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INTERPRETATION OF THE PRESSING PROBLEMS OF THE ERA IN THE POETRY OF MAQSUDA ERGASHEVA

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ABSTRACT

This article covers the peculiarities of the poetry of the sensitive poet Maqsuda Ergasheva, a member of the Union of writers of Uzbekistan, and aspects specific to her artistic skills. Poetess's examples of creativity, which reflect the current themes of the era, are characterized by a smooth expression, attractive means of images, a way of folk expression. His poems, which demonstrate the rich possibilities of our language, are an invaluable property of Uzbek literature.

KEYWORDS

Skill, poetry, emotion-experiences, style, expression, pictorial means, riches of language, way of expression, Uzbek literature.

INTRODUCTION

The poem, born of sincere experiences, from the deep feelings of the opening of all the windows of the heart, bewitches and enchants others. The temperature poems of the talented poet Maqsuda Ergasheva, in which the horrors of many short lives are absorbed, are evidence of our opinion. It is no secret that the fate of

loneliness on the foreheads of talents has long been over. If not, Hazrat Alisher Navoi would not have written "if I do not commit me to my own conversation that I want, I will not disdain anyone for the conversation " [1,223]. Maqsuda OPA was also born, lived, created in the village of Oqboyra in the Oltiariq



District of Fergana region. He said of this, " the place where I landed is the lab of my throat, I live like a believing musicha, will not my humour come to the swallows, would I not fly to the Indies... I would not leave the name Surkhan, even if my place of residence was probably Afghan, but I would do the Tashkent, Havas, my poems came out, but Basma-Bas... The place where I grew up is my makeup, the air is sweet, the Swan, although this soil I have no work, there is no one to ask for my condition, how do I leave Fergana, when I can't be entertained, I am Netam"[2, 4] he wrote. These lines commemorate the bitter confession of the early 20th-century zabardast poet Muhammad Aminhaja Muqimi that "I would find if I came from the property of Hindu Marv attention, Shul erur aybim, Muqimiy, mardumi Farganamam"[3,151]. The exalted image of our motherland, the interpretation of the glorious past, begins with the image of the threshold, the village of the cherished house in the poems of the poet. The poet uses the words and phrases calculated by Sarah, the bodyguard for himself in the hymn of the Fatherland. "O Black of my eye... Sarah of the Fatherland... Between my eyes... Wound of my heart... John Torah of my soul..."[2,3] achieves to reflect the uniqueness of our land in the lines in the medium of adjectives, istiora and comparatives. For example, in the poem" The Paths of the White Sea " we see that the image of the cherished village is harmonized with the ideas of glorifying the glorious, ancient history of the poet's sincere, endless love for the Uzbek land of

orkali. How many Hons have passed through the ancient Silk Road, The Acorn soil. How many were rich and how many were choirs. The poet noted that " it was not a beaver who went down the path of the Whitebeam. He sent his horses to Tashkent. Nodira, who died but passed on to Mahofa. Maybe a poet like Uwais to the past Ram. Perhaps Furqat, Muqimi rested in Akboyra. Leaning on their tails and resting for a moment " [2,5-6] the imaginary land travels to the past. Maqsuda OPA "the house where I was born", "homeland, I shall write a poem about you..." , "Pride", " on our side", " Daughters of Uzbekistan", " we are the fleeting, the remnant universe...", proudly reflecting the beautiful nature of Fergana in poems such as sincere, sociable, achillean and sohira Momo, people of the land who are spiritually poets. In the flower and herbs of the motherland, in the "springs boiling and laughing under the feet", in the "spring that sends its name before itself", in the dandelions, the poet experiences a feeling of boiling affection. "I look out the window dilkhun..."and in the poem, The Cry of the thunderstorm, which shocks horror and blows its head to the threshing floor, seems to be the groans of the bevatans who have fallen far from their homeland: "whispers in the distant dog, Sitib Kirar ayanch a moan. Whispers House chariots, in The Voice of Dard, istihola. I look out the window dilkhun, I feel sorry for the bepanohs. The embrace of a storm, as if filled with "Homeland... Homeland..."to the OHS"[2,15]. Or in another poem, The Poetess said,



“Most Loved You, O Fatherland, Oh, who took him to the universe. Motherland, saying Thy pain, a woman passed in Fergana ” [2,16] in a manner conveys the glory of the heart. In maqsu, the poems of the sister can be compared to the Rangin bouquet of feelings, which is concentrated from the magnanimous experiences of the soul. But there is a belief that even dreams that cannot be answered at the moment in the optimism of this moment of mahzun will come true in the future. The poetess says, " you are a liar for a while, I have knowledge of all falsehoods. I have laughter inside the Mahzunalik if you do not trust me as a mahzunah... On the chest of each flower I have a golden button, on that same button I have dreams. Heaven wants Gardens fun, Hazonrez I have Barques in the season. I have sorrows for every flower when the winds blow away. It is not for nothing that I have my soul to whom Eltar is this wind, My Hero, My fear of your wrath"[2,23]. The poet who sings that the absorption of the body into the soil is inevitable, the transience of life, that this world is a fan, and at the destination there is bliss, in the poem “Khayyomona”, inside the tulips, in the image of “the ends of their hooves are soot, the playing shawl and the Biyik deer”, will seem to see his own heart, The poem is based on rhetorical interrogations “yovshan balls lying in the sand, many of a friend under the ground, desiccated desert Shepherds – could not Duotalab. The long leaves of a hyacinth, lying on top of the soil, withering, withering, are my Biron slices...”[2,23] mysticism

absorbs philosophy into lines. Or, the poet expresses the fact that a person is perfected in the process of constant movement of existence: “The Color Of Autumn is the color of patience, turns yellow from patience to gold. As it grows, the tree of life becomes gilded with Botin”[2,39]. The characters in the poems of maqsuda Opa are hawkish people. For example, the heroine of the poem” The Darwesh woman “is a” mushtiparous head ” -a Darwesh woman who is forced to beg her children's dog, orphanhood and kundalic sitams for a torta – torta, forgetting to fix her handkerchief as well. [2,26] In the poem” bouquets”, bouquets are compared with flowers left outside, in Frost, showing a gloomy, gloomy manifestation of YAL-YAL burning beauty in crystal flower beds inside. The philosophical conclusion of the poem is: “bouquets – Asira girls, Okay, who do they applaud?... Let my flowers prevent storms from being a bouquet, not a word”[2,64]. It is in this way that the poet achieves a unique expression of the superiority of a yupun restless life in freedom from captivity, from a life-threatening full life. In the years of independence, the work of Maqsuda Ergasheva was deservedly appreciated. By the decree of our Honorable President, he was awarded the Order of Labor Fame. A number of poetic collections, such as “looking forward to spring”, “a noble word”, “let my eyes not touch my land”, “concubines”, the novel “Tales of Fate”, were inherited from the sensitive creator. His works first of all took place not from the web of various articles, but

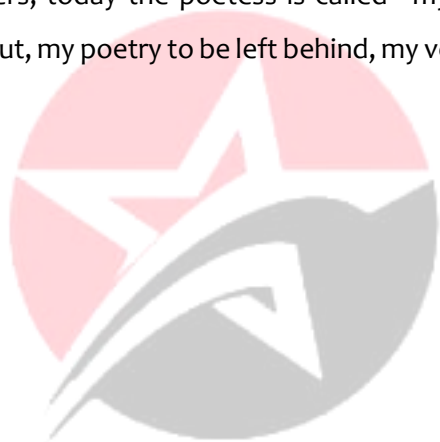


from the imagination of readers. Is not he therefore the high of reverence?! Everything has an end and an end. Including UMR. Ten years ago, on one of the humid winter days of 2014, the Tolmas singer of Fergana, sensitive creator Maqsuda Ergasheva left this light world. Shortly before his death, the fire-breathing poet said, “I will not ask you in the last moment: give you the sun, the moon... Give a place like a necklace from the bosom of the Swan”, perhaps sensing that the sun of life will set on fast days. And under the ears of poetry lovers, today the poetess is called “my life when it runs out, my poetry to be left behind, my verse.

The fiery lines "fire at Maqsuda, shining on the page after like a dot," are resonating.

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