

(8) The Gems

On Ashoor night, he called his friends
So pure and noble, each was a rare GEM
To induce them to leave, with their dear ones
For his sake, he declared, should suffer none.
With rolling tears and heads bent down
Their love for Husayn knew no bound
Their burning desire, their goal of life
Was to defend Husayn, in this strife.
"It is my life that Yazid desires
I permit you, one and all, to retire
The sufferings, you have so far faced,
Speaks volumes for your loyalty and faith!"
To avoid embarrassment, he put out the lights
For dark was the night, to aid their flight
When the lights were lit, after quite sometime
None had moved, even an inch, from the line.
"You are to us everything; how can we explain?
Without you, life is nothing!" they exclaimed
"Not merely we love, venerate, and adore, he put out the lights
For dark was the night, to aid their flight
When the lights were lit, after quite sometime
None had moved, even an inch, from the line.
"You are to us everything; how can we explain?
Without you, life is nothing!" they exclaimed
"Not merely we love, venerate, and adore you,
Each single act of yours kindles truth and love anew!"
Habib, Muslim, Buraire and Zuhair Ibn Kain
Expressed these sentiments, all in one strain
Such devotion, such ecstasy, the world had not seen

Even among companions of 'Hayder' nor of 'Al Amin'.
What brave souls were these followers of Husayn?
What unique attachments of theirs, he had gained?
From different walks of life they came
Their object was, absolutely, one and the same.
With what simplicity, the noble Jaun exclaimed
"O, my lord, I am a Negro slave" he maintained
"Let my blood mingle with the martyrs blood,
To prove that we too are of the same mud."
In the face of trials and tribulations,
He had only one solace and consolation;
A band of faithful and fearless human beings
The like of whom, the world had not seen.
Habib Ibn Mazahir, was a childhood devoted friend
He literally followed Husayn, wherever he went
He venerationly kissed the ground, Husayn tread
He was loved by the Prophet and lovingly caressed.
He was in Kufa, when he heard of Husayn's plight
"For Karbala, I shall leave the very same night."
With encouragement from his wife, a noble lady
His faithful slave, kept for him all things ready.
Kufa, was agog with numerous rumors afloat
Treachery was afoot, for sacrificial goats
Such was the risk, with spies all round
Yet he ventured; such was the magnetic bond.
He reached Karbala on 9th of Muharram night
Husayn was distributing arms for the fight
He had kept aside, for him, one set of arms
"Habib, my dearest friend, is sure to come."
Wahab, was the son of a noble and virtuous lady
From Damascus, she was exiled, when he was a baby
For praising Ali, she had incurred Moawiyah's wrath
Such was the fate, at that time, of all lovers of God.
Returning home, with his mother and wife,
He saw an army poised like a murderer's knife
A small group, mostly women, babes and old folks
Were the victims of these cruel merciless foes.
He soon learnt, Prophet's grandson, Husayn Ibn Ali
Surrounded by Yazid's hordes, were he and his family

He rushed to the side of Imam's small group
And begged of him, to let him join his troop.
When Husayn learnt Wahab had married only day before
He insisted on his leaving with his wife and mother
With unflinching resolve, imploringly he pleaded,
Till Husayn gave in and to his joining agreed.
Muslim Ibn Ausaja, had witnessed rights being trampled
Bent with age, his love for truth was undampened
Venerable companion of the Prophet, a most saintly soul
To fight for truth, was his life's sole object and goal.
Physically withered by age, being four score ten,
His anxiety to help was a heroic gesture to men
For he had witnessed on countless occasions
The undying love, which the Prophet bore for Husayn.
Buraire Hamadeni, was a warrior of repute
His name caused shivers in adversaries boots
He was itching to display his terrific might,
To Yazid's mercenaries, in single battle and fights.
Husayn calmed him down and explained
To fight them is not at all our aim
But to defend and die like a martyr
Was the supreme test of each fighter.
On the eve, prior to the day of fateful battle,
Buraire urged his friends to show their mettle
And guard the Imam against the enemy's surprise raids
For crafty was the enemy, unscrupulous, and debased.
Unbearable it was, the cry of thirsty children for water
Even savages watered their victims, before slaughter
Buraire, with his friends, fought their way to the river
Filled a bag and returned with the precious life giver.
With what dejection and dismay, he witnessed the sight
The thirsty children threw themselves in mad delight
The bag opened, under the weight of the terrible crush
And out poured the water, in a mighty and mad gush.
Moved to tears, the brave warrior's eyes welled up
No water was left, O, merciful heaven, not even a cup!
The thirst of the children remained unquenched
Though the earth, in water, was fully drenched.
Hur Ibn Yazid Riyahi, a strict disciplinarian

In the army of Yazid, he commanded a battalion
With thousand soldiers, he blocked Husayn's path
Not realizing, that it would lead to a blood bath.
Hoping that a peaceful solution would be found
He forced Husayn towards Karbala, as in duty bound
Little did he realize that his very men
Would dare spill the blood of Prophet's GEM.

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