

Classic Poetry Series

Mir Babar Ali Anees
- poems -

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Mir Babar Ali Anees(1803 - 1874)

Mir Babbar Ali Anees (Anis) (Urdu: بابار علی انیس) was a renowned Urdu poet.

 Early Life

His father, Mir Khaliq who was a famous poet and littérateur, took personal interest in the education and upbringing of his son, and entrusted him to the care of reputed contemporary teachers, Mir Najaf Ali Faizabadi and Maulvi Hyder Ali Lucknavi. In addition, Anis's mother who was an educated and pious lady, played a significant role in shaping the personality of the boy above all, it was the boy's own instinctive urge for learning and literature that made him an accomplished poet, proficient in Arabic, Persian and Islamic scriptures, and well-versed in logic, literature and philosophy. Poetry came to him as ancestral heritage, for his forbears, going back to his great grandfather, were eminent poets and men of letters. Anis was the grandson of Mir Hasan who is remembered for his immortal Masnavi, Sehir-ul-Bayaan. His parents had migrated in their old age to Lucknow, where he spent the best part of his life.

 Literary Life

Anis had started writing poetry quite early in his life right at Faizabad, though he perfected his art in Lucknow under the supervision of Imam Bakhsh Nasikh. In keeping with the popular trend, he first tried his hand at the ghazal, but failing to make much headway in this sphere, he changed over, under the advice of his father, to the writing of marsias, in which domain he soon established a high reputation, equaled (sometimes) by his poetic compare, Mirza Salamat Ali Dabeer

Anees broadened the scope of this genre by including in its body, in addition to the customary lamentation and mourning, realistic scenes of the battlefield, graphic delineations of the hero's face and figure, lively portrayals of the emotional states of the combatants, accurate descriptions of the landscape, and occasional interludes of moral edification.

Anis was a master of simple, natural utterance, with a superb command on the language, which was always adequate to express a large variety of moods, scenes, characters and situations. He is specially notable for presenting the same scene or situation, over and over again, in different words or phrases, without letting it appear monotonous.

Besides being a master of the marsia, Anis was also a specialist of the rubai, the shortest complete poem in Urdu, containing only four lines.

** Work, Contribution and Legacy **

Mir Anis composed salams, elegies, nauhas, quatrains. While the length of elegy initially had no more than forty or fifty stanzas, it now was beyond one hundred fifty or even longer than two hundred stanzas or bunds, as each unit of marsia in musaddas format is known. According to Muhammad Hussain Azad;

"The late Mir Sahib must certainly have composed at least ten thousand elegies, and salams beyond count. He composed as easily and casually as he spoke."

Muharram and Mir Anis have become synonymous among Urdu lovers of the Indo-Pak subcontinent. Mir Anis has been a great teacher and inspiration for generations. Undoubtedly, Urdu derives much of its strength from the Marsias of Mir Anis. Mir Anis has drawn upon the vocabulary of Arabic, Persian, Urdu/Hindi/Awadhi in such a good measure that he symbolizes the full spectrum of the cultural mosaic that Urdu has come to be. No Urdu poet from Ghalib onwards has lagged behind in showering his eulogies on Mir Anis. Mir Anis himself was aware of his contribution as he writes:

"Kisi ne teri terha se aay Anis, Aroos-e-sukhan ko sanwara nahi"

"Perhaps there is no other poet in the world who has looked after the aesthetic and spiritual satisfaction of his"

The first major and still current critical articulation about Mir Anis was Muazna-e-Anis-o-Dabir (1907) written by Shibli Nomani in which he said

"the poetic qualities and merits of Anis are not matched by any other poet"

Shamsur Rahman Faruqi in 'How to read Iqbal?' on comparing Iqbal with Nazeer Akbarabadi says that "Iqbal was placed better because he had, among others, Bedil (1644–1720) in Persian and Mir Anis (1802–1874) in Urdu." to inherit the rich tradition of Urdu nazm. He further asserts that, "The mention of Mir Anis may surprise some of us until we realize it that Mir Anis's marsiyas are the best premodern model in Urdu of narrative-historical, narrative-lyrical, and oral-dramatic poetry, and Iqbal's poetry extends and exploits the possibilities created by Anis."

** Marsia **

The marsia, strictly speaking, is an elegiac poem written to commemorate the martyrdom and valour of Hazrat Imam Hussain and his comrades of the Battle of Karbala. In its form the marsia generally consists of six-line units, with a rhyming quatrain, and a couplet on a different rhyme. This form found a specially congenial soil in Lucknow (a city in Northern India), chiefly because it was the centre of Shia Muslim community, which regarded it an act of piety and religious duty to eulogise and bemoan the martyrs of the battle of Karbala, and Even a short poem written to mourn the death of a friend can be called marsia. Alfred, Lord Tennyson's poem 'In Memoriam' can rightly be called marsia. The sub-parts of marsia are called noha and soz which means lamentation and burning of (heart) respectively. It is usually a poem of mourning. The form reached its peak in the writing of Mir Babbar Ali Anis.

The famous marsia writers who inherited the tradition of Mir Anis among his successive generations are Mir Nawab Ali 'Munis', Dulaha Sahab 'Uruj', Mustafa Meerza urf Piyare Sahab 'Rasheed', Syed Muhammad Mirza Uns, Ali Nawab 'Qadeem', Syed Sajjad Hussain 'Shadeed', Syed Sajjad Hussain "Shadeed" Lucknavi, Dr. Syed Ali Imam Zaidi, "Gauher" Luckhnavi the (great grandson of Mir Babbar Ali Anis).

The Majlis of 25 Rajab, is historically important Majlis of Marsiya in Lucknow, in this majlis Mir Anis used to recite Marsiya. After Mir Anis well known marsiya writers of Mir Anis's family as Dulaha Sahab 'Uruj', Mustafa Meerza urf Piyare Sahab 'Rasheed', Ali Nawab (Qadeem) and Syed Sajjad Hussain 'Shadeed', inherited the legacy of reciting marsiya. Presently, Dr. Syed Ali Imam Zaidi (Gauher) Luckhnavi (grandson of 'Shadeed') recites self composed Marsiya. Anis died at the age of 71.

A Memorial For The Lives Lost In Karbala Was Done

A Memorial for the lives lost in Karbala was done
And the bodies and the heads had finally become one
And Husain's slain army was remembered by all
And the children of Mohammed lamented His son
For three days and nights in the desert they mourned
Embracing His grave as though never to be torn
Hearts lit like candles, their love for Him bloomed
Their sons, like flowers, scattered around His tomb
Remembering those killed, they cried out in grief
And clutched at their hearts and in pain swooned
"Where are those who watched over us?" they cried
"Now we wander, unveiled in broad daylight"
The air was fraught with sobs as the widows wept
And the noble sister's face on His tomb did rest
And cried "Oh my beloved brother Husain
For three days and nights I've been your guest"
"Heartbroken and forlorn I am indeed
For I feel as though my services are not well-received"
"The will of the Imam, I will gladly accept
But the bruises on my arms I haven't shown you yet
I am alone today, no friend in sight
Without you I am nothing, how can you forget?"
"I've lost sons and brothers and you in this war
An my back is bruised with the tip of the spear" "I cared for the orphans, the
fathers lay dead
Their tender ages and prison, the pain and the dread
To divert them from their misery, I narrated your tale
I was their mother, their aunt, or their father instead"
"And I will live on to see them suffer and die
For it is not my destiny to see beloveds thrive"
"I had imagined that pilgrims would surround Your grave
And angels would gather to applaud the brave
And I would hold a memorial to remember the souls
But there is no one here today, I am amazed"
"By your graveside I sit alone, my Brother, and weep
And console my heart though my pain is deep"
Saying this, Zainab inconsolable, sobbed
And the tomb of the Prince shuddered and rocked
Basheer approached Abid and asked, head bowed

"May we leave Oh Imam? Your aunt is distraught"
 Abid approached His aunt, weary and concerned
 He asked "Dear aunt shall we return?"
 Zainab replied, "As you wish my dear Imam"
 And preparations to leave for Medina began
 The tents were untied and the camels lined up
 And around the holy graves gathered Ali's clan
 Bidding farewell to those who slept in their graves
 The old and the young stood around in a daze
 At the thought of leaving her brother's tomb
 Distraught, Zainab cried "How can I leave you alone?
 In this forsaken desert away from us all
 This empty, desolate city now your home"
 "Where nothing grows and nothing lives
 Such a place you have chosen to gather and rest" "Oh noble Lord of Karbala,
 farewell
 Oh the sands that cradle His body, farewell
 Dear grave of the noble lofty Prince, farewell
 My brother, I part from you, bid me farewell"
 "You do not answer me, ill is my fate indeed
 For it means that you not pleased with my deeds"
 "How do I face Medina having left you here?
 What if the Prophet questions, how can I bear?
 If I go to Najaf, the same question I will face
 'Where is Husain?' That is all I will hear"
 "You have not asked me to stay, so I must depart
 But where do I go with my broken heart?"
 "Won't you come, hold my hand as I alight?
 Won't you shelter my being from strangers' eyes?
 Won't Abbas or Akber come to bid me farewell?
 Won't you bring Asgher for whom Banu cries?"
 "You are our leader, come lead us ahead
 We're ready, yet you sleep, the grave your bed"
 "Although I weep my Brother and call out your name
 You do not answer O Prince, I am amazed
 If only you will come and embrace me now
 I will leave for Medina, though never the same"
 At this, the Prince answered "My dear Zainab farewell
 Give my love to Soghra, my daughter who is ill"

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Adoration Of God

In the orchard, the wind blows but for Thee,
The music of nightingale flows but for Thee,
Each object mirrors thy Majesty and Magnificence,
Each flower I smell, mellows but for Thee.

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Adoration Of The Holy Prophet

Mohammed-like Sovereign, the world hasn't seen,
Aware of each divine secret, he has been,
Subtle are the words, regarding the Apostle's Ascent,
Speak not; all speech here appears but lean.

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Adulation Of Ahle-Bait

Propitious he is, upon whom Shabbir showers affection,
Rewarded are the high and the low, with compassion,
A pebble he can turn into a touchstone,
And speck of dust into balm and unction.

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Ay Momino! Hussain Ka Matam Akheer Hai

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Banu's Son Has Had No Water For Days

Banu's son has had no water for days
His pulse is weak and his mother prays
No hope in sight of getting water or milk
Helpless, she lingers by his cradle in a daze

"Pray tell me, what shall I do now Ya Husain?
The baby's eyes now roll back in pain"

"Oh Ya Ali, Ya Ali where can I go?
I cannot watch my baby suffer so
How do I find a way to make him live?
Ya Ali he needs water, which I cannot give"

"Last night I saw him open his eyes
But today he lays still, doesn't move, doesn't cry"

Then everyone said, "Lets call the Imam
For God's sake somebody, go get the Imam
The baby is dying, go tell the Imam
His face is blue, his body calm"

"Taking Akber's body to lay it to rest
The Imam's on his way, with grief beset "

Face stained with the blood of His eighteen year old
The Imam entered, his head bowed
And everyone led Him to the baby's crib
And showed Him the baby's still fingers and toes

"He barely breathes Oh Noble Prince" they cried
"Its seems as though he has already died"

At the head of the crib, the Prince knelt down
In the baby's ear He whispered, head bowed
Hearing the Prince's voice, the baby smiled
Toward Husain he extended his arms and glowed

"It is indeed a miracle" Sakina cried
"Oh mother, my brother has opened his eyes"

The baby in His arms, the Prince left the camp
And death followed, eyeing them askance
To shelter her baby from the midday sun
The mother draped a sheet over the Imam's arms

Holding Asgher close, Husain walked, head bowed
In the arms of the heavens, a snow white cloud

As He neared the lowly enemy, Husain stood silent in pause
Couldn't ask for water, couldn't utter the words
With embarrassment He paled, He bowed His head
He uncovered the baby, to the army He showed

Head bowed, he said, "I've brought my son to you
Seeking water Asgher now has come to you"

Then He kissed the baby's parched lips and mouth
And whispered "My son I've said what I could
There are no words to describe your pain my son
So maybe you can show them your dry, parched tongue"

In response the baby licked his lips parched and dry
And Husain shuddered and looked up to the skies

And as Husain looked to the heavens so
The cursed Hurmula strung an arrow in his bow
And aimed the arrow at Asgher's throat
Pulling taut the bow, let the arrow go

As the tiny neck the arrow gashed
Asgher lurched and clung to his dad

A six month old baby and an arrow's force
Blood poured from the tiny, thirsty throat
Once more he lurched and then went still
His cap fell to the ground and he breathed his last

Tiny fists curled over his chest, body numb
A minute ago he was sucking his thumbs

And the desolate Father, watched His son

Saw the devastation the arrow had done
And watched the baby in the throes of death
The tiny hands groping at the injured neck

The lifeless eyes rolling back in the head
Blood gushing forth from the battered neck

Gently pulling out the arrow from the baby's neck
Husain lifted His son toward the heaven and said
"My God please accept my last sacrifice
For your cause, in your path, my son is now dead"

"Little in age but magnanimous in deeds
Thus are the children of Allah's creed"

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Contentment

I pine not for pelf, nor for any treasure,
Poverty has indeed its own sweet pleasure,
Brimmed are my eyes, with riches of contentment,
Where no rich man, any more does measure.

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Death

Tidings there are, death is in the offing,
O ignorant!, after food and drink, thou are running,
Life shall perish, Death shall prevail,
The proof of Thy going is Thy coming.

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Dee Ran Ki Raza Shah Ne Jab Ibne Hasan Ko

When Qasim's wish for battle was granted by the Prince
At his looming death he rejoiced, of his faith convinced
Armed, valiant, and majestic, like a lion he rode out
The evil army gaped at the grandeur he evinced
"Alit with Hasan's radiance, who is this youth? They cried
The splendor he evokes, of his Grandfather reminds"
Tall, majestic, and elegant, with an illumined face
Wherefrom did he obtain such splendor, such grace?
With a bow on his back, a spear in his hand he rode
An exemplar of nobility, his enemies were dazed
Blessed with such looks, such poise, such grace
There was no other like him on the earth's face
Awed by his presence, the enemy cowered in retreat
Confrontation unthinkable, even his gaze they couldn't meet
No rose could summon the elegance of his face
Heavenly radiance no measure for his splendor indeed
So exceptionally handsome, so striking was this lad
That the moon could not rival his radiance alas!
A mere mortal or an angel? The army wondered in a daze
Like a halo, dark hair swung around his face
Eyebrows dark and thick - drawn along a handsome brow
Lashes thick and long - shielding his dazzling gaze
Eyes dark and piercing - put those of a doe to shame
Like two lions standing guard at their lair, untamed

He's a mere child" Someone cried "do not run in fear"
Too young to have sprouted a mustache or a beard
His boldness unnerving no doubt; unsettling his approach
Daring and fearless, his glance - and fierce"
Aroma of wedding flowers emanates from his skin
What a moment fate has chosen to part his bride from him
He has the elegance of Hasan, he has Husain's grace
How grandly he strides, confident, unafraid
The brandishing sword held in his hennaed palm
How well the armor suits him, draped over his chest
Ali's cummerbund wrapped around his waist he rides
Hasan's green turban he wears, proudly he strides
A strange aura surrounds him, like a lamp his being glows
Dark locks of hair, around his radiant face flow

Every man on the field stood dazzled by the sight
Radiance unmatched by sunrays, stunned were his foes
Surely his late Father must anguish in the grave
At the loss of such a lad, unthinkable the mother's pain
His complexion clear and bright, as though mirrors aglow
Unrivaled by celestials, such warmth it holds
On par with the light that once glowed on Mount Toor
To compare his lips to rubies would be a folly bold
For those are mere rocks; no life or warmth they claim
They cannot inspire or lead or so valiantly be slain
Buds envied the elegance, the structure of his face
Sweet in his speech, courteous and modest though praised
Warm in his discourse, refined, gentle and poised
There is no other like him, conceded all amazed
Such a picture of perfection, hearts bowed in tribute
A heavenly vision he was, there was no doubt, no dispute

Even Yusef was not blessed with such looks, such grace
Such exquisite beauty, such fineness, such a noble face
A cypress may stand tall, but without such stature, such built
Such elegance denied to flowers, although worthy of praise
The finest of creation personified in this youth
From the sweat of his brow, a sweet fragrance oozed
Eyes dark and dreamy, a gazelle would envy
A face so elegant and fair, fine gardens would envy
Rubies of Yemen would envy the rosy glow of his lips
Teeth such that Eden's sparkling gems would envy
Evoking the likeness to a string of pearls
They will soon turn red as rubies, laden with blood
One cannot help but admire his posture, his poise
The elegance of his neck, the tenor of his voice
Proud shoulders reminiscent of Hasan's dignity and grace
In his fists, the powers of Divinity deployed
No mere extensions of wrists or his illustrious palms
Fingers meant to direct mercy, to protect, to calm
His chest covered by his robe, proud and broad
Held a heart aglow with faith, devoted to his Lord
Abounding with conviction, ablaze like the glow on Toor
Filled with Divine secrets, surrendered to God
No match the moon or sun, radiance superior by far
At his fair, graceful neck, the buttonhole hung like a star
Steadfast in his path, unmatched in his faith

Unflinching in his commitment, though the earth may shake
Undeterred by armies, resolute in his path
This beloved grandson of Hyder was fearless and brave
Never wavering in battle or hesitant in his path
Never known to flee, never a cowardly act

Reaching the battlefield he called out a martial call
"Hear me Oh lost souls, hear one and hear all
I am the grandson of Ali, God's Lion, His Arm
Nephew of Husain-ibn Ali, the envoy of God"
"I am the son of Fatima's Son, the Brother of Husain
I am the son of the Man who by poison was slain"
"I'm the progeny of Fatima, whom Mariam, Sarah revered
Adorned by divine traits, by God honored
I belong to a family, unmatched, chosen, and blessed
The exalted rank of my lineage, undisputed, clear"
"We are the family of Ali, we are the Prophet's kin
To our divinity, our status, the Quran is a testament"
"Of the rank of the Panjetan you are aware, have been told
Created before Adam, their coming foretold
Ali, the Divine envoy, the savior of Moses in need
And the light of Mohammed, on Mount Toor glowed"
"I say these words with no arrogance, I intend not to boast
But to remind you of us, these are but warning words"
"Prominent in history, my ancestors are well-known
Devoted to Islam, their stellar services shone
Ready to lay down their lives, to defend the faith of God
Helpers of Prophets, saviors of lost, needy souls"
"In times of hardship we reach out to help, to save
Relief comes to weary souls by the utterance of our names"
"We are the valiant, fearless soldiers of God
We are the chosen ones, free from sin, from fault
Headed now for the Hereafter, we depart from this life
So oblivious you are, that you heed not our call"
"In reckless abandon, you fear not God's wrath
Remorse is your destiny for straying from the path

At the Son of Fatima, you have turned your backs
Oh wretched, lost souls, the Prince you attack?
You betray the Imam, the voice of the Quran
You quench every man's thirst, except His alas
Massive armies you have gathered to slay one man?

Is this your hospitality, the creed of your clan?
What is the sin of the Syed? What has He done?
Has He ever taken aim, attacked anyone?
Has He looted any land, any wealth, any soul?
Has He hurt any Muslim, against you has He turned?
While you have never let Him rest in peace
Forbearing, patient, and forgiving He has always been
His friends were ready to die fighting the day
When with arrows my Father's bier you assailed
Yet He counseled against violence, He held them back
And next to His Mother, His Brother to rest He lay
His patience is admirable, today as it was then
Tolerant and forbearing as two nephews lie slain
Do not take His patience for weakness on His part
He is reluctant for battle for He values your lives at heart
Our valor unleashed evokes the wrath of God
Our swords brandished even Jibreel cannot stop
When my Grandfather went to battle, you all know well
How armies fled in terror, how soldiers cringed in dread
If the Son of Ali were to draw His sword
Not a single one of you will confront, step forward
Your blood will drench this battlefield no doubt
Those escaping His sword, will die from shock
Do not invoke His wrath, this army will be dead, gone
Horror waits for you if His sword is drawn

Why speak of His valor, for His followers will suffice
To empty this battlefield, if He commands them to fight
Displaying skills reminiscent of the Lion of God
Slaying hundreds with a stroke, with valor, with might
From amongst such followers, I have come before you
Fearless, bold, gallant, undeterred by my youth
I am ready for battle, my sword is drawn
Show me your gallantry, the skills of war you own
Agitated and nervous, the son of Saad bellowed
Go forth, bring me the head of Hasan's son
Let the Imam for His son-in-law shed many tears
Extinguish his life with the blow of your spears
Like an ocean, the massive army came alive, swayed
Thousands of spears like dark, ominous waves
Weaponry raised high like sinister, threatening clouds
Arrows flung out in hundreds, in a merciless rain

Undaunted, the fearless youth charged at his foes
His sword flashing at the dark throngs, defying their blows
Like a bolt of lightning, it struck at the army vile
Bringing forth death, on man and beast alike
Striking, slaying those that dared to cross his path
From helmet to saddle, the riders it sliced
Before the vanquished rider had fallen off the steed
Carving through the saddle, it cut through the beast
In panic and frenzy, the men ran out of his path
Their hearts shook with fear at his fury, his wrath
Death was in the air, fatal his sword's strike
The assassins became victims of a ferocious bloodbath
They found not a moment to pause, to catch their breath
They ran helter-skelter, chased by death

The daring youth fought, fearless and bold
Slaying hundreds with ease by the strike of his sword
Filling their hearts with terror, slicing through the ranks
Daring the swarm army, challenging their vile souls
Those who dare fight him, were astonished by his skill
Severed in two as they sat bewildered on their steed
Hundreds lay dying, panic gripped the army vile
As he brandished his sword, in horror they cried
Their weapons rendered futile, their numbers of no use
Pursued and slain by a valiant, courageous child
They gripped their futile arms, they turned on their heels
Seeking shelter from his fury, they ran from the field
They dropped their weapons, they fled from his sight
"Death surrounds our ranks" in horror they cried
With fury the eyes of the brave youth blazed
"Who dares stop me now?" he cried out in might
"I am ready, come out, where are those with mighty claims?
Come out of hiding so you can slay or be slain"
The son of Saad frantically paced in his tent
As soldiers brought news of the foreboding events
"Captains have fallen, soldiers gripped by death flee
The son of Hasan has reached the Euphrates banks"
"Like a ferocious lion, unstoppable is the youth
Like lightning is his sword, his attack, his pursuit"
Nothing seems to hold him back, fearless he rides
Our weaponry of no use, does not stop his strides
Nobody dares to face him, to cross his path

His horse is too fast, his blows filled with fright
As though made of fire, he rages through the field
Invincible his blows, unstoppable his steed

“Call Arzaq at once” Omar nervously roared
Armed with a spear, Arzaq was brought forth
“We’re on the verge of defeat” Omar said to the man
“Yet for battle you have yet not readied your horse?”
Someone needs to stop this ferocious youth at once
He is closing in fast, he will slay captains in their tents
“You receive a generous pay, grants and gifts
It is your job to protect us from such dangers such threats
People speak of your valor from Syria to Rome
Boost your image by slaying this groom, you must”
His sword seems unstoppable, havoc it rains
If he reaches this camp, neither of us is safe
You are the pride of this army, we rely on your skill
You are famous in the land for your prowess to kill
Your talents surpass those of Rustom, we know
Only you can stop this youth, only you have the will
Inflict on the Imam the loss of this child
Let us watch how a groom is mourned by his bride
Arzaq replied to Omar-e-Saad in disdain and pride
“Certainly you do not suggest that I fight a child?
You are no doubt the commander of this army, I admit
Yet I cannot obey this order, for it insults my might”
“I have slain a thousand men, I command great fear
This act will mar my image far and near”
There is no other like me in this land you well know
With the likes of Rustom and Sohrab I have come to blows
Mighty men shudder at the mere mention of my name
I crush my enemies, I exterminate my foes”
The assault of my spear none has survived
Goliaths have fallen at the display of my might

I do not permit my foe to live to battle for long
My grip on throats forms an inescapable bond
When I aim an arrow, even Arjun is not safe
Mighty men shudder when my sword is drawn
And you dare to suggest that I fight this mere child?
When Husain comes for battle will I unleash my might
“You know not this lad” Omar-e-Saad replied

He is the son of a lion, do not mistake him for a child
Even in childhood this clan is eager to fight, to defend
Fearless in battle, they never retreat, flee, or hide
Death is a certainty when their swords are drawn
This Hashimi clan's fury is the wrath of God
Faced with thousands they do not even blink an eye
They fear no calamity, ever-willing to die
A hundred of our blows are outweighed by one of theirs
None from the east or west is a match for their might
When they step into battle, thousands are sure to die
They laugh at wounds inflicted by swords of you and I
This lad is the grandson of the Lion we well know
It is said that Jibreel presented Him with a sword
At the draw of His sword, thousands succumbed, died
They are the mightiest, everyone else falls below
Death hovers over us, so long as they live
Even unarmed they are a force to reckon with
In combat one cannot even meet their gaze
There is no overpowering them, they are not fazed
Impervious to hunger, their valor remains steadfast
Their drawn sword, a Goliath would not face
Some are like Hasan, others like Husain
Masters of bravery, over the battlefield they reign

So agile, they do not give you time to advance
To string an arrow in the bow, to grab that chance
Precious moments to raise a shield to cover your face
No time to even flee, to retreat, to plan
They charge at their enemies with such speed, such grace
As though a lion in the jungle lunging at its prey
Bravery, swordsmanship resides in their genes
They are born with the skills of battle, it seems
So daring, they are heedless to the thought of death
Alone they will face massive armies indeed
In infancy Ali displayed feats of grown men
In His crib He tore apart an invading serpent
You are right, yet I must refuse" Arzaq replied
I will not confront this lad, I will not fight this child
If you seek to slay him, I have four sons for this task
Each a fearful giant, each known for his might
Like their father, in the art of war they are skilled
They will bring this lad's head, within moments they will kill

Saying this Arzaq turned to his oldest son and said
"Go behead this youth, and bring us his head
I am confident of your skills, your ability, your might"
Hearing this Arzaq's son grabbed at his weapons and left
As he rode out on his horse, the retreating soldiers cried
"Into the arms of death the foolish man rides"
The roar of war drums and trumpets rang out
"Come forth brave ones to fight in this battle, be proud
Wounds are the marks of brave men, do not flee
Write your name in history, stand out of the crowd
The commanders are watching, do not run or hide
Shimer and Omar are here, Imam on the other side

Arzaq's son arrived, hurling at Qasim a lance
"Beware" cried Qasim, evading the assault in triumph
Swerving on his horse, the man attacked once more
Like lightening Qasim's sword toward the man advanced
It came at him so fast, what was the man to do?
He stared stunned at his spear, now broken in two
Hastily grabbing his sword, at Qasim he lurched
It was a futile attempt, for Qasim quickly swerved
Reining in his horse, Qasim turned and attacked
The man's armor, in pieces, to the ground whirled
He never saw it coming, Qasim's sword, arm, or wrist
So refined, so finessed were Qasim's battle skills
Frightened and bewildered, the man jumped off his horse
His long hair over his face, unraveled and coarse
Qasim grabbed the hair in the palm of his hand
Into the air then swung the man with astounding force
This was not what the arrogant man had expected, foreseen
His might and power had vanished, his fate had changed
Arzaq's world was in chaos, bewildered he stared
His evil eyes darkened with shock, gloom, and rage
All stared in awe and wonder at Qasim's glorious sight
Qasim regal in his valor, Arzaq foul in his hate
At the display of such strength, all watched awed and rapt
Qasim slammed him to the ground with a deafening crash
At the fall of one, the next brother stepped out
He fought with all his might, there is no doubt
Yet he was no match for Qasim, he did not stand a chance
Death clearly his partner on the battlefield route
So quickly it happened, Qasim looked around surprised

With a flash of Qasim's sword, the evil man had died

It was now the time for Arzaq's third son to strive
Seething at the loss of his brothers he arrived
He battled with Qasim, spears and swords clashed
He was a fearsome man, but no match for Qasim's might
As Qasim eluded his aim, turned around and attacked
In frustration the vile man chewed at his lips alas
Unable to subdue Qasim, insolent words he spoke
Qasim's eyes flashed with anger at such vile words
There was no escape now, nowhere to run or hide
Qasim's spear came flying towards the evil man's jaws
Life flew from his body, no time to cry out
The spear dislodged his tongue from the depths of his mouth
Qasim lifted him up, wedged in the spear
Towering above, as Qasim straightened and steered
Flailing helplessly, as though a fish on a hook
"A fruit of my labor in battle" Qasim said in cheer
Against the Imam of his time, the man had rebelled
In wrath it seemed God had ordained his death
Turning to the last of Arzaq's sons Qasim cried
"It is your turn to taste death now that they have died"
Sword raised, wild with anger, the man charged into the field
To face Qasim, who gloriously fought in Ali's style
Before the man could even begin the battle or strike
Qasim's sword struck, in four pieces he was sliced
Upon seeing all his sons slain with such ease
Arzaq's pride was bruised, with fury he was seized
His ire overshadowed his mourning for their loss
He chained his armor, for battle readied
His sons had failed, their skills had come to naught
His eyes turned bloody with the force of his wrath

Equipped to the hilt, armored galore he arrived
Steel plates over his face, a helmet, a bow on his side
Like a venomous snake, his quiver loaded and agape
Armor draped his body, to the chains a sword tied
Frothing at the mouth, bellowing harsh words
Tugging at the reins, the other hand on his sword
His spear dark and menacing, its tip like a snake's fang
Arrows packed in his quiver, let out ominous clangs
His sword easily capable of slicing through steel

His massive shield could cover both the horse and the man
Defeat of foes seemed certain from his colossal size
Many had trembled at his approach, quaked at his might
His body armor reinforced with plates of steel
Which no sword could pierce, no arrow could peel
The chain tied around his waist appeared as though
A snake were wrapped around a massive, human, hill
The man seemed a Goliath, his steed a giant beast
Both massive in their size, both brutal in their feats
Arriving in the field, seething, furious, he roared
"Who slew my sons? Who is that daring soul?"
"I take the credit" Qasim replied "I am that man"
Come forth to fight for your honor, your pride that is lost"
The blood of God's Envoy flows through my veins
I am Ali's grandson, you Arzaq of Shaam's fame"
When Husain saw Arzaq step into the battlefield
Clutching at his chest, onto the hot sands he kneeled
"A calamity has befallen, what shall I do?" He cried
Arzaq well-fed and strong, Qasim with thirst weak
"It is indeed a crisis my beloved child must face
He must battle a Goliath, for the challenge he must brace"

Shield Qasim from disaster Oh my Almighty God
Protect him from the brutal strike of Arzaq's sword
Keep the shadows of widowhood away from Kubra, I pray
Have mercy on my Qasim, my most merciful Lord
Zainab's sons I willingly offered for the Divine cause
This boy is my brother's memory, to keep, treasure, recall
Saying this the Noble Prince wept in sorrow and grief
Hasan's son is gone, lost, His companions believed
Untying their hair in mourning, Zehra's daughters wept
Qasim's mother fell to the ground in shock and disbelief
Scared by the lament of the grieving bride
Sakina ran out of the tent, in panic she cried
The battle between Arzaq and Qasim meanwhile began
Onlookers watched the flash of the weapons, the clang
Omar called out to Arzaq, words of support and praise
While Akber's cries of "Bravo" in the field rang
"You've crushed Arzaq, victory is certain" he cried
You are the scion of a lion, glorious is your might
Horsemen circled slyly, watching the battle, concerned
As Qasim eluded Arzaq's strikes, survived at every turn

It seemed for while that each matched the other's skill
One the grandson of God's Lion, the other like Marhab, stern
Massive clouds of dust arose from the hooves of the beasts
Sparks from striking weapons lit up the battlefield
Both battled fiercely, traded strikes back and forth
Neither tiring or yielding, almost on an even score
Their horses perspiring from the exertion, neighed
Qasim passionate in his faith, Arzaq in anger roared
Like a wild beast Arzaq snarled, violently roared
While Qasim called out to Ali, the Lion of God

Every time Arzaq aimed at Qasim his deadly spear
Husain fell to the ground in horror sheer
Collecting Himself then Husain would stand up once more
And call out to Qasim "Watch out my son dear"
"You are no doubt exhausted by lack of water for days
Shield your chest from the arrows, the deadly spears raised"
Spears flew toward Qasim, dark and lethal, asp-like
Capable of slaying giants, so deadly their strike
Arrows steadily assailed him, no respite, no rest
Bits of spears, arrows littered the ground at the site
As Qasim's spear shattered from the force of the blows
Gripping his sword he turned to Arzaq, bold and composed
Closing in on Qasim, Arzaq arrogantly sneered
"The strike of death is well-known" he taunted, jeered
You have managed to escape my blows thus far
This time I will not spare you Qasim, do you hear?"
"You are no match for me, I will carve you in two
You are more frail than a peacock, to the battlefield new"
His sword drawn, Qasim undaunted replied
"This bravado, in a moment, will fade away, die
Your deeds mark you for the fires of hell, it is clear
Come, let us find who succumbs and who rises above, high"
"The mortal ruler your patron, the Lord of Najaf is with me
Satan sponsors your cause, while God with me agrees"
"You taunt my strength?" Arzaq riled, bellowing in rage
"Come forth for combat" Qasim challenged "Make haste"
Brandishing his weapon Arzaq lunged, calling out to the lad
"Oh naïve child, for this taunt my might you must taste"
Not caring to shield himself from the impending blow
Qasim stopped Arzaq's blade in mid air with his sword

Then like lightning, Qasim's sword flashed at the man
Arzaq didn't get a moment, he didn't stand a chance
All he saw was the blinding glare of the striking blade
And clutched his shield in reflex, panic filled his glance
Unwittingly the army cheered at Qasim's prowess, his skill
Like thunder their applause echoed in the desert hills
"You make me proud my dear" Abbas called out in praise
"Brilliant are your moves, such skill, such valor you display"
"You face a Goliath no doubt, so do not lay down your guard
"Wait for the right moment, do not rush toward him to slay"
"You have him cornered, victory now in a short time
He falls to your sword, no place to run or to hide"
That moment, Qasim's sword sliced through Arzaq's shield
Landing at his helmet, ripping the metal as it peeled
And flashed in the blinding, scorching midday sun
Severing the neck and chest through the armor of steel
Reminiscent of the valor Ali had shown against Marhab
Qasim had prevailed over a mighty foe, the evil Arzaq
Then hands towards the skies "God is Great" Qasim declared
His sword glinted in the sunlight, his litany filled the air
Grateful, Shabbir rested His forehead on the desert sands
Akber's face flushed in pleasure, gone was despair
With pride, Abbas called at the stunned legion of Yazid
"Where is your bravado, a mere lad you could not defeat?"
Zehra's blessed cries at Qasim's victory could be heard
And he felt the embrace of his father, long martyred
Thankful cries of his mother filled the air within the camps
"I am blessed" she cried "Thank the merciful Lord"
"Though anxious I am for Qasim to die in the Imam's stead
Yet in the name of Ali, with a new life he has been blessed"

Zainab's spirit rejoiced, forgetting all despair, all pain
Tears of happiness she wept, that Qasim had been saved
Banu hugged the stricken bride "Lets celebrate" she cried
"Bow your head in gratitude, may God be praised"
"May you always be showered by mercy in Zehra's name
Long live may the groom, banished from you all pain"
"When I depart from this world, may I go in peace
Knowing joy fills your life, serene, pleased
May I never see you weep as I have seen today
Happily may you live ever after indeed"
"Many children I pray you have, may love overflow"

May mercy, peace and joy, to you God bestow"
At such turn of events, the young bride sat stunned
Not knowing what to expect, what news would next come
Hearing the joy in the cries of her mother, her aunts
With tears of happiness, her eyes moistened
She knew not that the groom would never return
She eyed the tent's doorway, eyes filled with concern
And on the heels of relief, grief soon followed
The desert air darkened with death's shadow
As the merciless army swarmed at the lone battling lad
Surrounding him, hailing a thousand arrows
Spears struck at his back, his face, his chest
To the ground fell pieces of his robe in shreds
From open wounds, his blood dripped to the desert floor
Overcome with thirst, he could battle no more
His body longed for water, his tongue thorny, parched
In farewell he glanced at his camp, weary of war
A spear slammed at his chest, an arrow at his head
As he doubled in anguish, a sword slashed at his waist

He called out to Husain "Pray, come to me my Lord
I depart from this world, my soul rushes to meet my God
I mean not to trouble you, the disrespect you must forgive
As I prepare to lay down my life for your noble cause"
"No value, no respect Hyder's progeny has on this day
They mean to trample me alive, my Lord, do not delay"
And the air filled with cries of Hasan's anguished soul
At the horror yet to come, at Qasim's fate on the desert floor
Grief-stricken, distraught, Kubra undid her braided hair
Husain rushed at the trampling army, aching to his core
His eyes searching for Qasim, battling with His sword
His heart ached for the lad, He scoured the desert floor
When the legions had fled, He searched the battleground
And crushed by hooves, trampled, Qasim's body He found
The agony evident in his labored breath, Qasim lay
What a sight awaited Husain, his pain indeed profound
Husain saw His brother's soul in torment at Qasim's side
And rushed to embrace the wounded, dying child
Holding Qasim's shattered body, Husain cried out in pain
"Speak to me dear Qasim, call for me again
Say something my son, so I may hear you once more
Speak to me once more, before your life starts to wane"

“Too heavy is this loss for your mother to endure
Your bride turned widow, at a time premature”
Qasim opened his mouth, amid his feeble breaths
Showed Husain his parched tongue, thirsty even in death
As angels beckoned his soul, ready to quench his thirst
With waters from Kausar his arrival would be met
They gathered in reverence, awaiting his command
In service to this youth, this martyr grand

Yet, at the sight of the offered water Qasim turned away
For Husain had not had a dropp in three long days
Life fled from his broken body, the Prince held him close
Gathering in His robe, the crushed shards that remained
Thus carrying the remains of Qasim, at the camp He arrived
Seeing the women at the doorway, “Here he is” Husain cried
“Here are the remains of Qasim, with these I have come”
Qasim’s mother hugged the bundle which contained her son
“Kubra is ruined” Banu in despair cried
And in grief Zainab ran out, her hair undone
Following Ali’s daughter, the ladies ran out of the tents
All except the mourning bride, crying in lament
“Oh Qasim, dear Qasim” they cried out in despair
“How brutally they killed you” their anguish filled the air
In dejection the Prince wept at the sight before His eyes
“Never shall I forget Qasim’s death” in anguish He said
“Lets take what remains of Qasim to the awaiting bride”
How do I face my daughter, mourning inside?”
Saying this He walked in, the wrapped body held close
Avoiding Kubra’s gaze, weeping, His head bowed
Surrounded by His family, ladies wailing in distress
His heart heavy at the grief inflicted by His foes
Pause now Oh Anees, for the heart can bear no more
Do not speak any further of what happened on Aashoor

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Good Deeds

Gone from this world, are very many rich men,
Wealth accompanied them not, nor their children,
After burying the dead, came back the bereaved,
Good deeds alone consorted him to chasten.

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Grave

By embracing death, the comer has come to Thy lap,
Having forsaken all, he lie's Thy grasp,
Why not to rest in Thy fold, O Grave!,
I have got thee, for my life's mishap.

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Human Being

To man, God Raised to what an exaltation,
He raised the low, to the summit of sublimation,
Life, Sense, Intellect, faculties of feeling and faith,
To this scum, He elevated to what a station!

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Hymn

In an orchard I stroll, the scenic land I look,
Or treasures of mount, river and land I Look,
Everywhere, myriad is manifestations of Nature,
Dazed I am, with two eyes what a world grand I look.

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Karbala Part I

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Karbala Part II

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Nothing More Precious Than Your Child In This World

Nothing more precious than your child in this world
Nothing more important than their wellbeing 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 solace, 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 Akber's parting, the answer is in His sighs
May a parent never so suffer, nor a child thus part
In the tears of a parent, is the blood of a bleeding heart
When the dastardly arrows pierced Akber'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 soldier, alone and bruised
Come help your Ali Abkar, whom you're about to lose"
Hearing the cries, towards the call Husain ran
His legs gave way, He dropped often to the sands
With every breath He felt He could breathe no more
"Oh Asadullah" He cried, clutching His heart in pain
With shock His face ashen, the desert dust in His hair
Trembling He rose again, blinded with pain, He stared
He shouted "Oh Ali Akber, which way do I come?
Do I search in the sand dunes under the blazing sun?
My heart palpitates, do I ask for the enemy's help?
I will come, I will find you, to me you cannot come"
"Your loss has robbed me of the desire to live
Me you should have buried, the job to me you give"
"Akber, 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 again
Call your anxious father so that I may come"
"God's wills must be done, I submit, I agree
Death must be beheaded, so what, let it be"
Stumbling and falling, Husain found His injured son
Lodged in Akber's heart was an arrow, damage done
He felt as though the arrow had pierced Hhs own heart

He clutched His chest in anguish, Oh Akber, so young
He heard Akber's labored breath, his toil to hide the pain
A 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 my fluttering heart, keep beating until he is 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, my plea you must hear"
"I wish to see Him once more before I die
On His laps, in His arms, once more I wish to lie"
"I am here Ali Akber," Husain cried "I have come"
"Get up my beloved, my dear, lovely son
You're waiting for me, your eyes searching the battlefield
Your forlorn father is hear, your wait for me is done"
"Say something Akber, open your eyes, look at me
I'll hold you in my arms, my miserable face can you see?"
"You moan in pain Akber, in your neck an arrow is stuck
Does it hurt to move? Should I lay you on the dust?
My world has darkened; my vision filled with gloom
I've raised you in my lap, do I watch you die thus?"
"Your injured heart protrudes from your wounded chest
Through the open gashes I see broken ribs no less"
"Oh Ali Akber, Ali Akber, say something, talk to me
Open your eyes Ali Akber, so my face you can see
If you're leaving, say goodbye, do not so quietly go
You must die and I live on, Akber how can it be?"
"Even tired grooms do not sleep as soundly as you do
I weep for you in pain, and yet you do not move"
In his unconscious state Akber heard Husain's cries
The obedient son opened his arms, midst his sighs
Husain held Ali Akber to his chest and wept in pain
Showed the thirsty son, His own tongue, parched and dry
And said "Oh dearest Akber, not a dropp I could find
I couldn't get any water, Oh dearest son of mine"
Tears flowed from Akber's bruised, bloodied eyes
He looked helplessly at Husain and cried
He whispered "Mother Zehra has come for me"

He took his last breath, shuddered and sighed
Eyes open toward Husain, Ali Akber passed away
Resting in his father's arms, nothing more did he say
Historians say that the moment Akber died
Zainab left the camp, "Oh my Akber" she cried
Her veil forgotten, so intense was her grief
Wailing, the ladies followed - a harrowing sight!
The air echoed with their anguished cries
"Oh Ali Akber Ali Akber" in unison they cried
"Take me to Akber, show me where he lies
Have mercy on me, guide me, hear my painful cries
My Brother sits alone with His wounded youth
What cloud hides my moon, show me" Zainab cried
"In grief I am 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 "Oh my Zainab, why did you leave the camp?
Oh daughter of Ali, dead is my joy and pride"
"Bruised and dead, Akber lies on the desert floor
What do you wish to see Oh Sister? Akber is no more"

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Oh Fasting Muslims, These Are The Days Of Grief

Oh fasting Muslims, these are the days of grief
On Syeds have fallen a grave calamity
We mourn the loss of our Leader, our first Imam
The Lion of God, now our company leaves

While in prayer your Imam was attacked today
The wretched blade struck as He bowed and prayed

During the month of Ramadan, in the house of God
On this auspicious night, at the crack of dawn
As the Lion of God bowed before His God
The enemy struck at His head, no mercy shown

Blood poured from the wound onto His face
And in prostration He whispered "God is Great"

Oh true of faith, your Leader is slain
The light of Islam, now wounded lays
The gash is deep, fatal the wound
From the nape to His forehead the sword has slashed

Mohammed and Zehra are bare-headed in grief
His children are orphaned, His followers weep

In such desolate times, this tragedy befell
Far from Medina, few friends here dwell
Sajjad merely four or five years old
A desire to see him grow up, by death quelled

His own children young, to be orphans soon
The Noble Abbas is only nine years old

Historians say that when Ali was slain
From the minaret Gabriel let out a wail
Zainab and Kulsoom threw their wraps on the ground
And called out to their Brothers in panic and pain

"Did you hear Oh Brother's Gabriel's cry?"
"The Imam has been murdered" the Brothers replied

Saying this, toward the Mosque They fled
And found the Savior wounded, soaked in blood
Wiping the blood from His face, They cried out in pain
"Who attacked the Imam, the Prophet's true heir?"

"Who made the Prophet today weep in His grave?
Who orphaned us, assailed You in this state?"

For prayer, into the Mosque, the people then came
And toward Hasan, Ali turned and thus said
"You lead them in prayer my dearest Son
While I pray as I lie, in my injured state"

"But do tie a bandage over my wound
Wrap something around my head, pray soon"

With a heavy heart, Hasan dressed the wound
"Tighter dear Hasan" Ali said to His Son
Wrapping the dressing tighter around His Father's head
Hasan cried "Dear Father, how is the pain?"

"How do You feel dear Father, Oh Lion of God?
Ali held His head and said "My head still throbs"

Having led the people in their morning prayer
Hasan prayed for Ali, sitting by near
At that moment a lady walked in and cried
"Zainab has sent a message you all must hear"

"She says that if her Father doesn't come home soon
Then bare-headed into the Mosque she will come"

Ali said "In grief, Zainab speaks thus
"Pray tell her this is Koofa not Karbala, you must
I am neither helpless nor surrounded by armies galore
We're have supporters, we are in their midst"

"Bare headed she need not leave her home yet
That will happen when Husain will be beheaded instead"

Hearing Ali's words, His followers shed tears

Ali's sons made a stretcher to carry Their Father dear
Laying Ali within, They carried Him home
Hasan leading the way, Husain following near

Laying in the stretcher, blood dripping from His wounds
Thus Ali was carried back to His home

When she heard them coming, Zainab cried out in grief
Inconsolable she ran out into the street
Yet another time she would leave her home thus
In Karbala, when Ali Akber would be killed

Covering their eyes strangers turned away
Zainab hugged her Father sobbing her prayers

The people of the house gathered around Ali
They surrounded Him, in their eyes a plea
Ummul Baneen was distraught at the sight
She called for Abbas, the young son of Ali

"Pray call a healer for your Father my son
Find someone who can heal the damage done"

Seeing his mother's anguish, Abbas cried
He hugged her close, ready to die
And said "Dear mother, I've often heard
A life can be saved by forfeiting another life"

"Come take me to my Father, this is a way to heal
He will be saved, and you will be at peace"

Hearing this Ummul Baneen wiped her tears
She hugged Abbas amidst her pain and fears
And said "You're right, you must die in His stead"
Then she addressed the people standing by near

"Make way Oh people, let me pass
I'm here to sacrifice my dear Abbas"

Hearing this Ali said "You know not what you do
Is the eminence of Abbas not disclosed to you?
He is the son of Fatima, not yours dear wife

He's Husain's sword and shield and guardian too"

"Ask Zehra what status Abbas holds
In Karbala he will die for Shabbeer's cause"

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Old Age And Youth

Sleep no more, it's time to wake,
Close is parting time, provisions ye take,
The passenger sojourns there, after the death,
Horrible is grave, in it's very make.

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Provisions For Life Hereafter

Sleep no more, it's time to wake,
Close is parting time, provisions ye take,
The passenger sojourns there, after the death,
Horrible is grave, in it's very make.

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Selection Of Men

From an ignorant being, I expect not eulogy,
It be a friend or foe, I listen to all and sundry,
Verily, the flavor of friendship fades not,
I remove thorns and pluck the flowers gently.

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Submission

It's God who exalts, whomever He wishes,
Self-effacing is the man, humility he practises,
Swaggering suits only to the brainless being,
As to an empty vessel, noise pleases.

Mir Babar Ali Anees

The Days Of Pain How To Pass

The days of pain how to pass,
Few moments of life yet lumbering, how to pass,
Thanks Anis, past is senility's noon,
But in grave, night's occurring, how to pass.

"To every mortal being, eternal I regarded,
Valuable I deemed, that which is to be discarded,
In the ocean of eternity, life is like a bubble,
O ignorant! What's life? A trifling unrewarded".

"Each moment of my life may pass in Thy adoration
I submit but to thy prayer and prostration,
O God! Grant me such a span of life,
This may pass in obedience and resignation".

"Engrossed I ever be, in the messenger's adoration,
My tongue be used, for the successor's adoration,
O God! My age be spent like that of a quill,
In Thy prostration, in the savior's adoration".

"Drunk deep I am, at each step I waver,
My tavern is my heaven, a source of great pleasure,
Intoxicated I am with love, for the cup-bearer of Kausar.
My eyes are glasses, my heart a real measure".

"Life is remission, do not spend,
For a while, look at the end,
The lengthening shadow of hope is vain,
Tomorrow is departure, shorten the tale, O Friend!".

"It's but for Thy blessing that position I hold,
Respect I command, by bowing at Thy Threshold,
Riches, reverence and unflagging faith,
From Thy treasure, I got gold!"

"Worthy of Thy Majesty, who worshipped Thee, O Creator!,
Each moment, Thy Grace is upon the transgressor,
On the doomsday, I shall but observe,
My sins or Thy Mercy, Which outweigh in measure".

The oneness of God, each blade of grass manifests,
His Attributes and Grace, each flower reflects,
Like an unbounded sea, is the bosom of man,
Where each breath, the ebb and flow of life sets.

A Peerless gem Husain is, in the vast and Mighty Ocean
Like Mohammed, He is the leader of our nation,
He triumphed over love, by the sacrifice of his Life,
Husain, among the martyrs, is highest in exaltation.

One who craves salvation?
Disgusted he is, with this world of temptation,
How can an eye envelope the two?
O ignorant! Inebriety this is, that's all sensation.

No hope for life, Sajjad had kept,
Peacefully at night, he never slept.
Never was his face lit with laughter,
For forty years, to his father, he went.

Inhabited is a house, another in desolation,
Marry is one, somebody, a picture of lamentation,
A blend of joy and sorrow, in this world,
Somewhere it's chest-beat, somewhere exultation.

Alas! Time has changed to a tune, all somber,
A new age has dawned; old order is no longer,
Get away soon from here, O Anis! ,
There is everywhere, chaos and disorder.

Ah this transgression, this pollution of heart,
O anis! Yielded you, to the passion of heart,
These flaunting for your white dress,
How blackened in your soul, what a corruption of heart!.

Even after along span of life, death is a must,
The bubble that life is, shall soon burst,
Make provisions for life hereafter,
O ignorant! Leaving this world, thou shalt go to dust.

To mop tears, a hanky, one has to keep,

These days and these nights are not to sleep,
O friends! The long year is for rejoicings,
Such are Ten Days, When one Wishes to Weep.

From Zodiac, the radiant sun will greet,
Pearl-forming substance, into shell shall seat,
Whether east or West, Buried wherever he is,
The lover of Haider, at Najaf will meet.

As age advanced, eye lost their light,
Companions of youth were out of sight,
Be not oblivious of shroud, O Anis!
Camphoric became the musky hair in a night.

Breath in Bosom is, like the light of day,
Each traveler in this caravan is, on the way,
Never would Anis so lag behind,
O Long Life! It's all Thy Play.

In silent there resides, the beauty of oration,
In folded eyes these exists, the power of all vision,
Friends fret not, nor frown foes,
How horrible is indeed, grave's seclusion!

Turning sideward, when do here and there I look?,
Wonder-struck I am, whither I Look,
Be it this world or hereafter, the earth or the sky,
Thou and Thou alone art seen, everywhere I Look.

Born we are for the sorrow to bewail,
Weeping nourishes eyes, without any fail,
With two precious things, god has blessed us all,
Eyes and hands, with these the mourners regale.

Each day there was, a new composition,
Soothing were words, cogent their exposition,
From the pulpit, I fed them novel thoughts,
Down came manna, such was supposition.

Separation has made my heart anguished,
Flames of fire, my signs have extinguished,
Out, out, soon O Anis! Life is ebbing out,

Hapless India is no longer distinguished.

At the grandeur of the King, the shudder,
Servile acts they discharge, with utmost fervor,
This is the way that in 'Tazia-Khana'.
The banners are bent, when they enter.

Nightingale learns from me, the felicity or oration,
Novelty I give, to the way of lamentation,
For limitless weeping, clouds envy my eyes,
My tears teach rivers, flow and fermentation.

No utterance be there, except in adulation,
From bosom there surges, a sigh of lamentation,
Ransom be my soul, for You and You, O Husain!,
I die for Your Love, with all Exultation.

Unrelenting were the buffets of adversity,
The boat sank, the crew lost in all dignity,
All riddles were but related to life, O Anis!
When I existed not, nothing remained in reality.

Surfeiting sorrow for that noble soul,
May cause a stream of tears to roll,
From the eyes, the drops drip at a time,
Making each-lash, a flowery band as a whole.

No Sorrow is palatable as this lamentation,
In thrashing, chest feels delectable sensation,
Tears became precious pearls, each eye thus speaks,
In Moharrum's Month, Weeping is an act of Exhilaration.

The stages canopy, I Witnessed,
The heavenly glory, I Witnessed,
Thanks Heaven, To Najaf I flew like dust,
Bu Turab's courtly beauty, I Witnessed.

Whither wanders, with thy head trailing,
In old age, like a stripling, thou art assailing,
Shrunk is world into a narrow and lowly place,
Bending over the earth, the sky moves unailing.

The wrongs are measured in the scale of grace,
To heaven, like flower's fragrance, they do pace,
Like the gates of Khyber, unlocked with Ali's Ring,
Myriad mysteries are revealed, there exists no trace.

From Murky India, I seek my riddance,
If I avail a friend, I try my deliverance,
When luck has undone the shackles, O Anis!
My feet have refused to move, what a repentance!

To the holy sanctuary, the one who was sent,
Marhab — like youth he killed, with great
Accomplishment!,
All glory be to God, with a tyrant's sword,
In prostration he was, when his head was rent.

The jealous allowed me no respite,
Denied was thus, all worldly delight,
Had Khizr and Christ been ling this hour,
They should have been, in a pitiable plight.

Restless For Karbala, If there be a visitor,
In adversity, God is His Helper and Nourisher,
At the Holy place, He needs no Guide,
Each of the Footprints Acts as a Pointer.

When body from soul is separated, on that day,
Difficult will to be attend assembly, this way,
It's no good to blandish new garments,
The same body into shroud shall stay.

Visible are yet, the traces of endearment,
The leader yet showers his love, most fervent,
The banners go ahead, when 'Zari" is raised,
Abbas is yet devoted, Duty-bound and Diligent.

Pump and show feel threatened by adversity,
Awake! Fear lurks in this way, in all immensity,
Rise! How long will inertia and sloth be there?
Look! In ambushade, Death dwells with all tenacity.

"Beloved of God we are", the Sovereign said to enemy,

“We are the main support, of this great canopy,
The light, which the world is kindled with,
We are that constellation, O men of Syrian army!”

Alas! What faithful friends parted this world,
What lovely flowers left this orchard,
Was there a sapling, unvisited by autumn?
Faded not which flower, it was never heard.

In lusterless India, nothing is of essence,
No friend is there, nor an acquaintance,
Go to bright Najaf, O Anis! You may get there,
Precious pearls and God’s Magnificence.

How to relate that heart is distraught,
Inspid is food, water tastes not,
O Anis! Resign to death somewhere in wilderness,
Covering the nakedness, this way can be wrought.

The faithful found peace, away from infidelity,
From a Noble House, borrowed Kaba its Dignity,
Having held Ali into His Hand, the Holy Prophet Said,
From God, I’ve got This Gem, Peerless for its Majesty’.

In the presence of Hussain, His Brother’s blood was shed,
On river bank, the Famished and Thirsty bled,
Laid was in the centre, the corpse of the warrior,
That side the river flowed, this side oozed Blood all Red.

In this age, not only man is debased and demented,
It’s true; none is happy and contented,
Snare is all around, fear of a fowler too,
How free birds are caged and tormented!.

Such are the luminaries, lustrous is all assembly,
These are the Dear of Zakra and Ali,
About the mourners who bitterly weep,
The sovereign says, “Such men are our friends verily”

Senses I have lost, my own shadow I dread,
I am that wizard, from trap who has always fled,
A lover of that I am, whom I have never seen,

Burning, yet no candle is there, I'm that moth inbred.

By God's grace, with the blessings of the Messenger,
This city may flourish and thrive for ever,
Such is the ruler and such the potentates,
O God! May Hyderabad ever prosper.

Those who reached the King of Karbala,
Verily, they reached Mohammed Mustafa,
What a majesty Of Hussain's Visitor's, O God!
Those who reach Hussain, They reach Allah.

In the lap of grave, when sleep is a must.
No bed shall be there, except all dust,
Ah! It shall be utter loneliness, O Anis!
I shall be alone, and the grave's thrust.

Mir Babar Ali Anees

To Leave Home Is Hard, But We Have To Leave

The Prince leaves His home, to the desert He heads
Friends and loved ones follow, in His path they tread
"He's leaving, He's leaving" cry the people in grief
Causing unrest, the news of His departure spreads
The homeland of the Prophet is losing its soul
Where heaven's fragrance resided, that very home
The ladies of His household are beset with grief
The neighboring women arrive in disbelief
His Noble Sister says goodbye to them all
Twisting their hands, helplessly the women speak
"Oh mercy, Oh mercy, He's leaving us all
In this heat He will walk the desert floor?"
"Looking at Ali Asgher, our hearts are filled with pain
Can this tender baby survive the journey with Husain?
Where is the Imam headed? Where does He plan to go?
What if He finds no water in the desert barren?"
"Leaving this town, to the forsaken desert He goes
Taking the baby with Him, the Prince leaves home"
To the wailing women, the Noble Sister says
"We follow God's will, we have no say
Letters from Koofa arrive daily, insisting we come
We're now headed for Kaaba, there we will pray"
"Who knows what awaits us, grief or peace?
We will do what God wishes, we follow His will"
"God knows I will miss all of you and this home
The memories will follow me wherever I go
While the entire family on this journey leaves
Yet a sickly child we leave behind, did you know?"
"At the thought of leaving her, my dear Brother weeps
For Fatima Soghra, our hearts are filled with grief"
Hearing this, the women shed more tears
And the mother sat, holding Fatima Soghra near
Grief-stricken, the mother gazed at Soghra's face
And Soghra said "Oh mother, have no fear"
"I am ill no more, why do you weep for me?
I'm coming with you mother dear, don't you see?"
"Oh Soghra, I love you my dear" Banu cried
"It would make me so happy to have you at my side
But do not ask me the question, whether you can come

Your Father is our Master, He will decide"
"Let's see what the Prince decides to do
He may leave me behind to care for you"
As she spoke, the Prince walked in through the door
Heart heavy, eyes teary, troubled His soul
Sakina cried "Oh mother, my Father is here"
Soghra said "Its my healer who has come home"
To His sister He said "The hour draws near
Come say farewell to Soghra my daughter dear"
"The caravan, all assembled, waits ready to depart
Friends have loaded our belongings with a heavy heart
The street has been cordoned, so the ladies may board
The camels await, let the journey start"
"To leave home is hard, but we have to leave
My heart weeps for Soghra, I'm filled with grief"
Approaching Fatima Soghra this He said
Trembling with weakness, she rose from her bed
Hugging her close to His heart, the Prince cried
"You're ill my dear, please lie down and rest"
"What is fated will happen, it will not turn
You're ill my dearest, with fever you burn"
Holding her close, He sat by her bed
He recited Al Hamd and prayed for her health
Then He hugged her once more and said "Soghra dear
It is the will of God that you stay back and rest"
"We would take you with us if you were well my dear
But you're too ill to travel, that much is clear"
Hearing this Soghra's heart shattered with pain
She cried out, her face now growing pale
At the thought of their departure, she gasped and cried out
All peace was gone, grief-ridden her face
Tears flowed from her eyes, onto her gaunt cheeks
Everyone wept, seeing Soghra weep
Collapsing on her bed, in sorrow she cried
"Help me Oh help me, I will certainly die
Fate has turned against me, I will not survive
Leaving me You will go Oh Father tonight?"
"How can You bear to part, to leave me thus?
This decision will kill me, take me You must"
"In my longing for You, I will certainly die
Seeing my family leave, I will not survive
A father leaves his daughter? How can it be?

Forgive my sins, take me, hear my cries"
"In Your absence I will not suffer here thus
Pray take me with You, please take me You must"
"I beg You, have mercy, take me with You
Do not leave me behind, I will come with you too
I love You dear Father, with You I will stay
Pray take me with You, my needs are few"
"If I'm ill, please wait until I'm well again
Or stay till I die, You may leave then"
Head bowed, the Prince listened Soghra implore
At that moment Ali Akber walked in through the door
Reaching up to her brother Soghra hugged him tight
"Come dear brother" she pleaded yet even more
"Father will not listen to my pleas today
Will you also leave me and go away?"
"I am but alive for a few more days
Goodbye dear bother, you won't see me again
The pleasure of your company can I have once more?
Come sit close to me, hear of my pain"
"In my heart the sorrow of your parting now rests
I'll leave this world, with grief beset"
"My dearest, my loving, my handsome Akber
I'll miss you, I'll suffer, I will die Akber
How can I bear to see you leave me and go?
Leaving your dying sister, you depart Akber"
"If only you would wait for my death, and then leave
Bury me and shed a few tears at my grave"
"I'll suffer, I'll wonder when you will return
Will I ever see your beautiful face again?
If you hold a wedding, will you invite me then?
I'll die of misery, if you take too long"
"If I'm dead dear brother do not first go home
Visit my grave dear Akber first when you return"

Mir Babar Ali Anees

Walid Ko Imam-E-Husain (A) Ki Talab

Mir Babar Ali Anees

When Hur Was Delivered From The Bounds Of Hell

When Hur was delivered from the bounds of Hell
And the gates of Paradise opened wide for him
And the Prince rested Hur's head on His lap
Hur rose in rank from sinful to blessed
Many envied his position, coveted his place
Angels brought glad tidings, praised his fate
When acquaintances and friends had laid down their lives
For Husain's cause each on fought and died
And Qasim stood ready to do the same
Zainab sat head-bowed and silently cried
"I am surprised at my boys" in dejection she said
"They have shamed me, to face the Imam I dread"
As she said these words, cries rose from the camps
Akber cried out from the door of the Imam's tents
"Aunt Zainab's wealth is plundered in battle today
They fought and died together, the two brothers are slain"
"Abbas hastens to the battlefield to find the boys
Husain rushes to get their bodies from the enemy vile"
Hearing this Zainab toward the Kaaba bowed
Rested her head on the sand, grief-stricken, yet proud
"I triumph, my wish is fulfilled" she cried
"My two boys are dead, no worries abound"
"My Lord I beseech you, save the Prophet's Grandson
Let everyone die, yet live my Husain"

In grief Fizza cried out to the ladies within
"Come gather around my lady, come all kin
Where is Banu? Pray call her to Zainab's side
Lets weep for Zainab's sons, my lady is ruined"
"The Prince searches for their bodies in the battleground
Let's gather to receive them, His grief knows no bounds"
By the door the Prophet's family gathered to wait
And with the bodies of Zainab's sons Husain came
Abbas held the body of the older boy in his arms
And Husain carried the younger one into the camps
And cries and moans filled the desert air
Everyone gathered around the bodies in despair
Carrying in the bodies, the Prince laid them down
Weeping, kith and kin gathered around

But not a word did Zainab say nor did she cry out
She sat quietly by the bodies, her head bowed
Face ashen, lips parched, her robe tear-soaked
Oblivious to all around, lost to the world
Banu laid the boys' heads on Zainab's lap
And the ladies sobbed as she motionless sat
Then slowly Zainab bent to take a look
At their battered faces, their many wounds alas
Their cheeks gashed, their foreheads scratched
Arms torn from their shoulders, limbs detached
Zainab rested her face on their chests and cried
"In thirst, rest can induce sleep my dear boys
Everyone here is talking about your courage my sons
Stand up and say thank you, awaken, come rise"
"You didn't sleep last night, you're tired I'm sure
Yet your manners you must remember my children dear"

"The Imam praises your courage, come, wake up
Abbas talks proudly of your battle skills, wake up
Akber tells everyone of how well you fought
All complain of your silence, my dear boys wake up"
"Do not part from your Master in His time of need
This is a time of conflict, not a time to sleep"
"You've never in the past slept so deeply, so sound
I'd wipe your face except there is no water around
You're lost to me forever, gone from my sight
It was fated that your loss, your death, I mourn"
"On my behalf you fought, I'm proud my boys
For the Prince, in His cause, you laid down your lives"
"By yourself you've never been away anywhere
The path that you now take is unfamiliar and strange
The road after death can be frightening indeed
Wise men have trembled, though better prepared"
"Of the horrors of this passage, the Prophet had warned
The road can be frightening, be strong, my sons"
"You embark on this route, leaving your mother alone
Remember you're men, though tender and young
Oh stars of my eyes, you will hide from me now
Pray tell me where you're headed leaving your home"
"In the valley of death or among the living you abide?
Where is the place that you will rest tonight?"
"I have lived too long, I'm weary with grief"

Yet it's destined that I continue to suffer, to live
I wonder how much longer I must live this life
Your loss darkens my world, yet I live still"
"I wonder what other losses I am destined to mourn
For many more I must weep, many more will be gone"

"In dark graves, how can you possibly rest?
I will ache with longing to see your faces at dusk
How do I console my heart, what do I say?
You won't hear my cries, won't see my tears"
"In wilderness, in cities, I will seek you everywhere
This is a mother's heart, such a loss it cannot bear"
"You laid down your lives for my Brother's cause
I'm obliged, my little soldiers, my little boys
How do I thank you, where do I find the words?
Mother is indebted to you forever and more"
"I wish I had died before this fateful day
I wish by your loss my Brother's life can be saved"
"Where is the place that you go to rest tonight?
Tell mother of your journey, will you be alright?
The day is almost over, the sun will soon set
Where will you sleep tonight, what is the place like?"
"Away from the comfort of your bed, on the sands
On the bloody battleground, you lay down to rest"
"No pillows, no covers, no such comforts tonight
Stay together, keep each other company my boys
Take care of Mohammed, my son Aon dear
You know how the shadows frighten him at night"
"Unless I held him, Mohammed could never sleep
Tonight he must rest by himself indeed"

Mir Babar Ali Anees

When In Shaam The Caravan Of Widows Arrived

When in Shaam the caravan of widows arrived
In embarrassment they bowed their heads and cried
Seeing spectators lined up on the streets
Tears of humiliation filled their eyes
Having trailed through the roads, shops and streets
The ladies reached the court of the evil Yazid

There Yazid conversed with Abid at length
Hearing Abid's responses, the courtiers wept
Disgraced, Yazid brought the discussion to a close
Enraged at Sajjad's character and strength
While everyone dispersed and returned to their homes
To prison the kin of the Prophet went on
In the dark prison, they sat heads bowed
Frightened of the darkness, Sakina looked around
So exhausted was Abid from His journeys on foot
He dropped to the floor without a sound
Many nights He had stayed up, many miles He had walked
He slept now, resting His head against the wall
"Why is it so dark?" Sakina wanted to know
"What place is this mother, where no air flows?
The darkness is smothering, I can't see a thing
Not the earth beneath or the sky above"
"We cannot stay here, no one will survive
Will lamps be lit when evening arrives?" "If it stays this dark, I will certainly not
last
I'm convinced that this night will not pass
My father would cradle me on his chest at night
Now sleep on the dirt? I cannot alas"
"If a lamp blew out, I'd wake with a start
Have I ever, Oh Mother, slept in the dark?"
Banu replied, wiping Sakina's tears
"Hush my little one, lest the guards hear
The sun will rise soon, the darkness will be gone
Or moonlight will illumine this place my dear"
"You will soon feel a breeze, the night will cool down
I'll hold you in my arms, rest Oh little one"
Thus the mother consoled, cajoled and calmed
The girl was restless, the night stretched on

Sakina, restless and weary, sobbed through the night
Curled up and wrapped in her mother's arms
Her body frail and weak, she finally slept
And Bano held Sakina in her arms and wept
Within moments Sakina was restless again
She felt her father's presence, of him she dreamt
Stretching wide her arms, she awoke with a start
And peered in the darkness, her eyes seeking him
She cried "Oh Mother, not a thing I can see
My Father was here, tell me where is he?"
Everyone wept at Sakina's state
As did the prison guard, concealing his face
News of Sakina's distress was brought to Yazid
That she weeps for her father, for him she prays
Inconsolable, distraught, nothing calms her down
She wants her father, she wants him now "Take his head, show it to her" Yazid
ordered his men
And Husain's severed head was carried thence
Its glory and radiance lighting the path
Fragrant and glorious Its noble presence
Sensing the haloed arrival, the prisoners hastily rose
Impatiently Sakina waited by the door
Anxious to see Him, smiling through her tears
The air grew fragrant as His head drew near
With His aura the prison air transformed
Gone with the gloom was Sakina's fear
In reception the prisoners lined up at the door
In respect and salutation Abid arose
Anxious to hold Him, Sakina spread her tattered dress
And hugged His head close to her chest
She kissed His forehead, His cheeks, His lips
The prisoners sat around her in awe and respect
Zainab sat forlorn, hair strewn, head bare
Husain's glance was affixed to his sister's face
Holding her dear father's severed head
Sakina sat on the floor, whispered and pled
Spoke words of love, of her loss, her pain
Then all went quiet as though she were dead
Her face resting on her father's face
She sighed and shuddered then took her last breath
At first, her silence gave no one alarm
For everyone thought she was feeling calm

But as the silence stretched, the mother cried out
"Wake up dear Sakina, pass the head to you aunt"
Hearing no response, terror filled Banu's heart
"She's fainted" said everyone, "Banu take heart" Banu lifted Sakina into her arms

Saw the lifeless limbs, eyes shut, face calm
Neck limp, face drooping to her chest, not a sound
"What is this?" She cried, "What is this now?"
"What healer do I consult, where do I go?
I am locked in prison door, what do I do?"
She fanned Sakina's chest, lifting her shirt
"Pray my lady," she turned to Zainab and urged
She called out to Abid in utter distress
"Help me my son, your sister won't stir"
"I am trying to wake her but I see no response
She may have passed out, yet her breathing has stopped"
Feeling his sister's pulse Abid sighed and tensed
And the mother cried "I have no more strength"
"Yet I'll face the truth, do not hide from me son"
Abid replied "Dear mother, Sakina is dead"
"Lay her down on the sand, let her body rest
Her body is bruised, yet she's peaceful in death"
"In this dark prison my daughter is dead?"
Banu cried "This death I can never forget"
And Fizza ran to the door and asked the guards
For a lamp to light the house of the dead
"No one keeps a body laying so in the dark
Yet our little girl lies in the prison pitch black"
With the coming of dawn, the prison was lit
And Banu bent over Sakina and looked
Saw the bruised ears, dried blood on her neck
Her dress blood-stained, torn and burnt
Face pale, Sakina rested on the dirt floor
Hair laden with dust, crying no more "My dearest" She cried, "Come wake up
now
Its time for prayers, your head you must bow"
"You've never needed to be awoken for prayers before
You awoke on your own, what has happened now?
You know the guards' fury, do not so doze
This is not home Sakina, they'll come to the door"
"The darkness troubled you, you couldn't rest
You'd pray for a breeze, you'd get upset

The breeze from heaven will cool you tonight
In your new home Sakina my dear sleep well"
"I hope you find comforts you couldn't find here
May your grave be roomier than this prison my dear"

Mir Babar Ali Anees