

The Day of Hussain

This land has felt the wreckage of war.
From riches to rags, but even our rags have been torn.
We built then rebuilt whatever the bombs took away.
Then we gathered; with broken hands raised.
Then we spoke; with broken hearts and prayed.
To The Lord we turn to, and to The Lord we say;
"Let the broken back be avenged someday."
Despite countless tragedies mirrored by countless graves,
There is no day, like the day; The Day of Hussain.

The day this land was drenched in holy blood;
as red as the rose as from roses it came.
Rising high like a flood,
as it poured from even their tender buds.
The skies wept in agony.
The sun and the moon fell in a shared insanity.
Across the land, a deep darkness spread;
Upon a spear, there was Hussain's head.
There is no day like the day; the Day of Hussain.

The pain still pierces through our bodies,
even the bones beneath the tombstones
ache in remembrance of this tragedy.
The day where thirsty children awaited water,
from the hands of a flag bearer;
but a body by the river caused the grains of sand to shiver.
A body with blinded eyes that shed bitter tears,
for the faces of children are hard to forget.

Thirsty children were that hero's biggest regret.
Little mouths forbidden from even a little water,
Little bodies not spared from a ruthless slaughter.
There is no day like the day; the Day of Hussain.

The day this land was set ablaze
by crazed men with sharpened blades.
The fire like a vulture preyed,
edging closer to the tents,
where inside, innocents lay;
waiting for their loved ones,
and choking upon flames.
They waited and waited, but no one came.
There came, no difference between ash and sand.
There came, endless grief to this blood-soaked land.
There is no day like the day; the Day of Hussain.

The day dead warriors begged to be brought back to life.
For all which is true, they'd die again a thousand times.
God bless those who possessed that God-built bravery.
For merciless swords and merciless knives,
would not bestow mercy upon grieve stricken wives.
And sharpened arrows and sharpened spears,
would not spare a life, even a life of little years.
There was also one weapon, bold and blunt;
A hunter would say, unfit for the hunt.
Though this did not stop its wicked use;
back and forth against a neck,
until from the neck, the head came loose.
There is no day like the day; the Day of Hussain.

The day this land led to Shaam;
The long and lonely walk,
stalked by rabid hungry hawks.
Where stones were thrown,
and fire latched on to clothes already torn.
The captives were forced into a dark cell,
Wherein more horror and heartache dwell.
As tears streamed passed bloodied ears;
an offer was proposed,
an act of kindness was supposed;
so, a little girl, awaited her father.
She was brought a tray.
She lifted the lid.
There, her father's head lay.
After this, her heart went quiet,
for what more could her broken heart say?
There is no day like the day, the Day of Hussain.

With a back broken by grief,
Zaineb, travelled far and wide.
With little support by her side,
she told all of the tragedy that befell this land.
Since then, we've gathered with our hands raised,
Since then we've spoke, with broken hearts and prayed;
To The Lord we turn to, and to The Lord we say;
"Let the broken back be avenged someday."
Despite **countless** tragedies mirrored by countless graves,
There is no day, like the day; The Day of Hussain.



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