



**TANQIDIY NAZAR, TAHLILIIY TAFAKKUR VA  
INNOVATSION G'OYALAR**



**THE SPECIALLY COLLECTED POEM OF  
ALEXANDER FEINBERG**

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**ABSTRACT:** *This article provides a brief insight to the works of Alexander Feinberg, who is the well-known poet in both Western and Eastern countries. A piece of Feinberg's poem is delivered to readers in English and Uzbek languages through this article.*

**KEYWORDS:** *unique, firmament, poetry collections, brilliant, local magazines.*

Alexander Arkadeivich Feinberg is a national poet of Uzbek nationality. In the poetic firmament of Uzbek literature, Alexander is the most brilliant and devoted celebrity. He authored for 13 poetry collections published in Tashkent, Moscow, and S.T Petersburg. Furthermore, his poems are printed out in local magazines such as Smena, Yunost, Noviy Mir and Novaya Volga. Here, we can see his one of the most valued poems below:

A man is can be alive  
If he defies the lie  
Delay the time,  
He will never make a plea  
You were the river,  
Now turned to Sea  
You will soon emerge  
As the Ocean high.  
Like grayish surf,  
The wave will soar,  
Right on to the arrogant  
Marble cliff,  
With salty and bitter  
Freshness biff  
In eons your images will  
Dissolve.  
All your life you have been  
So desperate  
To find out, that you were born great  
And longed for an angel's  
Voice for it  
So he could say,  
Yes this is your fate.





## TANQIDIY NAZAR, TAHLILY TAFAKKUR VA INNOVATSION G'OYALAR



Your life has finished  
You are in dust  
No one remembers.  
Did you exist at all?  
I hear from the underground  
The voices oh just  
But no one did respond  
From sky your call  
A beggar could live  
A life of toil  
To beg, to kneel  
To be in pain  
A spit on face  
He might have gain  
With kick to back,  
He may be spoiled  
Look,  
A golden calf is coming on  
Gallop  
And what a chance!  
For just a penny  
You were to dance  
It is time to take  
The bull by horn  
And now you are the boss  
Although,  
Beggars are chased off your meadow  
But how dare you  
Invite me to dine  
Oh no!  
I am off and I prefer  
My dishes  
Among the vagrants to  
Dine and Wine  
Than man who came from  
Rags to riches.  
You are not holler  
Or a silent coward  
And neither grumpy,  
Nor that young





## TANQIDIY NAZAR, TAHLILiy TAFakkUR VA INNOVATSION G'oyALAR



And neither slave,  
Nor pimp or a punk  
My foes  
Your unity has a power  
He is intertwined  
With that snooker pot  
Where poems were  
In a crumpled paper  
And fizzy wine  
Was a dropping favor  
A side dish –  
Watermelon starts to rot.  
Save me God  
From roses of this Garden  
Indeed I don't want you  
To burden,  
Expel them.  
I wish to be alone.  
But as I was asked  
With that rind  
On top of that a butt kick  
That I won  
I won't beseech my God  
And ring.

### ALEKSANDR FAYNBERGning MAXSUS TO'PLANGAN SHE'RI

Ishonmaydi yolg'onga u  
Tog'ri inson  
U vaqtdan marhamat  
Kutib turmaydi.  
Daryo eding birbpayt,  
Bugun sen ummon,  
Nahrga aylanmasang,  
Endi bo'lmaydi.  
Suv yuzida pishqirgan  
Bo'z to'linear,  
Urilib qaytarkan  
Mag'rur qoyaga,  
Billurday musaffo,





## TANQIDIY NAZAR, TAHLILIIY TAFAKKUR VA INNOVATSION G'OYALAR



Turli yolqinlar,  
Ruhing olib ketar  
Abadiyatga.  
Buyuk bo'lib  
Tug' ilmoqlikni,  
Orzu qikib o'thing  
Hayotdan.  
Biror vahiy  
Kelarmikan deb,  
Farishtalar kutdinf  
Samodan.  
Ammo Umring tugadi  
Evoh!  
Qara!  
Sendan qolmapti bir iz  
Faqat tuproq ichra  
Bir ingrown  
Savoliga javob yo'qilsin  
Esiz...  
Tilanchining hayoti og'ir  
Bukilaverib qaddi dol bo'lar.  
Goh tuyulardi qay bir toshbag'ir,  
Good tepkildan o'pkasi to'lar.  
Omad kulib baxt qushing  
Kelib qo'ndi sening boshingga!  
Bir chiqara raqsga tusharding  
Oro kirdi jismu joningga.  
Tilanchidan chiqqan xo'joyini,  
Tez unutding o'tgan kunlarni.  
Dasturxonga chorlaydi sen meni,  
Nechun haydaysan gadoylarni?!  
Yo'q!  
Sharobing o'zing inhaler,  
Sunday ziqna boy-la ichguncha  
Qashshoqlar-la o'turaman men.  
Yo'q! Siz jarchimas, jimgina qo'rqqoq.  
Qari ham emassiz, yoshgina nihol  
Qul emas va yoki qo'shmachi dallol,  
G'animlarim, sizlar emassiz tarqqoq.  
She'ran bujmayga qog'ozlarga





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Ko'z tashlamay tirmashar bilyard stolga.  
Musallasu tomchilab turib soqolga,  
gazagiga urar achigan tarvuz.  
Bu bog' gullaridan saqlagil Yo, Rab  
Hech narsa kerakmas menga ulardan  
Daf bo'lain, yolg'iz qolayin birdam.  
Ont ichaman basharamga tarvuz po'chog'I  
Va orqamga tepkilar kelib tushsa ham  
Arz qilmayman men Nola qilmayman.

