

(1) The Scene Prior To Islam

It was a desolate land: sandy, barren, and unfriendly
The home of the Arabs; wild ferocious and manly
They worshipped the idols; they loved to fight
Life to them was wine, women and might
The number of wives, the cattle they owned,
The number of slaves, one's house adorned,
Was a sign of rank in wealth and might;
It was a society, where Might was Right.
Two qualities they had, which were good
The guests they honored, with best of food
Poetry to them, was an art supremely sublime
They were literary geniuses of their time.
They killed female babes, they buried them alive
They married the widows, their father's wives
Vengeance was a passion, cruel the strife
These sons of desert, such was their life.
Morals they had none; wild was their lust
Women were cattle, treated like dust
Enjoyment of life was their sole goal
Woman, they believed, had no soul.
They had no belief in the life Hereafter
Life to them was all fun and laughter
Prophets had come and prophets had gone
Still, this land was of truth shorn.
Judaism was dead; Christianity was in name
Sickly and forlorn, the world remained
Vengeance, to them, was an article of faith
Blindly, they relished their creed of hate.
The priests were interpreters of heavenly laws

They commanded respect and were held in awe
Things that were unlawful, to them were allowed
A privileged class; they were haughty and proud.
In span of four thousand and odd years
Innumerable religions had been reared
With passage of time, they were polluted
Beyond recognition, each got diluted.
The true religions were only in name
It was virtually a devils reign
Truth was at a discount; honesty had fled
Virtue was scoffed at; goodness was dead.
This land was thus chosen for God's last message
It was the crossroad of international passage
The last of message was thus destined,
To stay forever and cover all mankind.

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