

it was a sucking, two emissaries, and a vamli. He endured the umbilgy. True, he waited for his wife, who knew how to do so. A song by Jehovah's Witnesses reads: "In the hope of Esling, I will pass through the world, in The City of Quid, in Quintet, the philosopher's body, he's a philanthro, he's a philanthrocyte, he's a philanthrocy, he's a philanthrocyte, he's a philanthro n bo'lsa, ajab emas. Shoir goodness, courier for adelate, hello m it's a world, it's an e'tigod, it's a heartbeat, it's a bit of an assortment, and he's got a gag. In one of the most faithful rhythms in the world, Sadie Ahmad was a cockroach, a cockroach, and a cockroach I'm not going to say anything about it, I'm not going to do it. I'm not going to do it. I'm not going to say anything about it. I'm not going to say anything about it. I'm not going to say anything about it. I'm not going to say anything about it. He said to his 25 Egyptians: "This is the shrimp of Sydehan. and the drawing of the syringe was like a syringe." Seda Zunnunova did not have a long life span. On March 20, 1977, he published 51 Witnesses. In the shaft, please contact the Treasurer's Office by hand and made as straight as possible. The final academic lithium has not yet been replaced, and a magnificent statue has also been erected in Tashkent to Said Ahmad and Saida Zunnunova.

In his poems, he demonstrated that man was formed as a poet who skillfully represented the delicate edges and vibrations of his spiritual life, the complex movement of emotions and nightmares, and the rainbow colors of pain and sorrow. This seemed especially vivid in his poem "Talk to the Picture," and he wrote a number of stories and stories on the subject of family and love, with the intention of studying the lives of Uzbek women and girls and attracting public attention to the difficult things and complexities of their lives. His "Gulbahor" (1956), "Povest and Stories" (1957), "The Fire" (1959), "Friendship" (1960), "The Wing" (1961), "The Fire" (1962), "The Streets Charogon" (1965), "Learn From Your Necks" (1972), found true art of women's lives. In particular, he sharply exposed the ills of Soviet society under the guise of exposing old-fashioned sarcophagus in the stories of "The New Director," "Fire," and "Among People." In his poems, you can see not only a love for a companion but also a mother who was burned by her daughter's tole. The sequence of lines attracts beautiful tyres. The poet is portrayed in all respects as a mature, linguist, translator, pedog. Remember in the memories of his daughter; "My mother was a hawk, a humble, sincere woman," he says.

The moon shining on the calm seas made a silvery highway stretching to the horizon.

Kel, oppog'im, kel, erkam, men seni allalayin.

Dudog'ing guldani xushbo'y, yuzlaring undan xushro'y,

Kl, my dear one, put a jagged bshginangni on the back of my neck.

Tovuq uxlar qo'noqda, shamol tingan butoqda.

The grass is in the grass, and the grass is in the grass .

The star was a cheerlead, a cheerlead, and a cheerlead.

Qizcha uxladimi, deb mendan so'roqlayapti.

The moon shining on the calm seas made a silvery highway stretching to the horizon.

Kel, oppog'im, kel, erkam, men seni allalayin.

After His wife was imprisoned, Sha'drach, Me'shach and A'bed'ne:go did not leave their fortress in their hands, even when the door to the editors was tightly closed to his face. Said Ahmad dedicates it to his memory and creates "What I Lost and What I Found."

QIZIMGA

Jahon mening bag'rimdami yo men jahon bag'rida,

Why don't you wipe out my face?

These are the handles of a thousand flowers,

Baxtga ko'mib yuragimni, yuzlarim erkalagan.

MENING VATANIM

If I live a hundred years, if I live a hundred years,

Yuz yil ta'rifi ngni aytsam muttasil.

Baribir, sevgili yor rasmini,
Chizmoqqa munosib rang topolmayin.
Chamanda tentirab yurgan rassomday,
Don't say a word to your tsviringg,
That's what the word is like today.
Who collects my hundred-year-owl,
Bo'lmaydi dildagi sevgimday asil,
Ey, mening Vatanim, mening Vatanim!

There's no such thing as a vacuum but a vacuum womb,
Hammasi, hammasi senda mujassam.
He rubbed your mouthful of spit in my eyes ,
Bahorda barglarga yuzimni surtib,
Insonlik hurmati ichaman qasam:
Senga qurbon bo'lsa, mayli, jon-tanim.
You don't have a shrimp, this great hand
Baxtini ko'zlovchi bir jigarbandi.
Adolat, erklikni kuylaganim-chun
I'm not going to be persecuted
– Biz doim birgamiz, mening Vatanim.
To tirik ekanman, mehring, g'ururing
Mehnatda, rohatda jonim payvandi,
Sen mening sevganim, sen maqtaganim!

List of available publications;

1. Erkin Vohidov _ Uzbek literature and art. – 1996. – Tashkent.
2. Dilbar Bonu. Eternal Barhayot in Languages .—Tashkent.
3. Scandinavia . SH "A woman whose will is unbearable..." – 2005 – Tashkent.
4. 4.arboblal.uz.
5. 7th grade literature lessons » Oriental Publishing And Printing Corporation, Editor-in-Chief » - 2017 – Tashkent.