

No white dresses worn tonight.

Oh qasim oh qasim I cant begin oh qasim.

Imagine being the mother of a son who just found his completion in life, found his perfect wife,
Imagine it being torn with a knife, emotions of strife

No white dresses worn tonight

For it was quite a site, red for white, dread on the night awaiting the fight.

You knew your son was leaving one last time walking through those doors he saw

No white dresses on his last night

You knew as you saw his back leaving the tent, deaths angel was sent and with his fading scent
Qasim went.

And what suited Qasim on that day no suit for a wedding but a suit of armor he wore

No white dresses worn tonight

No dress no clothes to impress, no wedding speech to address, no guests, still no fear to
supress, a battle to assess, an enemy which aggress, tried to oppress, numbers in excess,
emotionless express.

Qasim -do you fear death

Stamping his feet, sweat dripping from heat, armor and cleats, against a whole fleet

Death im ready to greet, nothing is as sweet

For this feat I would repeat and repeat and repeat

No fear from this fight, no running no flight, hand on my sword hand turning white

But no white dresses worn tonight

You have to understand qasims age, at this stage, only a few pages in his life story.

And yet he pleaded : Hussain our family's getting slain, on this dessert plane their blood stains
and the sight cause me pain Wont you allow me to defend and send those attacking us back, to
defend the tents to defend our family our friends to defend till I ascend to defend till the end.

Oh Qasim to see that sword swung your far too young.

And Qasim returned time and time and time again, with the same answer sent away, until with
dismay he turned to the tent of his mother.

Oh mother my family, our family is getting slain and I keep getting turned away Im a man who
wishes to defend and yet they send me back.

What do you do, as a mother your son infront of you, you watched as he grew, from the first
breath that he drew, from the first drawings he drew and all inspiration he drew and knowledge
accrued, to see him through now asking to leave you.

And you know that he wont return, if you send him away its his final day, no return this way, the
son you watched play, side to side he'd sway, with his father he'd pray, you'd send him away,life
given away, for them to sley, for his blood to spray.

Her eyes water, despite there being no water, silence, no words, what's their to say today is her son's last day. Take it in, his hair, his laugh that again he won't share, how he was kind how he would care, his sweet smile the look in his eyes take it in as a mother drink the sight of your son before he leaves never to return.

Oh son your father left you a letter you are to be the defender in his place in case his brother Hussain he needed to defend Oh Qasim it is you we must send.

And bravely he walked chest our shoulders high, not thinking of his demise not thinking of little time not thinking of his last sight, the last time he'd see his mother the last time he'd see it all for he'd give his all.

Oh Hussain take this letter, out there my place is better, to defend please send me on my way for this day will be the day I give everything to defend everything to the end.

A lion not a boy charged away ferociously fighting, fighting with every breath, till his last breath till his death

Around his face the blood crept
The sound of those who wept
As his soul away it swept

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

