



## The Uniqueness of the Images in the Work of Eshkabil Shukur

Sadoqat Ergashova

Doctoral student of Alisher Navoi Tashkent State University of Uzbek Language and Literature

**Abstract:** This article highlights the specific aspects of Eshqabil Shukur's poetry. In the continuation of the article, reasonable opinions and comments are given.

**Keywords:** Eshqabil Shukur's poetry, literature-spirituality, literature and poetry.

In the poetry of Eshkabil Shukur, we observe the colorfulness of the images. Sometimes it is a tree, sometimes a grass, a flower, and sometimes it is a hummingbird and a wild tiger, harmless birds, singing-crying stones and the sounds of a blooming flute, which bring soul to the poem. That soul is an image.

An artistic image is understood as a reflection of existence seen by an artist's eye and creatively processed on the basis of an ideal. We notice that the folk spirit prevails in the system of images of the poet's poetry. Only we can see the expression of the poet's creative experiences in the image of thirst, based on the poem "Chanqovuz".

Chanqovuz is one of our national musical instruments. Chanqovuz was often played by our mothers and daughters. The lyrics of this song spell out the steppe melodies and enchant their hearts.

Analyzing the poet's poem "Chanqovuz", we become aware that the old secret of the ancient psyche of our ancestors was thirst. If we look at the history of this poem, we will see the expression of the spirit of our people's thirst for freedom and independence:

"My tongue was restrained, my speech was curt."

I found a steel tongue, I found a word for air

Thirsty became thirsty -

I was moved to tears"

When we look at our history in the early 20th century, we understand well that the autocracy was unable to express the words of our people in the language as "The language is connected, the language is dirty".

The poet is happy that he found a "steel tongue" to speak to this painful soul, who listened to these silent moans. It should be said that this symbol is a unique poetic find for our poetry, and at the same time, it is also a figurative expression of the poet's experiences. In other words, the poet's invention of "steel language" and "airy word" is the dream that has been living for centuries in the folk language - the sorrow of freedom and freedom:

Thirsty got thirsty-

I was moved to tears.

Longing for a man, longing for him, waiting for him, through the ages,

he pulls nations and people to him like a magnet. In this sense, the voice is the symbol that sings the pain of the thirsty people.

My thirsty mouth

Charnagan is mine

Like a bright old man of the heart

I found an unbreakable tongue.

The so-called freedom is to say the holy word, "Thirsty, thirsty body" no longer knows any pain - it has found an unbreakable language from the bright old age of the soul.

Thirsty became thirsty -

I shook my head.

The poet sighs, saying, "My heart has been cut by lightning" because of the evil that destroyed the hearts of the people.

Alas, "My tongue was restrained, my words were curt." But then I said, "I have found a steel tongue, I have found a word for air."

Thirsty became thirsty -

I threw it into the fire.

The warmth of a painful soul expresses the desire of the lyrical hero, who has thrown his steel tongue at a thirsty man like a fire, now he wants to sing about this burning pain. In the truest sense, a poet is a singer of people's pain...

The poem shows the fluency of the poet's style, expression close to the vernacular, imagery.

Closeness to the people may have appeared in the experiences of the heart hidden under the layers of examples. If you pay attention to the dictionary meaning of the word "charnagan" in the line "charnagan izim mein", it brings to mind the state of burning. In other words, it is a suitable metaphor for the image of a person who cannot speak.

So, in this poem of the poet, we can see his deep philosophical meaning and essence, as well as the poet's style and skill, if it is permissible to say, courage. After all, a poem written in a time when the people's autocratic system was dominant also shows the courage of the poet.

If we look at the line of images of Eshqabil Shukur's poetry, the image of the heart, soul, soul, which has become a symbol of life, appears as a figurative interpretation of the creator's mood. Indeed, life is the highest gift given to man. The ups and downs, happy and sad, long and short paths of this life are passed one by one, with gains and losses, with patience, which is considered an important virtue. There is no one who knows and understands the human heart better than himself. A part of the human body called the heart is the size of a fist, but it provides life force to a body much larger than its size. How many joys, happiness, sorrows and sorrows he knows as his companion. Nevertheless, he remains tenacious, patient and winged. The poet's poem, which begins with the lines "Hasratli hujramda", expresses the experiences of the lyrical hero, tired of the worries of the world and secreted by his sad heart:

In my longing room

Piece of grief

Everyone left one by one

Only a broken heart is on the table

and a cup of patience...

The poet compares his painful, dark, sorrowful heart to a small, worn-out, musty cell, and says that there is no desire or hope in it except for sadness. "Food is a broken heart" and a cup of "drink" says that there is nothing but patience on a pleasant table, pointing to the fact that the poet has only the heart - patience.

In my longing room

The earthquake subsided...

I will close the door

I will eat the rest of your heart now.

I will drink a cup of patience.

Over the years, a person forgets his sorrows and tries to wash away his sorrows by immersing himself in the worries of life. He wants to restore the wounded, broken heart. Such a person struggles with his inner self. In dealing with this pain, patience acts as a shield for him. At the end of the poem, the poet leaves sadness alone.

In my longing room

The world and me.

We are fed up with each other...

Only sorrow is hungry,

Sorrow is very hungry!

Now the poet's heart is fed up with loneliness, worldly worries are calling him, and he has no companion left because of hunger and sorrow.

In the poem, the idea of freedom, the freedom of the human heart, the desire for life is put forward, and there is an invitation to not succumb to pain as long as a person is alive.

The poet's poetry also contains findings from natural phenomena and animal life that create a lyrical mood in the reader. In the image of a horse, the inner struggles of the lyrical hero's experiences are described based on life events. It should be said that in the life of the Turkic peoples, a horse is a friend, companion, and close confidant of a person. There are many stories and legends related to the horse, and the description of horse events is also given a large place in folk epics.

When we read Eshkabil Shukur's poem "Ko'kkari", the image of our national traditions, folk games, a rider and his companion - his horse, who was walking in wrestling-kokkari bakhshs, comes to life in front of our eyes:

"Hait!" he said, and the goat went away.

The goat lost the plate.

Suddenly the crowd roars,

The ground is like a mirror

The field is left for horses.

The rider says "Hail!" to the horse. he whipped. The horse joined the race. Until that time, the tanti of the people announced the prize for the goat-hunting competition - a "plate", and a goat was thrown in the middle as a symbol of it. The people who gathered for this fun show, could not hide their excitement at the long-awaited moments, rose to their feet and voted "Gur". The horses on the hill raised dust. The ground rumbles with the sound of hooves. This field has now become a field for single horses, their competition.

Leech - ways of leech

The water shook like a fire

Cover flowers

Polished like the surface of the earth.

In the eyes of the people, a horse that has entered the crowd. Every horse has its own fan, and if it is ridden by a worthy rider, it is the same. The caretaker, who took care of the horse day and night, patted his legs and asked him not to embarrass him in tomorrow's foal. The black horse is flying like the wind in his lungs, his leech-like paths are swaying like seaweed. And the flowers of the cover are as bright as the face of the river...

In all poems of the poet, we can find unique unique images. E. As we read each line of Shukur, we discover new images for ourselves. They are a new image of the world.

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