

***POETRY***

**By Muhammad Yusuf**

Poetry,  
You are unfaithful beauty!  
I will hold from your hands hard.  
I will wait from you a thing,  
You are a balm,  
You are a sweet disease...

My hardships are alive cause of you,  
They are my taken wealth from life.  
For my sleepless, tearful nights  
I have gratitude to you!

Your dog on your threshold is my thought:  
I will be on the watch for your way,  
At whom, I don't know your soul,  
You are my new moon on the sky.

My spirit is on the sky,  
Body is in the earth,  
One pain is tormenting me.  
Now my happiness depends on yourself,  
Poetry, hey unfaithful beauty!..

*Translated by Yulduz URMANOVA*

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**Bio:**

Muhammad Yusuf, Uzbek People's poet, was born in 1954, in Andijan province. His lots of books, such as "Tanishteraklar" ("Familiar poplars"),

"Iltijo" ("Entreaty"),

"Uyqudagiqiz" ("Sleeping girl"),

"Yolg'onchiyor" ("Lier sweetheart"),

"Erkakiyik" ("Pet deer") an others have published. Poet was dead in 2001.