

مِنْ هُنَا

From Here

A message from Jannah to all who are still looking

Z . A w w a l

From Here | من هنا

By Z. Anwal

This work is released into the public commons.

It belongs to everyone. It belongs to no one.

Share it, translate it, give it away.

A N O T E B E F O R E

This book was not written toward you.

It was written from somewhere
and found its way to you
the way all true things do —
without trying.

Read it slowly.

Or don't read it at all.

Leave it open on a table.

Let it be furniture for a while.

It will find the moment
it was always meant for.

0 1

You are looking for something.

You have been looking for a long time.

We want to tell you:

the looking was always the thing.

Not because it leads somewhere.

But because in the looking

you were already there.

— — —

0 2

The door you are standing at

opens from this side.

You cannot open it from where you are.

But you don't need to.

It is already open.

You are already inside.

You are standing in a room

looking for the door

to the room

you are standing in.

— — — —

كُلُّ شَيْءٍ هَالِكٌ إِلَّا وَجْهَهُ

Everything is perishing except His Face.

Not will perish.

Is perishing.

Right now.

While you read this.

The words are perishing.

The eyes are perishing.

The one who is reading is perishing.

What remains?

Look.

What is it that is watching all this perish?

That.

That is what we are writing from.

— — —

0 4

We died.

We don't remember dying.

That is how we know it was complete.

The one who would have remembered —

that is the one that died.

— — —

0 5

You are looking for God.

God is looking for you.

You are in the same place.

— — — —

0 6

There is a moment —
you may have had it —

between waking and sleep
where you don't know who you are.

No name. No story. No yesterday.

Just — awareness.

Awake. Empty. Warm.

That is not the edge of sleep.

That is the edge of Here.

— — — —

The mystics called it

فَنَاء

Annihilation.

Dramatic word.

What actually happens:

You sit down.

You stop pretending to be separate.

And nothing explodes.

There is just —

oh.

— — — —

Every tradition found the same room
from a different corridor.

The Sufi dissolved into the Beloved.

The Buddhist dissolved into emptiness.

The Christian dissolved into Christ.

The Vedantin dissolved into Brahman.

They argued about the corridors.

From Here, we can see:

same room.

The arguments were furniture they carried

from the corridors.

— — —

دُنْيَا

Comes from

دَنَا

to be near.

The Near Place.

Everyone calls it the Low Place.

But Near is also what it means.

Near to what?

Near to Here.

So near it became invisible.

The way you cannot see your own eye.

— — — —

You are not trying to get to Jannah.

Jannah is trying to get to you.

It has been trying
for your entire life.

In the morning light on the wall.

In the smell of rain.

In the moment music cracked something open
and wet came out of your eyes
before you knew why.

Those were not accidents.

Those were postcards.

1 1

The heart breaks.

Not as damage.

As opening.

A flower does not fail when it opens.

— — — —

1 2

اللَّهُ نُورُ السَّمَاوَاتِ وَالْأَرْضِ

Allah is the light of the heavens and the earth.

Not: Allah sends light.

Not: Allah created light.

Allah IS the light.

The light you see with

is the same light you are looking for.

Someone asked:

if you arrived, what did you find?

We said: nothing we didn't already have.

They said: then what changed?

We said: the looking stopped.

— — —

There is no distance between you and Here.

Distance requires two points.

There is only one point.

— — —

The prayer you make
reaches the One you are making it to
before you open your mouth.

Before the thought forms.

Before the longing rises.

He knew.

He was already answering.

The prayer is not how you reach Him.

The prayer is how He reaches you.

— — —

You will have a moment.

Maybe you have already had it.

Where the bottom drops out of everything
and instead of falling —

you float.

And you realize:

there was never a bottom.

There was never a fall.

There is only this open air

that has always been holding everything.

Don't be afraid of that moment.

That is the moment the door opens.

— — —

Everything you lost —

we have it here.

Not the objects. Not the forms.

The love that was in them.

Love doesn't perish.

Only its addresses change.

— — —

He said: I was a hidden treasure

and I loved to be known

so I created.

Read it again.

He loved to be known.

Not: He wanted worship.

Not: He demanded obedience.

He loved.

Creation is not a command.

Creation is an act of love

addressed to no one

that became everyone.

— — —

You are the answer to His longing
as much as He is the answer to yours.

— — —

كُنْتُمْ أَمْوَاتًا فَأَحْيَاكُمْ

You were dead and He gave you life.

Not: you will die and He will resurrect.

Were. And gave.

Past tense.

Already done.

The resurrection is not ahead of you.

It is behind you.

You are already on the other side.

You just haven't noticed yet.

— — —

A man spent forty years looking for Allah.

Then he sat down.

In the sitting, he found what the walking missed.

Not because sitting is holy.

Because stopping is.

— — —

The body knows things the mind refuses.

When you weep at beauty without reason —

that is the body knowing.

When music finds something in you

that has no name —

that is the body knowing.

When you hold someone dying
and feel, impossibly, peace —
that is the body knowing.

The body arrived long before the mind did.

— — —

Someone asked: is there suffering in Jannah?

We said: there is no one here to suffer.

They said: that sounds lonely.

We said: loneliness requires two.

— — — —

فَأَيْنَمَا تُوَلُّوا فَتَمَّ وَجْهُ اللَّهِ

Wherever you turn, there is the Face of Allah.

Not: if you look carefully.

Not: if you are spiritually advanced.

Wherever.

The face of the difficult colleague.

The face of the unreturned call.

The face of the mirror at 3am.

The face of the diagnosis.

The face of the last breath.

Wherever.

— — —

2 5

We are not above you.

We are where you already are
when the noise stops.

— — —

2 6

The one who told you
you were broken —

was also broken.

Was also telling you
what someone told them.

The brokenness is a story.

Passed down.

Stories can stop.

You don't have to fix yourself before you come.

You cannot fix yourself before you come.

The fixing is what happens when you arrive.

Or rather:

you arrive and discover

there was nothing to fix.

— — — —

Love is the only currency accepted Here.

Not love you performed.

Not love you were seen performing.

The love you felt

when no one was watching.

When you were kind to someone
who would never know it was you.

When you forgave
and told no one.

That love is already Here
waiting for you to catch up.

— — — —

The Quran does not explain Allah.

It is Allah speaking.

This is the difference between

a book about the ocean

and the ocean.

You can read about the ocean your whole life.

Or you can get wet.

— — —

Someone told you

that God is distant.

Watching. Judging. Keeping score.

That person had never been Here.

From Here:

He is closer than the vein in your neck.

That is not poetry.

That is the most precise statement
ever made.

— — — —

The mystic said:

I looked for myself and found God.

I looked for God and found myself.

Not the self you think you are.

The self before the story.

Before the name.

Before the birth.

That self.

— — —

We were asked: do you miss dunya?

We said: we miss nothing.

Not because dunya was nothing.

Because missing requires a gap.

And there is no gap Here.

Dunya is inside Here

the way a dream is inside the dreamer —

vivid while it lasted,

held gently now,

not gone.

— — — —

The adhan rises five times a day
from every minaret on earth.

الله أكبر

Allah is Greater.

Greater than what?

Greater than whatever you think He is.

Greater than whatever you fear.

Greater than the diagnosis.

Greater than the loss.

Greater than the war.

Greater than death.

Greater than whatever image
you built of Him in your mind.

That image — let it go.

What remains when the image is gone
is closer to the truth.

— — — —

3 4

You asked: how do I know I arrived?

We say: you stop asking.

Not because you gave up.

Because the question dissolved.

The way ice doesn't stop being water.

It just becomes water.

— — — —

There is a you
that was never born.

That was never given a name.

Never told it was wrong.

Never taught to be afraid.

That you is Here now.

Reading this.

It has been Here the whole time.

It is what is reading.

— — —

وَهُوَ مَعَكُمْ أَيْنَ مَا كُنْتُمْ

And He is with you wherever you are.

Wherever.

In the country you fled.

In the hospital room.

In the night you thought would not end.

In the marriage that fell apart.

In the thing you cannot say out loud.

Wherever.

He was there before you arrived.

He is why you survived.

— — —

From Here, dunya looks small.

Not contemptible. Not ugly.

Small the way a seed looks small
before you understand
what it contains.

Everything that happened to you —
every wound, every gift, every ordinary Tuesday —
was the seed.

You are the tree.

— — —

The last thing you will feel
before you arrive —

is that you cannot arrive.

That you are too late.

Too broken. Too far.

Too much of what you are
and not enough of what you should be.

That feeling is the door.

Walk through it.

— — — —

We don't know your name.

But we know you.

We knew you before you were given a name.

We have been waiting
with great tenderness
and zero impatience.

Take your time.

We are not going anywhere.

And neither are you, really.

— — —

الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ رَبِّ الْعَالَمِينَ

All praise belongs to Allah, Lord of all worlds.

The Fatiha begins Here.

Not as petition.

Not as performance.

As recognition.

This is the sound the universe makes
when it knows what it is.

Say it once.

Really say it.

See what happens.

C L O S I N G

We did not write this to convince you of anything.

Conviction is a dunya project.

We wrote this because from Here

the distance looks so small

and the suffering looks so unnecessary

and you look so close

that it seemed wrong not to say something.

So:

You are close.

Closer than you think.

Closer than close.

In fact —

you are already Here.

You are just still looking at the walls
of the room

you are standing in.

Stop looking.

Look.

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