



*Tear's*  
*of*  
*An Empty*  
*Heart*

Love Is Who You Are & What You Are

*Antonio Fleming*

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*of*  
*An Empty Heart*  
Love Is Who You Are & What You Are  
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# IN THE NAME GOD THE COMPASSIONATE, THE ALL MERCIFUL

All praise and thanks are due to Allah ta'ala alone, the Sustainer and Creator of existence. May the choicest blessings and peace be upon the last of the righteous messengers and prophets, Muhammad ﷺ his family, Companions and all those who follow in his footsteps till the blowing of the trumpet.

قُلْ إِنَّمَا أَنَا بَشَرٌ مِّثْلُكُمْ يُوحَىٰ إِلَيَّ أَنَّمَا إِلَهُكُمُ إِلَهُ وَاحِدٌ فَمَن كَانَ يَرْجُوا لِقَاءَ رَبِّهِ فَلْيَعْمَلْ عَمَلًا صَالِحًا وَلَا يُشْرِكْ بِعِبَادَةِ رَبِّهِ أَحَدًا ﴿١١٠﴾

Say: “I am only a human being like you. It is revealed to me that your God is One God, therefore whoever wishes to reach Allah (before death) let him do improving deeds (the soul’s cleansing) and let him not associate anyone with Him in the worship of his Lord”.

(Surah Al-Kahf: 110)



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## *"Hands of Time"*

If I could turn back the hands of time  
the droplets of love escaping my heart  
would shed no tears

If I could turn back the hands of time  
hidden would not be your smile

the knowledge of why tormented silence governs me  
nor would I feel as though I failed to sustain the rare blessing your once gave

If I could turn back the hands of time

I'd prove with measurable certainty

that you're not only appreciated with every breath

but it's the genuineness of your countenance my steps are crying for.

Recognizable to the eyes of time

are the elements of my growing emptiness

in the passing seconds of the day and night

For I am suffering by knowledge

that's unknown to me

Please grant me one more chance!

Evidence of my footsteps, I search

given that I strive not only to learn the jewels of my ignorance

but what of myself needs to be strengthened

Because I exist not to be defined

*'As Less Than A Man'*

for losing an Irreplaceable life so magnificent.

As silence expands the walls between us

and the preciousness of your grace hovers in thought above my whispers

I find the wings of my heart

spreading with a backdrop of stars

as I cry aloud genuinely wishing

*'I could turn back the hands of time.'*

For truly I know

internal tears

would not puncture the veins of my breathing.

Under the setting of the sun

I drink from the cup of unfruitful loneliness

Given I've lost the acceptance of an irreplaceable flower

no botanist can cultivate.

If only I can turn back the hands of time

no careless mistakes will I make

and the fears developed due to those of your past

I'd patiently kiss with understanding that withers not in time

If only I could turn back the hands of time

I'd dissect my intentions

freeze them

then lay its essence upon your pillow with the keys of my pulse and soul.

If I could turn back the hands of time

I'd insert myself as your last first kiss

and shield you from all the emotional pain your smile has sustained

If I could turn back the hands of time

my eyes would prove their loyalty

my tongue would only speak your name

and my heart would only pump to love the treasure you are

If I could turn back the hands of time

my day would not exist absent that flower

which no scientist can clone or crossbred, YOU.





# *"No Knowledge"*

I have no knowledge of what springs your smile forth  
or causes the softness of your whispers to develop laughter  
But I do know  
no matter what befalls you  
your woman's worth is far more vivid  
than the eyes of this life can process  
I also know  
the woman you are within the woman  
gives life meaning beyond words and substance not easily identifiable.

I have no knowledge  
of what it's like to be traceable within your thoughts  
But I do know  
whether external or internal to the sincerity of my eyes  
You are more BEAUTIFUL  
than a Wellendoff princess cut diamond  
more significant to existence than the creation of bees  
and a true reflection of water's strength

You were birthed by God's mercy  
to exceed the definition of extraordinary and the concept of irresistible  
Never can I be wrong  
in considering you life's most precious creature.

I have no knowledge  
of what it feels like to listen attentively to your heartbeat  
beneath the stars as the tide roars

But I do know  
all that's hidden in the captivating beauty of your eyes  
is appreciated  
regardless of what's unknown and cumulative pain  
The gates of silence  
may shelter a jewel  
far more precious than most  
yet time will never render forgotten thoughts  
because I swear upon my knees that my heart will always belong to you.



