

## (9) The Supreme Sacrifice

The sad day dawned, the heavens were aghast  
Truth was at stake; the die had been cast  
Never had they witnessed, so supreme a test  
Between falsehood at its worst and truth at its best!  
For three torturous days and three miserable nights  
Husayn's small band, were in a waterless plight;  
The babes, they licked, their mother's tongues,  
Parched and thorny, they weepingly let it hung.  
His faith in God was sublime, beyond any dream  
His patience, spoke of complete surrender to Him  
Even in his worst hour, from the material eye,  
He was calm and unperturbed, not afraid to die!  
Husayn was fully alive to things at stake  
He well knew what would be his family's fate  
He was aware that 'twas his martyr's cup  
He showed absolutely no grief when his time was up.  
He endeavored to make a last attempt  
But the foes were all determined and bent  
To spill his blood, they thought it an honor  
Such is the fate of all the world's warners.  
"Speak, O, you Kufi's, is this how  
You invite your guests and treat them now?  
You summoned our aid, you one and all  
You, as our Imam, must heed our call."  
"Truth is being trampled, we look to you,  
To uphold the flame, come to our rescue  
Treachery is, indeed, a satanic vile  
But in this you are ahead by miles."  
"I beg you ponder what you do

Verily, those that can see, are few  
Three honorable offers, I have to make  
For no blood should spill for my sake."  
"If my life is what Yazid desires  
Why should Muslims' blood, be the hire  
To Yazid, I request, you do me lead  
No share, you have, in this foul deed."  
"Or let me, to Jihad, go and die  
For this life, no fear have I  
I will fight in the cause of God  
Till death, descends from my Lord."  
"If not, let me to Hejaz return  
You will Muhammad's pleasure earn  
For was he not my Grand Sire?  
Verily, a shield against hell's fire!"  
"Know for sure, that I am he  
Whom God has granted Heaven's key  
We live for the Lord and His pleasure  
We seek not the world, nor it's treasure."  
"The flame of truth, is what we hold  
Let none of you, I pray, make bold  
To subdue the flame not those that hold  
Though your heart may yearn for gold."  
The foes were silent, their mouths were shut  
Only thirty of them felt genuine hurt  
They demanded to know why Husayn's fair offer,  
Could not be accepted and considered as proper.  
In disgust, they left the enemy's rank  
And joined the Imam's small faithful band  
Too glad were they to fight for him,  
Though chances of success, they knew were dim.  
The rest were unmoved; their hearts were sealed  
They danced and mocked, till their heads reeled  
Husayn still felt it his duty, to make it plain,  
To save his life, was not his object nor aim.  
Omar Ibn Saad, discharged the first villain's arrow  
Proud, that he had had started this battle of sorrow  
And soon to his dismay, he found Ali's sons  
To fight them, he learnt, was no laughter and fun.

They fought courageously like lions, one by one  
Though outnumbered, they made them run  
Till the archers took their inevitable toll  
Claiming fifty, from Husayn's small fold.  
Bent with grief, he surveyed the tragic scene  
Tears welled up, his sorrowful eyes did glean  
He made a plea, to the enemy's rank and file  
Whether none sympathized with the Prophet's child.  
Hur Ibn Yazid Riyahi felt this as a jolt  
The words to him were, as from heaven, a bolt  
He, with his slave and son, joined the Imam's band  
And begged for forgiveness at his merciful hands.  
Forgiven were they, unreservedly, one and all,  
By the generous Husayn and his noble 'Aal'  
They fought for him, till they were slain  
Their lives they lost, but heaven gained.  
Corpses flowed in regular stream of these brave soldiers  
Husayn, and his friends, carried them on their shoulders  
In the distant lands, they had no families to mourn them  
The ladies of Husayn wept, as for a bother or son.  
Wahab Ibn Abdulla Kalabi, was the last to go  
The newly married warrior, his spirit was low  
Time and again, he had sought for permission  
"Not yet!" was Husayn's firm decision.  
"First seek permission of your mother and wife  
Their claim is far greater on your invaluable life  
Exclaimed, the mother of Wahab, standing nearby  
"I will deem it an honor, for my son to die!"  
With tears in her eyes, his wife pleaded  
"Do defend Husayn in his hour of need  
Only one request I have, reluctantly, to make  
The security of Husayn's family, may we partake."  
Little did she know, what fate had in store  
For ladies of Husayn, when he was no more  
She never could imagine, that it was likely  
The enemies would dare behave so dastardly.  
History of mankind, numerous instances can cite,  
Where brave persons have scaled great heights,  
And endured hardships, out of love and affection,

Or died out of duty and self consuming devotion.  
But never before, the world had ever witnessed,  
Such deeds of selfless devotion and self abnegation  
In this transitory world, though nothing endures,  
The deeds of Husayn shine, with ever-increasing luster!  
And now were left, those tied by blood  
Who cared a nought, for this mould of mud  
Eager were they to offer their worldly lives  
In cause of God, so truth may, forever, thrive.  
Abbas Ibn Ali, was the TRUTH'S standard bearer  
Husayn to him, was a jewel, nay, even more dearer  
He called him "Lord", though his foster brother  
Such was the regard, they had, one for the other.  
Ali Akbar, was his most beloved second son  
More brave, more handsome, there was none.  
Eighteen summers old, flower of youth,  
An image of Prophet, from head to foot.  
Qasim, was his brother Hassan's child  
He was, like his father, by nature mild  
His father had willed before he had died  
A tawiz he prepared and, to his hand, he tied.  
It only be read, was his wish dear  
By Husayn, when his end was near  
He remembered this will of his brother  
Now that he would soon be murdered.  
It was willed that Qasim should wed  
Fatema Qubra, ere his blood was shed  
Husayn's darling daughter was she  
To wed her to Qasim, too glad was he.  
A wedding with dowry as widowhood!  
A feast without water and food!  
A bridegroom with few hour to live!  
A bride with only tears to give!  
Such was the wedding in Karbala's field  
Which Husayn, with his blood, would till  
So that the plant of Islam may live anew  
For sake of lovers of God, though very few.  
Husayn wished that Ali Akbar, his dearest son,  
Should be the first to go to the battleground

His devoted friends and followers were aghast  
They refused to entertain such idea – first or last.  
Now were left with Husayn, only the next of kin  
Ali Akbar, bowed reverentially and stood before him  
Husayn, looked at his face; was he daydreaming?  
He has come to seek permission; the words were ringing!  
He tried to say something, amidst the enemies' war-like cries  
With considerable effort, he whispered, with downcast eyes  
"Akbar, my beloved child, you wish me to see you slain  
What I am experiencing, at this moment, I can hardly explain!"  
"How can I grant you permission, Akbar, my son?  
Knowing that none have returned, not even one!  
The call of duty, however, makes me helpless  
Ask you mother and aunt, who are restless."  
His aunt, Zaynab and Umm Layla, his mother dear  
Knew that it was now the turn of all those near  
Who went first to the battlefield, and who went last,  
Was a matter of time, which was running very fast.  
Akbar, knew the affection his aunt, Zaynab had for him  
Of the pangs of sorrow, she was, since morn experiencing  
He looked at her face and that of his mother  
They were speechless at the thought of his murder.  
"Let it not be said of my respected father Husayn,  
He spared me till his brothers and nephews were slain,  
I implore you, by the love you bear for your brother,  
Let me die first and quench my thirst, at Houz-e-Kawther."  
"May God be with you, my son", Umm Layla said,  
"With you, I shall loose all I have, my lad  
What destiny has in store for me, I am fully aware  
After you, for pleasure and pain, I shall not care."  
Death was now beckoning Ali Akbar, "come, my son, come!"  
Amidst war-like shouts of enemy, amidst battle drums  
The cries of the ladies and children, were most woeful  
To die in the prime of youth, even death was mournful!  
Ali Akbar was now facing the enemy's forces  
He was addressing them with such eloquence  
The older ones were blinking their eyes in amazement  
Has Prophet descended from heaven, his son to lament?  
Omar Saad saw the magic spell, the words had cast

All would soon be lost, if he allowed this to last  
He exhorted his men; he whipped their gold lust  
"Emaciated is he by three days of hunger and thirst."  
He met the hounds in battle, one by one  
Was this Ali himself? Each battle he won.  
The winds were whispering "La Fatha Illa Ali  
La Saif Illa Zulfiqar" most solemnly.  
Such was the skill and prowess in fighting  
Heads rolled on with speed of lightening  
None dared come forward from the enemy's rank  
Cowards were they; their hearts had shrank.  
Through wounds, though victorious, in single fights  
The blood was gushing; thirsty was his plight  
He had left his mother, in a dazed condition  
Irresistible was the urge, to see his dear ones.  
His father was anxiously watching his son's heroic deeds  
His mother and aunt were behind, to attend to his needs  
They watched his face; it reflected the progress of fight  
If any calamity befell Ali Akbar, dim would grow the light.  
"O, Allah, who brought back Ismail to Hajra!  
O, Allah, who listened to the mother of Moosa!  
O, Allah, who reunited Yakub with Yusuf, his son!  
Grant us our wish, to see Ali Akbar, for once."  
Was it the effect of these prayers, of his mother and aunt  
That brought Ali Akbar back to his father's tent?  
With an exclamation of joy and relief they clung to him  
"Bravo, my son! Such a fight the world has not seen!"  
"Father, the thirst is killing me; Ah, these wounds!  
For victories in combat, it is usual to ask a boon  
A refreshing cup of water, is all that I ask and need  
But alas! I know not even a drop, you can feed."  
Ali Akbar, met his family including mother and father  
The second parting was equally sad, perhaps even sadder  
Fizza, the faithful maid, was disconsolate with grief  
And so were Zaynab and Umm Layla, to be very brief.  
As he rode away, Husayn walked for some distance behind him  
Was it his sacrificial lamb? O, what a heart rending scene!  
When Akbar disappeared from his sight, he turned heaven-wards  
"O, Allah, be thou witness, your plans, I have not disturbed."

"O, Allah, Thou art, my witness, on this mournful day  
One, whom I loved, and cherished most, I have sent away  
To defend the cause of righteousness and truth  
And to fight the forces of the devil and his brutes."  
He sat on the ground; he looked all round in vain  
He received a wailing call, a call of anguish and pain  
Though Husayn, and his people, were expecting such a call  
A ghastly effect, it had on all of them, one and all.  
"Father, Akbar, is with a mortal wound, in his chest  
Father do come to me, please hurry, and try your best  
If you are unable to reach me, your dear son,  
I convey my salutations, to you and my dear ones."  
He rose from the ground and fell; he rose again and fell again  
He struggled to his feet; his heart was in terrifying pain  
Torrential tears were flooding his eyes; it was awesome!  
He rushed hither and thither; from where had the cry come?  
He was sobbing; uncontrollable and tragic was his condition  
"Akbar, give me a shout, so that I can follow its direction  
Akbar, my sight is gone; Akbar I can hardly hear your cry  
Is there nobody in this world to guide me, to where you lie?"  
To the side of his master, Abbas soon came rushing  
Holding his hand, he led him to where Akbar was lying  
Ah, the tragic sight! Akbar, lying in a pool of his own blood  
Blood, blood, blood all around; the blood itself was in flood!  
Writhing in unbearable pain and digging his feet in sand  
His breathing was now heavier; on his heart was his hand  
A gurgling sound was coming, from his parched throat  
An uneven struggle with death, a fast sinking boat!  
And so passed away the brave one, the angelic soul  
With a smile on his face, he reached his heavenly goal  
Leaving Husayn back-broken and utterly inconsolable  
God was a witness; the sacrifice was without parallel!  
The days of our youth, are the days of our treasure  
To some, life is doled out in a different measure  
Surging, in young hearts, are the hopes and feelings  
With every nerve and sinews, quivering with joy of living.  
Some budding flowers are swept away, by the winds of doom  
Before they have an opportunity to blossom and bloom  
Such was the destiny of Husayn's three beloved nephews

Such rare Gems, they were limited, and sparingly a few.  
Three innocent lads, barely in their teens  
Husayn's nephews – Aun, Muhammad and Qasim  
Were closeted together to discuss their role  
For that fateful day, clear was their goal!  
To seek Husayn's permission, was their main task  
What should they say? How should they ask?  
Seriously they discussed for quite some time  
To die as martyrs, was in their family line.  
How commendable was the behavior of these three young ones  
There was no sign of childishness or immaturity; no, none!  
They were neither nervous nor, in any way scared  
The chances of survival was nil, they were fully aware.  
Qasim, abruptly left; he entered the tent  
Umm Farwa, his mother, her head was bent  
Engrossed in her thoughts – Hassan's widow  
Was thinking of her son and the morrow.  
"Do you know, why I called you, Qasim, my son?  
To remind you of your duty to your uncle Husayn  
Hassan and Husayn, were so much devoted to each other,  
More than what children are to their father and mother.  
He wanted you to deputize for him, on this day  
It was your father's wish that, come what may,  
You should stand by Husayn, through unflinching devotion  
To defend Husayn, should be your life's sacred mission."  
A load was of his head; how thoughtful of his father  
To have provided for this situation, and one still harder  
A letter for Husayn, containing his dying desire  
"Qasim, shall deputize for me, since I have from the world retired."  
"My children! Do you know what tomorrow has in store?  
Zaynab's near and dear ones will be no more.  
All the vendetta nurtured, all these years,  
Will rise like snakes; strike them down without fear!"  
"I want both of you, my dear beloved sons  
To defend uncle Husayn and his priceless children"  
How relieved they felt, and what a pleasant surprise  
The hurdle was over; they had hardly surmised.  
After a pause she added, "when I was leaving Mecca,  
It was the wish of your father, Abdulla



You my son, Aun, should deputize for him  
] And you my child, Muhammad, be my offering."  
With folded hands, Zaynab addressed her brother  
"In my whole life, have I asked for a favor?  
For the first time, grant me, my one wish,  
Let my sons follow Ali Akbar, to the abode of bliss."  
"Go forward my children and fulfill your desire  
Die like heroes and from physical world retire  
I shall soon join you on your journey to eternity  
Convey my salutations to the Heaven's fraternity."  
My humble tributes to your dear ones, O, Zaynab!  
The two darling youngsters marched like lion cubs  
Brave was their bearing, brave the stance,  
Tiny little swords, soon clashed with enemy's lance.  
The dust lifted itself to give a clearer view  
Enemy soldiers were battling with Husayn's nephews  
"Bravo! My sons," was it the voice of Ja'far-e-Tayyar?  
Watching from the heavens, was the famed winged warrior!  
And why not? It was Muhammad his grandchild  
It was a heroic fight, with numerous corpses piled  
Some distance away, was his younger brother, Aun  
Fortunate were they, to whom such sons were born.  
Against heavy odds, as was obviously expected  
Both fell heroically fighting; so it was fated  
What a heart rending scene it was, O Merciful God!  
Only the brave heart of Zaynab could endure the dart.  
As was the practice, they started beating the battle drums  
The butchery of two innocent lads, to them it was fun  
The usual cry, challenging the young defenders of faith  
To come out in the battlefield, to face their fate.  
Qasim, rushed with letter to his uncle dear  
There was a crowd round him, how could he go near?  
The corpses of Aun and Muhammad, had just been brought in  
Such wailing and weeping, he had neither heard, nor seen.  
Clad in his father's clothes, he looked his very image  
Aided by his mother, he pushed forward, taking courage  
With letter in hand, he respectfully presented himself  
The weeping Husayn looked up; had Hassan come to help?  
He read the letter of his beloved brother

He wept bitterly; he could read no further  
His last desire, how could he not honor  
When his love had permeated, every nook and corner.  
Qasim fought bravely, though a youth of fourteen  
He hurled the enemy one by one; what a wonderful scene!  
Swords, spears, daggers and arrows, flew from all sides  
Wounded from head to foot, he did not run or hide.  
Falling from the saddle, he gave a gallant valiant cry  
Crushed under horses' hoofs, scattered the pieces lie  
Husayn, the immortal Husayn, collected the mortal remains  
It was his dear Hassan's offerings, in the cause of Islam.  
One against thousands – can it be called a fight?  
Killing an innocent lad, it caused them delight  
They thought they were doing something great  
It was a spillage of their past game of hate.  
Smearred with blood, on the shifting sand dunes of Karbala  
Lay a figure of youth, on the banks of Alkoma  
The crimson life tide was ebbing fast, very fast  
He was anxiously awaiting somebody, ere he breathed his last.  
Through his parched throat, he was feebly calling somebody  
His master had heeded the call, since morn, of everybody  
To rush to the side of his dying friends, was his image  
Despite thousand shocks, and famished body, he had not budged.  
Who is this man, with indomitable courage, one may ask?  
He is the standard bearer of forces, that are no more, alas!  
A pillar of strength, the full moon of the Hashemites,  
A beautiful specimen of manliness; a glorious sight!  
Before a man's death, all past events fly in a flashback  
Abbas, was seeing them, lying on the burning sand tracts  
How, as a child, he followed his Master, Husayn  
To attend to his every need; to see that none caused him pain.  
He was in reverie, for quite sometime,  
Scene after scene, passed the memory's mind  
He suddenly remembered, Sakina, with forty-two other kids  
Had urged him for water, to meet their barest needs.  
How like an enraged lion, he had charged at the enemies' ranks  
Like a knife piercing butter, he had reached the riverbank  
He had filled the bag of water, without tasting a single drop  
His horse also refrained, though it was not at all stopped.

One thought was in his mind; how to reach water,  
For his dear little Sakina, Husayn's youngest daughter  
Both his hands were cut, while on his way back  
Pierced with arrows, empty was the leather bag.  
He tossed on the burning sand; unbearable was the pain  
Life was ebbing fast out; his wish to see his master remained  
"O, my master! I beseech you, do come before I die"  
One eye was pierced with an arrow; blood was in the other eye.  
At last, he heard Husayn's voice, a half sob, a muffled cry  
"Abbas, my brother, what have they done to you!" he cried  
Uncontrollable was his grief, "You have come, at last, my Master!"  
He was sobbing; his breath was now much faster.  
Husayn lifted his head; Abbas put it back on the sand  
"My Master! When your life will be wrung by cruel hands  
Nobody will be there, in this world, to comfort thee  
Let my head remain, in the same position, as yours would be!"  
"My Master, I have some last wishes to express"  
Completely drenched in blood was his dress  
"When I was born, I had a first look at your face  
When I die, on your face, I want to fix my gaze."  
"Please clear the blood from my one eye  
Let me fulfill my last wish, before I die  
Do not carry my body to the KHAIMAGA  
I had promised to bring water for SAKINA."  
"Since I have failed, I cannot face her, even in death  
Nor bring Sakina here, to see her uncle's miserable fate"  
The flow of Furrat became turbulent and dark as winter  
A murmur arose, at the cruel and unwarranted slaughter.  
"Abbas, I too have a wish to be fulfilled  
You know well, I too have not much time to live  
Since childhood, you have always called me Master  
For once, with your dying breath, call me Brother."  
The blood was cleared; the pierced arrow removed  
One brother looked long at another, along lingering look  
Abbas was heard to whisper, "My brother, my brother!"  
With these words, he surrendered, his soul to his CREATOR.  
Though ten months old, he looked barely six  
Famished and thirsty, his stare was fixed  
Taking out his parched tongue, he turned it on his lips

Small were it's wants; a little water to sip!  
Ali Asghar uttered a heart rending moan; a tragic sight!  
It tore asunder, the hapless mother's sinking plight  
"Sire, dying of thirst, is my small innocent child  
Do something to save him, Umm Rabab frantically cried."  
To Yazid's force, he carried Ali Asghar in his arms  
Wrapped under his robes, they thought it was holy Quran  
A little water for the child, he appealed, again and again  
They threw arrows instead, to their everlasting shame.  
What cruel men were these heartless brutes?  
An innocent child, what harm could it do?  
An arrow pierced its parched and thirsty throat  
Providing water is a must, even while killing a goat!  
Anxious was the mother, for the return of the child  
Husayn's face was dripping with blood; a gruesome sight!  
Her heart sank; shattered were her hopes, forever  
The picture was clear; Ali Asghar was no more!  
Alone, all alone, with none to befriend him  
It was all clear; it needed no special vision  
The time was up for the long awaited supreme test  
Husayn was not found wanting; he was at his best.  
How can a man, in midst of such calamities and disastrous times  
Retain his faith in God, and maintain the balance of his mind,  
It's difficult to imagine nor can be explained  
Subject to such supreme test himself was Husayn.  
The challenges of the enemy were growing in tempo  
The sun was now declining, there was no time to go  
Few words of advice, he gave most lovingly to each  
A touching farewell, a most cherished deed!  
The farewell between Husayn and Zaynab  
Was as sorrowful as between a mother and cub  
Parting with Sakina, was no less difficult  
It was a heart-rending episode, poignantly built!  
Standing near Husayn, looking at his face  
His darling child was speechless and dazed  
All his courage could not steel his heart  
To tell Sakina, he was leaving her, alas!  
Leaving her to the world, unkind to her  
To fate, with only sufferings in store

He kissed her cheeks, wet with tears  
To be slapped for mourning her father dear.  
Putting Sakina down, he hurried to the tent  
Ali Zainal Abedeen was lying full bent  
He was unconscious, his twenty-five years old son  
Chosen to live with death, he was the one.  
"My appointed hour is near; wake up, Zainal Abedeen!"  
Aroused from stupor, he was shocked, beyond dream  
Husayn's transformation was beyond any description  
Gaping wounds, snow-white hair, bent back; ah these fiends!  
"O, God! What have the enemies done to my father?  
Where is uncle Abbas, my brother, Ali Akbar  
And my cousins, Qasim, Aun and Muhammad?"  
He inquired; unaware, that they were all dead.  
Husayn explained to him all things he knew  
It was now his turn, he had come to bid adieu  
"Father, so long, I live, you cannot go and die  
Let me go instead; let me hold the banner high."  
Husayn gently put him down; he could not even sit  
Burning with fever, he was famished and seriously sick  
"You shall remain in bed, my beloved ailing son  
As you father, and spiritual head, I command."  
"This is the beginning, not the end, of your terrible woes  
Undescribable trials and tribulations, you shall undergo  
Destiny has singled you out, my son, to demonstrate  
Faith, in the trial hour, is the real crusade!"  
"Accompany your mother and other ladies in captivity  
Bound in chain, suffer insults and indignities  
Through Kufa and Damascus, you will be soon paraded  
In the court of the tyrant, you will be humiliated."  
"Your sufferings will be far worse than death  
Death is a reliever of things, destined by fate."  
He clasped his son, in a loving lingering last embrace  
Unbearable grief, Zainal Abedeen was unable to face.  
He fell unconscious; the agony he was spared  
Of seeing the departure of his father aged  
How merciful is God; no, none can dispute it  
Through trials and tribulations, virtues he highlights!  
Husayn spurred his horse, Zuljanah, to move on

Glued to the spot, it did not budge nor respond  
Famished, hungry, wounded, it was no doubt  
It's behavior was inexplicable; it could not shout.  
It bent its head towards the burning ground  
Sakina was clinging to its hoofs, Husayn soon found  
"Do not take my Dad to the battlefield!"  
She was imploring the aged faithful steed.  
Exhausted, her moaning was hardly audible  
Her condition was extremely sad and pitiable  
Husayn jumped down; both clung to each other  
Choked with sobs, they cried their hearts together  
To sleep on his chest, was her last desire  
Before he departed to face the enemies' fire  
His chest, was her nest since birth  
What was now left, save this little comfort?  
She clung to him, as she had never done before  
"No, father, to the battle field, I will not let you go!"  
With supreme effort, Husayn controlled his feelings  
Shocked, she was beyond imagination, by gruesome killings.  
He consoled his child, as best as he could  
What was at stake, she soon understood  
He promised her, he would pray to God,  
To join her soon in the heavenly ward.  
So eloquent was his speech; they remembered Ali  
Greed was overpowering; their minds were sullied  
Their task was nearing completion; they were elated  
Extravagant rewards, for annihilation, they were bated.  
He earnestly implored them, again and again  
To save themselves from ever-lasting shame  
And not be partners in Yazid's foul game  
As posterity would condemn their names,  
Now that his job was more than done  
He called to witness, all and one  
Lest on Judgement day, they should plead  
Their blindness to the foul deed.  
Omar Saad was perturbed; he tried to act tough  
"Husayn, in your condition, my weakest soldier is enough.  
Accept the one and only condition, we have imposed;  
Accept Yazid's competence, religious matters to dispose."

The taunting words aroused Husayn's wrath  
The Hashemite blood was raging and boiling hot  
He was the son of Ali, the Lion of the Almighty God  
Fierce was his ire; the devils were aghast.  
"Omar Saad, I accept your challenge," you knave  
"In single combat, I will fight your bravest of brave."  
Shaken by Husayn's words, none dared come forward  
Courage they had none; they were all cowards.  
He faced the foes, they were all scared  
To meet him in single combat, not one dared  
They attacked enmasse, the cowardly ones  
Little they realized, it was Ali's son.  
The archers fired a volley of deadly arrows  
Swords, scimitars and daggers, flew like sparrows  
Sword in hand, he cut through each flank  
Utter confusion prevailed in enemies' ranks.  
Swift was his movement; well trained his charger  
With incredible speed, he did them scatter  
The hounds retreated; they licked their wounds  
Their boastful shouts, whimpered without a sound!  
The road to the rivulet was now clear  
There lay the corpse of his dear brother  
"Abbas, did you see your brother's last fight?  
Why don't you say bravo, to me, heavenly light!"  
Husayn looked at the sky, the sun was declining  
It was time for prayers, the world was reclining  
Availing of the respite, he sheathed his sword  
Though he knew full well, he could ill afford.  
Their fiendish minds could hardly understand  
To think of prayers, how could any man,  
In such circumstances, even think, or dream  
The like of Husayn, they had not seen!  
After hurried consultations, from a safe distance  
The archers fired arrows, from all sides, all at once  
Accompanied by stones, missiles and burning coal  
To kill him somehow, clear was the goal.  
Wounded all over, the missiles kept on showering  
With blood oozing fast, dizziness was overpowering  
His mission was complete; the fight was over!

To hide from Zaynab, he looked around for cover.  
"Zuljanah, take me far away to a low lying ground  
My family should not see my head being cut", by hounds  
Such was the understanding of his master's wishes  
It immediately bolted to a place free of crisis.  
Realizing his master was unable to dismount  
It knelt and slid him gently to the ground  
From a small hillock, Zaynab watched her brother  
Seeing him unconscious, she darted like a mother.  
In his sub-conscious mind, he saw the Prophets of Yore  
Wailing and whining for him were those, who were no more  
The Prophet was in tears, Fatima was disconsolate  
Ali and Hassan, were helplessly watching his fate.  
On his burning forehead, he felt something cool  
Was it the hand of his mother or the blood pool?  
His senses revived; he opened his blood-red eyes  
Zuljanah was shielding him, the sun was high.  
He remembered, why he has stopped his fight  
To offer prayers, despite his vulnerable plight  
With prostrated head, he addressed his CREATOR  
The world had not witnessed such a WORSHIPPER.  
"Thou art my witness, O, my most beloved God,  
I have fulfilled my mission, without hesitation, my Lord;  
Without squirming, faltering, complaining, O' God,  
To Thy decree, and Thy dispensation, I submit, O' Lord!"  
While Husayn was still in prayer, Omar Saad pondered  
"Cut off his head," he thought to himself and soon ordered  
Willing to wound, but mortally afraid to strike  
None could master the courage, so great was the fright.  
He himself went forth, by his side was Shimr  
Husayn was lying prostrate, his head in prayer  
His lips were moving; can it be he was cursing?  
They bent over to hear what he was saying.  
"I beseech Thee, with all humility, O' Allah!  
Forgive, the erring ones, of their trespasses  
Thou art, the most BENEFICIENT, the most FORGIVING!"  
Can there be a being, more compassionate, more loving?  
The prayers were almost concluded, they were afraid  
He was Ali's son, none could dare under-estimate



Shimr jumped on his back, with sword in one hand  
Too weak with loss of blood. Only his head he turned.  
"O, Shimr, give me water, I am thirsty  
Then accomplish your task." However dirty  
Zaynab rushed out, she was on the scene  
"Save my brother!" she imploringly screamed.  
She appealed to Omar Saad, again and again  
To give little water, to save the life of Husayn  
He contemptuously turned his face, in utter disdain  
O' you fiend! O' you slur on Islam's name!  
Her humiliation was watched by Husayn  
He was in greatest of agony and pain  
"For the sake of love, you bear for me  
Please return to the camp immediately."  
She rushed back to her nephew, Ali Zainal Abedeen  
Shaking him from stupor, she narrated the scene  
In the dusty panorama, they soon saw a spear  
Husayn's head was on it, without malice, without fear!

---

**Source URL:** <https://www.al-islam.org/sorrow-and-sufferings-noorali-s-merchant/9-supreme-sacrifice>