

2

1 After the last sermon to the Hejazi jamaat
In his supplications, Husein spent the night
With ibadet and dhikr he greeted the dawn
While the red rocks of Hejaz were bathed in sun
In a farewell niyaz, the multitude remained
With tears in their eyes. The caravan disappeared

2 They walked all day to the Safa Valley
With the wailing wind and stars of Heaven falling
The camp for the night, they built among the dunes
With their faces towards the goal, from which no one returns
In prayers and dhikr, another night was spent
With glimmering lights seen over every tent

3 In the camp of Safa, Husein did not sleep
On his knee, he wrote the letter Name Shareef
To the tribe of Hashim, inviting them all
To join him for Kufa, and as martyrs fall
Sending it to Mecca, the caravan moved
To the next resting place, Zatul Uruk

4 All beheld in the North, a cloud of dust
Getting closer and closer to the kudrat camp
Like a charging lion, intrepid Basheer
Arriving from Kufa with news of Ukayl
O noble Imam, by the fear of Yazid,
Kufans turned away and joined Emeweess

5 Husein just smiled, and the caravan moved
Farther towards the burning sands of Nafud

The camels put to rest, the horses unsaddled
All stopped to relax, exhausted and tired
To the prayers first, they attended again
The silence of the desert fell on the camp of Husein

6 Like a shadow of night, a guest approached the camp
Noble Farazdag, the best poet of his time
His fame was well known in all Arabistan
His verses recited at every makam
With humble respect, he approached the Imam
Kissed his right hand, and gave his selam

7 When asked about Kufa, Farazdag replied:
I found many conflicting signs in Iraq
Kufa is changing their loyalty to you
No longer prepared to honor their vow
The Imam just responded, O Farazdag, you said
The truth. For I already know what awaits ahead

8 From Safa, they continued toward the setting sun
To the North and the West, proceeded the caravan
It stopped for the night, no tinkles of a camel bell
Like as if time stopped, the silent darkness fell
The camels unloaded, the tents rose again
The prayers said, all asleep with fatigue overwhelmed

9 The Imam did not sleep, but under his tent
He wrote a letter, which was to Kufa sent
Brethren of Kufa, you gave me your word
To receive me in peace, of your own accord
My messenger was sent, Muslim bin Ukayl
Your bayat to him appeared of no avail

10 Honoring your pledge, I commenced my journey
From a peaceful life in Mecca, over the desert burning
I continue my journey with no intent of returning
From Batin Rhem, I continue my journey
I'm sending this letter with Kais bin Mashar
To proceed to Kufa in the swiftest charge

11 Kais stormed away to the town of Kadasi

Which he found besieged by the forces of Yazid
Their commander, Husein bin Namir Maloon
Captured Kais. That noble shaheed and mazloom
Gave up his life, defiant to ibni Ziyad,
The first martyr of the saga, of desert Karbala

12 The breeze brings no relief to the moving caravan
Among the endless dunes, under the burning sun
In the endless sea of sand, in the lonely desert Ruse
A lonely tent is seen. Husein asked whose
Camels and horses rest without a trace of shade?
O Husein, you are invited as a guest in my tent

13 A handsome horseman arrives to the camp of Ehlel Bayt
With a sign of peace, niyaz, and greetings of respect
Asked for his name, his answer is most polite
I'm Zahir Bi Jelli bin Kais of the ancient tribe
Returning home from hajj with all my family
Most honored to encounter Emir al-Muhmineen

14 Imam was impressed with the manner and tasleem
Returning greetings of peace, to noble Zahir
At his request, he explained, we are on our way
To drown in the ocean of horror that awaits
Our sacrifice since the dawn of time ordained
Join us, O Zahir, and eternal glory earn

15 With full attention, Zahir listened to the invitation
To exchange this short life for eternal salvation
The hero of his time, a respected knight
Announced praise to Allah, whose is Power and Might
For the chance of fulfilling his life's hopeful dream
To fall as shaheed at Sirat ul Mustakeem

16 Further, he said, O Imam al-zeman
Without a further thought, I give you my bayat
I'm grateful to you for offering me the rank
Of heavenly salvation, by accepting my life
I only wish to share it with all my family
So that our hajj is accepted by this honor given me

17 Returning to his tent, Zahir said to his wife
You who are my honored friend in this life
I gave my pledge this day, for God's most pure path
For the truth of Islam against the foe of faith
So please, you decide to follow or step aside
My pledge of nikah will be kept and my reward

18 O Zahir, she responded, as you pledged to join Imam
I will proceed along with the holy caravan
From the days of my youth, I always most desired
To be a faithful servant to the mother of this Hazrat
Fatima Hayrun Nisa, to become close to her
My hizmet to Fatima is my desired affair

19 Jenabi Zahir was touched by her loyalty and faith
With himma and ghayrat and teslemit
The rest of the family separated while some with Zahir stayed
And joined the caravan of Prophet's Ahlel Bayt
They all proceeded to the Oasis Salebe
For night they raised their tent, the fated second day

20 Their rest was interrupted by a visit of a strange man
He travelled to Kufa bearing the news of Sham
The heads of bin Ukayl and bin Urwa were sent
To Yazid in Damascus, the Kufans did not repent
Two little sons of Ukayl also became shaheeds
The words of Kufa as empty as their shameful deeds

21 With pain in his soul, Imam entered his tent
The daughter of bin Ukayl, near his sheref sat
A young girl of thirteen, noble in every respect
Husein praised her always with the kindest affect
The little girl whispered, your face bears so much pain
I fear sad news of my father, O Noble Husein

22 Your kind attention to me is more than usual
You treat me today as if I were a little child
To which Imam Husein, his pain could not conceal
Sweet girl, he said to her, your father as a shaheed fell
I am your father now, will always care of you
With Ukail's other children, my home is always yours

23 With tears joined the whole efrad mutaharat

The house of sorrow under Husein's tent

Everyone gathered to pay their respect

To children of bin Ukayl, and everybody wept

They pleaded to Imam, do not allow this pain

To darken our resolve. Hear us O Husein

24 Some said, to proceed to Kufa is void of all sense

It is clear to all what horror there awaits,

It is also clear that the Kufans are traitors of Islam

Return to Mecca, O reverent Imam

To all of which, Husein returned to his thoughts

For long he sat in silence, 'til Ukayl's children spoke

25 Our leader, our sultan, the light of our eyes

Do not deny us, the orphans, our basic rights

To go to Kufa to avenge our dear father's death

And blood of our little brothers, in innocence spent

The path of our Prophet we shall not dismiss

With our own lives, we also shall fall as shaheeds

26 If no one joins us, we shall proceed alone

To lift our loving hearts against the heart of stone

To which Husein rose from his mubarak seat

And said: After this, there is no retreat

Your words prove there is no more need

La hayri fil ayshu ba'del hula. To our end we proceed

27 All present in the camp, touched by the Imam's word

All voted and decided to follow the noble lord

All renewed their niyat, to Kufa proceed

With no fear of death, no fear of Yazid

The caravan continued to another lonely post

In the Oasis of Maleh, again they stopped for repose

28 A whirlwind of dust surprised the resting camp

A tired rider arrived with a letter in his hand

Husein looked at the sign and saw the unbroken seal

He opened it, read it slowly, and stayed still

It was written by Omar, treacherous ibni Saad:

This is the warning to you while there is still a chance

29 Be warned, you Husein, son of Imam Ali
Kufa's promise is dead, so is ibn Ukayl,
So are his two children, so is ibn Urwayee
Before his death, ibn Ukayl, in confidence asked me
To warn you not to proceed, change your stubborn plan
Instead of welcome, a death in Kufa you will find

30 The contents of the letter were read to all jamaat
Some decided to continue, and some to depart
Back to their dear homes, back to their worldly life
Away from a bitter end, away from Yazid's knife
The few who had decided to proceed with him
Around their heads they wound, shahadati kafeen

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