



# The Age of Innocence

Islamic Verses

for

Children

and the young at heart

**Book 2**

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**BISMILLAH  
IR RAHMAN IR RAHIM**

**POEMS IN MY BOOK**

Mummy Dear  
When I was Ill  
Aladdin's Lamp  
Winter  
The Year of the Elephant  
Wishful Imagination  
The Animal Kingdom  
The Prophet's Mosque  
Isra and Miraj  
Sharing





## O MUMMY DEAR

O Mummy dear, O mummy dear,  
why do trees bow in the wind?  
My darling child, my darling child,  
they bow in obedience to Him.  
O Mummy dear, O mummy dear,  
how many leaves grow upon trees?  
My darling child, my darling child,  
Allah alone knows the number of these.  
O Mummy dear, O mummy dear,  
who should I love best?  
My darling child, my darling child,  
it's Allah and His Prophet\*,  
the kind, the blessed.

**\*Praise and peace be upon him**

Did you know we should love Prophet Muhammad, praise and peace be upon him, more than any other person, even more than our parents and more than ourselves?



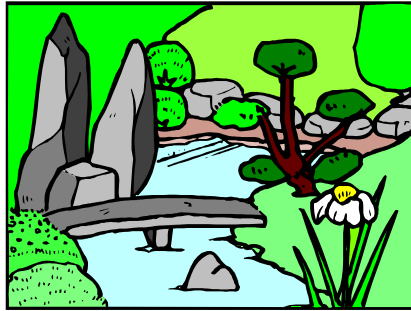
## **WHEN I WAS ILL**

**One day when I was feeling ill  
a sparrow flew onto my window sill.  
He didn't see me tucked up in bed  
as he pecked away at a piece of bread.**

**I thought of how he could fly  
when I, in bed could only lie.  
I thought how Allah had made him small  
and then of dinosaurs, and giraffes so tall.**

**I thought of many, many things  
some with four legs, others with wings.  
I thought how wonderful Allah is  
because everything around me is really His!**

Did you know that everything we have really belongs to Allah? Allah is the Owner of all things. He has made some people rich to see if they will remember that it is only through His blessing they are rich and He watches how they spend their wealth. Some rich people do a lot of good work by giving some of their wealth away in the Name of Allah, and then there are some poor people who wish they could do the same but can't because they have nothing to give. But Allah is so kind and merciful that He will reward the poor person with exactly the same reward He gives to the rich person. Why? Just because the poor person said to his or herself: "If only I had a lot of money, I would spend in the Name of Allah like that rich person."



## ALADDIN'S LAMP

I wish I had Aladdin's lamp  
I know just what I'd do -  
I'd rub it hard and wish to be  
in Paradise with you!

Every Muslim should want the same good things he or she wants for themselves for other Muslims.

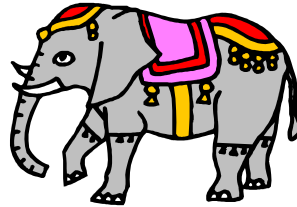


## WINTER

In winter when I'm fast asleep  
outside my windows angels creep,  
dusting everywhere around  
with snow upon the frozen ground.

So when the sun begins to rise  
and sheds its rays across the sky,  
the world sparkles like diamonds, bright  
as it glistens in the new days light.





## THE YEAR OF THE ELEPHANT

The sun beat down on the desert parched  
as over it Abra's army marched.  
Its aim to destroy Ka'ba with the elephant's might  
and kill many Meccans in a fierce fight!

As the elephant approached Ka'ba most fair  
it stopped in defiance and just stood there.  
Somehow, even the poor dumb elephant knew  
the destruction of Ka'ba is strictly taboo.

It was beaten so hard because it refused  
with bars of iron, severely abused,  
but nothing would make the elephant march  
even though its beating was terribly harsh.

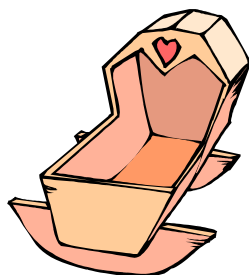
Abdul Muttalib, the noble, the wise  
said to the Koraysh in haste - "Go and hide,  
Allah will protect Ka'ba this day  
go now to the hills not far away!"

Suddenly, the sky was filled with birds  
the Koraysh stared in amazement - lost for words!  
Allah had sent birds with stones  
to pelt the army and break their bones.

Abra, the wicked leader of them all  
was hit hard by the stones that fell in the squall,  
his death didn't come straight away  
in pain he lingered for many a day.

Allah had saved Ka'ba in a miraculous way  
and no one forgot the events of that day.  
The Meccans returned to their homes once more  
in wonderment of the miracle they saw.

That was the Year of the Elephant,  
a year in which there was another event!  
A babe was born, the last Prophet to be  
Muhammad\* his name, sent for you and me!  
\*Praise and peace be upon him







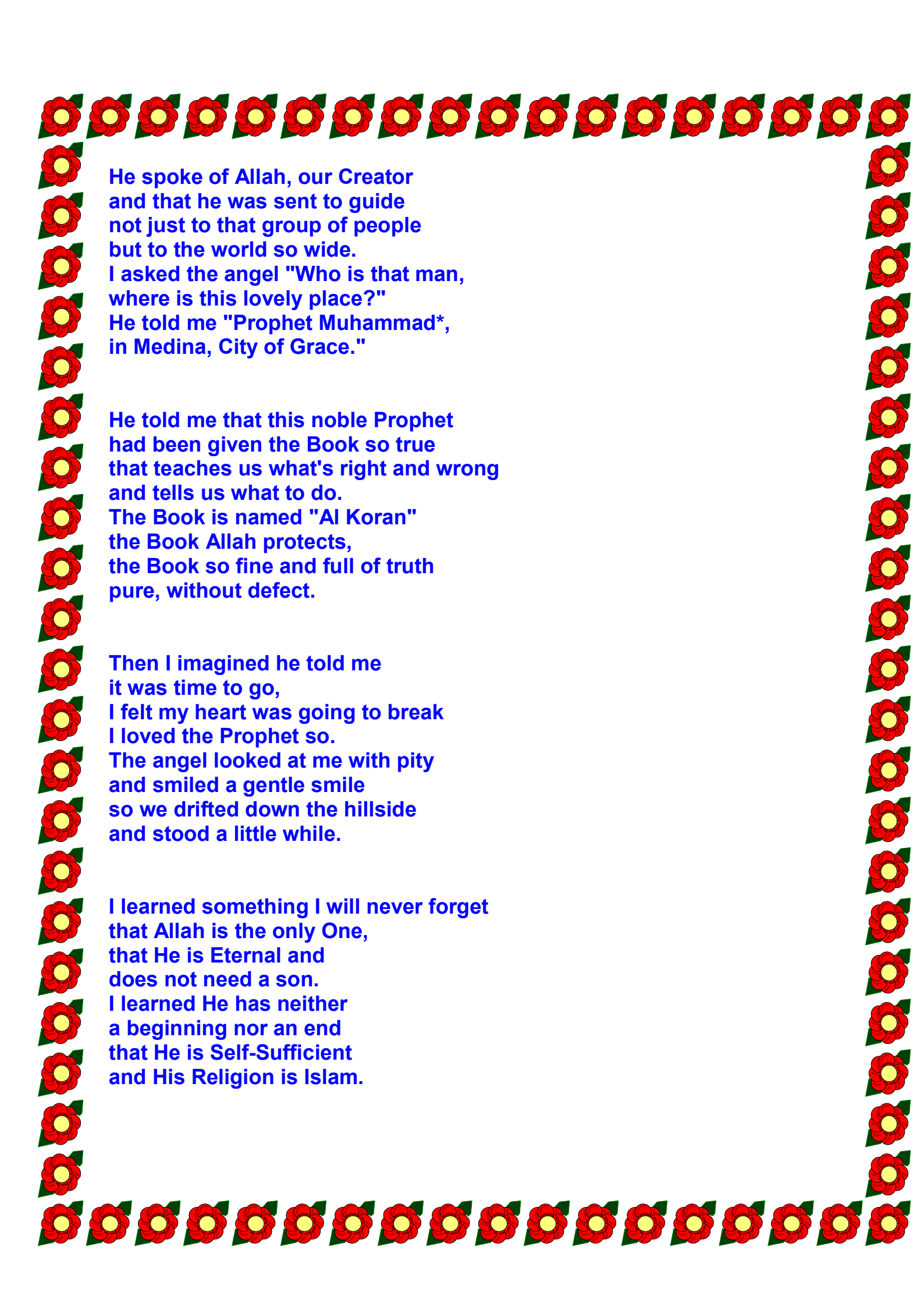
## WISHFUL IMAGINATION

Last night I imagined an angel came  
and took me by the hand  
we flew together far away  
over sea and land.

We landed on a hilltop high  
and looked down upon a town  
and saw a group of people  
with children playing around.

Then came a man dressed in white  
whose perfume filled the air  
the children stopped their playing  
and sat in silence there.

This noble man had a face that shone  
talked with words so kind,  
that tears just rolled down their cheeks,  
a dry eye I could not find.



He spoke of Allah, our Creator  
and that he was sent to guide  
not just to that group of people  
but to the world so wide.  
I asked the angel "Who is that man,  
where is this lovely place?"  
He told me "Prophet Muhammad\*,  
in Medina, City of Grace."

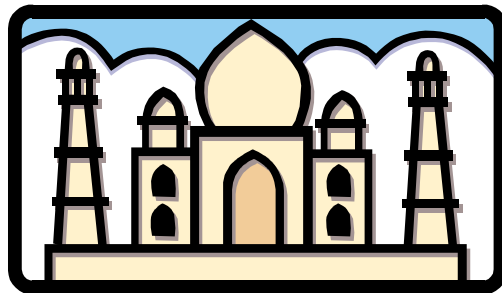
He told me that this noble Prophet  
had been given the Book so true  
that teaches us what's right and wrong  
and tells us what to do.  
The Book is named "Al Koran"  
the Book Allah protects,  
the Book so fine and full of truth  
pure, without defect.

Then I imagined he told me  
it was time to go,  
I felt my heart was going to break  
I loved the Prophet so.  
The angel looked at me with pity  
and smiled a gentle smile  
so we drifted down the hillside  
and stood a little while.

I learned something I will never forget  
that Allah is the only One,  
that He is Eternal and  
does not need a son.  
I learned He has neither  
a beginning nor an end  
that He is Self-Sufficient  
and His Religion is Islam.

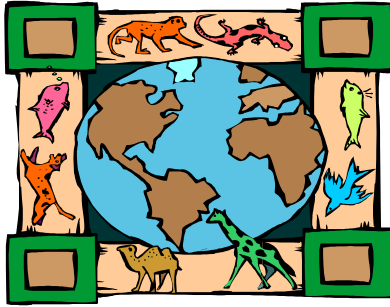
O how I wish I'd been a child  
in those years long past  
then I wouldn't have to imagine  
what's deep inside my heart.  
One day when I am older  
I hope that I will go  
to Mecca and Medina  
for I love our Prophet\* so.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to walk  
where once he had been  
to gaze upon the mountains  
and remember what he had seen.  
To glorify Allah at Ka'ba  
so noble and most fair  
to thank Him for our Prophet\*  
and for His loving care.



Praise and peace be upon him.

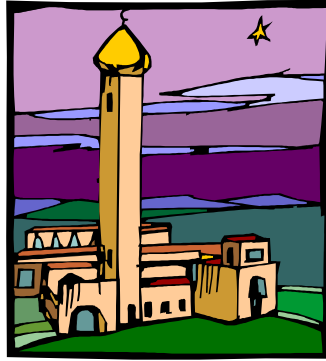
I would really like to have been able to use the word "dreamt" instead of "imagined" but in Islam it is forbidden to claim you had a dream or vision of an angel when you did not. InshAllah, one day Allah will bless me with such a nice dream, wouldn't that be nice!



## THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Some animals make their homes in trees  
so do some insects and busy honey bees,  
whilst others burrow away in the earth so deep  
then curl up inside for a winter-time sleep.  
Camels live in the desert hot and dry  
storing water in humps so they don't die!  
Yet the Polar bear with his fur coat so nice  
has to fish through a hole he has made in the ice!  
No matter whether animals are big or small  
they give thanks to Allah who created them all!





## THE PROPHET'S MOSQUE

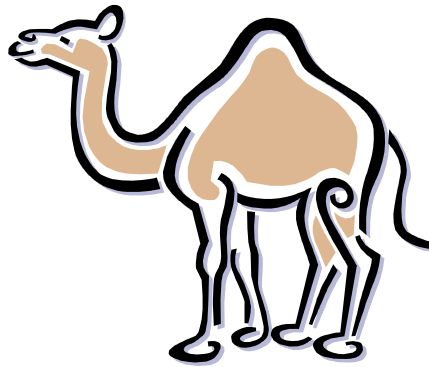
With lightness of foot the gentle camel came  
fearing to jolt the Prophet\* holding its rein.  
With grace it had moved over the hot desert sand  
obeying the touch of its kind master's hand.

A cloud had shaded them on their way  
shielding them from the fierce sun's rays.  
When they reached Medina children raced to his side,  
as the Prophet\* greeted them they patted his ride.

"Where shall we build the Mosque", they all inquired  
as the Prophet rode his camel that was happy, yet tired.  
"Be patient," he said, "in a moment you'll see  
where the camel takes its rest that's the place it will be."

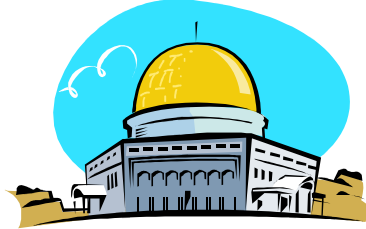
When the camel sat down in a very blessed place  
happiness spread over everyone's face.  
They knew where they should build at last  
and fetched wood and palms - very fast.

A fine, yet humble Mosque stood upon that site  
and there the Prophet\* worshipped both day and night.  
Everyone thanked Allah for the safety of his ride,  
for the camel that carried him and those by his side!



**\*Praise and peace be upon him.**  
The name of the Prophet's camel was "Kaswa" and his companion was Abu Bakr





## **ISRA AND MIRAJ**

**All was quiet, the night was still  
when the Prophet\* was awakened by Angel Jibril.  
Winged Burack trembled by Ka'ba in wait  
to carry the Prophet\* to Jerusalem's gate.**

**That night Burack had been ordered to carry but one  
the best of humanity, Abdullah's son.  
He knew the importance of his blessed mission  
for he carried no one except by Allah's permission.**

**Over deserts and valleys Burack raced,  
each stride was as far as his sight could reach.  
Over mountain tops with his legs raised so high  
they passed smoothly over without effort or sigh!**

**At Jerusalem's Mosque prophets waited anxiously to greet  
our Prophet\* whose perfume was delicately sweet.  
Then as Jibril took his hand and they arose  
above the sky to heavenly abodes.**

Through veils of light in a gossamer haze  
they visited more prophets as they passed on their way,  
as the heavens rejoiced in such ecstasy  
at the predestined meeting near the Lote Tree.



**\*Praise and peace be upon him**

This journey is one of our Prophet's most important miracles. In those days it used to take several months to journey to and from Jerusalem by camel, but he traveled from Mecca to Jerusalem and returned in just one night, added to which was the extra special journey through the seven heavens! As for Burack, he is a very special animal from Paradise. He is white and looks similar to a horse, however, he has wings on his thighs. As for Burack's size he is smaller than a horse yet larger than a donkey. By the way, did you know that the Angel Jibril is called Gabriel in the West?



## SHARING

There once was a greedy boy  
who didn't want to share his toys  
when his friends came to play  
he would hide his toys away!

Soon his friends stayed away  
and he felt lonely until one day  
he saw a lad he thought was poor  
playing happily outside his door.

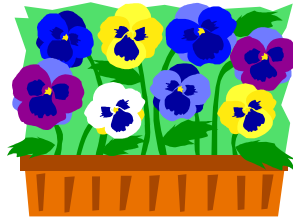
His toys were broken, none were new  
yet he seemed happy - could this be true?  
Just then the lad saw the lonely boy  
and called, "Come and play, I'll share my toys".

"This is strange", thought the greedy boy  
he's happy playing with those old toys,  
I'll bring mine so that we can play,  
and together they played happily all that day.

He had learned it's nice to share  
especially with those who have little to spare.  
His heart felt good, now he knew  
that this is what Allah wanted him to do!

**THE END**

We hope you have enjoyed these poems, Insh'Allah I will write some more Islamic poems for you soon.



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