

Fatima a.s. and her children

By Saeed Alhakeem

Picture the scene, it's serene
A gentle breeze with the sun of midday
A mother sat whilst her children play
Fatima joined by her husband Ali
As they enjoy this time with their family

Can we hold this moment and make time stop
Knowing what's to come can we pause the clock

Fatima goes to Hassan and fixes his hair
Looks at the young boy playing without a care
The dimpled cheeks and his boyish smile
She embraces her son, for a short while

Oh my boy she thinks, worried and dismayed
You'll be abandoned and repeatedly betrayed
Your smile contorted, writihng in pain
As the poison flows through his tiny veins

Her thoughts broken by Zainabs laughter
The gentlest girl, her brothers always looking after
She looks at her feet as she runs around
Hears the chains dragging as they make the sound

Oh Zainab When did those bruises appear
Oh Zainab, she cried, holding back her tears
Why are you bleeding, when did you fall
Have you been crying, have you slept at all

Zainab your cheeks, why are they red
Who did this to you? she asks in dred
Where are your brothers, are they not around
She looks, as they are nowhere to be found

Then follows her gaze to a sleeping hussain
Under a tree he's lying in the shade

She looks at his face, at his closed eyes
Listens to him breathe watching his chest rise
He's pursed his lips, frowns whilst he dreams
Something making him tremor, a nightmare it seems

As fatima approaches Hussain to awake
She hears horses in the distance, no surely a mistake

But the stamps get louder and the earth vibrates
Baby Hussain body on the ground starts to shake
His hands tremble, shakes and he sharply breathes
She can't see them but she feels the horses stampede
Sees her sons body move up and down
And in the distance what is that sound

Arrows fly through the air like birds
A prize for whoever kills him first
Animals in the shape of men descend
This nightmare for a mother doesn't end

She closes her eyes but she can't unsee
The slashing of swords swinging freely
The grasping hands upon his body
The knives arrows the hooves his rib cage
How can a mother stand in her sons grave
Oh Hussain is there no one here he who can save

She looks at Hassan , he looks so small
Clutching his stomach, curled in a ball

She sees Zainabs bruises and the look of sorrow
Where the cuts came from she doesn't want to know

She turns back to look at her young sons face
And holds him so tightly for a long embrace

The Poet Saeed Alhakeem asks for your dua