**THE BURIED CHILD (الدفين الصغير)**

**WRITTEN IN ARABIC BY: SHEIKH MUSTAPHA LUTFI AL-MONFALUTI**

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Now I dusted my hands off the soil of your grave, my son. I went back home like a soldier that was defeated at the war front. I only have a tear that I cannot drop, and an exhale that I cannot expel.

Almighty Allah, who have destined this misery for me about your death, had blessed me with you before I pleaded him, then I was plundered by taking you away before I could recover you from him. He wanted to finish his divine will on me and quaff me the cup of misfortune until the residue. He forbids me the drop of a tear, or the breathing out of an exhale so that I will find it impossible to relieve myself from this calamity. To him is my praise, satisfactorily and angrily, and my exaltation, completely and incompletely, and he has the will to do and undo if I am satisfied with his judgment and patience with his ordeal on me.

Son, I was terrified when I found you sick on your bed. I was extremely frightened and afraid of your death. As if the imagination of death and life is a part of people’s affairs and a particular work that their power can control. I quickly consulted the doctor on your sickness; he wrote me the medicine and promised the healing to me, so I sat next to you pouring that yellow liquid into your mouth, drop by drop, while the death is grabbing your life from both sides, piece by piece. Until I observed you and realized that you've turned to a motionless chilled corpse, while am still holding the bottle of the medicine.

Immediately I knew that death had bereaved me of you. And this is a matter of destiny that medicine can never heal.

My son, I will soon be sleeping on a mattress like yours. It will cover in me the exact place it covered in you. And I will assume that the last thing that will remain in my memory at that hour about the affairs and stages of life, the calamities and disasters: is a sorrowful regret that I have been suffering from those bitter potions that I have been giving you with my hand, while you are giving out your life, as a result, your face started paling, your body began to shiver, and your eyes weep, you are unable to stretch out your hand to pull me, nor your tongue to cry out to me, the intoxication of the death you are tasting.

It is better for me and you, my son, to submit your life to Allah, in your recovery and illness, your life and death.

And not to let the end of your reign on the day you said goodbye to this world,  be those pains that I have been enduring for you.

I have come to realise that I was a help to the catastrophe on you because the cup of death in which destiny was carrying along for you in his hand was not as bitter as the taste of the medicine in the bottle I held.

How awkward will the face of my life be after your demise, Son!. How ugly will the pictures of these beings be in my view!, How gloomy will the darkness of my house I live will be after your departure!. For you had been rising around it, just like a bright sun that illuminated everything for me, but today my eyes are unable to see my surroundings more than what your eyes could see in the darkness of your grave.

The mourners, including the males and females, mourned for you as they wanted, lamented their lamentations until the water of their eagerness is exhausted, therefore they were weakened to bear more than they could, and finally resorted to their beds and rested there. No one is yet to sleep in the darkness and serenity of this night except two happy eyes: the eyes of your poor, bereaved father, and another eye that you know.

The night went on until I bored it, but I do not ask Allah, that the darkness should be relieved for the light of the day for me because the bereavement that I was frightened about in losing you did not remain by my sides, for me to see a monument among the traces of your life. It would have been good, if the night can be released till it blossom into a brighter day, I was bored with this darkness.

I buried you today, my son, like I did with your elder brother, and buried your other two brothers before both of you. For every day, I do receive a new visitor and say goodbye to a late guest. O Allah, come to the aid of a heart that has met above what other hearts hasn't met and endured above what it had been enduring on the gross multiple of calamities.

My Son!, Each of you was fragmentized from my liver, this senile liver had been ripped off into the corners of graves. and I have nothing left except a little relic, that can't last forever, and I do not think that life can cast it aside rather than to use it up like others.

Son, Why did you and others go so soon after you came for a living? And why did you come when you knew you won't stay long?.

If not for your presence, I would not have regretted my hand to be devoid from you, because it is not in my habit to fall for what I can't afford. If you had stayed long after your birth, I wouldn't have tasted this acrid cup.

I have always been content, for this life to budge away from my path, and to angle its face at a corner from me, so we won't see each other, nor do good or bad to me, it won't favour nor disfavour me, and won't appear smiling, frowning, laughing, nor crying for me, only if it can agree with this. But it has a smarter heart, and brighter eyes, for it to know that I chose not to cry for a blessing that is yet to be in my hands, and I can't feel the bitterness if I haven't tasted the sweetness. And it has to play along in the manner of misery that he took upon itself in bringing it to all people.

When it was unable to enter me through greediness, it entered through my hope. It gives me a grant, and I rejoiced with it for an era, even if it knew that the seed of hope, that was planted had grown and flourished, and I tasted its taste and acknowledged its goodness. Then life attacked and took it from my hands. Like a chilled cup of water that was withdrawn from the hand of a thirsty and parched person. To intensify the impact of the arrow in my liver, and to take away the blessing from my hand, otherwise, it wouldn't have been possible for it on me, and there wouldn't have been a means for it to get me.

My children, If Almighty had destined for all of you to meet in a particular garden in the Paradise, or on the beck of a beach, or under the shadow of one of the garden's palace, remember me as I do remember you, and stood on a single queue before your Lord, as worshipers stand before him, and extend to him your small palms like those that are begging for his favour, and tell him:

"O Allah, you know that this poor man loved us and we loved him, and this life had separated us from him. For he, after our demise, still facing the misery of life and its misfortune, he has no strength to bear it, and our urge and love for him, have no way to disturb this grace that we are enjoying in your vicinity between your hearing and sight.

And you are merciful to us and him than to torture us, either you take us to him or bring him to us"... No, don't even ask him except to bring me to you. Because, the life that I hated for myself, I can't wish it for you. It is possible that he might respond to your own supplication than mine, by raising this curtain that barred between me and you so we can meet once again.