

A Journey, a Poem about Karbala'

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Compiled by Unknown

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Article

It was peak of the mischief and virtues in chains;

Just laws were sacked with rules insane;

As the tyrants on the rise, and mass confused,

offered lust with lies, and faith abused.

Thus the signs indicated, and time dictated.

Some souls elevated as Husayn(as) navigated;

a seed of the Prophet (P) and the sight of his Parents (as);

that time in deluge, he was ark so apparent.

In the Name of God, for the sake of Islam;

for the freedom of life and soul of Islam;

gave greatest sacrifice, but not his hands,

with the members of his kin and many of his friends.

Hurr, Muslim and the friends those hearts so pure;

they offered their lives as shield and cure;

thus tyrants came forth from the curtain way old;

then peace was bought and lives were sold.

And daring in the manners were the two young brothers;

in the boldness of their moves were the teachings of a mother;

Shone Aun and Muhammad with the valor known as Haider (as);

Those children were slain not the feeling of the mother.

With a message from his father was Qasim bin Hassan (as);

a radiant jewel of Islam was this glowing young son;

but Qasim into pieces with a bride day old;

on the sand in heat it was savage and cold.

Then the pride of the Hashims rode back from the river;

and the tyrants made sure that he did not deliver;

they cut off his arms, but spirit was set;

till an arrow hit the bag, only eyes got wet.

Fell 'Abbas (as) from the horse, with no hands for support,

then Husayn (as) rushed to shore for a brother's end resort;

those children who waited with the patience were told;

and thirst in the camp was three days old.

Soon Akbar came down with spear in his chest;

which a father had to pull so severe was the test;

He was image of the Prophet(P), and the life of Husayn(as),

He was vision of a mother and the eyes of Husayn (as)

Now the Leader was alone as he called for the help,

then a baby fell down; a response from the crib!

This thirsty, pure, infant was a son of Imam,

Who, acknowledged his father and the call of Imam.

Thus Husayn (as) brought him for some water in the field,

and showed them baby's dried lips and appealed;

but the six months old got an arrow so thick,

that turned him over and tore his neck.

Ali Asghar went to sleep, with his father and no fear;

with the cradle on the fire, and their head on spear;

and the mother's empty hand, with the tear dried eyes,

who looked for the baby to sing lullabies.

And a sister by the camp saw the horror of this trip;
as a knife tore the neck, where the Prophet (P) put his lips;
earth in grief, roared heavens and mourned,
Sand turned red when Husayn (as) was torn.
And a child full of tears with her tiny bleeding ears,
bruises on her face and her thirst so severe;
She ran for her father who laid beheaded,
and cried for the uncle for help she needed;
Sayyida Zainab (as) looked for her in the sadness of that night;
did inquire every soul in the land of the plight;
but Sakina was sleeping on the chest of a body;
with the love of the father, from the fragrance of his body.
Then the camp pushed down, while flames went up;
little children rushed out, as their dresses lit up;
it was night full of cries and the innocent quests;
shattered were the dreams and broken were the nests.
All defenses laid to rest, after trials and the tests;
left to face, one Imam, even history would detest,
who fainted with the illness faced torture and torment;
a Master of the pious and devotees' ornament.
Lashes on his back heavy chains on Imam;
but ladies were the prisoners, was the wound of Imam;
no chador for them but their rope tied arms;
and grief soared high from Kufa to Shaam.

But, the daughter of 'Ali (as) challenged, miseries with the messages;

with the families in bazaars, and deadly courts of savages;

With the depth of the patience and the Zenith of Bravery;

Islam was rescued for ever from the slavery.

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