[Martyrdom of Hazrat Zahra (SA) [Poem

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Smoke and the winds bear the brunt;

?ɔ *Whose house it is that is burnt*

Flames rise towards the sky.

And rises there in a shrill cry.

It is the house of the Prophet, and Zahra is inside,

See, how soon, how early changed the tide!

Some told: Zahra is there;

He told: So What? Why to care?

How soon they turned behind!

How soon their eyes turned blind!

The Prophet had introduced the dwellers of the House;

Hasan, Husain, Zahra, and her spouse.

He said this repeatedly for months again, again;

To enter the House permission he had to obtain.

All saw and heard what the Prophet did and said,

All knew the honour and awe of the house he held.

It is the matter of yesterday not years

But today Zahra's voice no one hears,

In those flames I see something different,

It is the glory of Zahra made the flames effulgent.

The flames show high and high diurnally forever

The greatness and glory of Zahra, impossible to deter.

These flames can never be extinguished,

They are burning in the graves of enemies distinguished.

They once leapt high now they creep deep;

Where the tyrants can escape from the tight keep?

Did they have to the Prophet any regard or respect

What a lie they attributed the Prophet.

They claimed the Prophet having had told:

We the group of Prophets heritage don't hold.

Lo, he speaks against the Book he brought;

Why John to Zechariahs, Solomon & David the heritage sought?

To them permitted, to Zahra prohibited ?

Under this false pretext FADAK they confiscated.

Went Zahra to the Mosque addressed the nation,

Her words are still valid and hold admonition.

Therein lies a charted guidance

She expresses her sorrow upon their return to ignorance.

She returned home, withdrew from public appearance.

Indeed, a pain to see one benefits,

After the death of the Prophet within minutes.

She collapsed in pain and in grief,

Death come to her as the only relief.

Her grave: unknown, her death: in confusion;

For the safety of her dead body this is a measure taken.

Could there be a tyranny of such extensive ground?

Why at all to the grief, to tears she must be bound?

ؘ What is the wrong let us trace

Then why the affront to her face?

Whoever hates Zahra, has dared a great sin

Because her love is the Faith's pin.

Without a pin a disk is mute of voice,

In an unheard voice, of right or wrong there is no choice.

She makes the Will to be buried in night

.Doesn't this bring the tyrants to the sight