

GIVE ME YOUR HAND

By Manzura Bekchanova

A mountain has a pride,

A rock has a snow,

Rain has come from your heart's sky.

A burden and a cold,

A grudge is a separation,

Your big heart can't go in to the cramped world.

Don't pout,

Don't cry my soul,

I will thaw your ice with my poems.

My white horse- a poem,

Give me your hand,

I will roll you out to my world with flying.

Bio:

Manzura Bekchanova was born in 1970 in Khiva city, Uzbekistan. She is a famous journalist and a poetess. Recently she is working as editor-in-chief of the newspaper “Shifo-info”. Her several poetry and short story collection were published.

Manzura Bekchanova’s many poems sung as a song by famous singers of Uzbekistan. She gained “Atirgul” award in journalism in 2005. She is also winner of “Ijodkor ayol” and “Oqchako’l ilhomlari” national competitions.