

***EXISTENCE AND OTHER POEM***

**By Gulbahor Jumayeva**

The vine climbed towards the sky,  
While being hung on the string of a rain,  
The green apricot fruit hugs its tree,  
While feeling pity for a bride with spots...  
A handful of green flower – an elm,  
Holds the universe on its palm,  
Rain drop's sound is so soft,  
Virtually, it's the song of a spring.  
Be hurry lightning to pour the green fruit of apricot,  
Into the hands of a embarrassed bride,  
Let her inform her husband while not satisfying the smell of Earth,  
That she would be a mother soon...

***DON'T HURRY TO DIE, BUTTERFLY...***

Don't hurry to die, my dear butterfly,  
Let me borrow your wing for my eyelash.  
Let me land the shines of the moon and stars,  
To your heart, you just follow me  
Are you passing away?

Stop when you satisfy with flower,  
Let me kiss the footprint of your small leg,  
Let your one day become equal to my forty years,  
Let me stay for a while on the leaf of the flower you landed.  
Don't hurry to die, dear butterfly, I have a question?  
Did you also feel pity for your pair from the flower?  
Did the thorns of the flower hurt your legs?  
Did you also wake up by the envy?  
Don't hurry to die dear butterfly, let me speak,  
To the cloud, crow and swallow by your dumb tongue,  
I envied for the root of an elm,  
Let me take out my leg from the muddy bog.  
Forgive me dear butterfly, let me die,  
I wished to gain even your one day life.  
You don't know how it hurts if a man pierces a thorn,  
My forty years passed while desiring for you...

**Bio**

**Gulbahor Jumayeva** was born on 17<sup>th</sup> of February, 1961 in Kum village, Kitab district, Kashkadarya region of Uzbekistan. She graduated from Tashkent State Pedagogical Institute and worked as the methodologist for the Public Education Department of Shahrizabz city. Gulbahor also worked as the director for the school named after Ibn Sina and as a teacher for the school N 98 in Tashkent. Presently she is working as the specialist in public advises for the community in Kibray district of Tahkent Region.

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

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

**Volume 7, Issue 2**

**September 2018**

Her poems have been published in the literary magazine “Saodat” and included in the local Anthology “Mangulik da’vati’ (‘A Slogan of Eternity’). Gulbahor’s first poetry collection “Kurtakdagi sir” (‘The Secret on the Bud’) is being published in 2018.

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