

Hurtful Memories

30/10/2014

The marks on his flesh
Bring tears to the eyes
His wounds are still fresh
Three days his body lies

And what of his chest
Trampled by horses
They didn't let him rest
As the sun scorches

The memories hurt
The blazing tent fires
Still burn my skirt
Ah that day, so dire

Whilst we mourn
As captives taken
Necks and wrists torn
As the chains tighten

Onto kufa and sham
Sores on our feet
Speared heads raise alarms
How did the locals greet?

Some wept in distaste
Some spat in our face
Low enough to pour waste
What a huge disgrace

As the time passed
Prisoners we remain
Rukaya breathed her last
Reunited with Hussain

By God's grace set free
And visit beloved Hussain
To Karbala we journey
Weeping over our tragedy

The heart goes to Medina
Where we'll arrive soon
And complain to mother Fatima
And console mother of the moon.

The poet Sura Ali requests your duas.