

CHILDLESS WOMAN

By Nadir Djonuzok

Friends,
In your street,
There is a woman –
Childless woman.
She isn't seen much... Feels shy from you,
Her pains are obvious to herself.

Salt that absorbed by her forehead
Melts slowly at nights.
Her husband loves her... Regret...
She also loves her husband.

From each other they hide their dreams,
And they live to save each other.
Her white sorrows give to her comfort,
Which she sew to her chest.

She is a poor... Which agreed to all
Pretences of the life.
She is a poor... Like unfaithfully,
Future resembled to the past.

Friends,
One day will come that
Her eyes will close forever,
Bring to her grave at cradle.
And bury her to sing the lullaby!..

Translated by Yulduz URMANOVA

Episteme: an online interdisciplinary, multidisciplinary & multi-cultural journal

Bharat College of Arts and Commerce, Badlapur, MMR, India

Volume 4, Issue 2

September 2015

Bio:

NodirJonuzok, the member of the Union of writers of Uzbekistan, was born in 1976, in Bulungur region, Samarkand province. His unrepeatabe poems are gethered in his "Tomchilar" ("Rain drops"), "Siznisevaredim" ("I have loved you"), "Mehribonim" ("My loving") books and Uzbek people read them by heart...