

Husayn of Karbala

*Men weep for you today in many lands
And on their breasts in bitter anguish beat,
And in sad, mournful tunes, the tales repeat
Of how you lost your life upon the sands
You nobly spurned the tyrant's base demands
And Chose death to prevent your soul's defeat, –
Became a martyr with unflinching feet –
For these well may one weep who understands.
This sorrow at your death, despite the years
Is still as fresh, which Time has failed to quell
In every heart this day new pain appears
And of your sufferings men each other tell.
They see a vision through slow-falling tears
Of that lone battle where athirst you fell.*

Ameen Khorasani

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