

“Our Sad Plight” (Ahvolimiz) by Abdulla Qodiriy

Famous Uzbek writer and poet Abdulla Qodiriy (executed in 1938 during Stalin era) wrote this poem in Uzbek in 1915, but it looks like he wrote it today or about our days. I translated it into English.

Our Sad Plight
by Abdulla Qodiriy

Look at our sorry plight: ignorance in our veins,
At times we can sell conscience, feeling in the heart no
pains.

We do not teach our sons ethics, speech-craft or science,
Even we don't nurture faith, leaving them with empty
brains.

But we enjoy all year round – it's our main job indeed –
Listening to the songs of quails, feeding tens of them with
grains.

Leaning on the big pillows we smoke cannabis, poppy,
We say ‘oh-woh’ when a boy – with plaits – dances,
entertains.

When high on drugs and spaced out, our elderly and rich
Seeing a young lad at once – to their passions – give free
reins.

If we find someone who loves and really cares about the
nation

We call him, ‘you are a disbeliever’ and shoot him
quickly under strains.

Hey, smart youth and intellectuals, be more diligent these days,
Let us wake up heavy sleepers, getting rid of gloomy chains.

AHVOLIMIZ

Ko‘r bizning ahvolimiz, g‘aflatda qanday yotamiz,
Joyi kelgan chog‘ida vijdonni pulg‘a sotamiz.
O‘g‘limizg‘a na adab, na fan, na yaxshi so‘ylamak,
Na xudoni buyrug‘i bulgan ulum o‘rgotamiz.
Korimiz shundan iborat bo‘ldi ushbu vaqtda,
O‘ntadin bedona boqib yozu qish sayrotamiz.
Hamda har kun takyalarda nasha ko‘knori chekib,
Bachchag‘a kokil solib, oh-voh ila o‘ynotamiz.
Qarimiz, boyonimiz, balki bu vaqt oqvondamiz,
Nogahon ko‘rsak agar bir besoqolni qotamiz.
O‘rtadan chiqsa agar millatni yaxshi suyguchi,
Biz ani dahriy sanab, to‘fangcha birla otamiz.
Kelingiz yoshlar, ziyolilar bu kun g‘ayrat qiling,
Uxlaganlarni agar qodir esak uyg‘otamiz.

Abdulla Qodiriy

1915 yil

Ulum-ilmlar.

