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# TO THE BROKEN HEARTED

RELIEVING LIFE'S CHALLENGES

**ADHAM SHARKAWI**

"Quss Bin Saeeda"

Translated by

**SULAIMAN FULANI**

## Dedication

To those whose hearts are broken.

What a world! How full of traitors it is!

To those whom death has taken a piece of their hearts but they remain patient because they know that there is in Paradise, a meeting after which there will be no separation!

To those who are wearied by illness, yet, it did not turn them away from the doorstep of Allāh, because they know that the world is but the home of trial!

To those whom Allāh has tried with straitened provision yet, they thanked Him and remained patient over His decree, so they became rich in their heart.

To the chaste divorcees,  
and the widows clutching an ember!

To the righteous young men who struggle against themselves and their devils!

To the sad, oppressed and betrayed.

I know words cannot fill the void in your hearts,  
but they are consoling.

So, I dedicate this book to you all, in the hope that it will console you in your moment of trial.

1

Whenever you feel betrayed by a person whom  
you had always held in high esteem,  
you have not just lost trust in one person,  
you have lost trust in everyone.

After the betrayal, you will forever  
live in fear and you will not permit anyone  
to gain access to your heart,  
for you will see everyone else  
as a bearer of a lurking betrayal.

You will become cold and unaffected  
by words to the extent of the apprehension  
they trigger in you.

You will feel like someone who miraculously  
survived drowning; though he survived,  
he will forever be afraid of water.

You will be like a nightingale who survived  
the shot of the hunter, but forever lost  
the security of the tree afterwards.

Like the one whose hand is amputated,  
and he sees nothing but his stump.

It happens that people are often stuck  
in their wounds; may Allāh  
help those who have been hurt  
from the place of their safety.

May Allāh not excuse the one who entered  
a heart and ripped it of its tranquility.

Al-Madaini said:

“I saw a woman in the desert and I have never seen anyone more beautiful than her. So, I said, by Allāh this is from the handiwork of a graceful and happy living.” She said: “No! By Allāh, I have borne sorrows and worries. Let me inform you: I had a husband by whom I had two sons. One Īd al-’Adhā, their father slaughtered a sheep while the two sons were playing. Then, the older son said to the younger: ‘Should I show you how my father slaughtered the sheep?’ The younger boy replied: ‘Yes.’ He got up to him playfully and he slaughtered his own brother! When he saw blood, he became scared and ran towards the mountains and a wolf devoured him. His father went in search of him and he tripped and died.” I said to the woman: “How were you able to cope in this face of these tribulations?” She said: “If the pain had lasted for me, I would have mourned perpetually but it was but a wound which had healed!”

Do not let appearances deceive you. People are like closed boxes. Do not judge the box from outside for there is inside it what you do not know!

Men are like books, there is inside them something you cannot know by mere seeing its cover! Underneath every laughter lies deep wounds that people try to hide from others.

You do not see anything but what you see!

Behind some apparent blessings are deadly deprivation that the person experiences bitterly and no one knows about it except his creator.

The joy that you consider to be perfect may just be a mere cover of pages which you do not know a single letter of what it contains!

The pictures you see on social media are only like coconut, they are only hard shells but inside them are fragile things! This world is an abode of deficiency, no one is complete Every human lack something, so, take it easy, and every human has something!

3

We did not keep away voluntarily,  
but with pain.

This estrangement is not  
out of asceticism,  
rather,  
it a departure.

No one likes to see his wounds  
displayed before his eyes.

No one wants to be reminded of his inadequacies.

The hand that he used to kiss is the same  
that stabbed him,  
and the eyes he feared its tears is the same  
that made him cried.

We are moving away to protect what remains of us.  
To protect our wounds from the looks of pity.

Even dogs, when they are wounded  
take to a far and safe place  
where it licks its wound.

Some affection cannot be sustained  
—except by a distance.