

## Imam Ali's death

The only person to be born in the kabah  
It parted its doors for Fatima your mother  
And after she went in the doors were sealed tight  
Ali and his mother remained there for three nights  
Oh Ali ameer al Mumineen

The first person to see you was your grandfather  
Muhammed looked into your eyes as his tears fell  
And as he held you in his arms ever tightly  
He exclaimed loudly this child will be named Ali  
And it was this way Ali was named

Like the world had been slowing down to a standstill  
Your birth was what caused it to spin again  
As the clouds parted ways and the sun brightly shone  
People could look up once more as hope was reborn  
Oh you are our inspiration

I am like a fluttering moth flying blindly  
Attracted to the light you emit so brightly  
And I will not get burnt by your light that I chase  
Instead I know I will enter your warm embrace

Imam Ali your presence truly was a grace  
They would be inspired just by seeing your face  
Your speeches truly were a miraculous sign  
Your words so powerful echoing throughout time  
Your words we still remember today

Ali nobody you hurt nobody you cursed  
And yet for seeing your blood some had a great thirst  
Nobody could face you in combat oh Ali  
They had to strike you in prayer oh so cowardly  
And may they be cursed eternally

Even as you were struck kindness was in your eyes  
Be just with the one who did this was your reply  
My time is short in this world and I say goodbye  
I can hear Muhammed's voice for he is nearby  
And the world lost Ali on this day

The poet Saeed Alhakeem asks for your dua