



# The Age of Innocence

Islamic Verses

for

Children

and the young at heart

**BOOK FIVE**

by (Anne) Khadeijah A. Darwish

Copyright © 1984-2013 Allah.com Muhammad.com Mosque.com. All rights reserved.

**Free give away not for sale or resale**



**BISMILLAH IR RAHMAN IR RAHIM**

**BOOK FIVE**

**POEMS IN MY BOOK**

Goodnight Little Darling

Midnight Prayer

Childhood

Many Years Ago

Lord of All the Worlds

Skin

As

So You Thought

Song of the Birds


Well Fancy That!

Prophet Hud

Prophet Salih

Prophet Shu'aib

**Good Night Little Darling**



Goodnight little darling, sleep tight,  
may angels protect you this night.  
Sweet dreams little darling, until the new day  
then wake fresh in the morning, ready to pray.



**The Midnight Prayer**

Last night I couldn't go to sleep  
so I got up and said a prayer,  
because I know it's a good thing to do  
and angels are always there.  
And I know for this prayer lies  
a very great reward  
in Paradise where treasures *especially*  
for me are stored!



## CHILDHOOD

Far away where the grass was green and lush  
where hedgerows were home to a speckled thrush,  
where a tiny wren I mistook for a mouse  
gathered twigs to build its frail little house.  
Where the buttercup nodded its bright yellow head  
as a ladybird rested on its petals with wings spotted and red.  
Where the only sound was the whisper of the wind in the trees,  
the gentle cooing of doves and the hum of bees,  
where the sky was blue with puffs of white  
as the sun warmed gently with its delicate light.  
Where I ran through the meadow without a care  
under the protection of Allah who was always there,  
those are the happy days of childhood I recall  
when I was young with no cares at all.



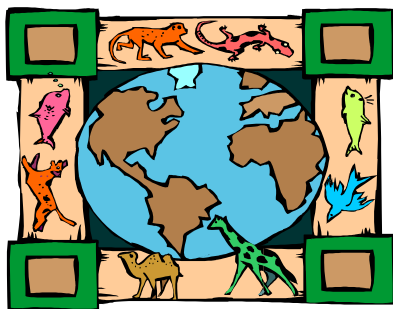
In England where I grew up, a ladybug is called a ladybird, I think it is prettier name don't you? By the way, a wren is a very, very small brown bird about the size of a mouse.

## Many Years Ago

Many years ago when I was young like you  
there were so very many things that I liked to do.

I would ride my bike down the country lanes  
over hills and valleys then back again  
and paddle in a crystal stream  
catch fish with my net and dream  
that one day I would catch a fish so fine  
and bring it home so we might dine.  
But, in those days I didn't know how to pray  
and never thanked Allah for those lovely days.  
I did not know there was more to life than this  
and never knew what I had missed.  
But as I grew Allah guided me  
and my heart is much happier now  
for now I stand in worship to praise Him  
and bow with those who bow.

Insha Allah






## LORD OF ALL THE WORLDS


"Praise be to Allah, Lord of all the worlds"  
are words we repeat five times a day  
but have you ever stopped to think  
what those words *really* say?  
They are words in praise of Allah  
who creates different forms of life  
for it is an easy thing for Him to do  
without tiredness or strife.  
He created not just our human world  
but worlds both great and small  
of animals, insect and fish,  
of flowers and so much more.  
Each has its own kingdom  
which is special to its kind  
and all praise our Creator  
because their hearts aren't blind.  
Trees are obedient to Him  
and bow to Him in the wind  
Whilst rocks fall down from mountain slopes  
in remembrance and fear of Him.  
Even though we cannot hear them  
stones sing out His praise -  
remember how they greeted our beloved Prophet\*  
as he journeyed on his way.  
None of these worlds forget Him  
and praise Him in their special way  
So let us remember that it is He who created us all  
when we stand together and pray.

\*praise and peace be upon him

## SKIN

Have you ever thought about your skin  
how it keeps the outside out and your inside in?  
And have you noticed when you cut your knee






how your skin recovers rapidly.  
Skin covers us from head to toe  
and grows with us as we grow.  
When we laugh we've seen it change shape  
and turn quite pale when we stay up late.  
Now stop for a while in amazement and linger  
and look at the skin upon your fingers,  
those prints belong to you and no other  
not even your sister or even your brother.  
Each finger print is different, no one on earth has the same  
Allah has made them specially *for you* so why not  
stretch your brain  
and start to recognize His miracles that are with us every day  
then remember to thank Him for them every time you pray.



## SO YOU THOUGHT

So you thought you'd got away with it  
because you're pretty smart  
but don't forget there's someone else  
who knows *exactly* what's in your heart,  
you may be able to fool others  
by telling half to suit your cause





but in case it slipped your mind  
we're all subject to Allah's laws.  
Deeds are judged by intention  
from that there's no escape  
and remember angels watch over you  
and in readiness await  
to see if you will mend your ways  
and right what you did wrong  
even if it means your face turns red  
it won't last for very long.  
Admitting you were the one at fault  
and facing the consequence  
I am sure you will agree with me  
it makes a lot of sense!  
You'll feel so much better about yourself  
and soon have a good feeling inside  
because you were upright and faced the truth  
and pushed away your pride!

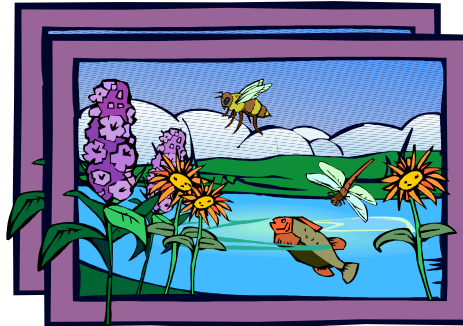


A decorative border of colorful hot air balloons surrounds the text. The balloons are arranged in a rectangular frame, with a single row of 18 balloons at the top, a single row of 18 balloons at the bottom, and vertical columns of 18 balloons on the left and right sides. Each balloon is multi-colored with shades of purple, blue, green, and yellow.

## AS

As the sun slips away  
at the end of the day,  
as stars twinkle on high  
in the dark night sky,  
as the moon peeks through clouds laced with light  
and peace descends as we sleep in the still of the night,  
angels delight in praising their Lord,  
while the pious recite the Koran, His unchanging Word,  
we are cradled in comfort till the dawn heralds a new day  
when we rise from our beds in readiness to pray,  
as angels watch and carry our prayers through heavenly skies  
to place them before the Throne of Allah, the Most High.

## SPRING



Bluebells and daffodils,  
Violets and primroses,  
Sparrows building their nests  
In bushes and hedgerows,  
The babble of water  
As it flows swiftly down stream  
Nurturing its banks  
With their new coats of green,  
A water vole  
With its eyes large and bright  
Burrows away in the bank  
Out of predator's sight.  
Whilst a perky squirrel  
Not far away  
Forages through autumn's dead leaves  
Where his treasures lay,  
The earth is awakened  
From its winter-time sleep  
As angels fulfill their duty –  
A promise to keep,  
And so it is that Allah  
Restores all things  
After death a new life  
He undoubtedly brings.



## THE SONG OF THE BIRDS

Where do birds go to sleep?  
On branches of trees where moonbeams peep.  
When do they wake-up in the day?  
They wake at dawn when its time to pray.

When we arise to say our prayer  
The birds sing a prayer of theirs  
They know Allah will provide for them  
And return in the evening thanking Him.



**WELL FANCY THAT!**

**Well fancy that, I didn't know  
that every time a rooster crows  
he sees an angel passing by  
praising Allah, the Most High**

**And when you hear a donkey bray  
he's seen shaytan so supplicate and pray  
seek refuge with Allah from shaytan and his ways  
and be thankful for the donkey's bray**



## THE PROPHET\* AND THE FAWN

The prettiest fawn there has ever been  
came prancing over the grass so green  
its face was soft, its eyes were bright  
as they twinkled like stars in the new days' light.  
The fawn had seen our Prophet\* from far away  
and had run quickly to him just to say,  
"As-Salaamu alaykum, O Prophet\*, beloved of mankind  
you bring from Allah the greatest of signs!

\*praise and peace be upon him.

Did you know that the animals spoke to Prophet Muhammad, praise and peace be upon him, and that a fawn is a baby deer? Can you guess what is meant by the "greatest of signs" in this poem? Yes, you are right, it is the Holy Koran which is so special that Allah Himself protects it to make sure no one changes His Word.



## PROPHET HUD

Along time ago in a city named Aad  
lived a tribe of people who were both proud and bad.  
Noah was dead, so they worshipped of idols of stone  
their pride prevented them from worshiping Allah alone.

But Allah, in His Mercy sent Prophet Hud to warn  
but they looked down upon him and scorned,  
"What you say are ancient tales of old,  
we do not believe in what you have told!"

Again Hud warned saying, "Turn away,  
a stern punishment will come upon you one day!"  
But they laughed at him, and his followers few  
and challenged, "Bring down the punishment,  
if what you say is true!"

Dark clouds began to gather – an ominous sign,  
but they thought they brought sweet rain to water their vines,  
but in it was a howling wind that beat them until  
all but the good lay dead, by Allah's will.

The storm raged on for eight whole days  
and nothing was left of them but to say,  
"These were a people who refused to believe,  
shaytan had fooled them, they were blind, deceived."



## PROPHET SALIH

The people of Thamood were an arrogant tribe  
and like the people of Aad, they were steeped in pride.  
Allah had blessed them with both strength and skills  
and they hewed homes out of rocks on mountainous hills.

But the skills of their forefathers were not confined to homes,  
they carved elaborate idols out of the stones  
and worshipped them with greatest respect  
garlanding them with flowers around their necks.

Their worshippers had no sense at all  
for the idols could neither harm, nor benefit, not yet hear their call,  
generation after generation never questioned their devotion  
even though it was evident they stood without motion.

By the Mercy of Allah, Prophet Salih was sent to invite  
them back to the religion of truth that is full of light.  
But the elders of the city spurned him and said,  
"What, reject the gods of our father's by whom we are led!"

Salih warned, "Worship Allah alone, abandon your ways  
for I fear there is coming upon you a grievous day!  
But they turned from him, supposing him mad,  
the rejection of truth made him very sad.

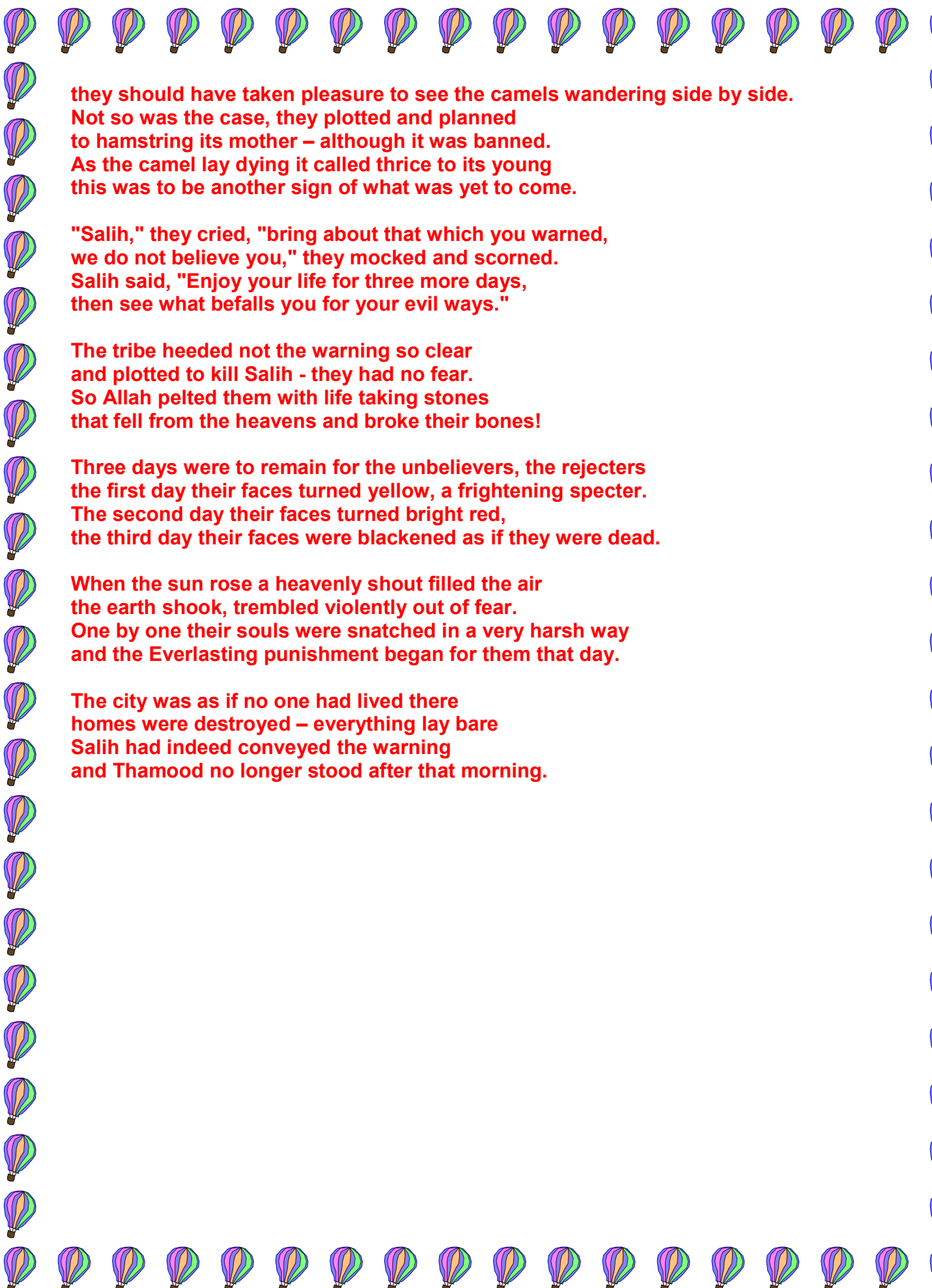
One day by a rock as Salih preached  
a crowd gathered before him to challenge his belief.  
"Bring forth out of this rock, a camel well described,  
then we will believe you – this can't be denied!"

Salih supplicated to his Lord, and from the rock a camel came  
some believed, while most foolishly exclaimed,  
"This is but trickery, magic for sure  
to deceive those amongst us whose minds are poor!"

"This is the she-camel of Allah", Salih said,  
see that she's cared for and always well fed.  
She shall be pastured freely on your land  
and watered alternate days, do you understand?"

The she-camel gave birth to fine baby camel  
precious it was, like no other animal.  
To the tribe the miracle should have been a source of pride





they should have taken pleasure to see the camels wandering side by side.  
Not so was the case, they plotted and planned  
to hamstring its mother – although it was banned.  
As the camel lay dying it called thrice to its young  
this was to be another sign of what was yet to come.

"Salih," they cried, "bring about that which you warned,  
we do not believe you," they mocked and scorned.  
Salih said, "Enjoy your life for three more days,  
then see what befalls you for your evil ways."

The tribe heeded not the warning so clear  
and plotted to kill Salih - they had no fear.  
So Allah pelted them with life taking stones  
that fell from the heavens and broke their bones!

Three days were to remain for the unbelievers, the rejecters  
the first day their faces turned yellow, a frightening specter.  
The second day their faces turned bright red,  
the third day their faces were blackened as if they were dead.

When the sun rose a heavenly shout filled the air  
the earth shook, trembled violently out of fear.  
One by one their souls were snatched in a very harsh way  
and the Everlasting punishment began for them that day.

The city was as if no one had lived there  
homes were destroyed – everything lay bare  
Salih had indeed conveyed the warning  
and Thamood no longer stood after that morning.



## PROPHET SHU'AIB

Midian was a city in Syria of old  
its people were highway men, cruel and bold.  
They thought nothing of robbing those who to passed by their way  
and treated innocent visitors in a very unkind way.

Traders gave short measure when weighing out their wares  
and swindled their customers in a manner so unfair.  
They lived in an age not so long after Prophet Lot  
but paid no attention to that punishment - in contempt they forgot.

They refused to believe that there is life in the Hereafter  
and grabbed what they wanted without tears, only laughter.  
They took what they wanted paying absolutely no heed  
their hearts were those of savages, deeply rooted in greed.

Then Allah sent Prophet Shu'aib as a guide to them  
to give good counsel and to guide them back to Him.  
He gave to him miracles clear to all  
as signs to remember Him and respond to his call.


Shu'aib spoke to them in a tolerant way  
encouraging them to turn to Allah and pray,  
but they enjoyed and wanted their old way of life  
one that caused havoc, hardship and strife.

Shu'aib warned them again, many, many times  
and brought them an abundance of very clear signs.  
As they turned away he warned just once more  
but the only ones to follow him were the sincere and the poor.

Those who believed faced threats harsh and unkind  
but their hearts were certain, no doubt in their mind.  
Matters soon went from bad to worse  
so Allah sent quakes to shatter the earth.

The Day of Shadow soon upon them fell  
showering them with fire - a preparation for Hell.  
For seven days fire rained down, their was no escape  
and the earth shook in terror – a violent earthquake.

The unbelievers had been invited but turned away  
instead they preferred their old wicked ways.  
So that was the fate that befell the people of Midian city  
Shu'aib had warned them well, but now felt no pity.





**THE END**

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

**This book is copyrighted 2010  
by Khadeijah Stephens Darwish & Ahmad Darwish,  
www.Allah.com and www.Muhammad.com  
[www.muhammad.com](http://www.muhammad.com)**