

*IF YOU FORGET*

By Zohid Ostonov

If you forget, abjure,  
Unless I also forget,  
To whom we leave our infantile feelings?  
If you have a poison,  
Unless I have a venom,  
Don't you think our sorrows celebrate it?  
Who will torture?  
The poor soul obviously...  
That alone,  
That lonesome again,  
Don't you think our sorrows celebrate it?

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Your love is grade –  
The highest level,  
You are important to me more than me.  
If I think of you,  
While palpitating,  
I feel a tremor on my body.  
Indeed you are my first love?  
Surely is it you, I can't rely on it!

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The city became noise whole day,  
As if a mother,  
Who is growing up her multitude children?  
Into her an apron,  
The legs run and play on her chest  
Two and four... As if the child!

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Resound let the soul tremble once,  
Let it forget its moans and torments...

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I thought why the sky was louring,  
Are you crying because of loneliness, right?  
A poor and pitiful person like me,  
Am I not fitting into your soul, right?  
Comprehend I am hardly holding in,  
To the world with a huge sorrow,  
I am collecting your dreams,  
That heavier than my dreams...

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People are going for the time,  
Unfortunately,  
The time doesn't look at them.

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While decorticating the Moon from the sky,  
If you could be a child of the Moon,  
What a miracle!

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You bothered and happiness didn't appear,  
But be patient,  
Restraint!

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Eyes... Those eyes,  
While could not look at the Sun,  
It has worn a sunglass!

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Be honored, be vanquish, be thankful,  
Eventually, you woke up! There is another hope.  
Living again, a new day else!

### Bio

**Zohid Ostonov** was born in 1989 in Yakkabog district, Kashkadarya region of Uzbekistan. He studied at Karshi Bank College. His first collections of poetry "Bir tabassum qilmasang bo'lmas" ("You should smile once") published in 2008. His poems have appeared on the local and national magazines and newspapers of Uzbekistan.