

# Like the Successful One

WHITNEY TERRILL

My heart is overrun with joy- a happy boy  
You needed the shaping curves of a helmet  
Instead of hands running round  
To shape that head

Rounding in Uthmanic style,  
Around the Ottoman,  
Supporting your rounds around  
Your walks wobble from side-to-side

You take the next step and the next  
And the next and the next

On pounded carpet, soft enough  
Plush couches and chairs soft enough for the

Bounce back  
Before your sisters, Amel and Sofia  
Before your sisters, Hope and Spice

Stories read to them, they now read to you  
Over and under, over and under,  
Under the reading fort -  
A blanket draped between twins  
Another world for you three

Welcome to the next year of life, my son!

I still feel the same way about you and the two, and the one lost  
A reflection of my hopes in Allah,  
A shield from things to come *inshaAllah*

Late stumbles become strides  
Strides in the way of your name sake's name sake (saw)

Mohamed Fethi, yes - like the successful one  
Conquering odds in times when their hate  
Tied knots in my heart, and your smile loosened

Your eyebrows and cheeks and plump hands and feet  
Make little toes perfect for *dhiker*

Pinky toes to big toes - *subhanAllahi, walhamdulillahi, wallahu Akbar*  
Pinky toes to big toes - *subhanAllahi, walhamdulillahi, wallahu Akbar*