



A FIRM LOVE FOR THE MOTHERLAND (Aleksandr Faynberg)

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Annotatsiya: Aleksandr Faynberg rus va o'zbek adabiyotining yorqin vakili hisoblanadi. U adabiyot gulshaniga qo'shgan salmoqli hissasi bilan mashhur rus shoiri va tarjimonidir. Ushbu maqolada shoirning ona yurtiga bo'lgan cheksiz mehr-muhabbati haqida so'z yuritiladi.

Kalit so'zlar: ko'p qirrali shoir, cheksiz muhabbat, jo'shqinlik, odamiylik.

Annotation: Alexander Feinberg is a prominent representative of Russian and Uzbek literature. He is a Russian poet and translator famous for his significant contribution to literature. This article talks about the poet's boundless love for his motherland.

Key words: versatile poet, boundless love, vibrancy, humanity.

Poets are valued in our nation, and the author's poetry nights were always packed. The poet is a prolific and versatile writer. Aleksander Feinberg's poetry is characterised by its vibrancy, encompassing an extensive array of subjects, philosophical depth, and predictiveness. The phrase moves the poet, and it captures the attention of the audience as well. He was employed and resided in Uzbekistan. The nation's entire existence, including the air, sky, soil, and people, is valued by the poet as much as a poem and as close to his heart. It is identifiable in the poet's words and works, and its aroma wafts into our nostrils.

How come Alexander Feinberg was so well-liked by the public?

Literary works first and foremost demonstrate dazzling, singular lyrical talent and high aesthetic standards. For many years, Uzbek poets have used the first as their creative standard. It is no exaggeration to suggest that more than a few generations of pupils have been educated by fourteen plays and innumerable performances on stage, radio, and television. Furthermore, due of his genuine devotion for his native Uzbekistan, Alexander Arkadevich is extremely beneficial to both us and the Uzbek people. A remarkable chapter in our literary history was written by Alexander Feinberg's extraordinary and singular work, which was infused with sentiments of love for Uzbekistan and the finest traditions of classical poetry. He found his homeland again and developed as a poet in this nation. His lifelong focus was on the Uzbek community, which he considered to be a key issue.



The poet and writer, who was full of affection for Uzbeks, had a deep love for Uzbekistan, and was loyal to their country, said that he felt he was saved here in his darkest hours. "Tashkent is my hometown," he says. "I'm in the Russian capital. This is it. Moscow is right here in my palm. I look out the eighteenth-floor window into this city's history. I felt dismayed when I glanced at the horizon. Let down! My mother was abandoned at the Magadan threshold by this city during the revolution. Only Tashkent, after a long time, gave her a hug and kept her body warm in the bitter weather." That is why Alexander Feinberg regards Uzbekistan as his motherland. He never got weary of praising and thanking his native country. He captured the stunning scenery of Uzbekistan, as well as national customs, sophisticated culture, and our people's spirituality, in his poems and literary works.

"There is happiness on my forehead," he said in one of his essays. I reside in the sovereign nation of Uzbekistan, and Uzbek authors like Abdulla Oripov and Erkin Vahidov have greatly aided me in the literary world. I've become friendly with more writers, painters, musicians, and other professionals during my career." Until the end of his life, he proudly identified as a child of Uzbekistan and lived here. In the Uzbek capital of Tashkent, where he fell in love, he passed away before turning 70. Huge celebrations honouring Alexander Feinberg's memory have been held ever since because of his reverence among Uzbeks and his contribution to Uzbek literature.

The tone of Feinberg's poems is amusing and carefree. In the epic "Ruboiy tori," he laughed so much that he captured the unwavering palov of the Uzbek teahouse that it's hardly surprising that reading it doesn't make you happy. Returning to his stuff, you're shocked to see how little you actually know about him. You might catch a peek of the poetry's void and vague sounds when you turn the pages of the book.

My lovely town is my endless blue,
The maiden smile and cry are mine.
Above the entrance flashing through
My swetic vine, I see entwined

Up on the roof in the Summer time,
Genka whistles and pigeon shoos.
I doubt if there's any chance to find ,
An alley, it's so homey and so close.

And one more time, forever through,
The stars and only the moon , just stars,



No home but through 'the branches glow
Two homey windows are not too far.

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