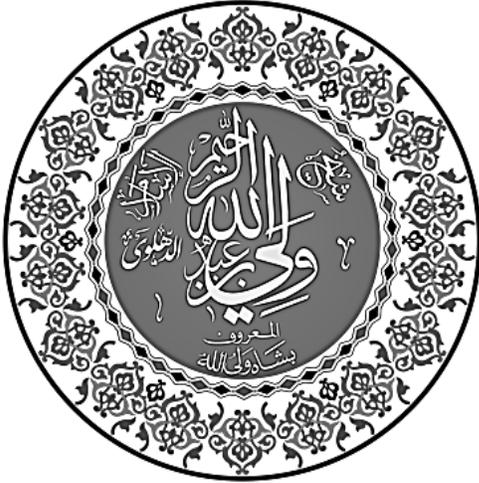


Poetry: Pakistan's forgotten Islam in Gaza's shadow

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Context:

As the Gaza genocide unfolds^[1,2], it casts a long shadow over Muslim-majority nations like Pakistan, raising urgent questions about faith, solidarity, and moral responsibility. This piece shows how the crisis has sparked disputes in Pakistan about the definition of "real" Islam, highlighting the disconnect between religious identity and political passivity^[3]. Faced with the catastrophe in Gaza, Pakistan is forced to confront its own spiritual amnesia and the need to reclaim an Islam founded on justice, resistance, and compassion.

The following pieces of poetry are dedicated to reawakening the real spirit of Islam in Pakistan.

While Gaza Burnt, You Slept

While Gaza's children burnt at night,

You were sleeping, feeling all right.

They screamed in fear; they cried in pain,
You closed your eyes and turned again.

They begged for help with broken breath,
While you laughed and shopped, safe from death.
You wore nice clothes, ate a tasty meal,
And said, "I care." But do you really feel?

Go read about our Prophet's way,
When Muslims were hurt, he couldn't stay.
When Khubab burnt on burning coal,
It broke the Prophet's loving soul.

When Sumaiya stood strong, then died,
When Lubaina was hurt and cried,
When Zinnirah lost both her eyes—
Our Prophet prayed with tearful sighs.

He couldn't sleep, or rest, or eat,
While others suffered in the street.
He felt their pain, he shared their fear,
He cried for them, year after year.

And now we sleep with hearts so light,
No fear of facing God at night?
No shaking hands, no guilty tear—
While Gaza dies, and we don't hear?

If we don't care, don't speak, don't try,
Don't feel their pain; don't even cry—
Then how can we say we believe?
When we don't grieve, when we don't leave
Our comfort zones, our silent ways—
While they lose homes and lives for days?

So remember this before you sleep:
One day we'll stand before our Lord,
No filters then, no soft reward.
And Allah will ask, "What did you do—
When Gaza cried and died before you?"
No lie will work, no place to hide—
Only your truth, and what's inside.

The Promise We Forgot

His life was happy, calm, and bright,
Until Allah sent him a guiding light.
A mission so great, he couldn't delay,
He gave up comfort and walked this way.

He sacrificed all, his home, his peace,
For Islam's truth, for the world's release.
For us, he cried, for us, he fought,
To teach the love of Allah, he sought.

Yasir died, Sumaiya too,
Their faith was strong, their hearts were true.
Bilal was beaten, but still he'd say,
"One Allah alone, come what may."

And what of us? We turn away,
Living in ease, day by day.
While Muslims suffer, while they bleed,
We chase our wants, forget their needs.

Does it not hurt to see this shame?
To know we've failed in the Prophet's name?
Let's wake our hearts, let's make it right,
And live for Islam with all our might.

I Am the Ummati of Muhammad

O people, listen, hear my cry,
I'll shatter the lies, no truth will die.
Those who twist Deen to lead astray,
I will stand, I will fight, come what may.

They justify sin, they shift the blame,
Compromise, they say, in Islam's name.
But this is zulm, a crime so great,
A future they steal, a soul they enslave.

I am the Umati of Muhammad, clear,
With faith as my sword, I hold no fear.
Their false psychology, I will destroy,
Till my soul departs, till I die.

O carriers of Deen, you betray the trust,
Your path is dust, your words unjust.
For the next generation, you have knoted a chain,
In Islam's name, you deepen the pain.

But know this: I will not bow,
I will face the storm, here and now.
I will accept death, but never inferior psychology
Truth in my heart, my soul complete.

I am the Umati of Muhammad so proud,
I will roar like thunder, strong and loud.
Till my last breath, this fight will stay,
For Deen, for truth, till my dying day.

The Weight of Tomorrow

Abu Fateh stands in the shadow of time,
Fearing the hands that will reach for his crime.
Not of theft, nor of lies, nor of greed,
But of silence—when his Ummah would bleed.

Behind them, the children of Gaza will wait,
Eyes like flames, their sorrow innate.
Behind them, an Ummah, broken yet strong,
Asking why I stood quiet for so long.

I was a zero, I was a losser
A man with a voice that never got across.
Able to act, yet frozen in chain,
Now my heart is a dagger of endless pain.

Nights are restless, days are the same,
A fire inside me I cannot name.
Where do these storms of sorrow arise?
From every tear in my brothers' eyes.

I know if I walk, the world will resist,
The tongues will lash, the fists will twist.
But isn't this how the chosen ones bled?
Yasir and Sumaiya (r.z) —look how they bled.

Walking this path is no gentle tread,
It's walking on fire, it's facing the dead.
But I will stand, let the storm rage,
No more fear, no more cage.

No more deals with a world astray,
No more faith thrown away.

For the next generation, I take this stand,
No more compromises on Allah's command.

Never Compromise on Deen

I sit here crying all alone,
My heart feels heavy, like a stone.
I shout so loud, but no one hears,
Drowning in my pain and tears.

Why do you step back from your way?
Why let the world make you stray?
You say you love Allah's deen,
But still, you choose to go unseen.

You read about the Prophet's life,
Yet you give up when there's strife.
For just some pressure, just some fear,
You let Islam disappear?

We must stay strong, we must stand tall,
No matter what, through rise and fall.
We live and die for what is right,
Never give up, hold on tight.

Yasir and Sumaiya stood so strong,
Even when the pain was long.

Mus'ab left his wealth behind,
For Allah, he made up his mind.

So don't give up, don't turn away,
Stay with Islam, come what may.
This world is short, the test is hard,
But Jannah will be our reward.

Conclusion:

The Gaza crisis is more than a distant tragedy for Pakistan—it is a mirror reflecting the gap between professed faith and lived values. To stand with Gaza is not merely political; it is a call for Pakistan to reclaim an Islam grounded in justice, courage, and collective moral action.

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3. Mukherjee K. Islamic revivalism and politics in contemporary pakistan. Journal of Developing Societies. 2010 Sep;26(3):329–53.