

A man of the best of creation
Oppressed by his own nation
He came as a blessing to the worst
Even on the pulpit, his family they cursed

Such nobility, etiquette and light
Emanates from his pure self so bright
Like a star shining among the darkness
Testifying of Allah's oneness

The trials he endured, none compare
With effortless grace, he did bear
A man with a soft heart towards his enemies
Cried for their wrath that the future sees

How hard does a heart need to be
To hurt a beautiful, gentle man so tragically?
On their heart was a cover and they didn't listen
If only they took heed of the important lesson

Whilst you were alive, they claimed you were crazy
And after your death they oppressed your progeny
From the Mistress of all the women
To the last Imam living

Whoever upsets Fatima, upsets you
And whoever upsets you, angers Allah too
So why did they burn the house and crush your daughter?
And why did they send Hussain to his slaughter?

They usurped Amir ul Mo'mineen of his divine position
But he was struck in the greatest position
You'd think enough was enough but it didn't end there
What happened to the Ahlulbayt, nothing can compare

Among your family are the martyred and poisoned
Not to mention those that were imprisoned
Such hatred expressed towards a family of light
Their hearts were blinded, clouded by this world's sight

When the Prophet Muhammed died
The Earth shook and the mighty heavens cried
The years that followed were filled with darkness
Without his blessings, the worlds in sadness

Such a pure man desired no reward
Except to show eternal love toward
His beloved progeny, such a simple request
Yet some didn't listen and continued to oppress

Remembering your name brings comfort to me
As I reflect on how you spread the message peacefully
Disgrace is now committed in your name
To establish an 'Islamic State' is what they claim

Yet falsehood is all they spread
They cause disunity among mankind instead
Divine rule is established by the Lord of the heavens
From the family of the one that journeyed the skies seven

My holy Prophet today the Ummah's in turmoil
As children's' blood is spilled on the soil
Our hope is your grandson that you prophesied
Al Mahdi, the true saviour that will be our guide

Until then will our souls be saved
Your love in our hearts eternally engraved
Forever, we'll adhere to the two mighty weights
The holy Quran and your golden Ahlulbayt.

The poet Sura Ali requests your duas.