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AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF CREATIVE WRITING

أهل غزة أهل العزة

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 1,
JANUARY 2024

 ISLAMIC
LITERARY
SOCIETY

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Published by
Islamic Literary Society

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This publication is brought to you by the Islamic
Literary Society. www.islamicliterarysociety.com
Email: info@islamicliterarysociety.com

Published in January 2024, Volume 1, Issue 1

Printed in the UK,

The Islamic Literary Society is registered as a Community
Interest Company (CIC).

Company Number 15042791.

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Unfortunate news

Yesterday while I was on my way to a picnic with my dear friends, Unfortunate news did arrive,
Of a woman so cherished, whose spirit now does thrive,

Malika Khan, a mother, more precious than gold,
In the tapestry of our lives, her story is beautifully told.

With a heart so tender, and eyes that could see, She became both
our mother and father, you see,

When my father departed at the tender age of five,
She was the pillar of strength, keeping our hopes alive.

Formal education she may have lacked,
Yet wisdom she carried, a treasure untacked, A beacon of light in
the darkest of days, Guiding us through life's unpredictable maze.

Her words, like pearls, in conversations, did flow,
Uplifting hearts, helping spirits to glow,
Never a harsh word or gossip did pass her lips,
Her kindness and love, in our hearts, firmly grips.

In her memory, we gather, tears we may shed,
But her legacy lives on, like the words that she said,
May Allah bless her soul, in paradise she'll stay,

Jannat al-Firdaus, the highest,
where she'll forever sway.

**Legacy of Love:
In Memory of
Malika Khan**

**Where are you,
Malika Khan?**

For three long days, you've been gone, I reach out to you in
dreams, in prayer,
But your phone no longer answers, it's just air.

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Are you amidst the gardens of Jannat, my dear?
Gathering flowers, in a world so clear,
Or walking with my father, hand in hand, Reunited after years in a
distant land?

It's been four decades since he departed, And now you too have
left us broken-hearted,
Perhaps you're preparing to visit the Prophet's gate,
In this Maulid month, don't we celebrate?

I don't blame you, I want you to know, I miss you deeply, my
tears freely flow, As I write these words, my heart aches,
For the love we shared, the memories it makes.

Your departure reminds me, life's fleeting grace,
A transit to eternity, a fleeting embrace,
Enjoy your new life, pain left behind,
In a world where suffering can't bind.

I miss you, Malika, with every breath, But I know you've found
peace in death,
May you find solace, in realms above, Surrounded by eternal,
boundless love.

So, walk the gardens and dance with stars, In the realm beyond,
where no pain mars, And when I close my eyes to sleep,
I'll visit you in dreams, my love to keep.

She replied:
Yes my dear son, Remember, my friendship with the Quran, is so
true, A daily ritual, until my final breath, I knew.
Surat Yasin, the last I read, an eternal clue, A sacred page left
open, for you to continue.

In Jannat al-Firdaus, my dear, I now reside, Beside your father,
where heavenly joys abide.
We joined a grand gathering, the Prophet's birthday we celebrate,
His smile, a beacon of grace, in that blessed state.

He thanked me for the Salawat, my devotion in Dunia's land, And
he charged me with a message, a divine command. "Tell
Wahed," he said, "to tread your righteous way,
To join you here, in the light of an eternal day."

Jannat al-Firdaus, my son, it's not easily won,
Through deeds and inactions, beneath the earthly sun.
Every trial, every suffering, endured in the mortal span,

Shall be a treasure, an eternal reward, for every woman and man.

My mother, I lost when I was but a child,
Three sisters, we stood strong, a bond undefiled. Caring for our
ailing father, in his time of need,
My youngest sister, in youth, to heaven did cede.

I played both roles, mother and father, a memory still clear,
In those challenging times, life was austere.
Through the Iraq-Iran war, eight long years of strife,

I ensured your safety, the essentials of life.
Then the American war, sanctions, and despair,
Innocent lives were lost, in a land torn beyond repair.

We migrated, living in a refuge camp, seeking refuge and grace,
I carried what little we had, in that sacred space.

Know, my dear son, in every trial I've borne,
Has earned me rewards, like seeds, they've been sown.
But fear not, for your path may differ from mine,
I plan to return to the Prophet, in celestial design.

If I see him once more, in his presence I'll stand,
I'll plead for Jannat al-Firdaus, for our eternal band.
Please convey my gratitude to Pura Kafi and her kin,
For their care and tenderness, from deep within.

Cherish one another, my beloveds, heed this plea,
Follow my righteous path, to join me in eternity.
Pardon me, my dear, as I join another jubilation,
In Jannat al-Firdaus, a celestial celebration.

With love and peace, my journey takes flight,
In eternal joy, where faith's radiant light shines bright.



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