

## Birth Imam Hassan (A)

Of the holy 5 there exists one moon.  
The one that illuminates with a warm glow.  
It mesmerizes, entices, guides,  
That look toward it, to the stars, and beyond.  
He that makes all others bow in his grace,  
If the moon descended on earth,  
He'd be known as Hassan.

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Impossible to describe, even the moon is not enough.  
What else is there to describe,  
If generosity had a human form it'd be Hassan.  
None like him compares, he's its essence.  
As light married light, they brought to the world a sun,  
And God chose his name, Hassan  
The one who guides all,  
Toward the path of heaven, the path of saints.  
He, Hassan, the master of these saints.

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I long for the day to meet these generous hands,  
That saved Islam from the evils of the land.  
That gave everything, and asked for nothing in return.  
If you ask for the sun, he'd give you the sun and moon.  
You ask for mountains, he'd give you mountains and rivers.  
You ask for anything, and it is given,  
With extra love, and care that'd make you shiver.

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If generosity was human, it'd be Hassan.  
For without him, Karbala never would've happened.  
He fought the pre-battle of philosophy and intelligence,  
And made his younger brother, shine like the prince he is.  
They are two sides of the same coin,  
Each watches the back of his brother,  
If Hussain had a problem, he'd go to his blessed brother Hassan.

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You say to be so generous is ridiculous? Impossible?  
Well, if God is called Most Generous,  
Then what of his chosen representatives?  
They epitomize the qualities of God, and emulate them on earth.  
For us to follow and gain our worth.  
For Hassan shone against the evils of his time,  
And his birth, brought about the universe's blessings.  
He brought impossible to its knees, and said yes it's possible  
Generosity is a living being, and here I am.

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Given all the properties of saints,  
Given all the traits of the moon and sun,  
Blessed by God, chosen,  
Hassan, Ali and Fatima's son.  
The generous, luminous, and holy grandson.  
Brought to this world, a generous gift from the Lord,  
To show us generosity is not a weakness, but it is hope.  
That's why he's born in Ramadan, the generous month.

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The month that blessings rain without fault,  
The month in which the Quran came out of its vault.  
The month in which the Prophet fought against evil and won,  
Brings Hassan, the ultimate gift this month has given.  
Blessed by his birth, even till this day it is written,  
Multiply the rewards of the fasting, thirsty Muimin,

Poet Teeba Sadoun

The poet and the team at Islam poems asks kindly for your recitation of Surat al Fatiha for their families

