



Kashmir: Call of Duty to the Armies of the Muslim World, to the Army of Pakistan!

A poem that captivates the emotions & sentiments of the Muslims in Kashmir, eulogized in the words of Shaheed Arhan from Hajin, Kashmir, by Abu Hafsa at the Janaza.

O Dear officers in the Pakistani army.

Today I am talking to you,

Because we share something common,

that we will be resurrected as the Ummah of Muhammad (saw).

My name is Arhan,

I am from Hajin Kashmir.

I am just 20 years old,

My friends say I am smart and handsome,

I am intelligent and my records say,

Still I could not enjoy my teen.

I was in a conflict,

I could never compromise with the reality I was in,

Every day I saw my brothers and sisters being humiliated,

And when I read the history,

There was blood of innocents spilled with disdain,

I could not enjoy the world though I tried.

I asked my elders the solution,

I asked everyone the solution,

Nobody could tell,

And still more frustrating was,

The visible helplessness against the might of the enemy.

Then I supplicated to my Creator to show the straight path and tranquility.

I found the

Whole world is in misery,

The Ummah of Muhammad (saw) is crying in pain.

Then I learnt that we are here as slaves of Allah,

That our final aboard is Akhirah,

That ajal is destined so is rizq,

That we will be resurrected for our deeds,

That there is eternal life in Jannah or Jahannam.
And when I learnt that we have to strive for the word of Allah to be supreme,
That we will be questioned of our realities and capabilities,
That Rasoolullah (saw) showed us the best path,
That Muslims can never be mute to the injustice and dhulm,
That Muslim can never be a hypocrite and coward,
That al Kousar is not for those who betray Allah and His Messenger,
Then I resolved that I don't want to be a coward and hypocrite.
I learnt that Rasoolullah (saw) have foretold us about the ghazwa of India,
That he called the fighters of this ghuzwa as his brothers,
That even Sahaba were jealous of the virtues of these brothers,
That the land of the Hind will be opened to Islam.
But O my brothers in the Pakistani Army,
The reality today makes this only a fantasy and a dream.
Today when,
I see the subjugation under the military boots of the Indian Army,
I see the mass rape in Poshpora and of Aasia and Nelofar,
My heart palpitation changes.
O my brothers in the army,
I am not a coward,
I could not bear this,
Then I looked at myself,
I had only a teenage body,
And empty hands but fists closed with rage.
I asked Allah for help but learnt,
That Allah does not help until we change what is within us.
O my brothers I learnt that Allah has given you the capability and obligation,
To liberate us from this kufr rule.
That Allah has given you the capability and obligation,
To make the word of Allah supreme and remove injustice.
That Allah has given you the capability and obligation,
To make the ghazwa e Hind a reality in our lifetime.
I have asked Allah in my prayers for your help.
I know you would come,
Know you could liberate us,
Know you are the asset and hope for the Ummah,

Know you are not hypocrites and cowards,
Know you will face Rasoolualh (saw) as Ansars and fighters of Islam,
Know you will fulfill the prophecy of ghazwa e Hind and be the
brothers of Rasoolullah (saw).

O my dear officers in the Army,
You don't know how we are waiting for you,
How grieving mothers are waiting for you,
How wailing sisters are waiting for you,
How kids are aspiring for you,
How elders are making dua for you,
How we praise for you valour,
How we sing your bravery songs
How we ask for you from Allah as if,
We have forgotten all other duas and only ask for you.
We know you will come,
We know you have the capability,
We know you are not cowards,
We know you will respond to our cries and value our tears.
But O capable army officers,
You never came,
Our cries and tears are unanswered,
Kuffar are laughing at us,
Killing our children,
Raping our mothers and sisters,
Humiliating the honored among us.
Every day-
Fathers are shouldering the coffins of their young lads,
Mothers are crying for their beloved,
Sisters are wailing for their brothers,
But still O capable officers you never came.
Our cries don't reach anywhere now,
Our tears are dry now,
Mothers are in shock,
Sisters are in despair,
Elders are now hopeless,
But O capable officers you don't come.

We only supplicate to Allah, ask for His Rehma,
Will not lose hope,
Will strive for His word to be supreme,
Will never surrender even though we are,
Empty handed against a mighty enemy.
O my brothers in the army,
When I saw that I crossed 19 years.
I realized that I will be resurrected and made accountable,
For my youth and my time.
That the success has parameters,
Not of this life but of Hereafter.
That the real success is,
Of what great Sahaba aspired for.
I realized that shahada is the real success.
I feared how I could face these suffering,
Mothers, sisters, young and old,
On the Day of Judgement?
For I will be questioned of their helplessness and my capability.
My Aqeedah taught me, "Lifespan is destined so is rizq,"
How sweet the word of Allah is,
How beloved Rasoolullah (saw) is,
How great success shahada is,
How low and stinking hypocrisy and cowardice are,
How accountable I am for my actions and time,
How important my contribution is.
O the dear officers of the Army,
I could not learn much,
I just had crossed my 19.
What I learnt but was,
the obligation on me and you to fight the Kuffar.
O my officer brothers,
I did not wait enough,
For you did not come,
I decided to fight the enemy,
I left my mother, I left my father,
I left my family, I left my friends,

I left everything that was a hurdle in the way of Allah,
For I had asked for it, I wept for it, I fasted for it,
Finally I left my home to fight in the way of Allah.
When I left, I knew
I had closed the doors to return to my mom alive,
To be in her arms again.
There in the field I saw,
I was not the only one,
Many ARHANS of this UMMAH ,
Had left their mothers and families and resolved,
To fight the enemy kuffar for the sake of ALLAH.
But here O my brave officers,
Don't be surprised that we were fighting the mighty army,
With a rifle, few rounds of bullets and grenades only.
This was our ammunition against their mighty army but,
we had a good deal with Allah for our lives we knew,
then we survived on the meagre food,
we fasted when there was none,
we slept under open skies in the fields,
we walked long distances thirsty but,
we had a good deal with Allah we knew.
In these times O my brothers,
We still prayed for you,
And waited for you but you never came.
And then the day came,
The house we were in was cordoned by the kuffar army,
With their dozen armored vehicles and hundreds of men,
Though we had little ammunition but a firm resolve,
We knew our fate, death,
But still we begged for the shahada to ALLAH,
For shahada is the real success.
But before we were three,
Prayed and hugged each other,
We fought with courage,
Though we were not trained for years,
But still we fought those coward kuffar with all their men and material.

We fought till our last bullet,
Which O my dear officers were not many.
Then we had nothing,
We broke our rifles and hugged each other,
Believe me, we smiled in celebrations,
We knew we have only,
our chests for their bullets,
our blood for their boots,
we said takbeer for the last time and my brothers,
we still waited for you but believed that one day,
you will come and there will be,
no Muslim blood under the boots of Kuffar,
then oh my brothers, we presented our chests,
the chests that were the world for our mothers,
the chests that were proud of our fathers,
the chests that were the honour of our sisters,
but still we presented our chests to their bullets,
for we had made a great deal with Allah.
They pierced our bodies with their bullets,
The blood kissed the ground and spilled over,
They celebrated and they celebrated,
And they dragged our bodies,
The bodies that were nurtured with moms care and love,
And they put their boots on our blood,
They never consider us humans but give numbers,
For our deaths and rapes are only numbers for them.
Then they took my body to my home,
They say Ammies vocals had no cries left,
Tears had dried and body in shock.
They say
Thousands gathered and thousands cried,
Arhan is a shaheed and he was given the shahada.
They say my blood had a fragrance,
The fragrance of a musk deer.
Then they left me in my grave,
The grave had a fragrance they say.

But O my dear officers in the army,
I achieved what I asked for,
And believe me it is a promise of the Creator,
To whom you have to return.
But still, O my dear officers,
Things have not changed,
Every day the story of another ARHAN is repeated.
Believe me they are still waiting for you,
They will be waiting for you,
They know, you will come,
You have to come,
You can't be so cowardly,
You can't be so hypocritical,
You are the sons of Umar, Khalid and Qasim,
Your artillery is waiting for it,
Your fighters are waiting for it,
Your people are waiting for it,
The whole Ummah is with you,
And above all Allah is with you.
So oh my brave brothers,
Whom are you fearing then?
The Ajaal? That is destined,
The Rizq? That is fixed,
The Kuffar? Who are coward,
Fear ALLAH and take the step that will change,
The history of mankind.
Be the men whom Prophet (saw) has praised,
Be the liberators like Khalid and Salah ud din,
Be the Ansars of this generation,
The generations where Deen of Allah is humiliated every day.
And still if you don't come,
Be ready for the Day of Judgement,
Where I will stand against you,
That I had a few bullets and I fought,
You had the resources and you waited,

My Ammi will stand against you,
My father and sister will stand against you,
The oppressed people of this Ummah will stand against you,
for you had the capability and you did nothing,
and my dear officers,
that day will be very hard to ignore,
that day success will be real.
O' officers, Many ARHANS are still praying for you and waiting for you,
Blessed will be the one who will answer this call,
And accountable will be the one,
Who still waits to count many ARHANS.
I am Arhan from Hajin Kashmir,
I was smart and intelligent they say,
I gave my shahada when I was 20,
For, Ummah is crying and blood is spilled on the streets.
I could not learn more than that,
For I was given only 20 years by my Creator,
But what I learnt was the meaning,
That this life is only a short fixed passage,
That real success is on the day of judgement,
That the shaheed never dies.
So O capable officers in the Pakistani army,
Answer the call of ALLAH,
Fear none but ALLAH.

**Written for the Central Media Office of Hizb ut Tahrir by
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