

## Monologue (Death of Imam Ali(A))

My Lord I've won

I bowed my head, trusted You, and believed in only one,  
One Lord, One God, and never have I, You shunned.

I strove in this path, to show others the One,  
True God and his justice, I've won."

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I believed like no other, in the blink of an eye,  
It was clear there was no other path that lies.  
You showed the truth from falsehood clearly,  
So why have the people, shunned?

And now they take advantage of my state,  
Strike my head, and claim You have no state?  
That Your mercy is bound and none existent.  
Surely the one who falsely claims, has lost,  
But I won. I've beaten them all.

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I stood for You, from the time I was born.  
From Your chosen prophet, I've learnt.  
And for Your nearness, I've yearned.  
I've looked to no other path, than except to You I return.  
I left all this world behind, this I've sworn.  
I've all that You asked, and to You I return.  
Victorious, at peace, with no concerns.

That is the path of the righteous few.

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My Lord, by Your holy house I swear,  
There has never been a man, with so much to bare.  
I've taken down idols of statue and man without fear.  
I've shared the burdens of Your holy prophet and bared,  
The weight of his absence, along with absence of his  
daughter,  
His nation that abandoned him,  
And came and blindsided me.  
By the Holy House in which I was born,  
There has never been a man, like me with so much burden.

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By the angels that call my name,  
I stood firm and this I proclaim,  
I gave Islam everything and sacrificed in Your holy name,  
And by the ground that testifies that I was slain,  
In Your holy house, without shame,  
By those who have no fear and aim,  
To tarnish my name, but alas it's all in vain.  
For the angels witnessed the heavens calls my name.

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And by the hungry orphans I leave behind,  
I've won my battle but of them I remind,  
My family, companions, and all of mankind,  
Do not let those precious ones left behind.  
For I was their father, and in me they confide,

Their precious happiness and in their eyes,  
Lies happiness that I brought but are now denied.  
Such a shame the man behind those smiles, has now left them  
behind.

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By the blood pouring from my head,  
I've achieved all that I have set,  
And Jibraeel a witness, I have done my duty to its best.  
For what other man can do what I did, and still hold fast,  
To the teachings of Allah, with a sturdy hand?  
To You I bowed my being and my head,  
And it is You who will raise me, above the rest.  
My Lord I am victorious!  
The final words Ali has said.

Poet Teeba Sadoun

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

