

## ERK POETICS IN RAUF PARFI UZTURK LYRICS

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### ABSTRACT

*This article is aimed at discovering new aspects of the Rauf Parfi Öztürk phenomenon, which has made a unique contribution to the development of our national thinking, synthesized East and West literature in its works, and turned modern literature into new ones. Also, theoretical issues such as originality in the poet's poetry, image poetics, art, metaphors, poetic syntax are studied in comparison with world literature, based on the creative philosophical concept.*

**KEYWORDS:** *Nation, Freedom, National Independence, Creative Concept, Personality And Society, Homeland History, Oppression, Oppression, Nationalism, National Pride, Faith.*

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### INTRODUCTION

In 1988, when the great nationalist poet Rauf Parfi Öztürk (1943. 27.09 –2005.28.03) came to Bukhara, I was with him for two days. For me, being with a living classic for two days, learning so much, hearing so much, being some' to extraordinary new, awkward thoughts, was an unconditional, unparalleled happiness.

In those blessed days, there was a meeting with the students of Bukhara State University, and Rauf Parfi astonished everyone and recited his "terrible" poems, which began with "My heart is dark, smoke around me." The hall was as silent as water, and his whole body listened. When each of the six lines ends with the royal line "Assalamualaykum, the tree of the tree" recited by the protagonist of the last epic "Kuntugdi" towards the tree, the Sami people rose to their feet.

In my opinion, in this poem, the poet's personality, phenomenon, ideological "manifesto" was embodied in a very burning, painful, high pathos. The most interesting and horrible thing is that at a time when the swords of the Soviet regime are still shining, when only happiness, "friendship of peoples" is being sung, when the winds of freedom and liberty are just blowing, the poet says, "My heart is dark, all around (the whole empire) is smoke." solsa-ya ?!

My devotion to the work of the poet increased tenfold that day, and I remembered this cry of the Turks. The poem was later published in Yoshlik magazine. Among them were Abdulla Aripov's "Goldfish", "Uzbekistan", "My mother tongue", "My first love", ErkinVahidov's "My Uzbek" and ShavkatRahmon's "Turks". This masterpiece was published in the poet's "Selection" [1, p.418] under the title "AkifBagirga" with the courage of nationalists SanjarNazar and AbdukarimBakhriddin.

I also knew and agreed with the Azerbaijani Uzbek scientist Akif Bagir (Bagirov). Akif aka Rauf Parfi and his teacher were very close as students. Turkestan, in particular, is a nationalist who speaks passionately about the Turks, great unity and tragic past events.

In the poetry of Rauf Parfi, which we want to interpret, all Turks and Turkestan, the fate of the nation, have a painful, burning, screaming voice, a roar. Just like Fitrat's "To the Star of Mirrix", the tragedy "Abulfayzkhan", "Politics of the East"; Abdullah Qadiri's "Last Days", "Scorpion from the Altar"; Cholpon's novel "Night and Day", poems "To the Broken Land", "Kishan":

My heart is dark, smoke around me,  
The wind howls over my head alone.  
Some night my eyes glazed over,  
Who are you, what are you, whose duty are you ?!  
Naked question that wrinkles my mind -  
Assalamualaykum, the tree of the tree! [2; p.354]

The great thinker Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy (1829-1910) saw the tree and asked, "What kind of tree is this?" wondered.

Now, imagine the arrogant, poisonous image of the hero of the epic "Kuntugmish" in the image of Dor, who spreads his hatred for the oppression of his people against the oppression of his people by an entire period, system and dynasty. Yes, the "smoke" of the oppression of the poet, who saw, read and heard the violence with his own eyes, was very dangerous, dangerous, poisonous. What if a person (nation) who wants freedom, liberty, independence and equality is alone, without alliance, without unity, without protection ?! Again, dangerous winds (political lies, false ideologies, veiled oppression) are blowing over the head of his freedom-loving (Turkistan).

It is rooted in the worship of the person, the idea, the ideology, the extreme worship of the Nazi, fascist, communist, Bolshevik worldview, arrogance, ignorance, narcissism, humiliation, evil behavior by nature, discrimination and xenophobia. - eventually brought to power the false idols of the last two centuries - Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, Mao Zedong, Paul Pot, Pinochet, Trujillo, Arkadag. For example, the oppressed heart of the Asian, African, Muslim world, Latin America, which is dependent on foreign powers under the pressure of powerful states, unable to own its material and spiritual wealth, is in danger of lawlessness, terrorism, fear, poverty, oppression, terror, ignorance, cult of personality and lies. It is true that the backwardness of the peoples, whose heads have dried up from economic backwardness, is full of pain.

Back to Rauf Parfi. What is the danger of any night that catches the poet's eye (homeland) - darkness, ghosts, mysteries? Of course, oppression, aggression, the Soviet empire, and its limitless possibilities are, in general, a concern that pervades much of the world. Inside the word "Night" in the poem, the poet placed an entire empire.

The poet's "Who are you, what are you, whose duty are you?" It is probably unimaginable that today's young people feel like the middle generation and the elderly. The tragedy, destiny, and sorrows of this verse are well known to those who lived at that time, who experienced it, who were forced to swallow the roar of a lion, and who witnessed satanic games, tricks, and

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ideologies. This poem is not a horror or an exaggerated tragedy, but it is just a real part of the tragedy, the tragedy, the bitterness, the bloodshed. Only the tragedies are beautifully, artistically generalized to the poetic band, given in tragic pathos.

This oppression, violence, tyranny, ghost, night - the darkness of the lyrical hero (nation) was at first strange, but now it is escalating (Arab, Mongol, Tsarist invasion, Bolshevism - the Soviet Union ...) and again the mind of the same history, Alp Er Tonga, JaloliddinManguberdi, Spitamen, DukchiEshan's inherited "naked question":

"Assalamualaykum, the tree of the tree"!

It is oppression, tyranny, soviet, empire, Stalinism, massacre, stagnation, imprisonment of peoples, the ideology of envy - socialism (V.Ryazanov).

In the second point, the wound now cracks, opens, and becomes transparent:

Turks, tell me, what do we have?

It is natural that in the eyes, mind, and thoughts of the first person who hears and reads, great things, discoveries, and creations come involuntarily. But the poet's unparalleled power, his skill, is that his main focus is on social, historical flaws, tragedies:

... We have muteness, slavery, persecution,

We have a lost will.

The plunder of the ungodly,

Screaming Great Tombs -

Is our muteness a complication of the oppression of the twentieth century in the Soviet era, or does it have historical roots ?!

Naturally, the example we have given above is a proof of the thousands of years of muteness, its complications, its catastrophic bleeding. From Alexander the Great of Macedonia to Alexander of Russia, then Bolshevism, Stalinism - mass terror, austerity, massacres and other tragedies, the warmth of the Khrushchev era, then the era of Leonid Brezhnev - stagnated. In the first years of independence, the virus in the blood caused serious damage ...

When it comes to the worship of the individual, we often think of tyrannical rulers. However, as they say, this tyranny does not arise spontaneously, but is caused by the psychology of slavery, which is sometimes absorbed into our souls as a product of centuries-old invasions, and sometimes by the delusional simplicity of the people who drink sincerely like a river. This tyranny does not appear all at once. He is enslaved by slavery and delusion. This continuity turns the drunkard, robbed of the fly, into a saint, and the esipast into a great one. As NodiraAfokova wrote, together with the elites, "Sometimes they built their own medicine, and then cried helplessly, failed" ...

But that's not all. Thus, these tyrants, whom we have made saints, now begin to look upon us shamelessly victoriously; and we tremble with fear like true mercury; we begin to feel him as a saint, and as a drunkard robbed of a fly in a yellow cloak. The tragedy is that the oppressed person forgets who he is and is unable to properly assess his own capabilities. The worship of the

individual is therefore one of the worst of human tragedies, in which the great masses become the victims of their own actions.

Throughout its history, humanity has repeatedly experienced the sufferings of the cult of personality. The bloodshed that is taking place today in North and Central Africa, in the Arab world, in Afghanistan, in Pakistan, is also probably the result of the suppression of human freedom due to such vile vices as individualism, ignorance, religious fanaticism, totalitarianism. This disease is still taking root in some countries around the world. Even if the whole earth is saved from the worst of human tragedies, such as the worship of the individual, the magic of the people of the pen, such as Rauf Parfi, will continue to warn of such danger.

The history of slavery and oppression is invisible. With the exception of the years when the Turkic peoples and dynasties ruled, especially the period of the great Timurids (1370-1507), the tragic past is not absent.

So who is the main cause and cause of this ?! Another painful answer: ourselves, our actions, our inability to form an alliance, our selfish desires, corruption, strife, internal weakness, and finally, "we have (only!) Free will" - independence, unity, building a great state opportunities, the foundations of global development and ascension ...

This is exactly what hindered us, the Turks, the Turkic world, the nation, for development, perfection, investment, prosperity, competition, distracted, exhausted, deceived, destroyed, burned, plundered, destroyed, sword, bleed hearts and eyes. Their generic name is Manhus! That is, the ignorant, the ignorant, the miserable, the devils!

So far, no artist has been able to apply the tragic scale of the word "Manhus" to Rauf Parfichalik. It should be noted that this word, which is rarely used, has been borrowed from Arabic into our classical language and means "unfortunate", "unhappy", "unhappy", "shumoyak", as well as "manfur", "disgusting".

The poet expresses the historical and modern tragedy of the Manchus, the consequences of their actions - invasion, plunder, ruin and destruction, swamps of degradation in a highly tragic pathos, and draws attention to even more tragic tragedies: "The great tombs are screaming." It's a combination of "screaming" - under the tragic picture are hidden several layers of meaning.

First of all, the painful cry of the grave of those who were killed, hanged, shot, chopped, buried alive, crucified, dragged on the horse's tail, deprived of their honor and chastity, their land and property plundered;

Secondly, the deserts of those who have turned the nation into a nation, the state into a state, the Turk into a Turk, Turkestan into the ore of world culture have been destroyed.

Remember the most recent history ?! By the 1960s, the graves of hundreds of nobles, saints, such as Imam Bukhari, Marghinani, al-Termizi, BahauddinNaqshband, Sayyid Miri Kulol, AbdukholiqGijduvani, BabayiSamosi, NajmiddinKubro, Khoja Ali Romitani, had been destroyed; Who has forgotten that mosques and madrassas have been turned into ruins, mineral fertilizer depots and artelbuildings ?!

Who would have thought that the "Quran Recitation Competition" held in our country today would not have gone even further ?!

Yes, in the days of tyranny, all the graves, the spirits of the great, the nation, the cries of the Turks, (even in the lands where the fire is still burning), the cries of various peoples, oh, the revelation. Think of the forty-two-year war in neighboring Afghanistan (which began in 1979) or the bloodshed in Syria and Iraq.

So, the bitter truth of the poet, the cry, the cry, is not only for the past, the recent history, or the lonely time, but also for several places and times, even though it is prophetic.

The poet urges the second verse of the poem "Turks, tell me, what do we have?" He focused our attention on social evils - awareness, lessons, and bitter conclusions. Now, as he goes from line to line, he suddenly begins the third paragraph again with a "reverse":

Turks, tell me, what do we not have?

We do not have an alliance, we do not have unity.

Human rights are underfoot,

This is the glorious heritage of the Turkic world,

The sacred hurricane is underfoot,

Assalamualaykum, the tree of the tree.

This is the sharpness, magic and power of the poet's artistic style. Even a while ago, muteness, slavery, oppression, helplessness, depravity were plundered, now what about us?! Look at the effect of the word, the refinement of thought, the emphasis on tragedy, the drama, the intensification of tragedy, the hierarchy ...

Now our "negative" character is a hundred times more tragic, terrible, for the development of the nation, the state, especially in the Turks, there is no alliance, human rights are humiliated, and, most tragically, the tragedy is sacred freedom, freedom, independence. .

At this point, Rauf Parfi Öztürk's very close opinion to Cholpon seems even more enlightening: (Cholpon)

When the time comes, let's look at the bitter truths, the cripples in our entire history: Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Ukraine, Moldova, Georgia, Azerbaijan, and even Kazakhstan, which started the liberation movement before the collapse of the USSR. The peoples of the Baltic, the Ukrainians, never submitted to the Soviets. The struggle continued in secret. Hatred for the Soviet empire was passed down from generation to generation. The great poet Rauf Parfi said in an interview: "The communist regime in the Baltics was over in the early 80s, and the liberation movement had already begun. We, as well as in Uzbekistan, had no idea about freedom, liberty, liberty, and the idea that Uzbekistan would once be independent." (The same words of the poet can be heard on video on the website of Khurshid Davron Library)

In the world, can there be a "sacred heritage" for human beings - freedom and freedom?

Poetry grows from verse to verse, from verse to verse, becoming more and more social and secular:

The wicked will be gathered together,

Full of rage, a knife in his hand,

Times turn, the sky turns,  
Mother Turkestan is the crown of the Turks -  
Tell me, how do we live more?  
Assalamualaykum, the tree of the tree.

Who are these evil people who are gathering power at the end of the 20th century ?! One-fifth of the world is burning the flames of war ?!

Are those who incite racial, national, ethnic, religious, sectarian conflicts, extremism, terrorism, under the pretext of "having nuclear weapons", the real purpose of which is oil, wealth, interests, greed, destroying other people's country, displacing their nation, refugees ?! Who is full of anger, conspiracy, deceit, devils ?! At the end of the 20th century, who are the seeds of death in their hands - nuclear, bacteriological, chemical, biological, weapons, and who are terrorizing the world? Are the heirs of those who tried to make the divided world redistribute at the end of the XX century and the beginning of the XXI century ?! Are they gangsters who have adapted the Aya dress, the actika method, to the times, called it "freedom", "liberty", "equality", and are in fact destructive and aggressive ?!

Indeed, in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, man, who had achieved unprecedented success in science and technology, began to face a spiritual crisis. Today's global "headaches" - drugs, AIDS, human trafficking, the legalization of same-sex marriage in many European countries, terrorism, popular culture, the coronavirus pandemic, and so on - are the highest manifestations of this depression. It is as if the great Cervantes, in the language of the mad sage Don Quixote, was in fact lamenting the beginning of our day.

Why are their seeds, numbers, methods, tricks, oppression, and oppression becoming more and more complicated over time ?!

Secular deceit, oppression, deceit, imperialism in any form, method, dress, every oppressed nation has its own crown, heritage, sanctuary. For us, too, "Mother Turkestan is the crown of the Turks" - it is honor, dignity, life and death, sacred honor.

Now, at the end of the twentieth century, it is impossible to live excessively under the oppression of the empire - the Soviet oppression. Oppression has come to the throat, nations have been oppressed, humiliated, freed, their mother tongue has been despised in the "prison of the peoples" full of money ....

In the fifth verse, this figurative, moaning, world is even more intense:

You gave your bread to the one who asked for it,  
You have perseverance, you have patience.  
You gave glory to him who asked for blood,  
You gave your land, you paid the price of murder,  
If you kill, you only kill yourself,  
Assalamualaykum, the tree of the tree.



As I multiplied this poem by the thousands, I added three exhortations to the last verse. One of my talented students, ShahobiddinUrinov, put three more zeros and one (!!! 000!) Next to the call. My heart was full and I taught this prayer to 120 students in class, showing them the signs of this world and suffering poetry. It was an extremely happy, painful, cleansing moment.

Yes, in the past, even those who came to ask for bread until last night, wanted to stay in this country forever, and sometimes even climbed to the top of the system and set foot on the head of the local people - the nation. Even then, he was able to preserve his fortitude and honor among the oppressed people. the glory was taken away and trampled underfoot.

"Holy Hurlik" - the heritage - Turkestan was trampled, we endured, we burned, we burned, we endured, we sang trumpets, moans, cries, prayers, thankfully, it was not in vain.

Now, as for the heaviest, most bitter truth in the verse, it is the body, the regret, the endless regret, the sigh of millions of ancestors hidden under the wish: "If you kill, you only killed yourself."

Who were they ... the dead, the murderers, a drop from the sea, a million or two, a dozen? Who opened the gate for the Genghis Khans?

- From ourselves, Mahmud Yalavoch.

Who poisoned and relieved Spitamen, who fought against the Macedonians in BC?

"From within!"

So, did the great Behbudi, Fitrat, Qodiri, Cholpon, Osman Nasir, the conscience of the nation of the twentieth century, not only lose the repressive regime, but also "serve" our own devils and traitors? Yes, those who "serve" are nahs, manqurt-alayhilaanas, who are drawn from within us, from ourselves, from our core, from our feet! They added fuel to the blazing fire! They all turned into squirrels and lungs. Adorned with these, hating them, burning, angry, and sighing, the poet once again cries out in poison:

Unless you fill the world with your voice,  
Do not listen to the cries of Allah,  
Revelation, shoot your father, kill your mother,  
O black needy of the black world  
Throw your unfortunate children,  
Assalamualaykum, the tree of the tree

The world itself is darkened by oppression, deep strife, conflict, corruption, and unjust bloodshed. According to some estimates, five thousand years of human life have passed, and only 47 years have passed without wars. By the twentieth century, more than 357 million people had been killed on earth, a figure that exceeded 158 million in the twentieth century alone. Here is where the world is getting darker. Now living under tyrannical oppression is the culmination of the end of the twentieth century - the horror of "black need" in the "black world" - the horror of slavery. Tolerance, tolerance, muteness, inability to unite, inability to form an alliance are tantamount to making the future of the children of Turkestan (the world) unhappy.

Therefore, the courage to say "Assalamu alaykum, the tree of the tree" on a daily basis, without fear of being hanged, is a great empire.

If we pay attention to the metaphors underlined in the lines of a poem, we also get the idea that real poetry itself consists of metaphors. So far, there are different views in science about the most commonly used metaphorical image in poetry:

“Poetic speech is multifaceted in its essence. That is why metaphor finds its natural place in poetic speech. Its task is not to evoke images, to convey information, but to individualize it” [2, p.367]

Metaphor means "the most common migration, based more on the principle of analogy, partly on the contradiction of events." [3, p.553]

In the explanatory dictionary of the Uzbek language, “Metaphor (Greek metaphora - transfer, migration) is the use of a word or phrase in the literature in a figurative sense based on similarity and analogy, and the word or phrase used in such a sense; alliteration The purpose of these descriptions is to emphasize that Rauf Parfi provided the richness, uniqueness and philosophical richness of Uzturk poetry from beginning to end, and was the basis for increasing its effectiveness. [4]

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