

AZAM OBIDOV

***Miracle is
on the way***

Tashkent
«Янги аср авлоди»
2000

*There is a pain in his verses. This pain
is love to land, to beloved. His verses have
been watered with dapper feelings.
Reading them you feel hurt in your heart
as if you listened a painful melody.*

*Author's translation
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WASH YOUR HEART

You stop! And wash your heart,
Make dapper in the mind.
Get off the grievness start,
To take up let the wind.

Forget! While heart will blow,
White beauty gives a want.
Have overcome first slow,
Clean back and on the front!

You stop and wash your heart!

YOUR VISIT

One day we go together, darling,
A distance then remains alone.
Long time forgets us pavement barring,
As spring gets beauty visage shown

My mother may be misses me often,
Inpatient father lives in worry.
But myself was very stubborn,
Want to catch time in a hurry.

Near comes to heart your visit,
A sky adorer brown falls.
East is banding leg no limit,
From the love to ear calls.

One day we go together, candy,
Looking never back in roll.
Heart each other give so friendly,
But possession loosing all.

BEING SECRET

I return back secret being,
Right remains with you, leaves, light.
Don't make myself for living,
Saving never sorrow heart.

Eyes commence a dandy habit,
In the rain remember autumn.
Dear, longer don't do it,
Easy find we can heart's bottom.

I return back secret being,
On your road sight is frozen.
Don't make myself for living,
And for loving you no reason!

DOOMSDAY ON YOUR HEART

News as living death is not,
If get free you go to grave.
From the start you find your fault,
Absorb as snake a bloody wave.

Youself to blame and always groan,
Harvest full does not make in.
Home is narrow joy alone,
Nonsense think remains no thing.

You wait, add time to life yourself,
News as patience death is not.
Can indeed no person help,
From the grave is going fault.

Doomsday on your heart, o God,
A stranger plays essential dance.
Last time you must be in accord,
From yourself,
Your step
And glance!

UZBEKISTAN

I never take you from the world,
But don't go to make the praise,
Maybe country was you old,
Even sky you greatest says.

So right, a lucky can be one,
In any other place indeed.
Or pain in soul you have done
Find out easy could in need.

I live completely in your side,
And joy is more than grief exist.
Before some laughing from the bright
I'm to blame for rising fist.

I never take you from the world,
But heart is also not in run,
Why, I say, thus being gold,
Not all earth Uzbekistan?!

I FEEL DARE IN

I have spent a day one more,
Time tomorrow catches already.
I may be won or lost a score,
But for life was very greedy

Where are an action and a light,
What is up with softy bone?
I see, years many living but,
What is one – as VALUE known!

Stop pull back my old living,
I dare feel instead of heart,
Time is now not deceiving,
And my life I never cut!

THE DAYS

The simple days are straight ahead,
You don't know your step is right.
To live and not ask - very bad,
And save you always-greatest God!

Sometimes one laughing with the dark,
Best purpose comes as wave some days.
You from despot better shake,
Thus become the air rays.

So as well in soul yard,
Lots of bird are in the white..
Night is waste, still day non-hope,
I awake up, you just stop!

GET OFF MY SIGHT

Get off idleness my sight,
I will go to side of zeal.
Who did not with himself fight?
Who did not make blackish deal?

Time is laughing and I laze,
Old color getting fly.
I am walking in the maze,
Autumn, pull the ear my!

THERE IS ONE BIRD

I once said, that I'm a bird,
All the season fit to me.

But never know myself I could,
Fly around wings to be.

I ask you ever say me like,
Sing for nothing, make ado.

Has one bird, if open task,
Always flying back it do.

Please, never say me like that bird!

DAPPER DREAMS

Star in eyelash every night,
Back of brow is rising Moon.
Knocking gateway of the heart
Evening like guest being soon

Each night leave it very hard,
Let's go say me birds in teams.
Where are you, we flying start
Saying worry dapper dreams.

HURT IS NOTHING

What is hurt, we do want meeting,
Nothing parting, farthest way.
Coming this world all non-greeting,
Full in great love go away.

Breathing ever take refuge,
Heart is broken - laughter why?
Thus non-backing past is huge,
From the love all loveless die!

MY LIFE

My life is finish, who else know,
I go ahead not full with You.
Beg me pardon, years non-slow, —
Give my love I never do

I exist! And show the world
Secret — lucky how to be.
What happy, poet use the word,
Richness beggar make stupid?

Nothing know, but pain in soul,
Life never think of us — *helas*.
I die, not leaving You — my goal,
If on testing could I pass!

BUT NEVER LOVE ME

I adore as being king,
Slave as me can live no man.
My heart, be crown - love in ring,
Has body, palace needn't then.

I love and inner often pain,
Where I hide could me myself?
Hand of grievence make the stain,
Embrace the hurt, who come to help?

I like luck will be my friend,
Killer time thus bear how?
I do, and love is go to end,
But never love me, o, my love!

O, MY HEART

I am strong that eyes obey,
Fitters binding on the hand.
Love in lucky drink we may,
Eating tastefull prick so glad.

Life as sacred, diamond shape, -
Wants refuge the Bird of luck.
When to flying make we step,
Come the sky to near like.

All the same with simple body,
Heart is leading state in soul.
In the house love-in-glory
Luck will bear from the awful!

MIRACLE IS ON THE WAY

Let me get accustomed you,
Sans me you want to not exist.
Desire warms in loving true,
May blaze a grief at our breast.

My eyes keep hope in the bright,
I'm afraid the world is boaster.
This love is sure being smart,
Make you also as a monster.

My darling, dapper, dove in feeble,
Words in mouth rise with pleasure.
On the way me waits a miracle
From the mercy robe measure.

Present heart is made oppressed,
We are silent out of cover.
But comes day I get you used,
Without me you can live never!

A WHITE GRIEF

All are in the past, in brief,
In the middle only dream.
Wings are whiteness that in grief,
And remain just sorrow seem.

Soul like an abject still,
Thinking — sin and eyes — non-cover.
Heart a beauty doesn't feel,
Beating but as gracious lover.

Scream is flying in the world,
Love is being rocky when?
Chance is ever trying fold,
Taking head return I can!

A SKY AS MY HOPE

Night is washed with heavy rain,
Dress of dawn got so wet.
Thanks, in heart has stopped pain,
Sky with pleasure heard my fate.

Again was late for praying world,
Morning changes watered gown.
Adjusting special brow in gold,
Decorates itself a dawn.

I real go away from pride,
Remain alone desert days.
A sky as hope is getting wide,
Nothing can in heart replace!

PATIENCE HURTS THE LOVE

When we are born, the world doesn't weep,
Maybe in the end the Sun will only cry.
My heart in the earth won't never keep,
And soul every time wants to fly.

My patience hurts the love,
Insult recovers then.
So much have wants we how,
Pick up a head you can

But never ask me why,
And make the poison in.
I like myself , no shy,
Enjoy the trust – my sin.

If death will come to us,
The Sun is real cry.
The earth does always hurts,
I flying ever try!

I AM NOT AFRAID OF LIVING

I am not afraid, days -- bold,
Think of sky a strongest thought,
Worry flies of sight as bird,
In one heart I have some tune.

I grow up, nights are being jealous,
Asleep days are getting famous,
Heart will be a wedding gracious,
I shall wait till comes the Moon.

I worry, soul's tongue has pain,
Breast is wide from entertain,
Have one grave I in the plain,
I am not afraid but soon!

SACRIFICE

I cut a head in action,
A hand with leg made voice.
The tongue has half a portion,
Nor body cutless has.

Divide a breast to double,
And lid soon left the eyes.
Mercy, I could non-trouble -
First time do sacrifice.

The feast was failure, sorry,
Remain is nothing, but -
No person took and worry
The heart which all in blood.

ASK FORGIVE ME

Ask forgive me feeble sand,
I take passage in the stone.
Longest life has path-full land,
If I fall, death keeps alone.

World was born as harmful deals,
Calmness wants my life in glance.
Love – among non-getting means,
For being lucky given chance!

Can exist still here all,
May be loved sky from the start
Before becoming softy soil,
Begs us pardon stone hard!

FRESH SMELL SPRING

Sin for me myself I do,
Simple-hearted life can't save.
I am not afraid of you,
But economy cease way.

Heart will have more pleasant springs,
Soil, let take the Sky your grief.
Never tell I any stings,
Fateful, frozen tongue in brief.

But all sins I do myself,
Keeping bad I won't be sad.
Mother, kiss I want your step,
Embracing feet I die, my Dad.

VILLAGE

Soaked sand dislike so stronger
Trees asleep forgetting sun.
Deal of brooks just waiting longer,
Dreadful dreams on land have gone.

One invent on way some saying,
Grateful is to sky has shown.
Like the frozen ball is staying -
Cotton piece looks very frown.

I NEED A CITIZEN

Needs a citizen my world,
You only be convenient.
Oh, black hair, can I hold,
To live – it's more be patient.

World is not said universe,
Want is getting as mirage.
Real foe isn't has,
But with friend too always crush.

Hand is always very short,
Saying tongue adores word sting.
Being strongest may we not,
I'm to be just sadly king!

Why you silent, I demand,
Attract along the trouble love.
Heart is free and soul grand,
I need a citizen – my dove!

APOLOGY

Indeed I slave who nothing knows,
And question mark is on the brave.
A life is favour – death somehow,
To live with laughing in the grave.

O, world, be never with a dark,
No horror want us in the town.
Every morning birds in luck
Pull the ear of the dawn.

Forgive me, may be way is closed,
I made up ever smallest bud.
But trying never could I post,
How to be me want you God!

Indeed I slave who nothing knows,
And question mark is on the brave.
A life is favour – death somehow,
To live with laughing in the grave.

BEAR LOVE, FEMALE

Pour my feeble breast, o love,
Grief rain of the world has stopped.
Son as present gave you, now
Bear love us o, my dove.

Love is able to prevent,
Darkness in the earth takes wind.
Give my hand to wrath I can't
I am a slave of merci, kinds.

Heart, I opened you the world,
If you do not feel, why cry?
In the end the last chance hold,
Give at least a luck I try.

Pour my feeble breast and free,
Get off fatal dream as tale.
Guest to state of kindness be,
Bear love us, o, Female!

PATIENCE

I won keeping love in heart,
And did wrath no more.
Justify myself I but
Strange words then ignore.

I won whether heart in blood,
Miss inside has born.
Never broke a life and hard,
Round doesn't scorn.

I won tongue as bitter was,
Again heart beat in this.
Thus it always doesn't loose,
I my Patience kiss.

IN THE SECRECY

Along the heart is walking want,
Then mouth opened great.
Come to outside in white
Stems of dearth non-late.

So has gone a silly want,
Closed eyes in smart.
O my God, at once in heart
Sins are growing start.

I AM HAPPY

I'm a simple son of nation
Who considers deals as dapper.
Maybe someone hates my fashion,
But from others I am better.

Grief is jealous, I'm alone,
Thus in heart exists a torture.
I'm so happy that around
Nothing knows of my misfortune.

A NIGHT

Thanks, stopped a noise.
Just Silence,

Moon is dull in home back.
Sleeping tired Grief in wildness

Maybe quakes with cold Luck.
All around dozy wall,

Naked Patience makes disgorge.
Endless land so being small
Having fright is saving Watch.

FOR FREEDOM

I value want and spend my day,
Heart is rising from the proud.
Life so hurries, but me stay,
Or sometimes go waving out.

Earth will not be quaked then,
If world ever pure be.
Children joyful living can,
Women happy you will see.

What is career in hill,
Make a voice for justice strong.
Head you need arise in will,
And for freedom dared song!

I came: thunder, lightning back,
Don't afraid of any dread.
Sky is near, nothing black,
Let me be your wing my land!

AT LEAST YOU...

No person knows me who myself,
Only praying go my days.
I cry, life never can me help,
I scream, but none head my voice.

Aloneness, real you are strange?
O, kind, merciful my brother.
Heart is one and life one page,
Never leave me you like others.

MOTHER

The door is open early morning,
Maybe comes as angel guest.
Mother cleaning room is worrying,
Need to brighten all the rest.

She is old and hair-white,
Pain in waste her doesn't say.
Still asleep but in the quiet, -
Waiting child a fiancée.

THE SUN, A WATER AND A SOIL

Again my Sun has fallen slowly,
Evening – that non-count life.
Morning- it's a chance be lovely
And commencement of the love.

Let me back to self, o water,
May this hand is open risen.
Want I charity as flatter,
Teaching like me happy lesson.

Head is real in the sky,
Look, what find the leaves at last?
Soil, you wait me ever shy,
Many things for you I must.

My life, this trial never hate,
Whether grief is more in fall.
The world is written our fate -
The Sun, a water and a soil!

MY PURE LAND

I was born but maybe hard
As one bird live in the yard.
Or will merciful be band,
And avoids of me best friend.

Torture is forgotten here,
No remains non-horror case.
Maybe can not love us dear -
Last becoming happy days.

Through the window full leaves gold,
I despondent look at world.
You my pure land in fact
Just alone will attract.

Days are coming from the stage,
In the heart commences war.
But I live in many ages
With my soul loving for!

GOLD AND MEN

There was one person in the nation,
Well-bred, good manner, very patient.

One day he bought the soil with yard,
Fruitful trees are all in smart.

After week when work in garden
Digging soil, that person sudden

Has found gold full in jug,
Was surprised and stayed in shrug.

Deals made dapper, true and bright,
Heart is also clear, white.

Went to man who sold the soil,
Knocked a door with noisy small.

“Take your gold, it isn’t mine,
Good luck to you!” - said and has gone.

It was so strange to seller, sorry,
He is also not in glory.

-“Stay, not going! But you need
Afraid of God, my friend indeed!

I sold you what, - he opened mouth, -
All of things that in the house.”

The other one replied in short:
“Not gold garden I have bought!”

Thus discussing few of time,
Both have gone to judge of crime.

Judge has listened what's the matter,
Asked after making flatter:

What is more than gold value,
O, men, pretty children have you?

One: “I have a daughter,— said,
— Adorers all are being mad.”

The other: “Son I have as gold,
Very clever, -said, — and bold!”

A judge is smiling: “ Stop your quarrel,
Engage them both!”—he ordered oral.

- Give as heritage them wealth,
Wish all happiness and health.”

From advice men being glad,
Have gone rejoicing girl and lad.

Wedding held so great in nation,
Rest of gold was made donation!

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