

# POEMS OF TEARS





# POEMS OF TEARS

# IMAM HUSSAIN (A.S)



On the 10th of Muharram, a lonely man stands  
As his eyes bear witness to the blood-filled lands,  
Three days of thirst and no food to survive  
But all Hussain (a.s) hears are the 'AL ATASH' cries.

He hears baby Ali Asghar (a.s) and the cries of his  
daughter,  
He hears a feeble Sajjad (a.s) begging for some water  
He sees the scared women alone and frightened,  
He sees the blood in the Furat flowing in silence.

To say goodbye to his family, the time has come  
As a thirsty Hussain (a.s) rides out under the sun,  
But as he begins riding, Zuljanah hears the pain  
Of a little girl's heart crying for Hussain (a.s).

"Baba, do not go. I know you will not come back  
My Uncle Abbas (a.s) left with an empty water sack.  
I wish I had I never asked for him to leave  
Do not go baba, I'm begging you please."

Imam Hussain's (a.s) heart breaks when he hears her voice  
But the pride of the Prophet (SAW) knows this is the  
ultimate choice,  
For he came to Karbala to save Islam,  
So that there could be another Imam.

Like a lion, Aba Abdillah (a.s) attacks with all his might  
Thousands of men he defeats in this great fight  
But Hussain (a.s) has not touched water for three days,  
He no longer has the energy to chase the enemy away.

From the corner of his eye, an evil man strikes him hard  
Hussain (a.s) falls to the floor as he is caught off guard,  
The enemy surrounds him and attacks all around  
Now, Hussain (a.s) is alone, bleeding on the ground.

Zainab (s.a) sees that her abandoned brother has collapsed

She runs to the battlefield, as the evil army attacks,  
"Is there anyone to help me?" a forsaken Hussain (a.s)  
cries

Zainab (s.a) embraces her brother, under the sorrowful  
skies.

Oh Imam, if only we were there to take away your pain  
Now, in our millions, we cry 'Labaika Ya Hussain!'

# **BIBI SAKINA (S.A)**



Under the burning sun, a little girl cries,  
She runs to her father under the red skies,  
The ground is burning and the fire is growing  
But there is one place, where the sand is glowing.

The little orphan follows the shining light,  
Alone and heartbroken, in the depths of the night,  
She hears the voice and she follows the sound  
There, she sees a chest, beaming on the ground.

But the chest that is glowing does not have a head,  
For all that can be seen, is the sand covered in red,  
She scurries to the chest; she embraces it so tight  
For she knows her father's chest, which she slept on  
every night.

# HAZRAT ALI ASGHAR (A.S)

Oh little baby, in your father's arms you cry,  
But Oh Ali Asghar (a.s), where are the tears in your eyes?  
I hear you crying and I see you sticking out your tongue  
I wish I were there to protect you from the burning sun  
Oh Ali Asghar (a.s) I wish your thirst I could quench  
Oh prince of Hussain (a.s), here take my strength  
I wish I could take away your mother's sadness and pain  
Watching you be martyred, oh youngest soldier of  
Hussain (a.s).





# SAYEEDA ZAINAB (S.A)

When Zainab (s.a) left Madina, Abbas (a.s) was her shield  
But where was Abbas (a.s) now? Killed on the battlefield  
From the city of Madina, Abbas (a.s) helped her on to her horse

But now a chained Zainab (s.a) must walk by the enemies' force.

Little children are crying, as the spears are raised high  
Young orphans are terrified, as they look up to the sky  
For they can see 72 bleeding heads on sharp spears  
As Zainab (s.a) looks at one head, she can see its tears.

Who could that head be, that cries for his sister?  
At every stage of his life, he was there to assist her  
A terrified Zainab (s.a) cries out for her brother Abbas (a.s)  
But he lies armless by the bleeding river Furat.

This princess of Ali (a.s) walks on the burning sands,  
Alone and abandoned without protection from a man,  
Zainab's (s.a) heart is broken but she must carry on  
And carry on the message of Fatema's (s.a) son.

As the women arrive, they're attacked by stones  
The children start crying, as they walk unprotected and alone  
Remembering her father's strength, Zainab (s.a) continues walking  
But a weak and broken Sajjad (a.s) is no longer talking.

When asked what was the most difficult part of the journey  
The Imam (a.s) responded the treatment of Muhammad's (SAW) progeny  
For in Shaam the women were paraded for all to see  
The fearless Zainab (s.a) remembered she was the daughter of Ali (a.s).

In a powerful speech, she confronted her oppressor  
Alone, in front of a court, she stood without a protector,  
Zainab (s.a) gave a speech that shook the whole world  
And amongst a group of tyrants, shone Ali's (a.s) pearl.

# HAZRAT ABBAS (A.S)

- Abbas (a.s) was a lion just like Ali (a.s)  
For he was the warrior of the family
- Bravery and loyalty ran through his veins  
As he collected the water on the scorching plains.

- From one lion, another lion was born
- We will forever shed our tears and always mourn
- The tragedy of Abbas (a.s) is an eternal tear  
For he was Haider's (a.s) son, a man of no fear.

- Abbas (a.s) and Hussain (a.s), a beautiful set of brothers
- Each time they fought they looked out for each other
- Never did Abbas (a.s) allow Hussain (a.s) to be in harm's way
- But on Ashura what would Abul Fadhl (a.s) say?

- "Oh Brother, how I yearn to fight for your sake
- But I lie here next to Furat whilst my body shakes
- My hands are cut off, I don't know what to do
- For brother, I have always lived my life in service to you.



Oh Master, blood seeps from my eye,  
For all I can see is the red in the sky  
I have no arms to assist me to answer your call  
But Master, I lie here helpless from my fall.

From birth to death, protecting you was my only goal  
Oh Master I want to defend you, for I know my role  
I went to get water and quench the camp's thirst  
I looked at the water but I said Hussain (a.s) drinks first.

How could I drink whilst Hussain's (a.s) throat is dry?  
How could I drink when I can hear Sakina (s.a) cry?  
How could I drink when I see Zainab (s.a) lament?  
How could I drink when I think of the mothers in the tent?

I can't bear to think that my soul will depart  
That I leave you defenceless, it breaks my heart  
I want to support you as you enter the battlefield  
Oh Master, I am Abbas (a.s), I was born to be your shield.

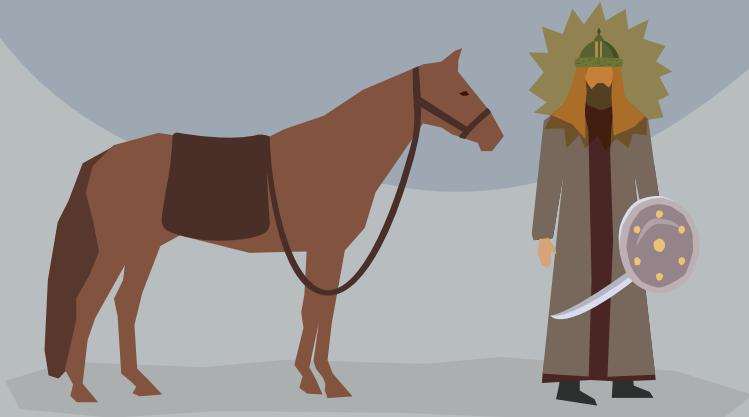
Oh Master it's time, I can feel my soul leaving  
But how do I leave when I can hear the women  
weeping?

I see our Father in heaven reaching out his hands  
But all I can think of is you on the scorching sands.

After you brother, who will protect our beloved  
sister?

For now she will be whipped and her hands will blister  
The princess of Haider (a.s) will be alone in the night  
I can't bear to leave her for she will be afraid tonight.

If only I could be a warrior in this state  
But I see our mother Zahra (s.a); I have met my fate  
Brother please forgive me, for I am no more  
My body lies without arms on the burning floor."





## HAZRAT AUN (A.S) & MUHAMMAD (A.S)

Two young princes run to ask for permission,  
To fight for Allah (SWT) and make their mother proud,  
They can no longer see their uncle in this condition,  
The time has come for their death to be allowed.

Too young to fit into the armour and too small to hold a shield

Two princes hold their weapon with pride in their eyes  
They smile at their mother, riding out to the battlefield  
And a pleased Zainab (s.a) raises her hands to the skies.

"May my sacrifice be accepted and may Allah (SWT) be pleased."

She watches over her flowers from the top of the hill;  
The valiant soldiers fight until they become fatigued  
Fighting for Islam, carrying out Allah's (SWT) will.

Hussain (a.s) witnesses Zainab's (s.a) heartbreak,  
To the wounded warriors, the lion of Haider (a.s) runs  
The young boys smile knowing they died for their Lord's sake  
And from the heavens, Fatema (s.a) welcomes her grandsons.

# HAZRAT QASIM (A.S)

The prince of Hasan (a.s) begs for permission  
But his loving uncle cannot let him fight  
The little prince says, "But I want to taste heaven."  
But how can Hussain (a.s) let go of Hasan's (a.s) light?  
Qasim (a.s) shows his uncle a letter from his father  
Hussain (a.s) reads it and remembers his brother  
With each word that he reads, his heart beats faster  
But Hussain (a.s) knows after his nephew, he will have no  
other

The two begin sobbing until they fall to the ground  
Hussain (a.s) gets up and kisses Qasim's (a.s) little head  
Qasim (a.s) rides to the battlefield and the enemies he  
astounds

Fighting like a brave warrior, until he is covered in red  
The blood starts to pour and they cut his body into parts  
Hussain (a.s) and Abbas (a.s) run to a fragmented Qasim's  
(a.s) side

They gather the scattered pieces with their broken hearts  
As they see another prince who has been sacrificed  
Remembering Qasim's (a.s) last words, Hussain (a.s) smiles  
with pride

"Death is sweeter than honey," he whispered as he died.



# IMAM SAJJAD (A.S)

Of all the tragedies that befell the family of Muhammad (SAW)  
Shaam was the storm that shattered Hussain's (a.s) beloved  
Unable to offer protection as the women were beaten  
Helpless was Ali (a.s) from protecting the terrified orphans  
For Sajjad's (a.s) neck was pierced from the spikes of the chain  
Every time he moved, the Imam would cry out in pain  
But as this pain became stronger, his lips began to quiver  
But what was his pain compared to the arms by the river?  
The pain became stronger and the prostrator collapsed  
But Sajjad (a.s), imagine your father as he brought the bodies back

There is only one pain that Sajjad (a.s) cannot calm  
The wails of the women in the city of Shaam  
Oh Sajjad (a.s), there was one sight that tore your heart to shreds  
When the women were paraded beside the spears of heads  
Oh Sajjad (a.s), countless tragedies you went through in Karbala  
But the greatest was witnessing the berating of the daughters of Zahra (s.a)  
Oh Sajjad (a.s) what hardship struck you as you left Karbala?  
Oh Sajjad (a.s) what tragedy did you witness befall the daughters of Zahra (s.a)?

# HAZRAT ALI AKBAR (A.S)



The sun is beating down and their tongues are dry,  
A young warrior watches his lonely father cry  
For there is no one to help him in this empty land  
No one to support the message of this thirsty man.

Ali Akbar (a.s) cannot take his wounded father's pain  
So, he begs for permission to fight and be slain  
To fight the enemies and defend the true message of  
Islam

But how can Hussain (a.s) witness his son come to  
harm?

For his face shone with light and was a reminder of  
Muhammad (SAW)  
Hussain (a.s) would look at his face when he missed his  
beloved.

Yet Akbar (a.s) knows his mission is to defend the  
religion,

He rides out to the battlefield after getting permission  
He fights like his grandfather and attacks the  
opposition

Yet when Hussain (a.s) looks up, Akbar (a.s) is no longer  
in position.

Hussain (a.s) watches the enemy pierce into Akbar's (a.s) chest  
Now Hussain (a.s) knows he will have to endure the hardest test

As he tries to run to Akbar (a.s), Fatema's (s.a) son falls to the floor

In the heavens Zahra (s.a) feels the pain of the son that she bore.

Hussain (a.s) reaches the wounded body and hugs his son tight,  
As he begins to remove the spear with all his might

Hussain (a.s) cries, "With ease, you lifted the gate of Khayber  
Give me the strength to remove this weapon, Oh Haider (a.s),"  
Hussain (a.s) embraces the body of Akbar (a.s) and begins to weep

But Akbar (a.s) smiles as he knows his grandfather he will soon meet.

# Hazrat HURR (R.A)



Hurr, the man whose mother named him free  
The first defender of Hussain ibn Ali (a.s)  
The one who stopped water reaching the Ahlulbayt (a.s)  
Only to repent so his soul could reach heaven's gate.

The changing of Bani Hashim's path, Hurr was to blame  
But when he saw Hussain's (a.s) akhlaaq, his head hung in shame  
Remorseful and embarrassed Hurr begged for acceptance  
The path of truth and honesty, began with repentance.

The definition of freedom lies in Hurr's name  
For wrongful acts and falsehood, Hurr overcame  
Now a beacon of light and an example to mankind  
To the treacherous acts of Yazid, Hurr was no longer blind.

- Hurr had a choice between light and dark  
For his lost soul flew to Hussain's (a.s) ark  
The ark of forgiveness and utmost guidance  
Hurr and his family had been enlightened.
- The division of heaven and hell, to Hurr became clear  
To stand up for what is right without any fear  
Hurr had become driven by the love of Hussain (a.s)  
He would sacrifice his life and experience the pain.
- Blessings on Hurr showered like drops of rain  
As he fought bravely, Hussain's (a.s) happiness he  
gained  
The choice Hurr made was between life and death  
To serve Hussain (a.s) until his very last breath.

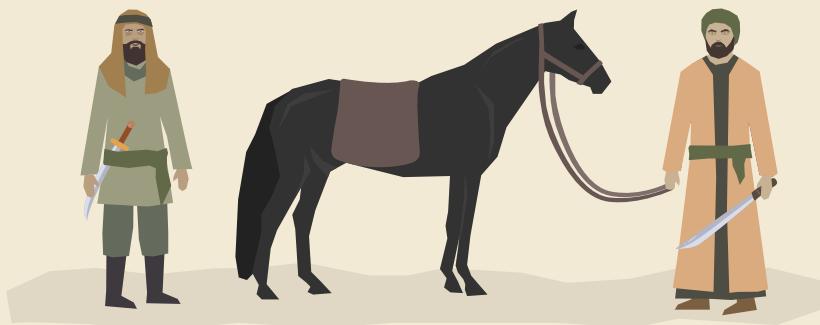
# COMPANIONS

Some companions travelled to Karbala in the depths of the night,

They arrived in Karbala, welcomed by Aba Abdillah's (a.s) light,  
The companions were thirsty but the water had been blocked  
As the loyal companions entered, their valiant hearts dropped  
They heard the continuous cries from the thirsty children,  
They saw a helpless Abbas (a.s) unable to comfort the orphans

They saw Imam Zain Al Abideen (a.s), weak and unable to stand

They heard young princes begging for death on this land  
The warriors welcomed what would happen on Ashura day  
For it was an honour for them to die in this way.



Imam (a.s) thanked the companions for their service,  
Everyone choosing to stay, as they knew their purpose  
For deep within their soul, shone Ali's (a.s) Wilayah,  
To stand with Hussain (a.s) and to be amongst the higher  
Every companion that fought knew loyalty to its core  
They wanted to fight and defend the son of the pure  
Some were friends of the Prophet (SAW) and others of  
Hussain (a.s)

But each companion was ready to die in their name  
For Hussain (a.s) and Habib's friendship was truly  
unmatched

When Habib went to battle, the enemies attacked  
Upon seeing their friend, Hussain (a.s) and Abbas (a.s)  
cried

Habib fought bravely and for Hussain (a.s), he died.

The companions fought with great courage and pride  
The honour of protecting Hussain (a.s), they did not hide  
Some fought together; some battled alone  
Defending the one who was then left all alone.







"Oh Imam, if only we were  
there to take away your pain  
Now, in our millions, we cry  
*Labaika Ya Hussain!"*



[www.zahratrust.com](http://www.zahratrust.com)



[www.ztmedia.org](http://www.ztmedia.org)