorrow, losing Khadija and also Abu Talib, left you
teary;
When you went to Taif, bitter were their hearts, whom you held
dearly.

We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the compassionate echo;
Of the favor of Allah on the night of Ascension;
First to Al-Aqsa on Buraq, for all the Prophets you were the imam,
with no
question;
Then Jibreel escorted you with the Will of Allah, to all the Seven;
Prayer was the gift to us, but how can you be back the same night,
was their

rejected expression.

We are the seeds you sowed;

Buried far away;

Growing through the honorable echo;

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Of the order of Allah to migrate to Madina, Abu Bakr was your companion, every

harm he debarred;

Ali covered in your bed, protecting so that you will not even be scarred;

Showing gratitude for the full moon rising over them were the Ansar.

We are the seeds you sowed;

Buried far away;

Growing through the Brotherly echo;

Of how you mentioned to them “Be brothers in Allah, pair by pair” ;

Ja’far to Mu’adh, Abu Bakr to Kharija, Uthman to Aws were like Hamza to Zubayr.

We are the seeds you sowed;

Buried far away;

Growing through the disheartened echo;

Of the Slander of Aisha while the raids on Banu Mustaliq, but beware she was

pure;

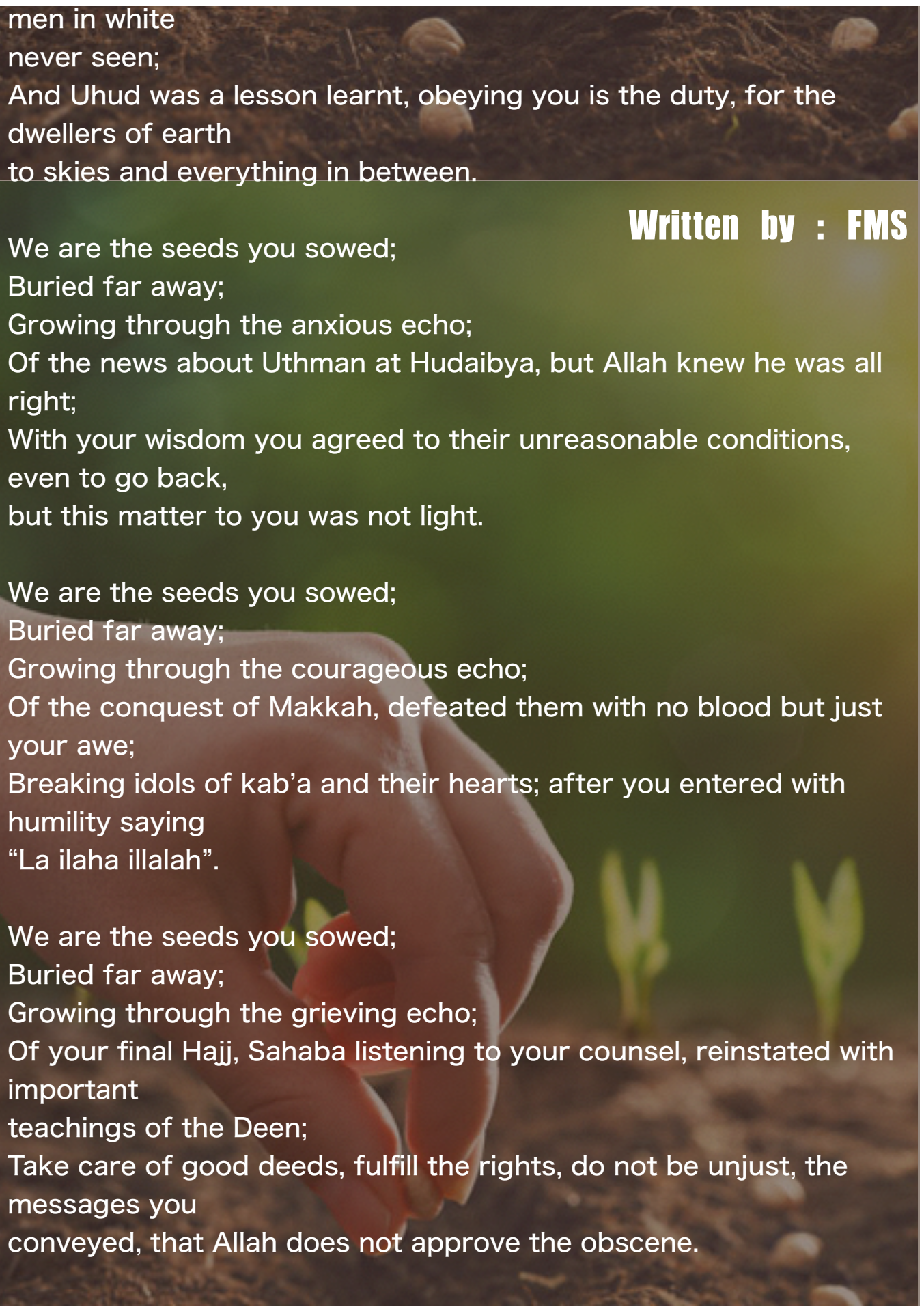
What Allah revealed , was unexpected to her, even though she knew Allah in her pain was more near.

We are the seeds you sowed;

Buried far away;

Growing through the valorous echo;

Of the dignified victory of Badr, fighting shoulder to shoulder with

A close-up photograph of a hand sowing seeds into dark, rich soil. The background is slightly blurred, showing more soil and some small green seedlings in the distance. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of the soil and the skin of the hand.

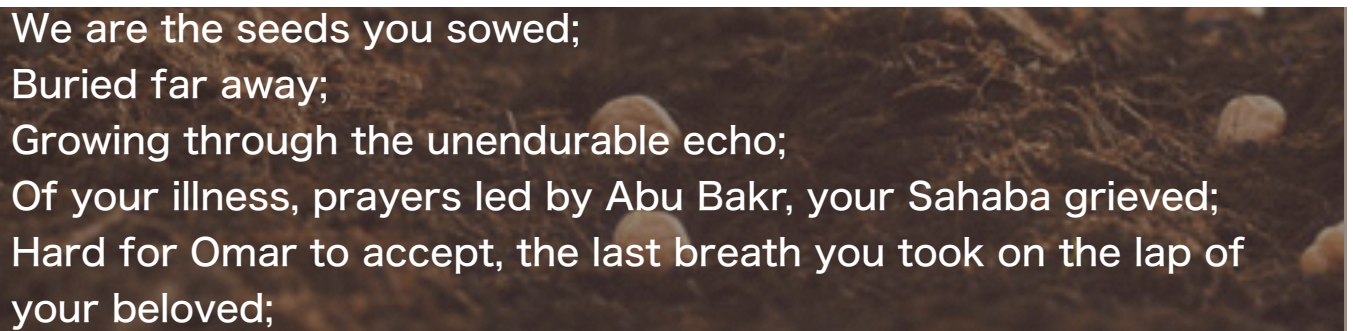
men in white
never seen;
And Uhud was a lesson learnt, obeying you is the duty, for the
dwellers of earth
to skies and everything in between.

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We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the anxious echo;
Of the news about Uthman at Hudaibya, but Allah knew he was all
right;
With your wisdom you agreed to their unreasonable conditions,
even to go back,
but this matter to you was not light.

We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the courageous echo;
Of the conquest of Makkah, defeated them with no blood but just
your awe;
Breaking idols of kab'a and their hearts; after you entered with
humility saying
"La ilaha illallah".

We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the grieving echo;
Of your final Hajj, Sahaba listening to your counsel, reinstated with
important
teachings of the Deen;
Take care of good deeds, fulfill the rights, do not be unjust, the
messages you
conveyed, that Allah does not approve the obscene.



We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the unendurable echo;
Of your illness, prayers led by Abu Bakr, your Sahaba grieved;
Hard for Omar to accept, the last breath you took on the lap of
your beloved;

“Did your heart convince to put dirt on my Father” cried Fatima,
but she was first
to meet you, Oh! our Prophet.

We are the seeds you sowed;
Buried far away;
Growing through the anticipating echo;
Of meeting you at Kawther, noor of our wudhu is the sign of
recognition;
Trying to hold high, the branches of our tree, it is our pleasure to
advance on
your mission.