

The Motherland is Unique, the Poet is Unique

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Abstract. The main trait of Hamid Olimjon's poetry is to absorb the feelings to people namely living with full of joy and happiness. The prime example of this considered to be the poetry "Uzbekistan". The infinite feelings about reality, beauty, and outstanding emotions are described in this poetry.

Key words: *Uzbekistan, Hamid Olimjon, joy and happiness, the spirit of the motherland, the image of the nation, unique, Gulistan, wonderful country, integrity.*

Introduction. Each person has both many qualities and at the same time their leader. This quality and traits will always guide their owner throughout their lifetime. Every situation and process which is blessed at the heart considered to be a leader trait, can have its spot. In particular, if one's leading character is deceptive, whenever he tells the truth, he can not stop adding lies; without telling lies his mind and heart will not be satisfied.

Literary review and methodology. Let us rely on this fact, Hamid Olimjon's poetry has a lot of traits (full of enthusiastic lyricism, folk simplicity, the depth of realism, the intensity of passion...). But their leading trait is to live a life with a full of joy and happiness that will be penetrated into many hearts. The gist of his most works and character embedded by this main trait.

Joy is such a thing that goes with happiness,

I could see the people found happiness,

For centuries I cursed the sorrows,

I played the melody of joy and happiness.

Or:

Joy leads me to the way;

Happiness has become my habit.

It is a great blessing to play

Joy and happiness as a poet.

"That is why the name of Hamid Olimjon has been enscribed in the hearts of readers forever as a singer of happiness and joy. That is why, anyone who thinks about Hamid Olimjon doubtless their heart fills with a sense of joy and happiness. When it comes to happiness and joy, doubtless, Hamid Olimjon's name appears in their minds. Oybek in the book "Happiness" called Hamid as a joy singer, Uyghun named the preface of Hamid Olimjon's "Selected works" (1944) "Singer of joy and happiness"

One of the poet's researchers Ghulom Karimov wrote that "Hamid Olimjon's poetry is a poetic expression of happiness thought" while Naim Karimov states in his book "Hamid Olimjon's poetic skill" that the poet's poems are about happiness constitute a lyrical series. (See: S. Mamajonov. The poet's world, T., Literature and Art printing house after Ghafur Ghulom, 1974, p. 94). The critic Salohiddin Mamajonov considers these views to be "right" and gives the following ground:

"Hamid Olimjon's expressed feelings of happiness and joy, the good spirits and morals, enthusiasm were the reflection of the heart, spirit and mood of the soviet people. As a matter of fact, either he writes about the soviet man or the beauty of motherland, scenery and river he sees the same mood an spirit – the spirit of happiness and joy, he measures all of them with happiness and joy" (The same work, p. 102 - 103). The poem "Uzbekistan" written by Hamid Olimjon at the age of 30 proves this point.

"Uzbekistan"

Some of Hamid Olimjon's poems ("Uzbekistan", "When the apricot trees blossom", "On my most youthful heyday" etc.) have a compositional work of art. The poet skillfully draws the reader's attention by conveying to the reader what he wants to reveal in the first two verses of the poem, resonates the deep mutual feeling into their hearts as if it were the pieces of diamond. Then, as being his and their hearts together fed with the radiance of joy and happiness it transforms into a sincere heart.

The poem "Uzbekistan" (1939), written more than 70 years ago and which has not yet been replicated by its elegance, beauty and miracle begins as followings:

Walking through the valleys,

Strange feeling, I was blessed by

So, what is this strange feeling? Why does it sweep over when you walk? How do you and I imagine this feeling? There is no end to these thoughts. You get thinking and thinking... Having become spellbound, you turn to the author and want to know the author's views, how well he would describe joy and happiness? How does he depict it? How can he express his love for the country and the people? Once you are "bound" to yourself by asking those questions he commences telling hearty utterances:

Walking through the blossomed garden,

I would kiss the soil of my homeland.

Listening to people's stories,

The idea came to the poet's mind.

I would sing going along the rivers,

Listening to the fairy tales.

I would listen it all, lest,

I could not find one I had, alas.

Although these interpretations make you admire them, they will not reveal anything yet. It just intensifies our amazement. It does not reply to your questions but tends to listen to you, directs you to find the similarities of "a strange feeling", making you understand and looking forward to it. So, after you have been prepared secretly he lights radiantly the image of "The paradise called Uzbekistan", transfers the feeling of the color and smell of "The eternal spring stretching over homeland"; discovers the essence of "the wonderful land" – "a country that has no spots on its beauty".

This is such a beautiful garden,

Flowers blossom in poems.

*It is called Uzbekistan,
People love and speak about.
Beautiful as if a newly married bride,
Washes plaits in two rivers.
Snowy mountains come ahead,
Flowery valleys thrive in front.
When the carpet is rolled around
There is no such spring like this.
Red tulips in the mountains
As if they were a ruby cup,
Hands in the water from springs,
Which after people are awoken.*

“Such a wonderful land” cannot be described without hardworking people, the people who overcome the difficulties of “creativity and life”. Likewise, neither the poem nor beautiful nature is immensely clear, true, brilliant, beautiful can turn into the whole poetic image. “Such a wonderful land” cannot be described without these people. As the poet said,

*“The man has beautified the world,
It is beautiful with the man, too”.*

Therefore, when they unite, enter into each other’s hearts and essences with love and affection, they become one soul, they become united as Uzbekistan – “a new world”:

*In the fields the work begins,
Creativity and life commence.
Day by day the cotton grows,
Leaves appear in each tree.
The blossom drops from apple trees,
Bending down with fruitful twigs.
Busy the working crowd in cities,
The textile is full of people.
Everyone has their wish,
Everyone is glad and happy.
This country offers everything,
Some regret to see it never.
Some who drank the water of Amu and Sir,
Making soiled by passing via Zarafshan,
There are the horsemen in this land.*

When the downpour floods in spring

There is a song of the cymbals,

This is such a beautiful land.

Discussion and results. “So many of the qualities of this wonderful world” will be revealed in a sequence gradually and gradually. Your amusement will intensify. Certainly, there are reasons to be in such a state, to feel the grandeur and beauty of the motherland and in the desirable image of these reasons there is a great deal of confidence and vitality; but in the motherland:

There are no thorns in that field,

There are no snakes in the deserts.

A bird does not singe its wings,

A man who comes never dies.

A man never thirsts of water,

There is no a scapegrace anywhere.

Houses have never running sands,

Babies never die of hunger.

Happiness and success stand by a man,

This is such a wonderful land.

If you repeat the last two verses in this passage, it seems that the poem has finished, and its main gist is solved (“Happiness and success stand by a man”). You will be convinced that the poet cannot say any more, that the heart of Uzbekistan cannot be expressed more than this, and the poet’s instant breath comes to an end. However, the genius poet shatters your confidence. He pauses to catch his breath, and still demonstrates the immeasurable power of his talent that allows him to open up the image of Uzbekistan at a higher level, to illuminate, to reveal more harmonious qualities.

Here the nightingale can read the book,

Here the caterpillars can knit the silk cocoon,

Here the bees can make the honey,

Here the birds’ nests can be sustained,

Here the winter is still with snow,

Here the spring is welcomed.

This is such a land rich in grace,

The moon is reflection of this all.

The day becomes a part of splendor,

Each day works on the cotton field.

The brave men dig out the canal,

The poets write the ghazals,

The singers sing the songs,

The young women tell the lullaby.

The bakers bake the milky bread,

The elders can receive the guests.

The poet who is proud of the mobilization of his motherland, his compatriots, each of his own creativity and livelihood, seeks out the facts in reality and finds out it as well: honoring the main truth of that time Moscow and the goddess; connecting them with the peace and tranquility of soul as the wholeness of the heart {the poet as a child of his time urges not to forget that we can become great only by the fact that we can substantiate and express the truth of his life, (from Moscow, the main concept of Lenin and Stalin's "the living blood to the heart"); on the basis of our present understanding and consciousness we must realize that it is wrong to verdict and not appropriate to misinterpret it. }:

This is such a wonderful land,

There is an interesting sage:

Defend with might and main in Moscow,

With caring friend in Georgia –

He is gifted with beauty and pride.

There is the army in the Far East.

This is why he is serene at heart,

This is why he is peaceful at heart.

This is why he has a warm hearth,

This is why he does not freeze in cold.

The heavens are benefactors from enemies,

This is why his heart is stiff.

This is why it does not wear leaves,

This is why it wears the satin dress.

When the image of Uzbekistan is fully revealed, so as to complete his confession the poet wishes tranquility his dearly beloved motherland, people and friends. At the same time, the simplicity and nationalism expresses the unity of its spirit, which is hidden in the depth of couplet, with the spirit of Uzbekistan, the spirit of and the spirit of the world:

May such a country be existing,

May such a country be with people,

May such a country be in peace.

May the friends get blessed,

May all friends bless with health,

May it be such a whole world.

As the preface of the poem begins with the kissing of the soil of homeland ("*I would kiss the soil of my home land*"), its ending also terminates with an illustration of affection for this beloved soil, which is more enjoyable and heartwarming than analyzing it:

I saw the peachy gardens,

I saw the mountains with blossomed flowers.

With loving kisses becoming white,

Beloved land transformed in white.

No artist has ever been given the opportunity to integrate the poetry of the motherland and people in a single poem and fully to express it. Hamid Olimjon fully understands that “every day has a great sense” that all poets can create the image of the motherland and people, that can create different feelings in every heart. It follows that he ends “Uzbekistan” created by his courage and creativity, alluding that he and others have the opportunity to sing (ending with ellipsis). This is an indication that the “these wonderful feelings”, once scattered like a flower fragrance will never be over. At the same time, as the poem unfolds, it ends with the following couplets to create a composite whole:

Walking through the valleys,

Strange feeling, I was blessed by...

Conclusion. Much time has passed. Finally, a poem “Uzbekistan” appeared by Abdulla Oripov (1964-1970). It starts as following:

My country, I devote the poetry for you today,

I have not found anything the same like you.

There are the poets of their whole country –

With poems devoted only to the world.

They spread over for very long,

Having silver home on their wings,

There is such a land in the world, lest

There is no spoken story yet:

The only feeble pen of mine,

My homeland is Uzbekistan.

As you read this part, you will remember Hamid Olimjon’s poem “Uzbekistan”, and you will realize that this poem triggered Abdulla Oripov to write his poem “Uzbekistan”.

In the poems of Hamid Olimjon and Abdulla Oripov you can feel simplicity, naturalness and meaningfulness. You are become acknowledged that both are beautiful pieces of art. Moreover, you understand their differences each poet has/ her own thoughts, dreams, feelings and the world of thinking.

Hamid Olimjon “does not imitate nature, but compete with it”, revives nature with his eyes, soul and mind, activates it, praises the mood happiness and joy, discovers sensible emotions, entices the feeling intensity, as if it were a bride who fell in love with Uzbekistan.

Abdulla Oripov revives not only the nature of the land, but also the image of the motherland through the historical attainments of great figures of this country Amir Temur, Ulughbek, Beruni, Navoi, Jaloliddin, Sobir Rahim and Habib Abdulla. That’s, the poet gets the impression from the thoughts. According to him, “It is natural for a person to marvel at the beautiful and profound thought... It is such a great miracle that any genius poet can be astonished by it...”

In the work of Hamid Olimjon all the points (10+42+30+6+6 = 94 verses), parts, visuals and skillful components are aimed at uncovering the main purpose of “There is nothing like this beautiful garden with happiness and happiness”. Whereas Abdulla Oripov’s poem (each part consists of 10 verses in 15 couplets compiling 150 verses) subordinates to the purpose of “The people who glorified the motherland” and unifies the image of the country.

For example, in Hamid Olimjon’s poem:

The happiness and success go by, -

This is such a wonderful land.

Whereas the poem of Abdulla Oripov is as follows:

Speaking about ancestors, lest

There is a person loved above all:

The genius bestowed upon the great,

My motherland is great above all

You are the only who shares last bread

With her son not having eaten by herself.

You are the only who has been preserving

The glory of offspring that lasts for ages.

My nation, my soul and mind,

My motherland, Uzbekistan.

The first poem describes the unique content of the motherland, in the second it reveals the freedom and prosperity of the country by looking at the past.

Initially, the inspiration is compiled as entirely light, exact and joyfull, while the second is represented as yelling, intensive and philosophical matter. Therefore, the first one is enjoyable to read, the second requires discernment.

If the poem of Hamid Olimjon was taken long time of thought, analyzed thoroughly and then scribbled out on paper at dawn, the end of Abdulla Oripov’s work was different as he confessed: “I have been writing this poem off and on for a long time”. From my experience, it is difficult to write great poems in one sitting. If it had one plot one kept up writing. Telling jokingly, such poems are similar to the cough. It should be caught. If it should not catch, one coughs intentionally, the cough will not be produced. The cough should swell from within naturally. So, in five or six coughs I ended up writing this poem.

It took me three years to finish the poem (the Eastern star, No. 1, 206, page 11). Let us take my poem “Uzbekistan” in my interview “All joy of mine is my motherland” (A. Oripov “The mirror of justice”, T., “Adolat”, 2005, page 137). I started it in 1964. At the same time, I wrote half of it and at the time I had not enough breathe to write the other half. Then I stopped writing it. Furthermore, I kept writing the poems about other moods. Time was ripe for me to write this poem again. That’s what I was waiting for. Just from the part where I gave up writing I put myself together and finished it. He says: “It has been passed for six or seven years so as to write it”.

No matter how long we continue to compare in this manner, the following can be summed up about these poems: **The sentiments in verses of two diamond like figures are exact; the thoughts are profound, their images are majestic; the hope and confidence are bright, the spiritual power of pride and admiration is endless, the vitality and beauty are unique.**

But to me (in comparison to the greatness), the poetry of Hamid Olimjon is incredibly high. I feel the spirit of my nation, the smell of the country soil and as if I could taste it. He says: "My heart cannot stop getting full of joy". Then I want to sing the life song of happiness and joy with all my devoted friends, keep up living with burning desire forever. I believe that the author of "the most melodious poem of our poetry is the eternal one" (A.Oripov), who is full of pride, power, purity, pleasant feelings for the Motherland is still alive. In fact, the great geniuses will never be forgotten and have eternal life. Indeed:

"Oh, my heart be forbear,

One is making way to you.

Walking through the valleys,

Strange feeling, I was blessed by"

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