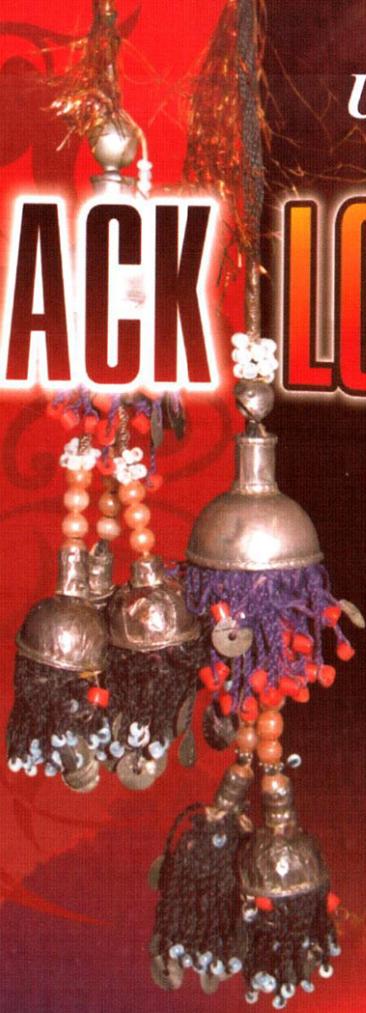


UKTAMOY

BLACK LONELINESS



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*Black
loneliness*



Tashkent
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In her poems Uktamoy pays much attention to the description of nature's landscapes and twirling of the soul's states through their diverse colorful displays. Considering herself a part the nature the poetess tries to depict her joys and grieves in connection with different processes of the nature.

We think that the poetry lovers and poetry admirers of our country will like this collection of poems in the English language.

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The book was translated from Uzbek into English by:
Kosimboy Mamurov – English language professor and translator

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I am a fall's decree
The leave,
Stung on the branches
Of trees in spring.
My soul is
Severely crushed
Like the ants
Under love's heels.

Life
is my long lovely dress,
Knitted by
thousand mistakes.
My entire
body-from head to foot
Is made
of heart's fabric.

My missing that has grown green,
In a mortar the night is grinding less.
Blending deep in the rose flowers
I would like to rest with the leaves

I like to swing hanging the robe
On the pleasant flavor of serine
I would like to tidy up the plates
Of the rays of the moon fine.

I'm drowning deep in your world.
In you my thoughts'd night, dear.
Wherever you might go or stay,
My feelings would blossom there.

ON TREES BRANCHES

On trees branches the fall is jumping,
Making the green leaves its feeding.
The dress weaved of flowers fragrance
Is burning my entire body flaming.

My grieves are burning in my sad world,
Welcome bright grieves to my body.
I live now consenting to your soul
Until alive times wander over me.

The joy is mold, endless is the sorrow
Pour your heart into my longing heart.
Weeping you can wipe you tears,
At the edges of my happiness, so sad.

Fall am I, my feelings pour on the ground
I can't leave the lonely lodging.
The grieves ousted to Karbalo desert
Are wintering in my heart hanging.

SPRING

Up the tender crops jump from joy,
Throw their hats into the sky to sail.
The lazy wind lay embracing still,
The fragrance of Mint's beloved girl.
The tulips blaze keep sparkling
The joys fall tick-ticking further.
In the embrace of green feeling
I wish I were a tulip flaming rather?



I was a heaven,
For you I became an earth.
Stepping on the grass
They smashed the earth.

I was a river running
Became a stinking pool.
Tadpoles and frogs
Made me their dwelling.

I was a soil - ores of gold,
For you I've become salty,
Of my salts village's walls,
Have become salty, it's a pity.

I was the moon in the sky
I became a grave for you
Could you be worthy
Of my nail broken off too?

MY HEALER BABY

Dating is a white butterfly,
Its separations are black,
My soul is a sad child
Grew in charity with lack.
My graceful poor baby,
Who dream is wounded, baby.
Looking at stony roads,
My hopes grew into roads.
I burnt, my ashes grew,
Into a flower of luckless dreams.
A companion to the dream, my baby,
Whose joy is wounded, my baby.
Love is water in the stream,
Has run beside you flowing.
Seeing your weak state also
Hasn't gone a moment of waving
From pains suffers, my healer baby,
Whose faith seems victorious,
My baby.

* * *

My pillow is an endurance,
My secrets the pillow shares,
On it were painted
Colorful flowers,
Every night I water
The sad flowers
With tears of my eyes
Would laugh the buds.
Every day I make
A compromise with night
The tolerance ending
The missing leaks tick-tick.
Scared from this noise
A flight the butterfly'd take
Sitting on the flower
Leaking down my tears,
Would make a little pool.
Being tired of my grieves
The flowers float joyfully
Down on the streams.
Not a single sign,
Was left on the pillow.
Now I'm still wandering
On the desert of love,
Its tolerance being ended
One day it drowns me too
Into the flood of missing, so.



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