

Poetry Series

Uktamoy Khaldorova
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Uktamoy Khaldorova(2 January.)

The poetry is the voice of the spirit. Only the tender souls can hear them. I think a true poem is a true expression of the soul, the wide impression of the writer's world. The poetry is such a mysterious gift which differs poets from others. The poetry does not have nationality, It belongs to all nations.

I Wish you every success, my creative friends
Uktamoy

A Flower Tree

I saw enormous flower trees in India (author)

□

Capricious flowers are making charm
To their cheeks hands would not reach.
On my breast pressing their breathes
On the lips I would lay my face tight.
For long years no word being uttered
The feeling would seem flooding out.
These trees might be lovers
It is the beloved whose patience
Has blossomed expecting
His beloved for thousand years.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

A Landscape

A LANDSCAPE

In the dizzy air its blind the dawn is drawing,
The endless rays start falling sparkling.
Wiping its eyes out the wind is running,
In the dew a lazy tender grass is bathing.
Make up a dandelion angel is always doing,
Golden may bugs are their songs singing.
From thirst into water a bee is jumping,
On the bank holding forty girls are running.
A seed package an ant is carrying,
Where is it going for guest in the morning?
Watching all, the flower bud is opening
Its mouth wide with a shock striking.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

A Secret Bridge

There is a secret bridge between us,
To the hearts this road will lead us.
Night violet, come here to see us,
My soul, get used to these suffers.
Though too heavy our grieves are,
But the bridge lifts, falls down not.
The relations we tied without a thread,
No one will tear if we don't want.
This bridge we cross carrying
Sometimes grieves or joys
The separation grew very long.
From this road we waited news.
Our dear hopes are being tired
its strength slowly losing
The steel bridge is bending
Unable to lift the missing.
There's a secret bridge between us.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

A Trap

I would make a pillow
The leaves of the basil
Let the basil know well
The troubles of my soul.

On the sky love is flying,
Its wings are shuttering.
Come, sprinkle water, rain,
The heart is burning, rattling

That heart-breaker of mine
Would not hear my sighs, up.
Being far away from me he
Left his victim caught in a trap.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

An Enemy I Have

An enemy I have,
Who is straightforward.
I live worrying from
The braveness of my tongue.

It has a sharp razor
Causes me troubles.
My knees shiver,
From its radical steps.

I fear lest this sharp sword
Might go off from its holster.
The stones it picked as truth
Wouldn't break its head ever?

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Ant

An old ant is disappointed,
Where is the wind, wanderer?
From the ripest mulberries
A fruit for me would it tear?

The wind came up treading,
Started hanging on each bush.
The mulberries fell smashing,
The ant felt uneasy so much,

-What do I do with mulberries?
To dry it for raisin I've no roof,
To call my neighbors, they are
Fed up, just came from feast hoop.

Had the wind not been so rude,
One piece would have me fed.
If I were not so old I would rather
Eat a piece climbing it indeed.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

At Night

At night somebody would knock at my window,
A disobedient dream would grind my soul below
Is it you the rain weeping, with the head banging?
The sharer of my grieves, come home, I'm alone.,

Behind my door there is a whisper -the eye,
I would peep through it to see the dating color.
My dear wind - the girl, whose honor was stolen.
Come on, now, let me plate your curly hair,

The tears would no longer come out running now
My glance would be coming dim, dark on the way.
My missing has turned into a hungry bird now,
It would clue my heart and run away every day.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Being Tired

In my spirit the mad night
Is dancing, swaying a few,
On each road I'm running
Being tired looking for you

My heart is flowing along
Into the mad stream of love.
My eyes would go so deep,
Into the mud of missing so.

Into my palms are falling
The woes of the grief voices
Like the false words of yours
Left from a sack of gypsies.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Dame's Violet

DAME'S VIOLET

(This flower would open at night)

There wakes up the dame's violet
From the shriek-shrieking noise
Of the galoshes' of a dark night
They drink thirstily the moon's rays
From the dark palms of the night.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Eh, Ants

Eh, ants and insects
laying bricks on my grave!
Why don't you build
a palace from those bricks
For yourselves and
enjoy living there happily?

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Excitement

EXCITEMENT

There comes excitement flooding
Would drag to its hurricane sway.
I would swim against the streams
Their coasts would push me away.

From this roaring sea with secrets,
I have found a pearl of the mussel.
I used to live with joy in waves,
The barriers would be their gale.

The movement 'd pass into my body
Its cause is to bring misfortune, then.
Into its breath it would pull me,
One day as a white wounded swan.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Fear

□

I resemble to a fruitless tree
On the edge of the road, you see
Those who pass me by
Are the passers-by,
Whether they are good or bad
Throw at me the stones hard
Being aware of me or not,
I'm a giant patient tree, am I not?
The stonehearted people
Keep telling us though
Hiding in their sleeves
Carrying in their hands
Leading life with difficulty.
But I'm very-very much afraid,
Of the stones thrown at me,

Uktamoy Khaldorova

From A Poem I Weave

From a poem I weave a robe,
It is possible to climb up
into the sky of the dream
that will not come true.
from the poem I weave a net
It is soft than the web's net,
It is soft than the butterfly's wing
Into its nest I put its flowers,
To feel its pleasant fragrance,
From the poem I weave a chain ring
By molding it in the heart's blood.
It can be used to trap the lion's heart.
But it is so hard to hunt one's soul.
To trap it the ring net I made is so weak.
From the poem I can weave fabric,
I can weave it from my wails.
The fabric can wipe off the tears
Of those who used to weep for devotion
For commerce I will not weave fabric,
I weave it from my heart's roundabout,
To justify my existence in this world
See, such a professional weaver I am,
from the poem to make such items
If I weave lies from lies,
In that case this weave factory
Will go bankrupted.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

From The Eyes

From the eyes of a sad dove
So suffered from loneliness
A dropp of tear fell off rolling down,
The tear dropp would fall down heavily,
Carelessly, with a bump and noisily.
Its bones would split into pieces at the sight
A thundering echo frightened the heart of the night
From fear the tender crops would jump up light
The hungry ants fighting for a seed with all their might
Would fleet away in all directions in the site
The two birds singing with joy on the tree high
Got frightened from this site and took flight
From this battling and chaos around so tight
It was a mouse that made more profit by selling
Its nest for a thousand and one tenga
The cleaner wind which came out of its egg only yesterday,
Was at a loss not knowing to what grave to bury
The bone pieces of the tear dropp scatted around.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Happiness

The summer becomes mature like a moonfaced
The beautiful days are born.
Putting a fire dress the summer
Would heat up the highest.
Cherry- shy garden girl's cheeks
Would burn from kisses.
Her love being sipped, the eyes of spring
Would open from jealous suffering.
Drinking water by handfuls from a stream,
From thirst the neck of gardens would rattle
Having yielded its grape fruits to a sparrow,
A hanging grape would suck its finger so,
When a worm crawls into pear's breath, the wind
Will make its spade touch the ground.
There being not enough room
The heart of the pomegranate
Would break out its skin from happiness.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Holding The Edge

Holding the edge of love's hem
I was humiliated
Each forty soul I've given
To a grass and stones.
There seems nothing left
In this world than to pick up
The pieces of broken souls.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

I Am A Fall's Decree

I am a fall's decree
The leave,
Stung on the branches
Of trees in spring.
My soul is
Severely crushed
Like the ants
Under love's heels.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

I Am Nothing

I am nothing
without you,
I am holding tightly,
The edges
of your cold
eyesight's hems.
Suffering made me
grow mature,
I fell down not being able
In the pocket of missing
To house.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

I Loved You As An Angel

I loved you as an angel,
pure hearted
I went far away as
I took my journey.
I lived long in separation
The poplars went
marveled all day.
My leaf birds
took launches
In the hell I sought comfort.
The troubled missing
in my eyes,
Give peace
to the nights would not.
The love bit
its head at my legs,
Hoping to be taken on
a winged horse.
You left pushing me
into separation
I was tired
from eating bitty sufferings.
I fell in love unaware
who you are
To take me to heaven
I begged God,
My pleadings poured
from my eyes
Don't leave me to thoughts.
After you I kept running,
I thought it a destiny to grieve.
When I knew you are humane,
Where to escape
I didn't know.

(translated by K. Mamurov)

Uktamoy Khaldorova

I Shall Leave You

This night when the Moon is alone in the sky,
This night when passion of love is neglected by,
This night when hungry hands stretching tired
I shall leave you!

Like a star flying in the sky without a sign,
The blood is foaming in the eyes of torment.
When missing is sure to end us any moment,
I shall leave you!

Mints sickening for love have faded,
On my bosom a bird flying has died.
Bother you no longer I would,
I shall leave you!

A wild wind would pass playing,
The net, I put, has caught no lion.
How luckless our lots and hearts are!
I shall leave you!

The looks have turned into black coal,
On the bushes beautiful sins turned pale,
Into the sky the woes are going with thunder.
I shall leave you!

The tears of heaven are lines of cranes,
A white quietness would be touched close,
Without me sins would be written on your days,
I shall leave you!

Uktamoy Khaldorova

I Wanted

I wanted to be wrapped in your dreams,
In your heat and fever I wanted to warm.
The ink of the night fell on the ground,
The gypsy moon prophesies at your palm.

You were gone arrogant in the air, oh, moon.
Being an earth the magic the wind'd cry.
My birds are flying merry-go- round sadly
It is impossible to live sitting on the sky.

I am staring around, my tongue burnt.
I am lusting for beautiful moments, nice.
I would make a white plate for my hair,
From the cotton produced by your eyes

Uktamoy Khaldorova

I Was A Baby Plant

I was a baby plant—
Who has been looked down,
Who has not suffered the meanness.

I was happy—
I used to stretch to the heaven,
My flute branches
Are playing the tunes.

What a tragedy it is—
There are those who see
That I am growing with joy
Beat an axe on my foot they try.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

I Was A Heaven

I was a heaven,
For you I became an earth.
Stepping on the grass
They smashed the earth.

I was a river running
Became a stinking pool.
Tadpoles and frogs
Made me their dwelling.

I was a soil - ores of gold,
For you I've become salty,
Of my salts village's walls,
Have become salty, it's a pity.

I was the moon in the sky
I became a grave for you
Could you be worthy
Of my nail broken off too?

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Iinto My Heart

Into my heart a river is flowing
Its roars are not heard, urging
Like a overfilled bowl it's flooding,
There starts soul's hurting.

At its banks the flood is beating,
Its dirt and stones are floating.
In the water swans are swimming.
Their secrets the waves are sharing

One day I'll not be able to rein it,
One by one my patience breaks
Destructing its river-bed once,
This river floods out of my eyes.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

I'M Going To Cry

I'm going to cry like the heaven, mummy
The grieves are slipping out from my glances
My breast is covered by the cloud, dark is the cloud.

I want to beat my head at the feet of the tulips.
I would weep hanging on the neck of the willow.
Let thirsty hearts drink the tears of my heart.

I would weep pressing my face against the stars.
Telling my pains I cry again and again.
A wave of storm is coming flooding out my soul.

The tears flooding over my eyes are somebody's grieves.
Let the wind listen to the whisperings,
Pulling the magic music to its embrace.

The life of seeing and dating is short, long is my life
The pride has gone into the earth, I weep like the sky.
Then flying is possible with a light spirit high

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Impatient Missing

A word sprung out from impatience
My angel, this echo flew ringing:
The thirsty angels blocking its road,
Drank water from its hands, sipping.
Till this echo would reach me, alas
The wind would confuse its head, fine.
The cunny angels enchant his mind,
The jiyda's flowers would offer wine.
Till finding its way in the desert,
The eyes of tender crops grew blue.
The buds of hope are running after it,
To pour of fragrance on its head too
Those bad days causing me suffering,
Have not paid the duty of missing.
The distance between us is but one step,
The divine word can't have reached me yet,

"My angel".

Uktamoy Khaldorova

In A Desert Of Separation

In a desert of separation
My way I always lose.
Not finding the path
To dating with you
I am wandering alone.
My heart is stung tied
By the weeds of love.
By the flame of my love,
The flower would aflame.
The patience baby plant
Has grown of my tears.
The dream of dating
Is a balm for missing.
Is there a borderline
Or end of the desert.
On the haloxylon I would
Hang my grieves and pains.
I fell in love with a stone,
It is hard to give up alone.
From the heavy grieves
I sank deep into separation.
But you might expect me
My dear Prince, my beloved.
On the bank where the border,
Of separation comes to an end.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Is It Possible

Is it possible
to draw the picture of missing?
What is the guise
of the lawlessness?
Tired of unwelcome grieves
A bird is screaming on my breast.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

It Has A Sharp Razor

An enemy I have,
Who is straightforward.
I live worrying from
The braveness of my tongue.

It has a sharp razor
Causes me troubles.
My knees shiver,
From its radical steps.

I fear lest this sharp sword
Might go off from its holster.
The stones it picked as truth
Wouldn't break its head ever?

Uktamoy Khaldorova

It Is A Pity

THE HEART

Flirting and enchanting
By thousand ways
She came painting her eyes black
It is a charming night.
The wind is waving like a drunkard
Embracing the savories
from harassment
Going to holidays
Like evening flowers,
They don't keep from laughing
Being heard near or far
A lump in its throat
A little bird has cried out
The eyes of the earth
Gets used to the violet joy
The panic comes, but not pity,
To see the little bird
Which cried beautifully
Which was caught in the net.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

It Is Me Who

It is me who on tender shoulders,
Holding a wood stick, balancing,
A poor who is passing a hell bridge,
Either pass it I shall,
Or down fall I shall.

Should I pass the angels
And the paradise are mine,
Should I fall my sweet flesh,
To crows and vultures belongs. -

It is me who on tender shoulders,
Holding a wood stick, balancing,
A poor who is passing a hell bridge,
Either pass it I shall,
Or down fall I shall.

Should I pass the angels
And the paradise are mine,
Should I fall my sweet flesh,
To crows and vultures belongs.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

I'Ve Died

I've died before missing did,
I've died before suffering so.
At my state the rain is weeping,
But for you I am weeping now.
My feelings fell down with a pour,
At this night I flew turning into a bird.
From the entrance you came not,
There came the flavor of the love, a lot.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Language Of Dry Leaves

In the woods liver
green blood is streaming,
The leaves sing folk songs
while dancing.
My body is filled
with green rays,
Let's speak with me
in the language of the leaves.
The drops are the opened
secrets of the heaven,
The curious tender grass
picks up with pain.
The secrets can not be
housed in my sky,
Let's speak with me
in the language of the rain.
The passed day maturity
will not come back.
A cloudy anxiety
is stretching to the heaven,
The life is stolen
by a horse with wings,
Let's speak with me
in the language of the wind.
If an orphan leave lays
the head upon your leg,
The orphaned dreams
crystallize on its flower.
Do not come
with blue eyed grieves,
In the language of dry leaves
the words flame.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Let's Go Together

Let's go together
Into the thoughts' river,
Stretching our hands
On its never ending waves.
Make our souls happy
The exhausted heart puts its head
Against the breeze of the river,
The fairy tale being turned into reality
If we fall swimming, waving
No one will persecute us
There lie shells in its bottom,
Will hang pearls on the button.
The heart is a bridge,
Pass it we could not.
Melt it the tears would not.
When we are drowned in the river
To search us the virtue will start.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Let's Speak With Me

In the woods breast green blood is running
The leaves sing folk songs while dancing.
My whole body is filled with green rays,
Do speak with me in the language of leaves.

The drops are the opened secrets of the sky,
The curious tender grass picks up with shy.
The secrets can not be housed in my heaven,
Do speak with me in the language of the rain.

The passed day maturity will not return even.
A cloudy anxiety is stretching to the heaven,
The life is stolen by a steed-horse with a wing,
Do speak with me in the language of the wind.

If an orphan leaf lays the head upon your toe,
The orphaned dreams crystallize on its flower.
With deep grieves of blue eyes do not come!
In the language of dry leaves the words flame.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Life Is

Life is
my long dress
Knitted
by thousand mistakes.
My entire body —
from head to foot
Is made
of heart's fabric.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Lily Flower

The water in the pool is my tears
let's swim, come on winds.
The wild and pitiless shamans,
Robbed my joys in the darkness.

Drop your leaves, pine tree,
Making a boat I'd be off to swim.
Bathing in the tears tired I am
To live in tears is to suffer.

The nights tear off their hairs
To Fail the little heart should not.
To worship the land
I must reach that coast,

To reach the coast I must.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Loneliness

From the eyes of a sad dove
So suffered from loneliness
A dropp of tear fell off rolling down,
The tear dropp would fall down heavily,
Carelessly, with a bump and noisily.
Its bones would split into pieces at the sight
A thundering echo frightened the heart of the night
From fear the tender crops would jump up light
The hungry ants fighting for a seed with all their might
Would fleet away in all directions in the site
The two birds singing with joy on the tree high
Got frightened from this site and took flight
From this battling and chaos around so tight
It was a mouse that made more profit by selling
Its nest for a thousand and one money
The cleaner wind which came out of its egg only yesterday,
Was at a loss not knowing to what grave to bury
The bone pieces of the tear dropp scatted around.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Lotus Flower

The water in the pool is my tears
let's swim, come on winds.
The wild and pitiless shamans,
Robbed my joys in the darkness.

Drop your leaves, pine tree,
Making a boat I'd be off to swim.
Bathing in the tears tired I am
To live in tears is to suffer.

The nights tear off their hairs
To fail the little heart should not.
To worship my divine land
I have to reach that coast,
To reach the coast I must.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Love

Holding the edge of love's hem
I was humiliated
Each forty soul I've given
To a grass and stones.
There seems nothing left
In this world than to pick up
The pieces of broken souls.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Low Spirit

Low spirit

It is my well,

It is my hiding place,

When grieves come to seize,

Sometimes in this place

I observe chilla sitting there,

For nobody to notice me here,

I seek for the chance there

To climb out of this canyon.

Finding strength to attempt

I will come out of it at long last.

From time to time

The well attracts me, calls me:

Low spirited day!

- Descend every day.

Descend, the broad way!

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Modesty

I gave my love to the river,
It flew more smoothly than water.
I gave my heart to the world,
The entire night it burned hotter
I looked at the sky with my eyes,
I tuned into happiness with glitter,
I gave a song to the sad dry leaves.
I laughed ringing with shining gold,
I gave my youth to the fields,
There left only the shivering sorrow,
I will not give even my sins to the days,
Which do not feed my grieves, wow.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

My Eye

My eye is a thousand eyed boiling spring,
Around its edges poplars are growing.
Over its edges water is flooding running,
Over its edges falling woes are flying.

This spring is a blind and helpless revolt,
Of its songs its streams are aware right.
For these days shedding tears openly I ceased,
Everywhere my blindness might not be noticed

As long as there is oppression in the world still,
Not ceasing a thousand eyed spring boils still.
Now into my stomach the tears are running,
Without being aware where they are flowing.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

My Healer Baby

MY HEALER BABY

Dating is a white butterfly,
Its separations are black,
My soul is a sad child
Grew in charity with lack.
My graceful poor baby,
Who dream is wounded, baby.
Looking at stony roads,
My hopes grew into roads.
I burnt, my ashes grew,
Into a flower of luckless dreams.
A companion to the dream, my baby,
Whose joy is wounded, my baby.
Love is water in the stream,
Has run beside you flowing.
Seeing your weak state also
Hasn't gone a moment of waving
From pains suffers, my healer baby,
Whose faith seems victorious, my baby.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

My Heart Is Spilling Down

Down my heart is falling spilling
From a nameless beautiful feeling.
In my embrace free birds dreaming,
Wake up from their sleeps, singing.
Stealing somebody's peace
I enjoy breaking his freedom.
Into light my nights would turn
From picturing the endless dream.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

My Missing

My missing that has grown green,
In a mortar the night is grinding less.
Blending deep in the rose flowers
I would like to rest with the leaves

I like to swing hanging the robe
On the pleasant flavor of serine
I would like to tidy up the plates
Of the rays of the moon fine.

I'm drowning deep in your world.
In you my thoughts'd night, dear.
Wherever you might go or stay,
My feelings would blossom there.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

My Pillow Is An Endurance,

My pillow is an endurance,
My secrets the pillow shares,
On it were painted
Colorful flowers,
Every night I water
The sad flowers
With tears of my eyes
Would laugh the buds.
Every day I make
A compromise with night
The tolerance ending
The missing leaks tick-tick.
Scared from this noise
A flight the butterfly'd take
Sitting on the flower
Leaking down my tears,
Would make a little pool.
Being tired of my grieves
The flowers float joyfully
Down on the streams.
Not a single sign,
Was left on the pillow.
Now I'm still wandering
On the desert of love,
Its tolerance being ended
One day it drowns me too
Into the flood of missing, so.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

My Right And Left

My right and left
Are stingy bushes,
Bleeding my body
And soul to trod
I used
Whatever path I took
By your soul I'm guided.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

My Secrets

I 'M MISTAKEN MY BELOVED"

RAUF PARPI

My secrets revealed themselves,
The weeds make flutes of sorrows.
The whispers of leaves embraced,
I'd call the wind to goodness.
I can't inspire to the eternal love
My glances see the poverty below
I want to bury into the grave
My sins following me like shadow
I'm going to yell at the existence
Wake up the charity, my echoes!
The roads are a lot, what road I take,
There comes out my mistake.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

My Tongue

I have an enemy, who is,
straightforward, tense,
I live worrying from
My tongue's boldness.

Its razors are very sharp,
Causes me much troubles.
From its sharp razors,
Would shiver my knees,

.
I fear lest this sharp sword
Might go off from its holster.
The stones it picked as truth
Wouldn't break my head ever?

Uktamoy Khaldorova

My Village

I left,
Shurqurghon remained
Leaning at the thoughts
The oaks hardly kept
From crying of shame

I came back,
Now I'm a very important person
Changing their robes
The trees ran
To the edge of the roads
With their hands
Crossed down.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

On A Mountain

ON A MOUNTAIN

Here is no noise
of auto on this place
There is no draught
seen the caves,
The proud trees
Are tickled jollily,
On the mount covered
with silent beds.
These mounts are
lazy idle camels
The clouds offer water
to a caravan's head
There fly the widow
seasons due to this
For thousand years
The caravan has rested.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

On My Lashes Branches

On my lashes branches
The threat of death,
No fed up
With the handful of life
I would like
To hide in the old castle
Of the kingdom.
of your hot love
the burning word,
is lullaby my spirit
my grieves would melt
in your fires.
my love, from your kind love
On my breast
idling grasses would grow.
The beautiful slaves
Of your internal appearance
Would wipe my sorrows.
The fear come down
From the eyelashes
Their steps would remain
Hardened on my face.
My holding the world's edge
Would always turn into suffering,
I dared to look at
The eyes of separation
I don't want to leave you.
I would not submit
To God his entrusted debt.

(translated by ov)

Uktamoy Khaldorova

On The Wall

On the wall there hangs
the picture of flowers.
The window I open the
Air inside is stuffy, hard.
The wind of autumn
would run into my room.
The flowers would shake,
the flowers are bored.
From their fragrance
my room feels dizzy.
The wind tears the leaves
of flowers blowing.
The buds peering
from under the crops,
Open their breast
to the wild feelings.
Stumbled is the flower yard,
lacking its flowers
The walls of the room
have their bodies bent.
The flavoring flowers
were blown by the wind.
The torn flowers scattered
on the floor, scent.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

On Trees Branches

On trees branches the fall is jumping,
Making the green leaves its feeding.
The dress weaved of flowers fragrance
Is burning my entire body flaming.

My grieves are burning in my sad world,
Welcome bright grieves to my body.
I live now consenting to your soul
Until alive times wander over me.

The joy is mold, endless is the sorrow
Pour your heart into my longing heart.
Weeping you can wipe you tears,
At the edges of my happiness, so sad.

Fall am I, my feelings pour on the ground
I can't leave the lonely lodging.
The grieves ousted to Karbalo desert
Are wintering in my heart hanging.

(traslated by Kosim Mamurov)

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Rain Is A Meter

Rain is a meter,
Rain is a meter!
By years passing
The rains of eye tears
Turned into floods
From separation,
From missing,
Gathered
In bowels souls
Can you measure it
Eh, rain meter! ?

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Seeking For You

Seeking for you
again and again,
The hopes are exhausted,
The hope is the last drop
In my eyes
My grieved,
I was aware
of you presence, but
Distorting your name
I covered miles,
The fire you made
enchanted me,
I came burning
my frozen grieves.
Being lost and treading
in the endless desert,
I found
having searched for me
I am running to you
like a creek,
With my gorges
which calmed my souls
Can you hold
in your palms
My pieces
grinded like sands
I could not find peace
Like the idling moon
You are my motherland
With so much sadness
Let you brows
be a tender bedding,
Let me have a rest
In the warmth
of your love.
The happiness
has no its lodging
It is a mad idler
in reality

We are drowning
In the waves of dawns
I have looked for you
But found myself
It is a great tragedy
To lose you.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Shurqurghon

The salt on my forehead
Is spreading all over my body,
Scrawl from head to foot,
Salty are the tears running
In the canal of my eyes.
Being my motherland
is the castle of salts
In this corner of the world
I live still and have grown up.
Is it possible to dry the salt,
Which has made a salty castle
Out of me and which wants
To live very-very long?

(Shurqurghon is a village where I was born. It means a castle built from salts)

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Soul

SOUL

The soul is tear, shedding ended
The faith is a dancer, growing aged.
The hope is a phone, ringing rusted,
From me a surprise it would get.

Sufferings I've bored, smoked out,
My spirit and soul is broken out.
From the news the soul glad be not
As the soul pot has broken out.

In my embrace the river foams itself,
A stone man, leave me for myself, next.
Seeking for an angel with you, wind,
On a love desert we are sewing our tracks.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Spring

SPRING

Up the tender crops jump from joy,
Throw their hats into the sky to sail.
The lazy wind lay embracing still,
The fragrance of Mint's beloved girl.
The tulips blaze keep sparkling
The joys fall tick-ticking further.
In the embrace of green feeling
I wish I were a tulip flaming rather?

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Cotton Weed

The cotton weed
Is Subservient, obedient girl.
From toils she is never free
She will not show others
Her white teeth
Till mother fall arrives.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Day Dedicated To Me

Behind the mountain the pain is stirring,
The dreams of the rocks are getting stained
Screaming the tender crops wake up,
On the day that is only to me dedicated,

The wind blows away, my speedy mount.
The mint is weeping, its eyes blind, see
Let the hollow of my shoulder see the grief,
It is the day that is dedicated only to me.

The grief is running away from me hiding,
Its blooms the almond throws on the head
The happiness opens the door boasting,
It is the day that is only to me dedicated.

If I don't see, you will see, wait
Waiting on that day remember me, see
Recite jolly the Holy Qoran on my grave,
Dedicating to me on that very day
It is the day that is dedicated only to me.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Earth

Us the earth feeds, treats
Loves bestowing its gifts.
Feeding us at last one day,
Us it shall eat it up anyway.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Earth Sleeps

The earth sleeps covering itself
with green grass and baby crops.
Birds rest on green branches
Praying, bowing to the trees
I've forgotten sweet sleeps,
Since I met you under heaven.
If I left, I was lost in thought,
Wandering till early dawn
My dreams are also thoughts,
Accompanied by missing.
Isn't it you who has nested
In my nights not pitting a thing.
No sleep stares into my eyes,
By making low its pride seem.
How long would I live so,
Concealing you in my dream?

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Fall Caresses The Crows

The fall caresses the crows,
Moving their excuses to the roofs.
Flushing the sunset falls its eye,
Into the ocean named the sky.
The night draws down its cover slowly,
The fall scratching out the golden leaves,
The wind is tramping
the leaves ribs with scream,
the days break their soul out
Of the rain of the sad grieves.
Scratches out the wound of the heart
The leaves' rain falls storming,
The lonely gardens stay sadly,
In the wind's swing
The winds are playing
The leaves memories
How hard to pass along,
The tender grasses are screaming,
From our bodies
Like that of leaves' rains
Down should flow the sins!

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Fallen Leaves

The fallen leaves are weeping from sadness
A poet -fall is writing, with noises rattling.
Its last fragrance the perfume sprinkles,
The autumn flushes like the sun setting.

The proud trees, obedient, protrude
Their hands to the mirage with a hope
On the branches the letters are torn
Those are left by the wind, dope.

On the roof the rain is drum-drumming,
The fall is writing poems, gardens are rattling.
The fall's poem is as heavy as the sin,
Into the soul the razor keeps stinging.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Fragrance

The fragrance of mint over covered
The scent of lakes shadowed by night.
Blocking the road of each passing by
Their melody the winds play high.

Being aware of a jolly celebration the moon
Would be hiding slowly in the water
Watching the sight from above a star's
Eyes would be scattering down from envy

In each line of their songs the poet-birds
Would distribute happiness to the grass
Behind a file of cotton weeds

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Garden

THE GARDEN

A curtain over the garden a night is hanging,
Against the flies a mulberry tree is pushing.
Against the tree the moon is slowly leaning,
An apricot-a bride, its white gown is wearing.

Of the leaves care taking and flirting,
At the moon the wind is blowing, fanning.
In a boat like flower bowl an ant is lying,
Into the water a beetle falls splashing.

Over its head the flowers it is throwing,
From joy a grasshopper is singing, chirping,
Its mouth opening wide and without waiting
Its turn, the frog is singing, quack-quacking.

The dragon fly is a disobedient dancer, flying,
With its tongue the flower bulb it is amusing.
Drunk with the world a dizzy moon, crawling,
In the dawn into its bedroom it goes, fading.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Garden Is Sipping

The garden is sipping the ripe water,
The wind is holding basil's fragrance.
The night is splashing the ink at the being,
The grieves are melting
under the night's warmth
The sky cries out from flooding lung,
Their roof with leaves
The ants are covering
Not to become wet
Out come mushrooms
Carrying their umbrellas
The sky would weep not ceasing,
I don't know what
Would sooth and calm it
On a branch there are sitting
With wet wings unable to fly
Oh, Sky, why are crying
On the earth looking.
The joy of the entire land
Is flowing around
Oh, rain, stop muttering,
Or else I will cry,
Looking up at the sky.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Heart

Flirting and enchanting
By thousand ways
She came painting her eyes black.
It is a charming night.
The wind is waving like a drunkard
Embracing the savories from harassment.
Going to holidays
Like evening flowers,
They don't keep from laughing
Being heard near or far
A lump in its throat
A little bird has cried out.
The eyes of the earth
Gets used to the violet joy.
The panic comes, but not pity,
To see the little bird,
Which cried beautifully
Which was caught in the net.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Heart Keeps

The heart keeps weeping like a lark.
Into a flower bowl the soul drops.
The wind keeps playing its music,
For the leaves -enchanted dancers,

I am unweaving in the grieves.
Into the coals the eyes would rotate.
My hopes would break into holes.
From the word glued at my palate.

The endless silence between us would
Turn us into the mad, the fool.
What pity are you expecting today
From the ruined and frozen soul?

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Lightning

The lightning is striking
Breaking the hard nuts.
The butter flower's flower
Is frightened by light and roar.
The curious mushrooms
Are coming out by flocks
Holding their hands
To watch deliberately
The sparkling golden teeth
Of the lightning in the sky.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Night

The night is my darkened eye,
From looking forward to the road.
The sparkling stars are
The tears of my eyes.
Of night's embrace I sprang out
The patience yellowed
Like sunburned weeds.
You are going away
Tearing my heart
On the borders of happiness
Not constructed yet.
Into the sky I jumped high,
Weeping from missing.
On the wings of the wounded hopes
Being somewhere imprisoned
He would not have a pity.
We are subject to be drowned
Into the well of the grief's bottom.
Oh, my brave who used to hide
My tears from the night.
Lets go back to the residence
Of the soul and the spirit.

(translated by Kosim Mamurov)

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Noise

The noise of the fall is breaking
the quietness of the window.
The sound of green grass,
Is silenced by excitement wow.

The quietness of poplars,
Is left missed with grieves.
The crows are jumping,
On the bushes with leaves.

The cotton weeds sell well
Their hot and warm harvest,
And all winter lie freezing
On the open roof senseless.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Stars

The stars are tears of the dark sky high,
There's so much iced tears in the sky, so.
Carrying a heavy pain on my shoulder
I'm going my endurance bending low.

□

I'm suffering alone weeping night's grieve,
Your secret can't be scattered to the planet.
I have worn the torture's torn shabby dresses,
The secrets grew grasses I dug in the ground.

Recalling in summer, wintering in your anger.
Beautifully suffering and grieving I live in you.
Consenting, agreeing the desire of a mad soul,
I am staying in your heart by leasing it as due.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Sun Burned The Poplar

The sun has sunburned the poplars,
The creek is boiling like dumpling.
The wind shakes its wings shivering
Its face with mud a frog is covering.
The forty headed dragon from sky
Is sprinkling fire to the ground,
The birds are hiding the match.
Where are you, wind, fan the land.
Holding on its forehead the basil,
In a corner of the paradise, cool
Being fanned by willows itself
The wind is resting on the pool.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

The Words Bled

The words bled in my throat,
It would bleed out in my heart.
In order not to let them out,
I bit them with my teeth hard.
My woes twist to the sky,
Should I love the desire?
Is a stonehearted I strive?
I wanted to fly with straws,
At the missing wiping my tear.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

To My Daughter

I must be gone one day, my dear
I will be challenged by the heaven.
On that day the night will not lighten
The world will be praying the Qoran.
The cold eyes of the orphanage.
No one will love me as you do
The virtue will stay, shocked
The death is not the last road, so,
Your tolerance will end up, my darling,
By tearing out your soul's knitting.
I will not fear from death, never,
But I'm afraid of your tears, running.
The comer is subject to leave this world.
Alas, the death is not the last road.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

To The Fate

To the fate of night you left me,
Up to the hole the moon came with joy.
The shadow seized the edge of my dress below,
The mints would miss me like I miss the love.
The wind is wandering by the water till dawn,
Soothing my pains and grieves down.
It would kiss me on the face and eyes,
It is not a luck bird sitting on my head.
They are the hungry eagles targeting me
The vagabond clouds are walking above
Making shadows on my joys below
The fear would claw my heart,
I'd not slip intentionally into the night.
Of darkness I am afraid very much.
The devils would live in the darkness
Up to my spirit the night is crawling,
The patience would blossom from longing.
The days which you have not valued
Would revenge you some other day.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

To The Love's Mourning

To the love's mourning,
The missing reached boasting,
The grieves-wows came up,
Trampling their sticks.
To weep embracing its grave,
Only the tears did not arrive,
While the love is alive,
Weeping and spending all,
It has become a beggar at all.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Wake Creeks Keep Chattering

WAKE CREEKS KEEP CHATTERING

Wake creeks keep chattering
They run nonstop deeply sweating
Being drunk from the fragrance
Facing up, ever keep meeting
□

Basil holding its perfume in its palms
Sprinkles at the breathers around
Without invitation the flowers enter
The window is as open as my heart.

The ants keep flying, enjoying □
On the swing of the willows ring.
From heaven the men rays come,
In the embrace of water, dancing

The lightening breaking the nights breast
Is coming on the van thundering
The thunder is frightening the bud
Which opened it's eyes just peering.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

When The Missing

When the missing
stung at your breast
you came drunkard
carrying your hot tears
in the cup.

Dating offered wine,
Drank in full and full
Go sick and tired of love.
You left,
Pushing the love
Against its breast.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Why Should I Care

Why should I care of this light world,
From the seventh heaven I came.
From my fire the flowers aflame,
Not seen yet like a sweet dream.

Why should I care of this light world,
Low are its mountains, peoples are mean.
Their wooden coffins are hearts, unbroken,
Carry high their dead with pride, it's seen..

From the seventh heaven I descended,
Immortal I am, die I would not.
I would rather die, my beloved,
Than from springs to be so parted.

My eyes see, my heart burns,
My hands are under the stone.
Oh, life, you'd better wish me death,
Than give me a short hand, a sick soul.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

With A Finger I'd Write Verses

With a finger I'd write verses,
Coping down the earth's pains.
The painful picture in my eyes,
Can't be wiped out by bygone days.

Over my head the Sun is shining,
Around me the wind is blowing.
The Sun a Giant is blocking,
Alas, my body the wind is not touching.

My father, not earning enough in life,
His tears with his sleeves wiped.
Before the poverty he bended,
An unbending proud head he had.

With a finger I'd write verses,
Dipping it into my green heart.
Until the ink of the heart,
Pouring by God's will, dries out.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Yearning For Its Flowers

□***

Yearning for its flowers, spring will return,
If miss their pillows the dreams will return.
I am missing you, my darling like the sky.
If I return, in my sky the birds will die.

Cranes come and go for thousands of times.
The heated blood would return in veins
To the longing eyes the tears would return
We can't return, the roads are narrow, my pains.

Hoping to return Is like binding weeds.
Like a shabby house, I have evaded it.
Putting my ears at a late missing too
I have become a missing myself, indeed.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

You Are Ringing

You are ringing the bell of missing,
You are followed by caravan of grieves.
The sting of the flower sews the body
The moon's chant buries the flowers
The magic flower gets secret of my shadow.
I washed out my life in its magic-enchancement.
Oh, wind, taste my grieve, one slice only,
Then you will not envy the death of me
Are you tired from ringing the bell of missing,
In the desert of your woes the saxaul burns.
You can't be reached
You can't be departed
Your lashes are a bridge,
A road to my hopes.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

You Came Wearing The Tatters

You came wearing the tatters,
Exaggerating you burned appearance
The sorrow sparkles in your eyes
Causing pity of a human being.
You kept muttering, my anger
Has melted too from the love's smoke.
The fragrance of paradise is coming
From the box which keeps your heart.
The baby grass would worship
My shadow rayed by the loves' light
My hopes turning into dreams
Are crawling to my proud idea.
Behind the hidden curtain,
In what forms are your plays and tones
Who you are indeed, I want to see
When your image tears out by God's decree.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

You Left

You left like the wind scattering,
The wet was gone from my eyes, hard.
I remained swimming in the joy of youth,
The grieves were gone from my heart.

Being happy from my survival
The grass would kiss my ankles.
Your separations are a pence for me,
I melted from the severe sufferings.

The days released from torture
Are longing for my visits, say.
The grieves would melt slowly
The storms would wail in far away.

I am not fed up from life,
I'm thirsty for life's wine.
My sin is I used not to water
You gave me in a poison bowl.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

You, I And The Separation

You, I and the separation are aware,
That our souls keep troubling.
Neither you nor I have a sin,
Love makes our blood foam boiling.
Our spirits suffer from endless fights,
To nobody we can say our heart's messages.
In the separations there are deserts,
They are looked upon by thousand eyes.
Our job is to live hiding in our thoughts,
We are two poles, two birds,
Whose roads shall not meet, never.
To live for ourselves we lacked opportunities,
Between us there are canyons.
In there live dragons,
They are ready to swallow us.
If we try and fly to cross it,
To failure we'll be doomed.
If we can not cross it,
We'll be apt to eat ourselves.
Our bones that are left over,
Will revenge our love forever

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Your Dreams

Your dreams would not let me to live□
At nights the missing would scream.
The helplessness would break
My hopes into pieces one by one.
Thinking of you, missing you
Escape your thoughts I would.
How overflowing, stubborn they are.
They would come on
Offensive again and again.
In this battle defeating or failing
Tired I was as a restless wind
Should I not think of your thought
They would break out my heart.
Being thought a thousand times
Its sweet taste has gone
The grieves of the dream not realized
Are stinging heavily at my heart.
Drowning me in your thought
Are you on the seventh heaven, my Prince?
When will you liberate me
From the toils as heavy as pain?

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Your Eyesight

Your eyesight leads me to a fireplace,
Do snow flowers honor your dignity, thus?
What are you seeking Breaking the peace
Of nights, hasn't your heart longed for us?
The dreams of the fire flower are endless.
I could not have found peace in patience.
The missing flavor is reaching my breath,
Of the winds blowing from the distance.
In autumn the last dews fall down,
In black veils there live our pictures.
The last chance might be given to us.
The moon can't rise on day from shames
Your endurance grinds like the sand,
While love is praying before your sight.
You can't leave breaking the soul's walls,
If love castles are erected in the heart.

Uktamoy Khaldorova

Your Thoughts

Your thoughts would not let me to live
At nights the missing would cry.
The helplessness would break
My hopes into pieces one by one, why.

Thinking of you, missing you,
From our thoughts I would avoid.
How overflowing, stubborn they are.
They would come on again offensive.

In this battle defeating or failing
Tired I was as a restless wind.
Should I not think of your thought
They would break out my heart.

Being thought a thousand times
Its very sweet taste has gone
The grieves of the dream not realized
Are stinging at my heart strong.

Drowning me in your thought
Are you on the seventh sky, Prince?
When will you liberate me
From the toils as heavy as pains?

Uktamoy Khaldorova