

I'd like to be the kind of believer that you'd like me to be;  
To be a source of pride to you, not one you're sad to see

I'm trying to do the good I can, my duties to fulfill;  
I do my best, with all my strength, to keep my sin to nil.

I think of you so very often and really miss you so;  
I wish you'd come to this hard world, and make the pain all go.

There's suffering and dying; so much we have to face,  
Of justice, all around us, nowhere is there a trace.

There is no calm, in all my heart; no everlasting peace,  
One difficulty after another, nothing brings any ease.

You're watching over me, I know, aware of what I bear,  
Helping me and guiding, my sorrows you do share.

So, as I stumble on my way, across the bridge of life,  
I beg you, please, be there for me; to save me from all strife.

To keep me on the right path, and safe from Satan's wiles;  
That when you come, I see you true, from way across the miles.

This blessed day, my pledge to you, O my Beloved Guide,  
My very life, for that I strive - to end up by your side.

Isn't this the real aim that we should be wishing for?  
So join me now; today, my friends, at our Haadi's door.

May he save all, from the fire, including you and me,  
And keep our faith both firm and strong, thru' troubles that we see.

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