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Annotation: The thesis deals with the word in relation to other genres in literature is fully realized in a poetic work.

Key words: Culture, poetry, work, creativeness, nation.

The literature of independence, which emerged in the last quarter of the last century, was, it should be noted, a product of a changing national consciousness, of a renewed aesthetic thought. Especially in the poetry of poets such as Rauf Parfi, Halima Khudoyberdiyeva, Azim Suyun, Shavkat Rahman, Usman Azim, Ikrom Otamurod, Muhammad Yusuf, Fakhriyar, Abduwali Qutbiddin, Aziz Said, Bahrom Rozimhammad, Iqbol Mirzo, poetic perception of the universe rose to a new level. In this row, the name of Shavkat Rahman cannot be forgotten in the row, of course.

The works of the poet, restless in heart, awake in spirit, are rich in pain, eternal spiritual fillings and sharp thoughts like a sword, which extinguish the will of man. The poet's tongue is bleeding from sharp words, the hand transmitted to the request can also glow like a rag if it comes to the place. Already “” ... if you want to know, poetry is a translation of the word courage.”

Shavkat Rahman did not live for fifty years. The bulk of his life was spent during the colonial period. The humiliation, dignity of a nation whose great ancestors had left the world lol to the ground bribes the poet's heart. Therefore, between his lines, when it is permissible, the blood dripping from the whip tattoo will leak. Try listening to an excerpt from the poem "confession" - a:

*Men jangchi emasdim,
men shoir edim,
nihoyat shoirdan ko‘ra zobitman,
har nafas musulmon millatim dedim,
Nafsig a kuyganlar keldi oqibat,
Haromni xush ko‘rgan malakfurushlar
zig‘irday himmatin qilganda minnat,
yaproqdan sarg‘aydim, buyuk urushda
musulmon yo‘q edi,
yo‘q edi millat.*

This munglig poem is completed by saying,” woe, my bare branches are sharp as swords, there is no leaf left whispering”.

In the work of Shavkat Rahman, a special distinction is made between love, lyricism of nature, which is highly artistic. But in the poetry of the poet, the share of such works is overtaken by a jump of sharp poems. We said the reason a little earlier. Having become an anguished singer of the nation by the time of the creative era, the Choon dardi of his oppressed people served as ink on the poet's pen. Therefore, "I leave behind beautiful words moaning from the window to everyone now, “he says again,” in fact, these playful words that radiate a rose neck are not mine. It is necessary for me as bread, sharp as a sword, as if it were words of courage as poison, " he adds.

Sayladim so‘zlarning saralarini,

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kurashlar shamoli kirdi nazmimga.
Yurtimni kezaman,
endi har narsa –
Egilgan narsalar tegar g'ashimga.
Endi ishlash kerak bu kengliklarda,
tokim so'ylamasin yolg'onni hech kim,
tokim buyuk tog'lar saltanatida
egilgan boshlarni
qilichlar kessin.

There is a proverb in our people that a bent head is not cut by a sword. In fact, grandfathers are talking about the fact that a person should make an open confession of guilt, not seek to escape punishment, but, on the contrary, be able to go straight to it. This proverb does not promote mutuality. However, if the psychology of slavery in the people grows stronger, it is not for nothing that bowing to the sword of oppression, bowing, becomes a habit. And Tarki custom is the master of command. Shavkat Rahman places a special emphasis on this situation in his poems. The devout poet hates bent heads so that the sword does not cut, and instills his hatred in his lines.

The poem "Turks" is counted from Sarah samples of the social lyric Shavkat Rahman. The poet is annoyed by the fact that the head of the oppressed nation is not attached, he is used to living subjectively. With only bent heads remaining in the Turkic peoples, heartburn from the birth of unattended slaves would be a pectoral bribe. An uncompromising poet cannot come to terms with this situation, wants to awaken the nation, says bitter words for this purpose:

Bormi er yigitlar,
Bormi er qizlar,
bormi gul bag'ringda jo'mard nolalar,
bormi gul tufroqda o'zligin izlab,
osmonu falakka yetgan bolalar,
Bor bo'lsa,
alarga yetkarib qo'ying,
Bir boshga bir o'lim,
bir qarab tuying:
Yovga ters qaragan musulmon emas!
Yovga ters qaragan musulmon emas!
Yovga ters qaragan musulmon emas!
Yovga ters qaragan musulmon emas!
Yovga ters qaragan musulmon emas!

Shavkat Rahman is haunted by the fact that Erk's blood, which has long been punishing in the Turkish Vein, has become firstborn by the next centuries, and now he hopes that only a sharp word will boil this frozen blood again, like a thin volcano. So, he will continue to reiterate his words from poem To poem.

Ey beklar,
zahar ich – o'zbeqing qolib,
o'zgaga bo'ysunding,
o'lganing shuldir.
Shundanmi, boshida teridan qolip,
Saksovul singari mayishgan budun...

As can be seen from the poem "The Breadwinner", slavery in the eyes of the poet is more severe than death. After all, slaves will never have a strong mind, a desire for freedom, a sense of putting their lives at risk, a sense of sacrifice if necessary.

Shavkat Rahman's books, and from the lines of keskir, your heart bleeds, and the blood of wakefulness splashes into the flower, and when you wake up as a Mother Nature in an early cocoon, as you bloom as black stones... one sentence swirls like swallows embracing Earth and blue in your hadeb language: "will one stubborn poet, Shavkat Rahman, one day be wounded again?".

Not injured! Our talented poets like Shavkat Rahman are born a lot, but we will not have a poet like him who is heartbroken. Because our people's shoulders are no longer wounded by slave whips. Because our people do not live bowing to this fat from this. Because there are land guys in the homeland of abundance, there are land girls, there are children who have reached heaven and disaster in search of their own bisyor! Alara had a spark from the poet's Restless Heart, a spring from keskir's poetry. Thankfully, Shavkat Rahman was also destined to see the independence of the motherland, to breathe fullness in the free air.

*Erku muhabbatning muxtor elchisi –
yotmasman tuproqqa do'nib, tinchlanib,
jasadim tirikdir yorug' dunyoda,
oyning sinig' iday chaqnar sinchlarim.
Agar yetti qavat yerning qa'rida
yotsam-da, larzaga solib havoni,
elimning yuragin
topar baribir
jismimni kuydirib uchgan ovozim.*

Shavkat Rahman, who left his mark on modern Uzbek literature, was born in Osh. Shavkat Rahman was a truly fiery nation-loving poet. He was not among the poets who would be content to describe their moods. He always sought to represent the pain of the nation, the arms of his people. Because he did not imagine his fate, his life separate from the life and fate of his nation. He is a poet who lived tirelessly in pain along the way, dreaming of entering the entertainment property of each of his compatriots.

He died in the fall of 1996 after a prolonged severe illness. The poet's early poems are printed in Osh provincial newspapers.

The first poetry collection was "moments of color" (1978). A number of poetic collections of the poet are printed, such as "edges of the heart" (1981), "Open Days" (1983), "the blooming stone" (1984), "awake mountains" (1986), "Hulvo" (1988).

If you look at the poet's self-made but posthumously published collection "The Election" (1997), you will also come across poems finished in sick moments, among the works of Sarah, created throughout her work.

As a translator, Shavkat Rahman translates the beautiful poems of the famous Spanish poet Lorca from Russian and Spanish and publishes twice (1979-1989) and has contributed to enriching the spiritual world of the Uzbek reader.

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