

(5) Yazid's Demand For Allegiance

In the treaty which Hassan and Moawiyah signed
Moawiyah had himself agreed; it was underlined
The question of successor, would not be imposed
But be left to Muslims as they pleased to dispose.
No sooner was the said treaty signed
A campaign was re-started, Ali's name to malign
And to build up Yazid, against people's voice
As heir to the Caliphate, the best of choice.
With rise of Moawiyah, virtue was shamelessly replaced
The democratic rule of Islam, was likewise displaced
The oligarchal rule of heathen was triumphant
The attendant vice and immorality were rampant.
The wealth from his subjects, he pitilessly extracted
He lavished on the mercenaries, who were fully protected
They, in turn, helped to repress ruthlessly all murmuring
With fraud and treachery, were smashed all rumblings.
Before he died, Moawiyah summoned his aides
The oath of fealty to Yazid, he made them take
This was Yazid's solitary title to the Caliphate
It was assumed, as if it was his father's heritage.
Cruel and treacherous was he, as notorious as his father
He lacked pretence, to cloak the game of murder
His depraved nature knew absolutely no pity or justice
He was addicted to the vilest and grossest of vices.
His friends were outcasts of both sexes
He killed and tortured for pleasure and taxes
Such was the Caliph, Commander of the Faithful
A being, whose entire bearings, was most hateful.
Husayn was in Medina; a message was received

By the local governor, in an envelope sealed
Obtain his allegiance, was the strict command
Kill him on the spot, if he refuses the demand.
The governor was unnerved, he was perplexed
To kill Husayn in Medina was no easy task
He consulted Marwan; he summoned Husayn
Who well knew Yazid's dirty and nefarious game.
Husayn point blank refused to acknowledge
The title of tyrant; of falsehood and subterfuge
His character, he regarded with contempt and abhorrence
His vices he despised, no less than his arrogance.
He returned to his grandfather's earthly abode
He dreamt of the Prophet, in tearful voice he spoke
" O, son of mine, O thou art a part of me,
The enemies are bent to torment and slay thee."
Accompanied by Zainab he visited the tomb of his mother
What a heart rending scene it was; it caused a shudder!
It was Husayn's last farewell before the fateful journey
Guided by the unseen hand of – shall we say, Destiny
The fateful hour had arrived for the long awaited fight
Between forces of darkness and Angels of Light
Husayn knew that from childhood he had been reared
To perform this sacred mission, he knew absolutely no fear.
"For Mecca I leave, and then for a place beyond"
For a farewell pilgrimage, the plans were drawn
Hurried preparations were made for the journey
An unknown destination was on the itinerary.

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