

POETRY OF IKRAM OTAMUROD PATRIOTIC LINES IN THE POEMS OF THE POET

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ABSTRACT

In this article modern Uzbek poetry and the role and significance of Ikrom Otamurod's work in it. The peculiarities of the poet's lyrics, innovations in his style, and mastery of the image are analyzed. One of the great contributors to such good deeds is Ikrom Otamurod, a great poet of modern Uzbek poetry. The poet has a deep place in the hearts of his followers with his philosophical and vital poetry. The peculiarity of the poet's poems is that they are far from informing, from conveying any information, from teaching the reader. It's just a matter of pouring in as much as you can.

KEYWORDS: *Art, Image, Poetic Language, Poetic Style, Creative Philosophy, Idea, Emotion, Freedom of Feeling, Metaphor, Nature Lyric.*

INTRODUCTION

Poetry and Poet, Homeland and Patriotism, Influence and Impressionability. These concepts form a field of creativity in literature collectively. Creativity is something like a stream that waters hearts which are parched during the years and Creativity is something like an impulse which refreshes our thinking. Let it be said that it is a miracle that plunges our world into a sea of wonder. The creator is an eye that can detect hidden beauties that we cannot comprehend, and a mirror that can show it in creation. Looking around, goodness also comes in many forms. In other words, a good work is a gift to the reader. [1] One of the great contributors to such good deeds is Ikrom Otamurod, a great poet of modern Uzbek poetry. The poet has a deep place in the hearts of his followers with his philosophical and vital poetry. By the grace of God, he is meticulous in words, cheerful in poetry, and humble in nature like Uzbeks. Reading his work requires a great deal of preparation from a reader. The reason is that his feelings for poetry evoke the feelings of the reader. The reader who reads Ikram Otamurod firstly witnesses that the poet's quiet lines cause a great deal of controversy. Because he writes with the heart, writes from the heart, and writes everything which is in his heart. And that doesn't allow any of us to be distracted. Whether it is about patriotism, or human and human values, or love, or the voice of the artist's personality, or his passionate voice, it resonates in our hearts. [2]

Ikrom Otamurod is a creative, courageous poet who truly loves his homeland. He is a true devotee who welcomes his homeland without any shouts, without any noise.

It's a force to be reckoned with.

The Holy Land.

A place where the wall is rebuilt from suffering,

Four wooden roofs covered with roofing felt.

I miss the tired side in my heart

The horse-distance where the paths turn

Departure and return guests are silent,

Running on the roads is a lifeline.

At a time when life in the great city is in full swing, and the four sides are in full swing, it is a feeling of a true patriotic soul to strive for a poor threshold restored from the ground. It is a real courage to declare for years that you have been weary of your heart. It may seem like an exaggeration, but it's true. The peculiarity of the poet's poems is that they are far from informing, from conveying any information, from teaching the reader. It's just a matter of pouring in as much as you can. Of course, this does not mean that the poet's poetry has no educational value, no creative ideas. Because his poetry and the influence and education in it move to the heart of the reader. Any call, any guidance is a very strange concept. That's the beauty of it.

Instead of high-sounding declarations, solemn shouts, a single word, a single sentence, the vibration of the heart, which is affected by it, resonates in our fingers, in our eyes. Ona Vatan. My hometown. The love, generosity, and generosity of this land are divinely sealed in our hearts. Because the one who loves the Motherland and makes it beloved is the Truth. May the true love that God has given be eternal. The most subtle feelings like this are further refined in Ikram Otamurod's poetry.

When a lone tree is broken without flour

A strange cry makes you tremble.

In a proud city, in a cyborg city

I miss the humble village.

Kasbi district of Kashkadaryaregion is a generous land that gave several great people to the Uzbek people. The land is a beautiful place, like Sultan Mirhaydar, an eternal abode for the saints whom Allah loves. It is gratifying that the humble villages full of kindness and love, the dusty streets where the elderly grew up, caused the love of the poet Ikrom Otamurod. How rushing to the borders of the profession, dear to life, how warm is the love that blows from afar.

You have a lot of professional skills although

When you lie down to sleep, you tremble.

Death is a broken window in my heart,

Death broke my heart.

The soil of the profession is unseen

What great people lie, dear values.

I put my head on your chest and in my arms

The number of graves is growing.

No matter how poor we live, no matter how ordinary our days are, let's go for a few hours, for a few days in a strange place, in the words of the poet, in the "cyborg cities", and soon our beloved village. It Creativity is something like sacred land, salty with tears from the eyes of our father, who was overjoyed to see our first step, and a sacred ground in the air, where the laughter of our parents, happy with our future endeavors, resounded. The reason why each of us is born and raised in a city or a village is so sacred because our mothers are waiting for us there with longing, love and tears. That is why the name of the Motherland strikes us repeatedly under our left chest. As long as there is life, love for the Motherland will continue. The mother will live as long as she is patriotic. As long as there is a poet, love for the country can be sung at its peak.

A reflection of life and imagination

Ikram Otamurod's poems are also worthy of their humility and sincerity. His poems depict life in a special way. Sometimes the heartbeat of longing, sometimes the beauty of the soul excited by love, is skillfully portrayed, and sometimes the people around them and their attitudes, world events and issues of reality are beautifully portrayed in a way that no one else can. [2]

Get acquainted with the slave of interest,

I rushed to save him.

And all the worries on your shoulders

Didn't he look after you when he was done?

The above sentences wisely describe the events around us without exaggerating. The inequality of the five hands reflects the attitude of the heart, which is tormented by the diversity of different people, to the events of life. Well-known artist UtkirHoshimov's "Inscriptions in the Notebook Frame" contains the following sentences: "The truth is so sweet that you want to taste it. It is so bitter that it burns your tongue." Truly, life is beautiful with its sweet and bitter truths. This fact does not exclude IkromOtamurod's work. The creator wants freedom. How do you say? Freedom of feeling. Sincerity, full of self-interest, drinking water from the fountain of imagination and dreams, wants a life full of. As stated in one of the poet's poems:

Come on, forget it all,

Think about it and find the answer

That's it. Feel happy

Leave your heart free.

Distribute the fog that covers the brain,

Speak with desire, passion, confidence.

Putting worries aside for a while

Sit close to you for a while.

The poet does not use poetry to give up or promote indifference. Maybe he wants to be thankful for everything, not to beat himself up for whatever reason, to leave his heart free. After all, it seems that everyone has a measured life, and their destiny is over. The poet just wants to be different, close to himself.

One of the poet's books contains a poem written after a meeting at an orphanage. His influence, embedded between sentences, oh, fig, longing is written with real skill. In the poem, the poet becomes a child, writing about the feelings of those children. This gives the poem imagery, vitality and sociality.

You can't find him, sorry, baby,
The streets he walks are unfamiliar to you.
You search,
You, in broad daylight,
Nights accompanies his intention.
Satrnaliaswallowedhim,
Your innocent voice holds him.
The curse of an innocent child,
Baby, after all, is a loyal friend of Allah!

This poem is read from beginning to end with a heart full of pain, sometimes with kindness, sometimes with anger. Annoyance in contemplation creates fatigue in the soul. It is as if reflecting such bitter lessons of life in poetry encourages humanity to refrain from sin and to save the whole society from being orphaned.

Ikram Otamurod's beautiful verses, which are written in the imagination and love of nature, are also unique. They have silence, they have innocence:

If you lean, you can lift weights,
Movable joys in your heart.
The poor liver that people hurt
Trees of hope.

The metaphoric problems in IkromOtamurod's work and its development

The beauty of fiction, the power of literature, is so vast that it is impossible to fully comprehend it. Because literature is a set of rules that we have to memorize. Literature is reborn in every mind, in every heart. Poets and writers use certain analogies and comparisons to reveal the nature of the work, the extraordinary changes in the character's psyche, the uniqueness of the images, and the essence of the details. Such elements ensure the readability and artistic appeal of the work. The most common type of description of similarities between people and things, situations and events is metaphor. The literary term is a Greek word meaning "to move". A metaphorical expression of a word or phrase based on similarity or analogy. Metaphor is an artistic tool widely used in literature. The most beautiful examples of this can be found in the

works of Navoi, Atoi, Muqimi and other classical poets. In modern Uzbek literature, metaphor has become an integral part of art, especially lyric poetry. In Ikram Otamurod's poems, the metaphor has developed its own gradual maturity.

Memories-broken body,

Memories are an irreversible dream.

My spirit - a room with cracked windows.

Kindness- an amulet woven by my grandparents,

The result is the rosary of the ancestors.

My heart-the rocky harbor of dreams.

The truth is that the world is a mess

A powerful pillar with a false rib.

Piety- a field with cuttud roots

Faith swallows salt and spits salt.

Time-a box with a trace of soul.

Death-A window shattered in my heart

Your proud collar is torn,

A note with sand in your eyes.

Explaining the above metaphors requires a great deal of artistic will. Because a poet who can create an unimaginable image is one who marvels at the breadth of his thinking. Any comment, any description is burning between the sentences. In addition to the creation of beautiful examples of metaphor in the works of Ikram Otamurod, this artistic image has acquired a unique gradual perfection. Now the creator has created a series of metaphors that will amaze the reader, in the face of which one can feel a bit of thought, a bit of excitement. This is a unique achievement of modern Uzbek literature, of the time and at the same time of our spiritual property.

A game of chance.

Listening to your words,

Scratch your stomach.

A tree is a soul made of endurance.

Nightmare, betrayal,

The devil sleeps on his shoulder.

Other locationless address,

I turn my head to every street.

And others-ownerless jacket,

I put it on the head of the encounter.

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