

Abbas a.s.

A silence just for a moment here
A second that seems to last a year
Only the wind blows all else is still
Scorching heat yet I feel a cold chill
Do they realise who they have killed
A man whose void will never be filled

Oh Abbas i sent you for water
Instead you were sent to your slaughter
All we wanted was to quench our thirst
May those who killed you always be cursed
Oh they struck you down where you had stood
Left you in a pool of your own blood

I sit and hold your head in embrace
Why can I not recognise your face
Oh Abbas you've been torn limb from limb
Blood covered sand with pieces of skin
What happened to your body my brother
Where is your left arm, where is the other

What is it that I can say to your niece
That her uncle is not in one piece
How am I expected to explain
That not only her thirst will remain
But her uncle Abbas has been slain
The thirst the sadness and all the pain

Sakinah your uncle was thirsty
And yet he still did not drink any
It was in such close proximity
But he remembered his family
He then threw it back so selflessly
I can't drink when they don't have any

On your return someone cowardly
Struck you hard from where you could not see
They started to sever one arm first
Then struck the second may they be cursed
Only your mouth to hold it remained
But an arrow came and the water was drained

The poet Saeed Alhakeem asks for your dua