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LIVE FAITH



AN ISLAMIC POETRY COLLECTION

DR MOHAMMAD BASIM AL-ANSARI

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

live faith

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live faith

BOOK ID

Live Faith

An Islamic Poetry Collection

Dr Mohammad Basim Al-Ansari

Sydney – Australia

Copyright 2020

P: 1

Point

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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

P: 10

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

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

الحمد لله رب العالمين

اللهم صل على محمد وآل محمد

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

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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

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Section 1.1: Islam

Point

P: 24

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

P: 27

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

...

P: 30

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

...

P: 32

!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

...

P: 35

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

...

P: 38

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

Point

Reflections

P: 41

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

P: 44

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

P: 46

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

...

P: 48

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

...

P: 50

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

...

P: 52

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

P: 54

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

...

P: 55

...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

...

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 out 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

...

P: 59

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

...

P: 61

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

...

P: 63

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

...

P: 65

.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

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

...

P: 69

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

...

P: 70

Section 1.3: Ahlulbayt

Point

P: 72

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

...

P: 75

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

...

P: 76

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

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

...

P: 77

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

...

P: 79

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

P: 80

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

...

P: 81

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

...

!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 كمتُّ مولاةً فهذا علي. مولاةً)

(من كمتُّ مولاةً فهذا علي. مولاةً)

P: 85

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

...

P: 87

?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

P: 88

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

P: 89

...

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

...

P: 90

?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

...

P: 92

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 So, let's strive to make him proud

...

P: 95

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

P: 96

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

...

P: 97

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

...

P: 99

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

P: 100

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

...

P: 101

Flower Fatima

!Fatima resembles a flower

...Soft

!Yet, full of true power

□

P: 102

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

...

P: 105

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

...

P: 107

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

...

P: 108

...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

...

P: 109

(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

P: 110

!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

...

P: 111

حسین حسین یا حسین

أوصیکما بالسبط یا آیتین

کی تظفرا بالفوز والجنّین

من قَبْلُ أوصی وارث القبلتین

حسین منی وانا من حسین

فرزندم مودت را دان بهتر از ما بین

معنی را بین در سعی بین الحرمین

عاشقان از هر زمین واز بحرین

میدوند سوی 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

...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 excited 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

...

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

...

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

?Do you know who is our role model

?When facing life's bearing trouble

The عالمة غير معلمة She is the daughter of Fatima

...

She faced the tyrants of her time Did not let الكوثر She was the bravest woman ever Exactly like her mother
them walk away with their crime

...

رب The outspoken ambassador of Islam The defender and protector of the Imam The divinely chosen by our
الحوراء زينب The great Lady

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

...

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

...

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

...

P: 127

!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

...

P: 129

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

...

P: 131

A great leader was born in Shaban Abbas is well known for his Iman HeIn 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

....

P: 133

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

...

P: 135

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 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

...

P: 139

.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

P: 141

...

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

...

P: 142

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 Your peaceful days, we await When you straighten our gait

...

P: 145

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

Point

P: 148

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

...

P: 150

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

P: 151

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

...

P: 152

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

...

P: 153

!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

...

P: 159

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

...

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

...

P: 162

Ufa, 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

...

P: 165

Section 2.3: Lady Fatima

Point

P: 166

?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

P: 168

!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 ToLike Hassan and

!Hussain

!Muslims still live in pain

P: 169

!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

...

P: 170

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 clammyly

...

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

P: 172

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 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

P: 174

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

...

P: 176

Section 2.4: Imam Hassan

Point

P: 178

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
Poisoned the Son of Ali

...

Imam became bedridden To heavens, he was bidden
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

...

P: 181

Subsection 2.5.1: Leading to Ashura

Point

P: 184

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

...

P: 187

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

...

P: 189

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

P: 191

When Grand Prophet Mohammad said

"Know that Hussain is from my breed And I am from Hussain indeed"

...

P: 192

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

P: 194

...

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

P: 195

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

...

P: 196

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 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

P: 200

Picked up Muslim's daughter and mournfully choked Dad taught: forgo all for Love of Fatima

...

P: 201

!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

P: 203

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

...

P: 204

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

P: 207

...

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"

P: 208

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"

...

P: 209

!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"

...

P: 211

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 So, Hussain had
special longing to Hassan

...

On Ashura, Hussain was indeed alone 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

P: 213

"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

P: 214

"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

...

P: 215

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

P: 216

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

P: 217

...

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

...

P: 218

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

P: 221

In silent tears, he was Facing his holy cause

...

P: 222

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

...

Sister! I want you to be strong

P: 224

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

...

P: 225

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

P: 226

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

...

P: 227

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

Subsection 2.5.2: Day of Ashura

Point

P: 230

!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

...

P: 232

?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

P: 233

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

...

P: 234

?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

lone 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

P: 235

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

P: 236

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

P: 239

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

P: 241

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

...

P: 242

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

P: 244

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

P: 245

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

P: 247

"! 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

P: 248

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"

...

P: 249

Subsection 2.5.3: Journey to Arbaeen

Point

P: 250

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

P: 252

...

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

...

P: 254

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

...

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
"I'll last till the Arbaeen

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

...

P: 261

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

...

P: 263

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

P: 264

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

...

P: 265

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"

P: 267

"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

...

P: 268

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

...

P: 270

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

P: 271

"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

...

P: 272

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

P: 275

...

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

...

P: 277

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

P: 278

!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

P: 279

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

...

P: 281

!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

...

P: 283

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

About center

In the name of Allah

هَلِيسْتَوِيَالَّذِينَيَعْلَمُونَوَالَّذِينَلَايَعْلَمُونَ

?Are those who know equal to those who do not know

al-Zumar: 9

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