A Commentary on a Poem

Eshmirzaev Bakhodir Djoraevich
Teacher of Denau institute of entrepreneurship and pedagogy

Khushbokov Kobilbek Shokirovich
Teacher of Denau institute of entrepreneurship and pedagogy

Khurramova Kunduzoy Shodievna

Yakubova Gulrukh Gayratovna
Students of Denau institute of entrepreneurship and pedagogy

ABSTRACT

Alisher Navoi is a great thinker, a great sage, a great writer, he was steadfast in religion, overcame his selfishness in life, and encouraged others to live as he did, in a word; he was "His majesty the Man." Through his works, he healed the captives of the soul, cured their pains, praised and sang to those who loved him. At the same time, most importantly, he lived the life he wrote, tried to live the "divine grace" as it is said. In his writings, he noted this order of life. He sang love - love for God. In this sense, this article analyzes the ghazal, which begins with the verse "Dustlar birchora (Many friends)", which glorifies love, after reading and commenting on skillful analogies of love for Allah, it is impossible not to acknowledge Navoi's intellect as usual.

Keywords: friends, tashbin va tamsil, trade, bow, world, Lalgun, Nal, Baby, Ashk, Tojir, Kunj, Soldier, Kamin,Yo, Gulkhaniy, Sifla, Labor, Olot, Dunyovu mofiho

Introduction

Do’stlar, bir chora…
Do’stlar bir chora, men devonai shaydo uchun
Kim, o’larmen ul paripaykar malaksiymo uchun.

Otashin gul tegrasida la’lgun yuz bargemas,
Balki yuz na’l o’tqa solmish bulbuli shaydo uchun.

Xom ko’nglumkim, dudog’ingni tilab afg’on qilur,
Bor durur ul tufldekkim, yig’lag’ay halvo uchun.

Ashk ichinda g’argamen, zulfingni tutaquyenmu deb,
O’ylakim, tojir tengiz ranjin chekar savdo uchun

Turki mastedur ko’zing uyyuda, ko’z kunjida xol
Og’rikim, qilmish kamin yonida qo’ygan yo uchun.

Gulxaniydekdurki istar gulxanu olotini,
Siflakim mehnat chekar dunyovu mofiho uchun.

Bu Navoiy bandani, ey sarvi ozod, asrakim,
Bo’yla bir bulbul kerak sendek guli ra’no uchun.
(“G’aroyib us-sig’ar”, 481-g’azal)

**Dictionary**

- **Rubygun** – ruby, red
- **Na’l** – horseshoe, horseshoe seal, seal
- **Baby** – a young child, baby
- **Ashk** – tears
- **Tojir** – merchant, trader
- **Kunj** – corner, edge
- **Soldier** – here: soldier, warrior
- **Kamin** – ambush, shelter
- **Yo** – bow, curved (eyebrow)
- **Gulxaniy** – fire burner, gulohiy
- **Sifla** – sneaky; scoundrel, stingy
- **Mehnat** – hardship
- **Olot** – tools, weapons
- **Dunyovu mofiho** – the world and the things in it

**Ghazal’s prose statement:**

1. Friends, I have a remedy for love (in the way of love): it is a sacrifice of life for a fairy angelic sweetheart.
2. It is not the sum of a hundred ruby-colored eagles around a fiery flower (bowl), rather, the shapes of a hundred stamps set on fire for a nightingale martyr.
3. My heart is pounding for your lips; the situation is reminiscent of a child crying for halva (candy).
4. I burst into tears wondering if I could hold your curl, just as the merchant agreed to the hardships of the sea for the sake of his market.
5. Your sleeping eyes are like a charming soldier, it is like a thief ambushing a bow around your neck.
6. It is as if the one who burns in the fire is suffering for the fire and its tools, and the lowly one is suffering for the world and the material things in it.
7. O free leader, save your captive like Navoi, for a flower like you needs a nightingale like him.

**The general meaning of the ghazal**

This ghazal of Khazrat Alisher Navoi has a romantic content, in which the joys and sorrows of love, the beauty of sweetheart and the heartfelt experiences of the lyrical hero: feelings and suffering are generalized. The fact that the ghazal begins with the call "Friends" indicates that his commentary is in the right direction:

*Do’stlar, bir chora men devonayi shaydo uchun,*
*Kim, o’larmen ul paripaykar malaksiymo uchun.*

From the very first verse, the lover says that there is only one remedy for the pain of love: it's about sacrificing your life for sweetheart.

*Otashin gul tegrasida la’igun yuz barge mas,*
*Balki yuz na’l o’tqa solnish bulbuli shaydo uchun.*

Do not think that the petals of the flowers cause the redness around the cup of roses in the rose, says the poet; these are the shapes of a hundred fierly marks printed on the body of a nightingale fan in love with a flower. A unique example of *Khusni talil* (to explain a reality by an event that does not concern it) creates a beautiful picture of love and romance.

From the following verses, the mood of commentary or self-writing is gradually enhanced by the art of *tashbikh* ((allegory) and *tamsil* (parable) (to give an example from nature or daily life to the idea expressed in the first verse):

*Xom ko’nglumkim, dudog’ingni tilab afg’on qilur,*
*Bor durur ul tfildekkim, yig’lag’ay halvo uchun.*
The heart of the lover has not yet matured in the fire of love, that is, he has not reached perfection in the career of love (the fact that he resembles a baby indicates that) wishes sweetheart lips and weep, the situation is reminiscent of a child crying for halva. The scene, in which the heart is like a child and the lips are like halva, evokes pure feelings in the heart of the ghazal.

Ashk ichinda g’argamen, zulfingni tutqaymenmu deb,
O’ylakim yojir tengiz ranjin chekar savdo uchun.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she fell in love with the sweetheart curl, it is as if a merchant were suffering for his market, ignoring the wet and the dry, and suffering for the sea. The poet, who uses the word trade to mean both business and desire, reveals another aspect of his artistic skill. We also see in the verse that the art of parable and allegory is combined with an exaggerated image.

Turki mastedur ko’zing uyquda, ko’z kunjida xol,
Og’rikim, qilmish kamin yonida qo’ygan yo uchun

In this verse, we see another unique example of Navoi’s artistic imagination: sweetheart’s sleepy eyes are like charming soldier, and the spot around his eyes is like a thief ambushing a bow. Assuming that there is an eyebrow at the top of the eye and a black dot in the middle, we see a spectacular scene in which a thief who snatches a bow from a sweet sleeping soldier is hiding in an ambush and intends to shoot.

Gulxaniydekdurki istar gulxanu olotini,
Siflakim mehnat chekar dunyovu mohifo uchun.

The gulokhiy who lights the fire sees the meaning of this man and being in the fires and tools he kindles; the stingy one also suffers for this world and the material things in it and spends his life. This verse has an enlightening meaning, and the poet urges man not to waste this fleeting life, not to indulge in the riches of the material world. The verse also refers to the hadiths of the Prophet (peace and blessings of Allaah be upon him) that say, “Two rak’ahs of Sunnah prayer (or the remembrance of Allaah) is better than the “World” and everything in it.”

The object of the Maqta’ is changed to: the lyrical protagonist addresses the sweetheart, likening himself to a nightingale and his lover to a flower, It is with great pleasure and pride that he declares that he is one of the above parables and allegories:

Bu Navoiy bandani, ey sarvi ozod, asrakim,
Bu’yla bir bulbul kerak sendek guli r’ano uchun.

In general, this ghazal of Alisher Navoi is one of the rare examples of Soldierish ghazal poetry due to its high art and deep meaning.

Russian version of ghazal

Один лишь остался мне, безумному влюбленному,
Загробный мир достался мне, безумному влюбленному.

Не сто рубинов — лепестков у этой розы огненной —
Стоп клейм-подков калип в огне безумному влюбленному.

Как мальчик плачет в углу: халвы таинной не дали, —
Рыдаю: покажись в окне безумному влюбленному.

В своих слезах я сам тону, как в море чели купеческий,
Не дай же утонуть в волне безумному влюбленному.

Твой спящий глаз, как пьяный трюк; служа-мошенник — родинка.
Ограблен я! Но что в мошине безумному влюбленному?

Как в бане лезет истопник на плиты раскаленный,
Так нужно жизнь познать вполне безумному влюбленному.
И все же Навои-рабу позволь, о роза вольная,
Как соловью, петь пот луне, безумному влюбленному.

English version of ghazal

Friends, here is a way out…

Friends, here is a way out for a mad lover like me: it is
To sacrifice the soul for an angel beloved like a bow.

Round the fire flower, a red face is not a leaf, but it is
The nightingale lover with hundred stamps in the fire so.

For your cheeks my unripe soul is making woes much,
It reminds of a child crying for a sweet halva, woe.

To catch your plate, I have drowned in my eyes tears,
As if a trader suffered sea hardship for his market grow.

Your eye is asleep like a drunkard Soldier, next to your
Eye the birthmark is hiding like a thief to get the bow.

Like a free-maker who cares of his fire and his tools,
The greedy worries of the material world, do know.

Hey, my free cypress, do save your slave like Navoi,
For a rose like you, a nightingale is God’s best bestow.

References