

ABOUT THE VETERAN'S "WOMAN" OR THE FORM OF PAIN

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ANNOTATION

Veteran was born in 1963 in the village of Sangjijumon, Khatirchi district, Samara region. He graduated from the Samarkand State University, Faculty of Uzbek Philology. He has published collections of poetry, On the Form of Pain (1987), The Woman (2000), Geometric Spring (2004), and Traditions of Renewal (1988). In his translation, T. Winter (Abdulahkim Murad) wrote, "Islam in the 21st Century; Finding the Qubla in the Postmodern World"(2001).

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"Woman" is a strange word; the tone of history comes, some kind of desert, some kind of history, an old instrument, you don't know, rubbing, something familiar, an interesting meaning that doesn't hang when you say something, something unfamiliar. What is unfamiliar is poetry. A fluent, eloquent word that is familiar in every way, in every sense, is simply a poem, a mere eloquence, or a beautiful introduction to a meaning you know well. It's also a must-have, a conversation with someone you know well, whom you talk to every day, who is whole and unforgettable, and therefore will be repeated tomorrow.

"The cells of an empty cage are like an unsolved crossword puzzle. What is the most beautiful, the most beautiful, the most raw >> - the most rain the empty space?"

There is this "most" in the poem and there isn't. He who has a feeling awakens himself in his heart, and in the heart of others, he awakens a different feeling, awakening is personal; "It simply came to our notice then. I was the one who did it. The essence that is looking for me... >> is like love. Everyone loves, but not everyone is a woman, everyone has a personal pulpit in their heart, and a good poem invites to that pulpit.

When we come back to "woman", "I can't find a woman, I can't find a woman, I can't find a woman, I can't find a woman, I can't find a woman, I can't find a woman, I can't find a woman, I can't find a woman, I can't find a woman, I can't find a woman."

When you get here, something becomes clear. Maybe it's a real instrument - a heart instrument, something like a melody; everything you are looking for; you begin to understand, not to understand, the heart that seeks love, faith, an Emotion that is based on thought in general. If you keep the veteran's poems in your heart, or rather, that woman will start to make an impression from one word to another in your imagination; I wept at the stains, I cried on the iron wings of my flying soul. **Begins to be played by that ancient instrument; this melody has no pause, does not break, does not catch its breath, sometimes deep, sometimes floating, sometimes stumbling on the word, sometimes groaning when stumbling,** sometimes rising in a single syllable, so the beginning of the line, the pause of the word, the usual to It doesn't have a big hole in the bottom, it just flows like a flood in an uneven river...

Such lines are reflected in the poems that encourage the creator to be sincere;

The song of the cranes is the saddest song,

He can sing even sadder

Only the poet,

The last sound,

Turn to the poets!

“Most..., most...” is the limit of opportunity,

Only poets break it.

Today, the poet Veteran tries to break the imagination of poetry lovers, or rather, encourages them to do so. In general, looking at literature, images, ideas begins with a change in perception. The poems we are accustomed to once distorted the imagination of their time. Imagination, the word, the person, the thought, the beauty is renewed. Veteran's poems resonate like a storm, like a soothing melody to a stormy heart.

All the poems of the veteran are formed on the basis of sincerity, true humanity, consequence, kindness, incomparable analogies. He doesn't know how to complain to anyone. Artistic processes do not participate in each other.

Yellow- stone color,
A stone's throw away.
Leaves heavier heads,
They are fond of stone color,
He wants to go down to the rocks,
Your son said he was going to town,
Like a mother listening,
Decorated tree,
However, any stone,
Even for fun.
The leaves do not hang in place,
Never...

It would be great if the true fans of poetry could feel the feeling of sincerity in all of the Veteran's poems!

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