

Earth Depression

01/11/2014

From up above I heard a cry
I looked up at the sky
And then I saw

The blue colour fading
The clouds changing
A red colour appeared

Droplets of blood rain down
And the sun began to frown
How sad the world had turned

I saw the land of Karbala
Turn red on the day of Ashura
As the martyrs lay headless

Oh sand hang your head in shame
With no one but yourself to blame
For the imam is laid bare upon you

Oh earth can you swallow Hussain?
For three days his body remains
There is no one to bury him

The filthy dagger of Shimr
A disgusting tool of a sinner
Regretted severing Hussain's head

It no longer shimmered
With holy blood it glimmered
To this day it still laments

The arrows expressed remorse
For piercing a neck with strong force
They mourn over their crime

They slaughtered a baby
Left behind a sad lady
Now she has milk when there was none

Enemy swords still fight
With swords from the path of the right
Blades tarnished with falsehood

And what of the pikes
Holding heads of might
A heavy sin they carry

The stick that hit Hussain's lips
Tried to escape from Yazid's grip
Wishing it was dust instead

Whilst hooves that crushed the chest
They do not sleep with rest
Knowing the pain they inflicted

How the Euphrates feels so low
Into its Master it yearned to flow
To soothe the dry thirsty throat

Oh fire did you feel
The Orphans' skin peel
Screaming out of the tent

As the sky cries blood
To this day there's floods
Of tears over Hussain's end

The fire the water the earth
The swords they're all cursed
For butchering a holy Imam

In the fiery pit they remain
For massacring Hussain
Nothing can cleanse their hearts.

The poet Sura Ali requests your duas.