

## Hind, Wife of the Cursed Yazid Visits the Prisoners of War

(" Qaid qaane mein talatum hai ke Hind aatee hai" )

The prisoners are informed that Hind is on her way

Beset with humiliation is Zainab's state

Agitated, distraught, embarrassed, distressed

Beside herself with grief, she cries out her prayers

"Unyielding the earth, distant the sky

Come pray Oh ladies that I rather die"

"What must I do now in this moment of sham

Save me from humiliation in Akbar's name

Make a circle around me, conceal me in your midst

Hide me in a corner, away from such disdain"

"I'm bare headed, no chador, hide me you must

Hind is coming, cover me with the prison's dust"

"At Hind's arrival, why mustn't I be dismayed?

I'm the daughter of Ali, now in prison I stay

The prison walls I wish would part, wrap me within

Or escape to Karbala, where my dear Brother lays"

"In the desert of Karbala, I will feel no disgrace

Un shrouded is my Brother, uncovered my face"

Then Fizza cried out "My Lady, I see her now'

"With glory and fanfare Hind comes, people bow

Her maids in chador, yet Hind's head is bare

Accompanied by guards, the trumpets play loud"

"Her pace is unhurried, she pauses often times

Frequently she stops to weep at the prison sights"

Hind cries "At the prisoners' sobs, I'm distraught"

"Their wails of `Yaa Husain' with pain are fraught

who killed their leader, why do these prisoners weep?  
Was he a Sayyid? Tell me, keep from me not"  
"My heart is burdened, I weep in pain  
I see Fatima, bare headed in grief, complain"  
"I am certain a terrible wrong has been done  
The angels grieve, grieve the moon and the sun  
I must go to Najaf, I find no peace these days  
Only Ali can help me, he is the one"  
"If all is well, my Maula sleeps in peace  
if not, then restless in his grave, he weeps"  
Just then Hind's entourage drew closer in  
And saw a Noble Youth bound in chains, laying still  
Gaunt and withered for lack of water or food  
His face and body bruised with spears and whips  
As He quivers with weakness starvation brings  
A rattling is heard from His shackles and chains  
The royal maidens turned to Hind and cried  
"In this dark prison, He glows like a light  
Engrossed in prayer, He's oblivious to us all  
Why imprison Him.? He most certainly will die"  
"Who bound Him in shackles, ropes and chains?  
To Maula Ali He's related we're certain Oh Hind"  
Hind approached the imam in great distress  
moving the chains, her head on His feet she placed  
"Who is it?" He called and Hind replied  
"A servant of Shabeer, my salaam to you I say"  
"Oh Prisoner its time to state Your last will  
You're close to death, are You prepared still?"  
"Your last will I will honor, do not fret Oh dying one  
I'll walk with Your coffin, barefoot under the sun  
Pray tell me about You, tell me Your name"  
He replied "For forty more years live I must"  
"You can call me a captive, a helpless soul  
I'm a prisoner in shackles, I'm ill, such is my lore"  
"What ails You?" She asked "Orphan hood" He replied  
"The curses" Hind inquired "His mourning" He cried  
"And Your homes" asked Hind, "Nowhere" said the imam  
"Your caretaker?" She asked "Oblivion" He replied  
Hind asked Him the reason for His mournful sighs

He showed her the bruises on His back in reply  
"Why do they punish You so?" Hind cried  
"Not a faulty deed have I done," He replied  
Hind then asked, "Since when are You so chained"  
"It was the 10th' of Muharram when they bound me" He  
sighed  
"For my shroud I own not a piece of cloth  
My Father's body I've left on the sands, burning hot"  
Hind then turned toward Zainab and cried  
"Looks like Fatima in prison, Oh what a plight"  
She then stared at Banu, and in amazement said  
"It's a princess from Iran in prison, what a sight"  
"I'm speechless at the sights I have seen today"  
"Kulthum and Zainab in prison.? Oh what a day'  
Zainab cried "Oh Hind, do not mention these names"  
"Would such ladies be in prison? Imagine the shame"  
"Of Fatima's daughters, do not so speak  
"Hold your speech, seek pardon in Allah's name"  
"with reverence of whom the Prophet did speak  
Will the Muslims capture them, their chadors steal?"  
"The Lady who was buried in the dark of the night  
Bare headed her daughters would roam in daylight?  
Of whom the Prophet spoke highly, with love  
The Muslims will loot and with them they will fight?"  
"Oh Hind, in public the kin of Muhammad parade  
The heavens didn't fall and the earth didn't quakes"  
Horrified, in distress, Hind fell on Zainab's feet  
"Pray forgive me" She cried, "Do not sit still"  
"Behead me for speaking with such disrespect"  
"Curse me," Hind cried "Of me speak ill"  
"When I mention Shabeer's name, you weep in pain  
When I ask your names, you bow your heads in shame."

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