

Dunya

A poem by Shaykh Muhammad al-Yaqoubi حفظه الله تعالى

Translated by Shaykh Adnan Raja

Upon looking into this world and what it contains,
I saw no merit but in forsaking her in disdain.

An abode which turns with every second,
Between highs and lows: an unceasing cycle.

She cheats upon arrival, deceives upon departure,
Secretly spewing venom from her hidden quarter.

Though rejecting the one who falls in love with her,
With a warm smile she greets those who reject her!

How many souls strove hard to obtain her all,
Alas, gaining nothing but sharp jabs of her awls.

How many remained bone-idle and carefree,
Yet, she ran to them, carrying their wants in her teeth.

In this World, the meter of justice is broken surely,
Where each broken verse fuels its broken melody.

She never remains unchanged for her companion;
Even her loyal friend isn't safe from her exploitation.

Unfaithful, fickle, she is forever ready to strike,
The crowning blow of her escape.

Comedy as gravitas she presents, misguidance as guidance,
And makes wine appear as pure honey.

She unveils her face to each person's own taste,
Hoping, they may now be loyal after this tryst.

When she strikes, she imprisons. When she takes hold, she oppresses -
Such, that no Satan can compete with her.

Disgrace befriends anyone who spends a day with her -
Her kind host walks away weak and feeble.

Whoever takes her guidance in darkness emerges
Like a blind traveller at night, following it.

A friend doesn't suffice her - she wants you to be,
An enslaved serf, who cannot say "no" to her.

If she injects her venom into a victim;
No physician has the antidote to cure it.

She entices with a display of untainted beauty,
But her menaces are clear for the wise to see.

A risk to faith she is, a snare of sin she is,
Exhausting for the soul – only her rejecters succeed.

No fortress can save you from her plots -
No means is effective for averting her.

Except God Himself - the Bountiful, Generous,
The Merciful: He suffices the sinners against her.

Remember Him! Thank Him! Ask Him for security,
From the World - only by this you can be safe from her.

A moment in the meadow of dhikr with sincerity,
By Allah, is better than the World in its entirety.

An abode of greed whose pillars are raised high -
Those who feed from it are never fully satiated.

How many vigorous folks greedily came to her,
Only to become ailing patients in her infirmaries.

Like a dress which gradually wears until it tears,
But the owner keeps wearing it, calling for its repairer.

Between gain and loss, her seeker becomes lost.
Her suitor incurs only loss after loss.

Anyone who thought of conquering her one day,
This thought drove him midday across her deserts.

When her winds blow, storms ensue,
Inflicting whoever they touch with her diseases.

Those who refused her offering, only they are for sure,
Astute, wise, sound of mind, with an inner pure.

They succeeded in the hereafter without obstacles,
Departing in peace, as though sleeping tight.

But those who approached her, in hope and desire,
She let loose her tethers, ensnaring them in.

Whoever adopts the World's ways becomes vile,
The rudest and coarsest of all mankind.

So be weary of her ploys, vigilant of her evils,
And turn to Allah - for Allah will safeguard you.

Fill your life with righteous deeds;
Maybe they will save you one day.

Reliance on the world and its ornaments,
Is a malady which only Allah can cure.