

*ON MY BIRTHDAY*

**By Khosiyat Rustamova**

My heartbeat sounds to myself,  
So, my blood is circling.  
Friends! My existence,  
That will mar for many flowers.  
O, what a situation is it?  
What kind of punishment is it?  
Why the flowers don't die?  
Even my lifeless body,  
That brings a massacre for many flowers too.

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Dawning,  
The Friday morning –  
That captured an ambience's consciousness.  
Everything such a new –  
Only I am remained from the past.

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An eagle has flown to the sky,  
The desert left without it.

Now, its feathers which remained on the Earth,  
That becomes an umbrella for sparrows.

**Bio**

**Khosiyat Rustamova** is one of the bright voices in contemporary Uzbek poetry. She was born in 1971 in Namangan region. A graduate from National University of Uzbekistan, she published many poetry collections, including “A house in the sky”, “Rescue”, “Rido” “A wall”, “August”, “Occupying”, “40:0”, “Comfort”, “The forgotten years”, “Dread”.

She writes about love, inner feelings, a matter of life and death. Khosiyat Rustamova is a member of Uzbekistan Writers Union. She was awarded with the medal “Shuhrat” (“Fame”). Poems of Khosiyat Rustamova are remarkable for their thoughtfulness, desperation and modesty. Her poems have been translated into many foreign languages and distributed in foreign countries.

She translated famous poets’ poems from different languages to Uzbek. She participated in many International literary conferences and festivals around the world.

Now Khosiyat Rustamova is an editor-in-chief of “Kitob dunyosi” (“The Book World”) newspaper in Tashkent, Uzbekistan.