

## Hussain and his mother

By Saeed Alhakeem

All alone, Hussain stands with ali Asghar in his hands,  
speaking with his mother fatima

Oh My mother, my mother Fatima  
Have you see what they have done  
Can you see me standing alone  
My brother Abbas and his severed hands  
Your grandson Qasim scattered on the sand

Hussain remembers the hug of his mother

Oh my mother take me out of this place  
To when we would so tightly embrace  
Did, you know then this is what I'd face x2

Hussain holds out Ali al Asghar in his arms ,walking to and  
from not knowing where to go

O mother Fatima what am I to do  
I know this is something you went through  
His eyes have sunken and his skin is so dry  
Hes moving his mouth but he can no longer cry

The women passed him from one to the next  
Not knowing how to stop his crying no one knew best  
Im left with no choice but to ask them for water  
Don't they know im the son of the the prophets daughter

But what did they do to the prophets daughter

Why is it no surprise  
They crushed Mohsin in front of your eyes  
Oh my mother tell me what do i do  
What did you do when your son was killed in front of you  
When you were worried about Mohsin how did you check  
Im holding Ali and he has a three pronged arrow in his neck

Oh Fatima I want to leave this place  
What I would do for a mothers embrace

Mother can you console me, I know we are not the same

For three days I felt helpless hearing my sons cries  
He cried and cried with the driest of eyes  
Did Mohsin cry before you said your goodbyes

What would you do if our situations were reversed  
My Son with his own blood quenched his thirst  
Ali al Asghar surrounded by arid desert in the heat of noon  
Yet Mohsin surrounded by water in his mothers womb

Did you have time to bury Mohsin in a special place  
Behind one of the tents I had to dig Ali al asghar a grave

But mother Mohsin's body in one piece remained  
Whereas my son was dug up for his head to parade

When you died you were laid to rest  
But when I die who will be sitting on my chest  
We surrounded you in the final hours of your life  
I'll be surrounded by hooves and swords and knives  
Oh mother we washed your body at night time  
But mother who will be there to wash mine  
Who will visit me as I lay headless on the sands  
Next to my families scattered pieces over the land

*The Poet Saeed Alhakeem asks for your dua*