

THE SUNFLOWER AND THE TRUST OF LIGHT

BY SHAAKIRA RAHIMAN



A sunflower does not grow by chance.
It turns instinctively toward the light.
Just as people grow,
when guided by wisdom and compassion.

A sunflower does not ask where the light is.
It trusts that morning will arrive.

Before it ever blooms, it learns orientation
not by force but by watching.
By turning, slowly..
towards what feels warm and true.

It stands in soil it did not choose,
among stems at different stages of becoming, yet it grows.
Because the Creator placed within it
the knowing to seek out Noor.

Mentorship is a form of that light.
Sometimes unseen, often unannounced
yet powerful enough
to shape direction and purpose.

A mentor is a quiet mercy.
Not loud. Not towering.

The sunflower signals renewal.
It blooms boldly when its season arrives,
reminding us that growth is cyclical.
That after dormancy,
Allah always brings forth life again.

And then, one day,
the turning stops.

Not because the light has gone,
but because it has been internalised.

The sunflower now faces forward.
Rooted, steady, its seeds heavy with promise
Signalling that the next generation
is coming into its own,

This is legacy.
This is barakah beyond applause.

This is mentorship as Allah intended it:
to guide without control,
to nurture without ownership,
to stand as light
until another learns how to stand in it on their own.

* This poem is written by the author,
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