

What was his crime?  
A baby so young  
6 months old  
Killed so cruelly

A thirsty baby  
Ali is his name  
Buried in Karbala  
With Imam Hussain

Your mother's here  
She has milk  
With what throat  
Can he swallow?

They severed his neck  
Pierced the jugular vein  
He flapped like a fish  
Out of water

His thirst quenched  
In paradise  
Angels his nursemaids  
Heaven his playground

He's with Fatima  
His grandmother  
A noble woman  
Like no other

He'll be reunited  
With mother one day  
Yet on earth  
She forever mourns

The poet Sura Ali requests your duas.