# The Weightiness of a Blank

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**Abstract:** "Sometimes the heart breaks and cries; sometimes the heart mends and reposes; at times the heart goes cold in bewilderment; thank God most of the time the heart keeps warm and carries on. 30 poems written over 2 cycles of Ramadhan: Unwinding the heart's musical box and projecting imagery from dancing words. Without the faintest idea of dramatization and sensationalisation, speaking truths as truths reflect themselves in the most unbiased mirror called conscience: A blank space open for interpretation.
Would you care to spare 30 minutes to fill this BLANK?"

**Key words:** imagery, dramatization, speaking truths, reflect and interpretation

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# PREFACE

From Ramadhan 1445 (Gregorian year 2024) to Ramadhan 1446 (Gregorian year 2025): A journey of 365 days no less. With immeasurable gratitude this book is finally completed, with the aim of re-presenting our living world in miniature stories of poetry. Hardly claiming to be a healer of the heart or a reader of fate, much less an expert on psychology, counselling or advice. These are but words spoken from a mending heart still on the meandering journey of, yes, LIFE. As human beings of the same Creator, we cannot be too different from one another where the heart is concerned: Always seeking peace and solace, invariably avoiding agony and disappointment. From this point forward, it is a **BLANK** waiting to be filled with colours of our choice, flavours of our partiality and decisions of our best understanding. Let's make the weightiness of this BLANK worth our while, for Here and the Hereafter.

**“Every soul shall have a taste of death: And We test you by evil and by good by way of trial. To Us must you return.”**

**[21. Al-Anbiya: 35]**

# 1.
# The Final Goodbye

Death.
It is a permanent Goodbye:
Terminal, absolute and irrevocable.
The dead never meant to go,
And the living is never prepared to let go.

Yet here we are,
Just as at the brink of birth,
Falling into the abyss of nothingness,
violently inevitable, all too unpredictable.

A BLANK never to be filled again,
May peace with those dearly departed.

# 2.
# The Conservation of Mass

Loss.
The act of having owned and then disown,
Willingly or otherwise.

While laughter fades in despondency,
Tears flow into silence,
The undying memories linger.

Lavoisier' Conservation of Mass theory says it all:
No mass can be destroyed,
Neither can it be created anew.
The physical BLANK echoes yet for time eternal.

**“Wherever you are, death will find you out, even if you are in towers built up strong and high!”**

**[4. An-Nisa: 78]**

**“Be sure we shall test you with something of fear and hunger, some loss in goods or lives or the fruits of your toil, but give glad tidings to those who patiently persevere.”**

**[2. Al-Baqarah: 155]**

# 3.
# The Doldrum

Chaos.
A sunny day with gentle breeze,
Calm ripples over the Atlantic Ocean glide.
Lightning strikes, swift as a falling axe,
Cleft asunder the darkened skies!

A sudden storm with raging winds,
Crushing waves ripping the ocean apart.

Thunder roars, incessant as a tolling bell,
Deafening the sound BLANK of the oceanwide.

*A sudden storm phenomenon in the equatorial region of the Atlantic Ocean.

# “He has let free the two bodies of flowing water, meeting together

**[55. Al-Rahman: 19-20]**

# “Between them is a barrier which they do not transgress.”

**[55. Al-Rahman: 20]**

# 7.
# The Invisible Barrier II: Returning

*Meddies**.

Shed of saltiness and regaining its lightness,

The water leaves the sanctuary of the Sea to rejoin the maddening swirls of the Ocean.

Of twinkling lights and dazzling hues,

Buoyant laughter and seeming joy,

Only to be outreached by the tidal change,

Tumbling and roiling into the Sea returns,

Once again weighted by the extraordinary saltiness!

Bearing this inevitable clunkiness of the Dunia old,

Back-breaking, heart-breaking, and always drawing a BLANK.

Fallen to the lows on bended knees,

Forehead to the ground,

for His mercy seeks.

*Long-lived eddies from outflow of Mediterranean Sea to North Atlantic Ocean, with large salt and temperature anomalies relative to the surrounding.

# 8.
# The Silence in Chaos

Starts with a nagging doubt,
Grows into a lingering thought,
Sown is the seed of unpleasant presumption.

Keeping the lid on boiling water,
Negative thoughts like natural impurities,
Raising the boiling point to over a hundred centigrade!

An overwhelming heat,
A simmering anger,
But for His sake taking a step back,
Holding your tongue and quenching the fire;
Drawing a BLANK, the Whisperer retreats.

**“Those who spend freely, whether in prosperity or in adversity; who restrain anger and pardon all men; for He loves those who do good.”**

[3. al-Imran: 134]

# 11.
# The Original Blank

And Earth was formed,
Subsided were the chaos and thunderstorms.
And then Man was formed,
From the humble clay of no fancy and pomp.

But with steadfastness Man is to transform,
Albeit the temptations to trample and stomp.
When from a fluid despised, he was created from,
By God, of a lowly birth but lofty form!

Unto Earth like a teen entering night prom,
Every step a new scene ever so winsome.
The clock is ticking, had better be prompt,
A BLANK canvas awaits painting for the straight path Home.

# 12.
# The Seeming Blank

It was thought that,
If a hand is to lay on this cheek,
There is no wrong to strike back for retribution.

It was also likened that,
If a hand is to snatch the dearly loved,
There is no wrong for retaliation to set things right.

It was then said that,
If justice prevails on Earth,
There will be need for neither Heaven nor Hell.

An eye for an eye.
In all fairness that is so true.
What about a naught for an eye?
That would be a seeming BLANK on Earth,
But a wholesome deed sown in Heaven.

**“And be steadfast in patience; for verily He will not suffer the reward of the righteous to perish.”**

[11. Al-Sajdah: 115]

**“Say, verily my Lord enlarges and restricts the Provisions to whom He pleases, but most men understand not.”**

**[34. Al-Saba’: 36]**

# 13.
# The Invisible Blank

Life is with its ups and downs,
Stumble and tumble we all fall down.

Life is tough, a restless merry-go-round,
Try as we may, things are not all sound.

When the goings get rough,
We can't help but frown,
Wondering when the light would be found!

Low in the dump feels like a thousand pounds,
Overhead and pressing all limbs with fetters bound.

Remember, the heart is always free,
To seek the profound truth of this invisible BLANK,
A room to self-reflect and make contact,
Realigned for we but are Homeward bound.

**“God does not change the condition of a people unless they change what is in themselves.”**

**[13. Hud: 11]**

# “Nothing will befall us except that He has decreed for us; He is our Protector.”

[9. Al-Tawbah: 51]

# 17.
# The Loss

Hard did we try,
Skywards did we fly,
Up and up we went so high!
With all the cheers, we almost felt shy,
Tomorrow is distant and never to die.

Surreptitious and subtle,
As the leaves silently rustle,
Oceans roll and mountains crumble,
Lost a footing, we stumble and tumble,
Hopelessly grappling in a futile tussle…

In ruins and ashes we cry and sigh,
Over a dearly loss, we can’t say goodbye,
In desperation we seek Him aloft and high,
Of whose blessings we much defy!

Alas, that which fills the blank is meant to be,
That which draws a BLANK would never be.

# 18.
# The Selfish Sya'ban

A life still living,
Through the ups and the downs,
Regardless of the aims and purposes,
The final destination is but the Light.

A heart still beating,
It skips, it flutters, and it cries,
Laden with memories, scarred and subdued,
The awakening, yet never is too late.

Steal away from the maddening crowd,
Stow away the indelible past,
Stay still with the weary soul,
Summon the utmost selfishness,
Stash away the clutter of worldly woes.

Sya'ban, it's time to BLANK the heart,
For Ramadhan is near…

**“So glory to Him in whose hands is the dominion of all things, and to Him will you be all brought back.”**

[36. Yasin: 83]

# 21.
# The Dust-free Zone

Born with a clean sheet,
Waiting to be coloured;
Came with a clear heart,
Unwittingly got it cluttered!

Of victory envy may slip in,
Of beauty jealousy comes peeping,
Of contest there is inevitably conniving,
Though of good deeds often gone past remembering,
Woe betide the muddled heart slowly darkening…

So, clean out the dark matter,
Make a BLANK of the heart's chamber,
Dust but will flutter,
When there is no surface to gather.

# 22.
# The Deafening Silence

A needle drops,
A pin falls,
The sound it makes,
Imperceptible to the least.

A word uttered,
A love proclaimed,
The heart once battered,
Unhealable and forever maimed.

Forlorn and futile Dunia is,
Tears but adjourned till morrow comes,
Always there the prayer is,
Never too late till Kingdom comes.

Making a song and dance, so unnecessary,
Faking sincerity with so much poetry,
Glazing untruth with hypocrisy,
Jarring is the BLANK of piety!

**“Not the slightest sound will they hear of Hell: What their souls desired, in that will they dwell.”**

**[21. Al-Anbiya: 102]**

**“Or else did they feel secure against its coming in broad daylight while they played about without a care.”**

**[7. Al-Araf: 98]**

# 23.
# The Blinding Darkness

Lightning across the darkened skies,
Scatter all the ghastly spies.
Darkness resumes blanketing the skies,
Hasten the union of nasty lies!

Catching a glimpse and awe-stricken,
Of blooming beauty never forsaken,
Chasing a dream soon to awaken,
Of passing bliss due to abandon.

Glamour and glitter for Dunia is,
Tickled pink for an endless feast,
Sensuous and exhilarating always a tease,
Cheery and gay with no inner peace.

Look and see not,
Hear and listen not,
Of difference there is naught,
For the BLANK heart has no thought.

**“The lightning all but snatches away their sight; every time the light helps them, they walk therein, and when darkness grows on them, they stand still.”**

**[2. Al-Baqarah: 20]**

**"And be moderate in thy pace, and lower thy voice; for the harshest of sounds without doubt is the braying of the ass."**

**[31. Luqman: 19]**

# 27.
# The Shadowed Moon

Skyward we gaze,
Wondering in a daze,
What the heavenly homes hold in grace,
As eternal dwellings forever unfazed.

Dunia but a beguiling maze,
All sorts of KPIs we frantically chase,
In a frenzy no less a craze,
How many futile trails lavishly blazed?!

BLANK the heart space,
At consistent rhythm and pace,
Casting shadows there is no place,
Lightened and brightened, a beaming face.

# 28.
# The Glorious Sun

The sun has risen, another brand-new day,
Recouped and recharged, come what may,
With due diligence, always mending the way,
For no good deeds go without a handsome pay.

Work for excellence, that is the way,
Subpar performance? That is out of the way!
Transcending the norms, finding new ways,
Patient perseverance? That is the only way!

Time to pause and pray,
And relinquish all play;
Everything under the sun will have their say,
Yet all are but BLANKs and matter nay,
For the Creator alone has the final say!

**“As to those who believe and work righteousness, verily We shall not suffer to perish the reward of any who do a single righteous deed.”**

[18. Al-Kahf: 30]

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