

## Feinberg's poetic treasure

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**Abstract :** In Feinberg's poems, it is clear to see the true reflection of the Uzbek spirit. His poems shed light on the everyday life of people from the middle class, especially emphasizing how difficult it was for them to survive mentally and physically during the war.

**Key words:** choices, portrayal, belief, hardships, metaphor, nature.

As we delve deep into poems of Feinberg, we start discovering his true character. It is obvious that he had unlimited love for Uzbek people as he expressed all his thoughts in his scripts.

Signs of childhood. With the breeze of a coat

For breakfast – cake, and for dinner – a cold.

There I dreamed of finding a bloated wallet,

But one that no one lost.

Absurd, by God. But then

I did not become either Gobsek or Judas.

And where was he guilty even for a minute,

Stood confessing, as if before a cross.

I searched for the soul even in fallen rubbish.

Lost friends. I was on the verge of death.

But the key didn't fit into other people's doors.

So now I stand on the ashes.

Blessed are those who have not lost themselves.

Nobody ever looks for them, anywhere.

Long poetic analyze of the poem.

This poem explores themes of childhood innocence, lost dreams, guilt, and self-discovery. The writer reflects on their past, recalling moments of childhood where simple pleasures like cake for breakfast and a cold for dinner were enough to bring

joy. The mention of dreaming about finding a bloated wallet that no one lost symbolizes a desire for material wealth and security, yet the writer acknowledges the absurdity of such fantasies. The reference to Gobsek and Judas, two figures known for their greed and betrayal, writer suggests a contemplation of moral choices and the own sense of guilt or lack thereof. Despite facing challenges and searching for meaning in what may seem like worthless endeavors, the poet stands firm in their beliefs, likening it to confessing before a cross.

The search for the soul in fallen rubbish and the mention of lost friends and near-death experiences hint at a journey of self-discovery and introspection. The inability to fit the key into other people's doors symbolizes a sense of alienation or disconnection from others, leading the speaker to stand on the ashes of their past. The final lines, "Blessed are those who have not lost themselves. / Nobody ever looks for them, anywhere," convey a sense of solitude and acceptance of one's true self. Feinberg finds solace in the idea that those who remain true to themselves are not sought after by others, suggesting a certain freedom and independence in embracing one's identity. This poem delves into the complexities of personal growth, morality, and the search for meaning in a world filled with challenges and uncertainties. It invites readers to reflect on their own journeys of self-discovery and the importance of staying true to oneself amidst life's trials and tribulations.

Never be sad about me.

I live without cursing anyone.

Quietly Vera stands behind me

Waiting for a better day.

In these distances there is either rain or winds

And the melancholy of lonely fields.

Only in the heart through the bare branches

The eyes of my hopeful look.

That's what I believe. That's what I hope.

And, entering under my roofs,

Again shares my fate with me

Angel of long and bitter Love.

Not enmity that has been blind for centuries,

There is no resentment in my soul,

But still the same blue star

Above the road until a better day.

This poem seems to convey a sense of hope and resilience in the face of challenges and loneliness. The poet expresses a belief in a better future and the presence of a guiding force, represented by Vera and the Angel of Love. Despite the difficulties and sadness that may be present, the speaker remains optimistic and looks towards a brighter day. The imagery of rain, winds, and lonely fields suggests a sense of isolation and hardship, but the writer finds solace in the belief that hope and love will prevail. The mention of a blue star symbolizes guidance and hope, shining above the road towards a better future. Overall, the poem conveys a message of perseverance, faith, and the power of love to overcome adversity.

Glory, glory, your roar is deceiving.

Behind immortality, the crush is meaningless.

Cast iron will be sawn into blanks,

Bronze will also be melted down.

What will remain for sure?

Apparently, what was loved –

Female image, glass of cognac

And a ring of tobacco smoke.

This poem explores themes of impermanence, mortality, and the fleeting nature of material possessions. The writer reflects on the deceptive nature of glory and immortality, suggesting that despite their allure, they ultimately hold little value in the face of inevitable decay and destruction.

The imagery of cast iron being sawn into blanks and bronze being melted down symbolizes the process of transformation and loss, highlighting the transitory nature of physical objects and achievements. Feinberg questions what will truly endure in the end, hinting at the idea that only love and cherished memories will remain.

The mention of the female image, glass of cognac, and ring of tobacco smoke evoke a sense of nostalgia and intimacy, emphasizing the importance of personal connections and moments of joy in a world filled with impermanence. The poem conveys a sense of contemplation on the nature of existence and the significance of love and cherished memories in the face of mortality and loss. It serves as a reminder to focus on what truly matters and find meaning in the fleeting beauty of life.

And the window is open in the morning.

Someone's song there, behind the lilacs,

Someone's light scarf in the wind.  
At night, hail walked across the roofs.  
I'm twelve. No troubles, no losses.  
Somewhere a turtledove is calling to a turtledove.  
Somewhere mom and dad are talking.  
Somewhere, somewhere there's a money changer's cart  
Clouds are flying across the courtyard.  
In an old house there is the coolness of a basement.  
In the old house there is a draft in the attic.  
Here is the laundry hanging on the line.  
The steam is above the washboard.  
Shulzhenko there – about old letters,  
There are cliffs about the seashore.  
The parchment serpent trembles in the sky.  
The winery smells like grain.  
Things are old. Old things, -  
The junk dealer is singing under the balcony.  
Analyze the poem.

This poem captures a sense of nostalgia and longing for a simpler time, evoking images of a peaceful and carefree childhood. The poet reflects on a moment from their past when they were twelve years old, highlighting the innocence and lack of worries or losses during that time.

The imagery of the open window, someone's song behind the lilacs, and a light scarf blowing in the wind creates a serene and idyllic atmosphere, suggesting a sense of beauty and tranquility in the world. However, the mention of hail walking across the roofs at night introduces a hint of unpredictability and change, contrasting with the peaceful daytime scenes.

The references to a turtledove calling to another turtledove, parents talking somewhere, and clouds flying across the courtyard convey a sense of connection and familiarity, emphasizing the importance of relationships and family in the speaker's memories.

The description of an old house with the coolness of a basement and a draft in the attic adds to the nostalgic tone, suggesting a sense of comfort and familiarity in the

writer's surroundings. The mention of laundry hanging on the line and steam above the washboard paints a vivid picture of domestic life and simple pleasures.

The references to Shulzhenko singing about old letters, cliffs by the seashore, and a parchment serpent trembling in the sky introduce elements of mystery and imagination, adding depth to the speaker's reflections on the past. The poem conveys a sense of longing for the innocence and simplicity of childhood, while also acknowledging the passage of time and the inevitable changes that come with it. It celebrates moments of beauty, connection, and memory, inviting readers to reflect on their own experiences of nostalgia and longing for the past.

There are bicycle tracks behind our stadium.

And in November, especially at night,

They float misty like rivers,

Which has no end and no beginning.

They flow into cold spaces,

In the autumn blurry distances.

Above them, like yellow medals,

Traffic lights blinking alone...

Do you remember dusk? It was starting to get slushy.

Not yet knowing what racing is

Here the girl learned to cry alone,

Dreaming of becoming a famous champion.

The slabs led us along the lunar squares.

And in a dark dead end near the fence

She once, while straightening her sweater,

She told me in an adult way: "Don't..."

And here it is again, swirling and strange,

She comes like a little dawn.

She comes from a long fog,

Pushing a bicycle in front.

And after her, wide as rivers,

On cold rainy nights

The cycle tracks are moving further and further away,

Which has no end and no beginning...

This poem captures a sense of nostalgia and longing for the past, specifically focusing on memories associated with a girl and bicycle tracks behind a stadium. The imagery of misty bicycle tracks floating like rivers in November creates a dreamlike and mysterious atmosphere, suggesting a sense of endlessness and continuity. The mention of traffic lights blinking like yellow medals adds a touch of urban imagery, contrasting with the natural flow of the misty tracks. The reference to dusk getting slushy and the girl learning to cry alone while dreaming of becoming a champion conveys a sense of innocence, vulnerability, and ambition.

The description of the slabs leading along lunar squares and the girl straightening her sweater in a dark dead end near the fence evoke a sense of urban landscapes and hidden emotions. The girl's adult-like warning to the writer not to do something adds a layer of complexity to their relationship, hinting at maturity beyond their years. The recurring image of the girl coming like a little dawn, pushing a bicycle in front of her, symbolizes hope, renewal, and movement forward. The comparison of the cycle tracks to rivers moving further away on cold rainy nights reinforces the theme of continuity and change, suggesting the passage of time and the inevitability of moving on. The poem conveys a mix of nostalgia, longing, and introspection, exploring themes of memory, childhood innocence, and the bittersweet nature of growing up. The imagery and symbolism used throughout the poem create a rich and evocative portrait of the past and its impact on the present.

### **Conclusion**

Feinberg's poems and scripts convey broader message to the audience, stating the importance of emotions, and how they have effect on us while enjoying the our normal peace of life. Through his poems, any reader could derive pleasure by reading his books. Uzbek people always cherish Feinberg in their hearts, and remember his contributions to the development of Uzbek literature.

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