



TANQIDIY NAZAR, TAHLILIY TAFAKKUR VA INNOVATION G'OYALAR



A SYMBOL OF LOVE, AFFECTION AND LOYALTY

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Annotatsiya: *Bilmadim, jahon adabiyoti tarixida Hamid Olimjon va Zulfiyagacha ikki shoirning mehr-muhabbatiga asoslangan yana bir oila bo'lganmi, yo 'qmi, bunday g'aroyib an'anani ikki mashhur yurtdoshimiz Hamid Olimjon va Zulfiya boshlab bergan.*

Kalit so'zlar: *Tong shabadasi, arshi a'lo, ritorika, siymo*

Annotation: *I don't know if there was another family in the history of world literature before Hamid Olimjon and Zulfiya, where the love of two poets formed its foundation. However, it was our two famous compatriots, Hamid Olimjon and Zulfiya, who pioneered this unique tradition.*

Keywords: *The dawn breeze, the supreme throne, rhetoric, figure.*

Introduction

Ancient events that no one ever imagined take place in this world. Perhaps, in the blink of an eye, a spring of water bursts forth from a barren desert, turning it into lush gardens, or a gold mine is discovered in a foreign land of mountains and rocks, transforming it into one of the wealthiest countries in the world. It is equally astonishing that two children, born to fathers engaged in farming—one in Jizzakh and the other in Tashkent—grew up working with molten steel, matured into poets, formed a literary family, and shone like two bright stars.

In 1931, when Zulfiya's first poem was published, Hamid Olimjon had already graduated from a higher educational institution in Samarkand and had established himself as a young poet and literary scholar. He had published the poetry collections *Ko'klam* (Spring) and *Olovli sochlar* (Fiery Hair), as well as the short story collection *Tong shabadasi* (The Dawn Breeze). At that time, he was also working at the Institute of Language and Literature. Confident in his literary future, the poet met the aspiring young poetess, paid attention to her, and fell in love. It was as if some divine force had intervened in their fate.

Indeed, Zulfiya studied at the Women's Educational Institution in Oxchi, where local literary circles regularly hosted well-known poets. During those years, when Zulfiya and her poet friends visited the Writers' Union, she encountered famous poets such as Uyg'un, Usmon Nosir, and Amin Umariy, in addition to Hamid Olimjon. However, it was the news about Hamid Olimjon's *Oxonrabo* that truly caught her attention, and this was no coincidence. After all, wise people have long said, "Marriages are decreed in the supreme throne" ("Nikoh arshi a'loda o'qiladi")

Zulfiya, like her other friends, decided to become a teacher in those years. However, as she became acquainted with the works of "the endless and inexhaustible sources of wisdom



and knowledge" – Navoiy and Hafez, Pushkin and Byron, she felt she had started to weave "some delicate, subtle lines." She began writing poetry.

At that time, Shukur Sa'dulla and literary circle leader Toshpo'lat Sa'diy were active in the educational institution, and thanks to them, the girls became familiar with both classical and modern poets, as well as the works of poets like Gafur G'ulom and Hamid. Poets such as Olimjon, Uyg'un, and others came to the educational center and held meetings with the girls. During these gatherings, Hamid Olimjon would talk to the girls and encourage them to read classical and modern literary works. Zulfiya listened to the poems of famous Uzbek poets with pleasure, and during these meetings, her entire being seemed to turn into ears. Soon after, the girls interested in poetry became members of the Writers' Union. Zulfiya read books tirelessly and secretly learned versification at night. Eventually, she began to show her exercises to the club leaders. Her first poem, titled "I am the Daughter of a Worker," was published in the "Ishchi" newspaper on July 17, 1931, through Shukur Sa'dulla. Normat aka, happy with Zulfiya's poem being published, bought a bundle of newspapers and showed it to everyone. His joy in this achievement encouraged Zulfiya. Her poems were published in newspapers like "Yosh Lenchi" and "Qizil O'zbekiston" and in journals like "Yangi Yo'l" and "O'zbekiston Sho'ro Liyatari." In 1932, Zulfiya's first poetry collection titled "Pages of Life" was published. Hamid Olimjon also noticed these lines. Zulfiya writes, "I first saw Hamid Olimjon that year. We, twenty-year-old literature enthusiasts, would attend seminars. Hamid Olimjon and Uyg'un led the lessons. Their tense, proud, and strong faces made me realize that only a person who was confident at that time could have such an expression. They were so calm..."

I won't hide it, from our first meeting, Hamid Olimjon went straight from my eyes to my heart. I felt his vast heart and great talent with my young emotions. It was 1934. Hamid Olimjon met Zulfiya at the station near the current "Mustaqillik" metro station. Before this, they had only known each other through literary gatherings. Hamid Olimjon was pleased with the accidental meeting and had a long conversation with Zulfiya. "I read your poem," he said with clear affection.

"Good. Tell me, what is this?" In the poem, there's a picture of your heart. Though it's just a piece, it reflects your spirit. It should continue like this. It should be written without rhetoric...

At that time, Zulfiya didn't quite understand the word "rhetoric." However, she didn't say anything about it. "At that time," the poet writes, "I didn't come home on foot, but in a state of ecstasy. I wrote my feelings on paper. I wrote this poem so easily and fluently, as if some mythical force had entered my heart, giving strength to my thoughts and hands. (This must have been my poem titled 'Spring Night')."

This unexpected meeting was depicted in Svetlana Somova's work "A Poem About a Poet" as follows:

...Before they had found each other
And saw their beauty,





Their poems stood side by side

On the pages of newspapers.

This accidental meeting and the writing of Zulfiya's poem "Spring Night" on that unforgettable evening is not without reason. That day, Hamid Olimjon and Zulfiya laid the first bricks of the grand palace of friendship and love. After this meeting, Zulfiya often thought about Hamid Olimjon, and Hamid Olimjon began to closely follow the young poet's poems. Soon after, Zulfiya graduated from university and in 1935 entered the postgraduate program at the Institute of Language and Literature under the Academy of Sciences of Uzbekistan. Every meeting brought them closer, planting the seeds of love in each other's hearts. 1935 was the happiest year of their lives. On July 23 of that year, fate tied their life bonds forever. At that time, Hamid Olimjon was a 26-year-old man, the author of five collections of poems and stories, a famous poet, a diligent scholar, and a mentor to young poets. For Zulfiya, he was not only her husband and friend, but also a significant figure in her creative destiny.

"In 1935, we got married," writes Zulfiya.

"I lived happily. If a person truly loves and is loved, all the difficulties around them seem smaller. All four seasons feel like spring. I was in such a mood at that time..."

When Zulfiya was still young, Khadicha khola (aunt) raised silkworms, separated the threads from the silk, dyed the silk in various colors, and sewed a dazzling dress. In Hamid Olimjon's eyes, it was as if this house blessed the family members with a special grace. The poet, filled with boundless joy, felt as if he were in a paradise of happiness and bliss when he met Khadicha khola's mother. From that time onward, the fragrance of love seemed to glow in the sky, and the two lights of poetry remained lit until midnight. Hamid Olimjon and Zulfiya's wedding was special: ten days after the wedding, the bride and groom went to Oqtosh and spent their "honeymoon" in the embrace of virgin nature. Hamid Olimjon recalled his childhood days in a place where "one side is a mountain, and the other side is a garden." He swam like a fish in the flowing icy water, splitting rocks to create silver-like dust.

The water flowed in its embrace,

And like a fish, we dove in

With our chests puffed out. (Childhood)

No matter how much Hamid Olimjon grew, became a poet, and was recognized as a public figure, the joyful and carefree childhood nature described in these verses never left him. Whenever he faced nature, he always felt like its male child. When he was with Zulfiya, he still behaved like a child, always longing for joy and excitement.

During the happy years spent with the poet, Zulfiya saw that any talent needs tireless work to shine, and that a true artist must have a high level of discipline in their work. Regardless of the circumstances, Hamid Olimjon worked at home from 6 a.m. to 11 a.m. every day. Then, with ink still wet, he would read his work aloud to check how it sounded.





Zulfiya would pass each of her poems through his eyes, but Hamid Olimjon didn’t simply write the poems—he explained and pointed out their strong and weak sides.

"I remember when I was writing my second book," the poet writes, "I once asked Hamid Olimjon, 'Why do my poems not have an end?' 'Wherever they stop, they can continue!'"

He smiled and said, "Because in every poem, you want to say everything, but it’s not good to do that. Then, you know, the poem must be written to the end..."

Later, when I realized how subtle and correct his advice was, I understood that it was necessary to express an important and sincere thought."

After these conversations with Hamid Olimjon, Zulfiya wrote poetry, realizing that not everyone whose poetry gets published can truly be a poet. To be a poet, one must see and perceive the world in a different way. The great poet, the holder of rare human qualities, Hamid Olimjon was a role model for Zulfiya in every respect. She learned from the great poet how to think, work, and write poetry, how to be kind to a friend and ruthless to an enemy. She studied in his creative school. In this sense, Hamid Olimjon became a companion to Zulfiya's heart, a delicate advisor, and a kind mentor. As soon as the inspired poet sat at his desk, a river of poetry would burst forth. The young poet, who had not yet discovered the source of her poetry, was amazed by this and wanted to learn from Hamid Olimjon when the mark of inspiration would ring, how to write poetry. "At that moment, I said, 'He writes until he sits at the desk.'"

Where does this power and inspiration come from?

I was amazed.

Now I understand—I read classical and modern world, Russian, and Uzbek literature, and not only do I read, but I also analyze, write down my thoughts in a notebook, and engage in the study of folklore. Hard work—these activities all serve as a constant source of nourishment for a poet’s creativity. Hamid Olimjon supported me wholeheartedly in all these endeavors.

I was young, and sometimes I didn’t like how our home overflowed with countless books and papers. At such times, he found ways to inspire me. I remember once when he returned from a trip to Samarkand, he brought me poems by Ra’no Uzoqova. That night, he read out the most striking passages with deep emotion. Then he quietly added, "Do you see how our women write? All it takes is courage and determination." He paused and then said, "You know, you write even better!" This conversation gave me immense motivation.

All happy people are alike. A happy person entrusts the crystal-clear emotions of their heart to their beloved. Neither Zulfiya nor Hamid Olimjon ever held back their feelings and love for each other in those bright years. Theirs was a free union based on mutual respect and affection. At that time, Zulfiya’s poetry was like a small spring just beginning to flow at the peak of spring. As days, months, and years passed, that small stream inevitably turned into a great river.

In 1936, Hamid Olimjon wrote a foreword to a poem by Xodi To‘qtosh, a leading figure in Tatar poetry, stating:





“Love is an old thing, but it is renewed in every heart.”

These words indicate that the poem was not devoid of autobiographical elements. Indeed, the poet's own emotions and personal story are reflected in its meaning:

There is spring in every heart,
Love is a guest in every soul.
Flowers—love in every heart,
A garden, enough for it to bloom.

The poet's love for his wife was boundless, much like the legendary love of Farhod and Shirin. Because of this love, he felt his happiness even more deeply. This love made him experience joy on a profound level:

...Your gaze disturbed my peace,
Plucked the strings of my heart.
Then I felt within my soul,
The fire burning so intensely.
Tell me, have any lovers before,
Ever been as happy as me?

These poems were written in the autumn of 1936 in Sochi. Hamid Olimjon could not accompany his wife because Zulfiya, at that time, was pregnant with their first child and had traveled to a resort on the Black Sea.

One night, Zulfiya had a dream. In it, Hamid Olimjon broke his promise, found another lover, and turned away from her. That very morning, overwhelmed by dark thoughts, she wrote him a letter filled with painful emotions, accusing him of betrayal.

Though Hamid Olimjon read the letter with amusement, he understood that his wife needed reassurance to dispel her doubts. In response, he wrote her a poem titled “With Your Thoughts, the Nights Pass...”

This dream, a meaningless dream,
In the end, a deceptive illusion.
Perhaps your beloved—
It seems he has broken his promise?!

During those days of separation, both Zulfiya and Hamid Olimjon lived with a deep longing for each other. To ensure that his emotions reached her, Hamid Olimjon put them down on paper:

In the bloom of my youthful days,
You blossomed in my heart's garden.
Then my eyes beheld the spring,
Then my soul found its beloved.

If you look closely, you will see that in his Crimean-inspired poetry, the dominant theme is his longing for his homeland. “With Your Thoughts, the Nights Pass...” is one of those poems—not only a work of Hamid Olimjon but also one of the finest examples of 20th-century Uzbek lyrical poetry.





Written nearly seventy-five years ago, this poem has withstood the storms of history and the emergence of new poetic trends among Uzbek poets. As we read it, we marvel at how such a beautiful and timeless piece was created through the power of dreams and aspirations.

Do you think there might have been divine forces involved in its creation? If the fire of love had not burned in the poet's heart, no great talent could have produced such poetry.

As we have mentioned, Hamid Olimjon was deeply disciplined in his work. Despite being an extremely dedicated and serious poet, he also enjoyed spending time with friends, engaging in lighthearted conversations, and finding moments of leisure.

He often found peace in nature, saying that a poet must immerse themselves in its beauty to draw inspiration—like taking embers from a fire for creativity. How could someone who doesn't appreciate nature's beauty ever express it with the poetic power of Hamid Olimjon? No, never! A poet like him could only be someone who loved life and nature with boundless passion.

Undoubtedly, without Zulfiya, Hamid Olimjon's poetry would not have been the same. One of their memorable trips into the heart of nature was in the spring of 1936 when they visited a field of blooming tulips. A year later, Hamid Olimjon recalled that time in one of his most remarkable poems.

Though their time together was not long, Hamid Olimjon and Zulfiya lived in the vast ocean of true happiness and love. Living with such a great poet, learning the mysteries of his unparalleled poetic art, allowed Zulfiya to reach the heights of poetic mastery.

The historical changes of the 1960s to the 1990s—changes that Hamid Olimjon could never have foreseen—gave Zulfiya the opportunity to take an active role in those transformations, raising her not only as a poet but also as a prominent public figure and one of the leading figures of multinational literature.

Throughout both phases of her life and career, she remained faithful to Hamid Olimjon's memory and the traditions of poetry. Her love for him continued to inspire her work. Reading her verses, we can see that in them, Zulfiya was writing not only for herself but also for her late husband, as if Hamid Olimjon's pen had come to life through her.

In Uzbek literature, the two poetic sources that cleanse the hearts of poets like a fresh spring breeze, pure like dewdrops on a flower petal, sweet like the song of a nightingale, passionate like a mountain waterfall—are none other than the poetic legacies of Hamid Olimjon and Zulfiya.

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