

# The Silver House

By Laith

Walking down the street,  
I see a house, a silver house;  
Its dome sparkles,  
Sparkles like a [diamond](#),  
Sparkles like a [chandelier](#),  
Sparkles so [beautifully](#),  
I can't wait to go inside.

In that silver house,  
Is a place of worship,  
I realise I was wrong,  
To assume it was a playground;  
So I think to myself,  
I feel Allah's guidance,  
To help me polish my heart.

I enter through its doors,  
I climb the stairs,  
Then start my prayers;  
My friends, My brothers, here by my side,  
To polish away traits like greed and pride,  
Working to be better Muslims Alhamdulillah,  
Striving to be closer to Allah.