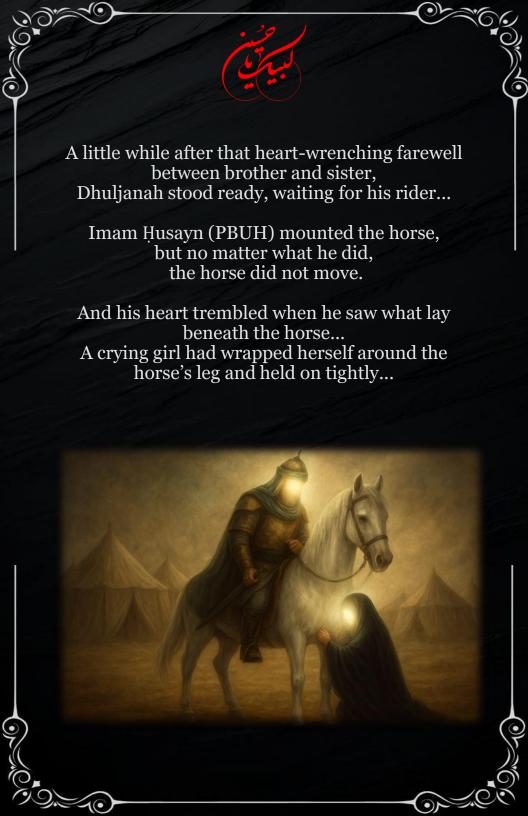




It was the noon of thirst and separation...













And today, here we are, longing for reunion...
Maybe we must take inspiration from the little girl who wept for forty days over the loss of her Imam—and drowned the deception of Yazid's palace in her tears...

O Aunt of the Imam of Our Time!
Here we are, with our hands stretched in supplication to you,
asking permission to shed tears over the absence of our Master,
so that—like you—
we may strive in this path...

