



Zulfiya Khanim's Poems Will Live in Hearts Forever

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Abstract: The article highlights the life, work and activities of the great Uzbek poet Zulfiya, examines in detail his role in Uzbek literature. Such concepts as humanity, love and fidelity are revealed in Zulfiya's poems.

Keywords: Zulfiya, Hamid Olimjon, poetry, law, literature, love, fidelity, melancholy.

Introduction: Talent is a blessing given to a person by Allah. A poet with such great talent, along with serving her people wholeheartedly, left a bright mark on Uzbek literature with her significant works. It should also be noted that Zulfiya is also considered a creative person who has her place as a translator. Zulfiyakhanim, who embodies the incomparable grace, grace, and intelligence typical of Eastern women, is among the great women of the 20th century. As the People's Poet of Uzbekistan, laureate of the Nehru and "Nilufar" international awards, she has gained fame not only in Uzbekistan, but also throughout the world.

WHERE ARE YOU, MY HEART

When the heart is far away
When the will is weak.
There are many friends around,
But I am alone...
Suddenly my heart has grown old,
The blood has drained from my face.
You, looking for a confidant,
My thoughts are running away from you.
Where have you gone, my heart,
My patience and tolerance are over.
I wish to talk to you,
My longing is on my tongue.
I have many words to say,

I am afraid of your teachings,
My friends reproach you for crying. What am I?
The fire that burns you does not give me peace.
What am I, I cannot reach you,
A piece of wood thrown in the middle.
My heart, which is a haven for love,
It cries out to find you.
What can I do, my dear-
My soul wants you

WHAT DID YOU DO, MUBTALO

Months have flowed with sorrow,
My heart has not found a shred of comfort.
I have been left in your absence,
What did you do, Mubtalo!
My eyes are not allowed to open,
If I lay my head down, it will burn.
Inconsolable book and pen,
My verses raise a lament.
Is it so innocent, so pure
Is there so much pain in love?
Willpower, perception cannot withstand,
Completely stupid mind, understanding.
My heart, which I knew to be like a mountain
When did it not have a bird's head left?
I say I will overcome grief, but the pain and stain
increase again.
I have not melted from your love,
I have lost your happiness in order not to be,
To stay with you
I will burn, I will not be a friend.

WITHOUT YOU

Here, I lived a lifetime without you,
Waiting for the return of irreplaceable joys,
When I knelt at the head of your coffin,
Children lifted me up by the hand.
Since then, I have been standing. Why is there a shield,
For happiness, spring, winter, sadness.
I cry blood and blood at someone's loss,
I spread it like a lament at a wedding.
But when I stay, my heart is alone,
When feelings are pressing, I listen.
Sometimes when I feel weak and thirsty,

I ask an unanswered question from my pain:
Why didn't you leave me while I was alive?
In love with the beauty of someone more elegant than
me,
No one closer than me attracted you,
And heaven was open to your gaze,
A beautiful place that made you crazy,
Why didn't you leave me?
The stain of living separation is heavy,
Humiliation gnaws at life!
I would give this to the terrible Lord to stand,
Even if you leave, I will give you my soul.
I knew that you would breathe,
This complex world is alive for you too.
You are unfamiliar with the darkness, the darkness, the
cage,
Your step today is bigger than yesterday.
Why, why didn't you leave me?
I know that jealousy would have destroyed me,
I would have cursed the one you preferred,
I wouldn't have followed you, sad like a shadow,
You would have remained alive for me in life,
I would have waited for the good news of your pen, my
love.
Living with your sad fate,
It is difficult to create happiness.
Why didn't you leave me while you were alive,
You didn't leave me, but you didn't start?!

IN THE MOON

The full moon is not smiling,
The clouds are light as a dream,
The moon is a slave in the river,
The rustling of the cherries.
It is like a whole mirror,
It is spread out in the pond.
When I bend down, it is filled from the bottom
I myself came out to meet you:
Around me, rows and rows,
I am surrounded by a thousand stars.
Shaking my chest,
I drag it to the ground.
On the ground: branches, flowers, leaves,

Like embroidery.
Ponds forgotten by the flood
Like the moon's broken pieces.
It burns in pieces.
My dew is like a wind blown by the wind.
How much joy is in every light,
Every shadow is full of mystery.
The seers are like a field of light,
All sounds are in sleep.
The ignorant sleep in their nests,
A bird that does not perceive pleasure.
I look at myself:
My chest, a ray in my hand.
I raise my face to the sky,
The wind blows your hands.
Oh, having swallowed half my life,
Is it the fault of the past nights?
Now, holding this beauty,
What a pity if I don't give it to the day?

NIGHT

The day has passed behind the mountain,
A clear, cool night has quietly set...
I opened the window to the garden,
Sleepy sleeps in the blanket of night.
Soft songs arc everywhere,
In the ghost of the past wind.
Water flows all night long,
Everyone sleeps, at home I am awake,
A piece of paper, a small pen
A lamp shines above my head.
How many thoughts, how many melodies in the night,
I listen with devotion.
Unable to find words to express,
I rush in search of color.
A fresh breeze blows... A propeller flies,
Wirling around the lamp,
It strikes itself and bursts,
And then it lands on my table.
I write, the stars fall,
Each one tells a tale.
Here, the Hulks flash before me,

Bringing a sign from the bright morning.
The night passes, and again from the meadow
The morning mist rises.
And I, slowly turning off the lamp,
Wait for the dawn to break.
The night has melted in my eyes,
A bright young day is spreading...

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