

Baqia part 2

By Saeed Alhakeem

In the graveyard of baqia even the wind feels alone
It wisps gently through dust and from stone to stone
And as the sun rises and moves through the sky
And the stones shadows change as the day goes by
They remain alone,
The stones in the dessert ironically feel cold
The chilled fingers of isolation have taken hold
And the silence deafens the ears
Only a faint sobbing one hears

The quiet whispers and wails echo through baqia at night
The ahlulbayt alone with no supporters in sight
Like Hussain abandoned under the dessert sky
Guards patrol the graves and entry they deny
As if yazid himself has returned from condemnation
Oh the woes of the ahlulbayt and their lamentation
A million muslims every year pass by
Yet nobody seems to hear them cry

In the dark night a shadowy figure draws near
A thousand years of waiting upon his shoulders is clear
This man knows the feeling of being alone
He reaches out to the closest family he has known
Imam Mahdi weeps into the night silently
He sees how they have treated his family
Prophet Yusuf cried for years for a son that had not died
How can the imam not cry for his families genocide

In the darkest hour a faint sound softly at the start
A motherly voice comforts the imams shaking heart
Oh my boy let me comfort the loneliness you feel
Fatima zahra speaks to her great grandson the imam
Your grandfather Alis weeping in the well I could hear
The oppression they showed to him was severe
And what they did to me with Ali I couldnt share
The pain and loss I felt was almost too much to bear
Oh my Son we all hear your lonely cries
And we await the time for your 3 1 3 to arise

Slowly the Imam begins to turn around
The wails subside and the emptiness surrounds
For his duties to humanity do not end here
He must continue until the time is near

He bids farewell to his family
Who knows the next time in baqia he will be

The Poet Saeed Alhakeem asks for your dua