Al-Islam.org
Ahlul Bayt Digital Islamic Library Project
Published on *Al-Islam.org* (https://www.al-islam.org)

(15) The Savior Of Islam

Sweet melodies blew the heavenly horn
A joyous tiding; Husayn was born
The sun rejoiced; the moon was gay
Each in its orbit, each did away.
The waters rippled; the wind was all play
Never were they, so happy and gay
It was Muhammad's light and Ali's ray
The Savior of Islam, had come to stay.
A gift to Muhammad, from his Lord
A son to Ali, the sun of God
A fruit of love, to the Lady of Light
A brother to Hassan, to cause him delight.
Born was he, out of God's grace
A beacon light, to the human race
A soul of souls, whom God made pure
With heavenly love, the world to cure.
The Prophet rejoiced; his eyes shed tears
For here was one, to him most dear
For here was one, for Islam's sake
His life and all, would one day stake.
For truth and justice, he would fight
In cause of God, without respite
For he was one, decreed by God
To lay his life, for the love of Lord.
The heavens were glad, for such a one
The Lord should choose, Ali's son
For best was he; the world had seen
Whose vision one craves, even in dream.
"Fed with love, by the Lady of Light"

he got the best, of what was right
and from his father, the 'Godly Knight'
he drew his strength and his might.
But Muhammad did give, beyond measure
All that he had, as his treasure
For he was his treasure, beyond doubt
As he often publicly proclaimed aloud.
"Love them my Lord, I do implore,
Who love Husayn and him adore
He is of me and I of him"
Such a bond, the world had not seen!
He sucked his tongue, in playful jest
His breast he made, a place of rest
The reins he made, his curls of hair
His back he made, a stately mare.
Such was the love, the Prophet bore
For he was his grandson, and more
An anchor sheet, to all who care
To live and be, 'just and fair.'
The life he lived; the path he led
He earned by sweat; the poor he fed
Not a pie had he, that he kept
But the poor he gave, ere he slept.
A king of kings, in simple attire
The crowns of world, he never aspired
To the uncared widow, and the needy orphan
He gave his all, and all so often.
Many a day, he tightened his loins
To buy his own bread, he had no coins
So noble of heart so pure a soul
To please his Lord, was his goal.
He lived for Lord and His delight
He toiled by day and prayed by night
The simplest of life, he liked to live
The best of things, he liked to give.
His life was such, a guiding light
To know the wrong and know the right
And such a soul, was asked to bow
To one who was, the lowest of low.

Yazid, the godless son of a crafty father
Was proclaimed a king or Caliph rather
Money and wine, most lavishly flowed
Till all the worldly heads had bowed.
But not the heads, who had bowed
To God alone, who had showed
The path of right, through Islam's ray
Eighty and odd, among them, were they.
To save Islam from its sinking depth
Too glad were they, to face death
But to the ungodly one, they refused to bow
Undaunted and unnerved, they faced the foe.
It was not a fight, for a kingdom
Nor a family feud, as is not seldom
It was a fight for principles and truth
As imbibed by Islam, in its holy book.
If he had bowed to the ungodly one
Riches and honor he would have won
Islam would then have been in name
Its seal., would have adorned, the devil's reign.
The time soon came for their test
They were ready to lay their best
With women and babes, handful were they
Ready to face thousands, in battle array.
To cut off water, was the only way
To weaken them, they thought, for the fray
So frightened were they, of Ali's son
To fight them they knew, was no fun.
Husayn was fully alive, to things at stake
He knew well, his family's fate
He was aware, that his was the Martyr's cup
His end was near, his time was up!
The sad day dawned; the heavens were aghast
Truth was at stake; the die had been cast
Never had they witnessed, so supreme a test;
Falsehood at its worst versus truth at its best.
The wind was aggrief, it tore each leaf
Wild was its anger, wild with grief
It shook the river by its throat

The waves, it tossed all things afloat.
The sun glared down, wild with fire
It burned with rage; fierce was it's ire
If only it could make itself somehow free
From the chains of bonds of heaven's decree.
The river was ashamed; hapless was it's plight
Destiny's decree, how could it dare fight
It's waters were controlled, by the rule of might
Who cared a nought, for wrong or right.
They guarded the river; they threw a ring
To deny water was worst of a vindictive thing
The hounds, they drank, and so did the drunks
Innocent babes; parched were their tongues.
For three torturous days and three night
Muhammad's beloveds were in waterless plight
Young babes of most holy and innocent fare
Wailing and whining, the torture they share.
O' Lord of Lords! What a pathetic sight
Yazid's hordes, displaying their might
Thousands and thousands of blood–thirsty hounds
Waiting to pounce on eighty odd crowns.
While handful of souls, engrossed in prayer
Unheedful of them; a sight so divinely rare
Young and old, they prayed to Merciful God
With humble devotion, His help they sought.
To give them strength; no, not to fight
But to be content, in whatever plight
For well they knew, their role of life
Was to save Islam, from being knifed!
The battle he lost, the fight he won
Yazid's title of sanctity was shorn
Islam's plant survived the onslaught
Husayn's blood had watered the drought.
The revenge was complete, so it seemed
Abu Sufyan's pledge to Satan was redeemed
The worldly eyes could, however, hardly see
Husayn's blood had kept Islam pure and free.

Source URL:
https://www.al-islam.org/sorrow-and-sufferings-noorali-s-merchant/15-savior-islam#comment-0