



The Secret of Love  
for a man who lived over  
1380 years ago

Ali Alqaseer

ببليومانيا  
للنشر والتوزيع



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**The Secret of Love for  
a man who lived over  
1380 years ago**

**Ali Rasool Jaafar Alqaseer**

The Secret of Love for a man who lived over 1380 years ago

Author: Ali Alqaseer.

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**The Secret of Love.**

## **Book Summary**

**Name:**

The Secret of Love for a Man who lived over 1380 years ago.

**Author:**

**Ali Rasool Jaafar Alqaseer**

Born in 1967, Holy Karbala, Iraq.

**Subject:**

History, Biography, Social Science.

## **In Dedication**

To all the hearts that  
know (the meaning of)  
love,

Hearts that construct hope  
within the cities of  
longing love,

My letters are images of  
the quintessence of love,

To they who never die in  
our hearts,

I am painting my own  
soul diving and forever  
swimming in the ocean of  
love,

So that you might see  
with your own hearts, all  
that I have come to see.

Ali Alqaseer  
The Holy City of Karbala.





## **Introduction**

A love whose need is time,  
Breeding within our souls,

Quenched by our passion,  
Its harvest is the life of the  
minds.

Our bodies are guided by  
the soul,  
Backed by the senses.

The eye, the ear, the hand,  
the nose, the tongue, all  
commanded by the heart,

And the intellect is the one  
that governs,

The Soul floats between  
waves of tranquility and  
conflict,

It does not settle except  
upon the coast of liberty

Free and bright emerging  
from beauty.

All of us are united as one,

Our love likewise is all but  
one,

For a man who is the only  
one.

For he gives life to our  
minds,

He gleams upon us a  
gleaming a light,

A light by which we see the  
truth.

And from us he is far,  
Yet remains close through  
the imprints he imprinted  
upon us,

Since the year 680 A.D.

The year 61 of the  
Prophetic Calendar, That  
year in which they  
slaughtered him,

That is to say 1338 solar  
years have elapsed since,

And 1380 lunar years since.

Ali alqaseer,  
The Holy City of Karbala.

## **The Birth of Freedom**

In the land of Hijaz is a  
city named Teebah,

in the days long gone (it)  
was known by Yathrib.



Amongst its palm trees, a  
house in which dwelled  
the daughter of the last of  
the Prophets sent by God.

Filled with felicity and  
illuminated by light is the  
day in which was born the  
second of her sons,

his name in the Gospel is  
Tab

and in the Arabic  
language he is known as  
Hussein

He who gave colour and  
life to life itself and gave  
to words their meaning.

He who said:

I have upraised only to  
seek reformation.

His father, his grandfather  
for his father, his mother  
and grandmother for his  
mother and the rest of his  
ancestral tree bears the  
men and women the like  
of which history shall

never again see the likes  
of.

His brothers and sisters,  
his sons and daughters all  
from one root they  
branch out,

For him a beauty through  
which blows away the  
minds, his words they  
enlighten darkness.

Whenever the tongues  
utter his name, vivid tears  
would spring from their  
passion.

## **His Life**

Beloved whose traces all  
lovers of liberty pursue (as  
their path), the teacher of  
dignity and peace, he  
sows the seeds of love of  
God and nation in the  
hearts.

Certainly love is like  
water in which is life,

and Hussein is an ocean,  
which washes those lost in  
love of him.

His soil in Karbala, it  
provides ailment for those  
who suffer and (provides)  
life.

Days whose shade are  
endless nights, separation  
and longing, forbidden  
tears which await the  
spring time.

And Hussein was a smile  
for the face of every  
orphan.



Humanity is his subject so  
that social justice would  
be the way for those who  
govern.

Until he offered himself as  
a sacrifice for the world;  
so that his sacred pure  
blood would become a  
sacred message from  
which we all could learn.

The most glorified of mankind is the one who sacrifices himself for the sake of his brother in that he may be given life, and to love for others that which we would hope for ourselves.

As the English researcher John Asher has stated in his book 'A Journey to Iraq':

'Certainly the tragedy of Hussein, the son of 'Ali is one which gives the noblest meaning and definition to martyrdom for the sake of social justice'

In fact Hussein is the Ark  
of Salvation for every one  
drowning in the depths of  
ignorance and darkness.

He is the river, which  
quenches the thirst of  
those who are lost by the  
confusion between the  
worlds.

And the apple tree in  
which every heart there is  
a longing to return to.

Upon my mouth, drops of  
my blood call out 'My  
Beloved, Hussein'.

And within my eyes, tears  
illustrate the passion,

And illuminate the two  
orients,

Love was born pure and  
beautiful, its colour begets  
freedom.

And when we knew  
Hussein, our hearts were  
radiated with peace.

And we knew that Islam is  
love, mercy, a principle  
and a belonging.

And we were brothers,  
united upon his love.

So we learnt to be as Allah  
wished us to be, and to  
love for our brothers what  
we love for ourselves.



And that the Muslim is he  
from whom his hand and  
his tongue the people are  
safe, he who does not  
violate trusts and he who  
acts as a reflection for  
others by his moral virtue.

And one who is the best  
to people, not one who  
oppresses them, nor one

who cheats them, one  
who is loyal to his  
promises to them, one  
who venerates the elderly  
and is merciful to the  
youth.

And not one who cuts the  
tree, and not one who  
hinders the path of the  
people.



## **Karbala**

Land purified and holy,  
upon a river from paradise  
itself.

It was a resting point for  
the body of the grandson  
of the seal of the Prophets  
and Messengers, Muhammad,  
May the peace and blessings of  
Allah be upon him and his  
family.

As was the centre of the  
Ka'ba, the focal point of  
prayer for all the Muslims,  
the birthplace for his

father ‘Ali the son of Abu  
Talib upon him be peace.

And he is the last of the  
direct successors and  
inheritors for the last of  
the Prophets and  
Messengers.

Since the birth, we have  
been of his lovers, as we  
preceded this love to  
Hussein, the days of the  
heart are reminisced by  
the remembrance of his  
name.

And the chords of the  
hearts are severed, causing  
the waves of passion for  
our desire to see him, and

it is as if in reality we live  
in his dust.

And in Karbala, every day  
precede the lovers,

And when I see them, I  
walk to them and ask for  
life!



It is if I am dead, brought  
to life by love.

I gather in my hands the  
dust from their traces, to  
wipe my diseased heart,  
perhaps it may calm  
down, and it would flow  
over in his passion.

And the lovers were  
flowers, washed by their

nectar, it emanates its  
smell in passion for  
Hussein ibn ‘Ali.

For him in every sunrise  
and sunset is a million  
greetings of peace.



## **The Long Grief**

My heart bleeds words,

My soul shakes like an  
earthquake,

My eyes are flooded.

I have cried in excess.

To a point in which my  
eye-lids forget a time in  
which I was not in tears.

And my tears cry out  
Hussein from my eyes.

The letters of his name are  
the horizons of life,

happiness, eternity and  
light.

And the pillars of  
salvation, righteousness,  
resistance and success.

We express our grief by  
wearing black clothes, the  
colour of sorrow.

So we say that we are the  
grievers of Hussein, the  
eternal martyr.

And our tears stream like a  
flooding rain.

As we are in pain, and his  
love remains strong in our  
hearts.

And we strike our hearts  
with our hands,  
To prevent (our hearts)  
from rusting and letting us  
forget him,

And we say: If only we  
could have been with  
you.



In order that we could  
have been a sacrifice for  
you before your slaughter.  
And the blood of love sips  
from our heads,

And we are regretful that  
we could not have been  
with him a day in which  
his blood bled, and could

ransom ourselves before  
him for his sake.

Perplexed we are,  
knowing not how to cry.

And we renew our grief  
in every year,

A covenant from our  
forefathers down to us,  
and from us to our future  
generations.

And for him, the love  
resonates in our blood,

And remains alive every  
time there flows rivers of  
tears,

And verily the eyes cry  
but for him

We ask for nothing except  
his pleasure.

And the souls crawl  
towards his grave.

And even if my tears  
would dry, then blood  
would flow from my eyes.

So my heart melted and  
my mouth wailed.

And there is none like our  
beloved al-Hussein whose  
love is sweet upon me.

**Statements about our  
beloved.**

**Antoine Bara**

If Hussein was from us,  
we would spread for him  
a flag in every land.

And spread in all lands for  
him a pulpit.

And we would call all  
people to Christendom in  
the name of Hussein,

The symbols and rituals of  
justice are not heard  
except from the blessed  
mouth of Aba ‘Abd Allah

Words of fairness have not  
been uttered except from  
the lips of the master of  
martyrs

Death without belief is  
the station of his desire,

The Actualisation of  
Truth is the arrow of his  
revolution,



The Divine Secret is what  
illustrated the steps he  
took,

And the wisdom of the  
Lord dictated his actions,

And placed him (al-  
Hussein) as a unique  
example,

And no religion has given  
birth to the likes of him,

He took from the  
Prophets their suffering  
and trials,

His revolution is unique  
in its means,

A revolution of the soul  
and consciousness and  
thought,

Eternalised by time itself

And made sacred by the  
ages,

Venerated by all  
generations,

If we deal only with  
justice, then we are  
Husseiniyun,

And if we preserve our  
beliefs then we are soldiers  
in his revolution,

So Hussein is not a phase  
that passes only, rather he  
is a way of life,

And he is not a means, he  
is the end itself,

He is not a way but rather  
the destination,

And he is not an outward  
demonstration of opposition,  
for he is the eternal  
standard

A Beacon for us, an  
example and the final  
haven,

On our journey in which  
we grieve from the cradle  
to the grave.

## **Baulus Salama**

Hussein is not compared  
to revolutionaries but  
rather to the Prophets,



And Karbala is not  
compared to cities but to  
the heavens,

With Hussein all defeated  
are victorious,

And without him, then all  
victorious are defeated.

His flag was torn and yet  
not degraded,

And his captors tore and  
yet he did not bow down,

His sons, brothers  
and companions were  
slaughtered, and he he did  
not smile

It was the greatness of  
belief in the greatest of all  
of its manifestations.

Before ‘Ashura, Karbala  
was the name of a small  
city,

After Ashura, it become  
the address of an entire  
civilization.

### **British Writer Freya Stark**

“The Shiites throughout the Islamic world revive the memory of Al-Hussein and his killing and mourn him the first ten days of the month of Muharram... There he pitched his camp while his

enemies surrounded him  
and held the water: the  
details are as living to-day  
as then, 1257 years ago;  
nor can anyone with  
much profit visit these  
Holy Cities unless he  
knows something of the  
story, for its tragedy is  
built into their very  
foundation. It is one of

the few stories I can never  
read without weeping.”

**Thomas Carlyle, a  
Philosopher and Historian of  
England states**

“The best lesson which  
we get from the tragedy  
of Cerebella (Karbala) is  
that

Hussein and his  
companions were rigid  
believers in God.

They illustrated that the  
numerical superiority does  
not count when it comes  
to the truth and the  
falsehood.



The victory of Hussein,  
despite his minority,  
marvels me!”

## **A Summary and closing**

We have learnt from  
Hussein, the son of 'Ali,

To be from the people of  
peace and love,

And we have learnt that  
which will benefit us, and  
others and must teach  
others this good.

And whoever gives life to  
another, it is as if he gave  
life to the entirety of  
humanity,

And whoever kills  
another soul, it is as if he  
took the life of the  
entirety of humanity,

And despair is not loved  
by Allah,

And the human being it is  
upon him to resist himself  
in order that he may live  
by the principles of  
humanity,

Whoever deceives people,  
and is a businessman with  
their hearts, which love  
Allah, Allah would not  
allow for his (the

deceivers) wretched  
doings upon his servants.

And for the sake of  
humanity which Allah  
created and gave for them  
dignity, we say:

Hussein bin Ali is the  
wisdom of the Lord To  
free minds



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