

The Silent Struggle

Ahmadi. Human. Falling, Rising, and Persevering.

I am no saint ascending by an unbroken flight of wings,
But a wanderer of recurring winters and reluctant springs.
At dawn I gather fragments of faith from the dust of my soul,
And swear, beneath Heaven's gaze, to emerge whole.

For a while, belief flowers.
The heart remembers its ancient covenant of light.
Prayer falls from my lips like living water,
And the world seems ordered, merciful, right.

Then comes the erosion.

A thousand unseen tempests assail the inward shore.
Certainties fray. Devotion wanes.
The fire that burned so fiercely becomes ember, then ash.

And once more I descend into myself,
To a valley fashioned from doubt and familiar wounds.
Yet when despair declares me lost,
Mercy speaks with a voice older than my failures.

For the soul was never fashioned for permanence in flight.
It is a bird of weary wings and stubborn longing,
Descending into storm and shadow,
Yet forever turning its beak toward Heaven.

Perhaps faith is not the mastery of endless flight,
Nor the privilege of untouched wings.
Perhaps it is the instinct of a wounded bird,
Beaten by storm after storm, yet unable to forsake the skies.

And if my life is spent between ascent and descent,
Let this be the measure of my devotion:
Not that I never wandered from the Light,
But that every wandering deepened my longing for it.

And when the final twilight gathers around me, let my heart still turn toward Allah,
Like a weary bird seeking the Light it has loved, lost, and loved again.