

The Slaughter of a Baby Most Revered Ali Asghar ('a)

("Banu ke sheerquar ko haftum se pyaas hai")
Banu's son has had no water for days
His pulse is weak and his mother prays
No hope in sight of getting water or milk
Helpless, she lingers by his cradle in a daze
"Pray tell me, what shall I do now Ya Husain?
The baby's eyes now roll back in pain"
"Oh Ya Ali, Ya Ali where can I go?
I cannot watch my baby suffer so
How do I find a way to make him lives
Ya Ali he needs water, that I cannot give"
" Last night I saw him open his eyes
But today he lays still, doesn't move, doesn't cry"
Then everyone said, "Lets call the Imam
For God's sake somebody, go get the Imam
The baby is dying, go tell the Imam
His face is blue, his body calm"
"Taking Alder's body to lay it to rest
The Imam is on his way, with grief beset"
His face stained with the blood of His 18 year old
The Imam entered, His head bowed
And everyone led Him to the baby's crib
And showed Him the baby's still fingers and toes
"He barely breathes Oh Noble Prince" they cried
"Sometimes you would think he had already died"
At the head of the crib, the Prince knelt down
in the baby's ear He whispered, head bowed

Hearing the Prince's voice, the baby smiled
Toward Husain he extended his arms and glowed
"It's a miracle my father," Sakina cried
"Oh mother, my brother has opened his eyes"
The baby in His arms, the Prince left the camp
And Death followed, eyeing them askance
To shelter her baby from the midday sun
The mother draped a sheet over the Imam's arms
Holding Asghar close, Husain walked, head bowed
in the arms of the heavens, a snow white cloud
As He neared the lowly enemy, Husain paused
Couldn't ask for water, couldn't utter the words
with embarrassment He paled and His body tensed
So He removed the sheet from the baby's face
Head bowed, he said, "I've brought my son to you
Seeking water Asghar now has come to you"
Then He kissed His baby's parched lips and looked
And whispered "My son I've said what I could
There is nothing else to say now Oh my son
maybe you can show them your dry, parched tongue"
And the baby obeyed, licked his lips dry
And Husain shuddered and looked up to the skies
And as Husain looked to the heavens so
The cursed Hurmula strung an arrow in his bow
And aimed the arrow at Asghar's throat
Pulling taut the bow, let the arrow go
As the tiny neck the arrow gashed
Asghar lurched and clung to his dad
A six month baby and an arrows force
Blood poured from the tiny, thirsty throat
Once more he lurched and then went still
His cap fell to the ground and he breathed his last
The tiny fists curled over his chest, body numb
A minute ago he was sucking his thumbs
And the desolate Father, watched His son
saw the devastation the enemy's arrow had done
And watched the baby in the throes of death
The tiny hands groping at the injured neck
The lifeless eyes rolling back in the head

Blood gushing forth from the battered neck
Gently pulling out the arrow from the neck
Husain lifted His son toward the heaven and said
"My God please accept my last sacrifice
For your cause, in your path, my son is now dead"
"Little in age but magnanimous in deeds
Thus are the children of Allah's creed"

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