

Plea/Cry from the Cradle

Written by Boorhaanol
Wednesday, 26 August 2009 10:04



O my son, neither forsake nor forget me
For my hour of need has dawned
Though promises of riches may dazzle you
Many a peril it has spawned

O my son, you spent your life/time championing my cause

Decreed unshackled by Allah's laws
Richest rewards will reach you soon
Verily you are of the Saabiqoon

O my son, abode of the righteous and the Auliya
Your noble roots are centuries deep
Hallowed by countless footprints to heaven
Their disappearance will surely make you weep

O my soul, unique blend of the East and the West



Of culture and cuisine, of melody and tranquility

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Ten minarets in close conversation
Only a fool will deny it for posterity

O my son of my son, Bo-Kaap is but a fading memory
For Uppertown is the real estate paradise
Your kin has departed, minarets replaced
Do you care where your direction lies