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## Husain's Eighteen Year old Soldier Most Revered Ali Akbar ('a)

("Daulat koi dunya mein pisar se nahin behtar")  
No greater wealth than your children in this world  
No greater peace than their peace in this world  
just as no better flavor than a freshly picked fruit  
Or the fragrance of a rose with dew in its swirls  
Soothing your troubled heart, they make you whole  
They are your comfort, they calm your troubled soul  
Ask a master of the loss of a household destroyed  
Ask the members of the household who can only cry  
Ask a parent of the ruin the death of a child brings  
Ask Husain of Akbar's parting, the answer is in his sighs  
May a parent never so suffer, nor a child thus part  
In the tears of a mourning parent, is the blood of a bleeding  
heart  
When the dastardly arrows pierced Akbar's heart  
His breathing became labored and almost stopped  
He thought of Husain, as he fell from his horse  
And he cried out "Oh Father from you now I part"  
"Pray come to this wounded son, so alone, so bruised  
Come help your Ali Akbar, whom you're about to lose"  
Hearing His son's cries, Husain's heart sank  
His legs gave way, He dropped often to the sands  
With every breath He felt He could breathe no more  
"Oh Asadullah" He cried, clutched His heart in pain  
With shock His face ashen, desert dust in His hair  
Trembling, He rose again; blinded, He stared

He shouted "Oh Ali Akbar, which way do I come  
Do I search in the sand dunes under the blazing sun?  
My heart palpitates, do I seek the enemy's help?  
I will come to you, I'll find you, to me you cannot come"  
"Your loss has robbed your parents of every wish to live  
Me you were supposed to bury, the job to me you give"  
"Alas, call out my name, ask me once more to come  
Call your desolate father, call me, my precious son  
Call for your isolated, your heart-broken father now  
Call your anxious father so that I may come"  
"whatever God wills must happen, let it be, let it be  
So I must be beheaded, so what, let it be"  
Stumbling and falling, Husain found His injured son  
Lodged in Akbar's heart was an arrow, damage done  
He felt as though the arrow had pierced His own heart  
He clutched at His chest, Oh Akbar, so young  
He heard Akbar's labored breath, his toil to hide the pain  
The son dying before His eyes, the Father watched in vain  
Lips dry, ashen faced, hair matted with dust  
in his eyes a distant look, his body bruised and cut  
Shoulders and neck wounded with arrows and swords  
Blood smeared on his face, on his cheeks tears of hurt  
His lips whispering, "My master hasn't come yet  
My Father isn't here and I'm so close to my death"  
"Oh listen my fluttering heart, beat till He gets here  
Stay Oh parting life, the Lord of Gin and men is near  
Linger Oh departing soul, the Imam must come  
Await Him Oh Death, do you hear?"  
"It is my wish to see Him once then I may die  
In His laps, in His arms, once more I wish to lie"  
"I am here Ali Akbar," said Husain, "I have come"  
"Get up my beloved, my dearest, lovely son  
You're waiting for me, your eyes searching the battlefield  
Your forlorn father is here, your wait for me is done"  
"Say something Akbar, open your eyes, look at me  
I'll hold you so my miserable face you can see"  
"You moan in pain, in your neck an arrow is stuck  
Does it hurt to move Should I let your rest on the dust?  
My world has come crashing down on me today

I've raised you in my lap, do I watch you die thus?"  
"Your liver comes gushing out of your wounded chest  
Through the open wounds I see your broken ribs no less"  
"Oh Ali Akbar, Ali Akbar, say something, talk to me  
Open your eyes Ali Akbar, so my face you can see  
If you're leaving, say goodbye, do not so quietly go  
You must die and I live, how can it be? "  
"Even tired grooms do not sleep soundly as you do  
I weep for you in pain, and yet you do not move"  
In his unconscious state Akbar heard Husain's cries  
The obedient son opened his arms and sighed  
Husain held Akbar to His chest and wept in pain  
Showed the thirsty son, His own tongue, parched and dry  
And said "Oh dearest Akbar, not a drop I could find  
I couldn't get any water, Oh dearest son of mine"  
Tears flowed from Akbar's bloodied eyes  
He looked at Husain heard his father's cries  
And whispered "Mother Zahra has come for me"  
He took his last breath, shuddered and sighed  
Eyes open toward Husain, Ali Akbar passed away  
Resting in his Father's arms, nothing more did he say  
Historians say that the moment Akbar died  
Zainab left the camp, "Oh my Ali Akbar" she cried  
Her chador now forgotten, so intense was her grief  
The ladies followed her, wailing, teary-eyed  
The desert air echoed with their grief-stricken cries  
"Oh Ali Akbar, Ali Akbar" in unison they cried  
"Take me to Akbar, show me where he lies  
Have mercy on me, guide me, hear my painful cries  
My Brother sits alone with His wounded, youthful son  
Behind a cloud hides my moon, show me" Zainab cried  
"In grief I'm now blinded, where must I go?  
I'm searching for my son, look at my tears flow"  
Hearing Zainab's cries Husain ran to her side  
Covering her with His cloak, her face He tried to hide  
And said "My Zainab, why did you leave the camp?  
Oh daughter of Ali, dead is my joy and pride"  
"Bruised with spears, he lies on the desert floor  
What do you wish to see Oh Sister? Akbar is no more"

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