

## ZULFIYA

Famous Uzbek poetess Zulfiya was born on March 1915, 1 in Tashkent. The poet, who started her career very early, worked in journalism and publishing for almost a lifetime. From 1935 to 1938 he was a graduate student of the Institute of Language and Literature, from 1938 to 1948 he was the editor of the Children's Publishing House, the head of the department of the State Publishing House of Uzbekistan, the head of the department of the magazine "Saodat" from 1953 to 1953. For thirty years he served as editor-in-chief of this magazine. Zulfiya, the wife of the famous Uzbek poet Hamid Olimjon, who won the hearts of thousands of readers with her unique poetry, died on August 1980, 1997.

His short life with the sensitive poet Hamid Olimjon, his loss of him, in general, the poet's way of life became a symbol of loyalty and fidelity.

On October 31, President of the Republic of Uzbekistan Islam Karimov issued a decree "On the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of the People's Poet of Uzbekistan Zulfiya".

In accordance with the resolution, the composition of the organizing committee for the celebration of the 100th anniversary of Zulfiya was approved and she was tasked to develop an appropriate action plan for the celebration of the anniversary at the highest level. The plan includes the preparation and publication of the poet's works "Selection" in Uzbek, collections of poems translated into English and Karakalpak, as well as the book "In memory of Zulfiya's contemporaries"; making a documentary about the life and work of the poet; Holding a scientific conference on "The role of Zulfiya's work in the literature of the independence period" at the Institute of Language and Literature named after Alisher Navoi; organization of meetings, literary evenings with the participation of well-known writers and scientists, artists; In March 2015, a creative evening dedicated to the memory of the poet was held at the Turkiston Palace in Tashkent.

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They say when they see you  
The living grass that burns in my eyes,  
In the flames of that grass  
Forget anything but you.

My eyes are always faithful to my heart  
It is difficult to bury the truth.  
In my eyes, in my blood  
That joy, that fire is you.

Well, you are far from me,  
But remain the fire of the heart.  
My song is not in a trap,  
Poetry, soul, take it!

1944

STAR

I drowned at home and went out the door,  
The evening mist that sank to the ground,  
As if staring into my eyes  
A shining star is like a sensation.

Just as long and bright as you,  
When the peak flashes, it also goes out,  
One consolation: from the sky of my love  
You will burn without dying, O beautiful companion!

1944

WHEN THE APRICOT FLOWERS

“A bush in front of my window  
The apricot blossomed white... »  
My passionate heart when I see a flower,  
A thousand sang from the said pain.

I miss you in the evening  
The temperature as you add the hijra.  
I'm dying to die -  
Visiting, no time tolerated.

I miss you in the evening  
I entered this familiar house.  
In the house where we once lived  
I spent the night dreaming.

So hot, so cozy  
This is the place where I spent my youth.  
In this wonderful age,  
Beautiful from the nights spent with love.

Elite consciousness in every corner,  
How familiar, close.  
It was perfect at night  
A flash of lightning in your song.

Life is a moment of inspiration  
A pearl spilled from your pen.  
The wind when the flower takes the neck  
Those eyes are full of jealousy.

With thirst when you finish  
Life is fascinating to read.  
It's called "tin."  
The fire in your eyes is life.

Still life, re-reading  
My chest full of pleasure.  
The glorious, gentle,  
A smile worth a world.

All life, like love,  
Traces that appear everywhere.  
The birds are singing  
Your voice sounds, your words.

Excitement surrounded me,  
The power of love increased again.  
The sun is rising in the east,  
The tip of the gilded poplar.

The apricot you sang tonight  
Burkandi is a white flower.  
With my dear memory  
I went home alone.

1947

SPRING HAS COME TO ASK YOU

In cool mornings, almond blossoms,  
Purple lip, spring on the ground.  
The flight of birds, the gentleness of the winds,  
Spring in velvet valleys, hills.

How much did you love me, spring,  
You were fascinated by apricot blossoms.  
Every awakened bud, as if it gave life  
You rubbed it in your eyes and kissed it.

Here comes my value, spring is coming again,  
He was looking for you, he was wandering around.  
He grabbed you by the collar and asked you,  
She, too, shed tears and withdrew.

As he watches you, in the breeze,  
He searched the gardens where you walked.  
The beauty of writing,  
He searched for the green shores.

There was a storm of impatience.  
He took his head to the cliffs.  
Looking for a tree in the mountains of Farhod,  
He threw the rock of the mountain into the streams.

Then he politely went to bed,  
Hulkar and Oman kissed each other on the face.  
Tears burned on my cheeks  
Slowly he informed me of himself.

But I can't find you in my bed,  
At one point he stared long.  
It was windy again, and it wandered,  
He asked me, breaking my heart:

"Oh, when I arrived, I was greeted with laughter.  
A song flowing in a rippling river?  
"I'm lucky," he asked alone  
Wrapped me in poetry?

Why do not freeze apricot blossoms  
Curly hair swaying in the wind?

Why the cheerful song I brought  
Doesn't he come out and write?

Where is that singer, that dreamy guy?  
Why are you standing with tears in your eyes lol.  
Why a black dress, white in your hair,  
Why are you so careless in this spring? '

How can I answer, loldir tongues,  
I grabbed the bar and went to your eyebrows.  
He also traveled with gaming aftoda,  
I can't look at the tombstone.

He moved to the tree in agony,  
The bud woke up and slaughtered sadly.  
Unstable with your memory,  
The flower buds swelled.

The fragrance of flowers and basil,  
A soft song that covered the straw.  
How familiar this song is, how close,  
How vital, full of fire.

In the hand that you love, covered with spring,  
Your voice rang out.  
You are not dead, my dear, you are alive,  
I still can't breathe without you.

Hijra is in my heart, your word is in my hand,  
I sing life, the pain of retreat.  
You dream at night, I remember the day,  
As long as I live, so do you!

I miss you  
I'm looking forward to spring these days,  
There is no youth grass in the body.  
Like autumn, I am victorious,  
The fruits are also ringed from the branches.

I'm looking forward to spring these days,  
Loneliness crushes my soul.  
I'm not alone, I'm in line,  
What else are you looking for?

I'm looking forward to spring these days,  
Transparent, bright melodies are heartwarming.  
Anyway, I'm tired of the pen,  
Talk to you soon and keep up the good content.

I'm looking forward to spring these days,  
As unique as my own spring.  
Spring does not return, burning snow,  
Or a hand-sprouted sapling.

I'm looking forward to spring these days...

1968