
Al-Hur Al-Riahi`s Voice

**Blood Ebullience
in
Karbala Chronicle**

Verse drama

Ridha Al-Khufaji

Translated
by
Prof.Dr. Haider Al-Moosawi

alkaufaji, ridha, 1943- author.

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Upon the prince of the young in paradise and the fifth one of
the Cloak Companions,
the everlasting, Al-Hussein (Peace be upon him)
and
Upon the memory of my deceased father “the servant of Al-
Hussein pulpit”
I do bestow this modest effort.

Dramatist



To
Father died in harness,
Mother wallowed in her blossoms in mourning.
Siblings adhering to a line of quixoticism in doing good to all
My family buttressing me with tears and smiles
Friends, scanty but lily-white, fight being dehumanized and
mechanized.

Translator



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Dramatist in Lines

Introduction

No sooner was it a dream invading me from time immemorial , than it heaves into view as factual and sparkling. As I do exert myself into edifying and dissecting the chronicles of Imam Al-Hussein. More precisely, that it lasts, approximately, more than thirty years in translation comes to fruition in having some of the dramas below rendered into English:

1. Al-Hur's Voice.
2. The Emissary of Light, Muslim Ibn Akeel.
3. Al-Hussein` Voice (Peace upon him).
4. The Moon of Beni Hashim Tribe, Al-Abass (Peace upon him).
5. The Chronicle of the ever sincere, Zeinab (Pearce upon him).
6. The Chronicle of Repentance.
7. Zein Al-`Abideen (Peace upon him).
8. Zeid Ibn Ali Ibn Al-Hussein (Peace upon him).
9. Karbaylu, a contemporary verse drama incarnating Sha`aban [August] insurrection.

It would be born in mind that Al-Hur's Voice, a verse drama, written in 1988 and enacted in 1998 at the local administration hall of Karbala by the Theatre Group in the province as one of the major activities of the Iraqi Theatre Committee that regards the play as the best. Moreover, it comes to the fore in 2001 as a series in Karbala Newspaper and Al-Huda Newspaper in 2004. The dramatist himself prepares the play for Iraqi Voice Broadcasting in 2004, then only then, it's enacted on the university of Babylon hall under the auspice of the department of English in 2008.

It is commonly agreed that Al-Husseini Theatre depends upon both the theoretical and practical techniques as substantiated by Ridha Al-Khufaji; in his comparative study Theory of Al-Husseini Theatre¹. In the meant play, I do implement “ dominated amble”, as in all my verse plays, whose rhythms are of virility and dynamism to facilitate

1 Ridha Khufaji, Theory of Al-Husseini Theatre, Karbala, Intellectual and cultural Dept in Al-Abass Holy Shrine, 2009.

the *littérateur* to give full rein to the imagination; it's to tackle a myriad of images that portray such an everlasting epic in light of cosmopolitan and contemporary atmosphere.

Last but not least, it is to proceed further and further in conveying the path of Abuabidallah to all; it is to pollinate thoughts, tradition and culture that help prosper man. In my task can success come only from Allah.

Dramatis Personae

1. Imam Al-Hussein (in voice). (Peace upon him).
2. Al-Hur Ibn Yazid Al-Riahi; a prominent leader of Beni Ameia, in the Western part of Kufa, Sheikh of Riah Ibn Tameem Tribe.
3. A`mir Ibn S`aad (Allah damn him), leader of the Amawite army in Al-Taff Battle.
4. Shamir Ibn Thejawshin (Allah damn him), prominent leader of the Amawite army and the murderer of Imam Al-Hussein.
5. Old man.
6. Young man.
7. Soldiers.
8. Voice, escorting Al-Hur.
9. Ubeidallah, Wali of Kufa.

On February 14th ,2008 Al-Hur`s Voice premiered at the cultural week of the English department, College of Education , University of Babylon , enacted by certain literature-bound students from both the morning and evening studies and directed by Asst.Prof. Haider Al-Moosawi.



Scene One

(dim.....a whirl of marching, whilst Al-Hussein's entourage furthering to the stage, so poignant and at fatigue a young appears to ascends to the stage...shouting at the nth power of his voice).

The Young:

Never Proceed any more, Prophet's son
Never proceed.
They murdered Muslim
They murdered the word.
As an emissary he comes to such a recess.
But gall has been whetted
All the beasts on the earth rejoice
Emitting their venom to perceive some dreams that vanish.
The soul shambling with its defects.
My Allah, I do adjure Thee
He who confronts tribulation.
A vanguard whose family never lies
But Kufa resuscitates its opprobrium
And her violent guile prevails
It yields to her desires.

Kufa disappoints thee, Mawlai.
Never proceed
Never proceed.

(In utter dejection, he mutters to himself all these words, whilst the entourage furthering and then vanishing)

The young:

Grief gnaws my heart, Ali's son
Damn time for such great loss.

Old man:

By Time.
Verily Man is in loss.
Since senility creeps into his principles
He'd better perceive the reality of the world.
The gist is captivating, even in its amazement
In its agony.
And earth experiences its plight
Immolation after immolation.
So, let prudence have its fount
And wait for the pearl of the experience.
Time is responsible for experience
The earth moves as usual.

The young:

No more speaking in parables
There... there in my silence, a volcano seething
My heart is but bleeding from betrayal.
So a soul that is despaired loves its targets
And extinguished in awful vagrancy.

Old man:

No my son
No my son
No.....The bud of tribulation
A tempest comes and then vanishes

The young:

But it comes to have a crack in the stem.

Old man:

And it shrikes root

To solidify your stalk.

Rooting is to save your self.

So, time, patience, and the light of faith are all signs to recuperate
man's wounds.

(Dim)



Scene Two

(At Al-Hur's leading centre, some of his cousins and leaders surrounding him)

Al-Hur:

Still the incidents of Kufa thronging.
Is there any new in this concern?

Attendant one:

Wali of Kufa, Ibn Ziad, murdered Ibn Akeel
Behold, cousin
They murdered Muslim; throw him from the palace!

Al-Hur: (amazingly)

Palace of Kufa!

Attendant two:

You know cousin
Ibn Akeel, just, comes to stimulate people into affiliating with Al-Hussein Ibn Ali.

Attendant three:

Kufa at chaos
It's unfathomable
The former Wali, Ibn S`aed, has been deposed
He has been substituted by Bin Ziad.
As known he is one of his uterine relative.
He is intensely ferocious,
Equivocating one
As described!

Attendant one:

Bin Ziad is not to settle security
But to coerce the free....Al-Ansars²
The adherents to Ali's son and Al-Zahra
So Ibn S`aad to prevail
Trepidation
To prevail slaughtering as furtively arriving at Kufa and coming to crown
Casting thousands of the free into horrible prisons
All the vanguard of Kufa; one of them was Al-Mukhatar Al-Thakafi

(A soldier approaching...)

Mawlai³, Al-Hur
A letter received
From Al-Wali⁴ of Kufa Bin Ziad

(the soldier delivering the letter to be recited loud in voice of Ubeidallah Ibn Ziad....)

From: Wali of Kufa Ibn Ziad.
To: The ally of Ameia; Bin Yazid and it comes as so...
When taking hold of the letter
Be cognizant of Al-Hussein Bin Ali
Preceding in a bevy of adherents
Into Kufa

2 helpers, those people who gave aid and shelter to those who forsook their homes at the very outset of Islam.

3 In Arabic culture, Mawlai designates Sir, but it has some religious connotations.

4 Wali designates King

Never let his entourage proceed any more
Or recede to where he launches
Encompass them
Until further notice,
Bluster them all!
Never let Ameia's favours slip from your memory!

Al-Hur: (To the voice)

Your conveniences of life stream into being debt of honour.

Bin Ziad: (In voice reciting the letter)

Spy into them, trail the latest
If any new,
Inform us at the moment.

(Al-Hur addressing the attendants)

Al-Hur:

It seems we are but entangled in such a matter
The context purports something poignant
Ibn Akeel murdered!
I have a decree to stymie Al-Hussein....
In the heart of the desert
But I do ignore what the people
Deem of the whole matter.

Attendant one:

Mawlai, the matter is at ease
Wali of Kufa calling upon help from his ally,
In return, we have to salvage him in a trance,
But he does not appeal but...
To stymie them all from proceeding to the periphery of Kufa.

Soldier two:

But applying what Ibn Ziad calls upon means...
We do confront the entourage of Abuabidallah..

We do take initiative into fighting;
A war whose consequences and repercussions are of abomination..

Attendant two:

Do we hesitate to affiliate with Wali of Kufa?
Now?
Dost we elude from Ameia`s ally?

Al-Hur:

But I do refuse to have a decree in point
I do ignore its extents
The coming days are pregnant with incidents.
O what agony of age it is!
Stinging on what the heart` strings do loathe.

(A soldier saluting...)

Mawlai, Al-Hur..
Now, the entourage of the prophet approaching...
From Al-Taff valley, the news certify all that..
Some people observe them

Al-Hur:

It appears that they are in our domain
Are they in superabundant?

Soldier:

So few, Mawlai
Children, women, and old men, young boys from Ali`s pedigree
But with some knights
More than seventy.

Al-Hur: (Shockingly)

Is it sanity?
Is it sane to believe that Abuabidallah comes to fight Yazid army?
With...but...so few!
He is Ali`s son

Coming with his entire family, must have another reason but not of war.

A man, just like Abuabidallah, fathoms what Yazid is to do,
Perceiving how he thinks and also knows lines of life.

The situation grows complicated.

(Al-Hur Stands to address all)

Hearken to me, my cousins!

I certify to all that we do decide to hinder

The acts of proceeding of Abuabidallah with hundreds of knights

Now, reckon a thousand of knights from Riah

But I never permit hurting anyone of them at all cost

Let them take rest at the moment,

At dawn, we shall launch into moving.

(exeunt all the soldiers, Al-Hur, alone, recapitulates his inquiries, intends into soliloquizing...)

Al-Hur:

Now, you are but forlorn and alone..... Hur !

Tomorrow...tttttomorrow what will you do...?

Is it sanity, Hur...?

Children....old men and women...

Is he not cognizant of war axiomatics?

Abuabidallahembarrassing me

My longing desire escalates much to the dawn of tomorrow...

The dawn approaching....

Many an inquiry is to pose...

At the moment, I do adjure God

Never to be entangled with everlasting humility

Never deny Ameia's conveniences of life....

But never...never...tangle myself into....

Something denuding me of knight's

Justice and altruism...

In time...I am but the free.

(Dim)

Scene Three

(night...Al-Hur.....falling asleep, the room half lit, tossing, inspiriting,.....)

Al-Hur: (shouting)

O, God, how splendid this fragrance is!
Such breezes resuscitate
The heart.....,
Revive my soul...,
Oh were it to..
Hinder time now...
To live ad infinitum.

Voice:

Paradise cuddles all
The beloved
It is sacred fragrance...,
You are never used to...Hur!

Al-Hur:

Oh... how do you know my name?
Who art thou? , or who art thou all?
I never have seen from thee ever...
More than meets the eye...I don't know....
Where I am...
But I don't know how...
As long as I do live...

Voice:

You are with us henceforth
Never ever leave us,
Even if your soul hovering in fairyland,
It'll retrace.

Al-Hur:

My soul,
Where am I now?
Inform me by Allah.

Voice:

You'll live here, this is your haven, observe!

Al-Hur: (With ebullience)

Oh, Allah, is it really my haven?
But where are my soldiers?
Where is my vicinity?
My cousins?
Inform me but the truth
You who change my whole being,
Who holds surety to stay with thee?
What do I do to preserve such honour?

Voice:

Your deed is to cast surety,
But your endowments presage so.

Al-Hur:

What endowments
You are talking about
What deeds?

Voice:

At dawn, you'll perceive all that.

Al-Hur:

At dawn
It seems, thou know me more than do I.

Voice:

Who knows,
Paradise? Hur.

Al-Hur: (surprisingly)

Oh, you, say "paradise"
I ignore what destiny conceals

Voice:

Have you to stay with us
Never transgress when doing something you don't believe
A man, like thee, never moves a muscle from a hangman
Never ever recoil from a whip of a despot
Never yield to ephemeral lucre.

Al-Hur:

You are, but, stinging on my heart's strings
By Allah, I never flinch from the whip of the despot
Never ever yielding to that ephemeral lucre

But what are you talking about?

Voice:

It's reputed, you are a master of yourself and people,
We know thee in detail
Optimize, Hur
Optimize Hur!

(Al-Hur awaking at midnight speaking to himself)

Oh, my Allah, I am dreaming
I do awake at midnight
How marvelous the dream was!

(all at once, the Kufa incidents fling into his mind....tends to soliloquizing)

Oh, Hur,
What are you doing at dawn?
Bin Ziad giving thee a decree to obey,
To stymie Al-Ali's entourage,
To intimidate them all,
To encompass them all, in the desert.
The voice of the dream optimizes thee of everlasting paradise
What are you doing, Hur?
What are you doing, Hur?
Are all these but a mere confused medley of dreams?
Or they are all but glad tidings
Never yield to other interpretations
Do days despair us?
In point we intend never to know
What justice is!
Or does a flinching soul despair us?

(mustering himself with dignity)

Al-Hur:

Has Bin Ziad to do something else
I am to have him been under surveillance

Now I've but to sleep. (sifting some water, resuming his dream...)

Voice:

Here comes thee twice,
It's settled you'll be with us
Even if your soul hovers in another land
Or anywhere.

Al-Hur:

I am in surprise
At the moment, I don't know
Am I in dream or in life?

Voice:

A man is wherever his thoughts desire,
Heaving the anchor and sailing with them,
Indulging in every moment
They dovetail themselves with him
He dovetails himself with them
So no a frontier between reality and dreams
It's of essentiality to know how
To live with your thoughts
How to germinate them in the heart of people,
To be everlasting, Hur.

Al-Hur: (at amazement)

You've said eternity
Whoever never desires eternity?
Eternity is everlasting life,
It's never gained but by a deed that's never obliterated
A deed that heaves man into view, creative deed
But I have nothing but a delimited being,
Cast into a salvo of myriad winds.

Voice:

Everlasting deed never knows limits
Exorcise the soul pregnant with elusions,
And leave intimidation,

You are to feel “heaving into everlasting infinity”
Here lurks the secret of eternity.

Hur:

My fate is to meet thee,
I am in ebullience, darlings!

(in astonishment, awaking and embarrassed at the details of the dream, at his room walking to and fro and then soliloquizing)

Al-Hur:

The dawn is approaching now
The dream is iterating,
The soul at dilemma that I can't deny,
It augers very great,
Now I am to choose, to nail the colour to the mast,
To choose is to know the intentions of Wali of Kufa
I know the grandson of the prophet of Allah,
I know his stance in Islam,
But in the whole universe.
A man, like me, never ever disregards him,
How do I fight the grandson of the prophet of Allah?
I am not obliged to fight him.

(By surprise, Al-Hur hears the Voice at dawn)

Voice:

That's much of your concern
You are but the free
Certify your deed
It's eternity between your hands

Al-Hur: (Amazingly)

Oh, God
The voice iterates, converses me, at consciousness,
It comes to the fore as in dreams,
It's quite convenient for myself to have such a light,

It's `Alweia magnanimity.
Never being granted at any time or a place,
It's not convenient to grapple with darkness,
Now my visions fight me,
All my blood clears itself of me,
Have I to comply with Ibn Ziad
When Al-Hussein retreats?
I do remit him.

Voice:

You are greater than that standpoint, Hur
Let the soul take its course,
Proceed to achieve your part.

(Hur, flummoxed, walking to and fro in his room, reticent for a while and then resumes soliloquizing)

Al-Hur:

A voice emerges from night,
Saturates my heart,
Penetrates through my blood,
Never to be extenuated until it permeates through my heart,
Such voice I never disregard the cauldron of its secrets,
Never opportunity takes hold of great targets,
Such a voice I keep surveillance on,
And still
Since the desert fathoms me,
For the prophecy of my days.
There is a language
There is a lightening as the love seasons,
There is raining,
Whose initiative cuddles me tonight,
So let the flood surge,
Let it surge.
No suspicion wave intimidates me,
Were it to penetrate through my soul,
I do refute it, at the moment, with evergreen certitude,

In time, I am the free,
No intercession of valour
On earth that disregards the calamity of my love
In time, I am the free,
I am to fight my sword,
Until it clears itself of reticence.
Such a light saturates all my being,
Such a moment of delineation leads the soul to ecstasy,
Let the voice rush to its targets,
Let it rush
Let it rush.

(dim)

Scene Four

(next day, at dawn, Al-Hur and his knights intend to rendezvous Imam Al-Hussein (Peace be upon him) and his entourage to stymie them from proceeding to Kufa, whilst launching, a sand storm blows....)

Al-Hur:

Sand storm in such ferocious scorching heat,
We've to surpass the soldiers.

Voice: (through the wind)

Never be in haste, Hur
Your standpoint never means the soldiers
Your standpoint appertains to your efforts
You are to be in solitude
Your history launches from your abyss
From your visions this standpoint.

Al-Hur:

My longing desire escalates to what you know
Oh voice that lurks in my being, when do you inform?

Do they depose me?
It revives me in doing so
I'll be at the apex of ecstasy, when bearing the brunt of that vital
solicitude.
A myriad of thoughts gnaw me,
Then, only then, my stamina starts betraying me.

Voice:

You are but to curb yourself
Not deposing thee
But thou who abdicates injustice,
Thy decision never heaves into view at the moment
But it shrieks root from boyhood.

Al-Hur: (longingly)

From boyhood!
Here come we from where things emerge,
In time, I don't determine the matter
Or doesn't the today wind whisper to thee?
Such a day is not to be iterated.

(soliloquizing.....)

Wind
Desert sand,
Hymns whose secrets I adore,
Disperse me,
Wind still,
Soul still,
fighting in my innermost heart,
I am but to proceed to my path
Let the desert commemorate me
Let the valley commemorate me,
From boyhood!
I am not to have companionship with market folks
I am not born of trading,
I do adore my horse,
in my desert,

Contemplate with her
To grasp the ecstasy of my soul
Never ever injustice leashes me to conceal truth
No call dupes me into suppressing my love to freedom,
To altruism
I am nothing but a free one.
Hankering after the fragrance of the desert to respire
To cuddle her,
To dovetail with her,
To be purged with its beauty-taking scenes.
On land, a man is to hover
To contemplate the entity of things,
Being addicted to the pant of deer
To the hunger of the falcon,
To the reticulated cunning of snakes.
Never ever my speculation despairs me,
Between the contradicted I do winnow
As moulded I am, from boyhood.
My veracity surpasses my valour,
My love does surpass my loyalty,
I am but the champion, in all battles.
Until that wind blows today,
Whilst proceeding to embrace Abuabidallah.
Victory is but mine today,
What will be will be
Never ever my speculation despairs me.

Voice:

In nuptials you'll proceed to us
With brilliant constellation of light,
Appealing no to life lures,
A constellation, like thee, adores the fragrance of freedom
Such a light is beauty-taking,
Sacred one.
As long as the soul panting after such...
Devouring such...
Taking refugee in it.

Al-Hur:

Now, I do perceive what I do miss,
Now, I do perceive the propensity of my soul,
I've caught the answer nagging me
From boyhood whilst in the desert,
Perhaps, I am proceeding to incarnate it after all.

(dim)

Scene Five

(Princedom palace in Kufa where Wali; Ibn Ziad, Shamir Ibn Thejawshin, a prominent Ameia leader and some other leaders. Ubeidallah walking to and fro in the palace with anxiety and all scrutinize him in trepidation)

Wali:

Kufa still seething
Since casting Ibn Akeel from the palace,
I don't know what to do, Shamir!
The reinforcement has not arrived yet from Al-Sham.
I do fear the anger of Kufa,
I do fear them to revenge me.

Al-Shamir:

Mawlai Ubeidallah Bin Ziad,
Terrorism is of perfection
Terrorize the people.
We are still to stray rumours about Al-Sham army,
We are still sprinkling,

The Kufa vanguard
The courageous
With but money,
A trick, in war, is of necessity.

Bin Ziad:

That's not enough, Shamir!
That's not enough.
I do fathom those people,
It's to settle such a matter.

Shamir:

To settle the matter is yours,
You are Wali

Bin Ziad:

How to settle such a matter?
The entourage is approaching now
What to do? If Al-Hussein arrives at Kufa,
Who stymies their love to Al-Hussein?
Who expels them from him?
They don't conceal their emotion.

Al-Shamir:

Our stance never augers trepidation,
Their emotion may be derailed but.

Bin Ziad:

What do you insinuate to me by "but", Shamir?

Shamir:

It needs a maneuver,
The matter needs deeds
You are Wali,
You decide, we obey.

Bin Ziad:

Elucidate yourself more, Shamir
What is to do?

Al-Shamir:

Give us the charge of...,
We are to respond in a trance
To have all your decrees achieved.

Bin Ziad:

Al-Hur takes the charge of that now, but...
I never receive from him what exhilarates my heart.

Al-Shamir: (in gall)

Why do you persist on Al-Hur?
You elevate him into peerage.

Bin Ziad: (in cunning)

Why not having Al-Hur?
He is in a closer proximity with Ubeidallah than art we,
An ally to Umeia
A master of his people
Reputed for his valour and having hundreds of knights.

Al-Shamir: (in suspicion)

Such a man whose obsessions are hard to be tamed,
Not appearing personable, of obstinate stance
Never yields to his desires
Never can I cast surety into him

Bin Ziad:

What do you men
You do perplex me, Shamir,
In time I need someone salvaging me,
I do need someone exhilarating my heart,

Do you covet him?
Or divulging but the truth,
Is there something presaging a sense of treason?
Inform me but the truth and never let suspicion torture me,
Inform me the truth,
Do you substantiate your speeches with an evidence?
Or it's all envy of leaders.

Al-Shamir:

His history manifests such...

Bin Ziad:

You intimidate me, Shamir, and exhort me to escalate Ali's son's matter.
Now, proceed more...

Al-Shamir:

I've purported the essence, Mawlai
Until now, no news about Al-Hur's deeds that perplexes me,
That casts suspicion into my being,
No achievement flourishes without speed and determination.

Bin Ziad:

Be cognizant of being late
That appears to the detriment of security of people and government
Kufa still seething with its emotion
You have no time to waste
I am speaking on behalf of Yazid,
I do perceive what our Mawlai desires in Al-Sham...
Slaughtering Al-Hussein comes to be Yazid's target
An evident target,
So we are required to do something evident...
As much as the achievement appears, is our standpoint,
As much as the achievement appears, is our standpoint to be solidified,
Yazid is not but to remunerate.

Al-Shamir:

That is what I do lust for,
Bravo, Mawlai Al-Wali
The power of our government lurks in speed and determination.
No achievement without violence
We do experience that in Muslim⁵
We do intimidate all Kufa.

Bin Ziad:

From thence, Shamir, heave your anchor,
And achieve just now all I imbue you with,
Or rather...

(Handling a paper from his pocket)

Take this decree to `Amir,
So closer to Al-Hur's army,
Leading huger army than Hur's,
Now, Shamir, implement the decree of me, at once
With your ever reputed severity to obliterate the matter,
Read the context at ease, it's open one,
Take your liberty in implementing,
You are but to act on behalf of me now.

(as delighted, Shamir receives the decree from him; exit Bin Ziad, alone, Al-Shamir, tends into soliloquizing...)

That's it, Shamir...It's time to do...
It's your dream,
Achieve it in haste,
Since Bin Ziad perceives your target
Fathoming the envy of leaders.

(laughing," envy of leader")

That's really what's hovering in my soul,
I know that Al-Hur ignores the skills of the game,
I am but to exert myself to prod the role into being,
I am but to escalate the acts of suspicion
To have its intentions achieved

5 Muslim Ibn Akeel

On the periphery of such an atmosphere, Al-Hur lurks,
The atmosphere of ruling with fabrication
Also the atmosphere of luxury of the Sultan in the palace,
Al-Hur is as pure as the desert,
As sun sparkling with his deeds,
Not flattering,
Not stabbing at the back,
Thereby he doesn't fit the matter,
Bin Ziad perceives such...
So am I to be instrumental in the game...
They have authority
But we are the tool to implement it ...
We are the tool of violence,
The tool of casting examples.
As much as the achievement comes,
Do the profits churn,
Standpoint means profits,

(giggling loud and then resumes soliloquizing...)

It's your day, Shamir
Dreams are approaching to come true,
I ignore to give a promise of paradise after death,
I don't believe but in tangibility.
So...
I am to fight for profits,
Ali's son gives his entourage but a promise of paradise,
For the sake of principles,
For the sake of Mohammed's religion.
Achieve my dreams but now,
Let the flood float.
Bin Ziad bestows upon me lucre,
Upon me magnanimity
Upon me glory,
Upon me authority and power.
The power is the balance of justice
I ignore everything but the language of slaughtering
In the shade of Bin Ziad,
I am to violate...

In the shade of him
I do satisfy the desire of life,
Its lures...
Intentions...
Pleasures.
Life is but lucre and lust,
Life is but a Sultan trespassing
That's my philosophy in life.
Each has a vision.
(in sarcasm)

When being right, am I to have a reward, Being mistaken, The mercy
of Him extending to all,
Repentance is but open-ended.

(giggling loud)

Scene six

(Karbala desert, western part of Al-Taff valley, from a knoll are two camps observed, the first for Al-Hussein, the second for Al-Hur with one thousand persons arrived yet to confront Abuabidallah Al-Hussein, Al-Hur, alone, contemplates Al-Hussein and his entourage....tends into soliloquizing...)

It's destined,
I don't know how,
To respond...
I did bluster them,
It's all a hoax, it goes but in vain,
I did endeavour to petrify the people but in vain,
A knight fathoms a knight,
Nothing bullying them into leaving him,
That `s the gist of faith,
How marvelous thou arts, Hussein's adhererants!
They do abnegate everything,
To cuddle Al-Hussein with ecstasy
Rotating as star constellation around full moon,
But I do fathom such a congregation

But I do fathom them.
By Allah, I don't know where we had met,
I don't know where.....

(A knight approaching to Al-Hur)

Knight:

Mawlai, Al-Hur
Water's consumed,
Knights at fatigue,
Thirst debilitates them all.

Al-Hur: (Astonishingly)

How do we entangle ourselves in the welter of such a matter?
Where are the leaders?

(A knight, from Al-Hussein's entourage, approaching to Al-Hur and shouting at the nth power of his voice)

Knight:

Mawlai Abuabidallah does perceives your welter...
So informing all the thirsty
We've water in superabundance
Let a division of your soldiers proceed, Hur,
To be in satisfaction.

(It's observed, soldiers and knights scurrying to quench from Al-Hussein's camp, Al-Hur thoroughly perplexed.....intends into soliloquizing...)

It's of incredibility,
In time, I do surge to stymie him from water,
In time, we do observe him quenching the thirsty,
Such a deed is of nobility,
Such a deed I've to ponder,
Obliterating all my justifications to fight him,
But I am not to be flummoxed from such a deed from

The son of Ali's Safeen⁶

(At the moment, he comes to his sense that he is an Umayyad)

Al-Hur:

What's done is done,
I've to be confirmed
Rather severe,
To deescalate Hussein's deed,
As not to, for the soldiers, be perplexed,
For surely turbulence prevails,
I may lose equilibrium,
As thirsty question emerges into being,
I've but reticence,
But
All that never hinders me from contemplating such a maneuver, a deed...

(A voice replying...they converse apart)

Voice:

One, like you, Hur
Have to fathom the essence of his partners,
From their stance,
It's Abuabidallah's philosophy,
This is his deed,
Is it really, I don't know the grandson of the prophet,
Or you don't know where justice lurks,
Such issues stymie a man, like thee.

(as perplexed Al-Hur's, a knight appears from Al-Hussein's entourage approaching to converse with Al-Hur, since it's the noonday pray time)

⁶ Safeen as a battle happened between Ma'aweia's army and Ali's when the former prevents water from the latter, but when Ali's army dominates Euphrates, Imam Ali (peace be upon him) quenches them.

Knight:

Behold, Abuabidallah says,
It's the noonday prayer time,
He who is on the line of Islam launches praying,
It's to pray altogether,
But, never were it your leader's consent
Verily, pray but in separation.

(Tranquility prevails through the two camps, then Al-Hur shouts...)

Nay, Nay by Allah
All are to adhere to Al-Hussein in praying,
All are to pray behind the grandson of the prophet.

(Aside)

Abuabidallah's deed refutes all the justifications.

(The noonday prayer ceremonies launch, an excerpt of the call to the prayer heard, the theatre dimming, the more horses galloping to approach bit by bit, the more the theatre is lit....`Amir Bin S'aad approaching....)

What's all that, Hur?
You are praying behind Al-Hussein Ibn Ali,
Two armies are to pray altogether!
So how do they take the initiative in fighting?

Al-Hur:

What war? What war, you are talking about?
We are not obliged to fight,
You'd declared only to bluster them!
We did achieve so!
(Al-Hur perceives the kinship of `Amir Ibn S'aad to Al-Hussein)
Al-Hur:

Wai...wai... wait ... `Amir
I do perceive the kinship between Al-Zahra and you,
It's better to thank me.

`Amir Ibn S'aad:

Now I am the leader of Ameer's army,

I've a decree to fight Al-Hussein Ibn Ali
He does transgress from the scepter of the ecclesiastic Sultan of,
Mawlai Yazid.
Such a kinship I never deny,
But the meant duty strikes root more than does kinship,

Al-Hur:

Really? What I'd heard.

Amir Ibn S`aad:

It's a must to settle the matter,
As not to be accused of aligning with Al-Hussein Ibn Ali,
Such a kinship known for all.

**(A knight approaching to them and dismounting from his horse,
here comes Shamir Bin Thejawshin having a decree to them from
Al-Wali Ibn Ziad, no sooner does he arrive, than he accuses Bin
S`aad of negligence in settling the matter)**

Kinship between Al-Hussein Ibn Ali and thee,
Known for Wali Bin Ziad,
He warns all the perfidious,

Bin S`aad:

Hearken to me, Hur, what do I inform thee before a while?
They germinate ferocious suspicion in Wali Bin Ziad,
Do you perceive what it means?
Behold, it is my calamity, Hur...

(To Shamir)

Though having kinship, Shamir,
I am but a soldier in Ameia's army notwithstanding,
Were I what you think of me,
Under no condition, would I have been here!
My deed justifies my loyalty.

Al.Shamir: (Resumingly)

I have but a decree,

Thou have but to obey at the moment,
Verily, any delay casts all the soldiers into turbulence,
Now, it's to settle such a matter.
(Al-Shamir delivers an open letter to Bin S`aad, after scrutinizing it,
Bin S`aad addresses Al-Hussein)
Throw thy weapon en masse,
Disband thy entourage, Ibn Ali,
Retreat to where thou come from
Do thou hear me?

Al-Shamir: (Angrily)

Never retreating to where he comes from,
He has but to surrender under no conditions,
Never does Mawlai Yazid accept.

Imam Al-Hussein: (From distance, a voice)

Abuabidallah says
Not petrified I am with the people of Kufa,
Not petrified I am with the people of perfidy,
But their letters resuscitate a flicker of hope in my being,
I thought but Kufa repented,
So I am to come with all your letters,
I am to come to expose your voice of injustice,
The voice humility and twisted words.
Were a man to repent in faith,
Repentance is but open-ended
Were thy deeds but thy injustice,
Let me...
But retreat to where I come,
Or proceed to the havens of Islam,
To fight the opponents of Islam.

Al-Shamir:

Do you want to flee now?
You have but to be in the dilemma,
To plight your fealty to our Khalifa in Sham,

In public,
Or otherwise we do hold thee captive.

Imam Al-Hussein: (In voice)

Abuabidallah says...
Notorious as thou are, Shamir,
They are in multitude,
As for swearing fealty to Yazid,
Far be it from us to be held in humility.
Never does Allah allow such a sense for the prophet and us,
Is it to make us an example?
Why dost thou have such gall?
To Mohammed's family.

Al-Shamir: (Aside)

My gall escalating to have thee all; Mohammed's family.
Without thee, no knights slain,
Why such love and veneration, do we have to that house?
Why.... `Amir?

Bin S`aad:

Never be derailed by such...now,
In the shade of that, we seize control of our target, don't thou?

Shamir:

Were not people, like Al-Hussein, to revolt against...
We never ever achieve our intentions.
Now, there is an aperture of hope,
But we are to exploit all the means,
For the ever desired dream,
In time, Hussein bestows aperture upon us,
We've but to thank his endeavour,
Does it take shape in thy mind now?

Al-Shamir: (Simpering with spite)

I've got thee, Thou are to infer justifications

To dominate Al-Rai.

Bin S`aad:

Verily, I embrace glory abandoning me,
Now I do observe it by eyesight,

Shamir:

I thought I could abort thy dreams
Or rob them of thee,
But thou prove that thou art more tactful than me.
The deviouses...
I do concede defeat,
But I can too fathom my dream.

Bin S`aad:

So thou come to drag me from the orbit of glory,
Be cognizant of this, Shamir,
The battlefield is too vast to have all the dreams,
Definitely, thou art to grasp thy one,
Yet Bin Ziad knows thy bonds in particular,
Estimates thy skills, all thy skills.

Shamir: (Opportunistically)

But more clearly,
My loyalty,
My thorough loyalty to Yazid.

Bin S`aad:

Never deviate any more,
Never deviate any more and let us put all the cards on the table,
No loyalty without intension,
No loyalty without profits,
Let us abandon daydreams and settle the whole matter.

Al-Shamir:

Definitely, thou art right,
Let's now contrive Al-Hussein's matter.

Al-Hussein: (In voice)

Abuabidallah says...
Behold, leaders of this army,
Art thou Arab and to believe in Islam,
Thou art but to inform the soldiers all the truth,
Does the army know that we are but the grandsons of the messenger
of Allah?
Or thou convert the words of justice,
What dost thou say when reckoning all these thousands?
Dost thou inform people that we are of Rada "Retrogression",
We are to usurp the supreme power,
Yazid's ephemeral supreme power.
Let those who aren't cognizant of the calamity hearken to me,
Were thou to believe in Allah,
We are the beloved of the prophet and the family of him,
I've some knights who witness "Badar" and "Ahz'ab",
They are all the friends of him.
I am Hussein, Ali's son,
My mother is Al-Zahra,
The daughter of him,
He who exorcises thee from the recesses of ignorance,
My father is Haidra, the ever victorious,
Who can miss his goodness and?
His utter valour in Islam.

**(Al-Shamir breaks into interrupting Al-Hussein for not arousing
emotion any more)**

Al-Shamir:

Never flirt with their feelings, Ali's son,
Such necromancy never clicks now,
False necromancy,
Thou dost deviate from Islam,

Thou dost come to wage tumult and oppression,
Thou dost send Ibn Akeel before,
To rave the government,
To prevail turbulence,
But we do extinguish such oppression.
Under our surveillance, thou art as slaying him,
Today, it's thy role,
Never ever canst thou flee without fighting,
Thou dost betray such a bevy.
Definitely, we'll slay them all,
Thou dost come for power.

Al-Hussein: (In voice)

Honour God grants us,
To sacrifice ourselves for justice,
For Islam,
For not bending the knee to injustice,
One like thee, Shamir, never perceives martyrdom,
Never grasps its light,
Behold, life is but a conduit,
Just in the Heaven of Him is eternity,
In paradise, are the true and the righteous.
Where all the true and the righteous are to be,
It's glory for us, thou art beyond,
Thou art but enemies of Allah,
Enemies of justice.
Behold, in the depths of fire is thy abode,
In the depths of fire is thy abode,
In the depths of fire is thy abode.

(After all, Al-Hur tends into soliloquizing....)

Now all my suspicions obliterated,
All they desire is to slay Hussein.
(the voice iterates both converse apart)
Here comes thy role, just now,
Here appear the moments of decision,
For eternity there are but sparkling apertures,
None infiltrates but the free.

A stance is but of creativity,
Blood lasts but more than does a sword,
Benevolence fathoms but the depths of calamity,
The depths of the brilliancy of universe.

Al-Hur:

Now, I do pant after but...
Safeguarding my soul against blight of oblivion,
Against blight of man destruction,
I do pant after exorcising myself,
From all the shades of this life,
To flutter high among the universes,
I do pant after exorcizing myself from all mischief,
From the solitude of my grave, from its stark darkness,
I do perceive but the sacred light.
Being hesitant designates abortion
To such an aperture in the depths of my being,
It's light abortion. I could not conceal my ferocious torture,
Moment of temptation thwarts my being to decide,
Before a while,
It's to conceal the vision,
But now,
I am all in a moment of revelation.
My contradictions are to strive with each other,
I am but in a dilemma, between eternity and disgrace,
It's a spear's throw,
And all tribulations vanish,
Steps closer than a spear's throw.

(being cognizant of Al-Hur's state of obsession, Al-Shamir endeavours to bid him share the matter of fighting)

Al-Shamir:

What's there, in your mind, Hur?
It seems thou art isolated,
We do ignore thy standpoint about Hussein.

Al-Hur:

It's most advisable to leave him,
To leave him retreating,
To wherever he comes from,
Kufa writes letters of complaint,
To summon him, The letters we do observe,
Why do we persist in fighting?

Al-Shamir:

How wonderful, it's Hur!
Dost thou take initiative in fighting?
Who encompasses them all?
Who endeavours to stymie them from proceeding to Kufa?
Dost thou envisage that we are here to comply with thy desires?
The situation is not to retreat,
Such an opportunity never repeated.
I do know him more than thee,
He is Ali's son, as thou know.

Al-Hur:

We are not obliged to fight,
Bin Ziad's letter was of evidence,
He said to us accurately that we were to bluster them,
So why we are to indulge in such tumult and oppression.

Al-Shamir:

Well done,
They do take the initiative in doing tumult and oppression,
As when deciding to proceed to Kufa,
They do take the initiative,
We are here to extinguish such,
We are to defend our Khalifa's right,
We do defend legitimate right.

Al-Hur:

What right thou art talking about?

In time, Hussein is the prophet's son,
Who can deny that M'aawia Ibn Safian usurps the government,
By cunning and betrayal,
Whoever on earth can not perceive such...?

Al-Shamir:

Take heed of that, Hur!
Dare thou declare such an opinion?
Dost thou forget Ameia's favours?
Dost thou forget that thou art one of his army leaders?
Ameia desires nothing but slaying Hussein,
All Ameia.
The matter is in jeopardy,
Ameia's authority budging, Hur,
Thou art not to recoil, but now.

Bin S'aad:

By Allah, we are to fight them until obliterating them all, one by one,
Decapitating the head of him,
The most precious thing we are to garner Binabi Safian.

Al-Hur:

Dost thou persist in slaying the bevy?
They are but minority,
Children, women, and old men,
From the prophet's brethrens,
Why not feel shy of all that, `Amir?

Al-Shamir:

Didst thou avert them?
What's the matter?
Not am I used to see thee in such a way,
Or thou ignore thy entity,
Thy merits Yazid and Ibn Ziad perceived well,
Thou art but cast calamity into thy tribe,
Or not thou didst take heed of Yazid's despotism.

Al-Hur: (with resolve)

Hearken to me, Shamir,
No despotism of injustice intimidates me,
People, like thee, fathom people, like me.
The soul is to decide at the moment,
Between paradise and hell,
Between glory and disgrace.
I am but to plight to my doctrine doctrines,
Man is to erect his glory as so desired.
(Al-Hur makes strides to his adherents)

Al-Shamir: (with trepidation)

It's not to leave him alone,
Al-Hur intends to intimidate us.

Bin S`aad:

It's of necessity for Ibn Ziad to be notified,
The situation escalates in jeopardy,
We shalt keep him under surveillance,
Also his soldiers,
It's to cast espionage into them,
Really, it's what agitates me.
And I do apprise Bin Ziad of Al-Hur's conduct,
I know that rebel.

(spotlight directed to Al-Hur while conversing with his son...)

Al-Hur:

Hearken to me, son!
It seems that people exceed the frontier of despotism,
All my efforts reach fiasco to stymie them from...
Slaying Abuabidallah.

Son:

So what didst thou intend, father?

Al-Hur:

Let all our people know,
That Al-Hur disdains to be enrolled in the army of injustice,
The army of apostasy and twisted expressions,
Inform them all, my son,
So none gets embarrassed
I do decide and settle the matter,
I shalt mount to meet Abuabidallah,
Fighting under his command,
Until being martyred.

Son:

I shalt be with thee, the pride of Riah and Tameem,
It's what we grabble through thee,
It's the voice of right calling us,
We are never ever desist from the prophet's grandson,
Thou dost salvage us from the shame of hell.

Al-Hur:

Oblige none, son,
Such a standpoint sprouts but from one's faith,
Man comes equal to the standpoint,
To implement what he desires,
Each one scrutinizes a vantage point.
He who desires to meet Allah heart and soul passes with us
into light,
Into freedom.
Had I given but glad tidings for such a standpoint.
Having delivered his speech to them,
The whole matter exposed.
Be in haste, son,
Now,
In haste.

**(Utter darkness for a short while, Al-Shamir and `Amir Bin S`aad
at the lime-light)**

Al-Shamir:

Thou art the leader,
So thou art to convey thy speech to Hussein Ibn Ali,
Just to yield.

`Amir S`aad:

That `s what to be now,
(At his nth power of his voice, `Amir speaking to Imam Al-Hussein)
O, Hussein,
Let whoever hears my voice learn;
No egress but submission,
No time to waste.
He who confirms to desist from Hussein leaves in peace.

Al-Shamir: (to Al-`Abass)

We are thy maternal uncles,
So seize control of the opportunity,
To desist from Al-Hussein's bevy, `Abass,
Thou art but minority,
Thou wilt all be slain.
Kinship prods me into salvaging the sister's sons,
Never hesitate, `Abass,
Time flies, but without fruit,
By hook by crock, thou art slain.

Al-`Abass:

Hearken to me,
We do know people like thee, apostate.
Such a stance bestows upon us but honour and brilliancy,
That's what I curb the soul by,
Being slain as a sacrifice to Al-Hussein,
Being slain in the pursuance to justice,
To exaltation of the colour of Islam,
Behold, history is but to damn thee and people like thee,
Thou wilt be but in everlasting shame,
Fie upon thee,

To dupe me into...

Like thee,

Never duping Ali's son into ...

In time I am Al-'Abass.

(Al-Shamir, in vituperation, by Allah, I fathom thee, Ali's son, that's what holds me to seething with gall)

`Amir Ibn S'aad:

This is `Abass,

Sacrifice himself for Al-Zahra's son,

Summoning his brothers all to sacrifice themselves at the hand of him.

(Al-Shamir suspects Ibn S'aad too)

Al-Shamir: (In trepidation)

From your words, art thou not to fight the people,

Who on earth know not that Al-Hussein is the prophet's son?

Who on earth knows not where justice lurks?

We do know all of that,

But we don't churn,

He is now tightening the noose of our interests,

That's the gist of all.

`Amir Ibn S'aad:

Still thou dost hold me in suspicion,

In time, we art in one trench, aren't we?

Still the past gall creeping,

Into the memory of Badir and Hunein,

Still the heart bleeding,

Still we do fear Ali's sword,

Though past.

(It's heard from distance, Imam Al-Hussein addressing the congregation)

The duty stipulates me to guide thee all to the path of righteousness,
To the path of goodness,

Goodness for both life and hereafter,
No more indulge in Atheism,
Most notorious disgrace waiting for the liar,
Life is but an abode of vanity,
Be cognizant now of that,
Before opportunity vanishes,
I do call thee all for Islam,
For faith,
For freedom,
So why do thou linger in enslavement,
Why dost thou yield to humiliation,
I do fathom all the defects of Kufa,
I do know all her sins,
For surely the companions of him, Al-Bidreun, with me,
Just like me,
They can't trust Yazid,
Or consent to him,
That debauchee,
Has Al-Shamir threatened us with slaughtering,
Martyrdom, for us, but tradition.
He who fears death dies,
Verily, be cognizant of that,
O, all the slaves of dinar [lucre],
I do fathom all the defects of Kufa,
It's time to purge herself from such abomination and obscurity.

(After delivering his speech, the horses galloping, at the moment, Al-Hur with his son and some tribesmen, as stated in some historical stories, incline to Al-Hussein, at the second camp, does Al-Shamir shout at nth power of his voice...)

The precautions happen,
The precautions happen,
That's what casts insomnia into me,
Or rather what intimidates me.

Ibn S'aad: (indignantly, ordering the arrow men)

Shoot the renegade,
Shoot the apostate,

Shoot all the apostates.

(A salvo of arrows shot, Al-'Abass, at his nth power of voice, shouts after Al-Hur's arrived)

Is there any free one flaying the skin of the slave,

This free man is the master of himself,

Verily coming to cuddle the light of faith,

It's the time of consciousness,

It's the time of altruism,

Be cognizant of that, So buttress faith, Is there any free one?

(Al-Hur approaching to Imam Al-Hussein after dismounting from his horse)

Al-Hur:

O Mawlai,

O the prophet's son,

Words despair and churn not,

But I do come to thee,

I do perceive how severe my deeds are!

I do cast a siege on women and children,

I do cast a siege on the bevy,

Depriving thee of a water sip,

In time I know what thirst, for mankind, means, Is there any repentance?

O prophet's son, sustain me,

I do know from the outset,

The desire of gall dominates them all,

On sand, they erect glory of illusions,

Just now, I've perceived why Ibn Ziad obliges me,

To confine thee in the heart of the desert,

No water,

No shade,

Just now, I've perceived.

For surely, by the horror of the calamity, I am flummoxed,

So I do exert the soul to salvage my being,

To salvage my people,

From the shame no excuse can exterminate,

Just now, I've perceived.
Pains devour me for what the people do,
I never thought that their stupidity,
Robbing them,
Robbing them of the essence of aptitude,
Saturating them in blind spite,
O, prophet's son, sustain me.

Al-Hussein: (in voice)

Thy mother is not to be in desperation,
When calling thee Hur "free"
Thou art free in life,
And ebullient in hereafter.

Al-Hur:

To be in ebullience, Mawlai,
The soul is to do something cognizant of its ecstasy,
To set the ecstasy intact in the heart of me.,
I shalt take the initiative in altruism,,
It'll be my blood,
Striking a note of self-sacrifice at such a memorable day,
Tenth of `Ashrah.

Al-Hussein: (in voice)

All the gates to paradise are open now,

Al-Hur:

So I bid thee, prophet's son,
Pray allow me, to launch my journey,
From thy hands
Heave it,
So bestow the opportunity upon me.

Al-Hussein: (in voice)

Now heave into paradise,
Inform my grandfather, we are coming,

We are coming.

(Al-Hussein addressing Ibn S`aad's army and Al-Shamir)

Al-Hussein: (in voice)

Never is such a day iterated,
Who renders an ephemeral dinar into meeting Allah?

(Al-Shamir soliloquizing...)

We are not to permit him to speak any more,
O the cauldron of gall is prone to kindle,
And let its conflagration obliterate the chastity of the earth,
Such a figure debilitates the dreams of our intentions,
We are to devastate him.
(Ibn S`aad ordering a salvo of spears)

Ibn S`aad:

Shoot the renegades
Shoot the opponents of our Khalifa.

Al-Hussein: (in voice to Al-Hur)

Those people reply but with arrows of injustice.
So start thy mission, Hur
Thy chronicle starts in the name of Allah.
(Before launching into fighting, Al-Hur's improvised some lines of poetry)
I am but the free and this tribulation,
In the throng of reins rush I into such,
By Allah, I do cull but paradise.

(dim)

Scene Seven

(In Al-Hur`s shrine, some people hold their ceremonies, a voice from the shrine)

O ye who hold me in felicity,
O ye who come to certify the anthems of eternity,
Never inquire me; a lover never ever inquired about his recompense.
Verily, contemplate from which a cup thou imbibe,
Into the recesses of the soul,
I do proceed with the moment of consciousness,
I do conclude that life is but an abode of tyrants,
And whoever heaves from the slough of sins conceals faults.
Verily, I do conclude, her commerce is on the decline,
So I do whet the soul to the hope,
It's to live in the shades of purgation.
So the soul incarnated in the sacred light,
A beam of light saturated the neighs of the soul,
So I do surpass the illusion,
The line of demarcation between the contradicted poles purports;
Abuabidallah`s voice,
Abuabidallah`s light.

The essence lingers in all ages,
The real free one who raves the earth for his principles,
In a moment of decision and purity,
I `d divorced her triviality,
Such a moment epidemic of plague,
From the first day do I fathom her temptation,
Since Ibn Ziad informed:
Oh Hur!
Bluster the people,
I do perceive the jeopardy,
It's not a siege,
But it's a murder with malice aforethought.
Idolatrous murdering,
I do emerge through the heat of Al-Taff,
Destiny,
To shout to me the call was,
To embark upon him,
I do step to commemorate my seal among generations,
I do render my blood a sacrifice to the call of him,
A sacrifice to the freedom anthem.
To devastate injustice concatenation,
It's a must to rave the figures of injustice.
So on the tenth, the light of my blood is to flow,
To declare,
Man is but to strive,
Man is but to strive.



Anthem

Moment of culling appears but crucial,
Fathomable visions, it was to determine,
To be in enslavement; the anthem withers,
Who relents Hussein in solitude?
Over the abysses of heaven, as a call roams.
Such a call illuminates me,
My blood so do I relinquish,
Into having a help-meat, Hussein's voice was to delve,
Whetting certitude in blind time,
But Karbala, blood shedding and the denial of slaves,
I do exert my wrist,
Into embarking upon him; to be between his hands,
Shedding tears for him and denuding myself of the sword,
I do shout, O Seidi,
But to thee I do adhere,
From thee I do imbibe,
Never ever does my mouth despair me.

