

Ali Akbar

His resemblance of the prophet uncanny
And when they missed Muhammed who would they see
Of the same family
And were similarly
Mentally physically
He's Alakbar Ali

Can you imagine the cries of a mother
Her children dying one after another
How old was Ali then
A child against men
Charging like a lion
And unphased by the end

When you looked at Ali you saw his large back
Facing forward bracing for those who attacked
He was holding his ground
Shouting roars of a sound
You cannot keep me bound
You cannot hold me down

Bright sun a boy with the shadow of a man
Carrying hopes and dreams of not just a clan
But that of a nation
Nation of creation
Protecting all mankind
Defending humankind

For my god my prophet and my family
Now I Ali do this for humanity
And with that he charged first
Through his hunger and thirst
For all that he believed
Ali fought for this deen

A whimpering in the background can be heard
Body after body how many were spared
Tragedy Ashurah
Tragedy Kerbala
And the blood spilt so far
On sand a crimson scar

