

YEARNING OF WHITE DAYS

By Ozoda Bekmurodova

My mother was the sky,
And my father was the mountain...
The universe and Earth were the comely gardens.
My eyes were a soul,
My soul was able-bodied,
It was the phase that its joy never ended,
Nights were a delight, the morning that mixed of frippery,
The tabernacles of immeasurability were wide.
I was playing and running easeful,
All my bright dreams were coming true.
A cuddle of my mother was my eternal spring,
A smile of snow-drops was happiness.
It was the period that I didn't pay attention,
When the eyes of boys expressed their love...
All the seasons were tulip filed,
Moments were countless at that time.
When I looked a gleam of the starts,
I had no any guilt as an angel.
The whole world was my close friend,
It was spraying the water of mirth for four sides.
Cranes were flapping when I stretched up my hand...

You don't deserve for a word,
Even the sorrow,
Neither a hope nor the dolor agonize my soul.

Your dissatisfaction,
Your dream,

Your wish,
Are colorless like your life that you passed,
Hey, an ordinary man in my shiny life,
I am so feeble when I think of you.

Water could you wash my sorrows?
Soul, could you get rid of remorse?
There is a hefty grief into my body,
Where would the blessed place wait for me?
While kissing the ember of my eyes,
The wind sang of my hairs.
While sending the letters to God,
It predicts the future of my destiny.
Surroundings full of a ray and beams,
There is no any corpuscle for murk,
Dreams fly with their wings,
Behind the horizon is a holy place.
I washed away the blueness of my memory,
That by the loyal color of the forenoon,
I have just started a new life today,
Will you come to me then!

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Something...
Has changed accidentally,
Lightning glistened and flamed,
Although a distance was up to the sky,
The river overruns from your eyes.

You are the white color of my life,
You refresh my olden soul,
The oath could not be changed called “a destiny”
It has drunk my both left and right sides.
When the subsistence becomes bright,
Our shiny mystery came down from the sky,
It sparkles into the blood of a soul!
A dawn whitens as the white perfume,
The sun stares as your look,
While deliquescing on the warmth of that moment,
A stone melts down from my heart...

In the cuddle of the dark night,
I have dreamt of effulgent imaginations.
The Earth, the Sky and far behind it,
I have seen the radial World...

Bio

Ozoda Bekmurodova was born in 1974 in Shakarbulok village, Dehkonobod district, Kashkadarya region of Uzbekistan. She studied for Journalism at the Tashkent State University. Ozoda worked for several National newspapers, magazines and famous TV Channels in Uzbekistan. Her first collection of poetry titled “Dilrabo Oq shomlar” (“Delightful White Evenings”) was produced in 1997. In addition, her poems were included in the national Anthologies such as, “Yurak zarblari” (“Heartbeats”), “Yoshlar Kitobi” (“The Book of Youth”), and etc. Presently she is working for the Uzbekistan National News Agency as an editor. She is a member of Uzbekistan Writers Union.