

Snowflakes

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They came in the millions
each one unique
They swirled all around us
but not a word did they speak
We each played among them
how we did romp and roam
For hours they entertained us
until we were all called home

But even from the window
inside of our houses warm and bright
We could still see them
as they flickered in the night
Glitter and sparkle, swirl and dance
How I longed to be with them
If I only had the chance



When my father came home I rushed to him
and asked if he saw what Allah had sent down
He told me he did and he tried to smile
because he had been stuck in the snow all the way across town.

Then the smile did come and he said, "Son let's go."
And outside we went into the cold to build a masjid made out of snow
The snowflakes keep falling, but build it we did
And I helped out a lot even though I'm still a kid

Just me and my dad, a million snowflakes,
and my mom watching from the door
Praising Allah in the middle of a snowstorm
What son could ask for more?

