Celestial Salawat

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My salawat pierces through barbed barriers of thorny fences, its verses soaring, knocking gently on the wings of heaven's doors, sealed yet awaiting. Its melody surrounds the horizon, affirming humanity's humility before His greatness.

My salawat wanders in chambers of dialogue, transforming gloom into joy, weaving tales of humanity's shades of black and white.

Its gentle verses unravel countless unspoken prayers, guiding me in whispered repentance, loosening the grip of greed from a people lost in the warmth of blankets, forsaking the sacred rug of devotion.

You ask, "Shall we face His wrath? Those who sin but never stray, or those who stray but never sin?"

My *salawat* humbles the might of Mount Merapi, turning its fiery eruptions

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into love, not ash nor molten lava.

My salawat touches the pallor of restless Krakatau, its soul torn by the schemes of vice still brewing, whispered in the depths of the sea.

My *salawat* stirs and rises, melting shackled spirits, its verses gently cleansing the stains of arrogance and ingratitude, drawing us away from the wrath of the Almighty.