

Upon the Abyss of Baqiah

By Saeed Alhakeem

Two visitors walk passed by the empty graveyard of Baqiah
A young girl notices a man all alone
She clutches her fathers arm and asks
Why is that man standing here, there's nothing to be found
Just some rocks and dust that's blowing around

He turns to face his daughter and sighs
Kneels down to look in to her eyes

Young innocent, how can he explain
She cant yet understand his pain

He sees what she can not
This is a land that time forgot

They can not stay long and as they leave
The father in his heart begins to grieve

The young girl turns to look at the man who is on his own
Sombre, his cloak around him flutters as he stands alone

The small droplets in the sand are his tears
How many months has it been, it feels like years

His eyes drift from the unmarked graves to the sky
A silent dua he makes as he wipes his eye
The young girl watches him reach down with his hand
Watches him place his palms upon the dry land

He reaches out to something that they can not see
An orphans arm reaching for his family

His ancestors shrines scattered into debris
Exposed to the elements, we've seen this tragedy

He takes solace that they remain buried under the land
For his grandfather Hussains body was left on Karbala's sand

He hears the graves lamenting over and over one phrase
Its not their pain, its the lonely echo of Hussain
One sentence, one question, with him it stays

Hell min Nasirun yannsurrnee

This loneliness that has now become his tragedy
Under his breath he repeats it to himself softly
Hell min Nasirun yannsurrnee

Another year goes by in my isolation
How much longer must I remain in occultation

He weeps and weeps until he must go
His wait continues for another tomorrow

The Poet Saeed Alhakeem asks for your dua