

اللهم صل على محمد وآل محمد

Heartfelt Writings for
Star of the Hearts,
Lady Ruqayyah (PBUH)

يا فاطمة الزهراء
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O my Master (Hussain)!

أَتَقَرَّبُ إِلَى رَبِّي بِوُفُودِي إِلَيْكَ

I seek nearness to God through crying for You,

وَبُكَائِي عَلَيْكَ

through wailing aloud, and

وَعَوِيلِي وَحَسْرَتِي وَأَسْفِي وَبُكَائِي

through my grief and regret and weeping

Excerpt from Ziyarat Mutlaqah of Sayyid al-Shuhada (p)

اللَّهُمَّ صَلِّ عَلَى آلِكَ قُلُوبُهُمْ يَتَمِيمُونَ



Fatima (p) is a Lady whose very name is enough
to leave the earth and sky,
humankind and jinn,
the compassionate and the hard-hearted,
bewildered and astonished.

She is the Lady of the Worlds, the Leader of the
Women of all times.

Wherever Her cherished son goes, She casts Her
shadow,

**to remind everyone that Hussain (p) is the
path of servitude and closeness to the Lord.**

And Her manifestation in Shām is “**Ruqayyah**”,
the orphan who, by Allah’s permission, connects
souls to His sacred presence just like Her Mother.

اللهم بارك لمولانا صاحب الدنيا



لَقَدْ عَظُمَتْ مَصَائِبُنَا بِكَ يَا ابْنَةَ الْحُسَيْنِ

Indeed, our afflictions have grown immense because of
You, O daughter of Hussain.

وَ شَخَصَتْ أَعْيُنُنَا إِلَيْكَ بِالْدَّمْعِ السَّخِينِ،

Our eyes have turned toward you with burning tears,

وَ شَحِبَتْ أَلْوَانُنَا بِنَشِيجِ الْوَالِهِ الْحَزِينِ

Our faces have paled from the sobs of deep sorrow,

وَ تَكَبَدَتْ قُلُوبُنَا مِنْ أَسْهُمِ الْحِقْدِ الدَّفِينِ
لِأَلِّ أُمِّيَّةِ الظَّالِمِينَ

And our hearts have been pierced by the arrows of the
deeply rooted hatred of the oppressive family of
Umayyah.

اللَّهُمَّ بَارِكْ لِمَوْلَانَا صَاحِبِ الزُّمَانِ



أَشْهَدُ أَنَّكُمْ تَحَمَّلْتُمْ الْمُصَابَ

I acknowledge that You endured many calamities...

وَأَنَّكُمْ أَحْيَاءُ بِنَصِّ الْكِتَابِ

And You are alive, as affirmed by the text of the Book,

حَيْثُ قَالَ سَرِيعُ الْحِسَابِ:

Where the Swift-in-Reckoning said:

«وَلَا تَحْسَبَنَّ الَّذِينَ قُتِلُوا فِي سَبِيلِ اللَّهِ أَمْوَاتًا بَلْ أَحْيَاءُ
عِنْدَ رَبِّهِمْ يُرْزَقُونَ»

“Do not think of those who were killed in the way of Allah
as dead.

Rather, they are alive, being provided for by their Lord...”

Ziyarat of Mafjaeh of Hazrat Ruqayyah, peace be upon Her

اللَّهُمَّ يَا أَرْكَانَ الْكَوْنِ يَا صَاحِبَ الدِّنَا



It is narrated in the book Sorur al-Mu'minin:
Hazrat Ruqayyah (p) used to spread Her Father's
prayer mat each time for prayer, and Imam (p)
would pray upon it.

On the noon of Ashura, as was Her habit, She
spread Her Father's prayer mat and sat waiting.
But after a while, suddenly She saw Shimr the
accursed enter the tent.

Our Lady Ruqayyah (p) said to him:

"Did you see My Father?"

That accursed one, seeing Her sitting beside the
prayer mat waiting for Her Father, told his
servant: "Strike Her."

The servant refused to carry out this order.



Then Shimr (may Allah's curse be upon him)
himself advanced and slapped that delicate child's
face so hard that the Throne of God trembled...

O Noble Lady!

Your Father came to You in the dead of night, in
the corner of the ruin, in Your dream.

He shed many tears and said to You:

*"My precious one, why is Your face bruised, My
three-year-old Zahra?"*

*Did You also hold the document of the Garden of
Fadak in Your little hands?"*

لَعَنَ اللَّهُ مَنْ ضَرَبَكَ وَ لَطَمَكَ

May Allah curse who struck and slapped You.



What pain is greater for a servant than the separation from
the Imam...

*He who has found His Master—what has he truly lost?
And he who has turned away from the fatherly embrace of
his Master—what in this world will he find?*

When the truth of servitude and worship must be sought
in Hussain and in tears for Hussain (p), what sustenance
should one beg for, so that the thirsty desert of the self
might be transformed into the life and vitality of
Muhammadi being?

One must grasp the hands of that beloved intercessor
whose lap was adorned by Her Father's severed, bloodied
head, and in that moment Her soul parted from Her body
and migrated to Her Father.

She is the one who rescues those cut off from Hazrat Aba
Abdillah al-Husayn (p), connects them to the sacred
presence of the "Father of Servants" (Aba Abdillah), and
raises them up in the endless sea of the lovers.



*O Fatimah al-Shafi'ah (the Intercessor),
O Siddiqah al-Shahidah (Truthful Martyr),
O Ruqayyah al-Murtaqa,
Lady of the Worlds,*

We too are orphans of the family of Muhammad—
orphans whom the tyranny and injustice of this world
have separated from our Master...

That oppression which first began with the slap on
that divine face in the alley of Bani Hashim...
From the bruising of Ali's beloved, darkness spread
over the veil of creation, and hearts grew cold and
hard with ignorance and ego...

We thirst for reunion with our Imam...
Our eyes are filled with hope for Your intercession...
So that through Your hands, our union with our
Master might be realized...
Intercede for us...



Do not be misled by Her young age or Her small stature.

All of history, even to this day,
stands in awe of Her free spirit, understanding, and perfection.

She came to be the clear proof of Her Father's loneliness,
She weeps to continue Her family's call for truth and justice.

Ruqayyah (peace be upon Her)...

The beloved three-year-old of Her Father,
the solace for Zaynab's restlessness,
the source of strength that helped Imam Sajjad endure
those fateful days of captivity,
the sweet smile on Uncle Abbas's lips...

اللهم اني ارجو ان اصحاب الدنيا



Your blessed name even now stirs turmoil in the hearts and minds of the devoted of Hussain, and Shia will forever remain indebted to Your meaningful, knowing tears...

Your small, noble hands have for years been the intercessor and the solver of the knots for the Prophet's (p) nation.

*O Star in the hearts of Hussain's lovers!
O Ruqayyah! Your tragedy is too heavy to fit within
the lines of our words...*



السَّلَامُ عَلَيْكَ يَا شَهِيدَةَ الْحُزْنِ وَ الْبُكَاءِ

Peace be upon You, O Martyr of Grief and Weeping.

السَّلَامُ عَلَى الْبَاكِیَةِ الشَّاكِیَةِ النَّادِبَةِ

Peace be upon the Weeping, Complaining, and
Lamenting One.

السَّلَامُ عَلَى صَاحِبَةِ الْحُزْنِ الْعَظِيمِ

Peace be upon the One Possessing Great Sorrow.

السَّلَامُ عَلَى ذَاتِ الْعَيْنِ السَّكُوبِ

Peace be upon the One with tearing Eyes.

اللَّهُمَّ يَا أَرْحَمَ الرَّاحِمِينَ صَلِّ عَلَى النَّبِيِّ



O Possessor of Grief, in the land of sorrow...

O my Lady, O my Mistress,
O Ruqayyah, Bint al-Hussain (p),

For forty stations of captivity,
Your eyes were like oceans,
Your liver turned to blood,
and Your lips were constantly murmuring the
remembrance of Hussain (p),
until You finally were united with the dot beneath
the Bā' (head of Hussain, p)...



O Intercessor from the Family of Hussain (p),
Through Your blessed name and Your blessed
hands that untie every knot of hardship, we seek
intercession,
hoping to earn the worthiness to join our Master...

That very Master who, for centuries, resembles You,
the Avenger who morning and night, weeps blood.

*Ājarakallah, O our Master, Baqiyyatallah (may
our souls be sacrificed for Him).*



الزَّيْنِ
صَلَّى
اللَّهُمَّ بَارِكْ لِمَوْلَانَا

الهي بحق رقية عجل لوليک الفرج

وَيُمَيِّنُهُ زَيْنُ الْوَرْدِ



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