

English Nohay For Imam Husain (A.S) [5]: An Eighteen Year Old Soldier

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Husain's Eighteen Year old Soldier Most Revered Ali Akbar ('a)

("Daulat koi dunya mein pisaar se nahin behtar")

No greater wealth than your children in this world

No greater peace than their peace in this world

just as no better flavor than a freshly picked fruit

Or the fragrance of a rose with dew in its swirls

Soothing your troubled heart, they make you whole

They are your comfort, they calm your troubled soul

Ask a master of the loss of a household destroyed

Ask the members of the household who can only cry

Ask a parent of the ruin the death of a child brings

Ask Husain of Akbar's parting, the answer is in his sighs

May a parent never so suffer, nor a child thus part

*In the tears of a mourning parent, is the blood of a bleeding
heart*

When the dastardly arrows pierced Akbar's heart

His breathing became labored and almost stopped

He thought of Husain, as he fell from his horse

And he cried out "Oh Father from you now I part"

"Pray come to this wounded son, so alone, so bruised

Come help your Ali Akbar, whom you're about to lose"

Hearing His son's cries, Husain's heart sank

His legs gave way, He dropped often to the sands

With every breath He felt He could breathe no more

"Oh Asadullah" He cried, clutched His heart in pain

With shock His face ashen, desert dust in His hair

Trembling, He rose again; blinded, He stared

He shouted "Oh Ali Akbar, which way do I come

Do I search in the sand dunes under the blazing sun?

*My heart palpitates, do I seek the enemy's help?
I will come to you, I'll find you, to me you cannot come"
"Your loss has robbed your parents of every wish to live
Me you were supposed to bury, the job to me you give"
"Alter, call out my name, ask me once more to come
Call your desolate father, call me, my precious son
Call for your isolated, your heart-broken father now
Call your anxious father so that I may come"
"whatever God wills must happen, let it be, let it be
So I must be beheaded, so what, let it be"
Stumbling and falling, Husain found His injured son
Lodged in Akbar's heart was an arrow, damage done
He felt as though the arrow had pierced His own heart
He clutched at His chest, Oh Akbar, so young
He heard Akbar's labored breath, his toil to hide the pain
The son dying before His eyes, the Father watched in vain
Lips dry, ashen faced, hair matted with dust
in his eyes a distant look, his body bruised and cut
Shoulders and neck wounded with arrows and swords
Blood smeared on his face, on his cheeks tears of hurt
His lips whispering, "My master hasn't come yet
My Father isn't here and I'm so close to my death"
"Oh listen my fluttering heart, beat till He gets here
Stay Oh parting life, the Lord of Gin and men is near
Linger Oh departing soul, the Imam must come
Await Him Oh Death, do you hear?"
"It is my wish to see Him once then I may die
In His laps, in His arms, once more I wish to lie"
"I am here Ali Akbar," said Husain, "I have come"
"Get up my beloved, my dearest, lovely son
You're waiting for me, your eyes searching the battlefield
Your forlorn father is here, your wait for me is done"
"Say something Akbar, open your eyes, look at me
I'll hold you so my miserable face you can see"*

*"You moan in pain, in your neck an arrow is stuck
Does it hurt to move Should I let you rest on the dust?
My world has come crashing down on me today
I've raised you in my lap, do I watch you die thus?"
"Your liver comes gushing out of your wounded chest
Through the open wounds I see your broken ribs no less"
"Oh Ali Akbar, Ali Akbar, say something, talk to me
Open your eyes Ali Akbar, so my face you can see
If you're leaving, say goodbye, do not so quietly go
You must die and I live, how can it be? "
"Even tired grooms do not sleep soundly as you do
I weep for you in pain, and yet you do not move"
In his unconscious state Akbar heard Husain's cries
The obedient son opened his arms and sighed
Husain held Akbar to his chest and wept in pain
Showed the thirsty son, his own tongue, parched and dry
And said "Oh dearest Akbar, not a drop I could find
I couldn't get any water, Oh dearest son of mine"
Tears flowed from Akbar's bloodied eyes
He looked at Husain heard his father's cries
And whispered "Mother Zahra has come for me"
He took his last breath, shuddered and sighed
Eyes open toward Husain, Ali Akbar passed away
Resting in his Father's arms, nothing more did he say
Historians say that the moment Akbar died
Zainab left the camp, "Oh my Ali Akbar" she cried
Her chador now forgotten, so intense was her grief
The ladies followed her, wailing, teary-eyed
The desert air echoed with their grief-stricken cries
"Oh Ali Akbar, Ali Akbar" in unison they cried
"Take me to Akbar, show me where he lies
Have mercy on me, guide me, hear my painful cries
My Brother sits alone with his wounded, youthful son
Behind a cloud hides my moon, show me" Zainab cried*

*"In grief I'm now blinded, where must I go?
I'm searching for my son, look at my tears flow"
Hearing Zainab's cries Husain ran to her side
Covering her with His cloak, her face He tried to hide
And said "My Zainab, why did you leave the camp?
Oh daughter of Ali, dead is my joy and pride"
"Bruised with spears, he lies on the desert floor
"What do you wish to see Oh Sister? Akbar is no more*