A poem by Gulchehra Nurullayeva

I have no word to say to evil-doers,
I treasure very much the lion-hearted.
I speak to that man – not of himself cares –
But always everything with people started.

If I fail to find such human beings,
I ardently will put my words to line.
If poems share not my own feelings,
I will tell the black soil wail of mine.

(Translated by A’zam Obid)

Original in Uzbek:

Номардларга айтар сўзим йўқ,
Айтсам, қалби шерга айтаман.
«Мен ўзимни ўйламасман ҳеч,
Халқникиман…» – дерга айтаман.

Шундайларни топмасам агар,
Ёниб-ёниб шеърга айтаман.
Шеър ҳам менга қилмаса вафо,
Унда қаро ерга айтаман…