

Figurative Devices in Rauf Parfi's Poems

Chorieva Asila

Uzbekistan state university of world languages, 3rd grade student of the third faculty of English
asilachoriyeva2002@gmail.com

Abstract: The article focuses on the aesthetic and literary beliefs of Uzbek poet Rauf Parfi.

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Several articles related to Rauf Parfi's literary and aesthetic views have been published in our literature. Among them, the articles of A. Mukhtar, R. Rahmat, U. Hamdam, B. Fazliddin are not fully devoted to this topic. N. Rahimjonov's articles were mainly based on the poet's articles, literary conversations and prefaces. In this article, we have taken Rauf Parfi's poetry as a basis for defining his literary and aesthetic views. In his poems "Poet", "Poetry", "Words", "Usman Nasir", "Passenger", "Pain" and several others: who is the creator, what is poetry, what is the process of its creation, what are the original goals and tasks of the art of words, the answers to a number of questions have been expressed.

One of the most repeated words in Rauf Parfi's vocabulary is "water". This is, of course, an artistic word - in the sense of literature, especially poetry. In the work of the poet, water is used in such a wide sense. In his poem "Waters", he says: "Words are needed, Waters are wounded in capitals, Waters formed from capital letters." With this, the poet fulfills the main task of literature. Words made from capital letters are: freedom, person, faith, homeland, nation, truth... And, precisely, the struggle for these concepts is "Primary Wars". According to Rauf Parfi, literature should be suited to the struggle for concepts made of such capital letters. If not, such a "sound" is not needed, nor such a "kelbat". For him, literature is not entertainment, and the creator is not just a "river" where you can surf...

Any rich language is unable to express the spiritual world, colorful feelings and experiences of a person. Literature reflects those nameless feelings through its "language". When the artist, who is full of emotions, does not find a suitable word to express his situation, he feels himself in the middle of the winter night, in which it seems that the "iron hands of the void" squeeze his chest, he cannot express his grief, because he needs words. Those words are not there, those words are sleeping, rather, they have been put to sleep. These words kept the grandfathers awake for centuries. They need to be woken up. Awakening draws the heart's blood from the poet, and these words are wounded from the mine of the heart.

The greatest kingdom of the poet is the word. Deprivation of it is a burden. This Word is so powerful that it subdues its creator. You can't control the word; you can't beat it. Even the creator cannot afford not to say this word that needs to be said. That's why R. Parfi: "word chases me, Squeals and carves my chest, whose duty are you, word?!" - says. Imported goods are subject to duty. His word is the duty to pay for the "goods" that entered the poet's heart. He pays this "duty" by telling the pain that is in his heart. The poet is responsible for that. This is both a judgment and a privilege of the Creator to the poet. "Why do you write poetry?" asked my friend. "Why don't you write poetry?" I also asked. As much as others wonder why the poet writes poetry, the poet

wonders why others do not write poetry. Only a poet who feels the true power of words can say these words. According to the poet's belief, there is no force that can block the path of words: "Poetry is capable of anything," he says in one of his poems. In order to create this kind of poetry, it is necessary to be a "poet of man, a man of honor".

In fact, Rauf Parfi is confused not only about word, but also about her creator. His movement to self-realization as a creator, his search for answers to the questions of who is a poet and what is poetry, began in the early years of his work.

Through the image of a bird in the work of Rauf Parfi, it is possible to observe the evolution of the poetry that is maturing in his psyche. One of the poet's first poems written in 1955 is called "Birds". But the bird in it has not yet risen to the level of a poetic image. Another poem written a year later is called "sparrow". "I love you, sparrow, sparrow," he begins. The poet wants to be friends with sparrow and accompany him to his elegant song. He sees strange similarities between himself and sparrow: "I walk freely like you; my heart is happy like you." The poet does not want to occupy her, he wishes her to fly freely and enjoyably on her blue face with space. But the lyrical hero has a request: "Leave me your tunes!" Because sparrow and the poet's heart have harmony and common moods.

"Rauf Parfi is a poet with open wounds and pain," Asqad Mukhtar said. Indeed, the wounds of a poet who knows the pain of humanity as his own will be open. R. Parfi can't accept a creator to be any different. That's why he said in the poem "Poet": "Neither country, homelands are burning in the bonfire, the poet wins one by one from the autumn. Taking everyone's pain to himself, Majnun goes crazy, that's why he is a poet." R. Parfi's "Nozim's Sound", "Consisting of infinite minutes...", "Victor Hara's last song", "To the death of Pablo Neruda", "Song about Vietnam", "Alania", "You are not alone, oh Azerbaijan", "His poems such as "Hijrat" and "Hijratda ona allasi" are proof that he is a mad poet who "took everyone's pain on himself".

So, in the work of Rauf Parfi, a number of situations related to the poetic word are expressed: 1) the definition of the artistic word; 2) the spirit of the creator in the process of creating artistic water; 3) the function and importance of the artistic word. All this presents us Rauf Parfi's literary-aesthetic views as a whole concept.

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