

Husein - Epic of Shaykh Asaf



Shaykh Asaf

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The present work is a collection of ten poems that bring in light the events of Karbala, the braveness of its heroes and the cowardice of Imam Husayn's enemies.

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Person Tags:

Imam Husayn [7]

Dedicated to the martyrs of Karbala

O glory of this world, how brief is your flight
O hand of the tyrant, how weak is your might
O power of the kings and mighty potentates
The sands of time await your demise
Your gold and your sword, how briefly it shines
Your army's no greater than the swarms of ants

Almighty Creator, please guide my hand
To open the record covered with desert sand

Where the blood of the martyrs reaches beyond time
Where the truth and honor will forever stand
Grant me Your mercy to recall the times
Of what is written in blood at the Furat banks

Over thorns to the stars, our journey contains
The faith of this world, travelled in ten days
From Mecca to Kufa, over the burning sands
Over the burning hearts, where human will defends
The truth against the power which always pretends
That destiny is made by the human hands

The wicked may triumph but for a short while
The righteous may suffer, the innocent fall
With no apparent justice, while the world still spins
And rewards those who indulge in sins
I ask no further question of honor or treason
For in all matters, You have Your supreme reason

Yet, our hearts are human, so easily broken
Please forgive my tears and my wrath awoken
At still flowing blood of the victims so pure
That even the stone can't silently endure
For the rocks and sands, and even the skies
Still echo of their sobs and laments and cries

Your last Messenger's house, scattered in the sand
In a glorious light, will forever stand
Above the sinful world, still reaching for the stars
Above the power and gold, healing burning scars
Of hearts so deeply wounded with unending pain
For Ehlel Bayt of your Prophet, for blood of Husein

All praise is to You! Creator of both worlds
All peace and blessing upon their pure souls
For each Ashura day, we offer salutation
In ten days, thirty parts of Your final revelation
O reader, for every day of the kudret caravan
Honor the martyrs with three juz of Qur'an

1 Swift horsemen to Mecca from Kufa alight
Enduring days and nights covered with sand
With saddlebags stuffed with many ferman
Pleading for the guidance of Imam of Zeman
O grandson of our Prophet, we humbly implore
Pay attention to us, we can endure no more

2 For our beloved Prophet, you are kudretul ain
From Harami Sharif to Kufa, you are so far
We implore you, lead us to the light of Islam
We await you with our niyaz and selam
In each of our thousand letters, our very hearts stir
Each message with the plea, be our Emir

3 Islam is falling, led by the court of Sham
Yazid on his throne of gold and haram
O light of our Prophet's most blessed eye
Your heart must not be silent to the Muslims' cry
We are sending these letters as our pledge of faith
From the road of perdition, lead us to a path straight

4 In the honor of your trust and my noble makam
Husein responded, I return my selam
To people of Kufa. And to them he sent
The brave bin Ukayl, his most trusted friend
To go to Iraq, and he will witness there
Of the trust and the truth, to which Kufa swear

5 For they have repeated in overflowing mail
Our bond to Mecca is firm and to Sham is frail
The home of our Prophet has an enduring right
To lead us in Islam, and not Yazid's might
His army clad in the mail of steel
Will not deter us from our faith and will

6 Only you, the son of Fatima and Ali
The grandson of the last Prophet, may be our Emir
With Mutahharat of afradi Ehlel Bayt
Lead us to sirat, which is forever straight
And Husein responded, Ukayl, my friend
Will bring you my selam, which I from Mecca send

7 Before the dust settled behind Ukayl's horse
On the eve of Muharram, to Mecca arrives a guest
A close friend of Husein, Abdullah bin Abbas
Aware of Kufa's letters, bringing advice
With the highest respect, he saluted Imam
O you, who are amanet of Rasullallah

8 Listen to my words, for I well know Iraq
Do not leave Mecca, with all of us in the dark
You know what they did to Ali Murtaza
Your most noble father, upon whom salam
The same people of Kufa who then broke their word
Took his noble life with their poisoned sword

9 Also remember your brother, Hassan Mujteba
Poisoned with the treason of the same evil Sham
They are not people who honor their pledge
Under their rose petals, they hide the sword edge
Stay with us, O Imam. Don't set us apart
Do not depart Kaaba, do not break our heart

10 O Abdullah, today I received a letter
Husein responded, Muslim was received better
In Kufa, than their own brother would be met
To him they confirm their love for Ehlel Bayt
I have my duty of honor and gave my word
My journey to Kufa cannot be ignored

11 Abdullah responded, Ya ibni Rasullallah
Kufa is still under Yazid's realm
Wait until he falls off his wicked throne
Wait for the time until he is gone
Let them give their bayat to Muslim in your name
Let Ukayl, in your absence, for a while govern them

12 If Yazid doesn't fall and Kufans change their mind
And go back on their word in fear of Yazid's wrath
You will find yourself abandoned and alone
In the far away country, far from Mecca gone
Husein replied, I will look for a sign
In tonight's Istihara and let you know at dawn

13 As soon as ibn Abbas had taken his leave
Imam took the Qur'an from an elevated shelf
And opened a random page, where the ayat read:
"Kullu nefsin zaikatul mawt"
Every soul will taste the bitterness of death
With this ayat of Qur'an his first sight was met

14 Another verse he read after the first
"Innama nefoun Ajwarkum yaum al Kiyamet"
He closed the sacred book, and he closed his eyes
Sadaqul Allah Azim, wa Rasullu sadaka
The verses of the mushaf, with no doubt confirmed
Kufa is the road for the selected Shaheed

15 These ayats agree with the dream that I saw
What my grandfather said I already know
Then, they were full of secrets, but now it is clear
The time of my departure from this world is near
What Allah decided, a human may never change
His will is the final, His will is never strange

16 True to his word to Abbas ibni Abdullah
Husein met him at the next sunrise
Last night, O Abdullah, my decision was made
My journey to Kufa cannot be delayed
It is Allah's order, I saw it in Qur'an
And the same in my dream, confirmed Rasullallah

17 I'm well aware of Yazid's intent
He will pursue me with vengeance wherever I went
But, I cannot allow that blood in Kaaba may spill
To desecrate Bayt ul-Allah, will never be my will
The blood and tears from Kaaba, I will divert
The house of Allah won't be soiled with dirt

18 Abbas responded, Rasul-zade Imam
Since your will is made, who am I to deny?
But, since you will leave Mecca, go to Yemen land
Loyal to Ehlel Bayt, ruled by Hamedan
With their eager warriors, they will repel Yazid
For the bayat of the Prophet, for Allah tawhid

19 O my friend Abdullah, I know the secrets hidden
To act against them, for me is forbidden
For the sake of our friendship, do ask me no more
For delay of my journey, for it is in store
What was the secret in the world unseen,
Became a clear light for me in my dream

20 O Abdullah, I carry the knowledge of the First
And the knowledge of the Last, not afraid of thirst
My faith is so clear, revealed by our Lord
No doubt will weaken my pledge and my word
I wish to join you, Abdullah said, in Yathrib
May God permit me to be your Shaheed

21 With tears in his eyes, Abdullah departed
And one after the other, new visitors started
Muhammad Hanafi, the brother of Imam,
Followed by brave bin Omar Abdullah,
Followed by Zabir, Radiallahu anh
With the same request for journey's delay

22 To all three of his friends, Husein replied
O my beloved brother and my friends in iman
The other night, I saw a mighty dream
With my grandfather Muhammad. As I looked at him,
He looked at me and sadly whispered, Ya Husein
Travel to Kufa and don't delay your aim

23 Almighty Allah wants you in the battlefield
Covered in blood of a noble shaheed
To defend Islam, as I left behind me
To keep the pledge of true faith and loyalty
He wants you to leave this world in pain
Straight and noble with no fear, O Husein

24 All angels are awaiting this fateful day
With admiration and praise, they all will pray
For your patience and courage and hero's strength
And all the noble angels will forever resent
The eternal evil that awaits you since creation
To detract the human path from the road to salvation

25 Deep silence followed, not one word was said
Instead of a comment, the visitors instead
Proclaimed, To God we belong and to Him we return
Not a single word we shall speak again
But, grant us this, leave your family far away
From suffering and battle that awaits you on your way

26 Husein smiled, of this too, my grandfather has spoken
I want my Ehlel Bayt presented as a token
Of equal suffering, their blood and their pains
Will be a warning for mankind, which appears
Insensitive to tears, hunger, sobs, and thirst
So, who is the last will become the first

27 On the tenth day of zul Hija in the sixtieth year
Fell as a shaheed in Kufa, Muslim bin Ukayl
On the first day of Muharram, in the year sixty one
Set their destined journey to Kufa, a kudrat caravan
Without delay, the Prophet's family
Marched through the sands to their destiny

28 Joined by the multitudes from the land of Hejaz
Old and the young, men, women in tears
Watched by souls in Heaven with takbir
To the Most High, with whispers in the air
As their silent cry, their tents were pitched at night
For their first restless rest, aware of their plight

29 At the place of departure from the Hejazi crowd
Imam Husein ascended an elevated mound:
O people of Mecca, I leave and will not return
From the fields of battle, where the sand and sun burn
I know what's ahead, and I invite you to stay
In the safety of haram, do not move away

30 Whoever steps under my Alami Sharif
Will say farewell to this life and to all that is his
In this life, your wealth, your family, your trade,
Will perish. Behind me remain, instead
Return to your homes, to all my pardon I give
Those who proceed, no longer will live

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 Emeweese

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 teslemiat
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

1 The remaining travelers continued their move
To the next place of rest amidst the sandy dunes
To Bani Katile, where all of them beheld
A handsome horse at the front of a lone tent
Husein's faithful friend, Mesruki ibni Hajar said,
It belongs to my cousin, mighty ibni Har

2 Husein sent the message, join us against the foe
You may lose your life but gain eternal reward
To gain it in exchange for a few earthly days
Is the only choice for one who follows righteous ways
Abdullah responded, to fight against Yazid
With his powerful force, is a truly unwise deed

3 My presence and my help will be of no avail
And it will not help you, remember bin Ukayl
So please forgive me, I may not join you
But, as every tribe knows, it certainly is true
The horse of ibni Har is swiftest in the world
Take it as my present, and take my famous sword

4 I'm in no need of horses or swords of sharpest steel
Husein responded, I long for Allah's will
And left the site, turning his back to Har
To camp he slowly rode, with sadness in his heart
Entering his tent, he rested his tired head
In the lap of his sister, Sayeeda Zaynab

5 On the knees of Zaynab, Husein fell asleep
After an hour of rest, he started to wail and weep
With tears in his eyes, he could not stop his cry
Qulsum, his other sister, asked him why
To his two sisters, Imam related his state
About the dream he saw determining their fate

6 During my rest, my noble grandfather appeared
With tears in his eyes he said, ya nuri ain
The time is getting nigh for our reunion
And soon shall we meet in the everlasting world
Hearing him, both Zaynab and Umm Qulsum wept
And Shahribanu, his wife, and all of Ehlel Bayt

7 His elder son, Ali Akbar, to his father turned:
You who are my kibra, my love, and all my heart
Tell me, if God is with us or is He with Yazid?
Husein responded: Allah is with us indeed
And we are with Allah. To which Ali Akbar said:
No further talk, we proceed with happiness ahead

8 O Ali Akbar, my son, the light of my very eyes
Thousand thanks to you and thousand selams
You are akbar, indeed. You are a believer's pride
The pearl of mankind, you deserve all honors and reward
Yet, I offer to all who hesitate to die,
Separate yourself now and go your own way

9 Only a few departed, the rest continued on
To shifting desert sands, with all escapes gone
The hopes gone. Abandoning the last chance
To escape their cruel end, at enemy's lance
At the traitor's hand. Content with their bitter cup:
Lead us to salvation, they pleaded in a group

10 At every place they stopped, he gave another talk
Recalling other noble messengers of past
Most of all he praised, Zachariah's son
The martyr prophet, Yahya alayhi salam
Preparing his companions for an equal day of pain
When like John's, the martyr's head will be cut again

11 From Beni Katila, proceeded Hanedan
The desert was eerie, knowing of no return
Even the wind ceased to whirl the sand on dunes' crests
No sound, save for tinkling of the camels' bells
Tired of the long journey, they stopped for rest and sleep
At a little grove of palms by the name of Shakeek

12 There, they met a lonely tribesman of Beni Akrame
Inquiring of the news of Kufa and what is happening there
The bedouin responded: Ya ibn Rasullallah,
The army units search for you by order of Ziyad
I plead of you, return to Mecca from this place
Hejaz is awaiting you with honor and with grace

13 The word of warning did not change the calm face of Imam
Nor a desire to return from the fated road to Sham
His firm resolve was clear, to meet his predicted end
And they continued their journey over the burning sand
While horseman roamed around with ready chains
Bring them to ibni Ziyad, the order clearly says

14 One of the best commanders under ibni Ziyad
Was sent to search for them, famous Hur bin Riya
With two thousand horsemen, they waited in desert heat
To stop Husein's advance and to stop his retreat
They all dismounted in a valley by the name Seddab
In shades of their horses, under the scorching sun

15 From Shakeek to Seddab, it took an entire night
Under the veil of dark until early sun rise
They had no rest, determined, they continued their way
Till they reached Seddab, to rest for the coming day
Before they saw them, they heard their takbirs and prayers
They swiftly followed, the sun glistening on their spears

16 Seeing the armed horseman, Husein sent a scout
To ask for the purpose of the ambush, to find out
Who is their commander, for he wanted to talk
Hur bin Riya consented proceeding in a slow walk
With great respect, he approached in distress:
O child of the Prophet, I have an order for your arrest

17 Eina ein alayna, O Hur, Husein asked,
Are you with us today or are you against us?
But, it is the time to offer our morning prayer
So you pray with your jamaat, and I with mine will pray
Later we shall have calm and quiet accord
But first we have to fulfill our duty to our Lord

18 Hur responded: O you, the light of the entire world
We shall pray behind you without armour or sword
You are the Imam of Time, we join you with pride
If we don't, our prayer will be of no reward
Ahksanallahu alayke Husein gave him praise
His army joined the ranks, and the prayer took place

19 The prayer over, Husein leaned on his sword
With dignity, he spoke, with firm and gentle word
All of you are the ummah of Hazrat Mustafa
You know me and Yazid, I will never give my bayat
I was quite content to live in Harami Sharif
In peace to do my duties to Rabul Alameen

20 Yet, you people of Kufa, did not grant me respite
With thousands of letters, you chose to invite
My visit to your country, as a token of peace
If you change your minds, I readily release
You from obligation to be among my friends
In peace it started, and let it in peace end

21 I did not come to fight, but to fulfill my accord
It is upon you now to keep your solemn word
No blood flow do I desire, and not a slightest gain
I wish only for peace, no tears, no sobs, no pain
Sardar Hur, who listened to his every word,
Said: O Husein, of letters I truly did not know

22 Ya Hur, said Husein. The letters are all here
From saddlebags poured they, please take them and read
Hur and his soldiers with bitter tears wept
To Yazid and Ziyad, they all have changed their word
In the midst of the noise, six horsemen appeared
On tired mounts with the letter to Hur bin Riya sent

23 O Hur, the letter said: You are under our command
Wherever you find Husein, and all his hanadan
Detain them, and bring them instantly to me
Hur lifted the eyes from the letter: O Husein, can you see
What they demand? May God protect me from this sin
O Prophet's child, return to Mecca as if I never found thee

24 Sixth day of Muharram, in the year sixty-one,
Husein agreed with Hur to change his travel plan
They parted in the night with dark sky with no stars
Not a single sign, no path, until the early sun rise
When suddenly his horse would not make a further step
Neither urging nor spurs were of any help

25 Husein turned to his companions, does anyone know this place?

Some said Ardi Mariam, some Shatul Furat, until one said,
I heard from elders, this place Karbala is called
Husein whispered: so this is the place of our fall
And, Ali Akbar asked, with his gentle quiet voice
Please tell us, of the secret in which we have no choice

26 O son, Ali Akbar, this place was shown to me

By your grandfather, Emir Seyyedina Ali
When he was on his way to the battlefield Hasnain
He travelled through this place, and dismounted on its sand
He placed his head on the lap of your brother Hasan,
And fell asleep, and woke up with a sudden cry

27 My dear Hasan, Imam Ali said with tears in his eyes,

My dream reveals the blood in these deserted sands
I saw Husein drowned in it, in his own blood
No one was there to help him, and with him I stood
He asked, what would we do if this dream comes to pass?
He said, to keep tawhid is what we always must

28 O my beloved father, my intention I announce

Not to question God's order, but to submit at once
May zul jalal Allah, only grant me patience
To persist in my resolve at that final stance
This story Husein related to Akbar, his dear son
While everyone in attention, listened to Imam

29 O Karbala, what honor God assigned to you

Since the time before time, for the selected few
By the higher wisdom, to witness with their own lives
That the life given for truth is the only life that survives
That there is no reward without sacrifice
That victory won't crown empty and selfish lives

30 O Karbala, the lifeless home of snake and scorpion

How high you are lifted above the corrupted world
O Karbala, O secret of the human destiny
Not revealed to any mortal in the entire history
That Truth alone governs the life and death
In our frail state, the only certainty in our uncertain fate

1 To Karbala, hastened the entire human kind
The justice of the Creator moved them over cruel sand
As the crown of mankind, hastened last prophet's Ehlel Bayt
For there was no delay, there was no time to wait
With no uncertainty of what ahead awaits,
Everyone full aware of their final fate

2 At Karbala they stopped, and Husein dismounted
With his mubarak feet, his foot in sand imprinted
At this touch, the desert shook with embarrassment and shame
All saw the color of sand changed from red to pale,
While whirling dust arising above the weeping waste
Covered him with mist, and with a bitter taste

3 I see the apparitions arising from the dust
My heart is immersed in the future and the past
From the deepest earth, the souls are reaching for the sky
They wail and weep, in the breeze I hear their mournful cry
To all Imam announced: O souls do not despair
Don't let the enemy rejoice in your pain

4 Husein then addressed his dear wife
O Shahribanu, you are the comfort of my life
My faithful friend, pay heed to my advice
When you see my body in blood at my demise
Do not let your voice betray any grief or pain
Do not reward the foe of Rabul Alameen

5 The enemy of God should only see your pride
And your firm belief that all of those who died
With certainty of ascending to glorious resurrection
Will never flinch before death, accepting with affection
The great reward for soul, which at last is free
With all doubts left behind in this world of uncertainty

6 Noble Shehribanu and Zaynab and Qulsum
Asked in one voice: What is the meaning of this gloom?
Please explain to us, what are you relating,
We are uncertain still, we pray for more explaining
While Husein calmly soothed their unrest
With his gentle words: Allah knows best

7 While Karbala descended into the peace of night
The wind stopped, and shadows settled on peaceful sand
Husein took the pen and a sheet of parchment paper
Name i shareef, his last enquiring letter
He dispatched to Kufa, their council and their head
By the name of Hazaij al Suleyman Serd

8 O Muslims of Kufa, you invited me from afar
With thousands of letters to visit Iraq
Responding to your wishes, on a long journey we set
And reached your lands, at Karbala we wait
In sand we are waiting under the burning sun's fire
For your reception according to your own desire

9 Our arrival here is for your benefit
It is provision for you, be eager to meet
Your guests without delay, and with no excuse
Fulfill your duty, join us, earn your rewarding dues
It is my desire to lead you to the only right way
Nothing else I wish, your reply I await

10 Instantly was dispatched the Name i shareef
By Kays al-Arabi, who departed with all speed
He reached Kufa's suburbs, on his foamy steed
And was intercepted by a squad of cavalry
Under guard, he was escorted to ibn Ziyad,
The soldier of Yazid, commander of ibni Sad

11 In front of Ziyad, Kays reached into his garb
And tore the Name i shareef into tiny parts
Crimson with wrath, Ziyad screamed in rage:
Why did you destroy the letter? Explain it in haste
Brave Kays responded, the secret of a friend
Cannot be revealed on an enemy's demand

12 The reply enraged ibn Ziyad even more
More angry he turned than even before
He screamed: if you want to be saved from my blade
Give me the names which the letter contained
The only way for you to escape your certain death
Is to talk in the mosque, attacking Ehlel Bayt

13 You will also attack Husein bin Ali

And you will give all the praise to our kind Yazid
Kays only responded, O ibni Ziyad,
Since you want to attack our Prophet's awlad
I will agree to speak from the mimber of the mosque
Gather the congregation, I will be your speaking guest

14 Ibn Ziyad ordered the event to be known

To all of population of the treacherous town
The crowd was so large, there was no room inside
The people on the rooftops and in every courtyard
Brave Kays turned to the awaiting crowd
His strong voice was heard far away and loud

15 First, he said praise to the Creator of all things

He thanked Him for all good made by good deeds
The Master of the worlds, the galaxies and stars
And tiniest creatures of the waters and grass
He gave his selam to the Prophet beloved,
And his Ehlel Bayt, and his blessed faith

16 The khutbah continued: O you Kufa jamaat

I represent Husein, the Imam of the Time
I came to your town with the duty to proclaim
That he is waiting for you in Karbala plain
I was not permitted to reach you in peace
For ibn Tal Jah stopped me with my task not complete

17 He further related all details of the scroll,

Which he shredded to pieces before reaching his goal
He reminded them of the letters sent to Imam
Inviting his presence in Iraq and in Sham
He trusted you, and departed from the blessed Hejaz
He expects you to meet him with respect and niyaz

18 He is waiting for you in the desert, not too far

At Karbala sands with his entire etbah
Today is your chance to prove your loyalty
Join him, help him, the reward you will receive
If you have to, give your life for Islam
In both worlds, you will receive a rewarding selam

19 He continued: Our thanks to Kudratul Ain
The light of the eye of Imam al-Qiblatein
Who knew secrets of the revealed and the hidden
He taught us what is right and what is forbidden
He was instructed in the secrets of Muhammad and Ali
His son, the gate of knowledge of our Nabi

20 He is the mirror of his father and grandfather alike
Selected among mankind as Basharul haq
Like Ali Murtazah and Ahmed Mustafa,
Announce your loyalty to Tariki hidaya
Curse be on Yazid and all who follow him,
Who poisoned the heart of Islam and betrayed our deen

21 Entire Kufa was silent, even the birds of air
Stopped chirping and cooing, not a slightest stir
Even the breeze stopped, the quietness prevailed
Until the rage erupted, the crowd exclaimed:
Down with Yazid and his evil friend
May the curse of Heaven upon them descend

22 While still on the mimber, Kays was cut with swords
By the order of Yazid for his truthful words
The town of Kufa trembled at the angry noise
The blood of the shaheed was louder than his voice
While ibni Ziyad, amidst blood drenched swords
In a loud noise, wrote the following words

23 O Husein, I am under Yazid's command
When you reach Kufa, you should offer bayat
If you refuse, you will die with no delay
This is the order of the king, you cannot get away
I demand it of you, otherwise you are
In the state of rebellion, and get ready for war

24 Receiving the letter, Husein threw it on the ground
His face turned red, and he only said:
O ignorant world, not fearing your Lord
Yet hoping for salvation for your sinful soul
He said to the bearer of the letter of Ziyad:
Return with no response. That is my reply

25 To ibni Ziyad, the messenger returned
With hatred and rage, his dark face burned
Hearing that he was named with Husein's curse
He lost his composure, and with a loud noise
Shouted to every officer attending:
Who will join the army that I am now sending?

26 Not a single soldier or officer replied
They all stared at the ground. Once more questioned Ziyad,
Again, no answer. Ibni Ziyad turned his eyes
To a ranking commander Omar ibni Saad:
You are my favorite soldier of Quraishi tribe
Your letter of promotion has been waiting awhile

27 I know of your desire to govern Tibristan
It has been on hold until the right zeman
This is a chance for you to fulfill your dream
To govern a province of Yazid, your king
The Tibristan province is his royal deal
With the robes and crown and horse and seal

28 He also said, O noble ibni Saad,
Your father was one of the Prophet's ashab
A great warrior, a diplomat, with the gift of reason
I entrust you with the task, I expect no treason
You are the strategist, a soldier with no peer
Fight Husein to death without any fear

29 When you reach Karbala, meet with Husein
My offer for bayat, present to him again
If he accepts, all matters will be well resolved
If not, cut off his head, and of his every soldier
Send all the heads to me by the swiftest horses
To you and your troops, these are the final orders

30 Ibn Saad saluted to ibni Ziyad,
It is my grand duty to perform this task
Permit me, please, to consult my family
With their consent, I will return instantly
Ibni Ziyad, with that request agreed,
Omar galloped home with the greatest speed

1 In a silk robe, with the gold embroidered
Omar ibni Saad, on his gift horse rode
In his right hand he held the golden reigns
In his left, the decree of his appointment
The governor, the vice regent of wealthy Tibristan
The entire household met him at the gates of his divan

2 Our dear father, like one all exclaimed
How did you achieve all this honor and wealth?
By what virtue do you deserve this highest luxury?
He instantly responded: Ziyad appointed me
The regent of Tibristan, which I long desire
The large army I lead, as my ranks require

3 My duty is to offer an honorable peace
To Husein bin Ali, without blood or tears
In exchange for his bayat to Yazid our king
If he refuses, my orders are to bring
His head and of his companions to ibni Ziyad
In either case, I remain the Lord of Tibristan

4 As soon as he spoke, stood up his oldest son
With contempt and rage, he said: O you, the ignorant,
May shame be on you for a thousand times
What evil deceived you? What nightmare turned you aside?
Husein will never be turned away from the righteous path
He will not be affected by fear or reward

5 O you, my blinded father. Don't you know?
Husein is the light of the last messenger of the world
He is a piece of noble Fatima's heart
And your father, the honorable Saad ibni Vekas
Gave up his life fighting the foes of Islam
You wrote three letters to Kufa inviting Imam

6 O ignorant man obsessed with worldly life
You are so misled by this world's passing lies
You don't seem to know that to fight Husein
Is the same as to fight the Rasulu Sekalein
To fall in love with this world is the highest deception
You are an evil man with no hope of salvation

8 The horse you are riding will surely die one day
Your silken robes will fade and into shreds decay
The paper of your title will surely fade away
The kings and emperors will not forever stay
But, resurrected soul of a traitor of God's way
Will stand before the final judge in shame and in dismay

9 Ibni Saad, enraged by the words of his eldest son
Turned to the younger boy, asking for his advice
Who said: Yes, my brother spoke to you the truth
But his words relate to things he cannot prove
They are illusions with no substance within
While the offers of ibni Ziyad are real facts indeed

10 A wise man will not pursue an empty dream
Of a fiction of reward, hidden in the unseen
In place of goods ready to consume
We should rejoice in life, avoid the gloom
The rest is uncertain. Father you did well,
I advise you to accept and to ibni Ziyad return

11 Returning, he expressed his humble gratitude
To ibni Ziyad, who promptly his promise fulfilled
Five thousand horsemen to ibni Saad, he assigned
The news reached everyone, not a soldier aside
His nephew Hamza bin Agira in fear said:
O Uncle, think of payment after you rise from the dead

12 Ibni Saad responded: I am fully aware
This mission is of this world, and ahirat I fear
But I am burdened with love for this apparent world
It is much stronger to me than the promised life beyond
While Hamza, shocked, exclaimed: for one province of this earth,
Against one beloved by all worlds, you stand

13 Ibn Saad, ashamed, recognized his plan
For several hours he delayed and thought of his haram
Until shaytan prevailed, and he returned again
To fulfill his mission to fight Imam Husein
With martial music, he conducted a splendid parade
Through the streets of Kufa with no shame. With pride

14 To Karbala they proceeded and pitched thousands of tents

For the soldiers and servants and command officers

He wrote a letter, not wasting any time:

Tell me, O Husein, what brings you to our land?

The reply was soon received: I came by your invitation

There is no reason for our confrontation

15 I only came to lead you on the correct path

To offer you salvation to avoid God's wrath

As your guest I arrived, you met me with swords

You stepped on your honor, with your empty words

Through desert sands I came, for the sake of your souls

By duty to the sublime Lord of the Worlds

16 On my journey, I heard of your evil plans

After you killed bin Ukayl and his two little sons

From Mecca I came, I am willing to return

Let us leave, you will never see us again

Ibni Saad rejoiced at the words of compromise

To avoid a bloodshed and Husein's demise

17 This fitna will end with no war or blood

I win with no effort, thought Omar bin Saad

In peace, I will be wali of Tibristan

He mounted his horse and swiftly he ran

Towards the camp of guests with manner calm and mild:

Greetings to you, of our Prophet, you beloved child

18 My respect for you is very great indeed

I don't wish to harm you, give your pledge to Yazid

By his order I act to get your bayat

Do not refuse this offer, do not sadden my heart

Remember what happened to your noble father

To Murtaza Ali, and to Hasan your brother

19 Husein replied: Since things got so far

I offer you an honorable compromise

I will secure my family in Harami Sherif

Or any land distant from Sham and Yazid

If you refuse my offer, I am willing to proceed

From Karbala to Sham, in person him I will meet

20 Omar listened with care, and without delay
Sent to Ziyad a report of Husein's reply
He instantly responded: Husein should come
To Kufa, and I will escort him to Sham
But, Husein knew what Ziyad was planning
And with these words responded to his cunning:

21 If you agree that I should visit Yazid,
To go first to Kufa, there is no need,
From Karbala to Damascus, I will directly proceed
If you want to join me, you're welcome, indeed
But, ibni Ziyad, with great rage was seized,
And in one instant he refused the request

22 To ibni Saad, he sent the following word
If he does not come to Kufa, further talk is void
One of two choices he has to accept
Either to give the pledge or to reject
If he refuses, be ready for the next step
Four days have passed, and no result yet

23 With no further pause, Husein replied:
This is the condition, not the compromise,
The offer is refused. While angry Ziyad,
Ten thousand more soldiers, to Omar assigned
Three commanders led them, Hasan bin Namir,
Shat bin Rebya, and Zil Shen Shimir

24 In the cloud of dust, they started their march
Under the strict order to ride by the river bank
The mighty Euphrates, which sustains the life
Of mankind and beasts, and of every plant
But, to the children of the Prophet, one drop was denied
And previously calm, by waves the river sighed

25 Block the access to the river, Ziyad's order said
If they are thirsty, let them drink sand instead
Ten thousand riders along the river bank
Saw the clear water turn murky and dark
And everyone knew this was a cursed mission
And everyone knew they ride to their perdition

26 The fowls of the sky, in the endless flocks
Painfully cried over the sands and rocks
While the wind of the desert howled with pain
While horses whinnied as in a heavy strain
While the ancients' graves buried in the sands
Shook in rage and fear beside the river banks

27 But, the heart of a man trained to survive
Just for one more hour, just for one single day
Just for one more taste of this treacherous life
Just a little longer to continue this strife
In order to live just for one moment more
The horseman proceeded along the river shore

28 At Karbala they joined Omar's mighty army
Like a crowd of ants, the multitude was swarming
Five hundred best horsemen, Omar placed in charge
Under the command of cursed Hujjaj
To block the way to the river to beast or man
The only way to life under the scorching sun

29 O month of Muharram, the new year's blessed days
When mankind was led from dark to better ways
When Ibrahim was saved from the fire ablaze
When the Red Sea split. When with his people Musa fled
When the eyesight to Yakub returned
When the Last Prophet from Mecca escaped

30 What happened to the world with mercy reversed?
What evil winds desert sands dispersed?
How are the infants on their mother's breasts
Guilty of any crime? Has justice no trace?
All mankind is gathered at this lonely place
Where the last word is written for the human race

1 Sixty first year of hijrah, Muharram seventh day
The choice was given to mankind to reject or obey
The law that governs the planets, sun, and stars
To choose the healing grace over the wounds and scars

The mighty army gathered against a few
Thirty-three thousand against seventy-two

2 Where are the kingdoms and mighty empires?
Where are their ranks? Where human desires?
Where are the pleasures craved by blind illusion?
Where goes this life? In empty confusion
All vanish with no trace, like in the desert sand
Golden throne of Yazid, the throne of Tibristan

3 Where is their gold and pearls and joyous feasts?
Like Nabukadnezar in the field of beasts
Like Belshazar, whose kingdom was found in want
Like Ramses the Great with the open sea affront
The palaces overhang with spider webs
Changing like the tide that always flows and ebbs

4 They all ride like shadows into awaiting night
The weapons and horses only apparent might
Even the sun was not reflecting on their ornaments
They rode to their darkness, where human glory ends
The army of shadows, in their final ride
With no joy on their faces, with no trace of pride

5 All for the sake of a worthless reward
Pleasing the tyrant, who lives by the sword
When justice is silent where the law is corrupt
Where the demons are fed with innocent blood
Why all their power? Why all this display?
They didn't know whom they were going to slay

6 Perhaps the shame touched the heart of ibn Saad
Remembering his father, Saad bin Vakas
The companion of the Prophet, the honorable knight
In struggle for truth his sword had never dried
And now, the same sword is wielded again
Against the same Prophet, against his Husein

7 For the slight delay, of inevitable end
A blind human life is uselessly spent
All wealth of the true life promised by the Lord

For the righteous deeds in this brief abode
Till the patience of heaven is exhausted at last
With both worlds' reward forever denied

8 O light, O the ray of the burning sun
How pleasant your warmth upon the grateful man
In the life of peace, in the days of content
And how cruel your heat in the times of want
When the blood boils, when the dry mouth wails
When the water is near, but not a drop remains

9 The mighty Euphrates reflects the mid-day sun
Before the very eyes of Prophet's hamedan
No heat of desert stops the river flow
While the heat from above and the heat from below
Stops even breathing of the bodies so dry
That even the tears don't flow from the eye

10 Five hundred of Yazid's soldiers guard the river banks
Not a bird, nor a jackal can break through their ranks
Until Husein's brother, the intrepid Abbas
With fifty companions broke through their ranks
And swift like arrows, dashed to the river shore
With water skins full, for a while life was restored

11 Yet each drop of water and instant relief
Enraged the demons, the moment so brief
Lasted too short. Two thousand more
Ibn Saad sent to guard the river shore
Faced with the horror of children dying of thirst,
Husein invited Saad for further talks

12 Omar ibn Saad accepted the call
With a dozen soldiers, they proceeded all
Between two camps, and awaited thus
For Husein, Ali Akbar, and Abbas
Proud and straight, they rode to a sandy hill
And commenced the talk with no sign of fatigue

13 O ibni Saad, I ask you, Imam Husein said
Did your father Wakas in his will ordain

To join the forces of Abu Sufyan
And fight the Holy Prophet in this final crime?
Denying water to the Prophet's family
Sealing forever your gloomy destiny

14 Don't you know, Omar, the day is so nigh
When Ruzi Mahsher, spring of our Lord most high
Will refresh the thirsty with the Kauthar water
Their refreshment is sweet, but yours will be bitter
Our thirst is brief, but yours will never end
And the thirst of Beni Umayya, unquenchable as sand

15 I don't ask you for favors but offer the way
To come to the right path from the road astray
Repent while you can, to escape damnation
The last warning is offered, proceed to salvation
Reflect for a moment while you all still can
Accept the law of God over the laws of man

16 Responded ibni Saad: O Prophet's beloved child
What you said is true, but I'm so afraid
Of ibni Ziyad's wrath for a mission not completed
To compromise is the same as being defeated
He will take away all of my possessions,
He will destroy me and sever my connections

17 Fear not, Omar, Husein responded,
What you lose in this world, it will be returned
In the world that knows no end in generous giving
Repent, and take reward of our Lord so forgiving
I will witness for you in front of my grandfather
He will vouch for you and for today's encounter

18 Ibn Saad said: My property in Kufa is countless
In lands, horses, gold, cattle and the fields
To lose it all will make my heart destroyed
I cannot give it up, even for eternal reward
The lofty state that in heaven I would get
It's not enough. My loss would be worse than death

19 Husein replied: Your property is small

Compared to mine in Hejaz. Take it all
Together with livestock and crops and all lands
To me all worthless like the desert sands
For, in the real life, to me it will return
While this wealth, like a brief flame will burn

20 Omar remained speechless, for he understood
The offer of Husein he cannot refuse
And he stopped in thoughts, while the Imam continued:
O poor man, my offer does not seem to matter
For your wealth and your power is to no avail
In both worlds, for sure you will forever fail

21 Even the pleasure of this world, for which you crave
Will be denied to you before your grave
But, beyond this life, your loss is much more
Even if the whole world you possessed before
As soon as my destiny at Karbala is fulfilled,
Both you and your younger son will soon be killed

22 Husein remained true to his word
Ibn Saad and his son fell to the sword
Of Mukhtar's revenge before their reward
Both worlds for them, forever denied
How blind are you, O shallow human greed
How unfulfilling your insatiable need

23 The freedom of choice is given to all
Ibn Saad selected his fate and his fall
For a fleeting illusion of glory of this life
Swift as a wind in its unsteady flight
To deep darkness of horror, and despair of eternal end
All who don't fear God, will surely descend

24 In the camp of Husein, in faithful Hanedan
A companion, bin Hasin, implored the Imam
To give him permission to ride to Yazid's side
And to have a final word with ibni Saad
A Prophet's companion of highest respect
His wish was granted and to Omar he went

25 Bin Hasin's intent was to warn once more
The entire army of Saad, they cannot restore
Their honor if they proceed with their evil intent
Without permission he entered Saad's tent
Without salam, he sat next to ibn Saad
Without removing his shoes, he on the carpet sat

26 Saad knew him well and said: O Aziz,
You are a respected guest, but what manner is this
To enter my tent without salam,
Such unusual behavior, I implore you to explain,
What is the reason for your conduct so rude
Worthy of explanation to be understood

27 Aziz responded with manner so calm:
Only to a Muslim I offer salam
Are we not Muslims? Ibn Saad inquired
In response, Janabu Barbar replied,
After a delay, with hadith he responded soon:
Al Muslim min selem al Muslimoon

28 A Muslim is the one who provides the peace
To another Muslim by good words and deeds
While you, ibn Saad, even water deny
To unprotected Muslims from the river nearby
Your deeds are evil, proven by your will
Not to comfort, but to harm another Muslim and kill

29 For your foul intent, you deserve no salam
To harm another Muslim, is no deed of Islam
I see from your face and your angry frown,
You have sold your honor for a golden crown
My last attempt to save your poor soul
Appears in vain. My failure is your fall

30 Bin Hasin departed from the tent of ibn Saad
To camp of Ehlel Bayt on the other battle side,
And said to Husein: In my mission I failed
Between right and wrong, their evil has prevailed
With that duty performed, I remain content
My sword and my life is all that is left

1 The eighth day of Muharram, Prophet's Ehlel Bayt

Withered in the sun, between life and death
The heat of desert sun, fit only for the jinn
Parched lips, sunken eyes, evaporated skin
Children like dried leaves, no longer strong to cry
How far is the water with the river so nigh?

2 During the talks between Omar and Hasin,

From Yazid's army, left the camp Shimir Zul Jushein
And quickly he galloped away from the tents
To ibni Ziyad he reported the recent events
Omar doesn't fight, but secretly with Husein confers
No longer he cares for his direct orders

3 Ubayd ibn Ziyad, hearing the report,

In an instant a letter to ibn Saad wrote:
I sent you to fight, not to negotiate
What do you have to say about their fate?
I see that you are not fit for your lofty rank
Your duty has failed, how low you sank

4 As you don't seem able to conduct yourself in a war

How can you be trusted as a governor
Of wealthy Tibristan province of our domain
This honor to the other, I will soon convey
Let Shimir command the troops in their attack
And replace you in duty, performing what you lack

5 The message was to ibn Saad delivered

The very same night. With fear he shivered
Frightened and scared, an order demanded
Get ready for battle, to all his commanders
Without delay, a formation they made
Awaiting the signal to proceed ahead

6 The eighth day of Muharram, with no sign of relief

How long is a minute in this life so brief
Where between death and perishing of thirst
There is no power to cry or protect
Even the angels of eternal light
Sobbed in despair at the terrible sight

7 The Almighty Creator intervened at last
He, the only source of the water of life
Gave a sign to Husein to dig in dry ground
In the tent of Ehlel Bayt, deep water was found
Enough was it for all Mutaherat
After all drank, the water disappeared

8 It did not escape the attention of spies
Of miracle performed before their very eyes
An instant message was sent to ibni Saad:
You permitted Husein to dig a well in the sand
Make sure it is not repeated again
Attack them now until the last is slain

9 Seized with rage, he ordered a mighty force
Seven thousand horsemen, a formidable host
Under three commanders, Muhammad As-Shat
Kais bin Ahmed, Hujaj bin Hazaz
To join in an instant the rest of the troops
Attack with no mercy with the drawn swords

10 Habib bin Muzahir radiallahu anh
Addressed Husein, Ya ibni Rasullallah,
A tribe Benu Assad is not too far
Allow me to call them Fi sabil Allah
To join us as shaheeds in our last stand
To earn the reward in this evil sand

11 Habib rode away to the bedouin tribe
And delivered a speech to Benu Assad
Know you, O noble people, who is close to you
The grandson of our Prophet with soldiers too few
Last of Prophet's family facing the swords
Join them in shahadet, follow my words

12 Before his speech ended, ninety mighty knights
With no hesitation, no further advice,
Joined bin Muzahir under the command
Of ibni Bashir, the warrior of renown
In a cloud of dust, they all stormed in heat
To the camp of Husein, to join his elite

13 Omar ibn Saad was instantly informed
Ehlel Bayt was joined by a mighty reinforcement
Four thousand horsemen, he selected on the spot
Who rode towards Benu Assad at a forced trot
They were commanded by evil Asruk Sham
To block their access to Husein's caravan

14 The tribe of bin Assad met with their foes
At the banks of Furat and clashed with their swords
One against forty, they did not retreat
Some fell of the sword, of arrow, of heat
Helpless bin Muzahir managed to reach
The camp of Ehlel Bayt with the news of defeat

15 News of the battle reached ibni Ziyad
Are you asleep? He wrote unworthy ibn Saad,
Husein ibni Ali gathers for his aid
More troops. Are you negligent or simply not afraid?
This is the last warning. Get ready to proceed
As soon as this message reaches and complete your deed

16 If you get my order during the dark of night,
Before the morning prayer, you must start the fight
No excuse will be granted for any delay
In the event that you will choose not to obey,
Your head will be severed with my own blade
And of those who join you in the treason that you made

17 The ninth day of Muharram, in the fierce sun of morning
The desert heat like an oven, every grain of sand burning
Found Omar's army in ready formation,
Spears sparkling in sun with deadly intention
To strike at command, awaiting the final order
To commence the slaughter. To commit the murder

18 In the oppressive heat, in the oppressive thirst
Husein lay for a while for a little rest
Ibn Saad's horsemen approached from all sides
They addressed his brother, Janabu Abbas
With twenty companions, Abbas asked a question:
Is an instant battle your present intention?

19 Yes, we are to attack, was their instant reply
Abbas returned to Husein to relay
The enemy's intention to strike without delay
Husein responded: Abbas, return to them
Ask them to postpone for one single night
That we stay in prayer until from the world we depart

20 The message delivered, ibni Saad conferred
With his commanders, and all did decide
Not to grant one night, not a moment even
No time for the farewell, even for the sake of heaven
They lifted their spears, lofty and high
No delay was the commander's final reply

21 But the waves of the ocean from the highest heaven
Flooded the hearts of ibn Saad's companions
They noticed the unrest among his own army
With the hesitation, the soldiers were swarming
In fear of unrest, he granted delay
With a stern order, the fight at dawn, all must obey

22 The day passed in heat, and in thirst and fatigue
As soon as dusk fell, they dug trenches deep
Leaving one single path to the battlefield
The trench will protect the women and children as a shield
With dead wood gathered, they set it aflame
To the amazement of the army facing them

23 As soon as the flames reached towards the sky
Malik bin Urwat approached from Yazidi camp
He shouted loud: Hear you, Husein!
You will perish in fire before you are slain
All present were shaken with the disrespect
While Husein responded: There is no fire in Jennet

24 Husein's companion, Muslim Awasiyed, implored Imam
Please let me perform a deed, O Sultan
To meet in a single combat this cowardly mazloom
And with my sword send him to his doom
The Imam responded: We shall not attack first
Let Allah Almighty decide his fate

25 He turned his face towards Bayt al-Haram
With his hands lifted in humble niyaz:
O Lord, Who can do whatever You desire,
Let this evil perish in this very fire
Like hit by lightning, Malik's horse forward raced
And threw his rider in the burning flames

26 Both sides watched him screaming in pain
While still in niyaz, this prayer whispered Husein:
Almighty God, to Your wisdom I humbly submit
For the love of Your Prophet, please do not permit
A shadow of dishonor to stain his closest kin
Grant me the patience. Let me stand firm

27 Among Yazid's troops shouted Eshas:
O Husein, with our Prophet you have no ties
Why are you still using our Prophet's holy name
To help you when no connection to him you can claim?
O my grandfather beloved, Husein replied
You are witnessing how our kinship is denied

28 May our Lord intervene on your lofty behalf
The Lord of all power. Of your taj. Of Burak
Denial of our kinship hurts as a poisonous sting
O Lord of mankind, and the angels, and jinn
Reward this evil with Your divine wrath
With Your swift justice, humiliate Eshas

29 Before the prayer ended, everyone saw
Eshas screamed in pain and fell on a stone
Where a scorpion stung him with its poisonous tail
His screaming and scratching was to no avail
A cold shiver like a breeze hit Yazid's battle line
Which power of the Lord will mankind deny?

30 In the instant of Eshas' departure to his doom
Rode to the trench another evil maloon
Named Jaddeh. O Husein, he shouted loud:
Look at the Furat River where waters abound
How sweet is relief of its life giving freshness
Not a drop for you in your burning trenches

1 As if the evil fate is not enough of pain,
The poisonous words touched the gentle heart of Husein
Who again turned in prayer to Almighty Lord:
Ya Rabb. Send to him his deserved reward
In an instant, witnessed by thousands of eyes
His horse shook him off, he cried: al-Atesh

2 Running around the trench, he shouted: I am burning!
Many horsemen rode to him with water pouring
None could help him. More thirsty he was after many drinks
In front of all eyes, into a crisp he shrinks
In front of the mighty river, in one hour he burned
To the land of dark from which no one returned

3 Still, in the light of the flames of the burning ditch
Husein turned to his friends and gave this speech:
O my beloved friends, defenders of the Prophet's kin
No better people than you, this world has ever seen
You did not step aside, you did not retreat back
My honor you defended before the foes' attack

4 I am content with you, and I see you are content
With our suffering and our bitter fate
Today is the end of this life's apparent dream
This treacherous illusion, how unsteady it seems
One night alone is left for you to decide
Whether to proceed or be left behind

5 The night ahead of us will be dark like a cave
I give you my permission to quietly leave
Silent is the desert, with my forgiveness granted,
I will give my consent to all who have departed
That's why I asked for one last night delay
To give you this last chance to leave me or to stay

6 This, my last permission, is of human concerns
Of who proceeds and who to safety returns
The fate of all creation is questioned today
Who will accept eternal life and who will turn away
The question is eternal, on whose side you will stand
The destiny of mankind decided on Karbala's sand

7 If you choose to leave, please convey my salam
To the people of Medina and Bayt al-Haram
The enemy's army only wants my life
For others they don't care, they won't disturb your flight
To all of this, camp responded: Ya Imam al-Zeman
We shall not part from you. We give you our life

8 You are the light of the Last Prophet of Allah
You are the eye of Nebiyi Zishan
You are the mirror of his shining light
You are the kurban, do not send us apart
We won't leave you alone in the enemy's hands
That we shall not permit until the last of us stands

9 May our Lord not permit that one of us remains
After you in this world, where now all mankind stands
In the decisive war between the right and wrong
May God permit us to remain and with you to stay strong
We face our Lord without fear or shame
Ready for the day where our deeds are weighed

10 When the last pledge resounded, to all it was clear
It is the final choice. Husein lifted his hands in prayer
For all his noble friends and the Prophet's family
Prepared to leave this world of shame and tyranny
Lastly, he returned to bin Ukayl's children
Imploring them to leave to the Bani Tai tribesmen:

11 They will escort you with love and kindest care
To your home in Medina, where all of you will prosper
Enough is your father and two of your brother's pain
May your young lives from bitter end be spared
But Muslim's children wept in unison reply:
O child of our Prophet, do not cast us away

12 As our father and our brothers departed as shaheeds
Don't we also deserve to follow their worthy deeds?
We want the same honor to join you on your path
And fall as martyrs with your sa'adat
To which Husein a heartfelt thanksgiving prayer sent
And placed them to rest in his own tent

13 In the tenth night of Muharram, a silence on desert fell
No cricket, no bird, no splash of fish in the river
Even the shadows of night refused to appear
When the end of the Prophet's house approached so near
The countless souls of night and of high heavens wept
And the angels saying dhikr above the fated tents

14 The entire night in prayers until the early dawn
The name of Lord and takbirs through silent night resounded
The unseen living beings in the heavens and earth
Like shadows hovered silently above every tent
The moving lights, the eyes of everyone beheld
At midnight, a piercing shriek by everyone was heard

15 Adrikni Ya Rasulallah, echoed the loud sound
O friend of the Most High, Umm Qulsum enquired
Of her brother Husein: Ya Imami maksum,
My dear brother, what was that sound so gloom?
Awaking from his rest, Husein answered her:
It woke me from my sleep. The same sound I heard

16 It was a gloomy, but still a gentle call
From the world of higher wisdom commanded by our Lord
In the midst of my dream, my grandfather appeared:
O Husein, are you for our meeting prepared?
You are awaited in the world beyond the farthest star
All souls and prophets ready for tomorrow's iftar

17 I saw an angel with two crystal jars
Descending to Karbala among galaxies and stars
I asked my grandfather: Ya Rasulallah
What is the sign of this splendid display?
Your blood will be spilt, I saw it in my dream
The cups will be filled. He wants me to join him

18 Joined by Zaynab, wept noble Qulsum
Tears flowed in the camp from midnight to dawn
For the last time on this earth, united in grief
Yet firm in their faith against disbelief
Imam embraced them all in final farewell
The sadness of that night my pen can never tell

19 On Imam's right side, Shahrubanu sat
Honored and beloved wife of Imam Hazrat
She tore her shirt and through the tears spoke:
You, who are so patient and so full of hope
Even in this furnace of the evil flame,
Who on this earth would want to remain?

20 On his left sat Qulsum and Zaynab the wise:
O light of our Prophet, the world's most noble prize,
When Ali, your father to heaven departed,
And your brother Hasan, you were our only father
After you, who will ever provide the care
In this bleak world of lies and despair?

21 At that, heavens were shaking as in a giant storm
With the night departing followed the gloomy dawn
The tenth day of Muharram, the day of God's wrath
Like a guilty thief, crawled in the early light
Husein stepped out, with sand he did the ablution
Leading the entire camp in the final devotion

22 While in their prayers, the commotion greeted him
To the highest heaven, the words of insult came
Ready to kill, the soldiers of every rank
Mad with their rage and insolent and drunk
Wielding their weapons and beating their shields
The enemy of God emerged from all fields

23 The horses neighing, clanging with weapons unsheathed
Hundred to one in strength, on their horses seated
They galloped around in early morning light
To whom were they showing their martial might?
The darkness prevailed, in a desperate sight
Like Satan's rejection from the eternal light

24 The leader of Hades, unworthy ibn Saad
Last order gave to all in his command
With the chief in charge on his army flank
Hujjaj, and on his left flank with his hatred drunk
Commanded the troop Zil Jushein Shimir
While in the center commanded Amir

25 On the opposing side, the Ehlel Bayt
Seventy-two men stood still and patient
Heroes outnumbered, tired of thirst and sleepless night
Stood in the lines, resolved to the last fight
Shoulder to shoulder on foot and on steed
Awaiting the Imam's order for the battle to proceed

26 Two camps in the last confrontation stood
A mighty army against the tired few
The multitude failed to have an effect
On Hazrati Husein, who sat straight and erect
On his Zuljannah, beloved fighting steed
The sword of Muhammad tied to his left hip

27 Zuljannah, Hussein's beloved mubarak horse
Used to the clash of weapons in so many wars
Unafraid of noise and spears and swords,
Proudly trotted with his master before the numerous foes
Calm as the wind of the sea before the storm,
Husein gave the last orders. Last hesitation gone

28 On the right side, he placed Habib bin Majar
On the left side, the brave Hazrati Abbas
Shining as the morning sun, in the front he rode
The light of heaven reflected on him as pure gold
The army of shaheeds, knew they can never fail
While the enemy might was not to their avail

29 Thus separated forces of truth and the lies
Batil and Haq, Lord clearly divides
Separated like a world of truth and deception
Like the night and day, permitting no exception
Ready to charge in the moment of decision
In the fight for truth that demands division

30 O town of Kufa, O people of this land,
I have few words for you: Alone soon you shall stand
Before our lord as you do today, in this sand
You will look me in the eye when you hear the demand
Of explanation. I will accuse you
Of the grandest crime for which a man is sued

1 For a crime against the One who gave you the life
For a crime of worship of this world that soon will part
For a crime of denying the Source of your very being
For the crime against the One who has no end and no beginning
In that confrontation, unlike today,
You can claim no ignorance that led you astray

2 O people of this world, O people with no shame
The cover on my head is exactly the same
That my grandfather wore in the strive for truth
On my shoulders his garment, the same as in Uhud
The horse I ride is from a line of his steed
The sword on my belt is also his, indeed

3 Every amanet of his, I carry on this day
His light guides me from any disbelief away
My mother Fatima, the light of Prophet's eyes,
Is watching us today from the highest wisdom gates
My father also watches, the Murtaza Ali
All witnessing your falsehood and the crime of Yazid

4 In my entire life, in this world of dreams,
I never performed an act contrary to his
And never will. O people misled in your deeds
Their words are true, while yours are sorely amiss
Did not the Prophet, to my father say the words:
You are my flesh, my blood, my body, and my soul

5 Men kuntu mewlahu fe aliun mewla
Who takes me as a teacher, takes Ali likewise
Is not brave Hamza uncle of my father?
Is not Hasan my beloved brother?
Do not Christians respect every Jesus' sign?
Do not Yahud every law of Musa obey?

6 But you led astray in your misguide
Don't respect your prophet and his very awlad
O people of Kufa, what evil to you I did?
Never spilled your blood. Never hurt you indeed
I was content in Mecca serving Almighty Lord
Breaking your word of peace, you greet me with a sword

7 O Omar ibn Saad. And you, ibni Hujaj
O Shis bin Rabbi. And you, bin Enis Sinan
And you, Shimir bin Zulshayn. Give me your reply:
Am I not your guest? Confirm or deny
By your own letters, to Kufa I came
Here are your parchments. He set them to flame

8 The whole army was silent like their mouths were bound
The silence in the desert was solemn and profound
Until Husein again challenged them to respond:
Are your mouths sealed to utter a word?
From the enemy crowd, Shimir finally spoke,
But none of his words was worthy of any note

9 At his empty words, one of the Ehlel Bayt
The mighty and intrepid Habib bin Mezahere
Shouted at Shimir to stop, at which he remained still
But ready to attack and eager to kill
But one of the foes was touched by Imam's word
Deciding to defect with his horse, his life, his sword

10 The commander of the faithless, Omar ibni Saad,
Shouted to Husein: Your words will not add
One single relief unless you heed the last chance
Avoid your death, lay down your weapons at once
To our king Yazid, announce your bayat
You will be honored and avoid his wrath

11 No reply received, he shot the first swift arrow
Witness that I started this fight, he announced
I am starting the battle against Husein
You are my witnesses, as it is so plain
That I obeyed my orders. And in highest heat of day,
Hundreds of arrows followed like the rain

12 This event occurred in the year sixty-one
Second Friday of Muharram and sealed the fate of Sham
The darkest days in the saga of the falling man
With the blood of shaheeds, with Husein kurban
Thirty-three thousand men under the banner of Yazid
Seventy-two alone in the line of shaheed

13 Seventy-two martyrs, all thirsty and fatigued
Seventy-two between fires from the sky and under feet
Seventy-two, only thirty-two riding horse
Seventy-two, forty on foot with no fear or remorse
Seventy-two against thirty-three thousand
Seventy-two shaheeds fell on Karbala sand

14 No words can describe it. My pen cannot record
No paper can contain the pain of my every word
How hard it is to leave this life when fire burns
How hard to confront the arrow and the lance
And sharp spears, but the worst of all pain
Hurts most of all when an innocent soul is slain

15 With no sin. Only devotion to justice and truth
No fault. But submission to the eternal Lord
Each of the martyrs was shining in the light
Their hearts in flames, in the last decisive fight
With no hesitation, with no step of retreat
To heaven they ascended, victorious in defeat

16 At the break of dawn on Muharram the tenth
To his son Ali Akbar, Imam Husein went:
O you who resemble the Prophet, announce the azan
The voice of the Prophet was heard over the sand
Ummu Layla, Akbar's mother, lifted her hands
Towards heaven to which her son's voice ascends:

17 Almighty Lord who are listening to his voice,
In whose sweetness the men and angels rejoice
Protect us with your power in the hour of our pain
She wailed while for the prayer prepared Husein
He performed tayamum with the desert sand
Amidst the rain of arrows from the camp of ibni Saad

18 Husein distributed weapons for the fight
While only one spear he kept unassigned
For whom is the lance? His companions asked
For the one who will join us from the enemy ranks
On the other side, in one tent a secret meeting was held
Where Hur with his brother and his son conferred

19 I made my decision, Hazrat Hur declared
To abandon the evil while little time remains
To escape the wrath of Almighty Creator
To abandon the ranks of evil dictator
I'm joining Husein as a willing shaheed
Will you not join me against Yazid?

20 They were joined by the servant of Hur
Who in tears implored: I'm joining you without any fear
To escape the fire of awaiting hell
Please let me break out from this evil spell
Hur with his servant and brother and son,
All rode to Husein as battle began

21 One after another the holy martyrs fell
Each fallen was taken to Gazi Shahidin tent
By the hands of Husein, in rows they were lain
With no hesitation, victorious over pain
For each shaheed fallen, many enemies fell
Ibn Saad could not restrain his surprise and lament

22 What power sustained the weak and thirsty troops?
Dozen for each fell before cut with their swords
One thirsty man against the multitude of ogres
Defiant they stood before advancing hordes
Like wheat cut by the scythe of the evil incarnate
Fell one after one without retreat

23 O human heart, how can you stand unbroken
Listening to the words that mother's lips have spoken
Imam's sister Zaynab addressed her two sons
One of ten years, the other of nine:
O my son Muhammad. O my son Aoun
Why are you still alive when the rest are flown?

24 The children responded: Our mother beloved
For your and Imam's permission we only awaited
Without your izn, isn't it the best
To wait for your command before we join the rest?
Zaynab asked her brother to permit her boys
To join the battle, which he could not refuse

25 As soon as they stepped in front of the raging beasts
Both boys were slain like two flowers of spring
Husein and Abbas, like laying them in bed
Placed them before their mother, who looked at them and said:
My beloved children, I'm pleased with you
You have pleased our Lord and the Prophet and the Truth

26 The history of this bleak world has never recorded
A mother's heart like Zaynab's nor the story reported
What is the pain of a mother burying her children
When in blossom of youth, not touched by illness
For no guilt or sin like pierced with a thorn
Laid on the red ground, Muhammad and Aoun

27 Followed noble Qasim, son of Imam Hasan
He stood before Husein with letter in his hand
And said: My father asked me to open it
In the time when my uncle will fall as shaheed
In front of all, the letter was read:
I ask you my son Qasim, for him lay your head

28 When he was fourteen, Husein his promise gave
Of hand of his daughter to young Qasim the brave
So Fatima Qubra, in the battlefield was wed
To Qasim ibn Hasan who advanced straight
In single hand combat, he slew famous al-Azrag
With his four mighty sons before himself was cut

29 Abbas, son of Ali, the lion's heart
Followed in the same manner, in superhuman fight
Through the crowd as thick as a mosquito swarm
He rode through their ranks, like a sandy storm
The river he reached, with water he filled the sack
To carry it for children in Husein's camp

30 With no drop for himself, he charged his mount
To reach the thirsty children, in the ultimate attempt
Though dying with parched lips, not a single drop
Did Hazrat Abbas drink: O Lord, don't let me stop
Allow me to provide them relief. While horsemen of Yazid
Like a swarm of insects crowded around him

1 With both hands severed by the evil blades
He fell off his horse on the banks of Euphrates
The handsome Ali Akbar advanced to the front line
The image of Muhammad, called Ahmadi Than
Muhammad the second, handsome as the morning sun
While Husein prayed: Lord accept this kurban

2 If I had more than this beloved son,
I would offer them all for sacred Islam
Greater than the sacrifice of Ibrahim's son
Ali Akbar is not blindfolded. With open eyes he fell
He accepted his fate with no fear in his heart
Ali Akbar, for a moment, stopped the enemy's attack

3 Everyone was stunned with the young approaching knight
Asking, Did the Prophet himself join the fight?
Many rose in the stirrups, many climbed camels' backs
To behold the youth riding in attack
But an evil hand thrust a sharpened lance
In the chest of handsome Akbar, who fell in the sands

4 The heart of Zaynab, the heart of Husein
Imam of the Time, Imam al-Kibletein
Rose above the limits of human domain
In patience, beholding beloved children slain
O Lord, the only hope that this life sustains
Hasten our end, O You who relieve the pains

5 With no one remaining, with everyone slain
Alone in the field, remained Husein
He rested his head on his blood encrusted spear
With clothes torn, with blood and sweat stained
While enemy snarling, advancing so near
A shriek from Zaynab to heaven was heard

6 In an instant Husein, to his sister returned
His infant son, Ali Ashgar, he observed
His mother Rubab was holding the child
For three days, not a drop of water she touched
Her shriveled breast produced no milk
The child did not even cry, it was so weak

7 The last chance, Husein gave to his foes
To show even the slightest regret and remorse
He mounted a camel, rose child in his arms:
O people! He shouted, If Husein is guilty of crime
Behold this little child, who cannot speak as yet
What is his sin? He is dying of thirst

8 For three days, he tasted no water and no milk
Would you not give a drop for the poor child's relief?
If you think I need water for my own need,
I will leave him alone so you may proceed
With charity, which Lord will not see unrewarded
So your last compassion is forever recorded

9 At his words, a commotion in their camp was seen
Some soldiers were cursing ibni Saad and Yazid
Fearing rebellion, ibni Saad commanded
A brute Hurmula, a monster stone hearted
To answer Husein. The string of his bow vibrated
A three point arrow swiftly flew to target

10 The sharp arrow penetrated through Husein's arm
It passed and pierced the tiny neck of Ashgar
The little face shivered with a gentle smile
In an instant relaxed, ascending to far
From the shaking ground, a voice was heard:
O Imam, this innocent blood I cannot bear

11 Towards the sky, sprinkled blood from Ali Ashgar's throat
The heavens thundered: O Imam, I cannot
Take it. All of my space cannot contain
Such weight. It is heavier than my entire domain
Husein touched with blood his own face
It cannot be contained in earth or heaven space

12 The child's body, he placed to his mother's arms
With his sword he buried him in the desert sands
The all evil of this world from the beginning of creation
Was present in its rage. All departed salvation
Was gone. Rebellion re-enacted at the Furat shore
The last chance gone. For men, there will be chance no more

13 After burying Ashgar with his unsheathed sword,
Husein by a strange man was approached:
I came from your daughter Fatima in Medina
To beg for Ali Ashgar to return with me
Return alone, he said. For Ali it is too late
But hasten back before, you encounter the same fate

14 The only one remaining, Husein's eldest son
Zaynul Abidin, the grace of Islam,
Lay sick in a tent, at the brink of death
You are the fourth Imam, Husein's voice was heard:
Endure in your pain. Your patience will be rewarded
You are the last of us when the rest are departed

15 To Zaynab and Qulsum, Husein gave the parting words:
You will be robbed and insulted. Your covers will be torn
You will be tortured, tormented and shamed
Do not destroy, with your tears what today we earned
Keep clean and proud, our covenant with Lord
Our deeds cannot be undone by fire and by sword

16 Surrounded by thousands, Husein exclaimed:
Have any Muslims among you remained?
Silence in response. Not a single sound
Not a whisper, not a voice. In the silence profound
One voice responded: Father, here I am
Zaynul Abidin whispered, Husein's oldest son

17 Burning with high fever, leaning on a cane
His voice was joined with those from unseen:
Labbayk. Everyone heard from on high
O son of the Prophet, we hear your reply
While Husein motioned to his son to retreat:
You are to continue after my defeat

18 Once again, for the last time, on his steed
His face towards heaven, with his last tawhid
Too tired to dismount, to Zuljannah he said:
Though you are thirsty like me, kneel. The horse obeyed
Kneeling in the sand, he gently lowered his head
To the last asr prayer Imam Husein stepped

19 The spears and swords raised at him at once
Pointed and lifted, were unable to strike
The advancing horsemen retreated in fear
At prayer he whispered, which everyone heard:
Lord, forgive these sinners in their fall and shame
I submit to your will, O Creator supreme

20 A thousand gold coins offered for his head
Not a single soldier was willing to collect
Their swords hesitated, suspended in the air
Till with dark cloud surrounded, advanced cursed Shimir
Not allowing Husein to finish his prayer, he struck
Allahu Akbar, the severed head spoke

21 As if not with the blood, they were satisfied
The hordes of demons were ordered to ride
Over the bodies of martyrs. They set the camp to flames
The remains looted, at Karbala plains
The ropes around bare-headed ladies, they tied
Zaynul Abidin, they bound in chains

22 From Karbala to Kufa, from Kufa to Sham
My words cannot describe the torture and pain
Paraded through Kufa, over crowded streets
They were dragged to Sham, to awaiting Yazid
In gold and silk he sat, drunk with the wine and power
But from his worst pain, he never will recover

23 Severed heads of seventy-two Shaheeds
Were carried on lances through Damascus streets
The head of Husein was shining through the night
Carried by Khouli, who stopped to visit his wife
They heard from Husein's lips the chapter of the Cave
What wonderful signs to mankind you gave!

24 What followed, my words can never describe
The shame of the streets of Damascus, its every bazaar
The ladies in shame, covered their faces with hair
Children agonizing before the heads on the spear
At last confined in the dreaded Shami Zindan
The prisons of Yazid, eternal shame of Sham

25 In the dark of night, Yazid woke up in fear:
What crying and wailing, he asked, do I hear?
In this crowded city, among all noise, one single tear
Shakes me up with horror that I cannot bear
His guards responded: It must be from the pains
Of ladies and children imprisoned in chains

26 Yazid was alarmed. A girl three and a half years old
Is crying for her father in the dark and cold
Though far from your palace, she is clearly heard
Sukainah bint Husein, in your dream appeared
She disturbs your sleep, O our King Yazid
During that very same night, she died as shaheed

27 The pain of the child did not appease the brute
The feast continued in Sham. String and drum and flute
And festive robes paraded in the streets
While the house of the Prophet and the family deceased
With the rest perishing in dungeons of accursed Sham
But tyrants also knew, there is no escape for them

28 For many days, the captives endured humiliation
Of hunger, dirt, abuse, the utter deprivation
No benefit of light, of water, of a night rest
With scorpion and vermin, their only nightly guests
After many months, some to Karbala returned
And buried whatever of shaheeds remained

29 The centuries have passed as the wave of stormy seas
Palaces covered with dust. No mighty monarchies
The spiders and bats are hanging in the empty banquet halls
Swords and crowns are falling and forever will fall
But the light that shines from every martyr's head
They will never perish, their light will never end

30 Where are you all today? O kingdoms of the dust
Your wealth and shining swords all coated with the rust
Where are your golden crowns? Where are your precious stones?
In the snake pits descend your decaying bones
The glory of this world remains worthless dust
While the blood of Husein shines over galaxies and stars

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