

In the **voice** of
Jannah.

• AN ANTHOLOGY •

Hafsa Kapadia • Jenn Fannoun • Hana Al-Harastani



For Jannah—

You are His Love and Mercy, and these words cannot begin to contain you.



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7750 N MacArthur Blvd
Suite 120237
Irving, TX 75063
E-mail: info@yaqeeninstitute.org
Website: yaqeeninstitute.org

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Written and edited by Hafsa Kapadia, Jenn Fannoun, & Hana Al-Harastani
Foreword by Dr. Omar Suleiman
Creative Direction, design & cover by Nida Khan

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Foreword,

All praise is for Allah. Peace be upon the final messenger, the Mercy to the worlds, Muhammad ﷺ and all those who follow his way with righteousness until the end of time.

Jannah (Paradise) is the home we all seek after, but it seeks us too. Paradise is a beautiful, lush land that is eager to meet its residents. Its soil is fertile and is watered by our remembrance of Allah and acts of worship. Every step we take towards Paradise is an investment in the eternal home. Paradise is not just our final destination—it is home, the eternal home that our souls long to return to.

Part of the Islamic tradition is to motivate people to perform good deeds with reminders about Paradise. These reminders can take various forms. For this particular series, the authors have taken a unique approach: poetry from the perspective of Paradise, eager to meet its residents. The purpose of these poems is to inspire the heart to desire Paradise and to strive towards it.

These poems started out as part of our Jannah video series. At the end of each video, after I completed my explanation of the topic, a poem would be displayed from Paradise's perspective summarizing the message of the episode. The poems proved to be so popular and inspirational that they are deserving of their own publication. This led to the compilation of this book.

The authors have done an incredible job writing this book. Each poem has layers of meaning and summarizes the descriptions of Paradise from various authentic hadiths. The wording inspires a sense of hope, optimism, and excitement which should inspire us to work hard for Paradise.

I hope that this book inspires you as much as it inspires me. I hope you find even more comfort and healing in it than you ever imagined. I ask Allah to reward the authors and all those involved in putting together this book with the best of both worlds, and to make this a source of continuous reward for them.

Sincerely,



DR. OMAR SULEIMAN
PRESIDENT — YAQEEN INSTITUTE FOR ISLAMIC RESEARCH



Disclaimer

All poems presented in this book are not direct quotes from any Islamic source. Attributions to Jannah herein are works of creativity, inspired by the research done for Yaqeen’s 2023 series *Jannah: Home at Last*.



Acknowledgments

This book would not have existed without a number of people. First and foremost—Sh. Omar, whose *ihsan* and monumental task of research for all his series gives us so much to work with. Nida, for her constant encouragement and belief in this work, and for working so hard to design this entire piece. Janis, for so enthusiastically pushing for the poetry element, even when we thought it wouldn’t make it to the final series—and for lending her voice to four poems. Nour, for all the support and coordination. Farah, Tareq, and Zeena for pitching the ebook idea in the first place and working so quickly to push it forward. JazakumAllahu khayran to you all, and may we reunite in the best of homes.

Preface

“Descriptions of Jannah are so lyrical. Like art. What if we added a poetry element to the series?” — HANA

Coming up with the creative direction for Yaqeen Institute’s Ramadan series was routine for us. *It’ll be about Jannah this year*, said Dr. Omar, and we got together with the whole creative team to rack our brains in that direction. We hadn’t known then that a simple idea would end up transforming the way we thought about Jannah—and help us give it a voice.

Paradise often seems like a daydream, a future that lies lifetimes and light-years away. How can we comprehend something so abstract? How can we reach out and connect with the place that we long to call our final home? How can we capture its serenity?

As we reviewed the notes for **Jannah: Home at Last**, we saw quotes from our tradition about what Paradise sounds like:

“Jannah says to Allah, ‘O my Lord, my fruits are ripe. My rivers are flowing. And I can’t wait to see my friends.’” [Ibn al-Qayyim, *Hadi al-Arwah*]

How lovely it is to know that Paradise is eager to meet us! It was this personification that inspired our own take. If Jannah spoke to us, what would it say?

To answer this, we went back to our tradition.

Islam has a rich history of poetry that seeks to inspire believers and rejuvenate their daily faith practices. Although we do not claim to be professional poets, we sought to capture the spirit of that act to help believers bridge the gap of abstraction and make a tangible connection to Paradise.

As we wrote, we were inspired by the enchanting descriptions of Jannah in the Qur’an. Wanting to invoke those same feelings of wonder and longing, we set out to capture the essence of each episode with a poem. After many failed attempts, the three of us found a voice that we hoped would feel loving and welcoming.

In this brief ebook, you’ll find not just the poem that was featured in each episode of *Home at Last*, but multiple poems on each episode topic, written from different angles to illustrate the endless forms that Jannah may take.

In the Voice of Jannah was how we developed a loving connection to the gift the Most Merciful motivates us with. We hope that you, too, will find in these pages words that thrill your heart, fill you with excitement to reach Jannah, and move you to work every day towards that heavenly goal.

HAFSA KAPADIA
JENN FANNOUN
HANA AL-HARASTANI

I await you.

1

My rivers are full,
my fruits—ready.
Hurry, my people,
hurry to me!

• HAFSA •

2

O wandering soul, you are far from home.
Your palaces are here—your rivers, too.
So rush to me with your *du'as* and deeds,
for I am so eager to receive you,
and your Lord is eager to please you.

• HAFSA •

3

O longing believer, you are so far from home.
Palaces built, rivers filled, and gardens grown.
All that is left is to greet you at my gates.
After endless heartbreak, your final home awaits.

• HAFSA – JENN – HANA •

My gates have opened.

1

Are these your deeds, O believer,
knocking upon my gates?
Enter for what you excelled in—
your everlasting home awaits.

• HAFSA •

2

Judgment Day is ending at last,
so raise your head, look out past
the crowds clambering at my gates
and catch a glimpse of me, your blissful fate.
Here I am before you, O you who believed.
I know you have your entry keys:
your *shahadah*, your *bismillah*, your deeds,
so use them now—unlock eternal ease.

• JENN •

3

Your *shadah* is your key;
your *bismillah* is your guarantee
that you've earned your place at last.
So approach my gates, O believer, you'll see:
my locks have molded themselves to your deeds.

• JENN •

You've been reborn!

1

Beauty that
outshines the sun,
enchants the galaxies,
and stuns the gaze for endless days.
All faults removed, a perfect form:
O lovely believer, you've been reborn!

• JENN •

2

For every gaze you lowered,
every aching knee in *sujood*,
every scar you bore in the war
against your self and Shaytan,
you will be repaid.

A body broken in worship,
and now, another body made.
Ageless beauty, a perfect form—
O believer, you've been reborn!

• HAFSA – JENN – HANA •

3

True beauty in the *dunya* emanated from within
and look at you today, O dweller of Paradise,
look at how your worship has sculpted you.

• HAFSA •

Enter now your house of dreams.

1

Your rooms here are built
by the thoughts you had of Him—
and look at how intimately you know both.

• HAFSA •

2

You know this house,
every room, corner, color,
because you built it with your deeds.
There is no place you will ever belong to
more than your home with me.

• JENN •

3

Walk with angels across lush forest floors,
and open your glistening gold castle doors.
Step into what your soul already knows—
this is what you were homesick for.

• HAFSA – JENN – HANA •

Here
you,
will
dwell.

1

I have seen you dwelling in my crystal chalets
high up in the skies of heaven;
a glimmering reward for every moment
you humbled yourself for Him.

• HAFSA •

2

For your humbled shoulders and lowered eyes,
your resilient patience and silent cries,
look high up into my heavenly skies.
See the glimmering, dotted horizon,
those shining crystal chalets?
That is where your home awaits.

• HAFSA •

3

Do you see that golden palace,
glittering on the horizon?
And that apartment carved from crystal,
set deep among endless trees?
Both belong to you.

• JENN •

Behold
what
you've
built.

1

I see you always building,
laying bricks with your *dhikr*
and raising roofs with your *salah*.
So build on, O slave of God,
for I have a home made of all your *'ibadah*.

• JENN •

2

Your day job is bricklaying for the afterlife
with *dhikr, salah*—all types of *'ibadah*.
So build, O slave of God,
for I have a home for your every deed.

• HAFSA •

3

You were secretly building homes within me
from deeds that others didn't see:
dhikr, qiyaam, sawm and more.
So enter now your palaces galore.

• JANIS •

This is the
air you'll
breathe.

1

What will you first know of me
after the long trial of judgment?
Gentle breezes, calming rain, and
ease, O believer—ease.

• JENN •

2

When you feel far from me, take heed:
I will come to you across a hundred years,
across the universe between us,
just to caress you with a gentle breeze.

• JENN •

3

Have you heard of the scent I send forth
to the graves of the righteous and the martyrs?
A gentle breeze of musk that says,
Salaam, O contented soul. Welcome home.

• HAFSA •

Gaze upon, fields of splendor:

1

It is time, O weary believer,
for you to rest and delight
in musk-scented courtyards of camphor,
in gardens and pearl pavilions alike.
Across these fields of endless splendor,
you'll find all that you desire.

• HANA •

2

For you awaits beauty unseen,
full and luscious gardens green.
Musk rising from my grounds,
pearl pavilions all around.
Praised is the One you praised before
Who praises you now, forever more.

• HAFSA – HANA – JANIS •

Wander now your forested paths.

1

With each ‘*SubhanAllah*,’ you planted a seed,
and my soils, rich and deep,
heard you and took heed.
Now look, O righteous one, and see
the immortal forests you’ve raised with your deeds.

• JENN •

2

For you, I’ll nurture trees of emerald and gold,
thornless lote and clusters of fruit,
pleasant shades growing luxurious cloth—
this is how your *dhikr*
finds roots in me.

• HAFSA •

3

Inside me, your utterances planted
seeds ambrosial and enchanted,
sprouting fruits to devour frequently,
growing shade to sit in peacefully.
It was from your *dhikr* so impassioned
these lofty trees were divinely fashioned.

• HAFSA – JENN – HANA – JANIS •

Quench, yourself in rivers divine:

1

Allah's Mercy flows from His Throne
down to me in streams and rivers,
waterfalls of honey, milk, and wine
released in a rush of musk sublime
for you to delight in, bathe in, drink in:
His *rahmah* for His righteous.

• HAFSA •

2

How blessed are the parched throats
of the beloved slaves of God?
My shimmering streams and gushing rivers
of water, honey, milk, and wine
are simply His Mercy flowing to you.

• HAFSA •

3

Parch yourself with the worship of your Lord,
for in my shimmering streams and gushing rivers,
I see that He is waiting
to quench your thirst with His Mercy.

• HAFSA •

Eat
your
fill from
spreads
sublime.

1

You worked hard in days long past,
but at last, you've joined the feast!
Now sit, rejoice, and eat:
the table is laid with silver and gold,
the fruits are full and fragrant,
the wine is dark and sweet.
Eat and drink, O believer, and know
that everything before you, you ordered long ago.

• JENN •

2

You have toiled hard—now enjoy the feast
all laid out before you, a pure pleasure to eat.
Whatever you crave, however you wish:
Let me serve up your favorite dish.

• HANA •

3

For all the times you did not eat or drink your fill,
here's anything and everything you can will.
So drink from crystal cups and feast on golden plates—
anything you wish from your servants awaits.

• JANIS •

Be
now
adored
and
adorned.

1

In life, you veiled your spouse's sins,
clothed your outcast cousins,
and cloaked yourself in piety.
In return, I have for you
silks for your sacrifices,
pearls for your prayers,
and gold for your giving—
for as you adorned your character,
so your Lord adorns you.

• JENN – HAFSA •

2

My trees are growing fine silk and rich brocade,
and the angels are shaping your jewelry for that day
when your Lord crowns you, clothes you, honors you
for wearing Islam in the *dunya*.

• HAFSA •

Wish and, wish for all you please?

1

He who made you knows you best,
and fashioned me for you.
When you dreamt and when you hoped,
a seed in my garden He planted.
And now all those dreams have grown—
your every wish is granted.

• JENN •

2

Do you know what echoes in my gardens?
It is the voice of angels, visiting His servants,
with a message from the Most Generous:
“Your Lord has heard the desire in your heart,
and here is what you have not yet asked for.”

• HAFSA •

3

No two souls were created alike—
and neither were my gardens.
So decorate your eternal life
with any wish you desire.

• HAFSA •

Gather your family.

1

Your great-grandmother sends her love
and your 16th uncle, his best wishes.
Your lost children are with Abraham,
and your martyred cousin flourishes.
They're all here with me, awaiting you,
for a reunion of family, old and new.

• JENN – HANA •

2

If even Adam needed Eve,
to make my gardens feel complete,
then have no fear:
Your family will join you,
as you stroll my shaded paths
or sit down to a feast.
You will never be lonely again.

• JENN •

3

Can you see, O joyous slave,
your descendants and your ancestors
lounging in your living room?
For I am a house of new unions
and long-awaited reunions.

• HAFSA •

Call to your friends.

1

Remember the friends you praised God with?
You trekked towards each other, through your busy lives,
to sit in circles of knowledge for His sake.
Here, they'll accompany you at the speed of thought
in gardens, on carriers, and on couches.
For who could better understand your bond
than the Most Loving, the Most Merciful?

• HAFSA •

2

The company you keep can be your downfall or your salvation.
Your circles of knowledge are now gardens within me,
and that righteous company you kept is a ride away.
Mounts and even couches move by Allah's will to keep you together.

• HANA •

3

Here, you have every comfort,
every luxury, every delicacy.
But your Lord knows that
an empty palace echoes too loudly,
that a feast for one is no feast.
So call to your friends:
they will come to you,
fill your halls with laughter,
and dine at your leisure.
For the faithful company of *dunya*
is, in the afterlife, a treasure.

• JENN – HAFSA •

Recline in,
glory on
thrones
raised high.

1

Look up to the heavens in *dunya*:
you'll see the stars above,
glorious and cosmic and far out of reach.
Look up to my skies, the heavens of Heaven:
you'll still see stars above,
still glorious, still sparkling—
but here, you can be among them.

• JENN •

2

I see you up there, standing upon soaring pulpits of light
and reclining on thrones of unimaginable height—
for because you took the high road of forgiveness and love,
He raised you to my skies as stars beaming above.

• HAFSA •

Outshine
every star
in my sky.

1

This garden for your struggles with sin,
and this one for your drive for good.
But for your striving and your patience,
O exhausted soul,
is an ascension, level by level,
rising into my twinkling skies,
until the best of you reach the best of places:
right under His Majestic Throne.

• HAFSA •

2

Ascend, O pious one, ascend:
rise through the ranks of Heaven with your deeds.
Call out to your Lord at night, and rise.
Strive for Allah with all your might, and rise.
Bear with patience every loss, and rise.
Smile to all you come across, and rise.
Here you are now, risen so high
you outshine every star in my night sky.

• JENN •

3

You are with those you love
rising up through skies above.
Family, friends, and the Companions alike—
your ranks they raise and with you shine bright.

• HANA •

Visit the
market of
endless
delights.

1

Gather round, gather round!
I have endless abundance for sale.
In my marketplace, you can have at no cost
beauty and blessings, breezes that waft
musk and camphor and other delights
for all of my inhabitants, with no end in sight.

• JENN •

2

Would you like to see, O pious soul,
what your deeds have purchased
in my Friday bazaar?
Breezes of musk that beautify faces,
seats on sandhills of scented camphor,
elevated pulpits of pearls and light.
And for your *dhikr* in marketplaces that forgot Him,
here's a visit with the Most Beautiful Lord Himself.

• HAFSA •

Converse with the Firsts.

1

Do you know, dear sisters, who awaits you here?
Do you know, dear brothers, who will welcome you?
Maryam and Fatima, Asiyah and Khadijah,
Abu Bakr and Umar and beloved Rasulallah ﷺ —
the forerunners of *dunya*, the foremost of my gardens;
the most righteous leading the righteous.

• HAFSA •

2

The ones who strove for the Message
will now be your leaders
in gardens more beautiful than the ones they gave up,
in palaces that would make kings weep.

• HANA •

3

It should come as no surprise
that righteous leaders in this life
become righteous leaders in the next.
Asiyah exemplified sacrifice,
Abu Bakr modeled gentility.
Those who in *dunya* took a stand
will lead the ranks of my highest nobility.

• JENN •

Rejoice with the angels.

1

Now that you're among His angels,
allow me to introduce them.
Ridwan is my keeper, while Malik guards the Flames.
Jibreel, Mika'il, Israfil—there are too many to name.
There are those that rush to tell you of all the times you didn't know
when they protected you, praised you, and watched you grow.
The ones who carried your prayers through the heavens recall
your Lord's celebration ringing in my halls.

• HANA •

2

Do you hear joyful voices calling from my gates?
It's the angels, come to congratulate
you as you enter your eternal home.
And just inside, more angels who share
that they were with you in the world
when you thought no one cared.
Walking my streets are more angels still,
with gifts and greetings and stories to tell.
So get comfy, believer, with the angelic presence
because you lived your life in God's remembrance.

• JENN •

3

They're here, do you know?
The ones sent to protect you in that fragile world,
who nudged you gently towards your Lord,
fused to you when you remembered Him,
celebrated you when He praised you,
accompanied you in the bustling Unseen.
Look, O seeing soul: the angels are here now,
and they have come to greet you.

• HAFSA •

Be
served,
like
royalty.

1

Did you think, O loving believer,
that your *rahmah* would go unnoticed?
You honored the animals of your world,
honored your guests in pursuit of Him.

So enjoy now, from Him, gifts galore:
horses of ruby and butterflies of gold,
heavenly pets of unparalleled loyalty,
and beautiful creatures never seen before—
made solely to serve your every wish.
Here they stand now, in service of you,
as you once stood in service of Him.

• HAFSA •

2

My halls are filled with many things—
loyalties and luxuries fit for kings.
You know of the love promised from those you know,
but I'll tell you what else your Lord will bestow:
creatures of beauty your eyes will gleam for,
heavenly animals your heart will sing for.
Remember the *rahmah* you showed your pets?
The honor with which you served your guests?

So reap the rewards of your radiant heart
for in love and in service you did your part,
and your Lord, O believer, wishes you well:
He sends you servants and pets unparalleled.

• HAFSA •

3

When your curtains billow in my breezes,
step out to your balcony, take in the sights:
golden butterflies that alight on your rail,
horses of ruby that wend through the air,
great birds soaring, graceful and fair.
And when you hear a knock on your door,
know that you have servants galore—
ranks upon ranks, one for each deed,
rushing to fulfill your every need.
All this, believer, because back on Earth
you served all you knew; you proved your worth.

• JENN •

4

I saw you down on Earth, serving all you knew,
your elders, your neighbors; the hungry, too.
You refused no one who knocked at your door,
worked long hours, helped the poor.
You took care of the ill, both human and pet;
in service of others you strained and you sweat.
And now it's all over—your rest will be sublime
among those who will serve you for the rest of time.

• JENN – HAFSA – HANA •

Rest deeply in my quiet.

1

Branches rustling, birds chirping,
sweet wind chimes tinkling,
breezes against your ears hushing,
all creation within me breathing...
peace—peace at last.

• HANA •

2

All is peace, all is quiet
deep in my forested glades.
Sink into beds of grass and musk;
run your fingers along the blades.
Bathe in the glow of eternal dusk,
and bask in my coolest shades.
Rest and rest well, O weary soul,
with no worries left to take a toll.

• HANA – JENN •

3

Noise—endless noises everywhere.
Clanging, crashes, gossip, slander,
traffic, screams, and idle chatter.
Not here, weary soul, not here.
I have peace and quiet and clear
angelic voices singing praises,
chimes and *dhikr* and private spaces.
So rest, rest deeply in my quiet
with no clamor left to break the silence.

• JENN •

4

Did you despair in the *dunya*, O devoted slave,
that sinful clamor might consume your soul?
Did you cover the hearing channels to your heart
only to please the One who created it all?
Listen now to the sweet sounds the world never heard:
of tree pearls and wind chimes tinkling in my breeze,
of singing angels and chirping birds,
of the hush of peace that settles your soul,
and the voice of the Almighty as it resounds all around,
sending *salaam* on *salaam* to your heart, now whole.

• HAFSA •

Inhale; exhale;

1

You've spent your days remembering Allah,
multiplying the treasures within me.

Now breathe easy, dear believer,
for you glorify Him with every breath—

dhikr in... *dhikr* out.

• HANA •

2

Another breath, another moment awed:
there is no strength or power but from God.

All in His control, no more guessing—
another reminder of this blessing
you practiced on Earth, so inside my gates,
the *dhikr* you make is the breath you take.

Inhale joy for your hallowed reward,
exhale gratitude to your Lord.

• JENN •

3

I've heard the heartbeats of the firsts to enter my gates,
with *tasbeeh*, *tahmeed*, *tahleel*, they restfully reverberate.

Are you with them—these *Hammadoon*?

Whose hearts with *dhikr* were always attuned?

Your remembrances have left you trees and treasures,
and homes and moments of endless pleasure.

How blessed is the tongue that carried the weight of His Glory—
and how fortunate is the one who could tell its story.

• HAFSA •

Find, relief in justice, served.

1

The tyrants who caused your heart to ache
are meeting their fate. Would you like to see?
For there are windows you can peek
into, from the comfort of your abode.
And the ones you quarreled with who repented are
now your friends, spending their days
in praise of Allah alongside you.

• HANA •

2

The unrepentant oppressors who crushed your very soul
are writhing in the Hell they assigned themselves to.
And you, who kept your aching soul tethered to Him,
can bask in bliss, peeking at their fate whenever you wish.
For it is only repentant foes who unite in these gardens,
averse hearts awash in His Mercy and content in His Justice.

• HAFSA •

3

The beloved once said
to hate those you hate with mildness;
one day, they may become your dearest friend.
In my realm there is only serenity,
and you will see this prophecy through:
the murderer and the martyr will embrace,
two warring sisters will smile, face-to-face.
So when you quarrel in *dunya*, just know,
although you feel fierce anger now
it will not always be so.

• JENN •

Receive your rightful inheritance:

1

The treasures of disbelievers, it's hard not to stare;
what they have been given may seem unfair.
All the glamor and all the gold,
the jewels, palaces, and riches untold.
But remember your place, O righteous one,
for their indulgence was temporary, and yours has just begun.
So take all of their bounty, for a start—
a reward from the Almighty, for your longing heart.

• HANA •

2

Did you feel left behind in the world, O pious slave?
Did you wish for wealth not yours to attain?
Look inside: here are all the treasures you yearned for,
those belonging to the disbelievers, and then some more.
For it was always theirs to leave—just a temporary reprieve;
but always yours to keep, for what you bore so patiently.

• HAFSA •

Gaze upon, your Lord.

1

Like a newborn who is content
to stare at their mother for hours,
so will you gaze upon your Lord,
all your sadness and pain
evaporating in His Light.

• HANA •

2

It's Friday, so amble down to my valley
for the weekly appointment you take so gladly.
Witness a moment that brightens the heavens
and sparks a joy that never lessens.
It's the presence of your Lord, O people of Jannah;
He brings awe, and grace, and at last, at last—
the revelation of His Glorious Face.

• JENN •

3

There is one gift your Lord has for you
beyond my highest gardens, out of view:
an audience with Him, with all your sight
gazing upon Him in all His Light.

• HAFSA •

He
made
me
for
you.

1

When your Lord said, 'Be,' it was—
all of Creation burst forth—except for me.
I was laid lovingly by His Hand,
brick by ruby brick;
my beauty dazzles by His Command.
And tucked high in my levels, beneath His Throne,
lies *al-Wasilah*, the singular home
for the best of creation.
So raise your hands and ask
that it be given to the first of your nation.

• JENN •

2

All of creation was built by one word:
"Be," said He, and it was—except four:
His Throne, the Pen, Adam, and I—
lovingly crafted by His *own* Hands,
topped with *al-Firdaus*, the highest of me,
decorated with His Speech, telling me:
"Be *more*, O Paradise, be *more*,
more pleasant, more pretty, and *more*;
you are the gift My friends are waiting for."

• HAFSA •

Ask for me, O you who believe:

1

When you raise your hands with prayers and pleas,
O believer in need—don't forget to ask for me.

I am never more than a *du'a* away,
so let me tell you what to say:
ask for good in the hereafter;
ask for words and deeds that matter.
Ask for blessings never ceasing,
ask for joys that keep increasing.

Ask for forgiveness, ease, and pleasure—
beg to be rewarded without measure.

• JENN •

2

Have you asked for me, O yearning soul,
as Rasulullah ﷺ taught you to?

Let his words fall from your heart to your
outstretched hands, until they are lifted
to the Almighty

and I am given to you
in all the beauty He made me with—
for I am for the slave who asks for me.

• HAFSA •

I will
always
be more
than you
can imagine.

1

I am the secret place.
No eyes have seen me, no ears heard me,
yet no heart goes unstirred by me.
I am opened through sincerity.
Kindness, prayer, and earnest deeds
unlock my gates and lead to me.
I am more than you've yet dreamed.
Beyond imagining, beyond description,
beyond all earthly intuition.

• JENN •

2

O yearning believer, do you think your Lord would grant
lofty rewards in a dust-bound world?
In your honor, for your devotion, our Creator has designed,
your eternal abode within gardens divine.

• HANA •

3

Unlock my gates with your forgiven sins,
and rejoice in reward you cannot imagine;
for only the Most Merciful could smile upon your imperfect sincerity,
and only the Most Loving could prepare your delight in eternity—
wonders your perishable world could never contain.

• HAFSA •

So rest
in peace;
forevermore.

1

One last wish for you, O soul serene:
ask for what you will.
You wish for *sujood*, for more good deeds?
To go back to Earth and die a *shaheed*?
My dearest dweller, don't you see
that this is why you're here with me?
You adore your Lord, you've proved your love—
you have nothing left to overcome.
So rest in peace, rest with certainty:
you have His love for all eternity.

• JENN •

2

As you bask in my gardens and enjoy its bounties
none will long to return to the world.
The martyrs will ask their Lord to be slain again,
if only to feel more deserving of their blessings,
and their Lord will leave them to their joy.
Dear believer, Allah has shown you one part of His Mercy,
And saved the other ninety-nine for your eternity.

• HANA •

3

Do you see, O serene soul, who your Lord is?
Here you bask in my gardens of eternal bliss,
unrestrained by human regrets—except one:
that all your love for the Most Loving of all
will never match His Love for you.

• HAFSA •



About the authors

Hafsa Kapadia is a creative writer passionate about bringing information to life through lyrical storytelling. She holds an MA in Teaching from CUNY Queens College with a background in Middle Eastern studies and has served as an educator and youth coach.

Jenn Fannoun has a degree in environmental education and communication. She also studied journalism and has served as a copywriter, columnist, grant writer, and editor for various newspapers, nonprofits, and Islamic organizations.

Hana Al-Harastani is a creative writer and storyteller. Equipped with a pen and a passion to serve her community, she uses the power of storytelling to connect people to knowledge. She holds an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of Central Florida and has a background in English rhetoric and composition.

