

SOUL IS THE CENTER OF CONFESSION

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ANNOTATION

This article briefly analyzes the poetry of Zebo Mirzo, the renewed figurative nature of Uzbek poetry of the independence period, the form of expression, the emotional experiences of the lyrical hero, the needs of the psyche reflected in the poem. Zebo Mirza expresses his experiences in new expressions through the images of love, rain, light, moment, heart, dream, happiness, night, mourning, which are the main symbols of poetry.

Keywords: period poetry, image, translator, artistic and aesthetic thinking, lyrical hero, love, rain, light, moment, heart, dream, happiness, night, treasure.

INTRODUCTION

Independence is a blessing in disguise. The day when the sun shines on the shoulders of the Uzbek nation is the day when it realizes its identity! As the literary critic Ulugbek Hamdam, who weighed this period with the scales of a man of literature and art, said: "Began to translate". Not only sound education but his alertness and dedication too are most required. The roots of artistic-aesthetic views approached the novelty without moving away from the roots of classical literature. With that in mind, artistic thinking needs constant renewal. In the Uzbek poetry of the independence period, along with the poets, the poets also had their say. Such poets as Aydin Hojiyeva, Gulchehra Nur, Halima Khudoiberdiyeva, Kutlibeka, Farida Afroz, Zebo Mirzo, Halima Ahmedova, Khosiyat Rustamova. They, too, sought answers to the realities of life through their art. They were able to create innovations in creation and interpretation. If we look at the work of the poet Zebo Mirzo, his work is a shining example of modern Uzbek poetry. The main theme in the poet's poems is love. His love is not just earthly love, but love close to divinity. That is why the lyrical protagonist of the poet's poems is a true lover of love, and the lover considers his condition, the love, as the grace of the Creator. It is because of this love that the lover seeks salvation from Allah, asks forgiveness for his sins, and seeks refuge.

"The word comes. Words also come down from heaven, if your heart is in heaven... Creation is a mystery with Alloh. Poetry can be tears, prayers, and even rebellion for a defeated person. But it is a mystery between Alloh and the human heart in this moment, in this second. It doesn't have to be read!" – says the poet.

The words in these thoughts seem divine. Because these words are coming from the bottom of the poet's heart. The power of the word is such that it brings a person closer not only to himself, but to himself. Zebo Mirza continues, "This is the way, the way to the Creator. Don't call it coming, coming back, and reaching out, and so on. "I'm in time, time is in me," said Boyazid Bistomi. The main symbols in Zebo Mirzo's poetry are love, rain, light, moment, heart, dream, throne, night, and hazon. It is through these symbols that the poet expresses her experiences

in new ways. It is well known that in mystical poetry, love is a tool for overcoming lust, which is of two kinds: figurative (human love), eternal and immortal love (man's love for Alloh). Love is also often expressed through the symbols of wine. Divine love is "the dominion of the divine will." The lyrical protagonist of the poet finds refuge in divine love. He acknowledges that he has found divine love in human love. In fact, divine love is in the blood of mankind, and only figurative love can motivate us to understand it. The lyrical protagonist is so thirsty for love that he says to his wife, "I have loved the truth of Alloh, and the truth of Alloh is less than I have shed for Him." The poems included in Zebo Mirza's collection "Ajr" show a deeper understanding of the essence of mysticism, a sensitive approach to religious concepts, divine concepts, an attempt to replace emotional stubbornness with philosophical observations:

**Me'roj – vaslgohing desa Haq,
Ruh qushin uchirib arshi a'loga,
Tovonomga ko'ngil ko'zini bog'lab,
Jism olovini bosib o'tardim"**

(Me'raj - Arabic "flight, ascension", religion. Ascension to Alloh, ascension to the throne (ascension of the Prophet Muhammad from the Al-Aqsa Mosque in Jerusalem). passes through the fire of the body with the eye of the soul).

There are different theories about the origin of the word love. Some say that the word is derived from the word "mukhohibat". Others speculate that the word "love" is derived from the word "hubb" (jug). They say that just as there is no room for anything else when it is full, so there is no room for someone who does not love when the heart is full of love. Others argue that the word "love" is derived from the word "habb" (grain). For example, in the case of the word "habb", it is said that everything has a grain. Therefore, the middle of the heart is called "habbat ul-qalb" (grain of the heart), and if a friend (beloved, beloved, beloved, beloved) passes through that place, it is called "love". It is clear that love is a feeling bestowed on a servant whom Alloh loves. He who loves his servant loves Allah:

**Ishq hukmini bilsang-da Egam
Iztiroblar yongan dil bilan
Men sevaman do'zaxingni ham
Men sevaman... sevingni Egam.**

(The beloved soul is ready to love the hell of the Creator for the love of the Creator, no matter how painful the sufferings in the way of love) The abode of love is the confession of the heart, and confession is the first step to bringing one closer to Alloh:

**Ishq nadir? Jahannam olovin ichib.
 Malak ko'zlaridan tomgan tomchi nur.
 Ishq bu ikki dunyo bahridan kechib,
 Tangri huzurida yig'layotgan Hur!**

(What is worldly love? It is like the tears of hell that pass through the fire of hell in this world, but turn into tears that do not fall from the eyes, and when you return to the presence of Alloh, the heart of the lover becomes an angel.)

He doesn't feel guilty for loving her, and those who don't love him are guilty:

**Xiyonat tunlari haydalib, bedil,
 Tavallo chog'ida berilgan bo'lsam.
 Xudodan tanho ishq tilanib yuz yil,
 Bir olov bo'sadan tirilgan bo'lsam,
 Gunohkor emasman kuyganim uchun,
 Meni deb yonmagan dillar gunohkor.**

(When love was given, I was driven away in the nights of betrayal and surrender. For a hundred years I have prayed to Alloh alone for love, If I were resurrected from the kiss of fire, I am not a sinner, for I am burnt, For me the unburned heart is sinful)

The love expressed in the collection of poems included in the collections of the poetess "Queen of the Night", "Reward", "Dust of Light", "Love" leads the reader to divine love. As one Spanish philosopher put it, "If a poet turns his eyes one hundred and eighty degrees, his eyes fall on his heart." This means that the poetry of the independence period has become an expression of the human heart, not of celestial concepts. Because at that time, the poet avoided forced writing and luxuries, and now he, too, listened to his heart and poured it out. The poet settled his heart:

**Ko'rgim kelmas
 yaxshi- yomonni,
 Bo'g'ilaman, yetmas nafasim.
 Gul davralar meniki emas,
 Mening uyim –
 Ko'ngil qafasim...**

(I don't want to see good and bad, I drowned, I can't breathe. Flower circles are not mine, My house - My heart).

When the poet is tired of the sufferings and pains of the world, no one gets tired. She is on her way. The poet simply says, "I will be buried in my heart." The poet, who devoted his whole life to the human heart, saw the so-called feeling of love, pain - his joys, sufferings - as a test on the way to Alloh. It is here that we see the idea of moving from figurative love to real love in classical literature. Unless the heart is endowed with the divine gift of LOVE, that person will experience true joy — true pain — without knowing, seeing, or understanding the real life experiences:

Ey Xudo, bir kuni senga yetarman,
 Sezyapman ruhimda nimadir yangi.
 Ko'ksinga yulduzlar sho'r yoshi tom-di,
 Ko'ksimda ishq jangi
 Nurlar jarangi.

(O Alloh, one day I will reach you, I feel something new in my soul. The salty age of the stars fell on my chest, A battle of love in my chest The sound of rays). Or we observe new views in the following verses:

Vujudimni yemirmasa g'am,
 Yuragimni bilmas eding ham.
 Men sevmasam, sevilarmiding,
 Ey ko'nglmning egasi – Odam!"

(It's a pity he didn't eat my body, you didn't know my heart. If I didn't love you, would you love me, O Lord of my heart?)

Poetry is not just written, its destiny, according to Jalaliddin Rumi, is like the birth of Jesus. It is given in absentia and serves to express great emotions. At the same time, the heart of a poet is different from the heart of ordinary people. While ordinary hearts are capable of simple things, big hearts live in pain like mountains, and from them a child is born a true work of art - Poetry. And it is in this poem that the poet reveals his "I". The poet confronts this great heart with great love: "Far away was my sky, Far away was my dream. Light is from the bright skies, you have entered my heart. "

"If I were an artist, I would draw my dreams first," she said. "I'm not an artist. The drawings I draw are not my impressions of high art or artistic masterpieces. It is just a manifestation of the inner and painful state of being between Alloh and man. "

**(Nega o'xshamaymiz o'z ruhimizga?)
 Nega bu ruhlardan judomiz minba'd?
 Nega ozod Ruhlar, Ozoda ruhlar
 Faqat tushimizdan o'tishar uchib,
 Mangulik umrini lahzada yashab
 Bizning ayro-ayro vujudimizga
 Iztirob va Ishqning olovin tashlab?**

(Why are we not like our own spirit? Why do we lose so many of these spirits? Why free souls, free souls only dreams come true, living the moment of eternal life to our individual bodies Do you leave suffering and the fire of love?)

We look, but we do not see. It penetrates the heart through the eyes. Nice sound. He is answered by the inner feelings of the heart. Fragrant perfume. Her heart is pounding. Hand taft. It makes the heart beat faster... Look, it's all about the HEART. The vain heart is not the house of

ALLOH — power. Indeed, the poet's poems, though sad and depressing, have their own magical world. The name of this world is "SOUL". And the owner is everyone.

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