

O Ibn Muljim

O' Ibn Muljim did your heart not soften when you saw Ali's
gray beard?

The beard which he did not dye due to the grief of those many
years I find it astonishing how the beard would be dyed out of
happiness And yet Ali's beard was dyed red

when he by the lord of the Kaaba attained success

Yet this moment was a time of grief for us, his orphans.

O' Ibn Muljim did your heart not worry for the orphans who would now
have no father?

Their only source of comfort and honor was Haidar

O' Ibn Muljim did you not think what chaos would

occur? When Haidar left, the evil ones were

strengthened

The oppressed had lost their only caretaker

O' Ibn Muljim, when you received the cool drink from Haidar as you were
in fear

Did you not remember the water of Al-Kawthar?

Was your heart not torn at the loss of such a man?

Who forbade torture for you, his murderer?
Did you not think that the strike alone was sufficient?

Why did you poison the blade to inflict more pain?

When Ali had the ropes loosened to ease your pain

Did you think for a moment how he had mercy on the hands stained with his own blood?

O' Ibn Muljim for those moments you planned to kill Ali once you had the opportunity

Ali still said, "If I survive I shall decide his fate, and pardoning him I shall decree"

O' Ibn Muljim how could you do this to humanity.

Poet Kazim

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

