

Imam Ali Al Hadi

I look up at the sky and i see twelve stars in the night
Amidst a sea of darkness they shine like bright lights
Eleven are white but there is one instead
Which shines a crimson dark red

These are our Imams and I look at them proudly
When I'm happy or sad or just want to shout loudly
For when I look at them I am reminded of something great
And that however many times i do wrong its not too late

Today we remember the 10th star of Ali
Whom we can not forget the Hadi
The father of Hassan Alaskary
The great Grandfather of ou beloved Mehdi

Back then truly a difficult time and date
For you they even tried to assassinate
But with kind words you remained calm
And the assassin instead turned to islam

After having failed you assassinate
You Ali al Hadi they tried to humiliate
Anger within you they tried to instigate
A reaction, a curse, an emotional outbreak

Forcing you to walk across the scorching sand
whilst they were on horses who trodded the land
and though your feet burned and your soles so dry
You turned your head upwards and looked to the sky

Reciting verses from the Holy book
With set eyes and a determined look
For you were no average man
You were a leader Of Islam

But the cowards would not let you be
And after much plotting they came to thee
With a poison that was ever so deadly
And causing you pain so agonisingly

And so oh Ali the flower of your life wilted
And though the petals turned and twisted
They were carried away they did not fall
Your teachings and actions we still recall

The poet Saeed Alhakeem asks for your dua