

The great Imam Ali

I begin by praising Allah the one and only  
The creator of worlds and the Lord of mercy  
all knowing all powerful and almighty  
upon his throne what is inscribed, the name of Ali

With the rising sun on the dawn of creation  
the clay of Adam setting in its formation  
the Lord blew unto him and Adam awoke  
And the angels prostrated as Adam first spoke

And what did Adam do upon eating that which was forbidden  
But to seek forgiveness from God with knowledge that was hidden  
I seek refuge by invoking the five holy names  
Of Muhammad Ali Fatima Hassan and Hussain

What caused Adam and Eve to feel ashamed  
Were they ate from the tree, Ali his whole life abstained

And from the ark of salvation, to the builder of the ark  
We compare Ali to Noah whose journey would embark  
Ridiculed for years Noah tolerated their hate  
But reaching his limit God's wrath he would instigate  
During Ali's whole life he suffered such abuse  
But Not once his patience he would ever lose

And when Abraham asked his lord for a sign  
So that it would calm his heart and it would calm his mind  
But by God if the veils of the world were released  
Ali's faith in Allah by an inch wouldn't be increased

And when Moses had to face Pharaoh he was dismayed  
He was afraid and asked his lord for his brother's aid  
In the Kaaba almost all had some family  
Who had felt Thulfiqar, the sword of Ali  
But when Ali was asked for a Quranic recitation  
Immediately he read it aloud without hesitation

And when blessed Mary was about to give birth  
It was revealed for her to leave this holy earth  
But when the time came for Ali to be born  
The sides of the Kaaba apart were drawn

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Who else but a young Ali courageously would face

The ridicule and mockery of the clan of quraysh

Who else so eagerly prepared himself to die  
Waiting in the prophets bed Ali would wait and lie

Who else the prophets trust would earn  
The right to to escort the woman and return

They all remained sitting, not one of them stood  
None accepted the challenge of Amr Ibn abd al Wudd  
They thought any facing him would be a fool  
Only Ali rose like a lion and accepted the duel  
He fearlessly fought in the battle of khandaq  
All the good of the world through Alis sword struck

And if examples you wanted more  
Who else but Ali lifted khaybars door

In mubahala when the wrath of God they would face  
The prophet chose who else but Ali next to his place

One after another adversity his whole life  
In the open they physically assaulted his wife

They took his right not once twice but thrice  
For his rightful khilapha they will pay the price

None dared face him head on, only behind his back  
This Was the only way Ali they could attack  
With a sword alone Ali could not be killed  
With poison it's surface had to be filled

Look at the akhlaq of Ali, he was not hostile  
He even wanted his killer to have a fair trial  
He would be with his lord in a only short while  
Fuztu bi rab Al kabah he said with a smile

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Upon our death bed as we lose hearing and sight  
Infront of us appears the brightest of light  
This splits into five separate ethereal glows  
That spread from the top of the head, to the end of your toes

The first represents, when hearing the Athan how much you care  
For the first light shown represents the quality of your prayer

And the second shows if to this world you were a slave  
For it's luminosity represents all the zakat you gave

Then the third is the obligation to make the hajj ritual  
And to see how you made that journey spiritual

Unity in God is the essential creed  
And this next light represents Allah's tawheed

Then the struggle against the nafs is the very last  
For it represents the sincerity in your fast

But then a sixth light suddenly will appear  
Enhancing all the lights present that are present here  
The light of wilayah illuminates all  
With it a man's fate will rise or fall

For everyone feels privileged upon the kabah to lay there eyes  
But the kabah felt privileged and for Ali opened it's sides

And we all try to give generously with our zakat  
But only one man gave charity during his salat

And our fast each year at iftar we rush to break  
But Ali three consecutive days food he would forsake

We pray fajr for it has such a great reward  
And when we prostrate we turn to face our lord  
But only one was struck this way by the sword  
Ali Ibnu abi talib his name is roared

The poet Saeed Alhakeem asks for your dua