

Examples from the Uzbek poetry
Translated by Azam Obidov

TUNES OF ASIA



Tashkent
«Yangi asr avlodi»
2004

FROM THE TRANSLATOR

Uzbekistan is one of the developing countries of Asia. This state was established in 1924 as a result of alliance of Kokand, Khiva Khanate and Bukhara Emirate. It declared independence on August 31, 1991.

As a branch of Turkish family, the Uzbeks are proud of kings and scholars such as Ibn Sino (Avicenna), Beruniy (Albaron), Sultan Jaloliddin, Amir Temur (Tamerlane), Ulugbek, Alisher Navoiy, Mirzo Bobur, Abulghozi Bahodirkhon, Ogahiy and others.

Formation of contemporary Uzbek Literature began in the period of Jadids. Having written two novels, Abdulla Qodiriy became a founder of Uzbek prose and poets such as Fitrat, Chulpon, Botu, Oybek, Gafur Gulom, having been impressed by Turkish and Russian versification, made a great contribution to the XXth century Uzbek poetry.

Conditionally, Uzbek poetry began to step aside from the clutches of the communist ideology in the seventieth. Abdulla Oripov, Erkin Vohidov, Rauf Parfi, Halima Khudoyberdieva, Usmon Azim and many other poets contributed to Uzbek national poetry.

In the eightieth, abreast with realism, modernism budded in the field of Uzbek literary mediation. This was a great novelty not only in Central Asian literary community but also in whole Asia as well. Nowadays there are more than thirty modernist-poets in Uzbekistan. With George Soros's help a book «Uzbek Modern Poetry» was published in 2003. Readers may enjoy verses of Bahrom Ruzimhammad, Aziz Said, Rauf Subhon, Khayrulla Fayz, Pahlavon Sodiq and others.

In fact, Uzbek readers are familiar with European and American poetry. However, Uzbek poets are not well-known in the world yet. We compiled this book to present them worldwide. It appreciated deeply at the meeting of poets and scholars in the National University of Uzbekistan.

We hope that poets and writers of the world will cooperate with Central Asian literary community in future, as they have been impressed by each other for ages.

Dear readers, please feel free to e-mail at azam_obidov@yahoo.com. We would be grateful to hear your kind opinion regarding these translations.

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© Translated by Azam Obidov «TUNES OF ASIA»

«Yangi asr avlodi», 2004.

BEAUTY

I look at sky at night in darks,
And ask you from the brightest star.
That star inclining head remarks:
«I always dream of her afar.
In my dream she pretty thus —
Finer than the Moon and us»

Straight I sight to where moon rise,
From the moon to ask I start.
It says: «I met in dream so nice,
With a beauty that in white.
Wrapping up with white so pretty,
Than the sun and me such beauty»

When by me with hanged hairs,
I question ask the morning breeze
Tells it: «Once I see, lose stairs,
Still looking for in stone, trees.
Once I've seen, she's so attractive,
More than moon and sun, much active»

It having left, the sun comes shiny,
Asking for you, I entreat.
It runs away to hide, so shyly,
Says: «In actual I've met.»
In my witness she is charming,
More than moon and sun, such darling.

Poor man, how fall in love me,
For her sake I was inflamed.
Gave my head to deal so lovely,
And for what so long I aimed?
Thus she's bonny that I fondle,
More than moon and sun, best angel!!!

SOUL

What is this, my heart, why such
With the fetters made you friends?
Neither wail you have nor much
Of the cry, and slowly sense.

Abuse will never hurt a soul,
Baseness does forever leave?
When will broken be all hobble,
Swords are cut, but who believes?

You're alive, not passed away,
You're a man, you — human be,
Refuse the fetters, don't obey,
In fact, you also were born free!

HOBBLE (CHAIN)

Hobble, ulcers in my body 've not been treated yet this moment,
Spots of iron fingers wholly leaving not still bear torment.

You have such embrace so awful, cold like and not so greedy,
Every leaf of people's story may appear blemish bloody.

Each of eyes non-closed, fury makes anger to one nation,
From one fastener only ever whole of world gets mental tension.

Many years with padlock ever wanting freedom stayed I banded
To get rid off you in every chance of stagger I intended.

Hobble, stain that in my body has not taken yet its treatment,
But reliance is so longer be in freedom, be a great man!

HEART

Heart, you're my so splendid song,
Accompanied by flute the tongue.
In the sky hid face of Moon,
O heart, be always greatest tune.

My chest was small for you and then
Joy is also overran
So strange sometimes in making fashion
I am tired of do translation.

You're my singer, you're my darling
Boil in full and dance in far wing
Find your love from entertain,
While alive you always gain.

Obey, and mercies do not wait, if
Does not agree with you land-native,
Crank! Become then lightning ever,
Crank! All right, I die forever!

MONOLOGUE

Love! Who didn't bite and kiss,
From your tasteful sweetest tongue?
Who did not pour blood of breast,
Cutting heart with bow along?

I know you well, a girl attractive,
From Petrarka came a story.
In my dream reforms so active,
Samfo of Great Rome is my worry.

I have known that helpless Tasso
All long life has seen no pleasure.
And cunning, sly Leanora also, -
May this name be blackish major.

Created from the bloom the angel —
Beatrice is stonehearted.
Dante would be happy little,
If she didn't make him parted.

At moonlit nights Hamlet perhaps,
Spoiled his Ofeliya — angel.
Maybe rubbing her long hairs
Could till early dawn tell fable.

If one doesn't know what's treason,
Misfortune never crushes his soul.
No, no, o poet! What a reason,
Where is hid Shakespeare's role?

Desdemona — charming sinless,
Who have drunk your liver blood?
I'm aware, Otello has,
Is he right?.. The poet is shut!

Keep silence! I compare head
That is cut like sun in set.
Blazed pieces in horizon,
Mentioned flowing blood in frozen.

How a baseness, how a horror?
It's acceptable to trouble.
Love is madden from the sorrow,
How impossible to struggle?

It's impossible, hey grown,
Destroying many splendid hearts,
Love always wears kingly crown,
How meanness also standing starts?

Not only man himself, but sense
Is also ruined by the age.
I take pains! In heart intense,
It's resistance! Not offence!
See history and it avenges!

Like a fly wings are on fire,
It's resistance! See the ancient,
That binds above the life its fist...
And how can I be ever patient,
But feel a torture in a breast.

So I took a deal important,
Perhaps my life will come to end
Before I finish job like torment.
(My soul never takes amend)
Making wept all ages — your fault,
Love, against you I revolt!

AGAIN TO MY VERSE

(Sonnet)

My verse! Again yourself you're kind!
Disgraced blooms are in the park.
Not only me, a life you find,
And live in soul as being spark.

You are an ornament - heart's sorrow,
I never can exist, you're hobby,
Will flame be in the loveless body?
My verse is well as illness follows.

You were a bridge in middle always,
With Heine faster friends I made
And asked Lermontov for aid.

All life long being at your service
Well, at dawn I spit blood - failure,
I am Mejnun, and you're as Leila.

TALKS

— I am poor and unblessed,
Mother, let me go to You.
— No back way to whom have passed,
Be more patient and endure.

— Tell me, why I came this world
Such a pitiful and hard?
— Me myself it wheezing held,
Baby, all it disregard.

— Men become malicious why,
Always struggles with each other.
— Suffered I this torment by,
And not know the reason rather.

— I believed the men — was humble,
Only patience — faith, you said.
— And for me that trust made trouble,
In result a tomb I made.

— No place indeed to follow by,
Mummy, let me move your way.
— You are exhausted, pretty my,
Stand a little, oh, I say.

— Call me on, just you can save,
Heart will happy be at all.
— If you also go to grave,
Who'll me in the world recall?

TO WHOM I LEAN

Once a youngster boy demanded,
Why you cry to God in sad?
Can you my reply amend,
None I have to lean but God.

Cheat you always round, space,
Friend along with love disgrace,
If all day one in such case,
None I have to lean but God.

I am not ungrateful but,
I have also heart-to-heart,
What to do if burns me child,
None I have to lean but God.

Justice, faith and sweet word -all,
Life like flood or horserace called,
While alive they make you fall,
None I have to lean but God.

Such a base was world for age,
And to seek devotion - strange,
Father own son avenges,
None I have to lean but God.

Lots of eyes one heart await,
Not soul, but the fame and fate,
Lighting not burn up all state,
None I have to lean but God.

Why I lived in world unkind,
As the naked horse was wild,
Crowd, I do reprimand,
None I have to lean but God.

Be not offended if you're friend,
Maybe they as grievous stand,
A man like me would tell in sad,
None I have to lean but God.

Life is also goes to close,
Slowly fades I planted rose,
You may lean on self and boast,
None I have to lean but God.

ABOUT MODESTY

Though the teapot is a proud
But it always bows to cup.
Thus why be such cocky, bold,
What for wanted hubris — sharp?

Be modest, simple, not to set foot -
In the step of pride, no up!
So the people kiss in good,
From the forehead of the cup.

HOW MATMUSA SOLD HIS DONKEY

All of a sudden Matmusa's
Donkey became very black.
None can approach to it
Neither from the front, nor back.

This mongrel began to break
Even rope that's two-ply,
When it screams the whole world
Will be ruined from the fright.

It's impossible to ride,
Ass may throw men as a ball.
Enough of that! Now Matmusa
Will sell it, get rid of at all.

But there is a market rule
From the very old years:
What you sell then you should tell
All its fault right in the place.

Poor Matmusa's in trouble,
He is on the crisis way -
If he tells the faults of ass
Every man will go away

Keeping silence is a sin!
Matmusa thought much of it.
He went to market fast at last,
Cried aloud in the street:

People, people, come near by
I have cheapest thing to buy
Never think it's only ass -
Ten horses power it has.

THERE IS A WORD

Beautiful as a fresh dawn,
As a bud opened in the morning,
Clean like dew in the bud.

There is a word like
Sweet child of honeyed feelings,
As if joy of eyes like endless sky.

There is a word,
Higher than the word truth,
Above the truth itself
There is a word...

Heart is shrinking in the empty home,
Black uncertainty prevailed at last.
I am a vagrant man, myself far from,
In my eyes fatigued mists sank fast.

But you don't come to listen to
My ardent words are audible no more...
Making farewells pass over you...
Still myself oh I am looking for...

**MY TINY VERSE IS
THAT MY BROKEN-HEARTED**

(From the series)

Once before you comes to light my life,
My tiny verse is that my broken-hearted;
Dawn esteemed and carried him the night,
In a line — joy, grief in other started.

If you're ruthless, my anguish is help,
If you're happy, I give my sorrow. Take!
Let me be your wings, be my rock yourself,
I will be your martyr, you feel hurt for my sake...

Our earth is generous, we say,
But the earth says that we are its meat.
In actual we eat earth everyday
But it us the other day will eat.

Keep in mind this common truth, my fellow,
Look intently what does this word mean.
The eaten ones, of course, one day will swallow,
To be foodstuff the eaters once begin.

People buried someone in twilight,
Having dug a rammed, cold soil.
As a gloomy army fell the night,
Alone mourning grave turned black at all.

In the night when glinting stars shod tears
Moon-light broke on a graveyard stone.
A dragging dog as shadow came to near
At the grave with sorrow made its moan.

LOOK FOR ME

If I widen
Like a bowl if I widen,
Look for me, seek from the shivers of heart's bottom
If my verses like a flower become faded
Look for me then in the sorrow of the autumn.

If you think that planet's narrow,
World is broad,
I am a leaf and kindly ask you
Not to pick off.
Reckon as a learner, esteem -
When you hold,
Respect as Yassaviy's pupil,
Whom I follow.

If I go with the Sun
In wealth, in eminence,
Look for me in
Mercy, blessings of Allah, and...
Once...you won't find me
When I once... evanesce
Look for me then
From the lasting Turkistan land.

HANDS OF FREEDOM

As your mother, along with you
Take away it
As your baby do not let it
Go in advance
Share this world only with this,
Be delighted

Be in keeping, take its hands firm
Hold them at once.
World – imperfect,
Days of Allah
Are so distinct
One day you will have sufferings
And other – fun
Motherless and childless lightly
You can subsist
But to live without freedom
Never can one!

LEAVE YOURSELF STRAIGHT...

I am not able to know. Is this world wisdom or gold,
I wished revealing all the magic, every time but was surprised,
They see my palace in detail, and a special room I hold,
No friend I find to see my heart, and for care to arise.

A thought has settled in my soul, like a bodkin and a shot,
I ask you: never fall, because...a fallen man has no support.

Jackdaws move away from you, even gardens step aside,
Thank you for your cultivation, do you like them take offense?
The mounts that you lifted up are able calmly leave behind,
Come near, but be not distressed if a stone won't confess.

Having tired, if you wish to lean, no garden, almond – spoilt,
I ask you: never fall, because a fallen man has no support!

If you have not only taking but a good aid-giving friend,
Stand up straight yourself that every pillar in the world will fall.
Even if you have a friend that's going up to grave – till end,
Go yourself to death and never on the way depart at all.

Live in pride!
And having mourning, act: you lucky man, in short,
I ask you: never fall, because a fallen man has no support!

Life is flying, flying day,
Kings and crown pass away,
Luck and fortune don't stay
But I never leave behind
How you walk and smiling talk.

Garden's very fine in green,
Sightly snowy mountain,
Lovely youth's fountain,
But I never leave behind
How you track and how you ask.

Moon is being once alight,
Many friends are very trust.
Life is suchlike deep delight
But I never leave behind,
How you speak and how you seek.

Life is way and many paths,
Many meetings, many parts,
Much forgetting and restarts,
But I never leave behind
Those smiles and walking miles.

I WON'T DIE!

I won't die,
My human body only
Will change its color and a standard build.
I live,
And other self of mine will grandly
Make a scent of flowers in the field.
Being as the waves in bank-full rivers
From one height to other one will flow.
And my sound in the future years
Will ring at dawns in gardens as a blow.
I will live in beauty, charm and flavor
Of the tasteful, appetizing fruits.
In freedom, secret dream and wish — forever —
Of great people, I will take the roots.

O, MOTHER

To Zulfia

What has happened in the world with me
Since my birthday, from the early life?
The secret of the living I could see,
I have lived my forty — meaning half.

The friends 've increased in number past years,
Respecting they said me «companion», «mate».
I have grown up and my mistress
Said: «You my supporter and my fate!..»

In fact, oh, mother, nothing costs better
When you say «My child!» with happy face.
Oh, mother, in your mercy sun seeks shelter
Not strange at all to see bloom in your trace!

There is one lad that very handsome, nice,
Every apple which he catches, will slice,
And so many black-eyes on his way,
Don't know to be where, troubled stay.

There is one girl that also very smart,
Endless beauty of the boys and heart,
She will burn the whole of world by chance
If proposes her revengeful glance!

But these beauties only first or last
Never meet each other, walking past...

ELEPHANT AND PUPPY

Elephant said to puppy: «You see,
What did you find barking strong to me?»
«Ah,
Barking is my business» — said the puppy.
«I am not afraid of you, you know,
And all the same you bark to me, but why?»
«If you never fear...
It is your affair» — said the puppy.

Ask a cloud, receive the rain,
Ask an oven bake much grain,
Ask a cradle, get a child,
Ask belief and have the mind!

A WHITE SPIRIT

A ghost embraces the cleans,
Angels save them from the fright.
Every human wants to lean
Asks for aid from single God!

Only Lord knows our fate,
In the forehead our lot.
Joy and torment are abreast
On threshold find a spot.

May ancestors be respected,
They in our soul shine.
All life tests us a kind deed,
Proudly hug the Moon, Sun.

Extending our lives,
Ask for blessings from all heart.
One another, let us miss,
And let us believe in God!

A STRANGER'S FLOWER

In the mured yard,
Bending near the brook,
A rose, which is smart,
Worried, lovely look.

Hey, I said,
 She trembled,
Maybe lost her smell,
My heart was ruined, humbled,
This quarter of the wall.

A strange yard,
 Such a rose,
But why she's such in fright.
Why she's shameful, closed,
She's a blossom, not a bud.

Such a rose...
 Still looks so shameless,
I wish she hides her grieves a bit,
I am afraid
 She'll be infamous,
Sun makes leaves to fall indeed.

From the pretty shivers only,
Dared slave is being over.
Such a bloom she was, so bonny,
But not mine, she's stranger's flower.

CIRCUS. A SNAKE TRAINER

I don't tell you and you don't listen,
Why, which day, of whom I made a fun?
Don't stay in yard as autumn vision,
I loved a snake but not you at a run.

When springs upon me as a pined lover,
With the body girdle my white waist,
I insensibly my eyes with tear cover,
Embraced to my visage cold face.

From the moon belt fallen at the light,
With the reason trembled blood in vein.
Being worried of my sole blast
I supposed that came my faithful snake.

The snake will give me not in exchange,
Just loves me and more greater nothing wants.
She has only honor, no revenge,
And will never leave me for the lots.

Oneness is to be with everyone,
May my burner also stays with all.
Being merciful gives calming none,
May she asking love the snake recall...

Snake! My associate of solitude,
Lies as being round on my feet.
Hey, the man that sighing in the street,
Don't look at lights midnight in nude.

Your words are sharp-cut and a phrase is question,
I haven't answer, soul became vague.
Believe, I also have a tender passion,
If you don't, you may ask the shake...

I don't know, of which mind I am weeping,
Odor of the cold wind in my face.
Gracious me, which days are quickly creeping,
Snake arms are girdling my white waist.

Hey friend.
Be not extinct, my dream, and do not sweat,
Promise, lead a heavy life of mine.
Though they always try to bend its head,
But a tree grows only to the sky.

Hey friend.
Where is your face? It doesn't exist.
Where is your word? It doesn't subsist.
You would have face and word, but
Where are you yourself at first?

Hey friend.
Why do you watch closely my traces,
All the time as shadow short and long.
Well, I recognize two of your faces,
You're a man who has tongue under tongue!

Hey friend.
Human being makes a man as person,
And a person makes the world as world.
But the world brings not a man to tension,
Only human may a man avoid.

A village in my dream.
Still are living joyful
My unhappy friends.

Is it cash on hand?
It's droughty days
And a crumpled life.

Say, how keeps his soul,
Stupid man like me,
In the clever world?

Spring comes every year
With the same cloth —
As poor as me.

A poet shows himself insane,
Of the world avenges in vain:
«You are a coin in merchant's hand,
Sliding multicolored stand.
I am a winged stubborn lie, -
A fool from the seventh sky.

If some people miss you whole-hearted,
Pine for you and strive to go your side.
It signifies that you're alive undoubted,
It means you fit as fiddle and so right.

If one thinks of you with wounded worry,
In the jealous eyes as spear stands.
So, you are warm-hearted rich in glory,
Thus, you are deserving, faithful friend.

If some people pray for you in urgent —
Begging God for lucky life and hope.
It signifies that you're Mashrab insurgent,
It means you are devotee — head on rope.

If one fling at you reproach, stone,
From the backstage all the time, all-over.
It signifies, your patience's never fallen,
It means, you are the best and vital power.

If some people see you in a dream,
And embrace unreal wish at noon.
You are alone poor lucky seem,
It means, you are nonsensical Mejnun.

I value very much this sacred way,
That always calls me to my mother's face.
It's esteemed all-round and is gay,
Even mountains in outlying base.

My breast is petted by the endless hill,
I amazing glance to broad fields.
Heart is soaked up in splendid will,
With this sight it always beauty feels.

I search a secret meaning of the world
And pass the mountains with deep in thought.
Asking if my duties I performed
All day long I with myself consort.

Every time these ways and view that thrilling
Being close clean and sort my feeling.

STORM

Storm emits a moan in the street,
Hits against the windows a wide chest.
As if wounded Hercules in it
Asks for mercy being so distressed.

Tempest groans in great agony,
Even trembles swarthy sky from wail.
Sometimes it starts to rub against many
Naked branches of big trees with fail.

It feels nervous and sheds bitter tear —
Seeks refuge but doesn't help this roam.
None allows it coming in for fear,
Maybe because it's a noisy storm.

If you are true diver, you will see the pearl,
When passing, if you're pure, may see the virgin girl,
Do not complain of darkness that always rules, no light,
How yourself are shiny, you see the world so bright!

I forgive all those who have me humbled,
Men may keep my shares that they crumpled,
My God, I ask you to bless all human being,
Never make, because of me, them troubled.

CRADLES AT YOUR HOME

Ten years have passed. Ten years have passed. Ten years rolled on.
Do not think that these years very easy hold on,
In the hills no floods are out, soul has gone,
Are the cradles at your home made in gold?
Are these games of the globe from God told?

Getting feather leaves as fowl came into sight,
Even stones in the streams were happy and smart,
And your lullabies for me became as sleep light,
Are the cradles at your home made in gold?
Are these games of the globe from God told?

All inventions of the brides were falsehood and lie,
Sultanas of your garden to me did not come by,
Sans you to settle all the deeds I many years try,
Are the cradles at your home made in gold?
Are these games of the globe from God told?

O my poplars, o my poor weeping willows,
You are being broken down with my sorrow,
It is strange that do I stay or do I follow,
Are the cradles at your home made in gold?
Are these games of the globe from God told?

When I walk by always dream is getting frighten,
Peaches in your slightly garden being lighten,
But what for afflictions to my glimmers tighten,
Are the cradles at your home made in gold?
Are these games of the globe from God told?

You have very floriated and creepy gate,
And the balks that the swallows always debate,
But I have a rumor in the folk desolate,
Are the cradles at your home made in gold?
Are these games of the globe from God told?

VOICE OF THE NIGHT

1

Does not give my eyes to sleep,
clashes strongly with the walls of heart
a coal-black voice of the night.

2

The whole night dogs didn't stop barking,
oh, these voices nibbled not the night
but the left side of my breast.

3

Night... sharply makes me wake up,
the passing from behind the window
is the foot voice of the moon.

4

Singing of an owl at nights
spread panic to my heart.
But a grove is still green.

THERE IS A WORD...

There is a word that's pure as dawn...
R. Parfi

There is a word that's
higher than the others,
the greatest among the words
there is a word...
some people wrote that word
to the veins of their heart,
gave it an eternal soul
and passed away.
Some people gave their tongues
to that word,
handed over eyes —
the window to the world.
And today I also
Keep this word in heart,
In the ball of the eye.
I throw myself on fire
For this word...

Call me toward yourself, a painter,
Paint a picture of my eyes.
Paint a picture of my heart.

I envy you, dew,
from the moon at night,
at dawn from the sun.

You've deceived,
Does gold grow on the branches
of the trees indeed?
Is it true that it will fall tomorrow?

Dawns are sipping feathery air,
April cheats us nowadays or some.
In general, I don't like your coming,
But come.

Beam is leasing spun gold and is weaving,
Pitch dark is squeezing farina in light.
Silken quilt is sewed and packed for you
By the night.

Ringing hair will be turned to curls,
Eye-brow is found on the skyey bag.
Cutting cloud may be done a curtain
On rendezvous crag.

... Dew in eyelash hanged up as embers,
April wasn't truth to-day or some,
I don't like your coming any more,
But come.
Do you hear?

Swirls are turning feathery air,
April be once simpleton or bum,
In general, I don't like your coming,
But come.

INSANE

He plucks a fowl
buries into the soil
and then
waits for vegetation of a bird.
He casts seed in cupped hand
to a bird's nest
and believes that grass will grow there.

DAVSAMAN

To professor Mrs. Ingeborg Baldauf

Hairs are tousled and bright
eyes are very red
beak is long
with tender motions
leaps from a grave to another

when glaring at darkness
with the eyes like two drop of blood
empties all of a sudden

Verdure disturbs the moon-light
millennial soil is in strong asleep
so weak soil that not able to dream
one can hear a weary weeping

on the dome of the praying mosque
light rays pursue each other
and revolve like a circle

a baby weeps noisily
the soil that the grasses join
weeps with faded voice
cry strikes against the dome

then davsaman stands in its two legs
joins the circle of spirits
watches their senseless game
and keeps silence
davsaman sleeps like this

davsaman wants to wake up in the morning
but it does not feel its own body
when it tries to open eyes
bud of verdure blooms at once
only then it knows that became so melted

On the dome of the praying mosque
when the majesty grows swelling up
The spirits hold their breath

King of the cemetery night
a creature distributed its body to dews
tousled and bright
red-eyed
black-voiced
its voice is like a baby's eye

We came across
when our lightning life is tired of
asking a flower from dawns and a leaf from stars.

We came across
warmth missed in our hands
a handful heart has soaked from the anguish

We came across
ancient sounds were ringing
from our veins where love was dead
sinful times were weeping
in our eyes deceived by years.

We came across
when fresh breezes distributed
color of the words to silent days.

We came across
when many wayward traces became hungry
in the narrow spaces of the dream.

We came across
mistrustfully stared at each other
in silence getting stiff with cold, trembling.
we tousled cinder for a long time

there is no charcoal
there is no live coal
there is no amber...
we said goodbye
putting up with photographer memory.

I was a cleaner of a fortune mansion,
Watering my soul swept depression.

A guest did not appear.

I was a waiter of a parting hall,
Waving with myself filled every bowl.

A guest did not appear.

I opened door of senselessness at last,
Played a song, musician — eyes, life — dust.

A guest didn't appear.

A guest didn't come.

LAST WILL

Or a simple verse about versification

You have always written of the luck,
But I wept. Insensibly. In dark.

You are sick of me. What can I do?
Bear a little. I am going to...

And the sun as everyday will shine,
Birds will fly and horses pasture fine.

Ants will creep on beam and all in wonder,
Yellow leaves feel torture. Wind will wander.

Mountains that very heavy — lean,
Caverns howl, gardens — rustle — green.

I pass away... And days will last to break.
The rose blooms. Then fades all in a crack.

The world is great. It's all the same, who dies,
None will weep for faded bloom, no cries!

CHULPON'S HEART-BREAK

You eat your meal and speak of motherland,
But I swallow blood.

You smoke always talking of the nation,
But I feel deep hurt.

You say «My people», then flew to the skies,
I fell only down.

You dance in joy when speaking of the land
All in sweat I drown.

You always praise that 'perfect land' you have,
Decorate with cloth.
I wished to see the Turkistan so mature,
And only told the truth.
You lived for Motherland and was delighted,
Tear-drop I hid.
You were awarded with the special honours,
But in my chest...
A lead.

EXPERIMENT

The world is riddle — confidential,
Wounded it my pure heart.
Earth is gloomy, lights the candle, —
Bright rays holder named God.

Warmth was taken from my face,
Brightness left behind my eyes,
At present follows in my trace
A plaintiff that was named Trust.

Strength in feet was weakened, lost,
From my true words felt disgust,
Mastered hair light at last —
Life assumed the name brigand.

This is life, one day leaves us,
Man may not catch time to glance,
It will also mow me thus —
Death — haymaker at the end.

MAN OF FREEDOM

No man is richer in the world,
All the birds are given to him.
His crown is endlessly told
More than king's rank, holds esteem.
Lucks and times are being slave,
Even follow hills along.
If he wishes he might leave
This world as love - boring, wrong.

A WHITE SHADOW

Oh, white shadow — a white saddle-horse,
You have spattered as water my thought.
Having cast the crumbs on lake shore
From the stars you spread the tunes a lot.

Wind is giving out smell of song,
Heaven is embracing fancy's daughter.
From the Milky Way — a brilliant tone
Heart fell down as a fervent patty.

Oh, white shadow — a white saddle-horse,
Night is jingling in your lengthy manes.
To drive dark is old dream, by force,
It wishes darkness never will remain.

Oh, white shadow — a white saddle-horse,
Like a serpent you ask always light.
Setting fire from the distant stars
In a splendid smile you wrap up night.

Oh, white shadow — a white saddle-horse...

INFANT

The pure blossom in the world,
Better than the pearl and dew.
And the sky may take a mould
From his purity anew.

It's all the same to him, in fact,
Only for enjoyment fit.
A wisdom toothache is - neglect,
He has not a word to cheat.

If you stare
at an edge
of dagger
You may see the bottom
Of the heart
But it is not way out...

I understood
A day
That created
Having said
You flower
And me butterfly.
Only
Nightingale
may
Sing of it...

Sunflower,
I am not delighted with you,
You spent all your sunless days
Looking downward
In full.

FLOWERS

A healthy heart is filled up with a sound ailment.
My heart is fed up, but its eyes are hungry. My own
eyes deceived me scores of times. My flower, they
cheat never you. All right, do not glance at me. If
flowers rebel, do not obey to them, tremble along
with the wind.

All these flowers are for You,
These flowers are my words in fact...

All right, you may go off..
As if wild orchids
Cry bitter tears in the moonlit night
Lip of hope will converse in whispers
Begging in your stare beam of light.
You ignore,
 and pangs of love that shed
From my eyes begin to wash your track
All right, you go..
But give your heart to me
Last time to kiss for this
leave-taking's sake..
You are worthwhile, I say, in any case,
Thanks a lot for those previous days
But never ask to stop. In fact love — life.
No end to this long story and noways!
Look, the sad moon trembles tipsily
In the bosom of a senseless night,
Having forded the river of the tortures
Probably we shall each other find?..
Say no good bye, but just in my eyes stay.
Look, in full of depression I miss.
Take my life,
And wholly take my pain,
Give your soul
 only once to kiss!..

No, you never take me out of heart,
In your life, I as the sun, will shine.
Though you go to million years back, but
As the sky I call to side of mine.

To mornings I with pleasure write your name,
And proceed on leaves of buds to sleep.
No, your luck without me is lame,
Every moment missing you I weep.

I am Fire,
 Sea,
 the Sky
 and Ray,
I go on to wrap up all your world.
Tell me:
have you chance to run away?
I shall always ask you from the Lord!

I'm the last raindrop,
The only aid,
But I hasten you to drink it try...
The latest living was left on my hand:
I want your love,
If even when I die!..

A song is creaking in myself,
Creaking... still I don't die.
If I now weep, no help,
Only for Allah I cry.

A tune is burning all my bone,
I haven't come to world yet, why,
A half of mine is night, half — dawn,
Only for Allah I cry.

A hairy bridge is paddling fast,
No death, no life, I don't try,
O, man, take easy it, but just
For merciful Allah I cry.

Why do you weep, my hands?
My legs, why do you pull out
Your nails?
We only three millenium live
In the Stone, Iron age.
Why do you cry, my hands,
And why do you, my legs?
Still it's far to People's Age.

If to love or not to fell in love
Is desire or a given present,
In this retarded and malignant world
I would never put me to an end.
Before I felt dislike for life in fact,
That will do, I leave your heart today,
As blooming flowers, as bright eyes or else
As hollows of the hand from open way
Neither hope, calm, nor color, tune,
Neither world, nor human, nor true friend...
There isn't any love in universe,
There is only God, the beneficent!
In your absence even my existence
Is a falsehood like the end of life.
I agree to die to speak the truth
What to do if this heart is alive.
No, it isn't drink full in my in,
It is only you and all your trouble
Having left me to the hands of fate
Your steps are making merry in my soul.
If to love or not to fell in love
Is desire or a given present,
In this retarded and infamous world
I would never put me to an end.

A WATER MILL

My ringing bells have stopped
Their tinkling,
From my flute the splendid tunes are over
All consolation one by one
Could fling,
In skyline life fights with fatal power.

From my flute the splendid tunes are over
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All consolation one by one
Could fling.

All consolation one by one
Could fling,
In skyline life fights with fatal power.
My ringing bells have stopped
Their tinkling
From my flute the splendid tunes are over

In skyline life fights with fatal power,
All consolation one by one
Could fling.
From my flute the splendid tunes are over
My ringing bells have stopped
Their tinkling

Where is my fortress built of sands,
And your willow-hair, sister?
Once I had a thousand friends...
Soul's half and life flew faster.
Life is faithless...

Daddy, why you cut a cane?
Granny, where you lost your teeth?
You agree with fate in sane,
Life is passing...

I seek my pretty dog,
I missed his grievous eyes...
He was so nice...
Life is incorrect...

Wanting grasses worries butterfly,
Tender wings twisted by the wind.
Oh, silken my...
Life is temporal...

Honey girl, but I'm a black,
You made fun of me and left.
And you weeping wrote me a letter
From the back,
Sans me
you gain your ends and glad...

Life is transient...

DEATH OF NIGHT

You have gone.
A moonlit night
Sank into my heart.
Body became heavy
To say a word.
Blood to my heart
Ran from the tongue.
You have gone.
A night
In horizon color
Occupied my soul.
Colors —
Moonlit, blackish, bloody
Evening, nightly, dawn,
Sliced each other.
Privatized in secret
That night you have gone.
A blackbird flown from remote
Landed tired at the nest — heart.
A pair of swan from cage
Trembled on the corpse.
You have gone.
A washer dawn shrouded the night...

You love me,
I know.
I wish to mince
But
There is a foe of coquetry in my eyes.

A rainy night.
Drops are slowly washing my face,
Not leaving the trace.
In the street
A girl is going
quietly
older than
her mother...

GYMNASTICS OF THE PAST

Get ready! Start!
One, two, three, four!..
Bow down!
Sit down!
Stand up!
Now run about on the spot!

I waited for your coming every moment,
My heart was as a step-cloth on your way.
Feelings gulped back a soul's torment
And my heart was like fabric to pray.

Having looked around with sad voice
My eyes exalted you and made a call.
As the morning blossoms that are pure
My spirit wished your face and took a fall.

You didn't come and as if disappeared,
But heart felt you were with me so close.
When I lost myself in fragrance, joy
I knew that you were guest of heart, my rose.

Sometimes you cover dapper lights in me
And stamping splendid name you return home.
Like a song was coming to the world —
Appealing howl of the heart and moan

Heart as flower opened in your spring,
Whispering your name the time slips by
I can not be your host any more
To be a guest of you, my dove, I fly.

A body of spirit, a soul of sense,
Dream in my mind and perception you gave.
A breath of deep sigh, life with dying once,
Fire of my eyes — a pupil of light wave.

A tongue of a word, a mind of sense you gave,
A heart of suffering was the greatest deed.
A word of expression asked us to have,
In fact with your pencil written holy writ.

And dawn you gave us in a skyline,
Sent forward to it twilight at last.
A hell of torment promised to align,
Again from you a heaven of delight.

A body of spirit you gave...

I MISSED

I missed very much
when you say «I see»
you will have in view
not my bad condition
that having no money
I waited fortuity
firmly closed the door
but you mean that I
shed much bitter tears
not bearing a brutal beauty
of a nice-smelling mint
at a rustling brook

THE LEAST VERSIFIED NOVEL

part 1

a way was sacred
I looked at it
spirit trembled instead of eye's ball
the way was sacred

part 2

because it led to you
or you were brought too
by the sacred way

part 3

oh
why it happened my dove
I forgot that way
for good and all
after your arrival

You couldn't wake up as dawn — white,
I couldn't close eyes as night.
just a word that I entreat
oh my pretty look, face — neat

as two wings were insufficient
I couldn't climb over a wall
as two stars were inefficient
couldn't find you me at all

I said destiny and fate,
In fact it's a ruined state,
I exiled your recollection
With a swan — it is not mate.

You're my newly come anew,
Close, near in my view,
When this wide embrace is open
To my soul... lightning — You

you couldn't wake up as dawn — white,
I couldn't close eyes as night...

MIRROR

I want to be your mirror
Every morning you look at
Or always take with you.

It wishes I were your looking glass:
You keep near
To your eyes,
Your face
And lips.

EXPRESSION OF BEAUTY

Beauty is your weapon
Ready to kill.

Not separation
But your beauty
Suffers me.

I wonder
For your image,
Who doesn't become dumb?

Is there any word,
Any expression
To describe you at last?

I NEED

I need some zeal, oh Gracious God,
And intensity to gain;
Wonder no person I could
Living with the hurricane.

Give a little term, my dad
I need some term but now,
Let me find my sweet girl-friend
While I have in soul love.

Give a little time, oh Mother,
I need some time so nice!
By using this chance let me rather
Myself to recognize.

Oh my darling, give me dare,
I need this courage, right,
I don't like in calm to stare
Along your heart I stride...

You see, I've such a big desire —
All of them I need.
A man who wishes luck — entire
Asks everything indeed!

A STRANGER AND ME

In the land where impartial people stay
I was interested in myself and thus
I didn't wait while someone shows me way
And line my own path.

When people don't grieve for one another,
For myself I mourned and cried for me.
If truly with themselves live all others —
In fact I praised the strangers randomly.

Sounds are being strewn
an apple presents its tint
yearnings fall as leaf

as dew excitement rises in the eyelash
the sky calls to its embrace
my life opens up to dreams

drops fall to my bosom
music glides in veins
buds open in my fancy

roots of love are plunged in my breast
flower of hope grows
now dawn will break to my chest

I need a word not consolation
when a poor dwelling of recollection
trembling stands as shadow

I need a word not consolation
not sharp as a dagger common as a bloom
majestic as the sun proud as desire

I need a word not consolation
there is no safeness from this cold season
while this weak heart is diseased

I need a word not consolation
if patience kneels to winds
this ancient mound falls as defoliation

when this wishful grave for ages
waiting for a savior word impatiently
I need a word not consolation

HOMELAND

Don't believe me, Motherland,
If I say you're my beloved.
The soul isn't worthy and
To be so useful very hard.

You are who likes with earth to greet,
Who never wants a lucky fate.
Female you're modest, sticking seed,
The woman in the cotton field.

A man is lost in this house
No, he didn't pass away in fact.
But it isn't clear
If he is available or not.
When he goes home randomly
They pretend that don't see him here
As if people are tired of him
They act that don't see him once again
He looks like a ghost
Invisible being.

The lost man will leave the house
So as not to frighten children.

I am a tree
Leaves are my words —
Speaking is a fall.

Never ask my roots
I do not know it
None is able — after all -
To see his heart

DREAM

Again I flew in dream, and edge
Of the poplars got my foot.
Having thought me – foe's flag,
Crowd started to persecute.

People ran with rage that moment,
And cried to me with bloody eyes:
«Flying gave you us such torment,
Get down, we stone otherwise»

As stray bullet stones passed
By the left and right, they fling.
At once a stone hit my face,
I lost myself and failed wings.

Right away I fell to land,
Faulty crowd gathered round.
As the victors all they bent
Very grievous I was found.

... I awake up softly, pillow
Under head was like a stone.
In actual I couldn't swallow,
Pain on shoulder made to groan.

I awake up from bad dream,
Poor sense lost all the things.
I began to seek in dim
Under pillow broken wings...

Try to catch me,
I come as of old
creaking goes my voice
if I speak
do not let me pass
overturn
a minaret
let it fall on me.

Close your eyes, may soul turn to eyes
J. Rumi

A white morning, around in the silence,
flowers lighted
sometimes
 birds flew over
as if it was paradise
the world behind my window...
The world...
«Close your eyes,
may soul turn to eyes...»

One needs to wait and hope.

(A. Dumas)

EXPECTATION

I looked forward. I expected.
Probably...
Most likely...
I deceived myself.
Hairs of years went grey,
Seen the end of patience.
You didn't come.
Clod flared up.
Having been on the point of despair
This time you
Will wait and expect:
Probably...
Most likely...
Human life will pass like this.

A WHITE NIGHT

A white night...
Trees dream of something:
My naked soul talks to wind,
The sky is throwing light –
It is snowing.
A white night...
My soul is undressed, still naked,
Body trembles, heart is empty,
Despite I'm full, I eat myself.
It is dirty.
White – a white night...

GRANDFATHER FROST

Santa Claus, snowy dad,
Make all us be full of glad.
Winter will lose all the wrath,
Even disappears frost.

Whiteness is a winter deal,
Freshness, cleanness one may feel.
All its dots, it takes away —
Spring — a verdant fiancée.

May dirt leave forever heart,
May an evil wish be cut.
Santa Claus, bring us toys,
Happy New Year, girls and boys!

BUTTERFLY

Butterfly is flying slowly,
And delighting from the bud.
When it seats on charming blooms
It will look like green leaves — smart.

It makes the fragrance to come out
With its brilliant, tender wings.
Life consists of beauty only,
It likes in the meadow sing.

Life is short, but it is happy,
And a symbol of the joy.
Like a love of nightingale
In the souls it enjoys.

How a beautiful it is!
I would like its wings to kiss!

APOLOGY

I'm a slave that nothing knows,
A question mark is on the brave.
My life is favour — to die somehow,
To live with laughing in the grave.

O, world, be never with the dark,
No horror wish us in the town.
Every morning birds in luck
Pull the ear of the dawn.

Forgive me, may be the way is closed,
I made up ever smallest bud.
But trying never I could post,
How to be me want you God!

I'm a slave that nothing knows,
A question mark is on the brave.
My life is favour — to die somehow,
To live with laughing in the grave.

HURT IS NOTHING

What is hurt, we do want meeting,
Nothing parting, farthest way.
Coming this world all non-greeting,
Full in great love go away.

Breathing ever takes refuge,
Heart is broken - laughter, why?
Thus non-backing past is huge,
From the love all loveless die!

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Translated by Azam Obidov

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