

Azam Abidov
Poems and Translations

«A Miracle Is on the Way»

HOMELAND

I never take you from the world,
But don't go to make the praise,
Maybe country was you old,
Even sky the greatest says.

So right, a lucky can be one,
In any other place indeed.
Or pain in soul you have done
Find out lightly could in need.

I live completely in your side,
Gladness more than grief exists.
But when laughing from the bright
I'm to blame for rising fist.

I never take you from the world,
Heart is also not in run,
Why, I say, thus being gold,
Not all earth Uzbekistan?!

YOUR VISIT

Once we go together, darling,
Distance then remains alone.
Long time forgets us pavement barring,

As the spring if visage shown.

Mummy may be misses me often,
 Impatient daddy lives in worry.
 But I am indeed so stubborn,
 Wish to catch time in a hurry.

Near comes to heart your visit,
 The sky is missed by brown falls.
 East is banding leg no limit,
 From the love to ear calls.

Once we go together, candy,
 Looking never back in roll.
 Heart each other give so friendly,
 But possession loosing all.

BEING SECRET

I return back secret being,
 Right remains with you leaves, light.
 Didn't make myself for living,
 Never save a grievous heart.

Eyes commence a dandy habit,
 And remembers rainy autumn.
 Dear, longer don't do it,
 We can slightly find heart's bottom.

I return back secret being,
 On your road sight is frozen.
 Didn't make myself for living,
 And for loving you no reason!

DOOMSDAY ON YOUR HEART

Death is not like life in short,

To get free you go to grave.
 From the start you find your fault,
 Suck as snake a bloody wave.

You're to blame and always groan,
 Harvest doesn't make full in.
 Rejoice is hard at home own,
 Think nonsense remains no thing.

You wait, add time to life yourself,
 Death is now as news in short.
 Can indeed no person help,
 From the grave is going fault.

Doomsday on your heart, o God,
 A stranger plays essential dance.
 Last time you must be in accord,
 From yourself,
 Your step
 And glance!

I FEEL DARE IN

I have spent a day one more,
 Time tomorrow catches already.
 I may be won or lost a score,
 But for life was very greedy.

Where is an action and a light,
 What is up with softy bone?
 In my life I see at last
 What is one – as VALUE known!

Stop to pull back, old living,
 I dare feel instead of heart,
 Now time is not deceiving,
 And my life I never cut!

THE DAYS

The simple days are straight ahead,
You don't know your step is right.
To live and not ask - very bad,
And save you always greatest God!

Sometimes one laughing with the dark,
Best purpose comes as wave some days.
You from despot better shake,
Thus become the air rays.

So as well in soul yard,
Lots of swans are in the white..
Night is waste, still day non-hope,
I wake up and you just stop!

GET OFF MY SIGHT

Get off idleness my sight,
I will go to side of zeal.
Who did not with himself fight?
Who did not make blackish deal?

Time is laughing and I laze,
Old color starts to fly.
I am walking in the maze,
Autumn, pull the ears my!

THERE ARE SUCH BIRDS

I once said, that I'm a bird,
All the seasons fit to me.
To know myself I never could,
To fly around wings to be.

I ask you never say me like,
 Sing for nothing, make ado -
 There are such birds, if open task,
 Always flying back they do.

DAPPER DREAMS

Star in eyelash every night,
 Rises from the brow the Moon.
 Knocking gateway of the heart
 Evening like guest being soon

Every night quits very hard,
 Let's go, say me birds in teams.
 "Where are you, we flying start -
 Near come", say dapper dreams.

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!

MY LIFE

My life is used up, who else knows,
 I go ahead not full with You.

Beg me pardon, years non-slow, -
Give my love I never do.

I exist! And show the world
Secret – lucky how to be.
What happy, poets use the word,
Richness beggar makes stupid?

I nothing know, but pain in soul,
Life never think of us – alas.
I die, not leaving You - my goal,
If on testing could I pass!

BUT NEVER LOVE ME

I adore being the king,
Like me as slave can live no man.
Heart, be crown - love in ring,
Have body, palace needn't then.

I love but bosom has a pain,
Where can I conceal myself?
Hand of grievence make a stain,
Embrace the hurt, who comes to help?

I like good luck will be my friend,
Killer time thus bear how?
I do, and love will go to end,
But never love me, o, my love!

O, MY HEART

I am strong that eyes obey,
Fetters binding on the hand.
Love in lucky drink we may,
Eating tastefull prick so glad.

Life as sacred, diamond shape, -
 Wants refuge the Bird of luck.
 When to flying make we step,
 Come the sky to near like.

All the same with simple body,
 Heart is leading state in soul.
 In the house love-in-glory
 Luck will bear from the awful!

MIRACLE IS ON THE WAY

Let me get accustomed you,
 Sans me you want to not exist.
 Desire warms in loving true,
 May blaze the grief at our breast.

My eyes keep hope in the bright,
 I'm afraid the world is boaster.
 This love is sure being smart,
 Make you also as a monster.

My darling, dapper, dove and angel,
 Words in mouth rise with pleasure.
 On the way waits me a miracle
 It from mercy robe measures.

At present heart is too oppressed,
 We are silent out of cover.
 But once I will get you used,
 Without me you can live never!

THE SKY AS MY HOPE

Night is washed with heavy rain,
 Dress of dawn got very wet.
 Thanks, in heart has stopped pain,
 Sky with pleasure heard my fate.

Again was late for praying world,
 Morning changes its watered gown.
 Adjusting special brow in gold,
 Decorates itself a dawn.

In fact I go away from pride,
 Remain alone desert days.
 The sky as vision gets so wide,
 Nothing can in heart replace!

PATIENCE HURTS THE LOVE

When we are born, the world doesn't weep,
 Maybe in the end the Sun will only cry.
 My heart on the earth won't never keep,
 And soul every second wants to fly.

My patience hurts the love,
 Insult recovers then.
 So much wants have we how,
 Pick up a head you can.

But never ask me why,
 And make the poison in.
 I like myself, no shy,
 Enjoying trust – my sin.

If death steps up to us,
 The Sun with grief will cry.
 On Earth heart has big hurts,
 I flying always try!

I AM NOT AFRAID OF LIVING

I am not afraid, days – bold,
 Think of sky a strongest thought,
 Worry flies of sight as bird,

In one heart I have some tune.

I grow up, nights are being jealous,
Asleep days are getting famous,
Heart will be a wedding gracious,
I shall wait till comes the Moon.

I worry, soul's tongue has pain,
Breast is wide from entertain,
Have one grave I in the plain,
I am not afraid but soon!

SACRIFICE

I cut my head in action,
Hands with legs made voice.
The tongue was half a portion,
I had such many choice.

Divided breast to double,
Lids soon left the eyes.
Mercy, I could non-trouble -
First time do sacrifice.

The feast was failure, sorry,
Remain was nothing, but -
No person took in glory
My heart, which all in blood.

ASK FORGIVE ME

Ask forgive me feeble sand,
I take passage in the stone.
Longest life has path-full land,
If I fall, death keeps alone.

World was born as harmful deals,
Calmness wants my life in glance.
Love – among non-getting means,
For being lucky given chance!

Can exist still here all,
 The sky is lovely from the start.
 Before becoming softy soil,
 Begs us pardon stone hard!

FRESH SMELL SPRING

For myself big sins I do,
 Simple-hearted life can't save.
 I am not afraid of you,
 But economy ceases way.

Heart will have more pleasant springs,
 Soil, let take the Sky your grief.
 Never tell I any stings,
 Fateful, frozen tongue in brief.

But all sins I do myself,
 Keeping bad I won't be sad.
 Mum, I want to kiss your step,
 Embracing feet I die, my Dad!

A VILLAGE

Soaked sands dislikes so stronger
 Trees asleep - forgetting sun.
 Deal of brooks just waiting longer,
 Dreadful dreams on land have gone.

One invents on way some saying,
 Grateful to the sky has shown.
 Like the frozen ball that staying -
 A cotton piece looks very frown.

I NEED A CITIZEN

Needs a citizen my world,
You only be convenient.
Oh, black hair, can I hold,
To live – it's more be patient.

World is not said universe,
Want is getting as mirage.
A bitter foe never stays,
But with friend too always crush.

Hand in actual is short,
Tongue in sorrow likes to sting.
Being strongest we may not,
I'm to be just ruthless king!

Why you're silent, I demand,
Attract along the troubled love.
Heart is free and soul - grand,
I need a citizen – my dove!

APOLOGY

Indeed I slave who 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 want us in the town.
Every morning birds in luck
Pull the ear of the dawn.

Forgive me, may be way is closed,
I made up ever smallest bud.
But trying never could I post,

How to be me want you God!

Indeed I slave who nothing knows,
 A question mark is on the brave.
 My life is favour – to die somehow,
 To live with laughing in the grave.

BEAR LOVE, FEMALE

Pour my feeble breast, o love,
 Sad rain of the world has stopped.
 Son as present gave you, now
 Bear love us o, my dove.

Love is able to prevent,
 Darkness in the earth takes wind.
 Give my hand to wrath I can't
 I am a slave of merci, kinds.

Heart, I opened you the world,
 If you do not feel, why cry?
 In the end the last chance hold,
 Giving luck at least I try.

Pour my feeble breast and free,
 Get off fatal dream as tale.
 Guest to state of kindness be,
 Bear love us, o, Female!

PATIENCE

I won keeping love in heart,
 And did wrath no more.
 Justified myself I but
 Strange words then ignored.

I won whether heart in blood,
 Inside anguish born.

Never broke the life and hard,
Felt no bitter scorn.

I won, tongue was trashy rather,
Again heart beat in this.
Calling it so steadfast brother
I my Patience kiss.

I AM HAPPY

I'm a simple son of nation
Who considers deals as dapper.
Maybe someone hates my fashion,
But from others I am better.

Grief is jealous, I'm alone,
Thus in heart exists a torture.
I'm so happy that around
Nothing knows of my misfortune.

FOR FREEDOM

I value want and spend my day,
Heart is rising from the proud.
Life so hurries, but I stay,
Or sometimes go waving out.

Earth will not be quaked then,
If world ever pure be.
Children joyful living can,
Women happy you will see.

What is career in hill,
Make a voice for justice strong.
Head you need arise in will,
And for freedom dared song!

I came: thunder, lightning back,
Don't afraid of any dread.

Sky is near, nothing black,
Let me be your wings my land!

AT LEAST YOU...

No person knows me who myself,
Only praying pass my days.
I cry, life never can me help,
I scream, no one hears my voice.

Aloneness, are you also strange? -
O, kind, merciful my brother.
Heart is one and life - one page,
Never leave me you like others.

NIGHT

Thanks, stopped a noise. Just Silence,
The Moon is dull in home back.
The Grief is tired in the wildness
Maybe Luck in cold quakes.

All around a dozy Wall,
A naked Patience may disgorge.
An endless land - so being small -
Is saved by the frightened Watch.

THE SUN, WATER AND SOIL

Again my Sun has fallen slowly,
Evening – that a countless life.
Morning – chance to be so lovely
And commencement of the love.

Let me back to self, o water,
 May this hand be open risen.
 I want charity as flatter,
 And like teaching happy lesson.

Head is real in the sky,
 Look, what find the leaves at last?
 Soil, you wait me ever shy,
 Many things for you I must.

My life, these trials never hate,
 Though the grief is more in fall.
 The world is written our fate -
 The Sun, the Water and the Soil!

MOTHER

The door is open early morning,
 Maybe comes as angel guest.
 Mother, cleaning room, is worrying:
 "I need to brighten all the rest."

She is so old, hairs – white,
 Pain in waste she doesn't say.
 Still asleep – but - in the quiet, --
 Waits a child her fiancée.

MY PURE LAND

I was born but maybe hard
 Like a bird to live in yard.
 Or will merciful be band,
 And avoids of me best friend.

Torture is forgotten here,
 No remains non-horror case.

Maybe can not love us dear -
Last becoming happy days.

Through the window leaves fall - gold,
Despondently I look at world.
You my pure land in fact,
Just alone will attract.

Days are coming from the stage,
In the heart commences war.
But I live for many ages
With my soul loving for!

GOLD AND MEN

There was one person in the nation,
Well-bred, good manner, very patient.

One day he bought the soil with yard,
Fruitful trees are all in smart.

After week working in garden,
Digging soil, that person sudden

Found gold full in jug,
Was surprised and stayed with shrug.

Deals made dapper, true and bright,
Heart was also clear, white.

He went to man, who sold the soil,
Knocked a door with noisy small.

- "Take your gold, it isn't mine,
Good luck to you!" - said and has gone.

It was so strange to seller, sorry,
He is also not in glory.

- “Just a moment! But you need
Be afraid of God, indeed!

I sold you what, - he opened mouth, -
All of things that in the house.”

- The other one replied in short:
- “Not golden garden I have bought!”

Thus discussing few of time,
Both have gone to judge of crime.

Judge has listened what’s the matter,
Asked after making flatter:

- What is more than gold value,
O, men, pretty children have you?

One: “I have a daughter, - said,
- Adorers all are being mad.”

The other: ”Son I have as gold,
Very clever, -said, - and bold!”

A judge is smiling: “ Stop your quarrel,
Engage them both!” -- he ordered oral.

- Give as heritage them wealth,
Wish all happiness and health.”

From advice men being glad,
Went rejoicing girl and lad.

Wedding was held well in nation,
The rest of gold was made donation!

Examples from the Uzbek poetry

Translated by Azam Abidov

USMON NOSIR

HEART

Heart, you 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 my singer, you 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!

AGAIN TO MY VERSE

(Sonnet)

My verse! Again yourself you 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 – hobby,
 Will flame be in the loveless body?
 My verse is well as illness follow.

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.

MY ORCHARD

Oh, how attractive my park,
 Wholly filled it by the light.
 Plenty blossom I remark,
 Drink them taking very slight.
 Spring gets flourish in my heart,
 Wholly filled it by the light.

If I unhinged as leaf,
 My orchard never leaves behind.
 And respects what I achieve,
 Statue from the blooms I find.
 Long ages me ever will remind,
 My orchard never leaves behind!

My verses soundly remain,
 I live forever and no death!
 Prolongation of my act
 Being future will protect.
 Instead of me come orchardist
 I live forever and no death!

Oh, how continuous my park!
 Wholly filled it by the light.
 Plenty blossom I remark,
 Drink them taking very slight.
 Spring gets flourish in my heart,
 Wholly filled it by the light.

MY VERSE

You - spring water of my heart,
 You – pearl glimpse in the eyes.
 If one ask your cost in smart,
 Say: “I cost as my life price.”

TO MY CHILDHOOD

I saw bloom butterfly suck how,
 And remember you, my dove.
 Did you sweetest poem pass,
 Hey, my greenest leafy grass?

MONOLOGUE

Love! Who didn't bite and kiss,
 From your tasteful sweetest tongue?
 Who didn't pour of blood in 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 crush him 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 such torment.
 (My soul never takes amend)
 Making wept all ages -- your fault,
 Love, against you I revolt!

Have you ever walked with the Moon,
 In the evening in the forest - green?
 When the dew begins on grass to lean,
 You will feel this time calm and boon.

Having played sometimes rustles breeze,
 Music of the leaves is very sweet.
 As if air fresh and drink like this,
 Secret of the life my heart may greet.

Moonlit night I overcame with drink,
 Made enjoin that my consumptive lung.
 Till the dawn restless and non-blink
 Being very happy heart has sung.

CHULPON

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 Moon and better us!"

Straight I sight to where moon rise,
 From the moon to ask I start.
 It says: "I met in dream so nice,
 With one girl that in the white.
 Wrapping up with white so pretty,
 From the sun and me much beauty!"

When by me with hanged hairs,
 I question ask the morning breeze
 Tells it: "Once I saw, lost stairs,
 Still look for in stone, trees.
 Once I saw, she's such attractive,
 More than moon and sun, much active!"

It having left, the sun comes shiny,
 Ask of you and I entreat.
 Runs away it hide so shyly,
 Says: "In actual I meet."
 In my evidence thus 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 bonny that I fondle,
 More than moon and sun, best angel!!!

AGAIN I TAKE MY TUNE

Many years are left away,
 And I took my tune again.
 To sing with weeping nowadays
 Nothing in the heart remain.

Sorrow that is in the past,
 Has arisen it, at last.
 To boiled life need pay attention,
 This is source of inspiration.

Best of melodies come from
 That my tune with gilded strings.
 Like a free girl of the freedom
 Country playful folksongs sings.

Poems of the strong construction
 From the highest point flow out.

O my heart, a new destruction
Burn up you again, no doubt!

END OF SUMMER

Fare you well, hey, endless land,
Hill that was for grass like bad.

You are about wither be,
Planning back return and me.

Good by, a breast that wants me stay,
I suffer much to leave away!

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,
At last, you also were born free!

PEOPLE

Men - like sea, men-wave and men is force,
People –riot, people – fire and revenge reverse.
If men stand up, none can interrupt,
No power wants of people can distract.
Men's rebellion put an end Empire,

People wanted – fell a wreath entire.

Men like this land to be forever free,
 And shadow over head away to see.
 Sometimes men stand, sometimes they wave or boil,
 At others try and haste or dancing call.
 Take away both hunger and an absence,
 Motherland will be in all abundance.

Let us take inside the men whole power,
 Embracing go to nation and discover!

APPROACH

Come to me, approach faster,
 I've opened my embrace.
 If existing is like justice,
 I have flung all that in grace...

I am strong and have a riot,
 I'm a wave with big emotion.
 Float I so fast, fall out,
 Flow the border like an ocean.

My tornado weigh on people,
 Through the hills of life gets over.
 Never dies and lives forever!

A MAN AND A BIRD (From the Russian)

Beauty birds! Without reason
 Be never frightened of my presence.
 Don't afraid! Sing all the season,
 What you have in heart much sense.

Be quiet both in park and field,
 I won't put a trap to seize.
 I also know how well in will -
 Live in liberty what is!

STRUGGLE

This appealed and blubbered sound
 Voice of gallants begging heart.
 Rise turned over, fallen down
 Start of mighty near fight.

Nothing know fool like and strikes,
 Walks disorderly that foe.
 Be in soul much dislikes,
 Poor man's faith overflow.

Great, turned over and hard fighting,
 Either life nor death, truce – nothing!

HOBBLE

Hobble, ulcers in my body were not treated yet this moment,
 Sports 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 always 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 and be great man!

ON MY WAYS

Mountains that stretched on my ways,
 Strained passes give to snow embrace.

Lovely times when eyes are used to gaze,
I do want travel in the heart and laze.

Strained passes gave to snow embrace,
Look at you I gathered all my force.
I do want travel in the heart and laze,
Saying “Go I through!” and took a course.

Look at you I gathered all the force,
Mountains that stretched on my ways!
Saying “Go I through!” and took a course,
Lovely times when eyes are used to gaze.

THAT WILL DO

That will do, enough, no limit,
This reviling and damnation.
Maybe full or flowed out,
Baseness with low-down action.

On my hand kept latter stone,
In the heart last aspiration.
In the eyes late tears shown,
Force has gone in supreme version.

This reviling and damnation
Want to pull my strength in body.
Baseness with low-down action
To swallow like me as if booty.

In the heart last aspiration,
With this status wish I back.
Force has gone in supreme version,
And I want to have high rank.

On my hand kept latter stone,
I the enemy want attack.
In the eyes late tears shown,
And I wish to have high rank!..

MY TUNE

I migrated from hate town,
 In friend's city then have grown,
 Not to flame, to bloom turned round,
 Full with joi supernal own,
 When nightingales praise the love!

Flowers run up from my tear,
 Follow syllables idea,
 Hearts with singing softness bear,
 Lovely park delight comes near,
 Thrown dress will heaven show!

In sliced tongues shall run the blood,
 Empty places have the heart,
 Thorny yards to blossom start,
 No doubt, pass we way of Right,
 When the dresses worn allow!

IGNORANCE

“We ourselves read the world book wrong but we ever tell
 it deceives us”

R.Tagor

Secret of dawn when spreads widely net,
 We – unaware remain under dream.
 When in the land of the leal fool moon set,
 We – boorish stay in the rage of the beam.

When it is started a lie and a false,
 Being awake we shall straightly go out,
 When all the swords won't stand in the case,
 Even we fly in the sphere and no doubt.

“No devotion in gleams of the moon” it is said,
 None will confess: “we are guilty, we – bad!”

CUT STRAW

From my day-book
I follow environment freedom...

Like a cut straw in environment whirlpool,
And as a twig in surround I flow.
Each act and deal is true saying I go,
No weight I possess like a hair to pull.

Obey the instructions around I need,
No fly in the blue now brightly as levin.
Access to unreal desires ends even,
I put me myself on the stream way indeed.

No riot and wave, no tornado and blaze!
Beam of surrender I have in my eyes.
Oh, fervent my past faster bury your face,
With speech of Stan you possess only lies.

I see a cut straw that to me so resemble,
But it's in endless and mighty sea bosom.
Quietly go in my pure heart's bottom,
Lots of free foams are waving like cradle.

ABDULLA ORIPOV

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 demand,
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,
Have I 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 friend,
 Maybe they as grievous stand,
 A men 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.

ERKIN VOHIDOV

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 and get rid 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 in trouble,
He is on the crisis way -
If he tells the faults of ass
Every man will go away

To keep 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 -
It ten horses power has.

JAMOL KAMOL

MY TINY VERSE IS
THAT MY BROKEN-HEARTED
(From the series)

Once opposite 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.

HALIMA HUDOYBERDIEVA

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 from the sorrow of the autumn.

If you think that planet – 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 from
 Mercy, blessings of Allah, and...
 Once...you won't find me
 When I once... evanesce
 Look for me then
 From the lasting Turkistan land.

07.07.2002

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 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!

20.03.1999

MY DISREGARDED WORDS

I broke into everything – forth-back,
 To whom I set,
 And who could set to me.
 Sometimes I came up to the sky as flag,
 At others trampled down without lee.

My struggle will continue as before
 I will equal with the wealth and brave.
 I ask you not to take my wings, oh Lord
 Until I get in to a blackish grave.

Having gone in, mourning would not stop
 They will be like honor or disgrace.
 And my words that set aside, I hope,
 All young people to the sky will raise!

I WILL RISE AS FREEDOM

They ask to stay me on the earth
 I will change me in a trice
 I will get me moving forward
 As the freedom I will rise.

They all like to humble me

But I take a jump to skies
And I always brisk about
As the freedom I will rise.

I have broken narrow cage
Cut up bosom in the highs
Then I change my old place
As the freedom I will rise.

Wings emerged in my heart
If no flight I go to slice
I will get me moving forward
As the freedom I will rise.

My shirt is bloody. As if banner
That in reddish color, nice
So I shift my own ground
As the freedom I will rise.

Bloods that shed by birds of freedom
Are not wasted, I get wise.
Thus I always brisk about
As the freedom I will rise.

OMON MATJON

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 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.

SHUHRAT

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.

My friends increased in number in 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!

SHAVKAT RAHMON

A STRANGER'S FLOWER

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

Hey, I say,
 She trembled,
Maybe lost her smell,
My heart is 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.

USMON AZIM

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, me 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,
Snaky arms are girdling my white waist.

SIROJIDDIN SAYYID

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?

MUHAMMAD ALI

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.

ABDULLA SHER

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.

AZIM SUYUN

17.

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.

36.

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?

37.

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!

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
 My ringing bells have stopped
 Their tinkling,
 In skyline life fights with fatal power,
 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

TURSUN ALI

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 pure as dawn...

R. Parfi

There is a word that
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...

Invite me toward yourself, a painter,
Draw a picture of my eyes.
Paint a view then 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?

We walk together everyday with you,
destination is also near
as my soul.

My heart is swarthy, no light of soul's world,
I can't believe you pass by in the silence
in the finger of the burglar night.

I said "I love you"
oh, was it hard to listen
to sad voice of the heart?

Are you a stonehearted,
or your heart is bloody,
where are you, courtesy?

BAHROM RUZIMUHAMMAD

a flower cracked from the smallest dust
a bud that swallowed tune of singing bird
night falls and you become celestial

as if dawn will never light today
until doomsday whisper of the leaves
with the moon-light entered into union

when horizon flashes as a ruby

it seems that voice of owl is so awful
but I take great pleasure from this fear

white red black come over all subsistence
colors do not hinder one another
each of them is lonely and unique
It's a sorrowful song of the night

fear is guest of hollow of a tree
a snake fell in love with a dragonfly
and I start to eat pap of the grief

there is a multicolored rainbow
but why a peacock is bored in the cage
the sky will never remain outside

there are evening stars farther on
and a huge eyewater as a ball
it's a mother of rain and white snows

hereabout resides Archangel
gargles with the water of the moon
polishes all his teeth with rainbow

when it comes through branches of the tree
suddenly spreads out lilac light
at that moment I will leave this world

Could not bear pupil of the eye
to this color
because it was very green indeed
more than even over-red
ultra black was nothing before it
also darker than super-yellow

leaves of fir-tree like cast iron stem
weren't able to repeat that color
neither plant nor headscarf of an angel

nor even artist's good imagination
 looking at you probably will groan
 dream will broke itself

but tell nobody that you saw it
 may nightingale sing its song again
 may leaf rustle instead being trembled
 may an early spring not return back
 having seen pretend you'd never seen.

LEGENDS

1. About a frog dreamt of flying

A frog was jealous of a bat:
 This blind and mousy creature
 Is flying in the sky.
 I see his wings by moonlight.
 Oh, the world is like this.
 Here is my destiny --
 Leaping,
 Leaping,
 Leaping,
 To dive in stinking pond.
 And lots of mosquitoes --
 That's all written in my destiny
 But as regard the bat...
 Me myself have green eyes,
 Light-weight body,
 And splendid voice to sing
 If I only flew...
 It began to hate itself
 But suddenly to its small head
 A good idea has come:
 Fishes also do not fly,
 And can't live on land at all,
 Legs are not given to snake,
 There is no head for worm.
 So the frog considered happy,
 And began to sing anew.

2. About a greedy mouse

A mouse brought a golden coin to the hole,
 But this time not from the cat,
 Big claw ran after it.
 Coming into the small room
 It has not gone out any more,
 Being worried, not got out.
 Even the baby, no doubt,
 May not go in
 To the hole of the mouse --
 They understand it.
 -- Mouse, said the man, --
 Whether your children dance
 On light of a golden coin?
 Give it to me,
 I'll give you bread in exchange.
 -- No, said the mouse, --
 Let my children look
 At sacred thing which teeth do not sink.
 ... And so the mouse did not return back
 The golden coin to the man.

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.

IN THE SPRING

April
 Right at your house
 you will see a muddy water of the Amu.
 Buried vineyard
 extending its hands

to beams
 in some days
 will cry as baby in joy.
 You wish not to leave this garden
 when a warm wind blows
 breeze that holes bushes
 and mixed with odor of grasses...
 a dragonfly alights to the window
 a swallow knocked the doors
 caravan of ants will cross the path
 I wish to hold a talk to one of them.

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

ESHQOBIL SHUKUR

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.

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.

KARIM BAHRIEV

NIGHT ENTREATY

Above the earth that full in deep despair,
 Scooping pours the Moon its milky rays.
 Gardens wail that breeze pulls them long hair,
 Wistful sounds from the canyon raise.

This tune comes from the ground or the sky,
 Maybe from my in -- I am ignorant --
 Weary World from life begins to cry,
 Or my worried Heart of death feels torment.

The melody is as my blood in body,
 With closed eyes I hear,
 Heart is dove...
 If I open eyes, will end a melody,
 As its finish is end of my life.

JANUARY 2, 1962

I was born. And someone was so glad.
 A foe at his slum was very sad.
 *Now I may to people give a wedding *,
 Said and lifted up his chest my dad.

Thus it happened in the dead of winter,
 One more people has increased the world.
 No, mountain remained at place in splinters,
 The river did not move its bank to hold.

My dad was pleased and mother was in groove,
 But I wept and other people chuckled --
 Though the mountain made not a move,
 But I wished to be it little troubled.

Opened I my eyes with great surprise:
 Hi, so endless and unknown land!
 I ran after luck and wished to rise,
 Grief in love with me fell at the end.

I have not yet tired of this life,
 And view regarding universe is narrow.
 Looked for happiness I wished to thrive,
 But at last itself could find me Sorrow.

Buds will weep for me when go I hence,
 Only know night gardens and the birds
 A coffin will be made of poplar, once
 Of which was made a cradle I put head.

Some people suffer if I pass away.
 The mount won't fall. The rivers cease.
 It will be at night... or early day...
 The world to one more people will decrease.

DEATH

A dangerous subject

Flowers are in blossom... They will fade,
 Water won't flow and come to end
 Once a man was born with loud groan
 Late at night in silence will be dead.

Everyone knows -- it will happen, but
 When exactly nobody can tell.
 The world is full of people, it is right,
 Till tomorrow will remain who well?!

Everyone is equal before it,
 When comes near hunger, mankind -- weak.
 Many of the people weeping sit,
 None can die but instead of the sick.

It doesn't matter, you're a slave or master,
 Every soul -- equal, old or youth.
 In the great world only this is justice,
 It is true and others are untruth!

No person of this subject likes to speak,
 Despite the fact that none can run away.
 Living man tells not, was not he kicked,
 Departed people know but may not say...

LOVERS

The winds awaked. The leaf is agitated...
 The snakes underground couldn't bear.
 The world became this fresh dawn animated,
 I don't like to die my mother dear.

At the hill the cold airs blow,
 Rubbing eyelid raises it the sky.
 When the world's eye open up somehow,
 Mother, in this case how can I die?!

To some places wave the dropheart greens,
 On the leaf walks an exited ant.
 There are big gardens I have never seen,
 Mother, to be dead I do not want.

Clear voice of lassies rings around,
 Love, I said, -- had splashed the blood on book.
 Let a girl to go, the world abounds
 In many other girls with splendid look.

Where my warm blood runs away so fast,
 Pining for the hands my hairs -- twisted.
 Who needs then my heart is young at last,
 Mother, I still want to be existed.

I stared at the Sun -- my eyes were blind,
 Eyelash shed the pearled and dew-like tear.
 My ribs so suffered longing for the light,
 I do not want to die, my mother dear!

Although I wrote only grievous line,
 And suffered much, was always under fire.
 I didn't like to die, for life I pine,
 Mother, Is the world of me so tired...

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.

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 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!

BRILLIANCE OF LOVE

I

Hair flutters like a black headscarf,
In the mouth worry, dreads feel shy.
You are standing like a tender bird
That is getting ready high to fly.

Quiet sighing and a thievish glance,
In the planet that is dark and dim.
Eyes are blind and soul gets some light, --
At moonlit nights I think of you in beam.

You are pretty, fine and virgin lady,

Eloquent to say a word can't dare...
 You brilliantly appear from afar,
 I'm afraid of seeing you so near.

II

Water never thinks that it is flowing,
 Roses do not cry if they in blossom --
 Perturbation gets a move on slowly,
 Taking not permission loves a bosom.

Grief is nameless, joy -- innominated,
 Year by year it's going up unceasing.
 Secret that is dreadful, very hated,
 Even tell the tongue of it -- not easy...

III

The world. The world. The endless world.
 I lived, am tired much of you.
 The sweets of life are landless world,
 I from sorrow take the rue.

I flowed in water, that will do,
 It's enough -- I licked your blast.
 I looked at true skyline of you,
 All of these will pass at last.

White snow covered up my trace,
 And the clouds swallowed sound.
 Flamy eyes and lunar face,
 Passed they all and never found.

We lived. We knew and understood.
 A cradle, coffin -- aeon hole...
 Tell us, why we came to world,
 If one day be passed it all.

IV

In your sparkling eyes, shines out trouble,
 Whom again you want to save me from?!

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.

ZEBO MIRZO

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 you love,
 If even when I die!..

FAKHRIYOR

IN AUTUMN

Yellowness is a stone color.
Of the monster stone.

Leaves are getting heavy --
They're amateur for the stone color,
And they wish to be with stone.

As a mother listening naughtiness
Of a whippy child that wants to town
The tree is all in trouble.

But in actual, not every stone,
Even simply, by the way, for soul,
Will never hanged be
Instead of leaves.

APOSTATE STONE

Stone, that has never been in water,
If I speak the truth.

You are apostate.

Being dry you stay, I see so longer,
Under flood of tears that are frosted.

HALIMA AHMEDOVA

MAN OF FREEDOM

No man is richer in the world,
All the birds are done to him.
His crown that is endless told
More than king's rank, holds esteem.
Lucks and times are being slave,
Even follow hills along.

If he wants he may to leave
This world as boring love and wrong.

IKROM OTAMUROD

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, you patience -- 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.

IQBOL

Where is my fortress built of sands,
And your willow-hair, sister?
Once I had a thousand friends...
Soul 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 letter
From the back,
Sans me
you gain your ends and glad...

Life is transient...

MINHOJIDDIN MIRZO

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 you 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.

MIRPULAT MIRZO

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.

AZIZ SAID

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 didn't come.

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

A guest didn't come.

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

A guest didn't come.

ULUGBEK HAMDAM

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

HEAT OF ART

art is game you said
it's not only game
but tears of a laughing man
and smile of a moribund
heart of art is secret if you know

ONLY THAT VERSE

my short and long existence
will not be enough
in order to write
that verse which higher than
my gladness and misfortune

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

JABBOR ESHONKUL

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

From yearning quake?!
 My dear, here
 If we write in boon,
 Will the verse in that world value take?!
 I don't know...
 From where shines a light,
 A dreadful sound is
 Too near by.
 To live for me
 In this world very hard,
 So, to fly
 We go once to the sky.
 Marina, Marina, Mari, my dear,
 I've got a headache...
 All revolve...
 Don't look at my black eyes so near -
 They every matter
 Weeping try to solve...

I am still busy
 With learning this world -
 So as to live in the world beyond.

Yesterday – what did I -
 What should I do just now?
 There aren't wings to fly.
 Tell me, life was - how
 Did I make some false steps -

Worthy - grey hairs - to have?

Tell, what's the difference
 Between murderer and me?
 Haven't I got a gun?
 Or don't I have wrath in my eyes?

Tell -
What a man I am?
Would I bring to world -
My children -
If I am not a killer?

Day and night...
Night and day -
Oh life, what else have you got some more?
If everyday this boring repetition -
What a sense to live a day?
Or to live thousand years?

I haven't any friend except my heart,
Neither king nor enemy can come near.
But know, no person and never, at last -
Disgraced as my heart and shed my tear.

OLIMA NABIZODA

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...

UROZ HAYDAR

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.

ODIL IKROM

HOMELAND

Don't believe me, Motherland,
 If I say you 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 modest, sticking seed,
 The woman in the cotton field.

DAVRON RAJAB

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

There is a mountain you can not pass
 When climbing you will be bored

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 full, I eat myself.
 It is dirty.
 White – a white night...

DILSUZ

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...

AKMAL IKROMOV

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.

A big sack is hung on my shoulder
full of pictures
I go up
to the summit of the dream
I pour off all my verses
to a river
and the pictures
fishes write a poem than
draw a picture
they'll invite me to art exhibition
I'll become the greatest man
In the world of fishes.

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...”

Midnight,
there was the moon in the sky,
that time
you weren't
with me
All the thing I tasted was like poison.

Spring,
I strive for you so long.
Now I reached again,
My heart bloomed as apricot
and like flowers I shone.
Maybe it's my luck
my joy
the sense of my life,
and my gladness.
I'm unaware,
maybe in this world
my last destination
is flower.
Thank goodness, I reached the bloom.

Imaginations gulped down me...
within me nothing remained.
I entrusted mercy to the soil...
Mother dear...,
If I cry they laugh,
I wish to keep myself...
And go too far from grief...
Mother dear,
the four sides...
blow...
the four sons...
became orphans! -
Rustling cries
your daughter... -
winds... winds,
run
you have gone...
A wooden horse is on my shoulder, -
I entrusted to the soil my mercy...

I didn't get away from you my dear,
Still I'm living in the mind's eye.
And with dream I couldn't come so near,
I am a piece of cloud in the sky.

If you look for me, you wouldn't find,
But to follow in your steps I try.
Here I am, one time see above -
I am piece of cloud in the sky.

No, I never give you anyone.

A footstep on the snow
it is mine
a moment went to boil the tea.

A footstep on the snow
is a simple, easy form
that will melt right in the sun.

The footstep on the snow
is an idle mould.

It is nice to have night,
Otherwise
There would not be essence of the life.

AZAM OBIDOV

APOLOGY

Indeed I slave who 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 want us in the town.
Every morning birds in luck
Pull the ear of the dawn.

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

Indeed I slave who nothing knows,
A question mark is on the brave.
My life is favour – to die somehow,
To live with laughing in the grave.

BEAR LOVE, FEMALE

Pour my feeble breast, o love,
Sad rain of the world has stopped.
Son as present gave you, now
Bear love to us, oh dove.

Love is able to prevent,
Darkness in the earth takes wind.
Give my hand to wrath I can't
I am a slave of merci, kinds.

Heart, I opened you the world,
If you do not feel, why cry?
In the end the last chance hold,
Giving luck at least I try.

Pour my feeble breast and free,
Get off fatal dream as tale.
Guest to state of kindness be,
Bear love to us, Female!
