

And the Profession... is a Martyr! ***Martyrdom Is the Philosophy of Life***

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وَالْمِهْنَةُ.. شَهِيدٌ! الشَّهَادَةُ فَلِسْفَةُ حَيَاةٍ

A blonde, statuesque, her hair flowing down her shoulders in sun-like braids. Kohl delineates eyes of temptation, whispering Magian incantations. She walks slowly, scattering desire, strewing it on the stones of the road like narrated tales. Perfume emanates from a twisting waist, carrying folded messages. She casts her glance at the sleepless; the lovers of passion and rosy nights.

Ali and I were on the street corner. We shyly watched the beautiful woman swaying coquettishly before our eyes. She was a girl from the neighborhood, from where she was and where we were. We knew the essence of the enchantress, and she, necessarily, did not know ours. She was adrift in the depths of passion, and we were still on the shores.

Suddenly, a luxurious car stopped near her and us. A young man of average height, with a shaved head, stepped out. He had been sitting in the back seat, while his two companions sat in the front, watching. The shaven young man stood beside the girl, talking to her. It seemed to us that he knew her well and was not a stranger to her. He greeted her with words of praise, complimenting her beauty and body. She met him with apparent indifference. Undeterred by her cold reception, he addressed her affectionately again. Pleading for her closeness, reminding her of their past encounters, adventures, and sweet, pleasant nights. But the beauty continued to rebuff the man, persistently rejecting his advances. He insisted on seeking her favor, and she intensified her disdain for his pursuit.

We were close, and the conversation was audible and clear, without falsehood. Truth be told, we were puzzled by the girl's behavior that night. Her behavior seemed

somewhat strange. We were accustomed to seeing her in such scenarios; a luxurious car and a suitor. But we had never seen her play hard to get. To our knowledge, she had never denied an admirer or deprived anyone who approached her of intimacy. But apparently, even the wanton, those who sell passion, are not without their moods at times, and waves of pride at others.

Voices rose, and the atmosphere grew tense. Our lustful friend, it seemed, could not bear the girl's refusal that night, she who had been his intimate companion on past nights. He escalated his insults, and she fiercely repelled him. He threatened her with gestures of warning, and she clung on. She wanted an escape from him, but he grabbed her arm, pulling her towards him with intense desire. He tried to push her forcibly into the car, and the girl, with ferocity and insistence, continued to resist.

I leaned aside to whisper sarcastically into my friend's ear about the sordid incident, but I found him not by my side. Ali had leaped immediately and pounced on the arrogant young man, grabbing him by the neck. It was the blink of an eye, perhaps even less, that separated the struggle between the young man and the girl from Ali's leap. For Ali never waits; his action always precedes his words. His sense of the necessity of action is highly developed. The time we usually spend deliberating and deciding whether action is truly necessary, Ali has already accomplished his own vision of what that action should be. His threshold for initiative is low; he reaches it swiftly.

Ali pounced on the libertine, punching him violently, while the girl screamed for the neighbors' help... and I... but there was no response. The lustful young man was not a weak opponent. He was older than Ali, as his features showed. Yet, the fight was evenly matched. Ali received harsh blows and returned them to his opponent multiplied, harsher and more bitter.

Ali was not heavily muscled that day, but his heart was always that of a lion's. He was bold and courageous, never hesitating to challenge the brutal and strong. His appearance wasn't the kind to instill anxiety in his opponents, or one that hinted at the spirit of a warrior within him. Despite that, he was known among us as a formidable fighter.

I loved his friendship, and I greatly feared his company. For you could never be safe in which arena or at what moment a fight might break out. Ali could not bear to see a weak person humiliated before him, nor would he accept an obscenity thrown on the road within his sight. He never believed in the principle of neutrality; in fact, he often expressed annoyance and contempt for its advocates. Neutrality, to him, was weakness, and a sure sign of loss from the outset and failure before the action. Neutrality is a trait of souls inherently defeated, he always said it clearly, with no equivocation or interpretation.

The young man's two companions stepped out, wanting to get at Ali. And Ali was alone, not staying in one place. He distributed what remained of his energy among the three attackers. But as always, numbers overcome the courage of the daring. They gathered against him, blocking his escape routes, and Ali stood firm, unbothered by his fate or their numbers. I know him well; he does not believe in fleeing as a precaution, even if darkness surrounds him from every direction.

Then, I and a handful of the spectators summoned what remained in our reservoir of human pride. And after long searching and deliberation within each of us, the decision to support became an unavoidable reality. The situation no longer tolerated our waiting. Our honor was in imminent danger. For Ali had gained the honor of the leap and was enriched, while we were still in the mud of hesitation and betrayal. The important thing is that we acted. Slowly and finally, but we acted.

I don't know if our action ended the fight or if the combatants grew tired of fighting and wanted a truce. Energy was depleted, and the decision for appeasement and ceasefire was a decision agreeable to all parties. The clashing hands settled, but the consciences, like the tongues of the disputants, continued to clash, issuing threats and renewing promises of a near future incident.

The three aggressors left in their luxurious car. Luck was not faithful to their day. And their souls were not pleased or satisfied with the achievement of their pretended virility. That I am sure of. And we, the last to act, were not convinced of our good management. Our action came late, sluggish, and faint, like the light of this lantern hanging from the streetlamp. We did not choose the action-event; the event came to us uninvited and unprovoked. It was imposed on us, as it was imposed on the three

'studs' and the girl. One single individual was completely confident of the inevitability of what happened. One single individual, who slept that night content and satisfied with his achievement.

The crowd of people dispersed. The event reached its conclusion, and there was no possibility for more excitement. They wanted it more extended and richer in events. But the will of the disputants wanted otherwise, so they left. They watched the incident as if it were a show in an entertainment theater, and left. They left searching for another amusement elsewhere... perhaps.

And none remained in the square but the three of us; Ali, the girl, and I. I sat, and Ali on the pavement curb under the streetlamp that stood witness to what had been. Ali was calm and confident as usual after every fight. The traces of the battle were evident on his face. Ali was not among the survivors. On the contrary, he was the most physically harmed. From the sides of his mouth, from his right nostril, below his right ear, here and there on his forehead and neck, blood flowed, mingling with the body's moisture. But Ali seemed preoccupied then with a small wound on his lower lip, licking it with the tip of his tongue then covering it with the upper one. He seemed to relish the heat of the blood mixed with the body's saltiness and the bitterness of pain.

The girl approached Ali, wanting to praise his courage and the nobility of his character. For the poor girl felt responsible for what had happened. It also pained her what had befallen the young man because of her. The event was shocking; its outcome, in her perspective, as in ours, was not like this. Ali looked into the girl's eyes with a steadiness that frightened the poor girl, then he explained to her succinctly that the matter transcended her to something worse and more bitter. The girl didn't utter a word; she gathered her embarrassment and withdrew from the scene. Did she become convinced of what was said, or did she convince herself of the boy's sincerity and that there were hidden reasons she was unaware of?

Whatever it was, Ali and I remained alone on the roadside. Ali turned around looking for the lamppost, wanting to use it as a backrest for his tired back. And perhaps he wondered then, was the pole still standing in its place, or had it too left?

But the pole didn't do that; it remained fixed in its place, a witness, and perhaps a narrator one evening of what had happened.

Ali was steady and calm, filled with a feeling of satisfaction with the action and its outcome. The moon was absent that night, but Ali's face seemed serene; bruises here and abrasions there did not disturb its tranquility. I could discern his features well under the silver lantern's light. The purity of his inner self was overwhelming on the slate of his face. And the blood that had previously surged in his veins left behind a spectrum of redness and radiance.

As for me, it took quite a few moments before I regained my stability and enjoyed the balance of logic and tongue once more. For my nervous system is more demanding than Ali's nervous system. Action, as well as absorbing the reactions, drains effort and time from me. While Ali is the commanding ruler of his neurological system, in action or tranquility.

Astonishing! For to this moment, I don't know how a person's mood can alternate between anger and tranquility with such speed. Nor do I know how he doesn't feel pain, covered in wounds, while others are incapacitated by the pains of trivial injuries. Is it the belief in the essence of the action that makes a person accept its consequences willingly and quickly? Or is it the genetic genes acting upon us and our actions, negatively or positively?

Silence prevailed for two moments. And since I hate emptiness, I looked at Ali to argue with him about what had happened. However, Ali sensed the question buzzing in my throat, so he seized the opportunity and preempted me, asking:

- Do you think the matter is a beautiful girl and an ambitious young man?

- Isn't that the case, Ali?!

- No, not at all... The man inside me was provoked, and the scene of the girl and the young man overwhelming her innate weakness appalled me.

- But she, as you know and I know, is not the poor girl who deserves the shedding of blood from you and us.

- Rather, the entire scenario deserved that.

- How so?

- Three black crows invaded our sanctuary. They wanted to rape the girl of the neighborhood by force and injustice. And worse, right before our eyes. Isn't there something in this that tests the man we claim to be? And if we don't act, what pride can we appease after that? Or what contentment or pleasure of abode can we beg for? The matter, my friend, surpassed for me the wisdom of the wise and the deliberation of the eloquent! So, the volcanoes of anger carried me and threw me at the young man's neck, punching him in vengeance for a manhood that he did not respect in dignity or sanctity.

- Many others saw what you saw, and you alone acted! The black crows, as you described, left seeking their prey elsewhere. And the girl, no doubt, is now enjoying a warm bath. And she will remain, as she was accustomed, promiscuous. And as for the people, they are amused by the entertainments of their days. And here you are, covered in wounds, blamed.

- I wasn't concerned with the reality of the wretched girl, nor with the state of the bankrupt audience. What concerned me at that moment was me, nothing but me. It was either to be or not to be after that. No sleep for an eye that sees indignity and does not act. That's how it is.

I know that, my friend. I am sure of the sincerity of every word you uttered. For how could I accuse you of the loftiness of the goal and purpose, when I am the one who has seen you repeatedly pushing injustice away from a miserable, exposed wretch upon whom a crowd of playful boys poured scorn and ridicule. And how many times I saw you preventing harm from a miserable, stray animal, chased by the neighborhood boys wanting it with their stupid stones.

No, my friend! My argument with you was not of an interrogative nature nor a disapproving intent and purpose. Rather, it was a cunning attempt from me to extract the declaration that you said. I always love to hear from you. For your phrases have always amazed me, and your skill in using language and employing words has kept me awake. Beautiful phrases are never absent from your lips. Whether miserable or happy, angry or calm, they are always present, serving thought, giving you eloquence. I am not the only one who acknowledged your merit in its field, for all

our successive teachers praised the beauty of your logic and the sweetness of your speech. So, forgive me for the praiseworthy greed, even if the method was somewhat extreme.

This is not the full description. For I have known Ali since we were children learning the letter, gathering its parts, rejoicing at discovering the word. We shared the playgrounds of childhood and the classroom seats. We were companions in our mischief and our commitment. We grew up in the same neighborhood, and we were neighbors in dwelling and air. We never parted, whenever possible. And I remember well how difficult it was for both of us when fate willed our separation. For Ali chose the Air Force Academy as a life, and I was destined to study medicine. His parents wanted him to be a doctor, and I wanted him to be a companion friend. But he was obstinate and chose what he loved. All endeavors ended in disastrous failure, for Ali is determined in what he wants. He knows exactly what he wants. And more importantly, he always does what he wants. All fields were available to him, but he chose the Air Force Academy that he loved.

Harsh are the destinies; they do not leave anyone alive in their same state. Faces changed, and souls differed. I toil in my search and work, and Ali, in what he loved and wanted, no doubt he is now enjoying. He deliberately and intentionally chose military aviation. He was a lover of the sky, always dreaming of embracing the stars. He loved distant peaks and was addicted to climbing tall trees. A strange childhood hobby that I did not share with him. For I often begged for the earth, while Ali would leave it. He climbed trees, reaching their lofty peaks that shunned others. He would rest at the summit for a long time, and would not leave his heights unless I hurried him to come down.

I remember one day when Ali ascended the most famous tree in the area. It was an ancient poplar tree. It was known for its towering height and difficult ascent. It was an awe-inspiring tree, its broad trunk immersed in the northern bank of the stream. And it sent roots drawing the bottom as if they were veins running with the blood of the stream. Everything harmonized in a scene brimming with magic and teeming with life.

I loved the freshness of the shade. I was delighted by the rustling of the branches clashing with each other. I spent long hours lying on a green spread near its trunk. Watching the breeze playing with its little leaves. Some of the delicate, obedient ones would succumb to the act of temptation, falling victim to platonic passion. Then the bubbling water of the stream would receive them, longing after a long wait.

As for Ali, he was never satisfied with anything less than the summit as a resting place. He spent most of his time there, spreading his arms to the wind, contemplating the blueness of the sky. Was he trying to fly, or was he testing the feeling of a bird in its sky?! I swear I saw wings on him that day. They were wide like the wings of an eagle. He struck the air with them twice or three times, then they disappeared.

That day, I stood up from my reclining position, suspicious. I rubbed my eyes with my palms to ensure the clarity of vision. Everything seemed fine. Eyesight was sharp, mind was present, and Ali was still isolated above. His arms returned to him, and my calm returned to me, and my breathing regulated. I spread my green carpet again, looking at Ali in his celestial retreat. What was he doing up there? Had he really turned into an eagle, or were they the fantasies of a dreamer? I confess to you that I spent years after that talking to myself about the reality of the wings and Ali. And there came many times when I was sure of Ali's transformation. Children's fantasies, for the mind was still in the stage of construction. And the boundaries between reality and the illusion of imagination were still fragile. We moved between worlds with the freedom and play of children.

The years passed. News crowded upon news, and destinies mocked destinies. The stream's water dried up where the dream had bathed once upon a time. And the poplar tree was cut down, where my resting place and Ali's retreat were. The blue deserted the sky of the sanctuary, and the sound of the goldfinch disappeared from the groves of the square. Black crows swept joy from the eyes of our children and established sorrow as a ritual in the conscience of our free women. Black banners crowded, blocking the sunlight, polluting the ether with the croaking of their cawing. Death scrambled over my beloved country, uprooting the apples of hearts, extinguishing the souls of eyes. Mothers bereaved, and the spirit moans from the pain of betrayal and the bitterness of injustice.

Then, I remembered Ali and his celestial retreat. I remembered Ali and his strange hobby of climbing tall trees. I remembered my confusion, while Ali spent most of his day up there, atop the tree peaks. Did he love heights to observe the horizon? Did he ascend the tree peaks, staying in them long and long, guarding the ramparts? Did you, Ali, from your celestial retreat, contemplate the horizon, and read the future weeping? Did you see the blackness blocking the horizon, crawling towards the sanctuary? Did you see the dream being killed in the eyes of our children? Did you see death roaming our pastures?

Yes, I swear you did. For there, on the tops of tall trees, vision becomes clear and visions are accurate. There, the smoke of movement, or the noise of the movers, cannot disturb the clarity of insight or restrict the roaming of the soul. Yes, no doubt you saw. Therefore, your insistence on military aviation was stubborn, accepting no argument. You wanted to start your battle with this inevitable fate early. You wanted to prepare for the coming festival of death, for you are, by nature, consumed in heroism and redemption.

And here you are in action now, no doubt. For action, for you, does not need a fatwa from a scholar, or philosophy from a sage. For you have always been the initiator while the world excelled in estimation and drawing conceptions of action and its consequences. You never cared for the multitude of those waiting afar on the couch of neutrality and passivity. And you never concerned yourself with the gravity of the danger and the gloom of the anticipated. For you are always working for your proud self and for the comfort of a soul that chose only the heights as an abode.

I see you, Ali, in every eagle that roams the heights, erasing a line of darkness, throwing a ray of light, in the sky of my country. I see you in every soldier and officer shattering the delusions of murderous renegade outcasts. I see you in every honorable, proud person who is care of the country and the dignity of this country. For you are never absent from an act of heroism. How could it be otherwise when your beloved Syria is in pain?

I tell you the truth, since madness raged, and death established its bases in our land, I have been searching for Ali in the lists of martyrs. I don't know, perhaps it's intuition, or is it my memory that kept telling me about Ali and his wish for

martyrdom. For I remember well the moment he was asked about his future profession. His answer that day was decisive and resounding: "Martyrdom is my profession."

We were children in the third grade of primary school, I remember it well, when our class teacher asked us about our future profession. The answers varied. Some of us wanted medicine as a profession, some of us wanted engineering as a craft for their future days. As for Ali, he wanted that day to be a martyr. And Ali never abandoned this desire of his. My choices for a future profession were numerous over the years, and Ali did not change his choice. It reached a point where I thought that martyrdom was a real profession with its own rules and regulations. And I didn't realize its truth until my father explained to me one evening the nature of martyrdom.

Ali never crossed my mind without perplexity accompanying his memory. Why did he choose martyrdom as a profession when he was a naive child? He didn't know the meaning of martyrdom or the path to it that day, that I am sure of, yet he chose martyrdom as a profession. Is it the soul yearning to meet its destiny decreed upon it since the beginning of creation, which, unbeknownst to him, made him speak? Or did the latent subconscious slip from the surveillance of the delicate consciousness and reveal the hidden?

The clock struck five in the morning. Here, the ray of light began to sting the pitch-black darkness of the night. And the night, still crouching, delayed its departure. A cold breeze came from the room window, and my eyes moistened from the freshness of the dew. But the mind continued to boil with a mixture of thoughts and a jumble of memories. And Ali still refused to leave my thoughts and mind.

And suddenly, without invitation or caller, the phone rang, tearing the silence and awe of the moment. Strangely, my phone doesn't wake up at this time except for a momentous event. Blood surged hotly in my head. The heart's rhythm faltered, and breaths agitated, burning my core and thoughts. What's the matter, I wonder? I hurried apprehensively towards my mobile phone, scrutinizing the caller's identity. It was Salman then, waiting eagerly on the other end of the ether, wanting to deliver the news. I realized before hearing him the essence of the coming news... Ali had been martyred, and Salman, with the longing of a lover for her, still waits.

Salman is our third twin. He shared with us the sweetness of childhood and the dreams of youth. And on the day of separation, Salman chose Ali as a companion and they enrolled together in the Air Force Academy. That day, they agreed that I would be the first to know when martyrdom had actually been carried out. And since Ali was the first to do it, Salman committed to his part of the will... so he called!

Salman said it in a melodious voice, whose purity nothing I know or you know can equal. For the companion of the path, the friend of bygone days, had reached his destination. The generous, magnanimous one did it, and he headed for the path of the sky. The free, courageous one did it, and he abandoned the world of the wretched. Salman paused for moments, swallowing an ember that inflamed his throat. And restraining a tear that defied him, so it floated on the eyelash, drowning him. For men do not cry tears, Salman always said it. The tears of men are bloody sacrifices and giving. After that, the stalwart, formidable man quickly regained the steadiness of his voice and the fervor of his nature. He informed me with extreme brevity of the circumstances of the battle and the details of the martyrdom. Ali's plane was hit by a treacherous missile, the plane fell, and the eagle ascended high, a martyr, neighboring the stars.

I didn't sleep that night, talking to myself. So, Ali did it! He accomplished the mission in the best manner, and then left. He carried the lofty honor as martyrdom, and then left. That's how he is; he always does what he wants, and does not rest before reaching the goal. For Ali wanted martyrdom since he was little. He worked towards it as much as he could. He was devoted to it; his heart uttered it when he was small, deciphering the letter. And he lived it as a youth, when blackness lined his chin and back. And here he reaps it as a deserved title at the time of manhood, when thought is complete and logic is sound.

Ali the Martyr! He earned the title.. and departed. He who was born loving martyrdom, here he leaves us clad in the blood of martyrdom and the flag of the dearest homeland on his heart. Ali took martyrdom as a profession, so he lived among us as a martyr and became immortal in our conscience as the Martyr. And between a beginning and a predicate, he never stinted us with acts of martyrdom and weddings of heroism.

Ali fulfilled his vow, and transformed. He transformed into an eagle embracing immortality. These are not the conjectures of a dreamer or the wishes of a follower this time, but the truth in which I accept no argument. For I see him as I see the sun leveling the distant horizon every morning. I see him spreading his wings encircling the homeland, protecting the frontiers. For Ali does not tire of defending the sky of the sanctuary and the precincts of the homeland... alive and as a martyr.

Congratulations on your martyrdom, Ali! You loved the sky, so it became a playground for your spirit. And you sought the stars, so they became a pasture for your glory. You hated neutrality, so you resided where neutrality has no meaning. You hated idle talk, so you are now where no idle talk is heard nor any transgression. And I am sure that from your heights, you still watch over the sanctuary. For the likes of you do not sleep while the homeland is wounded.

Companions of the earth and life! Such is heroism, and such is martyrdom. For heroism is a nature, not an affectation, and martyrdom is an act of continuous giving that does not cease. Martyrdom is an action that repeats every hour, and with the succession of days. He is mistaken who thinks people are equal even in the rank of martyr. For many, martyrdom was the conclusion of their stay. They never wanted it, but it was decreed for them at the end of their days as a reward, a grant. And there are the elite martyrs who lived martyrdom as a decision, so it was for them, in the end, a decision.

They are the exemplary martyrs, they are the heroic martyrs. They chose redemption as a project, and they practiced martyrdom as an unmatched love. They are the makers of glory, the writers of history. They do not live as we live, nor do they end when they depart. They are the foundation of every lasting good. They are the covenants of the coming dawn, the proofs of the ability to act. For no spring comes to a barren land without the redness of blood, and glory cannot be a sure possession for a nation without great and pure sacrifice.

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[DOI *Societal Schizophrenia: The Delirium of Our Time*](#)



[DOI *The Rational Mind and the Abstract Mind*](#)



[DOI *The Electric Lamp: Between Abstraction and Application - A
Journey of a Thousand Years!*](#)



DOI *Thus spoke Abraham, the Friend: The Eternal... and the Ephemeral*



DOI *The Crisis of an Intellectual Who Lost His Identity Under Piles of the Read and the Heard*



DOI *Polygamy and Right-Hand Possession*



DOI *Quranic Revelations*

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