

**THE ENGLISH VERSION**

# **THE MEDITATOR**

A person is shown from behind, sitting in a meditative lotus position on a rocky mountain peak. They are wearing a dark, patterned hoodie and dark pants. The background features a vast, blue sky with a flock of birds flying in the distance. The overall scene is serene and contemplative.

**Faker Baballah**

# Writer

Faker Baballah is from Tunisia, specifically from Gabes. He was born on the twentieth of Jumada II in the year twenty-one and four hundred thousand Hijrah corresponding to the eighteenth of September of the year two thousand AD, in the city of Zarzis. He studied literature at the Daouih Institute to obtain his baccalaureate in nineteen and two thousand before joining the University of Languages located in Gabes to obtain a degree in Italian language in the year twenty-two thousand.

Faker began writing at the age of sixteen, where he was writing poems and thoughts to reach one hundred and one poems, the last of which is titled "The Return", and then went on to write short books, which is his favorite type, where he always said: *"Let's be logical, it is difficult to find today a young man reading a book with five hundred pages, It may seem difficult, of course, there is one exception, so I must be in line with my time and excel in short writings."* He has published five books, four of which are in Arabic: The Mediator, The Blue World, Sai the Adventurer and The Game of Time. The fifth book in English was entitled "The Kingdom of My Heart." This is in addition to writing the most famous sayings: *"The enemy saw me nearby and when I approached, I felt far away."* he was not satisfied only with this, but also moved to the world of music, where he wrote more than forty songs in different styles, where he published through his YouTube channel two albums, the

first of which carries songs in classical Arabic, the most famous of which are: Without despair, friendship and happiness. The second album had songs in the Tunisian dialect. Faker is very fond of foreign movies and series, as he is a fan of Marvel Studios and its superheroes.

# History

A philosophical and sentimental story, whose protagonist is a person who wanted to open the question of his existence through deep reflection and reexamine himself through the trilogy of mind, heart and body.

The story was originally divided into two parts, the first part was a collection of interconnected poems and the second part was in prose form.

## Note

The favor who wants to take certain phrases or sentences from the book should mention the name of the book and the writer to ensure the preservation of copyright and thanks.

Do not forget to pray for our teacher and beloved  
Muhammad, peace is upon him.

Enjoyable read

I was nourished in the field of doubt, and my mind grew drops of certainty, and the heart of passion blossomed, revealing that I was meditating. I opened the door of visions and grasped fluidity and freedom, pouring my soul into the spaces and knowing I was wet. I jumped out the window of hope, and my tongue tasted two tastes, my mind turned to sweetness, which is the success of thought, but the bitter turned out to be failure. So I got on the losers' cart and said goodbye to the circle of thought, the mind was separated from me while I was gone. The smallness is appropriate for the shallow level, time is with me, and my place is the cave of the separate world.

I stayed in the dark and the light was mentioned only in the mouth, so I didn't differentiate between night and day, as long as the body was a grief fighter. My withered eyes became bright from the intensity of pain, and my voice simulates silence, so there is no function for the ears, isn't it the soul longing for letters that used to dwell in the mind of the deceased? The thousand and the mother for discussion and the sad and sin are the art of resonance. And my thirsty suppuration was subjected to what my ears were subjected to, so uttering a repetition does not live in this insecure amount. I arrived young in the cave of failure and puberty followed me while I slept, especially I repeated that I was isolated but friendship tended to time. The roof of my cave trembled and my mind found me complaining, so it hugged my thin body and my sense of tenderness returned.

We have become the tangible world and patience is the first key, and we have stuck to the focus of solving the equation and unifying the denominators. The farce of loitering ended, and the mind returned to the losing body, so freedom was released after the contraction, so it became free to accompany the group of freedoms. I was convinced of the ignorance that bound me and exiled me with him in the most failed caves, so let me begin my mission, my soul woke up and threw out sleeping souls. Starting with the eyes of Basra's watery gaze, I saw the ghosts of a cave that were terrifying and passing by. Passing

through the nose of the denier, willing and monk, I smelled their rot as they lay like hungry dogs. And I conclude my vision of my attentive ears, which are heard, picked up or inattentive, heard by the touches of the clouds, which are rainy communities. To whom will I complain, to my world, to whom will I complain? Our loyal dogs have sold their honor and birds are migrating. To whom will I complain, to my world, to whom will I complain? No leopard runs after the gazelle and no tiger roars. Where are the friends who stayed in my narrow heart? I left without saying goodbye and allowed myself to be petrified. Where are the friends who have been around my love for years? Oh, I'm sorry that those years we reconciled and quarreling. My heart is a blind people who have lost their sight in wars, where souls are annihilated and buildings are exploding. To whom will I complain my world, to whom will I complain? Before me, the blow of drought does not grow any plants or roses, bloom. To whom will I complain, O my world, to whom shall I complain? My complaint is this time, and that time is with love that does not leave. This little H. caught his soul with loss and sad, he no longer exists. And the time of loss was trampled by the H. of old age, so perhaps the Dhad is a period to be forgotten after farce and stagnation. O growing love, you have compensated for the fatigue of marginalization and forgotten me after years and decades. Oh my world, my complaint has tended to love finally, the lover is fixed like death and the friend leaves and returns. Oh love, I came in a time of contemplation after my heart was shaken and my body and mind were isolated. O my world, my complaint came with the loyal beloved, because the cave hurt me in its darkness, so he attended reverence and prostration. Oh love, I came to demolish the idols of the past, I ran away with you after hibernation, so goodbye, O chains. There is no shortage of words or eyes to see you, I wish you were with me, but Alfaa revealed that she is the sworn enemy. They blamed me for my poverty, blamed me and made fun of me, there is no shame in a poor person who fights his day to plant and gather. They blamed me for my poverty, blamed me and mocked me, there is no shame in a poor man who cleans and erases dirt. They blamed me for my poverty, blamed me and made fun of me, there is

no shame in a poor man who is carving and decorating. They blamed me for my poverty, blamed me and made fun of me, there is no shame in a poor man who slept under the walls singing and playing. They blamed me for my poverty, blamed me and made fun of me; there is no shame in a poor and disciplined person who supervises work and then leaves. They blamed me for my poverty, blamed me and mocked me, what is the fault of a poor man who embraced the orphan and perverted himself. They blamed me for my poverty, blamed me and mocked me, what a poor man's fault was stabbed in the back, bleeding. They blamed me for praying and mocked my poverty, because there is no shame in a poor person suffering from hunger and chills. There is no tenderness around me and no shield to protect me, because age has suffocated me and I walk slowly. No tenderness surrounds me; no shield to protect me, the harshness of the days has caught up with me and turned me into a running child. Where are the people who used to build the house? I am a forgotten soldier with arrows thrown. No tenderness surrounds me and no shield protects me, I am so shy to the sadness it hides. No tenderness surrounds me and no shield protects me, I am hungry for the intensity of the pain from the food shots. No smiles, no blushing on the cheeks. I also cry with my tears to the ground in the water. No tenderness surrounds me and no shield that protects me; I leave aside the concern for us that the servant of his prayer intends. Tenderness is absent, but reason protects me, so the conversation turns and the seasons I will tell. In the summer we sat and stood in the winter, from the sun we fled and in the shade we rejoiced. In the summer we sat and stood in the winter, in the sea we swam and from fatigue we cried. We spend the summer and stay in the winter, out of ignorance we won and with intelligence we succeeded. We forgot about summer and focused on winter, injustice tied us up and law failed. We stayed in the winter and the mind returned to autumn, with the wind counting and with the leaves lost. We said goodbye to winter and stepped on in spring, because of the flowers we smelled and with the fragrance we climbed. We forget winter and occupy spring, with the earth we spread out and descended on our

hearts. We loved spring and in it we spent, with the spirits we walked and together the breezes that we were. We loved spring and spent it on, spent months and for the summer we came back. We loved the seasons and the contradiction followed, my mind and I towards doubt drifted away.

After the seasons we returned to the philosophy of existence, I and the mind on the ruins sat down .we escaped from worries and set limits, sometimes we refreshed ourselves and sometimes we were breathless. And we returned to the past that sank between the dams, we complained again and the friend who tramples. We returned to the small and great love that clothed me, Old man's love grows and the other shrinks and runs over. Until we returned to terrifying poverty and cruel enemy, we stayed for hours and the day darkened and basked in the sun, the orphan torments the soul, no matter how strong it is, and doubt for the soul is a mirror that reflects. My mind said:

Don't be envious, my friend, right? Because he is a hardworking boy. Don't lie, my friend, right, the truth is prominent and will inevitably spread and spread. Beware of usury, my friend, you are money, your brow wins and your tongue counts, and violence is you, my friend, what is the fault of the weak who fears and does not repel you, and adultery, my friend, you are not, the honor of the woman if lost does not correspond? I am the mind that will guide you to relax, so stay on my side your strength with me will intensify.

Then my heart said:

The mind threw you with the basket of peace, and I became a Muslim with it and I will listen to you. I guide you with good words, and I am yours with passion I will show you. I am iron in your protection I am standing and I am the light in the day I breathe. I am the air in your soul that blows and I am the fire to the cold that rises. I am the voice of the soul that hears, and I am silent in its calmness, because I am the heart with emotion that I knew, by ugliness I notice and by beauty deception.



And I went up the mountains and waited for my soul to awaken again and kept remembering the advice of my mind and its warning to me and to refuse me about many things, envy and lying, actually lying makes you degenerate and low in your mental level and robs you of your human qualities because you are in a lying position you will avoid the truth, And sometimes we do not forget avoidance, but weakness in that personality to speak and dare to tell the truth. In this case, you evade saying something true and precious or something you fear, and then you mentioned to me the duality of violence and adultery, and I noticed that he deliberately mentioned violence and linked it to weakness that is afraid and does not rebel and then came to adultery and said that the honor of the woman who is lost is not returned and I can link the weakness to the female personality. Because adultery does not come except by the will of the girl, even God Almighty, when he mentioned adultery in the Holy Quran, mentioned the adulteress before the adulterer saying, "*The adulteress and the adulterer, scourge each of them a hundred lashes.*" , The advice of the mind was addressed to my heart a kind of tenderness to be the other adviser and said that he embraced peace means that peace came to him after the advice of the mind and tried to approach me with his pondered and exclusive words feel and feel, the heart is the heart of passion and mind It is the wisdom that chains me that the heart takes into account my sensory conditions and the mind takes into account my logical and secular conditions. But what confused me is that the body is the third of the components, with which I began my meditative journey from the first, absent from the advice because it is undoubtedly the component of sensuality and physical pleasure, but it was forbidden with me as a vessel for my soul, which received positive blows that were reduced to speech and feeling, Whether it is negative in how

and confused to employ these tips in the right approach, It is true that I knew everything and learned from the <sup>1</sup>things I went through before, from the psychological suffering that exploded my being and affected my elements, but all I know now is that I will come back stronger. Yes, I will come back stronger in the midst of my environment, in the middle of my world, in the midst of my pain that hits my neck and hits my ribs, I need a dose to relieve my psychological pain because I have plunged into a deep spiritual famine. I screamed out loud and found myself just shouting names I had never been exposed to before and grabbed my soul instrument and played the strings of wonder and said to myself, does wonder have strings? Or did I take the path of the little tramps? Oh my days, why the betrayal in the glory of youth? Was I unfair to someone to whom I give my words without feeling, or did I stab myself and then be stupid in using my sword? Oh my days, why did I witness periods of prostration, so I became to touch the dust with my nose after the pampering of the years, and accompany the clouds, floating high like the height of the masters, Oh my days, I am like a leaf that was displaced by the autumn winds and moved it from north to south, so I was powerless by the power of your enemies, Oh my days, I felt as if the drops emitted by the clouds came down and hit the face of the earth and disappeared, Oh my years, my fatigue hung in my parts, so it was a disease that spread between my ribs, so what is the solution? Do I have an autopsy and get that fatigue out of my body and rest? Or did fatigue take a new companion until it devoured me and died out? But it is difficult to become extinct, it is difficult to weaken to this extent, with me the soul that is exalted, my soul, if you are the listener, then listen to my camel, you are in control of my lost body, do not disappoint me, because I need you at a time when no one paid attention to me, I am in the time of prostration and bending, in

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<sup>1</sup>An-Nur, versículo 2

the moment of sleep under the pile of fear, and in the time of wrestling, including love. Oh my soul, I was beside me and accompanied me in the midst of the dark rooms, enough of the injustice of that cave and its cruelty, so it seemed to me like an executioner waved his whip on my back and came out of my thirsty hole, the sounds of torment, and I tasted bitter instead of sweet, So my instinct deceived me, so the mind left me and left me, my soul, I am one of the engineers who drew the abras with the best drawings and turned it into a building on top of a building with the best designs, but those abras were demolished, so I bent down again, falling in front of my pain, My soul, I will not walk without you.

Now I am responsible for myself, the fluidity I sent with my mouth in a scene was valuable to me, so I found that fluidity right now, and now I am on the task of seeking fluidity completely to take a break after the fatigue of being. This is a mission that I voluntarily declared, and I was willing to suffer in all aspects, as I especially faced difficulties and suffered blows that are often minor for every soul that looks like me and painful for every soul that has lost its trust in this world. Half the courage I have is enough to make two countries free from their colonizer, but courage alone is not enough, so where do we have that power that really sends on the tongue the words of kindness and the joy of the days and tell your body that you are ready for your challenges and difficulties, it is true that I am brave but I am alone in my way, alone in my way, only in my passion and dream, you saw that child who wanted to walk for the first time to taste the taste of walking , Of course, his parents were lurking behind him.

I was left alone, rumored with my dirty hands, and any dirt that sends me the meaning of honor and pride, yes, is the filth of those days when I suffered after abandoning my relatives and people close to me. Friends, love, poverty, parents Yes, nothing stayed with me except my mind, my heart, my body, for a moment, my body is present but it was not with me in my positions. Oh my body, listen to

me well, tell me and tell me why you escaped the counsel at a time when the mind and heart were the first to advise me, and my body replied: O strange lost, if you think that the body has abandoned you, you are mad and that you have not sinned, remember when you fell into the cave while embracing the darkness, Then the mind abandoned you for your behavior, but I was with you protecting you from the cold. Remember when your heart betrayed you and did not lead you to firm and true love, so who was with you? Of course, your humble and thin body is with you, your body is the carrier vessel, your body is not a rational entity, nor a vain heart, your body is your health and the reason for your life, oh hope.

Oh, my body, oh, my memory has taken me back to a past time, here I am, I took the car into the past, oh, to friends who were number one in the figure of the meditator standing in front of you, and I'm not standing, I'm sitting in the mountains, trying to remind myself to check myself to reform. Oh for a love that bound me with its smallness and set me free with its old age, and I am in the middle trying to destroy the creatures that try to sustain me and repel me from all the attempts at love that I can be the first to catch and. I remember myself when I weakened and my heart weakened, so when I offered it for sale, I bought it, so every time the heart shook, I found it not only my mind and body that were carriers of worries, my heart was also the focus of worry, love and hate, joy and sadness, and these dualities are always continuous. And in mentioning the dualities, I remembered poverty and what it reflects, and I noticed that when I mentioned poverty with my tongue, I reminded him of guilt twice and irony:

They blamed me for my poverty, blamed me and made fun of me. The act of guilt was the master of attitudes and as if I locked cats in my mine and tortured them with the torment of the dark nature of the illuminating spring and ruined those parties, although the mind is my master and confidence carries me from head to toe, but I was affected by this painful guilt, but irony manifested itself in deceptive appearances, I was looking for a real meaning of existence and entered the circle of doubt, so I don't have time to take care of

myself , Every time I went out on the street and every time I looked at people with looks of amazement at my appearance as if I were a criminal who wanted to confess his ridiculous crimes in front of God's servants, Maybe then I failed the test of my soul and despair came and the wind took it, as for me, I passed the test again thanks to myself. Yes, I imposed myself in this world with my thinking, and I thought I was the most intelligent creature, and it is okay for a person to consider himself the best, and no, but do not think about selfishness, but think that you are the best and others are also distinguished, here the taste of winning will be sweeter, you defeated a group of distinguished people and do not think that you are the best and others are nothing, Here your thinking will be selfish and your victory will be normal because originally no one was a candidate. These are the challenges of the soul, I remember in the experience of love he once told me that he would not love me because I am weak and emaciated, and the body was absorbed by the earth in the grave, but my mind will remain planted in the minds of people, including your foolish children, the children of man with the muscles of struggle. In fact, he was my friend and I promised him patience and I made it, you must, my partner, learn to promise and throw, if you promise, you have been patient with that promise and you have become faithful to your promise until you receive it. The bell of return has ringed and it is time to return to the present, oh my past, how painful you are. Here I am, I returned to my present and my reality, I returned to the world where hypocrisy, lies, gossip and sedition surround us, but who is this noon in? Not the mind and anyone, those Noons belong to me and to innocent people who look like me, it is true that I said proud of myself, but I told you that I am not selfish hit by the smell of superiority over others, on the contrary, they are a piece of me and I belong to them as they belong to me and I am a piece of them.

But I still think that I am in myself and will not follow anyone's temper, but in his attempt to imitate me, in his decision to imitate everything I do, I turned my action and made him touch vices, and he fell like a rat into a trap. So I got out of the cage I put in as the maker

of it, because this key will be in my possession, but our rat remained stuck. Yes, I wanted to be traditional, okay, we'll call it so-and-so, this is just a model because I learned that the sites next to me are evaluating me and me being clearly and clearly. But I will consider myself a hypocrite and have officially stated that I have finally become a hypocrite with the hypocrites with whom I practiced hypocrisy after their hypocrisy.

Oh my place, I know I talked a lot, but I really feel that I am accompanying screams back and forth sometimes it rises, and when I concentrate and want to hear that voice go down and out permanently, I didn't understand if the mountain ranges in my head were about to fall, so I think their sound is loud or I am in the process of seeing innocent people collapse in front of me, Oh, my place, I'm not handsome, tired of sight, not ugly, terrified by the eye, I'm just that meditator whom the eye looks at.

I looked at my country

My heart was shaken

And he kept calling.

About the people of the homeland

So my passion died

And my playing increased.

And stop my fear

From the clash of times

Oh homeland and oh time how I really love you, it is true that I was angry with you two, but I love you both. It is scientifically said that the more you love and care for a person, the more you get angry with them for stupid and trivial things. Yes, indeed science is correct, but I myself is correct, my science. Sometimes I feel that I am sick Yes, of course, I am not sick with a physical illness, but I got sick with love and I got sick with love, of course, illness is not a choice, but it is a test, so you love not to say but to do, I remembered one day that in every smile there is a letter, so I gathered those letters and got "A H B K" and it's okay if it hurts one day, the pain medicine is the breast

of the one who caused the pain. No, maybe now I need a dose to soothe my mental pain because I have plunged into a deep spiritual famine. But I forgot all the problems when my heart told me:

I am the iron in your protection, stand

And I am the light in the day I blew

I am the air in your soul

And I am the fire in the cold

I hear the voice of the soul

And in his calm I shut up.

And finally I began to think about myself and who is next to me and what is going on in my soul and who accompanies my personality and who is next to it and who supports it, I became that person who does not bow to their difficulties but makes them shelves to climb on them for self-gratification. I became a being who pours his vices into the well of his knowledge to mix and clean them and become all pure, I became that mobile between two places, the first is the place of strength and the second is the place of trust, and I have visited both places, so do not tell me about the relationship between them. Where I do not resolve my values and remained a symbol of my morals, I finally became a leader not for a flock of scum, but a leader for me who dragged with me the trilogy associated with me, so now I can take all the advice and copy it into myself.

Suddenly, the cup of coffee that was a decoration fell on my head on the shelf, so I got up from my mattress and looked out the window and found the neighborhood quiet as usual, and realized then that I was dreaming, it was a sweet dream and a lesson for me at the same time. And the last word for me, for the person who kept struggling, circling the oceans for what? To sharpen the meanings, this is me and I have also called myself a meditator.