

The Image of Autumn And Spring in the Poetry of Abdulla Aripov

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Abstract – The magic and lofty ideological poetry of Abdulla Aripov, one of the great representatives of the twentieth century's Uzbek literature, is a true art work, a unique phenomenon that does not fit into the traditional poetry patterns. The themes of pain, suffering, moods, the people psyche, the relationship between the world and man, the people, the nation, the homeland, depicted in this miraculous poetry, still captivate and disturb the hearts of those who loves poetry. Especially noteworthy are the poet's poems, which reflect the nature images, the events poetic animation skill which associated with it.

Our observations show that in Abdulla Aripov's lyrics, although nature is not a separate object of image, it plays a key role in illuminating man's mental state, the life eternity, the life philosophical essence.

The poet's writings penetrated deep into the inner world of every Uzbek. That is why Abdulla Aripov's poetry, imbued with boundless sincerity, as a great plane of our national literature, will live on for centuries, forever in the hearts of our people.

Keywords – Nature, Autumn, Spring, Hot Summer, Winter, Image Object, Poetry, Apostrophe, Animation, Allegory, Landscape, Mood.

In today's Uzbek poetry, the study of nature - the world around us through artistic lines, the imprinting of its unique landscapes on poetic lines - is one of the main tasks of every creative person. You may ask why that humanity should respect nature so much, why should humanity bow before this colorful world wonders? After all, isn't it Mother Nature who takes the male servants of the Creator in her bosom, and who, like our mother, is accustomed to all our whims and amazes us in her miraculous world?! Nature is not only the basis of our food, our delicacies, but it inspires the creator with its boundless freshness, beauty, and gives rise to unique artistic ideas. There are creators who deeply feel the natural landscape unique scenes and try to create art works from these miraculous scenes. Because poetry that does not include natural landscapes remains the exact same image in black and white. That is why the ancient masters of our poetry Mahmud

Kashgari, Nosiriddin Rabguzi, Alisher Navoi and the founder of Kazakh literature Abay, prominent representatives of Uzbek literature Zulfiya, Mirtemir, Askad Mukhtor, Abdulla Oripov, Shavkat Rakhmon, Usmon Azim in their poems pay special attention to the nature image, the seasons poetic interpretation.

Mankind has always used the word mother side by side with its people, things, corners, which are as precious to it as the apple of an eye. For example: mother, daughter, motherland, homeland, MOTHERLAND, mother planet, MOTHER NATURE. Feeling a brotherhood with nature, acknowledging it as a part of our lives, also requires us to treat it like a mother.

The nature and the events revival images that take place in it through artistic means is a special direction in the work

of Abdulla Aripov. The great word artist calls nature a divine abode:

*Фақат табиат бор - илоҳий макон
Фақат ўшанга сен беписанд боқма.
Лоақал уни сен танигин, Инсон,
Ёлғиз бошпанангни ўт қўйиб ёқма.*

*(There is only nature - a divine space
Just don't look at it that way.
At least you know it, Man,
Do not set fire to your shelter alone)*

There is no doubt that nature is a divine abode. Because, the Great Creator's power and infinite beauty is reflected to nature. The apricot tree flowers that invite poets to the creation field, the moon bathing in the delicate swaying lips of a graceful rock, or the basil sleeping in the wind without shedding its leaves are the miraculous symbols of this divine abode.

In every change in nature, even when autumn is replaced by winter and spring by summer, inspirators can see a unique wisdom. Since the landscapes of spring, autumn, winter and summer are a companion for a person throughout his life, the artist brings these miraculous events into his poems with special pleasure. The creator not only copies the scenes of the seasons, but also mixes his feelings, the riots that are raging in the depths of his heart.

Separation, loneliness, alienation, and the mental anguish depictions that ensue after separation have long been on the autumn verge. But in Abdulla Aripov's poem "Autumn in Uzbekistan" the situation is completely different. The lyrical protagonist is a passionate fairy - drunk in the twilight of autumn:

*Юргил, далаларга кетайлик, дўстим,
Диққинафас уйда ётмоқ пайтимас.
Олтин Ўзбекистон тупроги бу кун
Бир пари фаслнинг огушида маст.[1,Б.21]*

*(Let's go to the fields, my friend,
It's hard to sleep at home.
The soil of golden Uzbekistan is today
A fairy is drunk at the turn of the season)[1, 21p]*

Autumn is a sad and thoughtful season for anyone. Some liken this season to a life that is fading away. Poet Abdulla Aripov likens autumn to a couple and says that it is a season of abundance and blessings:

Қуёшнинг эринчак ёғдуларида

*Нафис ялтирайди барги хазонлар.
Ҳар ёнда тўжинлик...
Куздан нишона... [2,Б.21]*

*(In the lazy rays of the sun
Exquisite glittering leaves.
Shedding everywhere ...
A sign of autumn ...) [2, 21p]*

In this poem of the poet comes to life not only the autumn joyful breath, but also the image of a passionate child who respects the hardworking people, the motherland of his precious land, and cares for the future:

*Менинг она халқим...
Эй қадим, ҳалол,
Ризқи она ерга сепилган халқим
Ушоқ чигитни ҳам этмай деб увол
Миллион эгатларга эгилган халқим! [3,Б.21]*

*(My native people ...
O ancient, honest,
My people whose food is sprinkled on the mother earth
He said that he would not even touch the seed
My people bowed to a million people!) [3, 21p]*

Abdulla Aripov does not look for sadness, mental anguish, dreams, which are like a rock in the depths of the soul. He does not call autumn a season of suffering like other poets. On the contrary, he calls autumn cheerful and thoughtful, compared to his hard-working, generous people, who always smile despite the burdens of life:

*Сенинг ўзинг каби ўйчан ва қувноқ,
Хушфеъл бўлиб келмиш тупрогингга куз. [4,Б.21]*

*(Thoughtful and cheerful like you,
Autumn to your happy soil. [4, p.21])*

The poet's achievement is that he did not follow in the footsteps of other artists, did not use the metaphors and descriptions they used. Like them, he didn't depict autumn with gloomy lines. Perhaps, through his mastery of high eloquence, the reader was able to liken autumn to a caring father - a wise philosopher, who was able to withstand the many trials of life, to survive the deadly storms of life:

*Улуғ Алишернинг соч оқин қўриб,
Оғир хаёлларга чўмган бу фасл
Қайрагоч ёнида ғамгин ўтириб,
Чолларга ҳассалар йўнган бу фасл,*

Азалий кўркини қилади кўз-кўз... [5,Б.21].

*(Seeing the great Alisher's hair flowing,
This is a season full of heavy thoughts
Sitting sadly by the slate,
This is the season when old people are sick,
Eye to eye makes beauty ... [5, P.21].)*

In the next lines of the poem, the creator loads the autumn with responsible tasks. He describes autumn as a season reminiscent of happy old age, but does not encourage the reader to walk in the quiet, lush gardens and deserts. On the contrary, the lyrical protagonist cares about the harvest, the harvest of the industrious, grandfather peasant hand in the bountiful season. Autumn is not an opportunity to wander in the quiet deserts, in the bosom of the hazons, but a moment of zeal for the harvest of the toiling people, who for centuries have kept the light of their eyes and the depths of their hearts on their motherland:

*Бахтли кексаликни ёдга солар куз,
Сокин хилватларга чорлайди, аммо,
Дўстгинам, пайтимас, айлаб сайрибоғ,
Хилватда ўй суриш ярашмас бугун.
Заҳматкаш ўзбекнинг ҳосили қандоқ?!
Кузнинг фалсафаси шудир биз учун [6,Б.22].*

*(Autumn reminds me of happy old age,
It calls for quiet solitude, but,
My friend, don't worry, I'll walk around,
It is not appropriate to think in private today.
What is the harvest of a hard-working Uzbek ?!
This is the philosophy of autumn for us [6, p.22].)*

Nature and man - these two concepts have always complemented each other. Just as natural phenomena and processes change, so does the human heart, the spiritual world is constantly changing, growing ... In the poem "Autumn in Uzbekistan" the poet sings the philosophy of autumn with great enthusiasm, and in the poem "Autumn Dreams" the lyrical hero is completely different, immersed in the sad and disturbing dreams of autumn.

*Нимани хоҳлайман? Истагим нима?
Чангалзор шовқинин тинглаб тураман.
Япроқлар бандида кезган жимгина
Маъюс ва безовта кузни кўраман.
Унинг қўшигида, унинг оҳида
Сезаман одамзод қалбин гоҳида [7,Б.17].*

(What do I want? What do I want?)

*I listen to the noise of the claws.
Silently wandering in the leaf band
I see a sad and restless fall.
In his song, in his song
Sometimes I feel the human heart [7, P.17].)*

The following words of the People's Writer of Uzbekistan Odil Yakubov are very pertinent in this regard: "If we apply a metaphor to Abdulla Aripov's poetry, it is like a dutar melody: in one it shakes hearts with endless sighs, in another it takes on a cheerful tone, and its soft and peculiar melody captivates again. In the veins of his works, conflicting emotions, like grass and water, flow incessantly. That is why one poem is saturated with the product of a mature philosophical understanding of life, while the other is full of sorrow and grief, moaning and soulless, one poem is lively, humorous, and full of humor, and the other is full of the kindness of a generous soul, so that it is unique, as beautiful and attractive as life itself, close to hearts."

Just as nature has its own golden rules, so poetry has its own laws and conditions. Every particle in the bosom of nature, whether it is a giant being or an invisible small particle, has a function. He does something. The same is true in poetry. Whatever word the poet enters into the poem, it must acquire an art. In Abdulla Aripov's poems "Autumn Dreams" and "Autumn in Uzbekistan" such words as leaf, hazon, reed, stream, old man, cane, desert, harvest expressed the beauty of autumn.

Abdulla Aripov, who grew up under the influence of spring floods, dull, silent days of hot summer, stormy autumn evenings, countless stars shining in the dark nights of winter, thanks to the unique legends of Mahkam, the fairy tales of Ismail the cripple, says: "... I remember just like yesterday. I wanted to write something. I wanted to put my feelings on paper anyway. Of course, I started writing poetry. I didn't think that this training would be a burden for my life ... [8,15 p]» Indeed, this exercise - this "burden" followed until the poet's last breath, did not leave him alone. As a result, in the words of Kazakboy Yuldosh, the great master of Uzbek poetry, poems and epics, which were born as a result of expressing the sometimes soft, sometimes mournful, sometimes grassy, sometimes sad scenes of a free and pure heart, sometimes all of them in a single melodic and musical Uzbek word, were enriched and perfected.

Spring is the season that awakens man to the beauties of nature and invites him to the realm of creation. In my opinion, there is no artist who has not sung spring, who has not sung its pleasant scenes in his poems. Abdulla Aripov's poems

"Spring", "Did you miss spring?", "Spring is yours", "Autumn air in the spring days" are also among the best poems that have captured the hearts of millions. People's poet of Uzbekistan Sirojiddin Sayyid in his book "Long live the rains" said: "This poetry has united us - the different corners of the country, the valleys flowing from the mountains to the capital, and joining it, we have been flooded, we were the ones who became fire when we were called "Abdulla Aripov", the knowledge of dorilfun went its own way, the more difficult knowledge of the world - the science of burning, burning, grief, pain, the eternal questions of the world - the science of thinking about life and death, this poetry introduced us to the science of rays. We found in him names for our nameless surprises, nameless joys, and formless sorrows. ... Our favorite poem was "Spring". There were many times when we recited this poem with tears in our eyes. Such poems are written in exchange for sacrificing the heart "[9, P.87-89]. Indeed, this poem is written with serious thought, genuine emotion, sincerity, high skill. Abdulla Aripov's poem "Spring" is not only a song of the season of rejuvenation and renewal, but in one place "the great poet, philosopher, judge", "writer, orator and master", "the symbol of the people, the symbol of the Uzbeks", Gafur Gulam and Abdulla Aripov, known as "the sea that contains many rainbow-colored rivers", were told: "Poet, I have one thing to say to you. Just be careful not to be rubbed and applauded"[10, P.293-294], - said Maqsud Shaykhzoda, who taught for a lifetime, In another place, there are appeals and memories to his mother, who has always been a source of inspiration and faith for the poet. Therefore, this poem can be recognized as a beautiful example of marsiya:

*Иқболи саждагоҳ бўлганлар, ҳаёт,
Ўзлари тунроққа қўйдилар бошин.
Ўн ойким, сўнмишидир у таниш наъра,
Ҳамон фироғида фигон чекар Шош.
Бу қандай мулоқот? Не ҳол? Ёнингда
Жой олмиш ўзга бир суюкли даҳо.
Беқиёс эди у шеър лочини!
Хаёли бамисли Кўрагонийдек.
Фарёд чекканим йўқ эл ичра тақир,
Ўч ҳам олмадим мен ўз қаламимдан.
Онажон, онажон, кечиргил ахир,
Шодланмасин дедим биров ғамимдан[11,Б.88].*

*(Those who worship felicity, life,
They put their heads on the ground.
Ten months, it's a familiar cry,
Shosh, who is still smoking figs.*

*What kind of communication is this? What's up?
Next to you
The place is another beloved genius.
He was a poetic falcon!
His imagination is like a visionary.
I did not cry, I was bald,
I didn't even take revenge on my own pen.
Mother, mother, I'm sorry,
I told him not to rejoice because of my grief [11,
p.88].)*

As the creator "leads" the phenomena of nature into his or her work, in these places he or she makes effective use of animation, which is one of the most ancient methods of artistic representation. It is safe to say that this method in fiction originated at the root of the primitive views of our ancestors (animism, totemism). At the same time, it is unlikely that the artist himself does not resort to this method of artistic representation. Abdulla Aripov also created the following beautiful examples of animation in the poem "Spring": "The hands woke up and rubbed their palms", "The mountains lifted the load and lifted the palms", "The grass shakes its head", "The courtyard streams run to the bee", "How many times the sky is buried by the sun", memories light up» "I look, a row of graves, Innocent purple earrings," "A flower bent over someone's chest, Such as "The marble reads from the right", "The crescent at the end of the high purple reaches the clouds", "Somewhere he remembers his homeland". The poet's poem "Spring" also contains perfect analogies with nature: "My heart is half as bright as the moon tonight," "A star looks after the clouds like a crystal button in a jacket," "A heart that flies like a tulip leaf."

"Nature comes as a rich source of artistic creation, including poetry, sometimes as a" pure "landscape, sometimes as a special image of nature, sometimes as an artistic background for another idea. That is, first, traditional landscape plates are drawn. In such poems the beautiful views of nature, the impression of various processes are directly expressed. In such poetic plates, which the poet directly calls a "landscape," there is little need for any social thought, any philosophy. In the second case, nature becomes a direct object of the image, manifested in its own "personality, image, original meaning, now it is not just a landscape, but a unique world - a place of various norms, mysteries and miracles of eternity and eternity, infinite source of life, ground "is interpreted philosophically as a great element, a great creator, a 'dumb genius' (A. Aripov)," says Botirkhon Akramov in his book "Pearl of Poetry" [12,120 p].

Наҳотки энг улуг фарзандинг кетиб,

Бошин кўтаролмай ётса мангуга?
Онамни сўрайман сендан эрта- кеч,
Қайтар деб сўрайман чок этиб яқо.
Лекин менинг дардли саволимга ҳеч
Жавоб беролмассан, о, соқов даҳо [13,Б.90]!

*(Is your eldest child gone?
What if he can't lift his head?
I ask my mother to tell you sooner or later,
I beg you to come back.
But no to my painful question
If you can't answer, you dumb genius [13, p.90]!)*

In the poem "Spring" the poet likens nature to a murderer, an idiot, a dumb genius, but in relation to the masculine season of spring - "Spring is as unique as happiness", using the metaphor of "Spring is as sweet as a baby", it reminds us of the sweetness of life and the priceless blessing of life. "... Indeed, a creator who does not have a certain taste and level expresses himself in the language itself, which is the first element of literature. It is unlikely that a tasteless poet will be able to use a word somewhere," said Abdulla Aripov. [14, 21p]. As one French scholar put it, "Talent is taste." Considering the following lines of the talented poet Abdulla Aripov, it is impossible not to be amazed at his eloquence. Through the caves, which are the grace of spring, the longevity of life and the anxiety and modesty of the Uzbek bride are depicted in lines with a special taste:

Дилбар келинчакнинг кўксига гулу,
Зардолу шохига ташлар кўз қирин.
Барг аро шуғлалар кафтлармикан у...
Баҳор тетаноя гўдакдай ширин [15, 90 p].

*(A flower on the chest of a charming bride,
Look at the stones on the apricot branch.
Are the rays between the leaves palms ...
Spring step is as sweet as a baby [15, 90 p].)*

The creator looks at nature with the eyes of the heart. This helps to explore the poetry, the hidden beauties at the heart of natural phenomena. "Even when I write about nature, I only think about people," says Prishvin[16,Б.123]. Although the poem "Hot summer" by the great artist Abdulla Aripov describes the nature of the Uzbek fields, the changes that occur during hot summer, the theme of the poem is the unparalleled work of a hardworking farmer, the applause in his honor:

Менинг деҳқон бобом, андак ором ол,
Қуёш бурувига олган палла бу.

Саратон ўзи ҳам мудрайди беҳол,
Оҳангсиз ялла бу, сўзсиз алла бу[17,Б.30]!

*(My farmer grandfather, take a break,
That's the decent thing to do, and it should end there.
The summer itself is debilitating,
This is the voiceless yalla, this is the wordless alla [17, p.30]!)*

The poet describes the hot breath of hot summer, the boiling moments in the fields as follows: "The sky is burning with the sun", "Screaming in the heat of the day, A squeak hidden somewhere", "Even a baby can't find the wind." As Abdulla Aripov paints a picture of hot summer in a poem, mulberry bark, poplar bark, hot summer, morning buds, the sun, the rays, the nightingales, the doves, the willows, and the sparrows connect the state of mind of man: "Drowsiness in the hollows of mulberries", "Silently hardened poplars", "Hot summer itself is drowsy," "It's still early in the morning", "The sun froze in amazement", "The rays play on the platform", "Willow, as if embarrassed by someone, The earth draws - in the roof", "Prayers rose again", "More pigeons are waking up in the garden." While the talented poet "humanized" the phenomena of nature, he was able to create a poem that would give the reader a unique, vivid impression of hot summer.

In the work of each sensitive poet can be a landscape of different character - scenes, images of nature. In the depiction of natural landscapes in poetic works, various things, events, geographical objects, creatures not only perform their original functions, but also appear as a symbol of various human emotions and mental states. In his poem "January", Abdulla Aripov relied on details such as fields, awnings, lakes, windows, oceans, white jujun, ground, and scarves to illuminate winter landscapes.

Яна далаларнинг шовқини тинди
Яна раққосадек тинди момиқ қор.
Яна оқшомлари айвонда энди
Хаёл сурмакликни этдинг ихтиёр[18,Б.73].

*(Again the noise of the fields ceased
The fluffy snow melted again like a dancer.
Again in the evenings he was on the porch
You have chosen to dream [18, p.73].)*

The poem is full of silence from head to toe, a unique gift of winter - a special silence, serenity that envelops the creature - nature after the snowfall. To the poet, everything in existence is kind to each other, passionate, sad. The sun has nothing to do with the ground. He is preoccupied with the

dream of spring at the bottom of the oceans. Even in his dreams he is preoccupied with spring. The earth is a bride. Just as the bride left the loving embrace of her loved ones with her moon-like dreams from house to house, so did her loved ones: grass, herbs, leaves, birds, creatures. The old grandmother, who has withstood the cruel tests of fate, has no secret other than winter. The bride, still helpless in the face of life's trials, sits quietly on the ground in the winter and weaves a white jujun:

*Зангори баҳорни ётар туш қўриб,
Қайдадир – уммонлар тубида қуёш.
Момо қиш оқ жуужун тўқир ўлтириб,
Келинчак заминга ягона сирдош*[19,Б.73].

*(Dreaming of a blue spring,
Somewhere - the sun at the bottom of the oceans.
Old lady sat down in the winter white jujun,
The bride is the only secret to the floor* [19, p.73].)

Abdulla Aripov's poem "January" also contains beautiful metaphors about nature: as "Ground bride", « The fluffy snow that danced like a dancer ", " Winter is a hike of silk ", "An exemplary artist of being", "Old winter". It is as if the lines of the poem "January" sound like a "song of silence", a "song of silence", and as you read the poet's poem "Winter", it sounds like the laughter of friends, old friends and loved ones:

*Шундоқ давом этар ҳаёт барибир,
Топилар биз учун хилват гўша ҳам.
Қўндан соғинтирган даврамиз қизир,
Ахир эски дўстлар яна бўлмиш жам*[20,Б.89].

*(As long as life goes on,
Findings are a lonely place for us.
Our long-missed circle is red,*

After all, old friends are together again [20, p.89].)

Due to the harsh winter, the teahouses are hot and humid. The long-awaited souls have gathered for another round because of the winter:

*Бундай пайт гаитлидирчойхона кўпроқ,
Чолларга ўша жой бўлади шаффе.
Чойхона томонга тортса-да оёқ
Дуч келаверади негадир кафе*[21,Б.89].

*(At this time, the teahouse is more,
That will be the place for the old men.
The foot, though, pulls towards the teapot*

For some reason he encounters a cafe [21, p.89].)

The creator sometimes sought an ointment from nature for the pains he found in society, from which he expects kindness, attention, and compassion like his mother. Suddenly he starts talking to nature. Communicates closely with elements in nature. This is considered an apostrophe in our fiction. One type of animation is the apostrophe enumerated to address inanimate objects as human beings. In Abdulla Aripov's work, the apostrophe can be seen in many places:

*Куз ҳам кетди, мана,
Қиш келди қайта,
Эски ашуламни яна айтаман.
Сени қарши олдим нечанчи марта,
Қиш, сенга нечанчи бора қайтаман*[22,Б.89].

*(Autumn is gone, too,
Winter has come again,
I repeat my old song.
How many times have I met you,
Winter, how many times will I return to you* [22, p.89].)

"Poetry, first of all, needs sincerity of feeling and tension of feelings," Dante said. In Abdulla Aripov's unique poetry one can find both: sincerity of feelings and tension of feelings.

"Yes, Abdulla Aripov entered poetry with his own words and feelings. That's why he has the right to proudly say "the feeling I didn't get from someone". He has a sensitive heart. A poet who reads or hears his works gives the impression that the poet has no limits of feelings and emotions. He is full of emotions, he has a heart as strong as a river, "says Matyokub Kushjanov and Suvon Meli in his book " Abdulla Aripov ". [23, 20 p].

*Мен шоирман,
Истасангиз шу.
Ўзимники эрур шу созим.
Бировлардан олмадим туйғу,
Ўзгага ҳам бермам овозим*[24,Б.19].

*(I am a poet,
That's it if you want.
That's my word.
I didn't get the feeling from anyone,
I will not give my voice to anyone else* [24, p.19].)

As the Kazakh Yuldash noted: "The deep folk roots of the images turned Abdullah Arif's poetry into images of the nation's spirit. The ability to express even the most complex moods with great delicacy and high charm gives a special freshness to the poet's poems. The artist had a powerful creative imagination that could see the flame in the spark, the sun in the dim light, and the ocean in the drop"[25,Б.247]. Our observations show that in the lines of the poet's original depiction of autumn landscapes, the image of pain shed from the human heart is side by side:

*Яна далаларга бошлайди ҳавас,
Богларда хазонлар ёнади лов- лов.
Дўстларим, бу кузнинг барглари эмас,
Менинг юрагимдан тўкилган олов[26,Б.72].*

*(The lust begins again in the fields,
In the gardens, leaf fall are burning.
My friends, these are not autumn leaves,
The fire that poured out of my heart [26, p.72].)*

Poetry is love in one place, sadness in another, pain in another, and pleasure in another. In these lines of the poet Abdulla Aripov he is wise:

*Унга бари бирдай ҳаёт ва ўлим,
Гўёки кекса чол сўнгини ўйлар.
Ва секин силкитиб каҳрабо қўлин
Қўрганин-билганин бирма-бир сўйлар.
Бир ҳикмат ўқийман хазонларда мен:
«Яшагину, бироқ япроқ бўлма сен» [27,Б.17].*

*(Life and death are the same for him,
It's as if the old man is thinking of the end.
And gently shake the amber hand
They slaughter what they see and know one by one.
I read a proverb in the leaf fall:
"Live, but do not be a leaf" [27, p.17].)*

The image of the summer-stricken mudragan fields is from the sealed verses it is as if an Uzbek grandfather, a farmer with a strong will, who can withstand even a fiery fire, with a tired look in his eyes and a lifelong companion in his hands, is coming out:

*Азму шижоатинг мен ахир қўрдим,
Қўрдим қўзларингда чарчоқ бир кулгу.
Майли, ором олгин, эй бобо юртим,
Саратон жунбушига келган пайт-ку бу[28,Б.31].*

(I finally saw your courage,

*I saw a tired smile in your eyes.
Rest in peace, my grandfather,
This is the time when hot summer comes to the fore [28,
p.31].)*

When Abdulla Aripov's poem "Spring" was analyzed, we witnessed how powerful a word is. The creator is a master of cinema, and the actors and actresses are poetic words. In front of your eyes is a magic wand - the image of the beautiful world of spring with his pen, as well as the image of saints who died forever (Ghafur Ghulam, Maqsur Shaykhzoda, mother of the poet) their eternal abode is the Chigatay cemetery, as well as the psyche of a traumatized child who has been summarizing the days since the day he lost his mother ("Five months have passed since he left"). The most amazing thing is that as you look at the last verses of the poem, the grief that suddenly took over your heart begins to fly like a tulip, and the feeling of love and patriotism for the motherland, which became the poet's line of poetry, begins to fill your heart.

*Баҳоринг муборак бўлсин ушбу дам,
Менинг Ўзбекистон – дилбар Ватаним.
Фақат сен қалбимга чўктирмай малол,
Чарчаган руҳимга илҳом солурсан.
Баҳор ҳам, умр ҳам ўтар эҳтимол,
Фақат сен дунёда мангу қолурсан[29,Б.91].*

*(Happy spring this holiday,
My Uzbekistan is a charming Motherland.
Only you are tired of sinking into my heart,
You inspire my tired soul.
Spring and life will probably pass,
Only you will remain in the world forever [29, P.91].)*

Poets are magicians. In fact, Abdulla Aripov's magical, charming poetry still enchants the hearts of many poets. The unique legacy of the artist, which is deeply rooted in love, patriotism, true human qualities and pure feelings, plays a programmatic role in the upbringing of invaluable generations. The value and reward of such poetry is eternity.

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