

Poet's Heart Addresses

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Annotation: As the talented literary scholar O. Sharafiddinov noted: “Today's literature, the most important thing we need to achieve in our artistic thinking is to go to new aspects of reality, to the world, to a new, deeper, higher understanding of the world. Therefore, we must try to reveal the essence of the world, society and man. ” Indeed, the change of aesthetic principles, the internal contradictions of the individual psyche, the interpretation of the contradictions between the social environment in terms of the period is also reflected in the work of the famous Karakalpak poetess Nazira Matyokubova.

Key words: Nazira Matyokubova, Bread of Turtkul, Tashbeh, exaggeration

I have known Nazira Matyokubova since I was a schoolgirl, and when I read her first poems, "Flowers of Turtkul" (a collection of poems - poets from four lakes) was on the eve of celebrating the 120th anniversary of the young Turtkul, if I'm not mistaken. I was captivated by their unexpected "rushing" poem. I remember when those poems were born and read aloud by quartets, they made such a deep impression on a young man like me, so many students and pen pals. They seemed to be a world of sophisticated literary and artistic phenomena, a world of sophistication, even when compared to the frontiers and horizons of nearby literature. A Georgian artist named Pirosmanni passed. His pictures are like pictures drawn by very talented children. This is also called primitivism. In a good way. Pirosmanni vividly and uniquely portrayed the Georgian image, Georgian poetry, artistry and self-confidence in these superhuman photographs. Pirosmanni has nothing to do with Nazira Matyokubova.

But Nazira Matyokubova, like the Georgian artist, is unique, poetic, Uzbek and popular. He writes, thinks, writes ... At that time, I envied Gulistan Matyokubova, Nazira Matyokubova, Shirinoy Razzakova, Ogiljon Nurullaeva. These interests later led me to write about them, to feel a sense of humor, a sense of pride in a real sense. I thoroughly studied and researched Gulistan Matyokubova - her poems, prose, epics ... Even my students wrote graduate works about them and defended them at an excellent price ...

If you read Nazira Matyokubova, you will be filled from time to time. Zavq-shavq... Inspiration ...

As the talented literary scholar O. Sharafiddinov noted: “Today's literature, the most important thing we need to achieve in our artistic thinking is to go to new aspects of reality, to the world, to a new, deeper, higher understanding of the world. Therefore, we must try to reveal the essence of the world, society and man. ” Indeed, the change of aesthetic principles, the internal contradictions of the individual psyche, the interpretation of the contradictions between the social environment in terms of the period is also reflected in the work of the famous Karakalpak poetess Nazira Matyokubova. As I was reading the books I had recently received, the good ones next to me, I wanted to write about the poet's understanding, the addresses of his language, because everything seemed to be clear, in the poet's heart.

In particular, we said that poetry is the translator of the heart, the lady of the word of courage. However, Nazira Matyokubova's poems are not only a translation of the heart, but also a translation of courage, and the poetess herself is a tree of emotions. N.Matyokubova's poems, like the poetry of the generation to which she belongs, are poetry that misses the homeland. He writes:

Мен юрган шаҳарлар муҳташам балки,
Балки, бунда чиндан завқланар кўнгил.
Уларнинг тенги йўқ, лекин мен учун
Баридан иссиқроқ кўринар Тўрткўл...
The cities I walk in are magnificent, but
Maybe it's the soul that really enjoys it.
They are unique, but for me
It looks hotter than the bar Turtkul...

No matter how hard the poet tried to understand himself during his life, at every step he tried to understand his homeland - Turtkul, where he was born and grew up. Therefore, in addition to such important themes and ideas as the people, courage, struggle, national identity, simplicity, avoidance of fancy words, childhood and dear memories, thoughts about the Motherland, the beloved village, its tolerance and destiny, the expression of heartache are also the essence of the poet. It makes one think of one's homeland, awakens its dormant bowing heart (that is the task of true poetry!). Yes, it is not difficult to know that in these lines of the poet there is a garden of experiences of the small homeland, the desire to understand and discover the hidden beauty and mystery. Lines like this create a longing for the country, a tree of trembling feelings and thoughts. Another beautiful land in the land of Karakalpakstan, like ours, is the seed of a tree that came out of the fire, light, water, soil, bread and tandoor of those experiences. The poet pushes him one by one to the depths of his heart. This seed takes root in the heart of each of us, the fruits are gone. And so the trees begin to live in our hearts as the Word...

Artistic creation, whether in oral or written form, becomes a favorite of the people only if it demonstrates its nationalism. The essence of the concept of populism in the literature is that it embodies the spirit of the people, the most advanced features of the people.

Each chaman has its own flower, its own beauty, and each flower has its own fragrance, its own beauty, as well as the singing of nightingales in the so-called divine garden of creation. Nazira-opa is a student and follower of Gulistan Matyokubova, the People's Poet of Karakalpakstan. He tends to be more concise in form and more in content in the traditional interpretation than his contemporary poets. Tashbeh-u uses the phrase in its proper place and norm. The breadth and light-heartedness of each poem encourages the clever poet to think, to write more bitterly, to be crushed, to grieve, to boil and fry in the cauldron of emotions, to burn, and to miss the good in the hearts, especially in the bread of Turtkul. :

Тарк этмадинг ёнимда бўлиб,
Мен кўрганни сен ҳам кўргансан,
Дастурхоним бўм-бўш чоғлари
Фақат ўзинг туриб бергансан...
...Яна қанча кезар насибам,

Яна қанча умрнинг они.
То тирикман, дастурхонимда
Бўласан сен, Тўрткўлнинг нони!
You did not leave me with you,
You saw what I saw,
My table is empty
You just insisted...
... How many more times,
The mother of how many more lives.
I'm alive, at my table
You will be the bread of Turtkul!

As can be seen, the hardships of rare and magnificent ways of life in the current series, the colorful hues of alienation strengthen the culture of psychological analysis in the poetry of Nazira Matyokubova. Increases the intellectual weight of experiences. As observed in the poetry of Gulistan Matyokubova or Halima Khudoiberdieva, it defines a new image of emotional thinking, as a form of artistic thought turned into an aphorism, oriental wisdom. "As long as I'm alive, you'll be at my table, the bread of Turtkul!" If we interpret his poem on the basis of poetic logic, the roots of the bread of Turtkul - the meaning of kindness and consequence, the feeling of trust, longing, the expression of language - sprout from the lines of local bread-nationalism.

At first glance, these lines may seem simple, fluffy to us. When we read it again and again, we realize that this simplicity is a fact of life, that no human being can deny the inevitability of real necessity, and that existence is simply compared to a loaf of bread.

When we look at a number of poems of the poet, we see that his literary interpretation on the themes of parents, Uzbeks and Karakalpaks, Karatag, Charlov, Gujum, Mother Tongue, inscriptions, jihad, teacher, life, living, life is written with strong emotion and color. Nazira Matyokubova, the creator of the beginning and end of mankind, while depicting the image of the mother, admits that with an unexpectedly beautiful metaphor, Autumn is like my mother:

Қаҳратон олдидан замин устига,
Турфа япроқлардан кўрпалар тўшаб.
Кўнглингни хотиржам қилиб, она куз
Сўнг секин кетасан онамга ўхшаб.
Болаларинг бордай худди сенинг ҳам,
Йиғасан-терасан вужудинг қақшаб.
Уйингни тўлдириб ризқ-насибага
Сўнг секин кетасан онамга ўхшаб...
On the ground in front of Qahraton,
Bedding of unusual leaves.
Peace of mind, Mother Autumn

Then you go slowly like my mother.

Just like you have children,

As you gather, your body shrinks.

Fill your house with food

Then you go slowly like my mother...

we watch the appeal and drown in a whirlpool of thoughts. Dozens of questions run through our brains, we are captivated by endless fantasies. Our dreams take us to distant places. This is, of course, a means of defining the uniqueness of her poems, as well as the poet's achievement. As the poet sings about his mother's comparison to autumn, it is as if her poems were written in the language of a poet. The poet writes:

Тонгларинг отади меҳнат, машаққат,

Чарчоғинг ёзмайсан, қўлларинг бўшаб

Умринг поёнига етар бешафқат,

Сўнг секин кетасан онамга ўхшаб...

The dawn is hard work, hard work,

You don't write when you're tired, your hands are free

Cruelty for the rest of your life,

Then you go slowly like my mother...

Re-narrating these bytes, talking about the essence of the content, seems a little melting. After all, anyone who reads these lines will no doubt fully understand what the poet means. The biography of the original man is extremely short, and his destiny is very long. Birth from a mother is a life spent in the last breath, it is a light destiny, a bitter night and day, a change of dawn by candlelight, this series of nature is not just a simple appearance, a state. Your mornings are full of toil, toil, You are not tired, your hands are free muzaraba processes - a sad song typical of mothers. See, poetry is a wonderful mysterious world. It takes us into a world of different moods, emotions, a world of thinking. In our hearts, the mother's eternal beauties, fantasies, memories, and most importantly, the joys and longings of childhood, the feelings of longing, the sympathies of grief, the cries of our hearts, the echoes of life. At the heart of poetic thinking is the perception of the world, man, the realities of life. So how many lines like these lines make you think about the world's past, present, and future, turning great wise thoughts into a treasure trove of the soul. In poetry, our souls for a moment jump on the paths of Turtkul, meet, talk heartily, and this creates a kind of generalization of thought and emotion.

In Nazira's poems, the means of depicting local reality and expressing thoughts are also very diverse: sometimes simple, sometimes complex. In addition to relaxing her mind while writing poetry, the poet can fill the reader's heart and succeed behind it. He finds new ways and forms of sensitive expression of thoughts that will long remain in the heart and mind of the reader, so that the poet's poems will last a lifetime. In her poems there is nothing to hide from anyone, sincerity, simplicity - the poet's breath of love blows in the air. Similarly, the poetic story "Father" reveals the real heart's rebellions in expressing the poet's endless spiritual climate:

Поезда одамлар кўп бўлади деб,

Неларни хаёлдан кечирган отам.

Сўнгги чақасига чипталар олиб,
Мени самолётда учирган отам...
...Кейин қанча учдим самолётларда,
Учдим хорижларга – Истамбул, Пекин.
Ўшанда Тўрткўлдан Тошкентга қадар
Учганимдай тўлиб-тошмадим лекин...
As there will be a lot of people on the train,
What my father imagined.
Take tickets to the last leg,
My father who flew me on a plane ...
... Then how many planes did I fly,
I flew abroad - Istanbul, Beijing.
Then from Turtkul to Tashkent
I'm not as full as I used to be, but...

It is a poem that has become an art, a destiny that puts the eyes of fire in the eyes of the heart. Transforming the reality of life into an artistic reality has been a central feature for all periods of the poet's poetry as well. But the ways to follow it are incredibly diverse. In particular, figurative imagery is one of the forms of real perception of reality, telling the truth. Do not lie to this poem, lie! The poet shakes his pen in order to protect himself from lies. In this sense, the emergence of each poem means that it is a confrontation with old memories. Everyone, including the poetess Nazira Matyokubova, struggles with herself and lives with memories, parental love, old house, loved ones, student years, and more. This process is an industry in itself, and everything else is a factor.

Қанча йиллар ўтди, елиб орадан,
Самолётда ҳар гал учганим сайин,
Шундоқ ёнимдаги ўриндикда жим,
Бўлаверар отам ўтиргандайин...
...Шу шаҳри азимнинг ҳар бекатида,
Тураман азалий меҳрни туйиб.
Қайтгандайман худди Тўрткўлга ўзим,
Тошкентда отамни йўқотиб қўйиб...
How many years have passed,
Every time I fly on a plane,
Silent in the seat next to me,
As if my father was sitting ...
... At every station of this great city,
I stand feeling eternal love.

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When I return, I will go to Turtkul myself.

Losing my father in Tashkent...

These lines are the embodiment of true and false feelings, the light and light embodied in the feelings of the father and the daughter, a handful of air between life and death, as if a pinch of breath. Both the one who catches her eye and the one who throws her under her feet like a treasure are in fact the creator, the poet herself, the image of her dreams. This means that the word is cut from the memories and given to the poet by God himself...

A good book is like a good man. You know, the good deeds of a good man are sealed in memory. The name of a good man is equally relevant to humanity in general, to the West and to the East. The discoveries and good deeds of a good man travel the world, just like the fathers in the image of a good poet ... They take place in the pages of history. Reads incessantly; translations into world languages. He sows the seeds of goodness in the hearts of men. The seed of goodness sprouts, blooms, and bears fruit in the pure heart. Views expand, ways of purity, righteousness, spiritual uplift are opened. In this sense, we can say that the power of words is infinite. Regardless of who and what she writes about, the poet sings the "pain" in her heart. The creator demonstrates his unique talents in this way.

Human life is full of endless mysteries. Each area of existence is a book in its own right. The human heart, on the other hand, is a miraculous creature that illuminates and illuminates these pages. The essence of the soul, which always brings human life to different destinies, is very complex. will be discovered. The peculiarity of the poet's poems is that in him the spirit attached to the word is embodied in the mind of the reader in various forms.

In general, Nazira Matyokubova's poems are unique in that they strive to uplift national and spiritual traditions. Our elegant observations and live observations, unity of thought, harmony of our professional activities, spiritual and educational meetings made me understand my respect for Sister Nazira more deeply. The tendency in me to analyze the poet's eternity, universal values and the poet's sense of perception is becoming a phenomenon of beauty as a symbolic embodiment of goodness, as determined by her calm and kind nature.

Nazira Matyokubova's creative inclination and potential are ready to shed light on the distant paths of goodness. I want them not to get tired of discovering endless spiritual, enlightenment, intellectual endings.

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