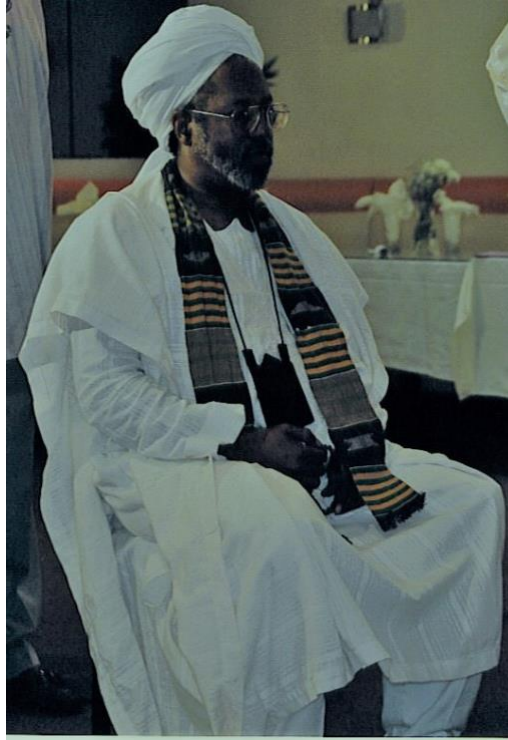


The Moon Life Collection

Short stories, poems, and prose

By Muntheru Saadiq Mujaahid Shah

from the “Secret Impressions and Self Images” manuscript



All praise is due Allah!

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**With the name, Allah, the beneficent, the most merciful
"Muhammed Ali and Me"**

By, Muntheru

The greatest for the world to see
people wonder how it could ever be
a giant of a man like Muhammad Ali.
It's his faith that inspires me.
Whenever I'm down and out,
I still believe without a doubt and
remember Muhammad Ali,
that gives new strength to me.

They called him Cassius Clay.
They thought that that was OK,
but in the end, they all had to pay...
"I am the greatest"
is what they heard him say
reflecting "Allah is greater" in any day!

They tried to send him to Vietnam,
though they took his title
he didn't give a damn!
The test of courage
and the threat of jail,
but the belief in Allah
will never fail.

Then back he came
with the phantom punch of lightning speed.
They fell by the bunch
no one saw the right hand lead
the Ali shuffle, shows his feet are quick.
When the losers scuffle they think it's a trick.

Now, just before I give up, hope
I recall Zaire and the rope a dope
Ali's name feels the air.
The favorite challenger could not cope.
We all know the decision is fair.

In Ali's example, there is a sign
of in the fight for truth waged in your mind.
The ring is peace a heavenly design
Allah is the judge His decision divine.



"Red Shoes"

By Muntheru

When I get the blues and feel down, cause I can't pay the dues.
I don't give up and lose. I just put on my red shoes,
go out on the town and let the whole crowd laugh away my frown
while I just keep laying my feet to the ground.
My red shoes let the whole world know I'm around.

They got high platform soles I even wear red polka-dot hose
and with my 4-inch stacked heels, Lord knows how high they makes me feels.

Although I Teeter and totter, I'm like a real globe trotter
as I look down my nose while down the streets I goes.



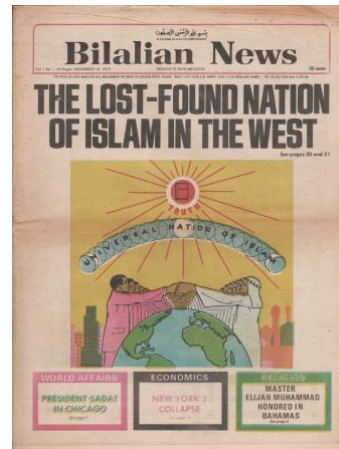
But then, one day, while looking down my nose,
barely standing up against societies blows,
I didn't even have a clean pair of clothes
trying to get high off a couple of NoDoz.

I stopped on the corner to tie up my shoes
and a little bitty man said get your Bilalian News.
WHAT? Be-lad-de-and News... I don't want no Be-lay-me-Damm News!
Leave me to hell alone!

The little brother politely said whatever you choose,
and he went on selling his Bilalian news.
I stopped to think why did I refuse the nice young man with the Bilalian news?
So I went up behind him. He turned like a flash, BILALIAN NEWS, sir.

When I looked him dead in the eye,
he said I see you brother in your beautiful red shoes.
You can't hide the fact that you got the blues.
Just read the Bilalian news and you won't be confused.

Now I've got a new pair of shoes
and I'm out on the corner with brother Warner,
and every time I'm abused
I remember brother Warner,
and my first Bilalian news.



Elmo De Elephant"

By, Muntheru

Far far away there is a place a distant land where life is wild and free.
There once lived a big black elephant named Elmo, "Elmo De Elephant"!
Now, Elmo just love to roam through the jungles, picking leaves off the tallest trees.
He would roll back his big long nose and flap, his big floppy ears as he romped and stomped through the hot jungles of Africa. He would wear up on his hind legs and trumpet in a loud blast that would cause the whole jungle to quake.

When Elmo De Elephant went down to the watering hole,
all of the other elephants would follow big black Elmo
cause he would stick his long, long trunk deep down into the bottom of the stream
were the water was nice and cool, then he would suck gallons of freshwater up
and curled his truck over his head, blowing a jet spray down his back
that would splash all over the other elephants.

But then, one day, something very strange happened to Elmo.
Big black Elmo De Elephant caught in a trap.
The hole was deep, dark and cold. The space was cramped, tight and very uncomfortable.
And now Elmo is in a cage, eating hay and peanuts,
hay and peanuts big black Elmo De Elephant who is used to eating green leaves off the tallest trees,
eating hay and peanuts and doing tricks in the sideshow.
However, Elmo does not let that get him down.
He just rolls back, his big long nose and flap, his big floppy ears
and romps stomps around the circus ring.

Then, when big black Elmo, De Elephant rears up on his hind legs,
points is ivory, white, tusks to the sky, and Trumpets,
with one single loud blast that causes the whole big top to shake
the children with a tear in their eyes, all know that
big Black Elmo De Elephant belongs at home in Africa.



“There are no Hobnoggles on the Moon”

by, Muntheru



Fee-Finkel-Doddoley-Doe does anyone know where the hobnoggles go?
“I think they float on Argo-Ra-Gan—Billows late at night while we’re asleep on our goose down filled pillows.” Well, you could be right, or you may be wrong, but the Gore-Guck-Smuggly-Buck once told me that on one of his long journeys to the far side of the moon, he saw a whole family of Hobnoggles bathing in meteorite dust deep within a crater on the moon’s rocky crust. He said, from behind a twinkling star, Alpha Centaurus he heard them laughing and singing, as happy as could be because they were alone where human eyes could not see.

Then all of a sudden, there was a dreadful roar. The sky was a blaze, with burning fire, the ground shook and split apart, the mountains, crumbled like a breaking heart... The Hobnoggles looked up in terror. Their pimple filled purple faces turned orange, while their green bubble eyes bucked at what they saw. It landed with a loud thump, then hissed and steamed. Tiny white, blue and red lights were spinning around flashing in all directions. There was a faint sound coming from what looks to be like a door bleep, bleep, bleep, bleep it slowly opened. The Hobnoggles were petrified with fear. their fat dumpy bodies shook like Jell-O, as they tried to bounce off into space like rubber balls as Hobnoggles often do.

In slow motion, the strange figure emerged drifting from the opening. It was horrible with a giant metal head having one big glass bubble for a face. Its skin was silver polyurethane, synthetic fiber. On it’s back were heavy cylinder tanks with rubber coiled hoses coming from them attach that huge metal head. The Hobnoggles looked at each other and said wonk-slurp-zingglap-eek and they shot off into space faster than light.

The Gore-Guck-Smuggly-Buck said he then heard the strange creature saying, “I read you NASA five-by-five loud and clear this is Colonel Neil Armstrong. I’ve just embarked from the lunar module; this is a small step for man but a giant leap for mankind.”
The end...



" Magic"

By Muntheru

Could this be magic? The way you came into my life.

Could this be magic? You took away all of my strife.

I know magic is something I don't understand.

it's like the sleight of hand...

Abracadabra, Presto, Alakazam, Vawallah, Shazam!

You said the word BE...! Bismillah! Now here I am!

The miracle of life is something grand.

What Is magic? Is this magic? Is magic real?

You put me in paradise. It makes me feel so nice.

I saw it once. I saw it twice. For this what will I sacrifice.

Did you cast a spell by the wishing well when all of the demons fell into hell.

Is the magic in you a mystery that dispels all the misery?

Like the waters of faith from the Zam Zam Well true belief will never ever fail.

This is Al-Islam, revealed in the Holy Quran, the true message from God, Allah, the only One!



No mystique, dream, or psychic illusion.

The truth it brings takes away all the confusion.

Not magic, because the magic is not real.

If you do not believe your world is like a fading mirage...

There is real proof when you make the Hajj. So, remember these things that I say to you about magic and the power of Allah.

The source of this you cannot see. It's a gift that will make you free.

No magician Just Al-Ali...



"Appealed to the Doolyflipp"

By Muntheru

He's a teeny bopper, dooly-flopper, bebopper showstopper
he performs his act right where he's at.
Dancing' and prancing scuffle'n and a shuffling,
moving and a grooving under a big floppy hat.

He's a skirt chasing street racing fool
shabbily dressed but he's always kool

Doolyflipp, I don't know how you feel,
But I'd just like to make this appeal.
Knowing that ghetto funk is yo claim to fame
Doolyflipp evening you know that's a shame!
Though ignorance is yo ideal,
Doolyflipp, can't you be real?

Smoking on a cigarette
in time he will regret
Giving little thought to this request
Nevertheless, he thinks he's the best
when all society knows he's the pest

He lives his life from day to day
If you ask him, he'd have it no other way...
The appealed to the Doolyflipp,
"I'm HIP! Hop over to my side. It's the right side...baby"!!!



"Ecological Aphrodite"

By Muntheru

Shades of green, clear waters and blue skies
Life so free nature has gone wild
At peace with creation
A tree, a blade of grass, a flower...

So tall, so small, in each there is beauty
A community that exists for now
The fish, the birds, the deer...

Like to winds of change constant never ending
Each just a minute entity in a vast network of an
interrelated society.
Like the first drop of rain that splashes into the
still waters of a deep pond
An ant, a bee, the roach...

The other side is violent turbulent and rough
With great eagles soaring from distant Heights
As the field rat scurries in its vein attempt
to find safety in its earthy hole.



The praying mantis quickly devours the spider
Even though he feels secure in his web.
Ugly catfish sucks up filthy scum at the bottom of polluted streams

Then
A creature embracing all
Enters the forest
The mighty trees fall
From his fires the grass is scorched
The flowers are plucked, the fish are hooked, the birds are caged, the deer is cooked.

O' mankind