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Al-Hussein's Voice



Verse Drama

Written by

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Translated by

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Blood Ebullience
in
Karbala Chronicle

Verse drama

Ridha Al-Khufaji

Translated
by
Asst-Prof. Haider Al-Moosawi

Upon the prince of the young in paradise and
the fifth one of the Cloak Companions,
the everlasting , Al-Hussein (Peace be upon him)
and

Upon the memory of my deceased father “
the servant of Al-Hussein pulpit”
I do bestow this humble effort.

Dramatist

To

Father died in harness,
Mother wallowed in her blossoms in mourning.
Brothers adhering a line of quixoticism in doing good to
all
My family buttressing me with tears and smiles
Friends, scanty but lily-white, fight being dehumanized
and mechanized.

The Translator

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Dramatist in Lines

- Born in 1948.
- B.A. in Political Sciences, University of Al-Mustansiriya, 1973.
- Publishing his first poetry collection; *Première Carnival* in 1988.
- Publishing his second Poetry Collection; *Beneficent my Hands are in* 2001.
- Launching nationally and internationally into publication and reputation since 1970.
- Having more than 25 products ramifying into poetry, verse drama, studies and critiques.
- Being a member of Union of Writers and Litterateurs in Iraq.
- Being a member of Arabic Union of Writers and Litterateurs.
- Advocating the theory of Al-Husseini Theatre in his *Theory of Al-Husseini Theatre*.
- Participating in many a broadcasting drama.
- Recently, achieving a film *Allah's Revenge* incarnating the everlasting Al-Hussein epic as part one.
- Until Now, indulging thoroughly in completing the part two of *Revenge of Allah* for Karbala Foundation for Serious and Historical Cinematic Film Production.

Translator in Lines

- Born in 1972.
- B.A in English language and literature, University of Basrah, 1994.
- Translating short stories from English into Arabic published in Babylon Newspaper for Roger Mays, June 13, 1994 and Mario Banditti, May12, 1994.
- Being as a translator in UN, 1997.
- Writing a short story *The Phoenix* in 2001.
- Translating **The Foreign Office and the Kremlin British Documents on Anglo-Soviet Relation 1941-45** as documented in a thesis submitted to the council of college of education, University of Basrah in 2002
- Writing a short story *A Chameleon* in 2003.
- M.A in Modern English Drama, University of Al-Mustansiriya, 2005.
- Writing one-act play in English *Volition* in 2008 and then enacted on the Babylon University hall in 2009.
- Translating *Guide-Book of University of Babylon* in 2009.
- Translating *General Guidebook for Syllabus Design & Evaluation According to Total Quality Management* in 2010.
- Translating *Al-Husseini Theatre Theory* from Arabic into English, 2011.
- Translating three plays for Al-Husseini Theatre Theory; *Al-Hur Al-Riahi's voice, Al-Hussein's Voice and The Moon of Hashemite People: Al-'Abass Bin Ali* in 2011.
- Emitting the rays of light to *A Critical Approach to the*

Brechtian Tenets as Compared with Al-Husseini Theatre Theory ;

Al-Hur Al-Riahi's voice,

Al-Hussein's Voice.

The Moon of Hashemite People: Al-'Abass Bin Ali.

- Editing and translating *Al-Husseini Theatre Theory under Explication* under the auspices of the Cultural and Intellectual Department in Al-'Abass Holy Shrine, 2011.
- Being a member in the edition board of Al-'Ameed Journal as of 2011 until now.
- Being a member of the Global Al-Husseini Discourse Forum, (G.H.D.F.), in 2012.
- Writing one act play in English, *Stone Mask against Stone Mask* and finding staging in the Scientific Conference of the College of Education for Humanities in 2013.

Preface

Here comes the third drama in Al-Husseini series at the mercy of Allah, such an artwork incarnates Al-Hussein epic under modern lens whose target is to convey that serene Mohammedan ideology to all nations. yet we do deem the globability of Al-Hussein renaissance sprouting into view for the depressed, bereaved and coerced in all times and places. Such renaissance confronts the despots and fight them with a strategy never ever launched before .Imam Al-Hussein (Peace be upon him) has led the conflict with a sense of Jihad and utter faith that knows no hesitation or retracing ; as it so with the chronicle of Imams ever protected ; the grandsons of Mohammed (peace be upon him and his progeny)

In 2006,*Al-Hussein` Voice* published in Al-Huda Newspaper of Karbala in series , and also in 2008 the drama department in the sacred Al-Hussein Broadcasting Station reviews the drama during Ashura. Provided that ,I did write the scenario of that series.

As a matter of fact, having desired to write about a point and manipulate various styles, For a littérateur it is of convenience ,since it would be quite manageable, on the contrary, the littérateur who advocates a line of thought

heavenly ,universal and purged pants after writing a text tackling so great a message as Imam Al-Hussein (Peace be upon him), many a hindrance stymies him and forces him to advocate certain lines ,since Al-Hussein appertains to a thought system with conditions, ethics and aesthetics. Consequently, such a littérateur should believe in such a system to reach reputation and success, otherwise he may gain nothing but fiasco, for certain reasons we've focused upon in the Theory of Al-Husseini Theatre.

In the aggregate, I do concentrate upon several issues mental, artistic and technical ; what remains is your decisive response to evaluate such an effort ;success can only come from Allah.

Dramatis Personae

1. `Amir Bin S`aad ; Umayyad leader.
2. Shamir Bin Thejushin; a prominent leader in the Umayyad army and decapitates Imam Al-Hussein's head.
3. Harmala, a prominent leader in the Amuite army and shoots the infant Abdullah's throat with an arrow while being thirsty in the bosom of his father Imam Al-Hussein.
4. Hakeem Bin Tufeil, a prominent leader in the Amuite army wanting in ambush; behind a palm-tree ,and hitting Al-A`bass by perfidy, amputating his hand to release the water as he intends to quench the thirsty of the people of Mohamed entourage in Karbala valley.
5. Friar; a friar of a covenant situated in a bordary village in the desert between Iraq and Al-Sham [Syria] and hosts the caravan that carrying the decapitated heads of the righteous martyrs and the women in captivity.
6. Narrator.
7. Some soldiers.

8. Some persons.
9. The voice of Imam Al-Hussein's decapitated head.

Attention should be achieved to the historical story line that designates a sense of hospitality of a friar in a bordary village hosting the caravan to spend the night and intending to portray or sculpture Al-Imam Al-Hussein's head and the righteous martyred members of the progeny.

Scene One

(Enter the narrator)

Narrator:

In the morning, the tenth of Muharim ,61 Hajri, most of Arab tribes that thronged to compile an army to fight Al-Husseini and his entourage in Karbala tend to depart from Karbala to Al-Sham after decapitating the heads of the righteous martyrs and spearing the heads to garner praise and rewards from Amuited Khalifa Yazid Bin Mi`awiah.

(dimming and drum beating intermittently ...the stage, lighting to designate the dawn break, then the stage lit and the drums quit, a knight approaching, or a person, to the army leader ;A`mir Bin S`aad)

Person:

Seidi ! `Amir Bin S`aad.

`Amir: What's there, knight?

Why doth thou quit the departure drumming?

Knight:

the craving desire of our triumphant leaders bids them compete to reckon the heads of the corpses.

A`mir: What's the eccentricity of that?

As usual, leaders attach great importance to great deeds...

It's quite convenient to spear a head high...

It's our habit, O man !

Knight:

But Seidi ,one leader gains nothing .

Omar:

Never gains what?

Knight : (hesitantly)

To spear a head high,
They all surpass him in spearing,
So the army comes to a halt.

Omar :

Only for that ! The all army comes to a halt.

Knight: The leader justifies that how he confronts Mawlai Yazid
in time I never spear a head from Ali`s progeny.
Of what can I have been proud?
In time all the leaders spear al the heads of the corpses.
(Laughing ,Al-Shamir, approaching Bin S`aad)

`Amir:

Doth thou guffaw in joy, Shamir?

Shamir:

I do so, in time I sense the fruition of such a mighty deed.,
Kufa vanguards competing for glory.

`Amir:

diametrically opposite, it's for lucre.

Shamir:

It never makes difference;

Glory is lucre;

Lucre is glory.

But what's to be sensed and prominent is that stance.

`Amir:

I don't perceive what thou mean in point.

Shamir:

Kufa tribes and people launch into thinking of glory,

From now, they all will think of their interests,

They do abandon emotion devoid of such interests,

So from the dawn they do compete to lift the heads of the corpses
up,

To make sure of garnering money and notability.

`Amir:

Leave all that now,

Inform me what to do next?

It seems so obstinate.

Shamir: (in malevolence)

Perhaps, a leader relinquishes a head to another brother,

Aren't they all allies in the war?

`Amir:

War is terminated now.
Each desires for his interests.

Shamir:

Good ! This is what we do target.
`Amir: Find egress, Shamir and let's move to Al-Sham,
To announce the good tidings to Yazid.
(Approaching, Harmala, an arrow man...)

Harmala:

I've the solution ,Mawlai !

`Amir:

Who's he ? Harmala !
By Allah, come on,
Save us with the egress !

Harmala:

Yesterday, having arrowed the infant,
at the neck,
I saw Abuabidallah burying him!

`Amir: What doth thou mean?

Shamir: (Guffawingly)

By Allah,
I doth find the egress, Harmala saves us.

`Amir:

Never have I perceived yet.

Shamir:

He means to have the head of the infant speared high.

`Amir: (in protest)

Dot thou mean so really?

Arabs never ever have done such a deed,

Is it of sanity, Shamir?

Even the children!

Even the children!

Shamir:

Why not?

Just to find egress for such a slough,

We doth what is of insanity

(turning to Harmala)

Let's go,

Guide us to the site,

Disinter him now.

Harmala:

But ,Bin Jawshin,

I daren't decapitate him.

Shamir: (with pride)

It's I who is doing so,

He who decapitates Al-Hussein's head

Is doing everything!

Let's go...

Show us `Abdullah's corpse,
So that we can resume moving to Al-Sham.
Harmala: Am I to be rewarded for that, Mawlai?

Shamir:

Definitely !
Who saves us in crises is given more than a reward.
Mawlai Yazid will know all that,
Now, don't delay us.

`Amir:

Now go,
let's finish such a predicament.
**(Harmala and Al-Shamir running into crouching for the infant corpse;
Abdullah...)**

`Amir: (To himself)

Oh, goodness, life,
Each one of us knows,
Where justice lurks,
But we never believe in,
Do we really reach to such extent?

**(Giving full rein to his conscience ,but the he recoils into his usual
pertinacity and pride)**

But there is no objection to it,
Power and lucre are at Yazid!
They are both the sources of our ecstasy.

(dim)

Scene Two

(Place; a bordary village in the desert between Iraq and Al-Sham while the caravan, led by `Amir Bin S`aad, Shamir and some leaders, arriving the village and spearing the heads of the martyrs from Mohammed, some village men throng along the gate to observe the reality of such incident, one of the congregation is a friar of the village covenant. The village is populated by both Muslims and Christians, there is a clamour of inquiry ,protest and being dumfounded among the attendants)

Person1:

Whose army is this?
Whom does this vanguard spear?
Are heads at every morning?

Person2:

It's Al-Sham army coming from Al-Kufa desert,
It seems ,they were in war,
Or rather they suppressed a revolution.

Person3:

No Seidi !
It's not a revolution,
It's someone who deviates from the majority,
They do transgress Sultan,
They do transgress his obeisance for lucre and authority.

Person1:

Doth thou fathom them, man, to decide?

Person3:

Who is from us never to know such a vanguard?

I am from Yathrib,

I do come for trade,

This is Hussein Bin Ali`s head speared and so is the bevy`s.

Person2:

So, is he Abuabidallah?

Person3:

Definitely, he is.

Person2:

It`s inconvenient for thee to talk about

The grandson of the prophet in such a way.

Thou doth scatter forgery into people, into their village,

Thou doth scatter falsehood,

All the adherents of Al-Mohammed do reject.

Person3:

Thou doth talk most abominably ,

About the grandson of the prophet,

Thou doth assume that Al-Hussein Bin Ali runs after authority,

Who accepts such logics?

Who imagines that?

Dost the master of the young in paradise doth such...?

No man, it must be of grandeur,

Or rather it's of very jeopardy.

Person3:

so what dost his transgression to Yazid's power purport?
He's ,now, the ruler under the flag of Islam.

Person2:

It heaves into view that thou doth blink the eye ,
At the chronicle of the progeny of the ever chaste house,
Mohammed is the guide of nations,
Our savior from ignorance and darkness,
Or thou art from " Amuite" pedigree,
Or an infiltrator from Yazid's soldiers,
Thou doth come to cast thy venom into people,
(there is a sense of clamour and protest among the attendants)

Person2:

It's time whose agony is exposed,
Falsehood burdens it,
Misconstruction emaciates it ,
Time grows maniac, devours even its organs,
At each morning, we do await a calamity,
Tribulation creeps into the day of the village,
Yet Muawia's son enthrones,
Poverty and tribulation prevail throughout cities.

Person1:

What's the benefit of all that?
Such a stance gnaws people's heart.

What doth we doth?

Person2:

Such a constellation from Al-Mohammed
Tends to subject in all the cities To such tribulation !
Such a stance needs more than a deed!
It needs to huge protest!
It needs a revolution!
A head is to be speared high...
The prophet Taha had kissed him...
To such extent, we do misconstruction ,
To invent a convenient justification.

Person3:

Never be infuriated, Seidi,
Please, accept my apology,
I am just a merchant,
I ignore everything but my trade.

Person2:

Since thou art a merchant,
Thou estimate all that,
Thou doth speculate that Ali`s son is a failure,
Speculation and intension are to be despaired,
If considering it as a sale bargain,
If it`s done..
But if thou extend thy sight farther than thy nose,
Thou art to perceive;
Allah purchase the fate of the righteous,

The price id paradise.
Who is the winner?
But it seems, thou doth not believe ,
Only in the tangible,
Thou doth not believe but ,
Only in the instant profits.

Friar: (to himself)

Is it true what my ears hear and my eyes observe?
The prophet's grandson's head is held,
In captivity in such a way,
In time, the call of Islam recurs five times a day!
Questions stimulate my mind,
Embarrass it!
To have egress of light,
In time I am but a friar of the village,
I am to manifest the whole matter.
I am to know the reality of this prophet head!
I do feel, all the heads observe me,
Hinder me to inform the essence of the matter,
The injustice of life!
In time I've neither might nor power,
But some suspicions scourge me,
With thirsty questions for a time to sense,
For a man to perceive what the calamity purports.
I am but to be satisfied,
My desire and agony,
I am to know what's going on,
Just around me.

(The friar approaching to the army leaders)

Friar:

It seems that the people achieved fatigable turn,
It's of my duty to save thee.

`Amir:

Bless thee, from Taff desert through Kufa desert into Al-Sham
borders,
I am the caravan leader; `Amir Bin S`aad.

Friar:

The village covenant is not farther than some steps,
It's my honour to follow me;
Thou and thy bevy,
Or rather all thy caravan,
Thy captives,
Thou art to be the guest of the merciful.

`Amir:

Allah bless thy intercession, thou save us ,
In time, though having provisions ,
But the shelter is ,
Redolent of self-relief,
Make strides to it,
Allah prosper thee,
We shall follow them.

(dim)

Scene Three

(In the covenant, the friar holding a supper banquet to the bevy)

Friar:

It's my pleasure to host thee,
In this covenant,
In the house of God,
In time I do ignore from where thou came
In particular.
Also I do ignore what's thy secrets?
What's the story of thy corpses?
Why have they been speared high?
Are these heads of pirates?
Or,
Insurgents?

`Amir:

As I've informed thee in the market,
I am the leader of this army, and this expedition.

Friar:

I do beg thy pardon,
An expedition, what art thou talking about?

`Amir: (alludingly)

Our Caliph in Al-Sham gives us

a decree,
To extinguish the tumult and opposition .

Friar:

Who are these?
Do they violate the security of the state?

Shamir:

I am a knight from Al-Kufa called Shamir do cast assistance to
the leader in extinguishing the tumult and opposition.

Friar:

Where do such events take place?

Shamir:

In the west of Kufa in a valley called Taff and having many a
name more than Taff itself.

Friar:

Does the matter seem too perilous ,
To decapitate all these heads of the people?

Shamir:

Definitely, it's in jeopardy,
It's of the very and the very jeopardy,
It's to rave the authority,
Fro the very outset of Islam,
Germinates this bevy tumult and opposition
Beyond measure.

Friar:

Art they Arabs or from other sects?

Shamir:

They art but Arabs.

`Amir: (amazed)

They....

Shamir:

It's not of importance,
Man is to be fathomed by his action ;
And the essence of his loyalty to the Khalifa,
We art but leaders to bring exigent decrees
Into effect.
As thou know that Kufa appertains to Al-Sham,
Or rather all the countries appertain to Al-Sham,
Yazid, our Mawlana and the ruler;
Whenever he gives us a decree,
We do compete to execute.

`Amir: (relaxingly)

It's truth,
To save security and Sultan is the essence of this matter,
Tomorrow, at the dawn,
We'll do expedite our steps
So vehemently,
That our ruler can observe what we've achieved,

Definitely ,he'll reward us,
That what we do desire to,
Tomorrow's dawn`ll be great,
In that ,come all our dreams true.

Friar: I do beg thy pardon,
Is there a battle happened between the two poles?

`Amir: The scale was not of equality,
Definitely, we art the majority,
They art the minority.

(Being on a reverie, then he resumes elucidating)

They are the bevy of Al-Hussein Bin Ali adherents;
Even his progeny.

Friar:

who's Al-Hussein Bin Ali,
Seidi, Bin S`aad?

Shamir: (sustainingly)

In fact, we don't know them,
It's vague from where they come?
We, leaders, are not to ask,
But we are to execute, Mawlai Friar,
Why doth thou inquire?

Friar:

It's curiosity ,nothing else.
Shamir: They don't mount to one hundred,
Approximately, more than seventy.
Harmala: Children, women , the old and the young,
The oldest never exceed twenty,

But they were brave in the battle.

Shamir: (interruptingly)

Who informs thee to speak,
Now, Harmala,
The friar talking just to us,
It's not convenient to intervene.

Harmala : (angrily)

It's my concern, Shamir,
In time I am the most adroit arrow man in the Amuite army,
A man like thee never ignores me;
Ignores my people and their stance⁽¹⁾
(The friar desires to know more)

Friar:

I am to intervene between leaders,
But Seid Harmala is a prominent leader !

Shamir:

He's really as thou doth describe,
He is the most adroit arrow man in the army,
Moreover, he's their leader,
He's brave in war,
He saves us in the apex of the dilemma.
(Guffawing, Harmala...)

Friar:

What's thy role in the battle,

(1) He means the stance of his tribe « Tameam» as celebrated for bravery.

As thou art the most adroit arrow man in the army.
(Continues guffawing...)

Friar:

Why doth thou laugh”?
Dost my question make thee laugh?

Harmala:

But my role in the battle bids me burst into laughing,
Father, I am but to shoot certain arrows.
The first arrow is to kill an infant ;in the bosom of his father.

Friar: (surprisingly)

Have thou killed an infant ,
In the bosom of his father?

Harmala:

A thirsty infant whose father intends,
To trick the people into shifting the course of the battle,
He comes to ask us for a sip of water to the infant,
Just imagine, father,
What will the soldiers` feelings be?
They are in thousands, thousands, from our tribes,
When observing the thirsty infant and his father soliciting
The people to salvage him.
Such a scene would be more poignant ,
Than the sword at that moment.
So I am to decide to settle the matter; I shoot him in the neck,
I who save `Abdullah from his thirst;

As Bin Ali pretends so⁽²⁾.

Friar: (in protest)

Is it to kill a thirsty infant,
In front of all the soldiers?
Is that a deed of the brave?
Or has the rest died thirsty?
Harmala: A desert in Taff valley,
In a land called Karbala,
We do encompass them from all directions,
We do prevent Euphrates water from them,
A river irrigates the land,
It's nearer to them.

Friar: (turning to Hakeem Bin Tufeil)

None remains but thee,
So have thou said and adduced any reason for such....

Hakeem:

My role is only to prevent Al-Hussein Bin Ali from the river,
I am Bin Tuffeil, wise, to have thousands of soldiers in front of
the river,
To kill them in thirst,
But the plan never reaches fruition,
As a whole.

Friar: (eagerly)

Why doesn't succeed?
Is it of sanity to have someone defeated such majority?

(2) It means ;Imam Al-Husseini (Peace be upon him and his progeny)

Hakeem: It's to be achieved ,
But by a superhero scarcely existed;
Thou doth not `Abass's power;
Thou doth not who is this knight is...
He penetrates through the majority;
Devastates us;
Takes the water from the river more than once;
All that happened in the presence of all the leaders;
And the soldiers.

Friar:

Who's that knight, Bin Tuffeil?
By God, inform me more about this `Abass;
Does he really quench the thirsty?

Hakeem:

`Abass is Ali Bin Abitalib's son,
He who takes hold of the colour in the war,
But ,the leader Shamir, saves us,
In that calamity.

Friar:

By God,
Inform me how?

Hakeem:

When coming thrice to the river,
Shamir orders us to leave him,
Reaching the river, but when deciding to retrace...

Shamir: (interruptingly)

I do loathe him too much;
Spite churning in my heart ;
Boiling ,in time, I do review his valour,
Penetrating the lines of the soldiers and slaying tens of them,
Then retracing to quench the thirsty.

Hakeem:

But ,father, doth not thou know that `Abass?

Shamir:

Breathe not a word, Bin Tuffeil,
I never deny that Knight,
Or his valour and also I never deny his ancestral claims ,
affinity and deeds,
So we decide to assault against him,
As a whole to seize control of him,
In time, he carries the water to the thirsty,
It's a convenient time to slay,
He is to occupied with water, as a result;
All his energy is to be devastated.

Hakeem:

I who do ambush him behind the tree,
Amputate his right hand,
But he doesn't stop short of fighting us,
With his left.

Harmala:

Here comes my another role,
I shoot `Abass's eye with the second arrow,
At the moment, he sways ,
To lose equilibrium, then
A salvo of swords encompass him,
But he continues fighting to the last breath;
We do amputate the left;
Mission accomplished.

(Speaking to himself, the friar...)

What a sort of savagery in this world, it is!
Is it of sanity what I hear and see?
But, at the moment, I do ignore,
Who is that massacred bevy?
To whom do they descend?
Why is such a deed in such a gall?

Friar:

Please, by God, let me know,
What's the reason of the war?
Thou have just said that,
The bevy is from Arab;
Who are they?
To whom do they descend?

Shamir:

Definitely, they are Arab,
That's why they are covetous for authority.

Friar:

Do they have a right in authority?

Shamir:

Definitely not, that the bevy deviates from the consensus of the majority,

Is the gist of the whole matter...

Never embarrass me more, father.

Friar: (To Harmala)

Inform me, the more expert arrow man in the army,

Doth thou shoot another arrow?

Harmala:

Definitely, I do shoot,

It was the third arrow targeting Al-Hussein's heart,

Their leader, at his weakest moment,

I do desire to terminate the whole scene.

Friar: (to himself)

O, God, the Lord of glory,

Save us.

Harmala: (in gall)

Oh, father, thou was not there to see such a bevy;

Fighting, though being stabbed;

Thousands times; though being thrust by swords;

Spears,

But Ali`s sons still fighting us,

As do `Abass ,all the brethrens,
Sons of the progeny [of Al-Beit] and all the adherents.

Friar:

Who is that progeny [of Al-Beit]?
What Al-Beit, art thou talking about?
(Amir, Shamir, Harmala and Hakeem in silence look at each other)

Friar:

Please forgive me,
I've,
Cast a gloom upon thee,
I leave thee to sleep.

(The place dimming, and then being dark, the friar crying and speaking to himself)

My God, What have I heard?
Something beyond sanity,
Or rather,
It's to be protested,
Thousand of Yazid`s army confront a bevy ,
Consisting of children, women, and the old,
Something beyond sanity,
It's to know the truth,
I'll never ever leave them,
Until I catch at truth,
I'll never leave them,
It's more imperious than I do expect,
They fear that I do uncover the whole matter,

It presages such a sense,
It'll never leave them.

(The theater dimming to be stark dark, the night is about to be at dawn ,a spotlight on the friar, awake in his room, endeavours ,to grasp painting utensils or a feather ,or a pen, or some mud, speaking to himself)

I am to approach ,now, that head,
A head palpitating with virility and faith,
Brilliant light, I feel,
It permeates through my depth,
I am to endeavour to paint,
Or to sculpture this head,
I am to reserve such a moment,
Obstinate moments that combine me with the brave,
My instincts never betray me,
They are really martyrs,
Martyrs,
They do revolt for transcendental principles,
Never ever my instincts betray me,
Such a bevy is adherent to the Lord,
They are adherents of the merciful,
Never ever my instincts betray me,

(the friar intending to move to the covenant yard, a spotlight on Al-Hussein's head speared high, approaching to the head more, a voice emanating from the head, all of a sudden, the painting utensils fall into the ground, the friar keeps dumfounded to what he has seen and heard)

Voice:

I do celebrate praises of Allah,

When the language of praises heave into view,
I do mould myself into Thy breezes of fragrance,
A light in my heart stimulates my enthrallment,
It intends to linger in my memory forever,
To imbue from it,
A burning brand will have been being forever,
Being decapitated, but the light guides my mind,
To its targets.
Thy light, the creator of pride,
None can perceive but the lovers,
But those who art tested by the fraud of life,
I do bear witness that thou art,
The initiation, eternity and mercy,
I am thoroughly engrossed with the ecstasy of myself,
At the moment; the moment my head speared high,
I hope that I execute the volition of Allah,
I do anoint my blood with the echo of the hope,
For the sake of people,
For the sake of justice,
For the correction of my grandfather's nation.
In the Name of Allah, Most Gracious, Most
Merciful.
By Time,
Verily Man
Is in loss
Except such as have faith,
And do righteous deeds,
And (join together)
In the mutual teaching

Of truth ,and of
Patience and Constancy.

Friar: (dumfounded)

Oh, God,
What have I heard,
Is it a head of a prophet,
Reciting; praying in the
Small watches of the night
Jesus Christ, the ever sacrificial,
Does he resurrect?
It's impossible to happen now,
Is blood in all ages?
Is Jesus Christ in all cases?
Am I in front of another messenger?
Who can fathom the calamity of my question, at this night?
To cast breezes of mercy into my heart, who?

Voice:

I am not a prophet, worshipper,
I am the grandson of the prophet,
My grandfather is Taha, the seal of the life prophets,
My grandfather is Ahamed mentioned
In Law of Moses and Gospel of Jesus.

Friar:

Enthralled I am, by God, at the moment,
My mind at fatigue,
My heart in palpitations,

My soul panting ,
So save me, God.

Voice:

Never be poignant, worshipper,
I who is called the grandson of the messenger of Allah,
Christ gives glad tidings in the Gospel,
As thou know.

Friar:

It's true, we know about the Religion of Islam as do we ,
About all religions.

Voice:

I am the grandson of the messenger of Allah;
Hussein Bin Ali.

Friar: (in hilarity)

So thou art Al-Zahra's son,
A head of a prophet's son,
Speared high, do I dream of such an incident?
Or rather the ignominy of the moment alludes my mind,
How can I believe that?
To whom do I divulge my sorrow?
I do need to convey my enthrallment,
I do need to shout at the nth power of my voice,
As long as the voice bleeding to death,
Or rather time itself is to be raved ,
To perceive the position of my foot,

Is there Christ in all the ages?

Voice:

Thou doth perceive prudence, Friar,
For each time there is a scapegoat,
For each time, there is filth,
For each time ,there art knights.

Friar: (Taking breath to resume conversing...)

Doth they fight thee in time,
They do know thou art the grandson of the messenger of Allah?
(All at a sudden voice prevails through the stage)

They murdered him, in time,
They had known, he is the fifth of the cloak companions.

Voice:

Truth must out,
The majority dragged as vagrant sheep in a windy day,
They were soldiers in Yazid`s army,
The minority intended to be veiled as to allude me ,
Into exposing them
They were from Kufa vanguards ;adherents of my father;
Haidra Al-Karar.

Friar:

History repeats its derelictions,
Jewish sons fight Christ,
They fight him in time,
They know that God sends him,

For justice, peace and love,
God sends him to salvage them,
From fraud and Lure of life,
But the Jewish crucify him.

Voice:

They do crucify Christ
For not having a word of truth in the world,
To satisfy themselves,
To have their intensions,
But cupidity is barren,
It gains nothing but remedy.
Friar: Filthy lucre changes them,
Or rather blinds them,
Cupidity by cupidity.

Voice:

Filthy lucre and the sword without quarter,
A blind swords kill by suspension and doubt,
It never discriminates; even my infant, Abdullah,
They decapitate him, by arrow ,
Whilst at my hands, I offer them a thirsty infant,
I ask them to quench him with a sip of water ,
In the wild desert of Al-Taff,
The claw of their betrayal surpasses my quest,
So the brilliance of my infant flows in the tenth day,
I do carry his blood to Allah, as scapegoat to the One,
To save me from injustice of them,
I do retrace to the tent where Mohammed's progeny is thirsty,

They are but children, women and an ailing one;
 My son Ali AL-Sajad lingers forlorn ,
 Without assistance,
 Just imagine what may happen when a mother observes
 her son decapitated?
 In time, he is just an infant.

Friar:

What a calamity!
 The soul incites vice,
 No sooner the gall seizes control of it,
 Than does it wage war in recesses to be incarnated,
 As a rabies dog.

Voice:

Never do I forget the stance ,
 Of my adherents in the heart of darkness,
 I do address then all:” It’s night now, make it
 A camel to thee all, the people, at the other side,
 Want but me”
 Thou art not concerned; Muslim, Habeeb,
 Zuheir and all Ansars refuse to abandon me⁽³⁾,
 We are to be slain in stead of thee, as they replied,
 To cast a surety of paradise,
 Do we leave the grandson of the prophet on the verge of
 calamity,
 By Allah, we are to be slain in stead of thee,
 Thou pray on us when being martyred,
To be the witness for the messenger of Allah.

(3) Prominent adherents in the tenth of Ashura battle.

Friar:

Mawlai, thy adherents are just like Apostles ,
Sacrificing themselves to God after being crucified,
Since they observe evil ramifying worldwide;
Trickery exerts itself to muzzle the voice of justice,
The voice of God and the voice of faith.
The injustice wins several bouts,
But Allah is the strongest,
Knowing how decisive the deed is to be.

Voice:

The creator does fathom ,
How to preserve His instructions,
That's why Islam augments to reimburse justice,
And devastates the trickery of the villains,
The good deed never decays,
It sprouts in the soil,
As does a flower in the wild,
So justice permeates throughout the world,
All say:
In the Name of Allah, Most Gracious, Most Merciful.
“We have, without doubt,
Sent down the message;
And We will assuredly
Guard it(from corruption)
Yet retrogression has nothing but to fight,
For a niche that it lost in Islam;
It endeavours to claw now,

To redeem the past under the banner of different slogans;
So we are to highlight the voice of Allah,
We are to grant it warmth by pure blood;
It's a must to bring all the verses of sacrifice,
Until the sound of the sword and the scourge of the hangman
buried.

Friar:

By Allah, Mawlai,
Save me by the light,
Elucidate the matter more, Mawlai.

Voice:

It's the time whose ingredients ,
The Satan dovetails and summons all his venoms to construct it,
To the extent; it turns to be a façade to it ,
I do come not to fight the people,
But we do perceive that tumult and opposition,
Seizing control of everything,
The people of injustice endeavour ,
To confiscate the light of our volition,
To bid us gulp the humility cup,
But ,far,
Far, far from us to be held in humility⁽⁴⁾,
It's a must to flow such hospitality,
To irrigate the dreams of the confiscated generations,
With a spring-water never to be in drought.

Friar: _____

(4) From Al-Husseini's Speeches.

Still, I do escalate the tempo of my questions,
To expose the misery of the recesses.
Voice: They do summon me by thousands of written letters,
Besieging me to guide them,
To do justice among them,
And the despotic dignitaries;
We all, the members of the House;
Ahil Al-Beit have features hailing throughout people,
So it's a must to respond to;
I've sent a messenger to verify Kufa matter ,
Muslim Bin Akeel, My cousin ,
But I don't stay in Mecca when knowing,
Wali desires to slay me,
Even if I were in the heart of Ka`aba ,
So I do embark upon Kufa destination,
In time, I do not know Muslim's calamity.
I didn't know that Kufa betrays Bin Akeel,
Until I reached to the Taff Valley,
A destiny we do confront with fortitude.

(thoroughly engrossed, the friar shows sympathy for Al-Hussein and tends to be dejected)

Friar:

That thou yourself do confront the venom of the people,
Is a prophetic and Imam deed;
It's a peerless one,
The whole world will be resonant with it,
In all ages and places,
A deed the generations contemplate,

I do feel that my soul is thoroughly engrossed now,
By a beam,
So I give full rein to the signs of its extent that is beyond sight,
But my heart fathoms where its love lurks,
The vision ,now, is transparent to me,
Such success is from Allah,
Since I am granted; at the moment,
With the purity of the light and its essence.

Voice:

Allah does know His creatures,
Fathoms His MESSAGE,
The destiny of Him is inevitable,
That those who precedes us ,
Is an aluminous evidence.

Friar: (humbly)

I do churn with yearning desire, Mawlai,
To cuddle such light and kiss it,
To exorcise myself ,
From the abomination and error of days,
Thy light inspires me ,
To what the soul pants after,
O, Mawlai, forgive my yearning desire,
Grant me honour I never take hold of,
But, at the moment.
O, grandson of the messenger of Allah,
Sustain me,
Help me to engrave this moment,

In the memory of eternity with brilliant ink,
It is honour the destinies grant me,
I do stop short of expressing my gratitude to the Lord of pride.

Voice:

Have what thou request of, worshipper,
But the lesson doesn't lurk in such a request,
It does lurk in people's thoughts, conscience and origins,
It's for all the good to throng around the fountain,
Whose source is a celestial inspiration ;
Never derails from faith;
Maintains and delights the soul.

(Approaching to kiss the holy head, the friar can't curb himself from weeping, then only then bursts into lamenting)

Care not,
thou art a good worshipper,
peerless one,
Heave into reality and be patient;
This is life.

(mustering his courage and wiping his tears, the friar intends to resume divulging)

Thou doth call people ,
For the light to save them from the blights and error of life,
In time, thou doth confront all the kinds of slaughtering,
Such a deed id beyond the human perception.
Christ, the ever sacrificial, called for the same,

He does confront the venom of the Jewish,
By love.

Voice:

Having perceived the core of calamity,
The illusion vanishes, the blight lurks in the houses;
Each has a blight,
But the minority who are the leaders ,
Come to be the everlasting scapegoat,
The blight of the people is ignorance,
Ignorance, pertinacity and hypocrisy,
Voracity preceded by illusion
But all followed by contrition,
And the soul comes full circle to its calamity,
It's difficult to content all the people,
But it's more difficult to elevate them into peerage,
It needs perception,
I needs aptitude,
It needs generations and loyalty in faith,
We are to salvage them from the delusion of vigilance,
One who cringes his faith in doing good to all people,
Loses his role; just as he prefers the money humility and trickery.

Friar:

Ignorance leaves nothing,
But misery and idiot pertinacity,
But the world exists in contradiction,
From the heart of darkness,
The light of the dawn emerges.

Voice:

It's not without precedent;
Some people feign ignorance of Allah's teachings ,and policy,
There are many a lesson from the calamity of all the priests,
Altruism was to stimulate them into an anthem;
Through which Allah's great signs are to be exalted.

Friar:

Deeming the light of Him is a policy,
Leading us into merriment,
Whithersoever thou turn, there is the presence of Him,
Blessed and exalted is He who has given us,
The most beautiful shapes in creating and granting us ,
Many a feature to worship Him, to mention Him,
In praising, to thank Him ,to venerate Him,
In gratitude and loyalty,
Here lurks the secret of eternity and merriment of creatures.
The believer's mind never suffers,
Life is an abode of ever decay,
Eternity is but there!
Crowds by crowds, each is to take hold of his prowess.

Voice:

Christ, Allah's spirit, speaks to them ,
From the cradle to set forth a sacred miracle;
Moses salvages them from Pharaoh,
Days in, days out, after such a miracle;
The soul that incites abomination,

Recurs to its error,
 So none strikes deep roots in life,
 But the minority that venerates and loves the sacred light,
 No love without deed; and a pure heart ,
 By his loyalty, man is to be judged.

Friar:

O, Mawlai, yet I do observe the procession in the village market;
 I felt a beauty-taking light prevailing its signs,
 Whoever observes thee feels so,
 The whole village, at the moment,
 Ignore who thou art,
 But the light permeates through the heart of them,
 So their sympathy augments,
 Who from us ignores a light whose source is God?

(a voice raves the whole stage reciting)

When God dandles their chandeliers in the heaven,
 They were at a distance of but two bow-lengths or even nearer,
 They encompass the Throne and immerse
 All the creatures in their lights⁽⁵⁾.

Voice:

life is but to give and take,
 It's an open book whose white pages
 Thou art to write whatever thou desire,
 But pay heed to that,
Thou art responsible for what thou art writing,

(5) These lines taken from Karbaelu ,a poem, for Ridha AL-Khufaji

Be cognizant of vanity,
Be cognizant of ignorance,
Perceive to salvage yourself.

Friar:

So often, perception cringes,
Even though being friars,
The mind, for us, is delimited,
Our vision may bend the knee,
To sordid circumstances,
Or rather it is to veil from us
The necessary perception,
What to do, Mawlai?

Voice:

Ask none, but yourself,
Give a halt to it,
Vehemently argue all thy roots,
Perceive thy footing,
Moreover, have a dialogue with thy heart,
To fathom the secrets of its love,
Then only then, perceive what doth thou want from life?
Erect thy construction with love and faith,
Never be bigoted and work hard ,
With certitude and confirmation.

Friar: (dumfounded, exalted with faith of Al-Hussein's stance)

I do witness, thou art a burning brand,
From the light of Him, The merciful ,

Yearning desire inspires me for more from thy fountain
 Such a vanguard casts brilliance into my soul,
 In time, the world, still, flirting with Iblis ,
 By various means the urban human mind clears itself of ;
 The urban human mind that believes in ,
 God's indulgent instructions;
 "We do wish we were with thee,
 Seidi, to have peerless triumph"⁽⁶⁾

Voice:

Not avarice of life lures,
 Those who shoe love, and affection to Allah,
 So it's necessary to winnow the wheat from the chaff;
 It's the essence.

Friar:

After it I do pant, Mawlai,
 Since I do plough my whole being through faith,
 I do consecrate my whole age ,
 To living only to revive all the instructions of Him
 But I do confront hindrance in my plough.

Voice:

I do inform thee,
 It's a long plough,
 But the essence lurks in the intention,
 Whatsoever thou doth plough,
 Thou doth reap its furrow,
In the Name of Allah, Most Gracious, Most Merciful.

(6) An excerpt recited during the visit to Al-Husseini's holy shrine, as a ceremony

That man can have nothing
But what he strives for;
That (the fruit of) his striving
Will soon come in sight.

Friar:

Twisting words and expressions for ephemeral interests
Cast a blight upon all the religions,
Some texts in the new testament have been derailed ;
As has been done in the old one;
The enemies of Allah twist the meanings and expressions of
them.
So we do disperse into grotesque cliques,
Then we do fight for a niche,
As doth I observe such a trend in thee,
Thy martyrdom shows the best evidence of all that.

Voice:

That's why I did inform thee,
It's necessary to winnow the wheat from the chaff,
Henceforth, there is no time to waste,
Time flies, life is just like a summer cloud,
It's fortunate to perceive that,
To stimulate the mind to do good,
To spur imagination into a path;
He may benefit from in that promised day,

**In the Name of Allah, Most Gracious, Most Merciful.
That Day shall a man,**

**Flee from his own brother,
And from his mother
And from his father,
And from his wife
And from his children
Each one of them
That Day, will have
Enough concern (of his own)
To make him indifferent
To the others.**

**Radhwan⁽⁷⁾ on the gate of paradise receiving all the lovers,
There are companions ;and there is eternity,
There are all the priests,
It's for us to choose the plough,
For each a plough there is enchantment,
The lover never bends the knee to any stumble,
So confirm thy heart ,
and set thy face firmly and truly ,
To Allah, the One ,
with purity of the heart.**

Friar:

Now I do perceive thy truth,
I do fathom the sacred light,
On the earth, thou art the lingering light of Him,
By thee, we do surpass all recesses,
He who cuddles thee takes hold of the shelter.

(7) He is an angel to guard the paradise

Voice:

Hearken to me, and be cognizant of;
He who ploughs the furrow of The Merciful,
Never quits, exposes thy yearning desire,
So the provision of right conduct, the best provision,
Is to augment and reach fruition,
Imbibe from it,
Allah bless thee.

Friar:

At this unique moment,
Immerse thy light my being,
Grandson of the messenger of Allah, Mohammed.
I do declare from my innermost heart fraught with faith,
I do bow to Allah at thy hands,
I do declare my Islam with certitude,
For many a reason,
I do expose my yearning desire,
Let all life hear me;
“ I call Allah to witness
That there is none but Him,
I bear witness that Mohammed is the messenger of Allah,
I do bear witness ;
Thou, the progeny, is on the right,
The progeny of the messenger of Allah”
(dark, all the stage tends to be, a spotlight on the sacred head whilst reciting)
Being elevated into peerage with my love moment,
I do grant all my blood to prowess,
I do resume descending from the signs of faith,

I do, but, carry the prophecy of this world on the spear,
I myself set the face with the light throughout ages,
I was but to solicit soul to reach its ebullience,
So I do plough a thousand of furrows,
The world sets obsessed, still, with its intrigues,
And its lures fling on the earth from the first day,
I did come to be decapitated
As a scapegoat to an anthem exalted
in the horizon,
I did grant my blood at liberty,
Yet the seed imbibes what inspires;
It roams into the haven of the first light,
This world, still, brings its illusion into effect,
It, still, brings the game of self-ostentation into being,
It, still, devastates all the dreams to be exulted in its lusts.
So who seizes the favours of the opportunity;
Guides the soul to expose the sanctity of the vision,
To perceive the reason of my chronicle,
To fathom the scope of my call ramifying;
into many luminous evidences,
Were it to resurrect now,
Who from thee saves the light of my call?
Never be poignant, words, words, words!
We do grow professional in forgery
To act vigorously at devastating the self,
Were it to resurrect, just now;
I can't only cast surety that my head is to be speared high,
But also it may be devoured; at the time of hunger,
Or,

It's to be kicked at the time of tribulation,
Or,
It's to be bought or sold at the age of brokerage of man,
My strive comes in parallel with the sacrifice,
and the merriment of man,
The war is to remain but a race,
Throughout ages I shall come to thee,
Even though there is none to spear my head high,
It's destined in a Tablet Preserved.
The plough is long,
There is what to salvage thy strive,
"By Time,
Verily Man
Is in loss"
Calamity is the more poignant than a wager.
Pay heed to the filth of the soul,
Pay heed to its intensions in the shades of thy obsessions,
Now, I do take my departure to the strive,
In time, thy letters linger,
As does the light of my blood,
The plough heaves into view,
As long as the universe stretches,
As long as does the orbits with their miracles,
The plough is more than tribulation,
Or coercion,
Or a hangman.
Over and above, it's more than a clique,
It's an anthem in the dominion of Allah,
Then only then, it strikes deep roots,

In the womb of the earth,
So the tenth day is a harvest one,
As the prelude lurks in the strive,
A sacred fruit grows ripe in most brilliant trees hailing
Throughout the horizons.
In a valley held a meandering river,
In captivity of thousands,
Whose reverse is just scorching heart and sand,
Loses its virility,
A groan devastates the shield of thy pains,
Dinars do veil the light of aptitude;
Pawns from quasimen set fire to my pavilion;
To escalate the tempo of the scene.

(dimming...)

