

SHORT POETICS ABOUT MIRZO KENJABEK'S CREATIVE PATH

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Annotation: The article examines the national spirit, patriotism, faith, spiritual purity, and human values in Mirzo Kenjabek's work, as well as his creative path. The poet's poetry is based on the harmony of the traditions of classical Eastern literature and modern artistic thought.

Keywords: Mirzo Kenjabek, Uzbek literature, poetry, creative path, national spirit, spirituality, patriotism, Eastern classical literature, translation, literary criticism.

Annotatsiya: Maqolada Mirzo Kenjabekning ijodida milliy ruh, vatanparvarlik, iymon-e'tiqod, ma'naviy poklik va insoniy qadriyatlar yoritishi va uning ijod yo'li yoritilgan. Shoirning she'riyati Sharq mumtoz adabiyoti an'analari hamda zamonaviy badiiy tafakkur uyg'unligiga asoslangan.

Kalit so'zlar: Mirzo Kenjabek, o'zbek adabiyoti, she'riyat, ijod yo'li, milliy ruh, ma'naviyat, vatanparvarlik, Sharq mumtoz adabiyoti, tarjimonlik, adabiyotshunoslik.

Аннотация: В статье рассматриваются народный дух, патриотизм, вера, духовная чистота и общечеловеческие ценности в творчестве Мирзо Кенджабека, а также его творческий путь. Поэзия поэта основана на гармонии традиций классической восточной литературы и современной художественной мысли.

Ключевые слова: Мирзо Кенжабек, узбекская литература, поэзия, творческий путь, национальный дух, духовность, патриотизм, восточная классическая литература, перевод, литературная критика.

Mirzo Kenjabek - poet, literary translator, writer, Islamic scholar. He was born on February 20, 1956 in the village of Mehnat, Sariosia district, Surkhandarya region. He studied at the Faculty of Journalism of Tashkent State University (now UzMU) (1974-1979), Tashkent Islamic Institute named after Imam al-Bukhari (1998-2001). Formerly served in different positions in "Young Guard", Gafur Ghulam Literary and Art Publishing House, "Mushtum" magazine, Abdulla Qahhor House-Museum, Office of the President of the Republic of Uzbekistan. The first poetry collection "My Lost Letters" was published in 1982. After that, the poet's poetry books, such as "Sun-facing House" (1983), "Munojot" (1986), "Eastern Language" (1988), "Bahorim Yellari" (1991), and a number of journalistic articles were published. The poet's publicist articles such as "Dildoshlik", "Til erki - el erki", "Don't tell lies in the name of the people", "There are footprints in my heart", "The art of conspiracy" of the poet, in which the idea of freedom shines, are valuable because they were written in time. Mirzo Kenjabek's poetry book "Election", "Freedom in a Cage" (dedicated to the imprisoned life of the writer Shukhrat), "Murshid of the World" (2004), "Confession" (2005) were also worthy gifts for fans. As a translator, Mirzo Kenjabek translated a series of poems by poets such as Hafiz Sherozi, Sheikh Sa'di Sherozi, Nicholas Gilen, Gevorg Emin, Yakub Kolas, Laiki Sherali, Oljas Suleiman into our native language. He published "Tazkirat ul-Avliya" by Farididdin Attar, one

of the rare examples of world literature, after first translating it from the Ottoman Turkish language (1997), and then translating it from Persian to Uzbek.

Mumtaz translated from Arabic the poem "Omoli" by the Arab poet and scientist Usman Oshii on the topic of authentic Aqeed (1999). Also, "True Love" (1998) by the representatives of the Naqshbandi sect, Mahmoud As'ad Joshon, "Ahli sunnat wal-jamaat" (1999) by Muhammad Zahid Qotqu ibn Ibrahim al-Bursawi, "Murshid Mutahhilin" by Qutbiddin Izniki ("Advice to young brides and grooms", 1999), by our great compatriot Abu Isa Muhammad al-Tirmizi. He skilfully translated the works of "Sunani al-Tirmidhi" ("Al-jami' as-sahih") into our native language. As a result of these educational researches, his work "Tazkir of Termiz" was published (2001).

During the years of independence, the poet's series of poems, such as "Homeland, you are in your eyes, you are on the lookout", "If you have light, you will see the light", several educational articles were published. Pushkin's poetic novel "Eugene Onegin", Makhtumkuli's book "Election" (2004), J. Aldridge's short story "Strange Mongolian Horse" (2004), the translation of Zayniddin Vasifi's "Tashkent tarifida masnavi" (2009) also belong to the pen of Mirzo Kenjabek.

About the poet himself, my first love for literature was awakened in my childhood. Hazrat Bayazid Bistami called his state "a country born from mother". Of course, the poetry of every poet begins at birth. There are more poems I haven't written than poems I have written. My parents lived only in hard work. My mother was a strange woman who lost her father at the age of five and her mother at the age of eight and grew up an orphan. Then my sisters were born: my mother's mother and sisters. These high ranks of ours filled my mouth with sadness and brought tears to my eyes. It is not surprising that those first poems of my sorrows and tears were the first poems that woke up in my heart.

When I was five years old, my three-year-old sister drowned in the water and died. My mother was found under the mill. My mother's cries holding a dead girl in her arms are probably my first poems.

During the long winter nights, my brother and I would read folk epics to my mother and the neighboring women who came to our house. At the saddest moments, my brother would leave, and I would have to cry and carry on. For example, Holbika's two sons are hanging on the gallows, she is looking for salvation, cries and greets the wood of the gallows: "Peace be upon you, wood of the gallows!" - he said, trying to bring mercy to the heart of the oppressors. Maybe those dreamless cries are my first poems.

Then we read novels and short stories of contemporary writers. Whatever work I read, I was influenced by it for a long time and I felt like a positive character of the book. Then we learned to write articles. Sirojiddin Sayyid and I started publishing articles in the column "Images from the Fields" in the newspaper "Sariosia Haqiqat". At the same time, we entered the Faculty of Journalism of Tashkent State University (now the National University) and got to know each other. Later, Sirojiddin referred to those childhood days when he wrote a review of one of my poetry books called "Trees from the Hearts".

My friend Islam was my constant conversationalist and confidant. We discussed every work we read for days. Already in our school days, we memorized many poems from the book "Zamin Darga" by Sergey Yesenin. If I told him the classics of Uzbek literature, he would tell me the classics of Persian-Tajik literature. Thus, we read the poems of Hafiz Shirazy, Saadi Shirazy, and Hilali.

My first poetic exercises corresponded to that period (70s) or the school environment, and were not poems at all. That's why I can call my poem "Momojon" from my student days as my first

poem. With this poem, I have gained the attention of teacher Abdulla Arif. At that time, I was in the third year of the National University. There would be many free creative dialogues with famous poets on campus. At the time of the winter exam, at a meeting in the dormitory of the Faculty of Philology, I was given a turn to read my poem "Momojan", and after unexpected applause, I translated the poem from Loyiq Sherali - "Then they will be enough to be a poet". By writing a poem for the "Youth" almanac, I received the invitation of dear teacher Erkin Vahid. The poet Mirpolat Mirza told me that Erkin Vahid was looking for me, and when I arrived at the "Yosh Gvardiya" publishing house, he led me to the editor-in-chief, the teacher. Everyone was inspired by the sight of two great teachers who are the right dargahs of our poetry.

When I was in my fourth year, two of my poems were published in the magazine "Guliston", which is a healthy platform for young artists, and later a series was prepared. The editor-in-chief Asqad Mukhtar chose the title of the series with his own hand: "I wish you eternal springs!" Then the newspaper "Literature and Art of Uzbekistan" was founded, Asqad Mukhtar became its editor, and the new editor of "Guliston" removed one and a half pages of my poem from the 4th issue. I took the manuscript from the editorial office and submitted it to Asqad Mukhtar. The dedicated teacher published the series in the newspaper. That "I wish you eternal springs!" I consider the inscription "Thank you" to be a noble prayer of Askad Mukhtar.

In 1982, my first book entitled "Letters" was published. Of course, there is no description of the excitement in that place. The original name was "Stray Letters", the publishing board objected to the name of the book, and it became "My Letters". But I'm still ashamed of the cover art.

Among the letters received about the book, Tursunboy Adashboev's letter from Osh was the most inspiring and heartfelt confession. I was accepted into the Writers' Union after proofreading this little book and the second book, "The House Facing the Sun."

Whether it is in creativity or science, a person who has stopped searching or reached a milestone in life becomes a speaker of past memories. I consider myself in search. But I don't have memories to be an example to many. My life is similar to the life of my peers: almost my entire childhood was spent in the cotton fields. On top of that, my discovery in the art of words is not obvious.

When I look at my past, I don't see any pride or humility. When we were children, there were many nobles, sheikhs, guardians, scholars in our country, among our relatives, but we grew up without the benefit of their knowledge and enlightenment. I am extremely grateful for the fact that later Allah Almighty gave me beautiful spiritual blessings.

I met many good people and good teachers in my life. Although someone did not teach me the secrets of poetry, life taught me.

We were studying in the 7th-8th grade. One day my classmate Saidkul found Abdulla Arif's book and excitedly read his poem "Mother". My primitive views about poetry have been destroyed. Perhaps that was the first time I felt that it is possible to write the human heart, pain, and the truth in a poem.

There would be a lot of dances and competitions on the school stage. At a conference, my schoolmate Ergash Salimov, who is in a lower class than us, recited the poem "Uzbegim" by Erkin Vahid. Everyone was surprised. "Where did you find this poem?" I said, "It is in the book my brother brought from Tashkent." (His brother Muhammedqul Salimov was the only person from our village who studied at the Faculty of Philology of TashSU, then he chose the military field.) This poem destroyed many of our false solemn poems and limited views. Singing of one's homeland and honoring one's nation were against the policy of the Shura.

Thus, the poems of two great poets, honoring the sad and brave heart of their owners, first entered the remote, old village of Ashurjiylon (now Mehnat) in the Surkhan oasis.

The effects of university education have changed our thinking. We learned life lessons from Najmuddin Kamil and Ghaibulla al-Salam, not just translation lessons. During the summer vacations, when I went to the Khufar mountains, the book "The Art of Translation" published by them would be with me. Vahid Abdullaev, Anvar Shomaksudov were kind teachers. Vahid Ablullaev tried to draw me to the path of science. Later, I found out that Tahir Malik was also encouraged to do research, and O'tkir Hashimov's work published in the press was accepted as a course work. He had the consciousness to notice the ability. Although we rarely met Togon Ernazarov, we had a good impression, and we were happy to learn about the poetry of the doctor and professor. If Saydi Umirov tries to connect students' thoughts with life, Boybota Dostkaraev tries to connect history with life, reading from Cholpon's lines and Osman Nasir's poems, he awakens healthy thoughts and ideas in our young people. Nazira Abduazizova, our head of the course, was our kind and kind defender, and later she became the first female doctor of science in the field of history of journalism.

Although we studied at the journalism faculty, we enjoyed more literary conferences held in the philology classroom. The words of Azod Sharafiddinov, Umarali Normatov and other scientists were liked by us young people.

Once there was a conversation with Odil Yakubov and Pirimkul Kadyrov. The times when the work "Treasure of Ulugbek" was published, Chingiz Aitmatov's letter to the writer was a "noisy", and the book "Starry Nights" about Baburshah was not yet published and its voice was spread. One orator compared two writers and used the expression: "It's like sharpening a knife on a knife." Pirimkul Kadyrov felt humiliated and got angry: "A knife is not sharpened only on a knife, but a knife is sharpened on a knife!" - he protested. This exact phrase was liked and applauded by everyone. By the way, the poets and writers in the environment were competing with each other.

When the brave writer had a meeting with Shuhrat, he remembered the war period and said: "Battles were permitted on moonlit nights, and we were afraid of the moon in the sky." I realized that the queen of the night, the moon, is suitable for poetry, but not for the laws of war. I learned tea brewing and many details from the famous writer Said Ahmed. Sometimes careful observations can be a lesson. In 1988, before going to Poland for the festival of art and poetry, I asked to receive the blessing of Said Ahmed. "Who are your partners?" he asked. "Poets of Leningrad and Belarus, and Fazu Alieva from Dagestan," I said. "Do you know Fazu?" he said. "No," I said. "If you see a woman wearing all the iron shoes in the world, it will be Fazu Alieva!" he said. In Moscow, after going through security at Sheremetevo Airport and entering the waiting room, I saw a woman from afar wearing a lot of shiny jewelry. I couldn't stop myself from smiling and went up to him and said: "You are the famous poetess of Dagestan, Fazu Alieva!" I said. "Yes, I am, why are you laughing, young man?" he said. "I'm laughing because I'm happy to see you," I said. However, it was Saeed Ahmed's cute expression that made me laugh.

We learned the lessons of patriotism from Shukur Kholmiraev and Rauf Parfi. "Ilhom" club, Usman Azim, Erkin A'zam, Khurshid Davron, Muhammad Rahman conversations and apartments were our open literary environment in action. Murad Muhammad Dost's return to Tashkent after graduating from Moscow gave us joy, as if the color of our life changed a little. The person who found his conversation believes that he has not yet written a work worthy of his talent. Comrade Eshbek became a famous poet with a series of poems in "Guliston" magazine.

Mir'aziz A'zam said: "Many poets have reached the level of excellence only with strict discipline." Therefore, from a young age, I tried to establish a strong work discipline in my life. I traveled to Nukus with subscription work when I was working in literary newspaper. In Tolepbergen Qaipbergenov's house, I was surprised by his work schedule: from morning till night, he would think, write both sitting and lying down.

It was difficult to find Shukur Kholmirezayev free from writing. Even when he was doing other work, his mind was on his writing. It turns out that the art of speech requires constant work.

Abduqahhor Ibrahim used to say: "There are situations in life when it is necessary to put a stone on one of the two sides of the scale. Always put a stone on the good side of the scale, if you can't put a stone on the good side, find a way and avoid putting a stone on the bad side." I tried to make this word my motto.

Erkin Vahid: "A poet must breathe hotly in both words and poetry. There is a saying that the angel says Amen. Many poets who wrote about death died young. Askad Mukhtar wrote: "My heart feels, my life will be long", and he is living a long life."

Abdulla Arif used to say about a children's poet: "I fed so-and-so's mouth for eight years, but not a single wise word came out of his mouth." Of course, these are life lessons.

Although I know my books, I have counted them (perhaps not even counting them), and I have not calculated the total number. I don't like to count and be proud of the abundance of something. I am not satisfied with all of them. How would a skilled penman be satisfied with his creations! All of us are walking at the foot of that great mountain.

From my poetry books "Bahorim yellari" (not all poems), from my educational works "Tazkiras of Termiz", from my translations, if I put it to Menga, my struggle for the freedom of our people and our Motherland, and "Omoli", "Tazkiratul-avliya", "Sunani Termizi", "Mysticism and Beauty", Makhtumquli's "Sailanma" comfort me.¹

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