

And I cry the higher I fly

Tell me, how did my eyes witness that, which they had been shown.

Tell me, in mourning this tragedy I am not alone.

Tell me, my masters , crime, over that land which I have flown.

Will you listen o people. For I had seen it all.

Will you listen, and out of grief, watch my feathers fall.

I fly and gaze down, all I can see are the enemies.

I fly and think, look at this nation, their lord they'll displease.

I fly over with a heavy heart, im amazed to see.

Looking at hurrs fate, he begs at the door of Hussain.

Looking, he pleads...master I have wronged you, im too blame.

And what an honour! I rest up on the tent of Ahlulbayt.

And what I saw, zaynab crying, my heart would just break.

And what a grand sight thanking their lord, their faith none shakes.

I felt, a sad atmosphere in the camp of righteous.

I felt left out for I could not serve those, the pious.

As the sun of Ashura rises, I struggle to fly.

As the heat intensifies, I hear so many young cries.

And as I look around, I'm saddened by one tragic sight.

And as a young girl hugs Hussain, he now feels the pain.

A sad cry! Please don't go, I won't let go of the reins.
How can I see this, against so many he comes alone.
How can I defend, I only see arrows being thrown.
How can I fly now, hussains fallen, I fell like a stone.
I hear the loudest of cries from the tents behind me.
I hear and see a man sat on his chest, zainab's plea.

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

