

A LITTLE BIRD FLIES IN MY SOUL...

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Abstract: From this point of view, we are almost the same age as Rauf Parfi. But from the point of view of his thinking and outlook, I liken his poetry to a baby, a child, a teenager, an adult, and a wise traveler, drawing the distant past, recent history, present and distant future in one line.

Key words: Youth, Time, Homeland, Man, Heart, Tree

Also, the names of the collections he published throughout his life are a clear indication that Rauf Parfi was not a bright and cheerful artist. That is, "Caravan Road", "Echo", "Image", "Memory", "Eyes", "Return", "Patience Tree", "Silence", "Repentance". It awakens in my imagination the figure of a luminous Man who is flaring his gaze from the bottom to the top, from left to right. I would like to give Rauf Parfi the qualities of being born, grown up, or like a young child thinking like an adult.

Youth is a green season, passed, turned yellow,
It was spilled. Oh, merciless leaf fall
He shot into the black frost,
Leaf fall is breaking at the feet of the winds.
Youth is a green season. It's gone. Yellow. (1)

Ёшлик зангор фасл, кечди, сарғарди,
Тўкилди у. Шафқат билмас баргрэзон

Қора совуқларга отиб юборди,
Шамоллар пойида синмоқда хазон.
Ёшлик зангор фасл. Кечди. Сарғарди. (1)

Many years have passed since Rauf Parfi's place in Uzbek literature was defined as extraordinary. In the second half of the last century, Rauf Parfi was one of the great poets who poured out the rebellion of his soul into his pen. Rauf Parfi was one of those who could not come to terms with himself, could not come to terms with the injustice, wrongness, and unevenness around him, and could not use his pen, which had become a dignified heart, for simple praises and praises.

I left my body and landed on the ground.
Everything is clear to me, the living cannot see.
Ye blind world, I am a spirit, said I,
They don't see me, they don't ask me.
Man is a man hunter, he hunts man,
Insatiable, strangely insatiable, gratuitous.
He dig Pocket of helpless corpses,
betrayal, trouble, trouble in his arms

Танамдан чиқдим-да мен ерга индим,
Менга бари аён, тириклар кўрмас.
Эй сиз кўр оломон, мен руҳман, дедим,
Улар кўрмас мени, ҳолимни сўрмас.

Бани одам овчи, одамни овлар,
Тишлаб тўймас, ғажиб тўймас, бедаво.
Ночор майитларнинг чўнтагин ковлар,
Пинжида хиёнат, қабоҳат, ғавго (2)

In the memoirs of the writer and famous creator Nazar Eshanqul about Rauf Parfi, many closed and open verbs of the poet are well written:

" Brother Rauf would divide the world, as he used to say, into a "big country" and a "small country." The tragedy of most of our contemporaries is that they have bought a big homeland or exchanged it for something useful, a career, or a job. They only became slaves of the "small homeland". Because of this, Rauf brother openly and deliberately mocked such people. Until they realized who they are, that the great motherland is irreplaceable, they deserved to be mocked and insulted. Brother Rauf believed that this disease was very contagious and could kill everyone. Therefore, he always tried to protect himself from this disease. That was the thing that tormented brother Rauf and was tormented by his surroundings. The fact that Tewarak changed, changed, easily took on different forms, lamented about the motherland, and "sold" the motherland, always caused pain and suffering in the heart of brother Rauf.

In the series "Black Wall" he writes:

Кандайин сирдир бу, бу қандай тушдир,
Бу қандай уйқудир, уйғонган уйқу.
Кўзларимдан қора кузғунлар учди
Мудҳиш қора девор ортида, ёху!

Қора девор қаъри, сотқинлар юрти,
Тилсиз, ватансизлар ватани қолди.
Санқиган жасад-ла телбариб юрдим,
Ақлимга рўёлар калолат солди.

Заҳарга айландим, ёғочдек синдим,
Қайта ўлдим, руҳим қайтмади танга.
Ҳазрат Султонимга синграб сиғиндим

Аллоҳим, мадад бер. Бир Сўз бер менга,
Жонимнинг парвозин бергил, соғиндим,
Ишқ бер! Қайтар мени ёруғ Ватанга.

What a secret, what a dream,
What kind of sleep is this, waking sleep.
Black ravens flew from my eyes
Behind the terrible black wall, yes!
The black wall is old, the land of traitors,
The homeland of the languageless and stateless remained.
I went crazy with a stung corpse,
Dreams came to my mind.
I became poison, I broke like wood,
I died again, my soul did not return.
I worshiped my Hazrat Sultan
God, help me. give me a word
I miss the flight of my soul,
Give love! Bring me back to the bright country.

It is not easy to understand and understand the poet's poems and read them to get into his soul. Because of him, sometimes you can't even understand who and what the poet is referring to when you move from verse to verse. And when you read it again, you will begin to see yourself in the writings of Rauf Parfi.

You cannot understand not only his poems, but also his thoughts and words, because of the depth of his logic, example, and conclusion. His thoughts on literature and poetry:

A tree. Quiet. It is silent. He doesn't say anything. Sad. The heart aspires to this tree. This tree seems to understand you better. The people who are walking and humming are going down next to the painted tree. The tree looks very smart. He seems to know a lot. As if you want to say something important...

In fact, Rauf Parfi tried to tell us a lot of things at the right time through the poems of the example of a tree. It is for this reason that many did not understand him, and many did not want to "understand". Because when we accept a tree as just a tree...

What is this? My tongue is stunned, my body is numb,

I have no eyes to see, my eyes are dull.

I don't see a ghost, my ears are deaf..

I know that everything is a lie except you...

Надир бу? Тилим лол, вужуд валангар,
Кўргали кўзим йўқ, кўзим ўйилғон.
Бир шарпа илғамас, кулоқларим кар...
Билдим, Сиздан бошқа барчаси ёлғон...

Do we understand the poet until today? Have we started referring to his poetry and works? If he had lived to this day, would he have been hurt or happy? There are many questions, just like poems.

What is love? Rare loyalty?

You ask yourself a thousand times.

I wish you patience with trembling,

You speak the divine Word to the universe,

This world is beyond all doubt,

This is the desert of dreams, this is the desert of pain.

Do not lose heart, believe in God,

Help yourself, this is the way of faith.

This love is as true as death, so

I wandered around the world thinking of you alone.



Do not separate me from existence, a breath,
I broke my acquaintance, I crushed my eyes.
It echoed in the sky,
Give safety to my opponent, my God

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Summarizing my speech, I will turn to Rauf Parfi himself: A poet cannot help but speak the truth. Now think of the poet's honesty in the midst of huge lies. They say, look at the age, sing the song of the one you ride on. The poet is afraid of lies, superficial, false singing. More precisely, the talent inside the poet is afraid of lies. Because falsehood is the result of talent

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