

If You See ...

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In the name of God, the Merciful, the Merciful. This is a poem by Arfañ Sitookoto Daabo whose original name is Abuubakar Daabo from the village of Jaawo Suukutooto.

If you see that I have started to travel a lot now,

enduring hunger and thirst, it is to be able to satisfy my [material] needs.

I told myself that if I stayed where I was, I would only envy the others

on that day when my body can no longer bear the difficulties [of life].

I told myself that I must travel so that my family and I are happy,

and so that I can also worship God when my needs are met.

My God, Allah, forgive me. Cover me with discretion and surround me

with Your protection when you deliver Your blessings [unto me].

Give me the means to build my house and cover it with a roof

where all my children can stay when I am no longer there.

Turn not your back on me. Take care of my possessions.

Provide me with abundance. Take care of me. Take me on Your back when You go.

Give me long life, good health,

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protection and prosperity. Don't drop me from Your back and abandon me.

Provide me with material goods and many companions,
with a wife and many children who will not be separated.

Give me knowledge and divine worship,
as well as the fear of God and the chance for endless wealth.

Now, I ask You to put me on the right path.
Bring all the people to me, from here to Kansala.

You who have the power to make the bird and its chicks live in a nest,
make my life pleasant while keeping me from difficulties.

Do not reject my acts of worship, and do not differentiate my acts either.
Put them all together, make them beautiful and receive them from me.

I am in your hands. Whatever you want to do with me, I'll take it Your way.
I worry not because your rewards are infallible.

I have only You to call for help.

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That is why I keep calling You, oh my God, to hold my hand.

Don't let go of my hand if I should fall.

Lead me in the right direction and never let go of my hand in case I fall.

My enemy who sits and waits to rejoice when I fall,
make him miserable, and send him misery, hunger, and poverty.

Do not reject my acts of worship, and do not differentiate my acts either.

Put them all together, make them beautiful and receive them from me.

Your forgiveness, your love and your tolerance

are my only obsessions. That is why I'm proud.

On the Day of the Last Judgment, do not expose my faults in the public square.

That day when the mother says to her child "I am not your mother!"

for fear that her worst secrets will be revealed,

this day when the two lovers flee one another as from a whirlwind,

and when the wife says to her husband, "Do not go; don't leave me here!",

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cover me on those days with your protection. Spare me the shame that would bring me down.

Don't make me wait there. Don't make me sweat with fear; spare me the pain.

Listen to my detractors who say that I did not write these verses in Arabic!

They don't know that God understands every word that is spoken.

Yet the inspiration that generated these lyrics and led to their writing

is drawn from an invisible and distant source.

I stood in front of this source that I found full to the brim.

I washed my body there and drank so much that when I got up, I belched!

Even though the heat of the sun burns your body,

your mind does not see it, because it is blinded!

As for me, this is where I implored the mercy of God, the Almighty.

Bring me prosperity when your blessings are poured out on the earth.

Ensure that I am not anonymous when I stand in a crowd.

Make me famous and increase my happiness.

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Do not weaken my strength, and tire not of protecting me.

Don't let my enemy laugh at me, and take me not away from happiness.

The boils and hives that make my body itch,

protect me from them and also from tuberculosis.

Don't give me a barren wife, and let not my children die in their youth.

Ensure that I do not lose any child. Hold me tight and don't let go.

Grant me your mercy and keep safe my secrets.

Do not dishonor me in the public square and spare me from dying far from my family.

Protect me from drowning and ensure that no one will kill me with a gunshot.

Protect me from any accident that might befall and kill me.

Provide me with plenty of domestic animals, and don't let me fall in decadence.

Increase my notoriety until I am called " The Most Eminent "!

So now I implore You to guide me on the right path.

Bring everyone to me from here to Kansala.

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Moreover, if You wanted, You could enrich us all,

without risking any of the greatness that You have no risk of losing.

Even the letters b, m, s and q of Your names would not be affected [if You made us all rich].

My Creator, protect me from floods and disasters.

Protect me from any disease that would isolate me from others,

such as madness, Parkinson's disease, hydrocele, and syphilis,

as well as malaria, goiter, and scleroderma.

Accept these prayers by the grace of the Prophet and his companions.

End of the poem.