

Live Faith

An Islamic Poetry Collection

Dr Mohammad Basim Al-Ansari

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Dr Mohammad Basim Al-Ansari

Sydney - Australia

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Foreword

The Institute of Turath Al-Anbia Of the Holy Shrine of Al-Abbas

The Turath Al-Anbia Institute (Institute for the Heritage of the Prophets) is a Hawza (seminary) academic organisation that teaches religious curricula intended for online students of the Hawza of knowledge in Holy Najaf.

The Institute contributes to the dissemination and promotion of Islamic knowledge and sciences of Ahlulbayt (Family of the Prophet) (peace be upon them). It intends for them to reach the widest possible segments of society, by providing websites and electronic applications, which are produced by a specialised cadre of programmers and designers in the field of programming and design of websites and applications on computers and smartphones.

In view of the actual need in the field of Islamic studies for females, the Institute has taken it upon itself to establish a specialised university in this field. Therefore, the Electronic University of Um al-Baneen (peace be upon her) was established to meet the needs of the society and fill the void in the Islamic arena. This University aims to prepare female preachers capable of communicating Islamic discourse in a scientific way away from improvisation in teachings. It also enables the students to specialise in theological, jurisprudential, and Qur'anic disciplines.

Turath Al-Anbia Institute did not neglect the media aspect and initiated the establishment of Al-Qamar Digital Media

Centre, which works to strengthen positive content on the Internet and social media. This content is directed to convey the thought of the Ahlulbayt (peace be upon them) and the directives of the Supreme Religious Authority (Marjea) to a wide range of different segments of society utilising the latest digital production techniques and communication methods suitable for the modern recipient.

The Institute also prints and publishes the intellectual and scientific production of the Hawza students, in a series of publications in various ideological, theological, and ethical titles - which aim to establish faith, thought and morality; in a way that is far from complexities; drawing its information from the inherited School of the Ahlulbayt (peace be upon them).

Among the Institute's aims is the printing of the productions of intellectuals in various religious fields. This book is published by the Institute in English in line with this aim. This book (Live Faith) is authored by the Honorable Dr. Mohammad Basim Al-Ansari (May God bless him), to address the faithful believers in the English language of poetry. The first part is dedicated to the generic Islamic system while the second part contains Husseinist encomia. This distinguished work is perhaps the first of its kind regarding the broadcasting of Islamic literature and thought in English professional poetry.

We ask the God Almighty to keep our work in His vision, and to accept it well with his generosity, as He is a responsive listener.

Management of the Institute

Dedication

*With the Godsend blessings of great
Abbas,*

Who enabled my poems to emboss!

I dedicate this Live Faith poetry book

To Imam Mahdi, with a fair outlook

*That His Grace may accept my
humble gift*

*May our relief though his presence be
swift!*

...

Acknowledgment

I would like to acknowledge those who had installed my faith in God into my soul and introduced me to Ahlulbayt from early age so that I can identify with them and follow them. My parents have had the most positive impact on me despite a very turbulent life during my childhood due to living under a tyrannic regime in Iraq then escaping as refugees and the long journey in Iran to the eventual settlement into a new peaceful life in Australia.

My father, Ayatollah Sheikh Mohammad Hussain Al-Ansari, like his father, is a published poet at the same time as being a high-ranking scholar, author, and educator. He was and continues to be my first teacher, role-model, mentor, guide, and compass in life. My mother, with all her care and passion, also stems from Al-Khalili family who are known for their scholarly, medical, and poetic talents in Najaf. So, I grew up in a household where poetry was breathed within its atmosphere along with knowledge, morality, faith, and communion with Allah. Hence, I am indebted to my parents for all the talent, although limited, that I have.

My siblings' support and feedback have complemented my parents' role, so I thank each of them equally for being there with me and for me all the time. Haj Muzaffar, Dr Basma (my twin), Dr Farah and Dr Mustafa, as well as their spouses and kids; thank you!

My wife, Lubna, has also been a key figure in my life who patiently tolerated my long nights and my absent mind when I get into my imaginary world of poetry and writing. Our kids, Zain Alabideen, Aya and Hadi, have also been our inspiration in all that we do for sure.

I cannot escape an important person to thank for his influence on me is great both during my early childhood as I was a little boy running the hallways and long steps of their ancient home in Najaf till my adulthood where I consider him, beside my own father, a teacher, mentor, and guide. My father-in-law Ayatollah Sheikh Dhia Zinaddin, like his father again, is an outstanding Islamic thinker, author, and high-ranking scholar. Even during the very harsh years of ISIS terrorist threat in Iraq, when he was the Head of the Holy Shrine of Imam Ali, he would still spare hours to spend with me either in person in the warm nights at the family home in Najaf or over

the long-distance calls to share his experiences, thoughts, and advice.

I would like to acknowledge my cousin and brother from London, Hussaini Preacher and Reciter Ibrahiem Al-Ansari who was the driving force to encourage me to write eulogies to honour our Imams that eventually became the backbone of this book. He was the first of the few other reciters who granted me the honour of reciting my poems in community programs all over the English-speaking world. Ibrahiem insisted to complete his favour and assist in editing the Eulogy part of this book due to the technical nature of the poems to be ready for recitation by dear reciters.

My appreciation also extends to Professor Haider Al-Moosawi, Department of English, College of Education for Humanist Sciences at the University of Babylon for his valuable feedback on the technical and professional aspects of this poetry collection.

Last but not least, I share my gratitude to all family and friends who encouraged me, supported me and/or contributed to my development in faith, personally and professionally. Especially my two best friends and brothers; Dr Fouad Nagm

and Sayed Jamil Ispahany, with whom I grew up and matured and upon whom I depend and lean.

I extend my gratitude to the Holy Shrine of Al-Abbas who have gracefully offered to publish this poetry collection through their Turath Al-Anbia Institute. His Eminence Sheikh Hussain Al-Assadi from Holy Najaf was the initiator of this invitation, to whom I have great respect and gratitude.

Preface

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ
الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ رَبِّ الْعَالَمِينَ
اللَّهُمَّ صَلِّ عَلَى مُحَمَّدٍ وَآلِ مُحَمَّدٍ

In the name of Allah, the most Beneficent, the most Merciful

Peace be upon Mohammad and his Purified Progeny

Since the dawn of time, humans have used art to express themselves. From the simple drawings of the caveman to the modern complex digital effects, the art has been utilised by all cultural groups to showcase their identity and belonging. Poetry played a vital role in this arena; especially, in its power to preserve language, culture, local folklore and ideas. Australian Aboriginal Dreamtime stories are amongst the earlier and continuing manifestations of this global phenomenon although far from the so called “known world”. The Greeks used poetry to express their civilised culture and superiority as well as Romans, Chinese, Persians, Arabs and many other empires and nations of ancient times. Almost every culture has used poetry to tell stories of its heroes to immortalise them as role models for their own people.

Poetry's ability to illustrate images of the story to connect the audience to the subject and its hero is the most important aspect that gave it such a profound profile amongst many nations. Hence, to harvest this essential power of poetry, we notice that our Imams have emphasised the use of poetry to mourn and remember Imam Hussain and his great sacrifice. This is to the extent that they promise heavenly rewards for those who write poetry on Imam Hussain's tragedy even if it was not perfect.

I am proud to adhere to the instructions of the beloved Ahlulbayt and be amongst those ones who wrote for their cause and to commemorate them and by doing so, in fact, I honour the glory of God. This is especially relevant in the English Language, where a gap persists for technical poems (eulogies) that can be used by reciters in programs dedicated to Imam Hussain and Ahlulbayt worldwide.

Although, I see my efforts as negligible producing very humble work, yet my intention has always been to serve first and foremost. I have always used poetry as a personal tool to write my own thoughts, ideas, pains, reflections, and stories. A form of expression of myself to myself rather than an art to publicise and share. During my adolescence, medical studies,

research or professional work, poetry was my refuge to seek my own personal space. My connection to poetry has always been as a tool for personal healing rather than a product or publication. So, what matters the most for me is the intention behind these poems rather than their beauty or strength.

Similarly, faith for me has been personal. It was my most important asylum when vulnerable; my motivation when unsure; and my healing when depressed. Ahlulbayt, especially Imam Ali for his wisdom and Imam Hussain for his emotional attachment, played a critical part in my life that is mirrored in my thinking, reasoning and conduct.

This poetry collection is all about living faith and not just reading about it, hence I titled it: Live Faith. My aim is for the honourable reader to be able to live faith through this modest work and to reflect on the ideas presented. This book is intended for all age groups, cultural and educational backgrounds hence the poems vary in tone and technicality to accommodate for such a wide audience.

The Live Faith collection is divided into two distinguished parts:

Part 1: Faith Poetry Mosaic

Part 2: Faith Lamentations

Part One: Faith Poetry Mosaic: A mosaic of faithful poems, reflections and tributes to God, Prophet Mohammad, and his holy Family (Ahlulbayt). This part is divided into three sections:

Section 1.1: Islam

Section 1.2: Faithful Reflections

Section 1.3: Ahlulbayt

Part Two: Faith Lamentation: A collection of encomia or eulogies on the tragedies faced by Prophet Mohammad and his holy Family; namely: Imam Ali, Lady Fatima, Imam Hassan, and Imam Hussain; as well as their family members and close companions. The poems in this section can be recited as spoken words, podium lamentations (Masa'eb, Na'ei), and/or rhythmic encomia or eulogies (Latmiya, Nooha). This part is divided into five sections, each dedicated to one of the Infallible Five.

The last section, which contains the seasonal Hussaini rhythmic eulogies or encomia in Muharram and Saffar, is further divided into three subsections as indicated below:

Section 2.1: Prophet Mohammad

Section 2.2: Imam Ali

Section 2.3: Lady Fatima

Section 2.4: Imam Hassan

Section 2.5: Imam Hussain

Subsection 2.5.1: Leading to Ashura

Subsection 2.5.2: Day of Ashura

Subsection 2.5.3: Journey of Arbaeen

It is important to remind the dear readers that the Day of Ashura subsection is preserved for the actual occasion on that particular day. So, I urge you to only recite it on Ashura Day, especially the parts that detail the tragedy of the last moments of our beloved Imam Hussain's holy life.

I ask you all to forgive my shortcomings and the limitations of my talent. I also ask you to please remember me in your prayers and keep me in your thoughts especially when reciting on the podiums of guidance.

May Allah, the Almighty, grant us all the great favour of being of service to our faith. May his mercy bestow all humanity and remove this pandemic by the grace of the presence of Imam Mahdi (peace be upon him).

Your brother in faith,
Mohammad Basim Al-Ansari
Sydney, Australia
10/10/2020

Part One: Faith Poetry Mosaic

A mosaic of faithful poems, reflections and tributes to God, Prophet Mohammad, and his holy Family (Ahlulbayt).

This part is divided into three sections:

Section 1.1: Islam

Section 1.2: Faithful Reflections

Section 1.3: Ahlulbayt

Section 1.1: Islam

Allah, our God

*Allah is our true Master
Whom we praise, every prayer
The Giver who never quits
Has no buts, ifs or regrets*

...

*The Almighty that we thank
For granting us each our rank
He's known as the Merciful
Kind, Gentle and Bountiful*

...

*Our God that we all worship
He has no spouse nor kinship
Our belief says He doesn't
Have offspring or parent*

...

Unique one with no partner

Both Rewarder and Warner

Creator of the universe

Revealer of every verse

...

Powerful Lord, O mighty God

Strengthen our straight road

Grant us your great sustenance

To ensure our endurance

...

Please allow us in heavens

As the one You allow, wins

Please protect us from hot hell

Because just for You, we yell

.....

Islam

*Islam is a faith for many people whom to it, they
adhere*

*Yet, it is beyond a set of mere beliefs, as it may
appear*

*It is a way of life with its own legal system, mystic,
and moral code*

*For its followers and enthusiasts, it offers an
interesting road*

...

*So, for an Islamic idea to be properly understood
Explore the principles behind it, as a fair researcher
should*

*No one reaches the truth, if only assumptions are
made*

Communicate with Muslims, don't ever be afraid

...

*Especially that Islam, today, is not one version or
culture*

It's multicultural, multifaceted, and diverse in nature

*Islam has many schools of thought
So, don't judge based on a snapshot!*

.....

Islamic Creed Sonnet

*Universe is complicated and vast
In beauty and creation, is unique
God is its creator. The First and Last
The sustainer of both, mind, and
physique*

...

*Allah, the exalted, sent messengers
Their duty was to help in all aspects
For humanity, teachers, and warners
Guided us all to what Islam expects*

...

*Their best and last was Prophet
Mohammad
As the Trustworthy Honest, he was
known
United people, civil and nomad*

*Then to his Progeny, passed on the
crown*

...

*Allah ordered him to appoint Ali
First successor, Imam, Guide and Wali*

.....

Principles of Islamic Faith

*Please learn your lessons My kids!
To know what God permits or forbids
Begin with the Principles of Your Faith
Islam is to submit to what Allah saith
Islam is built on the golden five
Our faith, from them, we derive*

...

*First and foremost is Tawheed
To its three meanings, you should
heed*

Number one:

God is only One

Number two:

God, everything, he can do

Number three:

God cannot be defined by thee

...

*Second principle of Usool
Adl is our best thinking tool
You know, must
God is Just!*

...

*The third principle, to which we adhere
Nubuwa or Prophethood is clear
It's our need to have guides
Messengers whom God decides
Thousands of them were sent
So that our logic, they complement
Mohammad was their last
To his rightful path, we hold fast*

...

*The fourth is a principle we uphold
Despite whatever our opponents may
hold*

*Imama is needed, to pass God's
exams*

It is our belief in the Twelve Imams

...

The fifth principle is Ma'ad

When all gather in one crowd

To be judged by God in the afterlife

*To be asked about our success and
strife*

...

Please learn all of this by heart

To be a thoughtful Muslim, truly smart!

.....

Branches of Islamic Faith

*My kids! Islam is like a tree, ever green
Its roots are the principles of the Deen
Islamic tree's branches are ten
Obligatory upon Muslim women and men*

...

*Salat is to pray
Five times in a day
Dawn, noon, afternoon, sunset, and night
Through prayer, we gain our might*

...

*Fasting happens during Ramadhan
A month when evil is withdrawn
Haj is Islam's holiest prime
A pilgrimage once in a lifetime*

...

One needs to struggle to grow

*Zakat and Khums you should know
Both are acts of charity
To advance faith and relief calamity*

...

*My kids please hear my advice
Promote virtue and prevent vice
Always defy the people of hate
While love the lovers of Ahlulbayt*

...

*In all these matters you should follow
What scholars forbid or allow
Choose wisely a scholar who is wise
Who helps your faith in God to rise!*

.....

Morality in Islam

*Morality is the most important aspect of our lives
It constitutes the benefits that we instruct and the
harms that we obstruct*

*Morality differentiates us, humans, from all other
animals*

*In our ability to think, understand, reason then
deduct*

*Islam adheres to this important principle in its
teachings*

Hence it presents an engulfing coherent construct

Islam teaches us to go beyond just adhering to law

*To be ethical in our thoughts, intentions, words, and
conduct!*

.....

Section 1.2: Faithful Reflections

Reflections!

Written in London for a lecture in Birmingham

The world is an interesting place

It is so vast that it's hard for us to know it entirely

It has us, humans, busy in continuous race

So, we are doubtful and confused tiredly

...

This made us instead live in a bubble

Plato called this bubble, a cave

*In his Allegory of the Cave, he tried to explain our
struggle*

He examines, philosophically, how we behave

...

*Plato talks of people living in a cave excluded from
everything*

*They imagine the outer world through shadows
where all*

*Reality was represented in those shadows they are
seeing*

Of external objects reflected on their cave's wall

...

*Then, through a coincidence, one of them looks at
the outside*

Upon seeing reality, he informs his fellow cavemen

*But they refuse to accept his version and push him
aside*

*One wonders upon reflecting on the action of these
men!*

...

*How can they oppose the reality they have always
known?!*

How can they leave their own experience behind?!

They prefer to call the news carrier a clown

*They chose to reject his claim and preferred to stay
blind*

...

We all are in the same shoes

We have created our own world

Shaped by our experience and surrounding clues

We have our reality woven and furled

...

Then the question comes to all of us

How can one reach the truth?!

It is a matter we need to discuss

This is especially relevant in our youth

...

Some say truth must be factual

Reached through science and experimental

While others see it as more rational

Then come promoters of the metaphysical

...

We all forgot Plato's story and words

Overlooked that life is all about perception

Unfortunately, there are many wolves and herds

Thus, we need to avoid deception

...

So, we must seek something more real

A wisdom that is both righteous and fine

*A formula consisting of a good deal
A system that is both practical and divine*

.....

Spirituality

Spirituality is an interesting concept

Some people may feel no need for it

Because we're rational beings with senses

We have no need to believe in some supreme it

...

Yet they seem to overlook a simple fact

We, humans, are much more complicated

Our senses are as limited as our experience

Our ability to comprehend it all is overrated

...

All knowledge up to date is based on theories

Which are based on experimental data

So, the same evidence that proved them

Can disprove and replace them with new data

...

Our experience in this world is not that simple

*We know that feelings, emotions, and thoughts
They're all part of who we are and how we are
This whole issue is full of tangled knots*

...

*We know, through research, that spirituality helps
Through it, cancer survivors increased their chances
Also, it contributes to psychotherapy in great extent
We're learning more about it as our world advances*

...

*So, let's not call it off, just because we cannot see it
Neither blame others whom it improved their lives
Spirituality, like many of our human characters
Often neglected or blamed, yet it always survives*

.....

Emotional attachment to God

Holy Mecca

*It's hard when one must act tough
When the words chosen are rough
But the feelings he actually hides
Like a roller coaster of many rides*

...

*It's hard when one is falling for You
Though acts to deny it all way through
But he's in fact still in love
It's like he's jumping from above*

...

*It's hard when one denies his true self
Thinking that he just needs a shelf*

*To store You away from his sight
Resisting Your affection with his might*

...

*It's hard when one pretends to be
strong*

But he has been the weakest all along

*Your heart still pumps in his chest
While his whole body knows no rest*

.....

Beading with beating heart

*Some see love as a sin
Ungodly and vice
No reason to grin
As it blocks paradise*

...

*They forget that passion
Which's a manifest of faith
In fact, is an affection
For the soul, it's a bathe*

...

*Love gives prayer its meaning
When we pray from our heart
So, prayer is an act of healing
Beading with a beating heart*

.....

Muslims need inner peace

*Islam started as a free faith
It aimed to heal people with scathe
Prophet Mohammad was finest
He was trustworthy and honest*

...

*So, what happened meanwhile to cause
The thorns to replace the true rose?!
Why some Muslims developed hate
Till today though varies in rate?!*

...

*Islam has seen a sad hijack
By extremist forces who lack
Morals, manners, love, brain, and heart
They only know how to combat*

...

We need to revisit the roots

*We don't need to end all disputes
We all just need to recognise
That differences make us grow wise*

...

*We need to be more inclusive
In matters that aren't conclusive
Only when we reach inner peace
That fear from us Muslims will cease*

.....

Us and Them

*We may, at times, act and use us and
them...*

*Some even may treat her different
from him...*

*Don't forget from the same root, we all
stem...*

*It's our deeds and words that make us
a gem...*

.....

Islam in the West

This poem was written to honour the request of Ayatollah Sheikh Mohammad Sadiq Al-Korbasi from London, who personally asked me to note a poetic foreword to his Islam in various Western Countries series. I responded in an Arabian Sonnet.

*Islam, as a faith, has a global reach
Self-awareness and knowledge, it does teach
True Muslims ought to practice what they preach
Although, misunderstood, when they outreach*

...

*Today, Islam is growing in the West
Despite extremists, fake news, and the rest
We, Western Muslims, are trying our best
Peace is our quest, our lives and love attest*

...

*We should build communication bridges
To mend and, together, reach new edges*

To be true to our free mutual pledges

...

Australia, Europe, Americas, all

Tolerant people share a common call

With love, let's end racism, hate, fear and brawl!

.....

The Time of Corona

Everything seemed well controlled and right!

Humanity had reached its peak of might!

In thought, in science, in business and in conduct

Most people had access to every product

Globalisation has brought us lots of prosperity

People deemed to have a genuine clarity

Many have never seen war or famine

Didn't feel a need to pray or say an amen

...

Then, unannounced, a wakeup call erupted

Everybody thought it'll only effect those corrupted

It was so swift that it gave no one enough warning

Affecting everyone's health and their earning

*Even the most powerful talked about immunity of the
herd*

As suddenly all appeared to fall short of any word

*Coronavirus had hit and locked down every known
town*

*Not differentiating between common folks or those
with a crown*

...

No man, woman or child is any longer safe

Everyone's rage will only chafe

Life as we know it is about to change

The new reality somehow feels strange

We have indeed lived an illusion

Our worlds were actually in collusion

But we remain determined to stay strong

*With faith, we'll endeavour to learn and triumph all
along*

.....

A repenting man

*A man was wondering heedless about
and around*

*When desires took control of him and
his surround*

*He was enjoying life unaware that he
was drowned*

*In mysterious water he was baptised
and crowned*

...

*That fine young man suddenly noticed
his big mistake*

*Feeling lost, empty, and unsure of
what step to take*

*In those vice acts, he never wanted to
partake*

*So, he runs away while his heart is
racing in ache*

...

*Sobs and walks back alone under the
rainy night sky*

*Wondering with himself; why did I do
it? Why?*

*Nothing can save me from my sins not
even if I cry*

*Forgive me, please My Lord, the
exalted high!*

.....

Journey to Mecca

In holy Mecca

*One of the proudest moments in my life
When I came to Mecca and wore Ihram
I felt blessings and beauty were all rife
With spirituality of Islam*

...

*People came from every country and race
To deepen their faith and renew their soul
They seemed in a collaborative race
Towards reaching their ultimate right goal*

...

*Kaaba is their destination for sure
However, there was a feeling beyond
The aware ones were searching for the Noor
That leads the way to strengthen their bond*

...

*I am trying to find that truthful path
To be on a journey toward real love
To be far from God's curse, anger, or wrath
To be heading to the heavens above*

.....

A Reflection on Fasting

I would like to reflect on fasting as we are living the beautiful atmosphere of the Holy Month of Ramadhan.

Many see the concept of fasting as an obedience to God as well to feel the needy, hence strengthening our will to help them.

I agree but also note that Fasting is not an end and needs to go beyond the fore mentioned aims.

I think that fasting is also an action for cleansing our individual soul and body.

It's a process of internal transformation that starts with shedding both the physical and spiritual burdens that we have carried during the year.

This will allow us to be lighter, more transparent, and focused.

*Slowly the days of Ramadhan pass by
accompanied by its long and quite
nights.*

*Until we find ourselves ready to face
our Lord.*

*Not to complain only but also to
communicate....*

Not to pray only but also to praise....

*Not to request only but also to build a
relationship....*

*These nights are the valuable nights of
Qadr.*

*It was called Qadr to convey both
meanings at once the destiny and the
significance.*

*It seems the Almighty seeks us to
both:*

Complain and Communicate...

Pray and Praise...

Request and build a Relationship...

.....

Ramadhan Sonnet

*Yearly, Muslims look at the horizon
Searching for a thin, light, smiling crescent
Their eyes are wide open then they tighten
As they spot the moon that appears pleasant*

...

*They yell: O Holy Month of Ramadhan
Bring us joy, bless and solidarity
As we fast, pray and recite the Quran
Join us to celebrate our charity*

...

*Golden time for reflection has arrived
When each of us shows his or her essence
It is when our souls are found and revived
When we really feel God's divine presence*

...

Ramadhan is beyond a mere season

It's an opportunity to reason

.....

Eid Day

*A day to renew our bonds
A day when heaven responds
A day to revive our creed
As we celebrate the Eid!*

.....

Section 1.3: Ahlulbayt

Why do we love Ahlulbayt?!

*We, humans, grow fond of integrity from childhood
Since we start to differentiate bad from good
We tend to be attracted to those who are kind
The ones who don't turn away acting blind*

...

*This quality made us all appreciate
Those whom we try to imitate
As they remind us of what makes humans superior
In intelligence and kindness, their aims are ulterior*

...

*So, when we read about great personalities
Historical figures boasting fine qualities
We recognise their noble traits
We may even be their advocates*

...

*This explains why we love Ahlulbayt
Not just because our principles dictate
But also, we find in them that higher moral ground
Their characteristics with their love which goes
around*

...

*Hence, we always remember them with respect
To celebrate who they are in every aspect
On Mohammad and his progeny, the possessors of
all of that*

We all join, together, to recite a loud Salawat

.....

Ma'soomeen (The 14¹ Infallibles Sonnet)

Our first infallible is Mohammad

Along his noble daughter Fatima

*Then his brother Ali, by God's
command*

Starts the chain of purified Imama

...

*Followed by Masters of Paradise's
youth*

*Two brothers who made greatest
sacrifice*

*Hassan and Hussain, the martyrs of
Truth*

Ali son of Hussain then opposed vice

...

¹ The 14 Infallibles for Shia Twelver Muslims are: Prophet Mohammad, Lady Fatima and the 12 Imams.

*Baqir and Sadiq built our foundations
Faced tyranny like Musa, with patience
Ridha too resisted all temptations
Jawad's teachings made Shia
complacence*

...

*Hadi and Askari, guides of Islam
Their son Mahdi is our current Imam*

.....

Mohammad, The Chosen!

*Arabs, like their horses, did run unshod
Constant mental loads had made them porsy
Racing, although unhinged, towards true God
Worshipped their idols, yet sought His mercy*

...

*Arabs needed the right leader and guide
The same as all nations surrounding them
Happiness and bliss are sought out worldwide
Every human seeks refuge from mayhem*

...

*A unique one had to fulfil the need
A person who resembles perfection
To rescue humans from unbridled greed
By revealing God's divine convection*

...

Mohammad was chosen for this great task

So that in glory, his followers bask

.....

Prophet Mohammad in Mecca

*Mecca was a city full of trade and
culture*

*Full of idols worshipped in every
corner*

Corruption made it a land of disaster

*So, they needed a healer and a
warner*

*Mohammad was known for his
honesty and trust*

*A man of magnitude, ethics, and no
lust*

He was known in the city as the just

So, he invited them to renew from rust

Mohammad invited his people to virtue

*He preached what he practiced in his
view*

*Resisted all kind of oppression to stay
true*

He cared about all including you

His message was simple and peaceful

It was all about making life more useful

*Worshiping one God, loving and
merciful*

Of all our deeds, he is indeed mindful

.....

At Prophet's Mosque

At holy Madinah

While visiting Prophet Mohammad's Mosque

I felt embarrassed so tried to embosk

Remembered my big sins, recalled my falls

I committed them despite alarm calls

Now I have come in regret to repent

Hoping the Prophet grants me his present

.....

Ghadeer

*Ali was the first in Islam and every
known virtue!*

*Through Mohammad's upbringing,
teaching and care,*

Ali grew!

*Quran refers to him as Mohammad's
self,*

by God's cue!

*Hence, on the Day of Ghadeer, the
Prophet left*

A clear clue!

*Revealed to all, Allah's direct
commands as*

They came through!

Ali is my aid, brother, and successor

Hold this true!

Like how I'm your master, Ali is master

Upon you!

Rightness always follows Ali, wherever

He is due!

*Who is better, than Ali, to succeed
me?*

Tell me who?!

(من كنتُ مولاهُ فهذا عليّ. مولاهُ)

(من كنتُ مولاهُ فهذا عليّ. مولاهُ)

.....

Who is Ali?!

*The Eve of Imam Ali's Birthday in
Birmingham*

*The hidden treasure which is unknown
to us all is Ali*

*The divine knowledge and wisdom are
all contained in Ali*

*Mountains and skies are too humble in
the presence of Ali*

...

*The most beautiful and deepest in
meaning is Ali*

*Hussain, leader of freedom, said as a
dear son to Ali*

*If I have a thousand sons, I would call
them all Ali*

...

*Everyone on deathbed will see the
bright light of Ali*

It is a divine speciality given only to Ali

*He saves his followers whenever they
call out Ya Ali*

...

*A believer is lit through reflecting the
light of Ali*

*They'd feel regret, everyone who didn't
love Ali*

*While his lovers will rejoice as they
loved and followed Ali*

.....

Why do we love Ali?

Written in Holy Najaf

Many people ask us this question

Why do you love Ali?

They often mistaken our reaction

We breathe the love of Ali!

...

Ali for us is a banner

That we carry around

A sign of pride and honour

To it, we are bound

...

Ali represents every goodness

Bravery, ethics, and commitment

A relief for us from illness

For our soul and mind, a treatment

...

Ali left us a treasure

Of many noble words

A collection that brings pleasure

Full of guiding records

...

People are of two types, he says

Either, one in faith is your sibling

Or you were created in same ways

*So, respect and tolerance you should
both bring*

...

Ali teaches us about justice

*It has four aspects, with which we
need to comply*

*Understanding and knowledge that we
practice*

Fairness and thinking that we apply

...

*Ali promotes multi-disciplinarity in
knowledge*

Multiplied by lessons from life

That cause people to rise or wedge

Otherwise, one can only expect strife

...

This is the Ali we dearly love

*We follow his principles with
dedication*

Because they are righteous and above

Through them we built our civilisation

.....

When you may declare to follow Ali?

To bear the flare of those for whom you care

To freely air your despair and let down a tear

To turn your angry glare into a loving stare

To always be fair and look for other's welfare

To forgo your rightful chair, to avoid a nightmare

Then you may declare to follow Ali, a hero so rare

.....

Ali's Example

Ali was a unique wonder

A concept for us to ponder

*He taught through both words and
action*

He aimed to build the best nation

...

Ali showed how to face hardship

Through Ali, we learnt to worship

In him, we found sincerity

As Ali was all purity

...

Ali was always a fighter

For the truth, he was a martyr

Ali stood for the divine right

Protecting it with all his might

...

*He fought also for weak and poor
Charity was part of his core
He's a father for those in need
Their refuge and support indeed*

...

*Ali raised every follower
He nurtured them like a flower
For them to shine in any crowd
So, let's strive to make him proud*

.....

Ali is our Master

Written and recited in London

Ali to the Heavens

He is our guidance

*Our leader, wise teacher, real love is
none but*

Ali Ali Ali Ali

*Mohammad taught us many lessons
about*

Ali Ali Ali Ali

Masters of believers are both me and

Ali Ali Ali Ali

*Our Lord, Allah loves all those who
love you O'*

Ali Ali Ali Ali

With Ali our love lies

He is our guidance

...

He is with the truth and truth is with

Ali Ali Ali Ali

*The best worship, gazing at the beauty
of*

Ali Ali Ali Ali

*Close to Allah are those who follow
you O'*

Ali Ali Ali Ali

Mohammad had no match, brother but

Ali Ali Ali Ali

Ali is our master

He is our guidance

.....

Ali's Teachings

*The Eve of Imam Ali's Birth in London
recited at Imam Khoei Centre*

*Ali taught us how to be humane
He paved the path for us to be sane
Aware of others in need and pain
For orphans, was father of Hussain*

...

*Ali taught us all how to be wise
Critical in our thinking and guise
Intellectual and moral always
He wanted us to learn, grow and rise*

...

*Ali taught us: be honest, faithful
Remember duty and act careful
Loyal to friends and to all truthful*

Never lie, deceive but be trustful

...

Ali taught us how forgiveness to seek

In worship be seriously unique

Purify and ourselves do critique

Follow his example to reach the peak

...

Ali taught us all how to be brave

*To hold rightness as the way to
behave*

Never be weak for any to enslave

*You're Shia of Ali, this you should
engrave*

.....

Our Master of Love: Mawla Ali

In London

Ali Ali Mawla, Ali Ali Mawla. Ali

Love of Imam is our desire

An aim for us to truly inspire

This affection for him does not expire

Every time enemies try, we refire

Our master of love is the Mawla Ali

...

Ali is our saviour in paradise

*The main divider between virtue and
vice*

*Known for his Shia as both gentle and
nice*

*Faith and ethics in us, he did entice
We all are students of the Mawla Ali*

...

*Ali is the divider of that Day
For our heart, mind, and faith he's the
way
Without his fellowship, we'd be astray
As Prophet had to always replay
Follow both Quran and Mawla Ali*

.....

Flower Fatima



Fatima

resembles
a **flower!**

Soft ...
Yet,
full of
true **power!**

Lady Fatima

*I wanted to describe a noble Lady
Someone neither ordinary nor shady
A sum of all divine eternal beauty
Her focus is beyond any duty*

...

*I could not think of anyone but Zahra
Whom in Paradise, she shows its best
flora
The source of all goodness and Divine
glory
The one that Prophet praised in every
story*

...

*It is the one that Allah called Fatima
To be a role model for every Muslima
In mannerism, conduct and modesty*

In morality, thinking and honesty

.....

The Noble Hassan

Hassan represents many qualities

No matter in joy or calamities

He called for respect

In every aspect

Everyone knew the ethics of Hassan

...

*Hassan is the source of complete
goodness*

A role model in wisdom and fairness

He called for justice

In words and practice

To be known as followers of Hassan

...

Hassan had to endure lots of hardship

*His weapons were thought, patience
and worship*

*He called for true peace
For violence to cease
Such are the real teachings of Hassan*

...

*Hassan led with strength and dignity
Never losing his credibility
He called for rightness
Matching his brightness
Morality was the path of Hassan*

.....

In the name of Hussain

In the name of Hussain

In the name of love

...

*Every year, Shia Shaaer shake the
World to commemorate ...*

To remember

To celebrate

To mourn

To cry

And to beat our chests ...

*We then repeat the same tradition
every year*

We repeat it in the name of Hussain

We repeat it in the name of love

...

*Every year, Shia shine and share to
advocate ...*

To observe

To reflect

To think

To promote

And to advance our values ...

*We then repeat the same lesson every
year*

We repeat it in the name of Hussain

We repeat it in the name of love

.....

Imam Hussein Statements (Haikus)

Hussain told his camp:

I see no life with tyrants

I see death as joy!

...

I did not rise up

To disturb nor cause evil

I rose for reform!

...

I will not submit

Like a slave nor runaway

Like a shameful man!

...

As Hussain farewelled:

I am the martyr of tears

My name provokes tears!

...

Hussain yelled aloud:

Far from us be Disgrace and

Humiliation!

...

Trilingual: Hussaini Kids

حسین، حسین یا حسین

أوصیکما بالسبط یا آیتین
کی تظفرا بالفوز والجنین
من قبل أوصی وارث القبلین
حسین منی وانا من حسین

فرزندم مَوَدَّتْ را دان بهتر از ما تَبِئْتُ
معنی را بین در سعی بین الحرَمین
عاشقان از هر زمین واز بحرین
می دوند سویی سحر عشق حسین

*My darling Aya and dear Zain
Know that love is beyond wane
It is an inspiration for every gain
When your true love is Hussain!*

Sydney kids on Ashura

*One beautiful sunny Sydney morning,
five little kids woke up in passion...*

*It was very early; their mums had
prepared cloths for them that were a
bit different to everyday...*

*Each wore black clothes and a black
headband with writing in red...*

*Families then gathered in their local
mosques in different parts of Sydney
and took a ride on big, nice buses to
Sydney Town Hall in the City. Some
took trains or ferries, and some drove
their own cars.*

*The five lovely cousins run to each
other as soon as they arrived hugging
and exited to begin the big day with
people from various cultures in the
annual procession...*

*Lulu (the 11-year-old big cousin) said:
“Salam guys”*

- *“are you excited to be here today?”*
- *“to join millions in the World on Ashura Day?”*

Uwais (the second cousin who is 8 replied)

- *“we’ve been waiting for it all year”*
- *“Imam Hussain, for us, is too dear”*

Zain (the third cousin who is 7 continued)

- *“yes! We’ve been waiting for long”*
- *“to come together chanting all along”*

The two little 4-year-old girls, Aya and Luma excitedly yelled:

- *“we love Imam Hussain”*
- *“we chant it all again”*

So, the kids together waved their flags, and joined thousands of others to chant:

Labayka ya Hussein!

.....

From Sydney for Arbaeen

*Today we set off from Sydney for
Arbaeen*

We board the flight in full excitement

*Our hearts are beating in Hussain's
love*

*Our minds are blessed with
enchantment*

...

We're riding on the shoulders of giants

*We're joining millions from near and
far*

Together, we're reviving his cause

*We're reaching the triumph as his
Ansar*

.....

Ashura and Arbaeen 2020

*We renew our energy
As we boost our synergy
With Imam Hussain*

...

*Each Ashura we flourish
Our souls and bodies nourish
Through Imam Hussain*

...

*Then Arbaeen picks our peak
In a path that is unique
To Imam Hussain*

...

*This year, though, we couldn't amass
So, pray for this test to pass
By Imam Hussain*

Our Role Model Zainab!

Do you know who is our role model?

When facing life's bearing trouble?

She is the daughter of Fatima

The عالمة غير معلّمة

...

She was the bravest woman ever

Exactly like her mother الكوثر

She faced the tyrants of her time

*Did not let them walk away with their
crime*

...

The outspoken ambassador of Islam

*The defender and protector of the
Imam*

The divinely chosen by our رب

The great Lady !الحوراء زينب!

Zainab's Leadership

Zainab is like Lady Mariam

In her status and worship

But she was silent in mayhem

Yet Zainab showed leadership

...

Zainab is like Fatima

In patience to face hardship

To defend Faith and Imama

They both showed leadership

...

Zainab was titled Aalima

By the Heir of Aale Kisa Ship

She wasn't taught or Mua'lama

She possessed divine leadership

.....

Zainab, the heir of Zahra

*In nobility and integrity, no one
reaches Zainab, now and then*

*A lady beyond any other western and
eastern women and men*

*Hence, she's the role model of all,
again and again*

*Zainab the one known as Hawra
The heir to her mother Zahra*

...

*Zainab is calm, she is soothing; to
every heart, she is a cure*

*God's divine will was to make her
special, to keep her extra pure*

*To prepare her for what she had to
face, what she had to endure*

*Zainab the one known as Hawra
The heir to her mother Zahra*

...

*Zainab's life was a great eventful tale
to admire and tell*

*With resilience, she faced and
defeated those who oppress and kill*

*No matter how cunning, deceiving or
deep they planned to drill*

Zainab the one known as Hawra

The heir to her mother Zahra

...

*Teach your children about the virtues
of the Lady of glory*

*Let them learn, remember, and adore
her everlasting story*

*It will teach them patience and
strength in face of any worry*

Zainab the one known as Hawra

The heir to her mother Zahra

.....

Zainab's Life Journey

*Mohammad was delighted as he heard
about her glorious birth*

*But again, Prophet's tears flew as in
her, he foresaw Hussain's death*

...

*In fact, the sad tears were mixed with
tears of joy on the path he trod*

*This offspring is the one whose love
was made a reward by God*

...

*Zainab endured losing him and her
mum after a few short years*

*Then living through oppression
ensured she got used to flow of tears*

...

*Her hero struggled for the nation but
instead had to face the sword*

*Ali used all means, but they didn't
seem to understand any word*

...

*Then she saw her brother Hassan
suffer from his army's treason*

*So, the treaty he faced became the
first drop in his death's poison*

...

*Her prime time was her biggest role as
the supporter of Hussain*

*She shared his steps and planted his
seed for us to collect the grain*

.....

Mohammad gave Zainab her name!

*From Ali and Zahra, she came
Mohammad gave Zainab her name*

...

*Like her grandfather Mohammad, she
was honest, she gained all trust
Divinely chosen, taught, purified and
free from all sins and lust
As if she was created from specially
crafted gem and not dust
Therefore, she ascended to fame...
Mohammad gave Zainab her name...*

...

*Like her father Ali, she was so brave,
she gained all his wisdom
Zainab was Ali's pride, treasure, and
the princess of his kingdom*

*He brought her up to lead when men
flee from the beatings of war's drum*

Ali prepared her for their aim...

Mohammad gave Zainab her name...

...

*Like her mother Fatima, she was
lively, lovely, and divine*

*They both had to stand firm to put their
enemy back into line*

*Fatima Zahra gave Zainab her star
status to glow and shine*

Zahra and Zainab were the same...

Mohammad gave Zainab her name...

.....

Meaning of Zainab

Zainab is a complicated word

It means a lot for us her Shia

It represents the true path forward

At the same time as the lost Baya

...

*For us, Zainab means sadness and
pain*

One shocking in magnitude of loss

But also, messenger of Hussain

Who in front of the enemy, did gloss?

...

Zainab wasn't ordinary woman

She was a leader in her own right

Someone who defeated king of man

In his castle and absolute might

...

*Zainab, as brave as her brother was
She had no doubt facing tyranny
Her mind was clear like her pure heart
was
With words, defeated their villainy
...
This is Zainab we do celebrate
She combined her parents' qualities
In patience she's beyond any rate
Also, in all great nobilities
.....*

Birth of Abbas

A great leader was born in Shaban

Abbas is well known for his Iman

He was a warrior

In every frontier

*He conquered all hearts through his
Ihsan*

...

He was dedicated to Hussain

His brother lived in his every vein

He was very faithful

For this, he was grateful

As Abbas is antonym to Cain

...

*Who in the world can describe
Abbas?!*

In faith, he's brighter than any gloss

*A worshipper at night
Then a scholar and knight
In all qualities, Abbas came across*

.....

Imam Zain Alabideen

*I was asked about him
So, sat for long in thought
Reflecting what makes him
Pride of our school of thought*

...

*It's Zain Alabideen
The one known to us all
The beauty of the Deen
Was titled for his call*

...

*No equal in worships
To Ali the Sajjad
Also, in relationships
He wrote commands of God*

...

Through his supplications

Ali taught us our creed

They're our ammunitions

Like the prophets indeed

.....

Imam Ridha and Me

We always long for strength

For what helped us when life got tense

The factor that reduced our pain's length

The person who came to our defence

...

For me that best applied to one holy man

He meant the world to me growing up

The one that made me believe I can

In teenage, Imam Ridha made me stand up!

.....

Peace be upon Ma'soma

Peace be upon Ma'soma

The great Lady Fatima

The princess of holy Qom

It's pride with her golden dome

...

Where I took refuge in need

In my weakness and misdeed

During childhood, she soothed me

Granted me strength to be

...

At times when life got so tough

As we faced violence so rough

From Najaf, we arrived safe

Yet our hearts and minds in chafe

...

*She took us in with her arms
Protecting us from all harms
I cannot express or tell
How next to her, we feel well!*

.....

We are in need for Mahdi

*On the Birth Anniversary of Imam Mahdi at Imam
Ridha's Shrine in Mashhad.*

The World is full of beauty

So, it bounds us by duty

We need to preserve its charm

To keep life, happy and calm

...

This's far from our current state

Where one wonders what to state

The situation can't be worse

Where life isn't taking its course

...

God warned us about these times

When we and nature lose rhymes

Because of our attitude

We created an endless feud

...

*Our environment's damage,
We can't easily manage
Even if we try our best
We can't unite east and west*

...

*Many people still suffer
From oppression and terror
Violence, hunger, corruption
All cause mad interruption*

...

*So, what's one supposed to seek?
How're we to solve this critique?
Especially we can just try
That's if we know: when, where, why!*

...

*This requires leadership
With infinite scholarship
A formula that's in line
With commands that are divine*

...

*Hence, we look for a saviour
Best in thought and behaviour
A leader in his own right
Not ever leaning left or right*

...

*This's the one we call Mahdi
Righteous, just, and so steady
Prophet Mohammad's grandson
Continues what he begun!*

.....

Letter to Imam Mahdi

*O Mahdi, we send you love
Carried by an eager dove
We send it from a worldly cage
Barred by war, fear, hate and rage*

...

*Our Imam! don't let us burn
You know that your fast return
We heartily anticipate
To smile and rejuvenate*

...

*Please free us from slavery
And lead us with bravery
For you are our one true hope
God called you, our safety rope*

...

*Our allegiance to you, we give
Through your care, we want to live
Your peaceful days, we await
When you straighten our gait!*

.....

Part Two: Faith Lamentations

A collection of poetry on the Ahlulbayt tragedies recited in honour of Prophet Mohammad and his holy Family; namely: Imam Ali, Lady Fatima, Imam Hassan, and Imam Hussain; as well as their family members and close companions. The poems in this section can be recited as spoken words, podium encomia (Masa'eb, Na'ei), and/or rhythmic eulogies (Latmiya, Nooha).

This part is divided into five sections, each dedicated to one of the Infallible Five. The last section is further divided into three subsections as indicated below:

Section 2.1: Prophet Mohammad

Section 2.2: Imam Ali

Section 2.3: Lady Fatima

Section 2.4: Imam Hassan

Section 2.5: Imam Hussain

Subsection 2.5.1: Leading to Ashura

Subsection 2.5.2: Day of Ashura

Subsection 2.5.3: Journey of Arbaeen

Section 2.1: Prophet Mohammad

Ode to Mohammad

Oh, Mohammad X4

*Today we remember you in tears
We recall your life and cause in pride
Oh, our Prophet and dearest of dears
You will forever be glorified*

...

Oh, Mohammad X4

*We still dream to live like your dream time
When people were blessed by your blest life
Through you, humanity reached its prime
After you, terror and fear ran rife*

...

Oh, Mohammad X4

*The nation you built became misled
As ambitions replaced God's commands
They soon replaced your appointed head
Disobeying your divine demands*

...

Oh, Mohammad X4

*Fatima was the first to defend
Islam from their vicious swords and nibs
In your cause, she faced a bitter end
Her fallen baby and broken ribs*

...

Oh, Mohammad X4

Ali, the brother, and heir you loved

*Became the prisoner of their greed
He found them unfair to be reproved
They fought him till they saw his head bleed*

...

Oh, Mohammad X4

*Hassan then followed Ali and you
Through revealing the deceptive them
Blocking his burial next to you
Tearing his treaty, poisoning him*

...

Oh, Mohammad X4

*Hussain rose to seek your nation's mend
Yazid was violent and disruptive
He beheaded him in the same trend
Then took your great daughters as captive*

...

Oh, Mohammad X4

*Your nation did burn your heart and trust
By stopping you writing a firm will
Leading many to live in disgust
Muslims are known now to harm and kill*

...

Oh, Mohammad X4

*We long for the Islam that you preached
Replacing oppression and harshness
When true peace and harmony are reached
When your dear Mahdi ends all darkness*

.....

Section 2.2: Imam *Ali*

Ali, the Guide, is no more!

*Ali is a pride badge and carried by
us...*

*Ali is not just a theme, nor an
abstract...*

Ali's beyond a grave we visit in mass...

*Ali offers love and care with no
contract...*

...

*Patience, worship, strength! He was
the paradigm...*

*In Kufa, Ali lived during end of his
time...*

*Ali was the king; Ali was the true
imam...*

*Successor to Mohammad, Prophet of
Islam...*

...

Yes, it is Ali we are all talking about...

Ali has no crown or a propaganda...

*A leader of sincerity, love and
thought...*

Ali does not wave from any veranda...

...

*That night he chose to walk by himself
all alone...*

*Ali was weary, his eyes, they were
tired...*

*Ali was surrounded by many yet
alone...*

*He was recalling all changes he
inspired...*

...

*Ali walked out in determined steps yet
warm*

*Birds surrounded him flapping their
wings in form*

*Ali responded with his usual divine
calm...*

*Cry out loud oh nature's beauties
before the storm...*

...

*In mysterious Kufa, He started his
day...*

*In the city there is a grand mosque
made of clay...*

*Yet in its glory, it was beyond any
say...*

*A place special for Imam to lead and
pray...*

...

*In prayer, Ali was stricken by a
sword...*

Ali responded with a divine true cry...

*A poisoned blade that had silenced the
best word...*

"I am the winner as in Allah, I rely..."

...

*Zainab sobbed upon learning the
shocking news...*

*She ran with the orphans to the proof
of Allah...*

*Father! I rushed to your aid but to no
use...*

*My Daughter! Preserve your tears for
Karbala...*

...

*Be good to your prisoner, keep that in
mind...*

*O my sons! Give him food and even
milk do pour...*

*Then his great eloquent words he left
in kind...*

*And the angels cried: Ali, the guide, is
no more!*

.....

Kufa's worst night!

*In Holy Najaf on the Eve of Imam Ali's
Martyrdom*

Kufa lived through harsh times

It witnessed many crimes

History's full of tales

Of pain deep down it's nails

...

Kufa had its worst night

When sorrow hit new height

Its star-filled sky doomed dark

As terror left its mark

...

The Town was in turmoil

It was about to boil

Strong wind blew all covers

Revealing true lovers

...

People suddenly woke

They were all stunned in shock

They have heard a loud cry

A voice dropped from the sky

...

Pillar of Guidance's hit

Ali's holy head's split

The divine rope is loose

Angels announced the news

...

Kufans were so afraid

What angels have just said?!

They all run to the Mosque

To see his bleeding dusk

...

Everything now made sense

*The atmosphere's so dense
There are changes tonight
Humankind lost its knight*

.....

We lost our Imam

*Kufa, suddenly, was shaken
Without Ali, it's forsaken*

...

*Most people were confused and lost
No one could think, act, or accost*

...

*They could not believe what they see
How can drought hit the endless sea?!*

...

*Orphans gathered on his doorstep
Bringing milk to give him more pep*

...

*Ailing Ali was still arouse
Farewelling members of God's House*

...

He gave his everlasting will

To save us from falling downhill

...

Then we all lost our true Imam

His biggest orphan was Islam

.....

Section 2.3: Lady Fatima

Why did Fatima cry?

Chorus:

Why did Fatima cry?!

Why was her voice so high?!

Why did Fatima cry?!

...

Medina was glooming dark

Some tacked then more did embark

They jumped their salvation ark

Their destiny was so stark

Killing Prophet's Mention!

This was their intention!

Killing Prophet's Mention!

...

Fatima was in mourning

Crying through night and morning

*Her cry was a forewarning
Of a coup that was storming
They did not love his kin!
They did not care for sin!
They did not love his kin!*

...

*Mohammad's nation was lost
Greed made many pay big cost
They denied Ali his post
Despite it's witnessed by most
They took his Caliphate!
So, on a throne, they sit!
They took his Caliphate!*

...

*Fatima was sad for faith
As it was haunted by wraith
She shed tears for us to bathe
To protect Islam from scathe
Like Hassan and Hussain!
Muslims still live in pain!*

Like Hassan and Hussain!

...

*Fatima's point was understood
So, they pushed her to the wood
To not expose their falsehood
As they lost their path for good
Islam was in dismay!
They followed Satan's way!
Islam was in dismay!*

...

*Prophet's Household were so brave
They would not submit or wave
How did the rulers then behave?
That she, then, had to hide her grave?!
Where is Imam Zaman?!
Where's the walking Quran?!
Where is Imam Zaman?!*

.....

Fatima, the First Defender

Chorus:

First Defender: Fatima

Leading Martyr: Fatima

...

Prophet Mohammad was resting on his deathbed

Surrounded by his close holy family

When the Islamic Faith started to be misled

As the angels wept and wind oozed so clammily

...

Hypocrites rushed to occupy his divine seat

They did not even wait for their Prophet's demise

To reach their aim, they all lied to deceive and cheat

They violated every principle, to rise

...

Fatima rose up as the first line of defence

*She exposed them all through her sermons and
action*

Urging the Muslims to never set on the fence

Reminding them, why they were chosen best nation

...

To Zahra's holy house, they aggressively rushed

Striking her and setting Prophet's home on fire

*When she miscarried her infant, Zahra's heart
crushed*

Those moments throughout history proved so dire

...

*Then they pulled her husband Ali through Prophet's
town*

They intended to kill their guide, chief and Imam

*She ignored her pain, to chase them grabbing his
gown*

By saving Ali, she knew, that she saved Islam

...

Fatima Zahra spent her sorrowed last few days

*Resisting their hate through her cry, patience, and
words*

*From oppression, her fragile heart was now ablaze
Allah ordered them her love, but they showed her,
swords*

...

*So, when final moments of her short life arrived
She asked Ali to bury her on that dark night
Her hidden grave is a witness, she was deprived
Fatima's departure shocked Ali, the famed knight*

.....

Fatima and Fadak

*Fatima is a leader and a real star
She was the reminder when they went too far
She didn't seek Fadak for the sake of dinar
But to expose them for who they truly are*

.....

Section 2.4: Imam Hassan

Imam Hassan

*On a dark windy sad night
A star was shining so bright
From a holy house's light
House of wisdom, care and might*

...

*Hassan nursed the poor warmly
Prayed then broke his fast calmly
When his wife moved ungodly
Poisoned the Son of Ali*

...

*Imam became bedridden
To heavens, he was bidden
Their plan's no longer hidden
His Will was overridden*

...

They showed their true face and hate

*When they took it to max rate
As they blocked the prophet's gate
Their arrows did infiltrate*

...

*Since his father, he succeed
He aimed to protect the creed
Yet people never took heed
Hassan was oppressed indeed*

.....

Section 2.5: Imam Hussain

Subsection 2.5.1: Leading to Ashura

Hussain's Call

Beginning of Muharram

Hussain issued a call to be humane...

*It is calling us to be virtuous and
sane...*

*To be for good and from bad to
refrain...*

*Calling for a way to end all brutal
pain...*

...

*So, when you hear us crying
Hussain...*

*Know that he is beyond a love in our
vein...*

Hussain is a path for glory and gain...

He is a formula breaking every chain...

...

Integrity and sacrifice of Hussain...

A way to oppose every tyrant's reign...

*To face tyranny with patience not
deign...*

*To be peaceful yet full of might like
rain...*

...

*Hussain and peace are indeed a
twain...*

*He attracts millions to Karbala, his
fane...*

*To learn his ways and strength to
attain...*

*To be determined and truthful like
Hussain...*

.....

Message to Hussain

O Hussain listen to us

You're our hero, love and plus

...

O Hussain, Martyr of love

Towards you, we've always drove

...

O Hussain, Leader of faith

As Prophet of Allah saith

...

O Hussain whose aid we wish

Like how water attracts fish

...

O Hussain we live to serve

Your cause that we'd never swerve

...

*O Hussain we hear your voice
Helping you is our main choice*

...

*O Hussain, you were alone
Till now we feel your call's tone*

...

*O Hussain when you did fell
Made us for centuries yell*

...

*O Hussain since beheaded
In our souls you're embedded*

...

*O Hussain you did not die
You just fell to lift us high*

.....

Message of Hussain

*Life has its numerous ups and downs
Witnessing kings losing their crowns
Where they constantly rise and fall
Nothing remains the same at all*

...

*Hence many revolutionaries
Took the rule of missionaries
Trying to spread their message
But end up in lifeless wreckage*

...

Then how some of them still remain?!
Especially movement of Hussain?!
Because Hussain's aim was unique
It was teaching us what to seek

...

*This was shown by his companions
When they were raised as champions
Through Hussain alone, they were
transformed*

*They were reborn, then they
performed*

...

*Honesty with self and others
Saves one from having mixed colours
Being direct with own deed and word
Brings our morality forward*

...

*Hussain said: "I'm to awaken
Through stance, my grandfather's
nation!
I am to make a Muslim, modest
Like Mohammad, Trusted, Honest"*

...

Thus, he positioned him ahead

*When Grand Prophet Mohammad said
"Know that Hussain is from my breed
And I am from Hussain indeed"*

.....

Hussain's Departure and his daughter

Father O Hussain

Miss you O Hussain

...

Father O Hussain

Miss you O Hussain

At night, a caravan was leaving in pain

*Prophet's family followed their lead
Hussain*

...

*Imam Hussain bid his hometown
farewell*

*Forced to leave his beloved daughter
unwell*

*As a lover submitted to Allah's will
Renewing his grandfather's campaign*

...

*Hussain was devoted and full of
charisma*

Declared refusal to Yazid's schema

Humiliation far from son of Fatima

*He does not submit to any tyrant's
reign*

...

*Fatima was like her grandmother
alone*

She felt ill, fearful, and out of tone

*Losing her dear ones with whom she
has grown*

*Proved to be worse than physical
complain*

...

*City of the Prophet was deep in
darkness*

*Hussain's departure has turned it so
heartless*

Its noble family was shuttered faultless

*For years, Medina did not see peace
nor gain*

...

*The princess kept waiting for their
return*

*Patience made her tender heart slowly
burn*

*She knew her father to death had to
adjourn*

*Because Hussain acted in strength not
wane...*

.....

Muslim wa Muslima

Muslima wa Muslima

...

People of Kufa sent letters to Hussain

*Pleading the Imam, come to our aid
again*

*They were full of hope and aiming for
gain*

*They knew well the son of Lady
Fatima*

*The countless letters made the Imam
respond*

*He called his most loyal cousin and
beyond*

*Wrote him a decree which proved to
be fond*

Ride to Kufa as my embassy, Muslima

Muslim entered Kufa in public display

*Thousands welcomed him with joy on
roadway*

*Through him, they saw their Imam
everyday*

*He became their prince of hearts with
charisma*

*But soon, Kufans turned against their
leader*

*They left him alone in fear of their
creeper*

*He could not find even a water beaker
Except one believer, a caring grandma*

Enemy surrounded him by morning

*Attacked Muslim not fearing Allah's
warning*

*He fought while his heart for Hussain
was mourning*

*The coupe against him remains an
enigma*

*When Hussain received the shocking
Kufa news*

He called the Ansar to clarify his views

*They only want me killed so you're
free to choose*

*They cried: We're lost without the
Imama*

*Hussain insisted: my brothers and
cousins*

*Leave me before the situation
toughens*

*Their reply was: We're with you when
it roughens*

We serve you in honour with no stigma

*To the tents then Hussain sorrowfully
walked*

*Picked up Muslim's daughter and
mournfully choked*

*While Hussain assured her, she
steadily talked*

*Dad taught: forgo all for Love of
Fatima*

.....

Ansar of Hussain

We wish we were with you!

...

Ansar told Hussain: "We are here with you!

No matter how many barriers they threw!"

*Hussain said proudly, giving them their
due:*

*"I have never known companions like
you!"*

*They had stemmed from every corner
and race*

*Together they gathered in Karbala,
their place*

*To help Hussain, they rushed eagerly
in pace*

*Leaving behind family, wealth, and
life's glue*

*They loved Hussain beyond limits of
sanity*

*Through him, they were elevated to
serenity*

*To all, they set a new threshold of
sincerity*

*Faced enemy's cruelty; they never
withdrew*

Habib was their elder role model for all

He was a sign of love and standing tall

*Forty-one companions who were hard
to appal*

*Young and old, together they made
the best crew*

*In bravery and loyalty, we learn from
John*

*Like everyone, he was allowed to be
gone*

*They proved; they outmatched their
peers in brawn*

*The magic of Hussain made their
souls renew*

One by one, faced their foes steadily

*Seeking permission from their Imam
readily*

Like fragrant flowers they fell headily

*The Ansar during Ashura had the best
view*

.....

We wish we were with you!

.....

Lady Um al-Baneen

Um al-Baneen O Um al-Baneen

*Four sons she had gifted to the
righteous Deen*

They were the pride of Um al-Baneen

*Ali was very wise in choosing a wife
He asked his brother to find him one
for life*

*A lady with honour, quality and no rife
Characters matching best family ever
been*

Aqil said "O' brother I chose Bani Kilab

*They are courageous, fearless, and
full of good vibe*

*Their daughter Fatima is the star of
their tribe”*

Ali accepted welcoming her to the kin

*She brought Imam Ali four sons of
superclass*

*Abdullah, Jaffar, Usman and their
Moon, Abbas*

*Brave, sincere, pure, and more
transparent than glass*

*Um Al-Baneen raised them in a noble
routine*

*She farewelled them to leave with
Imam Hussain*

*“He is your duty so protect him from
any bane*

*Ensure you save the holy family from
pain”*

*She told them with the most caring
heart ever seen*

*Suddenly Prophet's City would wake
up in shock*

*A messenger was crying, reciting ad
hoc*

*Um Al-Baneen rushed to him while
wearing a smock*

*She asked for Hussain's news with a
loud mournful din*

*"Poet! Tell me about my son Hussein
she asked!*

*Did my four children defend him when
they all passed?*

*Did they fight bravely when the enemy
amassed?"*

*On protection of Islam, she was so
keen*

*"My condolences go to you for your
four sons!"*

*She sighed letting her infant off while
her tear runs*

*“I forgo them all if Hussain safely
returns”*

*“But Zainab in chains greeted the head
of Hussain”*

.....

Abbas Abbas Abbas

In Karbala, everyone shouted Abbas!

The star of the battle was our Abbas!

Abbas is the jewel of the Hashemite

A scholar, leader, and a noble knight

*He's the one who gave both, his left
and right*

Abbas can only be defined as Abbas

*Hussain called Abbas to be his solid
back*

His loss was Karbala's biggest setback

A role model believer in Imam's rank

*On the right path with insight was
Abbas*

*Abbas bring the cold water for
Sakeena*

*Show your bravery in battle's arena
Take the children back to holy Medina
The family's in need of their Abbas*

*He was the protector of Lady Zainab
Ali made him when both their hands,
he did grab
Zainab cried when he got the enemy's
stab*

We are lost after you our dear Abbas!

*To hit him, they had to creepily hide
Losing both his arms, he could not
then ride
Polearm struck his head, Hussain's
hero has died*

"I lost my might after you O Abbas"

.....

Noble Qassim

Qassim! Ya ibnal Hassan

...

*Hassan on his deathbed looked at
Hussain*

*Recalled their life together in joy and
pain*

He is last of Ahlul Kisa to remain

*“No day like yours!”. To Hussain said
Hassan*

*Hussain always missed his equal and
brother*

*They cared for each other after their
mother*

Both heir to their divine father together

*So, Hussain had special longing to
Hassan*

*On Ashura, Hussain was indeed alone
His companions had fallen one by one
At that moment, he had even lost his
son*

*So, came to his aid, Qassim son of
Hassan*

*“O' Uncle to your aid I quickly came
The armour doesn't fit, its maker I
blame
I may look little but the battle I can
tame
I face them and fight like my father
Hassan”*

*Hussain embraced him, wiping his
shiny tears*

*“You are so brave and proud oh
dearest of dears*

*Yet you are still too young, and I have
my fears*

I cannot lose the reminder of Hassan”

*Qassim walked back to his mother
upset*

*She comforted him and gave him a
chest*

*A note wrote: “help your uncle do not
forget”*

*“Uncle Hussain! Look at the will of
Hassan”*

*Hussain, proudly, allowed his Qassim
to fight*

*Went out to battlefield, the handsome
brave knight*

*Until his shoes were loose, he kneeled
down to tight*

Enemy struck the noble heir of Hassan

*Hussain rushed to his nephew like a
lion*

*“It's painful, I can't help you when
you're dying”*

*He carried him back while ailing from
crying*

*Hussain has again lost his brother
Hassan*

.....

Ali Akbar, the Pride of Islam

Pride of Islam is Ali

Son of Imam is Ali

...

Hussain watched his dear son grow

Full of character and glow

The first in each noble row

He called him greatest Ali

He resembled the Prophet

Both in looks and etiquette

Sum of beauty and merit

Ahmad revived through Ali

Ali was always the first,

*In Karbala, was a hit
The strongest knights had a fit
Most ended by brave Ali*

*Layla cared for precious son
Before her prayers were done
He yelled: Mother! I have won
Her pride was son of Ali*

*With tears, he embraced Hussain
“Father if I fight again
I would never let them pain
The family of Ali”*

*Ali AL Akbar was soon gone
The bright sun fell early dawn
Hussain could not bear alone
Shattered him losing Ali*

*Ali was cut to pieces
Son of the Prophet ceases
Grieving him never eases
Hussain wept loud for Ali*

.....

Salaam Imam Hussain's baby

Salaam Imam Hussain's baby

Salaam Ali, the one to be

Salaam O' little Abdullah

Salaam hero of Karbala

Hussain had an infant

He brought him that instant

Asking them for water

Their reply was slaughter

Only six months in age

Ali caused a huge rage

Confused was the enemy

As his eyes yelled spare me

*Imam threw his blood up
Our sacrifice! Hold up!
In tears, Hussain had prayed
Watching Abdullah fade*

*Take him from me, Zainab
Wrapped in robes and still fab
Our baby is a martyr
Like Muhsin of our mother*

*Baby's Mum was in shock
Tearing apart her cloak
Son! When first I saw your eyes
Thought won't see your demise*

...

*Children rushed to Hussain
Water! Before we drain!*

*In silent tears, he was
Facing his holy cause*

.....

Hussain and Zainab in Ashura's Eve

*She could not rest or sleep that sad
night*

Farewelling her departing brave knight

*The one with divine knowledge and
might*

*Who took a stance to promote what's
right*

...

He knew their vile enemy too well

So, asked her to remember his will

My companions and I, they will kill

*Then they'll take you away, it's God's
will*

...

Sister! I want you to be strong

*Even if pain and sorrow were long
Indeed, to Allah, we all belong
So, with patience, resist all their wrong*

...

*Hussain could hardly hide his
heartache*

*He stayed all that night fully awake
O' Lord! I'm doing this for your sake!
The skies and Earth for his call did
shake*

...

*Zainab observed him with tearful eyes
She knew in the morning, Hussain
dies
After his fall, Zainab has to rise
Hussain can't die upon his demise!*

.....

Commemorating Ashura

My 10 years old niece said that at her school, some friends ask why do you commemorate Ashura? I replied with the following poem:

*Many people wonder
Why Shia cause thunder?
Each year in Ashura
They would spread their aura*

...

*Millions walk out on roads
Filled with sadness in loads
In sync, we beat our chests
No one on this day rests*

...

We all call: Ya Hussain

Our tears pour down like rain

All to commemorate

Imam Hussain, the Great

...

Dressed together in black

Meanwhile we reflect back

Recalling his fair stance

His cause, we do advance

.....

Ashura Procession

Co-written with my father, Ayatollah Al-Ansari, for the Inaugural Ashura Procession in Australia in 2004 that we have the honour of serving since then.

How sad is this day!

Hussain died in Allah's way!

Ashura became the new ray!

Many lessons to learn today!

What does Allah want us to say?

Labayka Ya Hussain!

...

Take a step towards the right!

To have a future full of might!

No matter if the world is dark or bright!

Make Hussain your shining light!

Every day and every night!

Let's all together say:

Labayka Ya Hussain!

Subsection 2.5.2: Day of Ashura

Tell us Karbala!

Tell us Karbala!

Of Aba Abdallah!

...

When he was alone

What has Hussain shown?

From patience and brawn?

...

How did he survive?

And maintained his vive

The last of holy Five?

...

What was his reaction?

During the distraction?

Of his Muslim nation?

...

*Tell us of the Ansar
During the Taff war
How fearless they are?*

...

*Did he see his companions?
Those righteous champions?
Who fearlessly faced battalions?*

...

*How did he see his Akbar?
On the ground not the Minbar?
Slaughtered with baby Asghar?*

...

*And his nephew of thirteen?
Qassim, best youth ever been
To help him, he was keen*

...

*And Abbas, the prime knight?
A moon which was bright*

Known for faith and might

...

The one whose hands both were cut

By arrows his eyes were shut

Could he bring kids water or what?

...

When he fell from horseback

Did he break Hussain's back?

Tempting the enemy to attack

...

Did they all shatter his heart?

When they did depart

In the martyrs' chart

...

What was his mental state?

Seeing family faced by hate

Knowing his death, the enemy await

...

Did they forget he is their Imam?

Weren't they killing Islam?

Weren't they amazed by his calm?

...

Was Hussain soon in the field?

Alone fighting with vivid heed

His faith was his true shield

...

*Did the three-pointed arrow pierce his
heart?*

Tearing Hussain's holy ribs apart

To Allah, he turned to impart

...

*How Imam yelled, falling to the
ground?*

Leave my family and turn around

From his patience, all were astound

...

At what point screamed their lead?

*While watching the Imam bleed
Go down and end the best deed*

...

*How could Shimer walk to Hussain?
How could he cut his holy vein?
While skies wept with red rain*

...

*What courage was shown by Zainab?
What of his cut body did she grab?
O God they blew their envy jab*

...

*They killed the son of Mohammad
Best of civilians and nomad
Turning the whole universe sad*

...

*O God accept this sacrifice
That we made against vice
Master of youth in paradise!*

Hussain's Resilience

*It was a hot summer day
Painted by heat and hate grey
There were two opposing camps
On a field where death encamps*

...

*There stood tall a righteous man
He believed that he sure can
Lead his seventy-two men
To win although not right then*

...

*They faced the army of thousands
Appeared like moving mountains
They rose as one to defend
Their leader, teacher, and friend*

...

One by one they fell to death

*Making him draw deeper breath
He stood determined and strong
Showing patience all along*

...

*His sad heart was full of pain
No one could act like Hussain
They destroyed what he helped build
Even his baby was killed*

...

*Yet he faced the loss with grit
Made the enemy admit
Their narrator did confirm
Hussain's deeply hurt yet firm*

...

*We learnt from him how to stand
To not let fear, ruin our brand
Through his unique experience
Hussain taught us resilience*

Hussain, on the ground

Dust cleared from battlefield

All true colours did yield

A light shines on the ground

Stunning all those around

...

None dared to look or touch

Fearing their Imam much

They all knew who was he

Holy root of best tree

...

He was nodding from pain

Zainab run to Hussain

She saw him at this state

She saw him stroke with hate

...

*She yelled at their master
You're watching him, Omar!?
He's your Prophet's grandson
Tortured with thirst and sun*

...

*He looked with crying eyes
Ordered them that he dies
They all followed their lead
They caused Hussain's heart bleed*

...

*One stroke, his nephew's dead
Second hits his forehead
Third cuts his holy jaw
They had no faith or law*

...

*Hussain ended up weak
Some water he did seek
Shimer came forward to yell*

We'll keep your thirst till hell

...

Then Shimer kicked him so hard

Hussain had no help or guard

He's slaughtered in cold blood

The sword had evil thud

...

They aimed to terminate

Prophet through their grim hate

Hussain was just a mean

To kill Mohammad's Deen

...

Hence the world was shaken

For us to awaken

Even skies wept red rain

For our headless Hussain

.....

Praised God, while beheading their best

*Ashura was a painful day
Thousands were lost in dismay
Blood had drenched Karbala's clay
Army was stunned with no say*

...

*Hussain faced them with real might
Reminding them of his right
He won't submit without a fight
This bravest son of the best knight*

...

*Hussain now lays on barren ground
Injured, thirsty, and still astound
How soldiers kept no humane bound?!*

*As Zainab's heart made cracking
sound*

...

*Hussain's camp was attacked and
shelled*

In that moment Hussain had yelled

Leave my family till I'm killed

Be free if no faith you upheld

...

Surrounding their faithful guide

The tyrant's rule, they did abide

Pushing divine truth to the side

To trample Hussain, thy would ride

...

Shimer sat on his holy chest

Striking his neck, holding his crest

*Praised God, while beheading their
best*

The Devil, at last, reached his quest

Hussain, in a bloodbath

No day matches Ashura

It began a new era

It witnessed lots of crimes

Presented life's best primes

...

Hussain in Karbala

Lost even Abdullah

No one spared his infant

Prophet's close descendant

...

Hussain was left alone

All his group had passed on

Surrounded by hate flock

He faced them like a rock

...

Enemy's heart was dark

*Their seize had made its mark
They did not spare their worst
They fought with steel and thirst*

...

*Hussain faced last battle
They escaped like cattle
He turned their day to night
No one dared to face fight*

...

*They shelled him with arrows
Bringing lots of sorrows
He fell of his horseback
Prompting them to attack*

...

*Hit him hard with their swords
Forgot his warning words
They called upon God's wrath
Hussain's in a bloodbath*

“I’ll always look for
lovers like you!”

Hussaini Sonnet

Hussain stood alone on the battlefield

With no help, companion or even kin

*The arrows had pierced his armour
and shield*

*Thirst had burnt his heart, as heat
burnt his skin*

...

*He had watched his brothers fall one
by one*

*His sons then followed facing their
grim fate*

*The enemy danced, thinking they have
won*

*As they march, inching closer to
checkmate*

...

*Hussain held his holy dusted grey
beard*

*Letting down his tears, picking up his
voice*

*“O my lions, where have you
disappeared?!”*

*“I know you’d still fight, if you had a
choice!”*

...

“I long to you all, I belong with you!”

“I’ll forever look for lovers like you!”

.....

Subsection 2.5.3: Journey to Arbaeen

Understand Zainab!

Written in London

*If you want to understand Lady Zainab
And how she defied the tyrants of the
Arab*

*Then look at this story with an open
eye*

Follow it closely with an awful sigh

...

*On the Day of Ashura, as the battle
ended*

*What Zainab will do?! Her foes
wondered*

*The enemy, in their thousands, were
looking*

*Awaiting her to be weeping and
breaking*

...

*It was a hard day to bear
Zainab had lost every dear
Men of her family were on the ground
Women and kids, in fear, ran around*

...

*In that moment, she decided to walk
Everyone felt a wave of shock
Towards the enemy grounds, she did
head
She was walking to her brother, who's
dead*

...

*As Zainab reached Hussain's body
She grabbed the attention of
everybody
She walked with firm steps
To follow Imam's footsteps*

...

*While holding Hussain, she yelled
The son of the Prophet has been killed
So, Allah, accept our great sacrifice
To spread virtue and end all vice!*

.....

Zainab after Hussain

*The story of Karbala is full of pain
It doesn't end with the beheading of
Hussain*

*His family and children were put in
chain*

*But like him, sister Zainab refused to
deign*

...

*Zainab had to be emotional yet firm
Through her stance, she resisted the
tyrant's term*

*Hussain was victorious, she had to
confirm*

Her resilience was the way to reaffirm

.....

This will last till the Arbaeen

*Suddenly Zainab had to lead
While watching her brother bleed
Hussain was beheaded by greed
The enemy didn't hear her plead*

...

*Women and children, to her, run
The army frightened them for fun
Kept them thirsty under the sun
Burning and looting had begun*

...

*She came to Zain Alabideen
"You're our refuge, Imam and dean"
He ordered them: "escape the scene!
This will last till the Arbaeen!"*

Two boys in Ashura

Two boys run together far

*One shrieked: "keep me where you
are!"*

I'm confused about this war!

Please let's run to the Ansar"

...

The older, in pain, replied

"Our dads and brothers have died

To defend Hussain, our Guide

We have no option but hide"

...

Imam's camp was on fire

They lost whom they admire

The younger rose in ire

Then said, as both respire

...

*“I heard dad in death rattle:
It’s not a one-day battle
As long as men be cattle
To the wizards of prattle”*

...

*“Yes!” the older brave boy yelled
“Hussain’s pillar, our dads held
And for this aim, they were killed
As their heirs, we’re as strong willed!”*

.....

Through Arbaeen Clause

*The enemy thought
It's one man, they fought
So by killing him
They finished the trim*

...

*Hussain was thought dead
They were so misled
Hussain is alive
Through him, we still thrive*

...

*If you have a doubt
Look clearly about
You see millions walk
A united flock*

...

*They serve food for free
Lodging has no fee
No one expects thanks
Favour, fame or ranks*

...

*Like Prophet's household
Their story was told
In God's holy Book
For yourself, go look*

...
*Hussain indeed rose
To give his love rose
To spread Islam's cause
Through Arbaeen clause*

.....

Carry the message of Hussain Sonnet

*Severed heads led a fading caravan
Of captive women, children, and a
man*

*They were crushed, whipped, sworn
at, and put in chain*

*Yet they carried the message of
Hussain*

...

*Upon leaving the fields of Karbala
Zainab said: I swear by Almighty Allah
That a lasting flag will rise on this plain
It would carry the message of Hussain*

...

*Countless people will come from near
and far*

*Towards the flag that guides them like
a star*

*They will face all types of cruelty and
pain*

Yet they carry the message of Hussain

...

We will have the final glory and gain

As we carry the message of Hussain

.....

Ruqaya's Story

*Let's retell a story
From our long history
In not far land and time
There happened a bad crime*

...

*There was a little girl
Sweet and pure like a pearl
Ruqaya's less than five
But she could not survive*

...

*Like any kid her age
She's yet to write her page
She used to enjoy fun
Playfully jump and run*

...

*Ruqaya saw a lot
In trail of the onslaught
With family reached Shaam
She was afraid though calm*

...

*The prison became home
After a long-forced roam
Everyone was asleep
When she started to weep*

...

*“I miss my dad Hussain”
Not knowing he was slain
She cried for him so hard
Caused Yazid to shout: “Guard!”*

...

*“Take her father’s cut head”
She thought its covered bread
“I’m not hungry to feed*

For my dad, I'm in need"

...

*Guards uncovered the bowl
The scene shocks her fine soul
The girl screamed from deep pain
"Is this you my Hussain?!"*

...

*"Why is your face so pale?!
How can I bear your tale?!
I'm orphaned when still young
My fragile heart's now stung"*

...

*She couldn't handle more
Sadness melted her core
She took her last warm breath
Hussain's darling faced death!*

.....

Jaber Al-Ansari travels to Hussain

*An old noble man was asleep
A loud wind blew waking him up
Causing him to recall and weep
A will that he had to hold up
Jaber has his fears
For Mohammad's dears*

...

*The Ansari chief set his course
Towards Karbala he travels
Racing time, riding his own horse
With him, the story unravels
Jaber had foreseen
Tale of Arbaeen*

...

*To Karbala, he arrives fast
Washed up, perfumed, and dressed in
white*

*To his grave, he arrives at last
He cries as he recalls his plight
Prophet had foretold
Fate of his household*

...

*“Answer me O Hussain, he shouts
A lover’s seeking his beloved
A lover without any doubts
About you and the road you roved”
Jaber kept Hussain
In his heart and brain*

...

*Jaber’s friend warns him of a cloud
Seemed like people approaching there
It’s Imam Sajjad and his crowd
Upon knowing, Jaber runs bare*

*“Welcome my Imam
Pillar of Islam”*

...

*“Where are you welcoming us to?
This land witnessed our lasting pain
No one can bear what they did do
O Uncle! They killed your Hussain!”*

*Prophet’s Companion
Marked Hussain’s fanion*

.....

Zainab in Arbaeen

*Zainab returned to sad Karbala
Cried with the family Wa Wayla
She hardly could even see her steps
Her back is aching from wounds and
whips*

...

*To Hussain's grave, eagerly rushed
first
Next to it she sat, in tears she burst
"O Hussain, O Hussain, my brother!
I'm dedicated to no other*

...

*Since your fall from the back of your
horse
Your killers attacked with brutal force
We had no strong refuge to seek*

Our Ali, from illness, was too weak

...

Ali ordered everyone to flee

*He knew that enemy's heart was not
free*

They had no nobility or shame

Their hate to the Prophet was to blame

...

*Your ladies and kids were chased and
hit*

This is while watching you being split

No one could ever dare to describe

*The harshness we faced despite our
vibe!*

...

The worst moment we had to endure

*Your head on the spear shining with
noor*

I didn't know how to cover kids' eyes

Or answer their curious whys?!

...

*I had to divide my heartburn cry
For watch, I had to spare an eye
I protected our holy household
In doing so, I acted so bold*

...

*Then came moments that we had to
speak
We had to face Yazid and his freak
Reminded them who we truly are
Our foes can't be with us on a par*

...

*Loss of Ruqaya's our deepest pain
She had no crime but missed her
Hussain
They brought her your severed head
She screamed from her soul and fell
dead*

...

*Finally, here we come to you back
Burdened with lots of sorrow and ache
We had you all with us where we've
been
We're back to establish Arbaeen!!!*

.....

Every step has been part of the Arbaeen

How could the family?

Go back to the valley?

...

How could the Family

Go back to the valley

That witnessed their story

Of sorrow and glory?!

...

How could the enemy?

It always puzzles me

Be so cruel and canny?!

They're full of irony

...

They killed their true Imam!

*Yet known for their Islam!
They captured the household
Demeaning them abroad!*

....

*Zainab's known amongst them!
They knew Yazid's bad stem!
Yet she was shown around!
Her speech caused the rebound!*

...

*Then stance of the Sajjad
Reminded them of God!
He just said a few words
To shake entire worlds!*

...

*To be a Hussaini
Read the whole sad journey
As every step has been
Part of the Arbaeen!*

Let's go Arbaeen

O friends let's all go

Together let's grow

In balmy serene

Path of Arbaeen

...

We hold hands and hearts

Bound though varied starts

United and keen

Through the Arbaeen

...

Our continued cry

We like your ally

From your foe, we wean

Taught by Arbaeen

...

Hand in hand, we walk

About love, we talk

Let's follow our mean

Let's go Arbaeen

.....

Mahdi and Arbaeen

O Imam Mahdi

Are you all ready?!

...

Are you ready to welcome?

Your father's lovers who come

For your family, they thrum

...

They walk in countless numbers

To show they are not slumbers

In patience, no one lumbers

...

Hussain has attracted them

They travel solely for him

Even when it costs a limb

...

*God has made you a promise
To the Hussaini pious
Who have no other bias*

...

*Your quick appearance they seek
Without you, they remain weak
It's you who makes them unique*

.....

Closing Remarks

At the end of this faithful poetic journey together;

I pray to the Almighty to grant us all the strength to indulge ourselves with our faith in a positive and constructive manner. May we follow the teachings of the Prophets and the Imams to love one another and to like for our fellow humans what we like for ourselves.

I pray that this pandemic is over soon and for us to learn from this unique experience to build a better planet for ourselves and our children.

I pray that you find happiness and success wherever you may live with honourable sustenance under the grace of God.

I pray to Allah to hasten the reappearance of our Guide, Imam Mahdi to bring peace and harmony to our troubled and pained world!

