

The Potential Kufàn

Karbala is the place blessed with Husayn's victorious blood,
Little did the enemies know shiism would soon follow abrupt.

He was, alone, deserted, with none whom he could call.
Seeing him like this, the killers rejoiced in their decorated halls.

They laughed and cheered, whilst he reunited in his mothers embrace,
damned were they, that they thought they won the race.

But then came Zaynab's rise, they began to fear, the zulifqar of Ali that
her tongue beared. Her eloquence shattered the scorpic throne of Yazid
and bashingly he fell into his grave, a place where he could not flee.

The Zulifqar of Ali, a title Zaynab deserves, she over-threw the tyrants
with the spears of her sermons.

They assumed they had won, but Islam became stronger, through the
sacrifices of my beloved Husayn and the Patience of Lady Zaynab!

Thus it became a Tragedy, that shakes the most coldest of readers, wets
the most driest eyes, unleashing the most heartfelt cries!

Wondrous I became, hearing the sacrifices of al Husayn, Did not the skies
collapse while it witnessed their Pain?

The Karbalai dust, responded with the call of a divine decree "I behold
the awaited son of Fatimàh, Allah's guarantee!"

His name is The Mahdi, the twelfth and no more. He is the one and only
whom God will send forth.

His purpose is none but revenge against the enemies, the ones who
follow the planted evil of the damned three.

Hence a revolution awaits, through the rise of the proof.

The one who shall spread his hands over our heads, like a roof.

Justice, knowledge, peace is what he will bestow, the world shall taste a government which God has owned.

A Fatamid Caliph, The Son of Ali, The Blood of the Prophet, The reality of the divine decree.

"We will not falter in faith, nor leave you O' Proof of the Lord! We shall not repeat the betrayal that the Kufans had Showed!"

"I only thee ask for your holy reappearance, so a request is what I plead, end the rule of the tyrants that have caused such grievance!"
Such is the cry that the Imam wishes to hear, but This world has been deprived an Imam, corruption is here.

The truth is this, if i do say so please, Our hearts do not hold his remembrance, hence have become the cause for our own grievance. He is there, alive, present, and waiting. Waiting for our call, whilst we are busy in preparing for our fall.

A fear still remains, for how long will this last, is there really none to question and ask?

Heading on the path to destruction, thats what we have chosen, ask yourself, aren't you becoming a kufan?

He is here, yet you cant see him, incapable have we become to see the blessed face of our Imam.

A piece of advice is only that can be said to you,
Wake up, wake up, Before the time is up.

Poet Fatima Husayn

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

