

Muslim American:

A collection of Essays and Poetry

by Antony Bell

(compiled November 3, 2015)

This manuscript is a small collection of poems and essays; a collection of thoughts as I journeyed through life making the unpopular choice of being Muslim in a post 9/11 world. The essays are thoughts on a number of moral issues, such as; the freedom of speech, spiritual fanaticism, and an attempt at racism and rhetoric.

I hope to give insight into the mind of a man born and raised in America, and becoming Muslim in an American prison.

Prison Address:

Antony Bell #R0327

Menard Correctional Center

P.O. Box 1000

Menard, IL 62259

TABLE OF CONTENTS

by. Antony Bell

Essays

Ignorance Isn't Bliss	pgs 1-5
The Meaning of Life:	
A property of Friedrich Nietzsche	pgs 6-14
Responsibility of Freedom	pgs 15-18

Poetry

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ	pg 19
Praise be to Allah	pg 20
Allah's Plan	pg 21
The Start of Time	pg 22
Is Heaven too Far Away	pg 23
My Journey	pg 24
Sweet Whispers	pg 25
My Transformation	pg 26
Touched by an Angel	pg 27
My Jihad	pg 28
Muslim American	pg 29
Martyrdom	pg 30
Bullshit	pg 31
A Positive Existence	pg 32
The Dinner Glass	pg 33
One America	pgs 34-35
War is Only a Point of View	pg 36
The Tree	pg 37
I Made It. I'm Here.	pgs 38-39

Ignorance Isn't Bliss

An Essay by Antony Bell (July 2014)

There is a problem that is prevalent in the United States of America: Separation of race. I often find myself wondering, why after almost 300 years, we cannot find a way to overcome such a hurdle, I think that a part of the problem is hidden in our speech.

"^a If we train our conscience, it kisses us while it hurts us." Nietzsche.

Over the decades, since the founding of America, our minds, conscience, and our social classes have been shaped by the rhetoric so loosely tossed about by those discussing the issues; the phrases that we use everyday help shape the minds of our youth, for the better or for the worse, and when we don't correct it when we should they become staples in the social rhetoric that future generations use them without understanding the subconscious implications or the psychological effect on others when discussing certain issues. Every time the discussion of race is started, it begins on bad footing; we use the words Black and White as general descriptions of two groups of people, and these words have nothing to do with race, they're certainly not ethnicities, they're colors; not just any colors though, two of the most contrasting colors that lie at opposite ends of the color spectrum. These are the descriptive terms we choose to use; the two (Black and white) could not be two more opposing terms, and when we use them to describe ourselves as Black and White we not only separate ourselves from the rest of humanity, we automatically place ourselves as an opposing force to the other group, subconsciously making the two enemies. It is okay to have pride of who we are and where we come from, of our different historical backgrounds and ancestral

heritages, though we didn't come from a Blackland or a Whiteland. Be careful that when we try to highlight who we are that it doesn't do any more harm; highlight the part played in the whole of humanity, and then maybe we can start toward the path of unification by having a complete and understanding conversation about how we compliment each other and stop combating each other.

The discussion of race is such a sensitive issue, especially here in the United States of America, because of a state of separation that has been inculcated over centuries of segregation that it has bred into the social subconscious. Though it may seem that we now live in a desegregated state; without realizing we continue to use the rhetoric of that same segregated state, we thought we've left behind, in our everyday speech; and we subliminally perpetuate a mental state of separation, and when the discussion towards unity is started it is headed down a dark and destructive path. Now, we've come along way in respect to this issue; we no longer use the words nigger or negro so commonly; though the journey is only beginning, when describing the two most popular groups, in respect to this topic (African-American and European); we use the descriptive terms Black and white, as simple as these words are, they're dangerous. These words (Black and white) have nothing to do with race or ethnicity; they're colors, colors that lie at opposite ends of the color spectrum and, by mere definition, are complete and exact opposites of each other — check the dictionary — I'll wait...

By using the terms Black and white the discussion begins as opposing forces; not only do we separate ourselves and each other from the whole of humanity, we automatically place ourselves as an opposing member to the other group, subliminally, through the power of suggestion, making the two enemies.

We see everyday what power words have, positive or negative; for example, when Mark Cuban gave his infamous, "Interview on Brub," in May 2014; all the focus was on the fact that he said, "... A young black guy in a hoodie..." and in light of the Trayvon Martin shooting, it was a bad choice of words, we can agree on that, including Mark Cuban, though no one could get passed his poor choice of words to understand the importance of the message. Words are powerful tools, for construction or destruction, and when we can plainly see how a few choice words can affect the perception of a person or person's speech, why do we toss them about so loosely? By changing a few small words for better ones, it can dramatically change a discussion from a fight to one of understanding.

There is a tendency to create social groups based on generalizations of likeness within the public; it makes things easier on media outlets and politicians to form their stories and speeches to cater to individual groups. It then travels from them and finds a way into everyday social vernacular. The problem with this is that these generalizations take away from who each person is, and then people start to subliminally and overtly relate to these general social groupings and begin to believe that they are accurate descriptions of who they are, and phrases like;

"I'm a proud white man."

"I'm a proud black man."

get thrown around without the understanding that these general descriptions have nothing to do with who they actually are.

To have pride in your historical backgrounds and ancestral heritage is amazing, it is even to be celebrated; yet I ask, what do the terms

Black and white have to do with it? There is no such thing as a Blackland (full of Blacks), and no Whiteland (full of Whites); if I'm proven wrong then I will apologize personally. To throw your pride into such broad descriptions is dangerous, for they draw the proverbial line in the sand, and we need to erase that line that causes the social separation and head towards a path of unification. We can change this mind state by finding accurate descriptions of who we are and how we relate to each other.

Each and every person can trace their ancestral bloodlines to a particular place and time; a person of European decent can trace it back to more specific origins (German, Irish etc.), and a person of African decent can trace theirs to more specific origins (Egyptian, Moroccan etc.), and the further an individual traces through history the closer they can get to their place in the whole of humanity. Though people have unique differences they still have an equal part to play. Society is a recipe, and in each recipe there are ingredients and even the smallest ingredient is needed for the dish to taste right; like any recipe, society needs each ethnic culture to play its part for a perfect unified world.

When terms such as Black and white are used, do we show how little we actually know, and its only through this lack of knowledge do we unconsciously perpetuate this subliminal state of segregation; only when we know ourselves can we ask others to describe us and respect us as such, and we will start to subliminally erase this mental line of separation. Highlight the part that we are needed to play for the greater good, plant the seed that will grow a new mindset through the conscious knowledge of self and others. Maybe then we can start to have a complete and understanding conversation on how we compliment each other not contrast each other.

Before we can dive into the deep ocean that is racism, we need to

understand how powerful our words can be on that discussion, and how it can build or destroy before it even begins. Subliminal messaging is dangerous, when the constant use of it without the knowledge of what it can do to the mind, especially on the young, is a constant corruption of our future; there is not a better example of its importance in the conviction and execution of Socrates for corruption of the youth, the importance of that lesson should be echoed as we teach the youth today. Only through knowledge of ourselves can we start to find a way passed our ignorance and find better words to describe and speak to each other, and erase the mindset that hinders any discussion that is too important to the unification of humanity.

THE MEANING OF LIFE:

A Prophecy of Friedrich Nietzsche

An Essay by - Antony Bell (March 2019)

Forward

As I begin my journey as a philosopher I am drawn to the school of ethics and morality. Ironically speaking, as a convicted murderer and a resident in a maximum security prison, I do believe that being able to define the epitome of morality is key to the utopian existence of humanity.

Along my journey I've come to revere the works of Friedrich Nietzsche; I find that he had an acute understanding of human nature, that seems sometimes prophetic. Though truth is something that transcends time, providing understanding.

In this essay I plan to excerpt a piece from, *Ecce Homo*, one of Nietzsche's last works. The excerpt, I believe to be an eloquent written piece about the problem that is the cause for the decline of social morality and a formula to push it to the epitome of what it should be.

This is not an attack on religion or spirituality. Unlike Nietzsche, I am a religious man; I am a Muslim and I take my belief very seriously. That being said, I think that spirituality has become so fanaticized that life has become devalued and unimportant. The everclimbing rate of senseless killings and genocide prove this statement true.

As an appendix to this essay, I will provide the excerpt by Nietzsche in its entirety as I've read it. I will breakdown the excerpt and apply it to my own theory on a way to analyze the logic outside of any religious belief, as Nietzsche intended.

The Meaning of Life: A Prophecy of Friedrich Nietzsche

An Essay by Antony Bell

What is the meaning of life?

This simple question has directed the path of morality for thousands of years, maybe even since the beginning of time. Since the time this question was asked, the answers have been dictated by ideas of spirituality, such as: "God," "soul," "virtue," "sin," "beyond," "truth," and "eternal life." These are so-called "great" ideals of human existence, and have been taken so seriously that the most heinous atrocities have been, and still are, committed in their name. — Though in reality it's all strictly unproven idealism.

The gist of the problem I am approaching here is written at the beginning of the excerpt written by Nietzsche:

"One will ask me why on earth I've been relating all these small things which are generally considered matters of complete indifference: I only harm myself, the most so if I am destined to represent great tasks."

Nietzsche²

The above statement, in essence, is what is wrong with the general population. These "small" things with which Nietzsche writes are; "nutrition, place, climate, recreation, the whole cowstrophy of selfishness,"³; the majority of the population see these things as "matters of complete indifference", when the truth is they are matters of complete necessity in the realm of human survival. Look at those who will deny hospital care, even for their own children, in belief of "the healing hand of God"; this is an example of the problem. This spiritual idealism has crossed a line into a complete disregard for necessity, and with it a disregard for life itself.

Nietzsche's disgust with the absurd order of importance is more than warranted, because the social standard has been flipped on its head and intelligence is measured by a popular obsession for an "afterlife". This extreme standard of spiritual idealism has created an overwhelming view, consciously or subconsciously, that reality is somewhat less important, to some unimportant. The value of human life is suddenly scaled by an idealism, such as; "eternal life" and "belief in God" and not by the necessity of living. This spiritual idealism devalues the importance of life, and humanity as a whole; is it any wonder why the decision to condemn thousands to death has become so easy?

Nietzsche himself could not have said it better when considering what are matters of importance;

"Precisely here one must begin to relearn." Nietzsche⁴

With Nietzsche's own comparison of himself to men of "honor" he observes a pathological nature in them that he doesn't see in himself; his observation is that this pathological trait is a disease, and he names this disease; fanaticism. Though if I could be more definitive, it's spiritual fanaticism. These leaders of social importance, "picturesque men"; that history has romanticized have become the poster boys of pathological fanaticism. With their constant spiritual fanaticism these "picturesque men" have left reality in a state of constant mourning. Those who don't know history are doomed to repeat it.

Today officials are elected, and individuals are placed in positions of social importance based on "virtue" and a "belief in God"; and a wide array of other altruistic spiritual based characteristics; and from this pedestals, that idealism trickles down so that even the smallest of social identities are defined by the same characteristics. The mistake of placing such ideals on pedestals of "greatness" and "leadership" is harmful because instead of building a community

on concrete foundations established on the inconceivably more important necessities (small things), these political and social leaders draw a population in the false hope of a "divinity" in human nature. Spiritual fanaticism is killing "society" slowly.

To lead with an idealism that has been so far improbable, and has no real importance to human survival, is to be negligent with what is the main priority of any political and social leadership; to protect the survival of human life. This fanaticism, that Nietzsche was right to call a disease, that "great" men concern themselves with and call "great" tasks is a danger, and these men who perpetuate a 'disregard for "matters of complete indifference" should be considered monsters for their blatant disregard for the "basic concerns of life itself." 5

The fanatic spiritualism for "divine" ideals devalues human life; and these "picturesque" leaders of social-importance, through such idealism, has declared a war on life. Not only does Nietzsche make aware a festering problem in his time, he warned of what was to come.

What is the meaning of life?

Nietzsche doesn't just offer a rant about the problem of spiritual fanaticism, he offers a cure to the disease. Don't be so consumed with greatness or with "great" tasks so much that it casts a gloomy shadow over life. Love life, don't just suffer through, enjoy the "small" things.

Don't forget man is social by nature. Nietzsche spoke of his affability toward everyone; in that colloquial statement lies the definition of what social morality should be. Be easy and approachable in every social circumstance, treat everyone with mutual respect, even those considered lowest. Do not have

arrogance or contempt in one's social nature, even if one despises another, no one should see the despise through the mutual respect. Bad blood causes social morality to decline and people suffer in the "multitudes."

The mastery of this passage lays in the final paragraph;

"My formula for greatness in a human being is amor fati (love of fate); that one wants nothing to be different, not forward, not backward, not in all-eternity. Not merely bear what is necessary, still less conceal it — all idealism is mendacity in the face of what is necessary — but love it." Nietzsche⁶

I find that the phrase, "amor fati" is key to defining morality. When one is consumed with "divine" matters they get trapped in the hypnotic brew of them, and one forgets about the necessity of living. Don't hate life; do not emptily drudge through merely bearing life's burdens waiting for "eternal life"; even less, don't escape or conceal the necessity of life with a "spiritual fanaticism." Be life, love what is necessary to be alive.

Every person will die. Becoming entrenched in death and what comes after. It will make one unaware and create an indifference to life. Love of fate means to love the role one must play in the maintenance and necessity of all life, including yours. The "small" things are inconceivably more important to the maintenance of life than the so called "great tasks" and should be treated as such.

"Amor fati," is in essence a cure to spiritual fanaticism and the epitome of human morality.

1-3. See attached appendix

4-6 see attached appendix

4. emphasis added by author.

APPENDIX

Basic Writings of Nietzsche; Translated and Edited by Walter Kaufmann-

ECCE HOMO - Ch. Why I Am So Clever; section 10 pgs. 712-714.

Copyright by Walter Kaufmann 1967.

10

One will ask me why on earth I've been relating all these small things which are generally considered matters of complete indifference: I only harm myself, the more so if I am destined to represent great things. Answer: those small things — nutrition, place, climate, recreation, the whole causistry of selfishness — are immeasurably more important than everything one has taken as important so far. Precisely here one must begin to relearn. What mankind has so far considered seriously have not even been realities but mere imaginings — more strictly speaking, prompted by the bad instincts of sick natures that were harmful in the most profound sense — all these concepts, "god," "soul," "virtue," "sin," "beyond," "truth," "eternal life." — But the greatness of human nature, its "divinity," was sought in them. — All the problems of politics, of social organization, and of education have been falsified through and through because one mistook the most harmful men for great men — because one learned to despise "little" things, which means the basic concerns of life itself.

When I now compare myself with the men who have been honored as the first, the difference is palpable. I do not even count these so-called "first" men among men in general: for me they are the refuse of humanity, monsters of sickness and vengeful instincts; they are inhuman, disastrous, at bottom measurable, and revenge themselves on life.

I want to be their opposite: it is my privilege to have the subtlest sensitivity for all signs of healthy instincts. There is no pathological trait in me; even in periods of severe sickness I never became pathological; in vain would one seek for a trait of fanaticism in my character. There is not a moment in my life to which one could point to convict me of a presumptuous and pathetic posture. The pathos of poses does not belong to greatness; whoever needs poses at all is false. — Beware of all picturesque men!

Life was easy for me — easiest when it made the hardest demands on me. Whoever saw me during the seventy days this fall when, without interruption, I did several things of the first rank the like of which nobody will do after me — or impose on me — with a responsibility for all militia after me, will not have noticed any trace of tension in me; but rather an overflowing freshness and cheerfulness. I never ate with more pleasant feelings; I never slept better.

I do not know any other way of associating with great tasks than play: as a sign of greatness, this is an essential presupposition. The least compulsion, a gloomy mien, or any harsh tone in the throat are all objections to a man; how much more against his work! — One must not have any nerves. — Suffering from solitude is also an objection — I have suffered only from "multitudes."

At an absurdly early age, at seven, I already knew that no human word would ever reach me: has anyone ever seen me saddened on that account?

To this day I still have the same affability for everyone; I even treat with special respect those who are lowliest: in all of this there is not one grain of arrogance or secret contempt. If I despise a man, he guesses that I despise him: by my mere existence I outrage everything that has bad blood in its veins.

My formula for greatness in a human being is amor fati (love of fate);
that one wants nothing to be different, not forward, not backward, not in
all eternity. Not merely bear what is necessary, still less conceal it —
all idealism is mendaciousness in the face of what is necessary — but love it.

Responsibility of Freedom

An Essay by Antony Bell (June 2015)

The Preamble of the Constitution of the United States of America, states,
"We the People of the United States in order to form a more perfect Union..."
Are we sure that's what happened?

In this essay I would like to approach the question; Freedom of Speech?
Pamela Geller hosted an event directed towards deliberately attacking a people
by drawing cartoons about the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him),
calling it a protest against those attempting to eradicate the freedom of
speech, or attacking her freedom of speech. I seen a T.V. interview where
Mrs. Geller said, "... That is what it means to live in a pluralistic society,
you have the right to offend and be offended." There were also many
others who echoed the same sentiment. This statement is the epitome
of what is wrong with an ideal like freedom. — A more perfect Union?

Freedom n. 3a Political independence & exemption from the arbitrary
exercise of authority in the performance of a specific action; civil liberty.¹

George Washington. Benjamin Franklin. Samuel Adams.

These founding fathers along with countless others fought the American
Revolution in order to be released from the oppressive restraints of England.
They fought to build a nation on certain civil liberties. Freedom to choose.

Today liberty has become synonymous with anarchism.

Many have taken the terms liberty and freedom as these blank checks,
signed by the U.S. Constitution, to choose to do what they want with no
repercussions, that this document gives free reign; for example, to

offend with emotional terrorism. I can chose to say what I want to say, because I have the Freedom of Speech. Though American laws say you are free to choose, doesn't exempt you from the laws of physics.

For every action there is a reaction.

When this country was excised from England's grasp and had taken its political independence, our founders afforded the People certain freedoms that were exempt from the arbitrary exercise of authority. The freedom to exercise our own civil liberties was founded on a very simple concept — People can govern themselves.

It doesn't seem so; does it? Darwinian colloquialisms such as our right to offend just show off the human propensity to do harm.

Today it seems that the founding fathers may have overestimated Peoples worthiness for the Responsibility of Freedom.

Most don't understand that these freedoms aren't to be played with like a child plays with a toy; they are responsibilities that should be handled with care, like a parent cares for a child.

Freedom is earned.

As a prisoner in the Illinois Department of Corrections, my insight into this matter is unique. My entire freedom was taken from me because when I had it, I couldn't conduct myself responsibly; so I understand the Responsibility of Freedom. One who conducts themselves irresponsibly the privilege of Freedom is lost.

Freedom should only be afforded to those who knew how to use it. The Responsibility of Freedom is the trust given by the governing body to the people so they can govern themselves; a belief that every person knows how to act with civility in their day to day lives.

Should the governing body then step in when a person intentionally acts uncivilized, and violates that trust?

Within the context of freedom of speech; the statement, "right to offend" is a deliberate intent to harm someone emotionally and mentally; unfortunately there isn't one law to protect from those who intend emotional harm, though there's one to protect the one who inflicts the harm.

Should there be?

Today there is a grand campaign against bullying of all kinds; that is exactly what Pamela Geller and those like her are doing, fighting bullying with bullying, under the guise Freedom of speech. Those on which they profess to protest against are a small percentage of the Muslim population; what about the hundreds of millions of other people who aren't what people call "Islamic Extremists?" Do they have the right to be protected under freedom of religion to not have their tenets slandered in such a deliberate manner? which freedom is more important?

As a Muslim in America, I have the freedom to practice my religious beliefs, though I can't go kill someone who desecrates the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him). There are restrictions on my right to practice, to protect others. It is my responsibility to adhere to those restrictions or accept the consequences otherwise. Does that mean that one has the right to intentionally desecrate my Prophet (peace be upon him) without punishment by law? Why are there no laws to protect my mental or emotional safety? Is emotional harm less important than physical harm? Should there be restrictions on the Freedom of Speech to protect people from emotional terrorism?

It is the role of the government to protect all people from harm. When one of its citizens neglects their Responsibility of Freedom; should that

governing body not step in to protect their people from that harm?

Just because you can do something doesn't mean you should!

1. Definition is from, American Heritage College Dictionary, Fourth Edition.

Copyright 2007, Houghton Mifflin Company.

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

Lost in translation; lost in the extreme

Mercy and compassion seem like dreams.

The base of the rifle is held steady by the Noble Qur'an

Breathing heavy, the trigger finger is strong.

The sound of thunder never lies

Watch the fall of man when the lightning strikes

As the blood splatters across the sunrise.

The true meaning of beauty is lost.

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

Lost in translation; lost in the extreme

Mercy and compassion seem like dreams.

The voice of the kind-hearted are drowned in the screams of the murdered

The psychotic ramblings of mad men are nurtured.

The blind are leading the blind

And the deaf no longer know how to sign;

The dark has learned how to shine.

We are not living the true meaning in the Message of Allah.

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

Praise be to Allah

Praise be to Allah for Islam

Praise be to Allah for His Rasoolullah

Praise be to Allah for it all.

Praise be to Allah for Al-Qur'an

Praise be to Allah for the entire ummah

Praise be to Allah for preserving the Message for so long.

Praise be to Allah for lighting my path

Praise be to Allah for letting me survive my past

Praise be to Allah, I'm no longer an outcast.

Praise be to Allah for everyday I awake with life

Praise be to Allah for the sight in my eyes

Praise be to Allah for guiding me right.

All praise is due to Al-Kareem.

Allah's Plan

To question Allah and the plan for His Creation

Is to question your very own existence. I think therefore I am.

Since you breathe an empathetic emission towards devastation

It's proof of Allah's Will.

Death is the only certainty in our mortality

It's how you live life that determines the outcome of eternity.

Who is to blame when you are caught in the riddles of the devil's playground?

You can't blame Allah for the fall of man

When he was the one who walked to the edge and dove out

And buried himself in the sand with his own two hands

Branded as the devil himself.

Death is the only certainty in our mortality

It's how you live life that determines the outcome of eternity.

Man will never understand the plan of Allah

That is why submission to His Will is a true sign of faith.

The real test is to look at the hate, destruction, pain and loss

And still love Allah and know He is great.

The Start of Time

Allah is the Creator of time.

Though for us it is inescapable;

There is a start of time.

There is an end of time.

We are living on borrowed time.

The heart beats in-sync with the rhythm of the clock.

Tick-tock, Tock-Tock.

We fear death,

obsessed.

Do not fear the seconds left

Warn the ones that have passed on. Regrets.

What happens next?

Time starts all over again.

Is Heaven Too Far Away?

I sit and reflect upon my sinful traits

Reach for heaven and realize it is a little too far away.

I wish to learn how to pull it back within reach

Do I have what it takes to make my eternity?

Am I worthy of Paradise?

I don't know.

Am I worthy of forgiveness in the Creator's eyes?

I don't know.

Where will I go upon my death?

That is a question I'll ask until my last breath.

Are my good deeds enough when I've done so much bad?

In the end where will I stand?

Closer and closer draw the days

I sit and reflect upon my sinful traits.

I reach for heaven and wonder,

Is it still too far away?

My Journey

I began my journey in an alcoholic stupor

Zombified. Feeding on life's illusions.

Money.

Power.

Respect.

Bitten and given the disease by one's whom I called friends.

I was content in this dream like state

Following the masses. I couldn't realize my mistake.

I awake from my anesthetic coma

Smelled the decaying aroma

Looked around and all I could see is blood.

In my hands was the loaded gun

And I already knew what I had done.

One more step towards completing the circle

To becoming complete. Cold blooded murderer.

No more intoxicants. I cannot hide from the truth

Picked up knowledge and discovered its use.

I went through hell and it polished a jewel

I am complete.

I arose an intelligent being.

Allah is the Greatest

Somehow he found me.

Sweet whispers

The serpent whispers sweet words in the ear
Squeezing tightly. Gripped by a fist of fear.
A fire burns inside, hotter than the spark of a gun
He sure makes wrong seem fun.

Does he mention the fun doesn't last forever?

That a torturous eternity is what you'll spend together?

Bound in chains.

Forged in a lake of flames.

Blood boiling.

Skin blistering.

Begging for death.

Once it is over it starts again.

You want the world and all.

STOP!

Think of the cost.

Do you think there won't be penalties for your choices?

Do you think that what religious men scream are just noises?

Do not be tempted by charming words that sound so sweet

The devil just wants a little company.

My Transformation

I was lost in a dangerous environment

Became a person I hated and couldn't hide from him.

A madman, no conscience at all

Looked in the mirror and didn't recognize who I saw.

I had drugs in my pocket, a gun in my waistband

I was ready to kill anytime or any man.

I am the monster everyone said I'd become

Sparks fly like flares from the sun.

The transformation was easy

Satan had me.

I accepted defeat.

Blood leaks from a body to stain the street.

I didn't know what to do. I was beat.

One night I begged Allah to give me a hand

And He sat me in a cell and put a pen in my hand

He gave me a plan

Directed me to Islam and made a new man.

Thanks for the help and the new path

I promise to change and do all the good I can.

Touched By an Angel

First degree murder. I was 20 years old

One shot to the heart. Killed a man named Solo.

Six months later, I found a new road to walk

A friend came along speaking ayeat from the Holy Qur'an

I was put on to a new way, fighting for a righteous cause.

No pause.

Reading with a hunger to learn about my faith in Allah.

Adversities grew out of the concrete

Never faulted on my faith. I landed upon my feet,

I can't accept my defeat.

Even when the jury found me guilty of murder in the first degree

It doesn't matter how many times they persecute me

I make my Salah and Allah grants me peace.

I was touched by an angel

Islam put me at ease.

My Jihad

Everything horrible that happens in this world Islam is to blame
People want to hang us for war crimes like Saddam Hussein
Persecuted all because of our faith,
My mission is for Allah and that final day,

Allah inspires a better me
And to Him is my destiny.
In the end there is only one that I answer to
And I want the record to show that I'm pious,
That I was in combat with the right side
With the Qur'an as my guide,
I am another Jihadist helping Islam to strive
Islam and Muslims aren't the enemy.

If Islam is really the wrong way
Then why is it the fastest growing religion today
And rise above the flames of the lies that are made.
My pen is the sword against the enemies games
Fight against the misconceptions of the enemies blame.
This is my Jihad.
This is my fight.
I am a Muslim showing the world what I know to be right.
Muslims aren't the enemy.

Muslim American

I am a Muslim American who is constantly feared
Defending Islam against the enemy's smears.
Sometimes I feel that it is a never ending fight
Against all the lies
That are uniquely designed
Bombarded with no end in sight.

I am an American citizen unwanted and despised
Because Islam is what I adhere to with pride.

I am a Muslim American and I've lived here my whole life
Yet I must battle everyday what I know is right
Against all the overbearing minds.
Why am I hated by so many here?

I am a Muslim American who is constantly feared.

Martyrdom

Can you say that you're truly believed?

That you'd be willing to die for a cause?

Would you sacrifice your life to find one of the lost?

Do you feel indebted to your Creator?

For He did save you before you could self-destruct.

Would you sign a contract in your own blood?

In a place that breeds anger, distrust, pride and envy

Allah seen me drowning and pulled me out of the sea.

He gave me food for thought and taught me to eat.

I grew out of my childish mind into a man and given a cause

My answer to the question above

Yes.

Yes. I would die for a cause.

Bullshit

It is a simple concept;

Violence begets violence.

As long as we're shooting there can never be silence;

Sands of bodies falling.

Mothers are crying.

Daughters and sons continue fighting; continue dying.

Obituaries are constantly writing.

Why?

War.

Killing so humanity can survive,

Justifiable homicide.

Excuses will not console the families of those who have died.

This to me is completely absurd

Still nothing will be done until there is no one left to hurt.

THAT'S BULLSHIT!

A Positive Existence

A positive thought, even a positive word
Can lift the spirit of a person and help put an end to this curse
of a selfish existence, help the madness reverse.
Lend a hand to thy neighbor, quit spreading the hurt
The pain will go away if you react to these words
You will get back all the good you disperse
You will get every blessing you deserve.

I want this poem to get into your mind
open up your conscious thoughts and leave the hatred behind
Get to the reason Allah created mankind.
Be peaceful to each other and keep each other in line
Let's be the leaders of change. The ultimate sign.
To push the world into the epitome of the Creator's Design.

The Dinner Glass

The dinner glass is filled with water. The golden chalice holds wine.

I am attracted to the shimmer of gold and drawn to the music of the wine.

The water is better for me.

Though I am hypnotized by the talisman, and the inebriation coddles me

The dinner glass holds the water, a cure to dehydration. It can cleanse my soul

Water my heart so that love can grow.

The devil's hand reaches for my spirit

I can hear it

Just say yes.

I refuse to lose and it's too hard to win.

Charming.

Consoling.

Description of a devil's grin.

Gold and silver was the price of Judas

Drink the wine. Die. Such dreams are foolish.

Drink the water. Live. Bather the soul and the sins will be washed away in time.

Gaze into the dinner glass

And see past the demon's masks.

Jesus supposedly turned water into wine

Turn it back.

Hold the chalice into a spear of destiny and fight

Win the battle of self. I drank from the dinner glass.

ONE AMERICA

Dear Mr. President.

What is the difference between African-American?

Mexican-American?

American-American?

If we are all citizens of this nation;

Why must we choose?

Why all the labels?

Why are we forced into segregation?

Separated by race, and the numbers on our bank statements.

I'm so sick of being forced to choose,

Choose red.

Choose blue.

To choose a group our government suggests I best fit into.

Dear Mr. President.

I want you to know something that you've never been told,

You are forcing a square peg into a round hole.

I do not fit this role.

I will not take up this task;

High class.

Middle class.

Low class.

I will not wear such a mask.

Dear Mr. President.

You ask for the vote of the white.

of the blacks
of the women.
of the man,
The vote of the gay.
of the lesbian.
The vote of the muslim.
of the christian.

You wonder why you are so unsuccessful;
It's because you talk so much you miss the thing you ought to see.
We are all one community.

Dear Mr. President.

Do you want to win the hearts of humanity?

Then listen up!

Stop separating us.

Stand up for one America.

War is Only a Point of View

Diseases and plagues are unleashed upon this world

It leaves a path of turmoil.

Innocent lives lost in a turf war over mid-eastern oil

Planes crashing bodies turn to ashes mixed in with earth's soil.

We're in the end of days

God's wrath is upon the damned; you want a sign?

How about mass murder on a global stage?

Religion is the focal point of almost every death these days

who will be awarded on the Judgement Day?

I want to be on the righteous side so God light the way

And I promise to fight until the day I'm raised.

Everyday people die for a perceived greater purpose

Strap explosives to their backs and call it a religious service

An insane mind plus genocide equals mass murder.

On the Creator's side is where I want to be

Because the Day is almost here.

The fight has started, and my side is clear.

On which side will you be?

Who will rule?

War is only a point of view.

The Tree

Character is encoded within the DNA of the seed and is cultivated by the nutrients within the soil.

Character then becomes the roots which are the strength of the tree.

The roots adapt to nature as the tree begins its growth

Taking in carbon dioxide, emitting oxygen for ones to breathe

Turning the negative into a life saving positivity.

Humanity is dependent upon the tree to survive

Each tree becomes a giver of life.

Though when the roots are poisoned the tree will wither and die

And with it disappears the breath of life.

We must adopt the characteristics within the nature of the tree

Becoming the epitome of society.

I Made it. I'm Here

Walking through the streets of Mecca,
Searching through the footsteps of Muhammad.
Screed by joy;
Tears falling like a child with colic,
Trying to digest the air.
I made it. I'm here.

Starting into the sky above Jerusalem
Seeing the stars Jesus saw,
Suddenly consumed with love;
Hearing the phone ring; running, hoping not to miss the call,
Whispers of fear.
I made it. I'm here.

Meditating on the stomach of the whale
Learning the lesson Jonah had to learn,
The mind becomes clear;
Yin - Yang. The fire burns,
Intentions seared,
I made it. I'm here.

Standing on the Garden of Eden
Eating from the tree from which Adam ate.
Immediately feeling despair;
I fell prostrate,
Please forgive my error.

Eyes slowly opens,

Smiling at the vision of a prison cell.

I made it. I'm here.