The Track of Blood: A poem on Imam Husayn [a]

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English poem in commemoration of the martyrdom of Imam Husayn (a).

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By Musavi Garmarudi

Trees I like them -

In your reverence they stand firm;

Likewise the water,

It's the dowry of your mother.

It's your blood brightened the honor,

It's your nobility the horizon does mirror.

The dusk is that niche,

In the morn by martyrdom you did pray.

In my mind thoughts about that valley flood

The soil of which sucked your blood.

No, indeed not, a vale so high I saw never.

It is you, only you, in a downfall dear,

Better from the vale itself hear!

A sword which at your throat did ply

Cut every thing into two under the sky.

Turned Hussaini whatever at your side

While Yazidi the other side.

Now rocks and we!

Waters and we!

Hills, canals, meadows, trees–

Some are Yazidis

Else, they are Hussainis.

Blood your neck irrigated

Everything under the sky into two divided –

Even the color

Resided in every particle

In a dazzling garish carbuncle.

Else, not Hussaini nor does concur.

Your death, lo, what a gage!

Laughed at life and vilified its stage

That to the death desired life to page.

Your blood stood there

and stood the Truth in its care:

One it is but a fare.

Determination stood a security;

Riveted the world into its guarantee.

Although false espouses the world

Truth in canopy of your name brides the world.

Peep into truth if to see you

And the grass when it is to grow,

The water in a drink when it's to flow,

The stone as challenges a throw,

Into a sword when it cuts into two

Or the lion when its roar the winds blow,

Into the horizon which is bloody,

In the smile of dusk which is ruddy.

In a stand,

In a demand.

You to be tound in crevices,

To be smelled in roses

And the burning sun to be demanded,

The early morn to be commanded.

Should be opened heart of the night,

Seeds scattered the delight

And the winds carry your sight;

To be plucked from the bunches' height.

In God alone you to be seen,

Whosoever upon Truth if to lean,

Gory is he and his fingers beam

The glow of your blood and its sheen.

Eternity is the mirror

Hung before you for every viewer.

Alas, the sun, it is no better;

Hence, we wouldn't utter:

'It is your looks' glitter.'

In a cosy corner of history's conscience

Guarding the Truth stands he is vigilance.

In his smile tacts flow in mellifluence.

Strong, straight. star striking–

Such the determinations are demonstrating

The elevations if to be viewed by a human being.

Lo, infancy of reason astonishes in a daze confusing.

It is the lake of your own blood–

A gateway of history where you have stood

Holding a jug of civilization tor human good

To quench the caravan of mankind

In a martyrdom pacing onward pressing the hind.

Your name disturbs the sleep under moon

And deluges in water a Typhon,

Lo, rests the law in your tone.

To battle your determination only fools prone,

Your distinction is blood, only blood, blood alone.

O, you, not a divine but in divinity drown.

Death is vile in your hold

As a fly a plaything among children's fold

And Yazid, a pretext. an excuser if to be told,

As though a handkerchief before you unrolled

and you spited the filth of tyranny in its shroud

and threw into the history's dustbin for other to scold.

A huge blood sucker,

Not an entity but a lier;

Such was Yazid an idler.

Sins personified in him

And he to mankind a megrim.

Robbery of name it is it to name him

'A man' however the sense he claim.

O, you! O, Glorious victim!

Be upon you blessing!

Not because thirsty you met martyrdom

But your enemy is of such a sum.

Your death red

Broke Yazid's name into a shred,

And made the sense in the word tyranny dead.

Troops of words with barracks of description fled.

Indeed, defeated is every human toil;

Battle with you is foul and toil.

Freed are the lions in your coil.

Your blood overflows the expression's soil.

Beyond the words is the flow for history's turmoil.

Out of the track of time proceeds as a procession Royal.

O, “Zabeehullah”! Divinity in your blood flows;

You the “Ismayeel” of God, in you oneness glows.

“Abraham's vision” from a dream reality barrows,

Karbala where your appointment wallows,

Muharram the hour of love when the love loves.

And, lo, you are that sole person

Carried forty days the pilgrim's season.

“And We have complete it in ten”

Ah, burns me the desire of comprehension;

The incomplete pilgrimage pawned in suspension,

Gained in your kiss at the dagger its perfection;

For the “Black Stone” virtual the best compensation.

Begins the love's history,

The red gains its entity,

From your death–to life a treaty.

Letter commences from your blood

Religion found way the time you stood

As you fell the truth stood

And took the Right a mould good.

Weakened the tyranny's base in your blood's flood.

Autumn of your death delivered eternal spring,

Grass and trees in a pleasant ring,

And a blossom of red at every branch to swing,

Else, a dry fuelwood it is to the trees cling.

Secret of death you have opened.

No knot remained under your will's nail unopened.

Wailing and weeping is the honor;

You ahead and it entails you for ever.

Beyond the manliness you are far and further.

Prayers: you; intention: you;

Oneness: you; and the one you;

Oh, the verdure, the ever green'

Oh, the red that frills the green

Nobler than every pure and clean

No human a parallel to you ever has been.

O, sweet but staunch and staunch but sweet,

Gapes wide history its mouth for you to spit.

You an iron arm, you the scale of balance–

You sense of the Book and you the Qur'an's essence.

In your looks interpretation glow,

And the paces to the earth dignity bestow.

And become a gravity for galaxies on onward grow

Divine verses lip and your lips utter–

Wherever you be in you heavens glimmer.

Wonder! Oh, wonder! you a wonder'

My astonishment ends not if I to ponder

Foolhardy it is to fathom oceans by a finger.

Weep we–

Gains your blood in our tears constancy

Our tears a polish and sword in tendency

Its seat is in the arena of tyranny.

You are a Qur'an in red

Verses of your bravery wrote the blood

In the desert as far as the sands scud

Those sands turned into a field–

Rich in red bunches as a shield.

Blood is the crop, blood is the yield

Its every branch is a sword, a dagger

Uproots the tyranny in the noon ot its summer.

Hence, red is the field and shall he for ever.

O, Tharallah!

The garden of Eden; lo, what a mania!

You planted in the burning desert of Karbala.

With fruits red,

Rivers bloody from bed to bed

Buds to bloom martyrdom's red

And trees in a row forming a green shade.

Only loveful eyes see with looks in love fed.

Akbar – you and in a quality bred;

And the palm trees of consummate red.

HUR – not a person but an attribute.

At that side of the river to contribute:

He parted the caravan and its plenitude.

Bridges to a man your word, your look;

Towards you he is in a hook

As a food in a caravan for a cook.

The brains in search of refuge

Obtain from you light in a deluge.

Desire for envy is a befitting subterfuge.

HUR's bleeding head and your skirt – a fate profuse!

Good is red after your martyrdom;

Tears are daggers in your kingdom.

Your pain is the pabulum

For a journey – destination not datum

The track of your blood is the way

Terminates at the God's gateway.

You are from the blood's strain

And we in your love mad remain.

Your blood sands were to sustain

To gush from stones in a fountain.

Oh, the fertile view–

Tyranny has no enemy better than you,

To a victim no acquaintance nearer than you.

History gets brief in your class

Hands do not meet at Karbala's pause,

Galaxy of Existence there heats the brass;

The worship moves round it, solarium draws.

Here the word ends,

End too to end tends,

At you no end bends.

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