

January 22, 2015

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Dearest, Beloved, Muhammad ﷺ

There was a dark time in my life where I would let your blessed name drop to the ground of a conversation, without me picking it up with salawat. For this, I am very sorry.

Thankfully, Allah has held your rank so high, that the heedlessness of someone like me could not have brought it down an inch. Nothing can. Alas, I was a fool to have a clean, tearless, a.. formal relationship with you and was deluded to call it 'love.' From a distance, I observed you like a scientist, I didn't watch you like a lover. And like a tactical mathematical student, I counted my good deeds. Concerned whether or not I could afford Jannah. Little did I know, it is your intercession that takes me there, not my futile doings. And little did I know, you *are* Jannah! You are the reason Jannah is. But I don't want any of it. I just want you beloved. You are the greatest prize. The only sight to calm my hammering heart. It's been too long; will you not visit me in a dream? If only for a second - I would love to see you. O my Love, I've inflict upon my heart the worst of wounds; I had distanced it from you. I was threatened with words like shirk and kufr. I was warned not to love anything too much. How foolish. How can I love you in moderation, when Allah, the Limitless, loves you, limitlessly? I can never love enough, or measure up! Tide and tide again, I had sailed to Allah, not knowing you were the very wind that took me to Him. Time and time again, I tried calling Allah with all the wrong numbers, for all the wrong reasons. Until you gave me his number, the way to supplicate, the way to pray, the way to gain His pleasure. Did I ever thank you, O messenger? Did I ever thank you for delivering His love letters? How ungrateful I've been! How arrogant! I am the worst. Oh never mind, I love you. Salawat Rabbi Alayk.

Forever indebted,  
Yours and Allah's

Sarah