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Sohibjamol Abduraimova  
Termiz State University  
Master student  
[sohibjamolsardor@umail.uz](mailto:sohibjamolsardor@umail.uz)

## «EMERGENCY SITUATION» AND SOCIAL PAIN IN THE WORKS OF MIRZO KENJABEK

**Abstract:** This article analyzes Mirzo Kenjabek's work based on the autobiographical method. In this, mainly the poet's "hasbi hol" poems were analyzed, and his poems with social problems were also analyzed.

**Key words:** Mirzo Kenjabek, translator «hasbi hol» poems, autobiographical method.

**Language:** English

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### Introduction

Mirzo Kenjabek (Kenjaboev), a talented poet, skilled translator, honest publicist, was born in 1956 in the village of Mehnat, Sariosia district, Surkhondarya region. He graduated from high school and studied at the Tashkent State Medical School. It was the intense and fiery years of his studentship that allowed him to mature and realize his feelings, which he turned to poetry from childhood. It would not be wrong to say that the intense life on the campus, fiery lectures of teachers and most importantly, the hot life around him were the factors that sharpened his pen.

Mirzo Kenjabek, who entered the world of poetry in the early 80s, soon proved that he is a poet with his own "way" and his own "saying". His poetry collections such as "My letters", "The house facing the sun", "Munojot", "Sharq tili" allow us to draw such a conclusion.

"In the 1980s, a number of talented young people entered Uzbek literature. They managed to say their words boldly in this difficult time. And the "activists" who lived with the stagnant thoughts of the recession years wanted to accuse their voice of being rough, complicated, and unpolished. But time has proven that their poetry is far from formality, the pains of the people's hearts are expressed in folk tunes, in dark artistic costumes, and through deep symbols." [1]

If we examine the poet's work with an autobiographical method, I think that it will help us to

some extent to illuminate his life path and clarify his unique creative style.

In understanding and analyzing the work of the poet, his "hasbi hol" poems play an important role. One of such poems of Mirzo Kenjabek is called "My Sister's Letter".

Missing my sister John is a river of imagination for me,

He wrote a letter in absentia because of the colors.

"You know, Malohat's mother gave birth to a son,

You know... We lost Baba Saidnazar."

The bloody dawn of the evening flickers in my eyes,

Here are the tired school children on the way. Every line and every word of my sister's soul

cries

Fields where I can sing for a lifetime. [2]

It is understood from the poet's lines that the wide fields made him a poet, the clean rural landscapes, friendly people and most importantly, the "one love"-talent that God pleased him to write poetry. Longings and dreams shake the poet's heart. Longing turns a young man named Mirzo Kenjabek into a talented poet:

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One birth, one death endless joy and torture,  
This letter is enough to drive me crazy for a long time.

This crazy world is waiting for thousands of babies every day,  
He puts thousands of lifeless bodies on the ground every day.

As my little sister wrote, maybe I'll bring it home,

A dream fades or blossoms or opens like a flower.

Anyway, I will go ahead without turning back  
This word burns in a pure wish:

"White doves flock to the blue face,

He gives letters to distant people and brings letters.

I have a brother who is studying in a distant city.  
One day he will become a great poet. [3]

The poem written in 1978 serves to clarify the goals of the future poet: "No matter what, I will go forward without turning back." The goals of the future poet are combined with the white dreams of the sister in the village.

"We believe that the virgin thoughts of a second-grader about his brother will come true:

I have a brother who is studying in a distant city.  
One day he will become a great poet...

### Analysis of Subject Matters

Although these lines found their readers ten years later, they have not lost their charm. The childhood sincerity shines in the first poems of the poet, in which romantic elation is gradually replaced by thoughtfulness and thoughtfulness. The poet sometimes wants to give the black and white images of life in mixed colors by means of deep symbols. He builds the basis of the poem in the center of contradictions and disputes, and in this way he transfers the enigmatic images of the world into mixed colors" [4]

"Hasbi hal" poems play an important role in defining the main idea of the poet's outlook and creativity. Babur's heart knots in "Baburnoma", Furqat's and Muqimi's hasbi hol poetry act as a key to understanding and feeling the hearts of these poets.

The poetry of Hasbi Khollik plays an important role in determining the direction of Mirzo Kenjabek's work. For example, one of such poems is a poem titled "Nigoh" dedicated to his son Babur. The volume of the poem is very short, eight lines, and the burden it carries served to fulfill a great task. The poem begins like this:

Years will come, many long years,  
You are tired of dreaming.  
Nechuk said, memories are blowing,  
You will hold the book of my life.

I need neither peace nor emigration,  
You understand, without doubt:  
Baby, I live in a world of tricks  
I burst out laughing.[5]

Lines separated by separate italics are important in understanding and feeling the value of the poet's work and personality. These lines remind us of the words of Elbek Bakhsh from Osman Azim's series "Bakhshiyana": "Saying these words, Elbek Bakhshi looked directly at the sun, and his eyes did not shed tears."

### Research Methodology

Mirzo Kenjabek and the poets of the generation of the 80s are poets who face reality. These views have caused great losses for many people.

Another of the "hasbi hol" poems in the poet's work is called "Surkhan's Gardens" and it is dedicated to Sirojiddin Sayyid, a poet and compatriot of Mirzo Kenjabek. Letters occupy an important place in Mirzo Kenjabek's work. For example, in the poem "Singlim's Letter" and "In the Gardens of Surkhan" we come across the details of the letter:

Apricot blossomed in the gardens of Surkhan,  
Our south has come to spring.  
Like the leaves of flowers in the wind of days,  
Fragrant letters flying...[6]

No poet has yet described a letter as a "fragrant letter". The letter brings a "fragrant" pleasant smell, a pleasant message to the poet from the motherland.

In the poem, the old woman Aikhol, who sold her garden waiting for her sons who went to the front, misses Ismat, who is serving in the military in Germany, without knowing the news of his deceased father, the childless old man Egamberdi, who is scolded if he dies. The introduction of artistic details such as "seven" and "forty" to himself, fearing to stay, imposes a unique pain on the poem.

At the end of the poem, the poet concludes the poem with a philosophical summary:

Apricots bloomed in the gardens of Surkhan,  
How are lives falling like flowers?  
I think of you, tree of my life,  
Are the veins holding you back?!

My life, your moments flew like a crane,  
Are those cranes still alive?  
The gardens of Surkhan were filled with blue,  
Apricot blossoms in the gardens of Surkhan.[7]

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The poet's feelings of longing for his native village, where his navel blood dripped, are combined with philosophical observations about human life.

This poem by Mirzo Kenjabek was published for the first time in "Yoshlik Bayaz". [8] M. Azimov, the correspondent of "Surkhan Tongi" newspaper, who reacted to him, wrote:

The journalist first quoted two verses from M.Kenjabek's poem "A plum blossomed in the gardens of Surkhan" and said, "these verses are from the "Yoshlik Bayozi" complex of Mirzo Kenjaboev, another young and talented Surkhandarya penman. These are the first and last quatrains of the poem dedicated to Sirojiddin Sayidov. These lines themselves testify to the richness of the artist's soul, his ability to express his feelings with great artistic pleasure and skill. In this poem, which is not too big, the young poet tells about village life, various related destinies, people's sorrows and daily worries, as a village boy who was born and grew up in the city. , expresses his great love and endless longing for the place where he spent his best moments." [9]

Mirzo Kenjabek, whether we call it a genre of a letter or a detail of a letter, being faithful to this tradition, continues the tradition of letters in his lyrics, this time he writes a letter to Ulash grandfather, a participant in the Second World War. This letter poem is called "Arrow".

trust me  
You are not alone, father.  
He suffered from a bullet in his body.  
trust me  
I have a bullet in my body -  
It shook my chest.[10]

The year 1980 is written at the end of this poem. So, the people of poets are one step ahead of ordinary citizens. He suffered from deprecations and insults in the society. The chest is about to burst from these pains. Can the society at that time be expressed more than this? How much skill is required from the poet for this. This is how the poet expressed his feelings and described the society in a time when deception and betrayals and bribery have reached the peak, when a person cannot trust anyone but himself. The poet is thinking about "the restless ghost of a peaceful time". The poem is written in the form of an appeal to the father who left "a piece of the massacre years..." in his heart. Even when this fighter goes through airport control, the magnet rings

Patience ends! The whole life of a child-poet resounds with this complication - pain! The poem ends with very convincing, figurative verses:

You have a shot in your body,  
I have a bullet in my body! [11]

These are the emotions of people who are fed up with society, who are hard-pressed, who are ready to explode after seeing deception and betrayal..

As long as every poet lives in society, he cannot be free from the problems of society and its social problems. It is impossible to find a poet who wrote only pure lyrics. Because the artist who lived in the society cannot be freed from its problems.

In the words of Doctor of Philology, Professor Begali Kasimov, "In this period (the 20th century is meant - S.A.) literature fell from heaven to earth. Literature has never been so close to the pain of the people. [12]" This tradition, which was started by our ancestors in the beginning of the 20th century, was boldly continued by the poets of the next generation. Rather, I don't want to dwell on how right or wrong it is to put social pain on the shoulders of pure poetry and literature, but the intellectual awakening that began in the 60s it is said that it served as a wave that awakened the society until independence.

"The characteristic feature of their work is selfless citizenship. Their main goal is to draw the image of a person who lives with the worries of his life and land in unique artistic colors. In this sense, they are increasing their activity in all aspects of reconstruction... Mirzo Kenjabek is one of the passionate poets who strives to put people's hearts in his best poems. Clear feelings and solid verses in his poems from his early collections "Letters" and "House Facing the Sun". Oriental graces announced the buds of talent that could be opened in the future. Poems from the collections "Munojot" and "Sharq Tili" bring a wonderful freshness to the hearts as green leaves grown from this bud.[13]

For example, the poet's collection "Munojot" begins with a poem filled with feelings of confidence in the future, with great feelings of confidence that bright days will come:

My mind is clear, my boundless property -  
My nights are bright.  
Morning is bright, my poet, because  
Because, my dear, your eyes are bright.[14]

In "Munojot" we also have "one proofreading mark" in the poem "Correctura", which was included in the collection of my first "Letters", ready to end the small deficiency of life, flying birds, not ordinary birds, "Birds of the Motherland" We know a social, active lyrical hero who knows that. "His pains are light." Because he is a "burning person" after a "bright dream" who wants perfection and beauty.[15]

By this time, concepts such as reconstruction and democracy have entered social life, but the feeling of anxiety that has formed in us prompts the lyrical hero to always be vigilant. It is not difficult to understand the concerns of the poet who lived in the "land of prohibitions", where everything cannot be said openly. For example, the poet:

I startled myself:  
Open hearts are the salt of the world.  
My tongue is the tip of the fire inside me,  
My word is just the smoke of the flame! . [16]

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In general, in the poetry of this period and in the works of Mirzo Kenjabek, our creators realized early that until there is a revolution in the minds and hearts of people, until it is understood by the people, it will be very difficult to realize it in the society. Revolution and freedom cannot be exported, there must be a need for it in the society, a need of the soul:

Happened before the revolution in the country,  
The face is in the throat, in the cage of the heart:  
You are the revolution, O Ahmad Zahir.  
In Afghan folk music.

Savr... My body is riot, holiday,  
The green melody is shining from my eyes.  
Even if they accuse me of praise  
I welcome revolutions! [17]

The poet's social pain became stronger and more concrete from poem to poem, from line to line. The poem "The State of Weightlessness" written in 1985 is imbued with deep social pain. The logic that began with the fact that astronauts who fly into space are much lighter than their own weight in space is finally transferred to the ground:

Friends! Life on earth is hard,  
The tears in the eyes are heavy;  
Than the head on the shoulder  
The stone in the chest is heavy.

In weightlessness  
Flying moments  
It's up to them to defeat  
The sorrows of this world? [18]

So! The poet sings to himself with the accompaniment, in one curtain, trembling with pure feelings. But he didn't lose his rubo, he was surprised that he couldn't find the melody. In every poem, the poet thinks about the golden age, tomorrow, and sings passionately about the future. Therefore, in the quatrain called "Cavalry":

"Thinking of this happiest time,  
If I strike, my horse's whip will burn" -  
he writes.

One of the poems worthy of the time, which forces the poet to think deeply, is called "Letter to James Aldridge about the strange Mongolian horse". A small Mongolian horse called Prezhivalsky horse joined the decorated horse for a walk... This horse, now known as Tak, carelessly pulled the children in the cart from side to side. This horse, who is used to writing, has sadness and restlessness in his eyes. Washed in the head, woman in the waist. There is an inscription on the board next to it: The price of a ride is 10 tyins. Unaware of this, the horse, who had not heard and could not read this inscription, carelessly pulled the salt-decorated izvo. The poem ends with this verse:

Wash. Submissive. So he lost  
Yavkur and Topori villages.

You will not miss this horse until you die  
Przewalski's verses!....

### Analysis and results

Among Mirzo Kenjabek's equal generation, Usman Azim was one of the first to start a folk tune and a series of songs. It seems that ordinary people, lovers of fine taste poetry are tired of stereotypes, they welcomed such simple and at the same time very sincere melodies with great longing and longing. Influenced by his compatriot and peer, Mirzo Kenjabek also tried to make certain experiments in this way. It is the poet's folk poem "Alpomish's return to Boysun-Kungirat" that is dedicated to Usman Azim.

Alpomish, returning to his homeland after a long separation, witnesses oppression and injustice on the way. Without introducing himself, looking at the mountains, gardens, herds of goats, and trees, whose are these? - he asks, and comes: he pats the head of the one who says "Alpomish's" and rewards the one who says "Ulton's"...

I fed the shepherds, begging for mercy,  
He trembles, he cannot open his tongue,  
Who gave birth to this burro's tongue?  
Tell me, who do these pastures belong to?  
Grandpa Kultoy, whose are the grasses?

Who are the people with bowed heads?  
Who do these people belong to? .[19]

The emphasis in the lines is ours. If we pay attention to these verses, the poet is expressing his pains and unsaid thoughts in the Alpomish language. In any case, the poet can say. It is up to the reader to digest it. Incorporating such a great social pain into the lines, and reciting it in the language of Alpomish, a brave Uzbek pahlavi, gives the poem a special quality. Alpomish's return to his country, his words, has a symbolic meaning. Perhaps, it is not surprising that the poet felt from his heart that the moments of returning to the national identity and the spiritual revolution are near.

One of the unique poems of the poet is called "Prayer". Although this word fell out of use during the reign of the Shora Empire, it still lived in the hearts of people. The people went out praying to the Creator at night. He did not forget her. This process itself should be very secretive and secret. In the 1960s, A. Oripov returned this word to our people with the poem "Munojot", and by the 1980s, Mirzo Kenjabek also wrote a poem called "Munojot". Not only did he write a poem with the same name, but he also named his third collection "Munojot".

The lyrical hero suffers and cries for all his losses. Each stanza of the poem ends with a deep exclamatory question: "Whom shall I ask?" And finally, one stanza of the poem ends like this:

I cry with tears in my eyes, friends,

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Throw stones at your chest and cry, friends.  
Throw stones at my bosom and cry, friends,  
Who should I ask for my lost gods?!

Woe to the people who have lost their god and have no people to worship or worship. We tried to build a society of the poor and godless for almost a century. We told the rich to disappear, the poor increased, all those who called God were thrown out, they were exiled to Siberia, and the godless increased. This scene is a derivative of the 20th century bloodshed of the Shura kingdom.

In his poems in the spirit of "hasbi hol", Mirzo Kenjabek expressed his dreams and pains, which were kept in his heart and which he could not tell anyone. In his social poetry, he expressed the wounds and great pains left by this terrible century in bright images. Tired of the artificial barriers in society and banging his head against the wall, the poet finally left great poetry and devoted himself to the religious and educational direction.

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