

## THE ANT AND THE QUILL

Inspired by Imam Ghazali's profound allegory of Tauheed (Divine Oneness/Unity)

Behind a generous well of ink,  
There stood an ant so wee,  
And nothing was around him that  
Was littler than he.

He watched with great amazement as  
A giant feather quill  
Descended into blackness, then  
Remained to drink its fill.

And thus the quill withdrew before  
Returning for its sips,  
Which made the ant to wonder what  
Transpired tween the dips;

He ventured round the glassy well  
And out his head did poke  
To find the quill make strokes on what  
Reminded him of oak,

And marveled at the written work,  
Extolled the mighty quill:  
How utterly magnificent  
Was its creative skill,

But as he watched, his eye did catch  
Five fingers, slender, long  
That grasped the quill with every care:  
A grasp so firm and strong,

And so the ant was overcome  
With admiration true  
For how the hand did wield the quill  
To all its bidding do;

But short lived is such wonderment  
For soon the ant did see  
The subtle motions of an arm  
That moved about so free.

The arm he traced to what he deemed  
The body of a beast  
With head and face that comely seemed  
And noble at the least.

So turned he from the noble face,  
Content he would not find  
What underlay the vast of space  
That leaves the seeing blind.

But man, unlike the ant, can see  
Much more than just a face,  
For knowledge of the intellect  
Is with the human race;

The guided eye may even see  
Beyond the intellect  
Where inspiration is the light  
That hearts of men reflect.

And so beside the inkwell of  
Divine creation, we  
Extol the means, but turn away  
From what we cannot see.

But even did the little ant  
Acknowledge with a sigh,  
That all creation springs from One  
Well hidden from the eye.

