

***EVER***

**By Guzal Ruzieva**

Ever trees will forget,  
That deserve to the ground,  
Ever leaves will scatter,  
That not to the land, but to the sky,  
Once as billions of whirligigs,  
The stars will bloom in a soil.  
Ever the earth will fill,  
To the buds of peach blossom,  
At that time, mountains will smile happily,  
To the joyful pastime of winds,  
Once there will not be any other season,  
That on the ground apart from a spring,  
O, that, a human will bear majority,  
O, that, a human never dies.  
In the same future, the monkeys won't wander, no,  
That dispersed from Adam.  
They never sate as lived three hundred years  
That before thirty, no!

That, the edge will be edge like itself,  
A rose will not bloom with its thorn.  
At that time the emporiums,  
Never sell a conscience, a shame, a pride.  
That, the sad shivers of miserable spirit,  
Will not rive the heart of nights,  
There will be gardens with lotuses,  
The world's bogs will dryish,  
Hey, this ground, this sky dissatisfied,  
After killed and killed my soul.  
Then I will reborn,  
While filling the universe with the birds singing,  
I know that a friend is clear, an enemy is clear.  
I will not pick up the smithereens of my love.  
Forgive me, my contemporary, that,  
I will not recite this world to my kid...

**Bio**

**Guzal Ruzieva** was born in Jondor district, Bukhara region of Uzbekistan in 1986. She studied history at Bukhara State University. Her poems were published in 'Teran ildizlar' ('Deep roots') anthology, 'Sharq yulduzi' and 'Yoshlik' magazines, 'O'zbekiston adabiyoti va san'ati' newspaper in Uzbekistan.