

THE WORK OF ABDUVALI QUTBIDDIN, OR THE AUTHOR OF VERSES
WITHOUT "PARZOD"

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Annotation :In this state, Abduvali Qutbiddin's work is analyzed, his place in Uzbek literature and the peculiarity of godly thinking. The author reveals the poetic style of the poet, his symbolic and metaphorical ego, philosophical views, and also the contribution and development of contemporary Uzbek poetry. Osoboe vnimanie udelyaetsya psychologicheskim i esteticheskim aspektam tvorchestva, individuamomu stilyu i roli poeta v protsesse chudojestvennogo obnovleniya. The results of the investigation show that the creation of the poet became a vital stage in the development of national poetry.

Keywords:Abduvali Kutbiddin, Uzbek poetry, poetic style, metaphor, symbolism, philosophy, literary revival.

There are such creators in Uzbek literature who consider poetry to be above any title or fame. It is worth separately recognizing the work of Abduvali Kutbiddin, a prominent representative of the generation of the 80s, who made a great contribution to the literary process with his charming poems and philosophical epics. Speaking of Uzbek poetry, after the poetry that was renewed at the beginning of the 20th century, only a handful of poets managed to achieve such a feat. If we say that five poets renewed Uzbek poetry, there is no doubt that Abduvali Kutbiddin was among them, and if we say that three poets renewed it, we can say that one of them was Abduvali Kutbiddin. These words may seem harsh and unpleasant to some scholars, but someone must tell the truth. If we compare Abduvali Kutbiddin's work not only in Uzbek literature, but also with any great poets of world literature, we will come closer to the essence. I do not intend to comment on the poets who renewed poetry. But I realized that no poet could come close to Abduvali Akani in this regard. Abduvali Qutbiddin was one of our classical poets and the last one who created a poetic symphony by combining poetic thought, form, style, metaphor, and all poetic arts in his own unique way.

Abduvali Kutbiddin is a poet who sings in pure Uzbek. You will not find a single line in his poetry that has been stolen from someone else. His poems deeply express the pain of the nation, its dreams and aspirations, and aspirations. Only those of a special level can understand his work. The poet has shattered the concepts that have become frozen in our imagination with unusual expressions. The absorption of human emotions, returning to the heart, and turning to God are the leading motifs of the poet's poetry. Perhaps this is the reason why his poems have not become popular. In an era when mediocrity is taking over literature today, I think it is time to show Abduvali aka's poems as a banner. If anyone who works with words were to get acquainted with the poet's poems, they would be a great light upon light. How fortunate I was to have the pleasure of talking to Avduvali aka. During the conversation, I came to the conclusion that a poet must be knowledgeable. I was amazed at how knowledgeable he was about world, classical, mystical, and contemporary literature. When I asked him, "Why haven't you published a book since your book "Bor?" the poet said that he had been researching postmodern poetry for decades. "If I do this, it will be something new in Uzbek poetry," he said at the time. Although he had revolutionized poetry, he remained silent as if he had not yet accomplished anything. It seemed to me that he was hiding a great sadness in his eyes. My mother was very happy to hear



that I was from Tajikistan and that my grandfather was a patron of the Hazrat Amirjan shrine. She was very surprised to hear that my grandfather threw himself under the bulldozer that was going to demolish the Hazrat Amirjan shrine. When he came to visit, the neighbors would invite him to their house. When hospitality reached its peak, one of the hosts would repeat the phrase, "Aunt Aisha...", which is often used among the people. My grandfather would leave the hospitality and return home. My mother, merciful, would say, "What kind of people are they, if this is how they treat the family of our Prophet..."

I remember Hazrat Amirjon not hiding his tears when he said that he was related to the great saint Qutbiddin Eshon, and said, "I am indebted to your grandfather," Abduvali aka said at that time.

If I am not mistaken, after reading Abduvali aka's poems included in the "Yoshlik bayazi" series in 1988, I came to the conclusion that the task of the poet's people is to create unique and distinctive analogies in poetry. In a bitter winter, the water flowing from the tarn on the roof has turned into ice. The poet compares this frozen ice to the language of winter. Winter does not speak, but the bitter cold is expressed through a beautiful analogy. Every winter, when I see the frozen ice, I involuntarily remember this poem that I read in my youth. The poet's task is not to teach reason, but to renew the imagination. Because, when the imagination is renewed, a person also becomes a person of thought. Abduvali Kutbiddin is a rebellious poet. He expresses his experiences through words filled with mysterious symbols and metaphors. Deeply realizing that words are sacred, he calls for vigilance. His poems have not been scientifically analyzed and studied by any critic to this day. However, only general ideas have been expressed. Although literary criticism considers it an honor to analyze and retell traditional poems. The poet, who has already developed modern Uzbek poetry through metaphor and symbolic language, has remained surrounded by erroneous views in analyzing the poems. In the words of the famous literary scholar Ulugbek Hamdam, "poetry that requires study as a large monographic study..."

In literature, there has always been a change of generations. Every twenty years, a new generation is formed. The generation of Abduvali Qutbiddin came to the fore during the years of independence. By this time, Avduvali Qutbiddin and his contemporaries turned the issue of individual freedom into the leading motif of their creativity. They were looking for an answer to the question: "Is the homeland free, or is the individual free?" The issue of individual freedom has always been a complex topic. The poets who sang it could not reconcile with society.

I'm old

My turnip came out,

I creak like an old door

My eyes are closed.

My forehead is withered,

A great guy died inside me...

In the poem, which begins with the lines "I am worn out," the poet's mental state – his inability to absorb the outdated state of society and the system – is most clearly visible in his lines. The poet expresses his inner state, mental experiences, and changes. Creating a separate image in each line, he expresses personal suffering, life problems, and his physical and mental state. Wear and tear means the state of a person growing old over time and ceasing to feel the changes in life. The word "shaltag" in the poem, based on the meaning of old clothes and old



things, here it expresses the seemingly worn-out state of a person. The poet, worried that he is no longer useful and cannot help anyone, describes himself as something distant and rusty through the image of an old door. The snoring expresses the poet's inner suffering, illness, and the hardships of life, while the mourning expresses the fading of the desire and inspiration for life, the lack of interest, purpose, and hope in life, and only emptiness remains. The snoring describes with bitter anguish the deterioration of a person's physical and mental state, his withering, the disappearance of vital forces in his state with the passage of time, and the fact that the young and youthful young man who once fought against the hardships and suffering of the world is now decaying inside. The mood of that difficult period is that the systems and institutions of man and society are becoming obsolete and useless, and that this must be abandoned, that is, each nation should live faithfully, believing in its own heart, soul, and nature.

t barely fit in my hut,

I blushed.

My ears are heavy.

A bag of rodents every evening,

Every day comes fate.

I was left without thinking. My head

It buzzes.

The truth is empty.

From time to time, my age

There is a bird on my forehead.

The poet opposes the disorders and injustices of society with his tongue and heart. The poet's heart is troubled by the fact that society is decaying from within and that a great abyss is ahead of it. This is a disaster. The poem reflects the author's inner state and mental state. There are several expressions and images, among which there is a feeling of emptiness, pain, and sadness. The author is struggling not to laugh, his mental state is heavy. The gloom indicates an unclear change in his mood and thoughts. Heaviness means internal discomfort, anxiety, or pressure. The author's life is described as having become the same color between day and night. Understanding the state of forced acceptance of a decaying fate, the poet feels unstable and lonely. The buzzing in the head symbolizes the clash of different thoughts, i.e. internal conflict, rapidly changing thoughts that arise over time, difficulties, and changes:

I am worn out,

My ankle is out,

I am useless. I am frozen.

If I say I will leave, there is no one to turn to,

If I say I will shout, I have no voice.

The author sees himself as an old man as time passes. A person also changes, he gets less pleasure from life's achievements and dreams, he weakens not only physically, but also



spiritually and mentally. He expresses hardships and difficulties through the word "retribution". He emphasizes that the absence of a loved one means that there is no way out of difficulties, that the poet has now lost his voice and that no matter how hard he tries to shout, there is no result. There are deep observations about the loss of a person's place in society. One can understand the intensity of life through personal suffering. There are certain reasons for his rebellion. Due to the mood of dissatisfaction with the existing social systems around him, he takes up a pen and begins to express in words the moods perceived through his heart. Therefore, the desire to wish for the happiness and luck of mankind to be complete is reflected in the poet's interpretations in a unique way. At that time, the age-old dream of our nation - the blessing called independence - had not yet been achieved, and the "ur-sur" works were in full swing. It is not surprising that the life of the nation, its dreams and desires, as well as human happiness, were the true longings in the poet's heart. Thus, if we observe the general pathos of the poem, the poet expresses in a unique way how many young people have lived, killing their innocent dreams and desires of youth due to injustices and mistakes in society.

The heart said: — I tore it to pieces,
Whatever happened, I left it to fate.
I came to the fire with my writing:
"I felt his longing right away."

The images expressing the spiritual and mental state are reflected in the structure and imagery of the poem. The painful feeling of the heart breaking is obvious to everyone. The inner feelings are understood by the dispersion of the human mind and thoughts. It says that a person accepts his fate without question and that in any case he will obey the script called fate. Here, the word "yoydim" can be understood as an indication that there is no other way but to accept fate without changing it. Fire is usually used as a symbol of internal suffering, grief or mental pain. The author of the poem expresses his fate, internal suffering, and describes how the pain experienced through longing is rewarded with lightness, and at the same time he will overcome his sorrows. The structure of the poem, division into parts, musical rhythm and the tone of the words play an important role in expressing the human mental state. Each part is interconnected, complementing the idea and image. In the poem, deep spiritual issues are expressed through metaphors and symbols through the struggle with spiritual suffering. The content reflects the suffering in the inner world of man, the processes of accepting the fate of fate and achieving inner peace.

Indeed, there are people who dream of "something" in their world, and in the embrace of this desire, their feelings are perfected. They are measured by their ability to see the distance and the future due to the openness of the eyes of the heart. A. Kutbiddin, whether on social topics, love, or everyday topics, puts the cries of the heart, the hopes and dreams of the heart, and his true feelings on paper as his heart commands. He does not "dress up" and "embellish" his verses to make his poems beautiful and learned, popular. He presents them to the poet as they are born. That is why his poems are difficult to read. It is read alone. It is read a hundred times, a thousand times. With each reading, new meanings emerge. Each line contains a world of meaning. To understand the poems of a poet, one must at least think like a poet, have the same worldview. Because, just as every work is a world, every person is a world, and in order to enter this world and understand the nature of the creator, one must constantly get closer to his heart.

Alqissa, no matter what system or era the poet created, everyone perceives it in their own way. A true work of art does not become obsolete, it lives in its own world, like those eras. Just as a true work of art does not choose time and place, a true poem does not choose a soul or a heart. Regardless of the language, subject, or era in which it is created, it will find its reader and continue to teach the reader a gratuitous lesson about the world and man.



In conclusion, Abduvali Qutbiddin brought Sufi and modern poetry to a new level. Because, having his own style, his own path, and his own voice in modern Uzbek poetry, we can say that he is an unforgettable Uzbek poet who has already sealed his name for eternity and left a unique creative product for literature lovers.

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