



A LETTER TO MY BELOVED

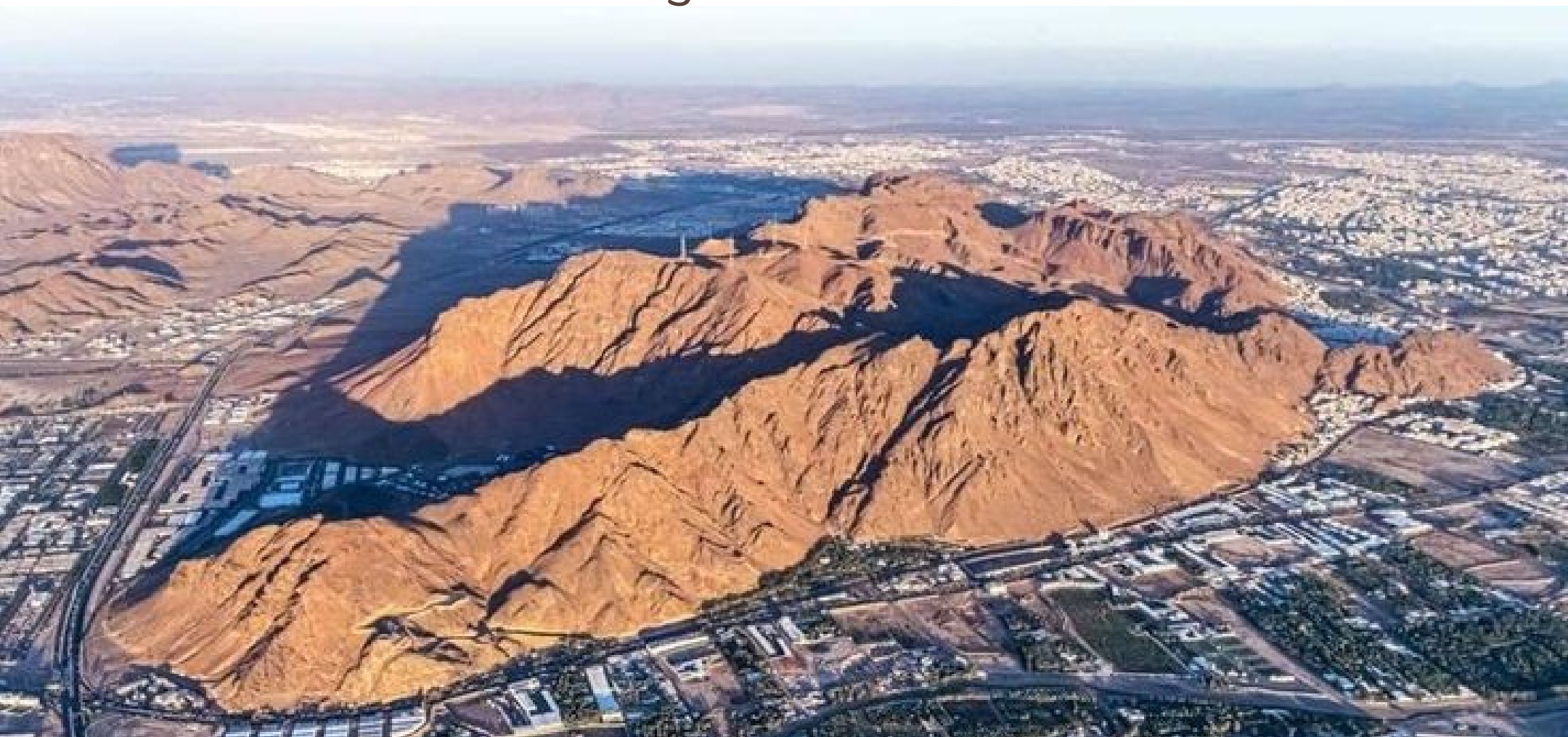
by AmaturRahman Muhammad



To my Beloved,

Tonight, from beneath a glittering, star glazed sky, I write to You of the indescribable longing of my heart. With love that swirls like liquid gold within the rugged ridges of my slopes, I write of my desperate yearning to gaze at You once more. As the waning crescent casts it's pale shadow across my peak, I recall extraordinary memories, that help soothe the painful ache, unceasingly throbbing within every grain of my sand. Tonight, as the world slumbers, I inscribe words penned with love and tears, so that I can explain to You in my flawed language, how You form my every heartbeat.

It is on nights like these that I miss You the most. Nights when the sky is an infinite canvas, dotted with a million pin pricks of twinkling lights. Nights when the moon shares my sorrow, her glow lacking its usual shimmer. Standing alone and erect in this vast plain, I recall those unparalleled nights, whose beauty astounded the universe. When my pain gets too much to bear, I remember that night in specific, when the moon above paled in comparison to the radiance of Your face. It is almost as if I can see You, in all Your grandeur; my perfect Master. The eye of my mind still beholds You, sitting gracefully atop Your mount. That night, I wished I was a horse. I watched You in awe as You gazed with love at Your blessed city. For the first time ever, I wished I was a city - Your city. Maybe You could read my thoughts for You then turned Your dazzling face towards me. I could write a thousand poems and dry a million pens, endeavouring to describe the beauty of Your face. I recall the way the moonlight highlighted Your flawless skin, softly brushing it with its silver hues. I memorised the sparkle in Your eye, and the sweep of Your lashes. I remember how Your deep ebony hair contrasted against the pure white of Your garment. I will never forget Your smile, as it lit up my world. In that moment - and in every second after it - You were the most beautiful sight in the universe.





My favourite part of that incomparable night was when You smiled at me. A smile of loving fondness. A wondrous smile, that awed the universe. For the rest of my days, I will treasure that smile. You then said words that I wish to engrave in gold. If I could, my Habeeb ﷺ ♡, I would replay them for eternity. Those words that brought unimaginable ecstasy to me. I felt like I was flying. You looked at me - this worthless mass of rocks and sand - and You said, in a manner befitting Your Majesty:

هذا احد وهو جبل يحبنا ونحبه

"This is Uhud.

It is a mountain which loves us and we love it."

You said You loved me. You loved me. Words can never be able to encapsulate the sheer ecstasy that I experienced in that moment. The most perfect of Allah's creation, the Prince of mankind, the seal of Prophets, loved me... If I had a voice, I would have sung in joy. If I had wings, I would have soared to the sky. My every tiny pebble and every rugged peak shone with joy. Never before did I feel so special.. I no longer wished to be anything other than me; a seemingly worthless mountain - loved by the best of Allah's creation.



I had no voice to answer You, my Habeeb ﷺ ♡, but even if I had, I would have been unable - because emotions like these, even voices can not articulate. How can mere words ever convey the depth of this love that thrums through every grain of my soil? How do I explain this yearning that threatens to split apart my rough rocks? How do I describe this awe that softens my sunbaked cliffs? It is an impossible achievement - but never a futile one. And so, I will write to You. I will write about You. I will write for You. I will continue to write; words stained with love and longing. Words dripping pain and yearning. Words struggling to encapsulate emotions as boundless as the sea.

Some days, when the ache to see You gets too much to bear, I relive my most treasured memories. I imagine myself back in that golden era. I remember how the sun shone the day You came to us from Makkah.. I recall the voices of the Ansaar as they sang to welcome You. Never before did I wish for a voice, as I did that day... I remember the day You stood upon my soil with Your beloved companions.. I also recall the ferocious day of the great battle. I can almost hear the neighing horses and the clash of swords. I can almost feel myself shudder as Your blessed blood stained my rocks crimson. I remember Your pain on that day.. I recall the anguish in Your eyes as You buried Your companions beneath my soil.

Some days, as the rosy flush of dawn spreads across the horizon, I reminisce the times when the Athan of Bilaal رضي الله عنه wafted down the morning breeze. As the golden sunlight kisses my topmost peaks, I think of Your sermons that I often listened to, spell bound. When the vivid colors of sunset brush the horizon, I recall Your footsteps rushing towards the Masjid for Salaah. And as the first stars begin to twinkle in the night sky, I remember Your perfect smile.

I want to write so much more, my Nabi ﷺ. If I could, I would spend an eternity writing to You. Talking to You relieves my pain. Your smile alone, could cure all my ailments. I miss You so much, oh my Habeeb ﷺ, every dawn and dusk. I miss You whenever birds sing and horses neigh. May the peace of my Rabb descend upon Your pure soul, as long as the sun rises and sets.

I love You, my Habeeb ﷺ. I will love You for eternity.

From the mountain You loved

