

THE UNFAITHFUL SUN

By Akmal Tursunov

I am waiting for the sunrise,
It's gone behind the mount for a while.
I am guileless and staying easy-going,
It's voicing its burning to somebody.
Why the Sun is late, indeed,
My neighbor would do so surely?
I am fed up with their continues job,
Virtually I was not showing my irritability.
The Sun appeared from the mountains,
Its shadow came out and then its reddish face,
It can't look at directly to me,
A pride was torturing me while preventing my look.
It jumped up and peacocks but by fear,
It escaped from me easily.
Then it depends on the honesty,
See, just wandering around the universe!
While being on bad terms with me the whole day,
It runs away from me more and more.
Then it went wile stepping one by one,
To the place of its paramour!

PROPOSAL

I didn't allow anyone to meet you,
I exhausted from watching over your ways.
You walked away carelessly,
And I devolved my love to God.
The expression on your face has not been changed,

Eventually, I waited for you for a long.
I am leaving let us forget this sense,
Call me when you learn to smile!

My soul is poor my heart is a knobstick,
Night lasted long and long.
Not only the bowl of patience but,
Even the large jugs emptied that full of wine.
Oh God, how a parting tortured me?
I waited for an award from God.
You don't make me so passionate,
Let me sip of your meeting now!

Bio

Akmal Tursunov was born in 1988 in Urgut district, Samarkand region of Uzbekistan. He graduated from the Tashkent State Economic University in 2009. He gained Master degree from the same university after two years. Akmal worked for The State Statistics Committee of the Republic of Uzbekistan and taught students at the Tashkent Bank Accounting and Credit College. His first poem was published in 'Urgut sadosi' ("Voice of Urgut") in 2004. In addition, his works produced in local and national magazines and newspapers of Uzbekistan. He's married and has two children.