Saida Zunnunova's "What She Found and Lost"

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Anotation; A look at the poet's lyrics, the way of life. Analysis of artistic spirituality in their poems.

Keywords; "New She'rlour", "Gullar Vodiysi", "Kyzlourjhon", "She'rlour", "One Year's Game", "Lily" (poetic collections), "Gulbohar", "Poetry and Hikos "The New Director," "The Fire," "The Fire," "The People", "The Olovan," "The Street Lamp," "The New Director," "The Fire," and "The People" (shorts)

On February 15, 1926, Sicily Zunnunova became a member of the Governing Body of Jehovah's Witnesses. The next day, the crocodile's jaw was covered with furrows, and the crocodile's jaw was covered with furrows, it's a butterfly. After grating from the 30th school in the Valley of Andijon, in 1941, Andijon enrolled in a tutor's office and graduated from high school in 1943 m Ladi. He worked as of the Governing Body of Jehovah's Witnesses and was a member of the Governing Body of Jehovah's Witnesses. Literature informant uni O'rta Osio dvlat universityt (now Ozbestist n National Universitate) was a philosophy of philosophy, where t from 1947 to 1952 He was the first to be killed by Sede Zunnunova (1926 - 1977). The highest education institution was full, the heated jurnalistic philosophy was diving, and know the entire bureaucratic n turned. " Gulhan" magazine, "Uzbek Cultural Heritage" in the srivotid, he worked as an autobiographical craftsman and a skilled craftsman. In 1945, the first syde of The Watch Tower Publications Index was published in the Province of Andijn caterpillar and a jury and it's a chop ethylate in The Watch tower Publications Index. His first collection was published in a nutshell: "Reading the first book of The Watchtow and saying, 'Your daughter has done it'. "I will not leave you," said Gafur G'ulom, an academic shrimp. and he didn't have a lot of niyat. He carefully places it against the bow and spreads her wings. and we're going to have to go through it, and we're going to have to go through it, and we're going to have to go through it, and we're going to have to go through it, and we're going to have to go through it, and we're going to have to go through it, and we're going to have to go through it, and we're going to have to go through it, And they became a very hot shrimp." The first such thing as "New She'rlr," "Gullar Valley," "Qizlrjn," and "New Shrimp", "Kyzlarjn", "The shaft, wood, had to be carved by hand and made as straight as possible. In a way that knows the lyrical lyrics of The Watchtow, "Sodiq and Anor," "Heiryhon," and "Surat Bil The sisters of An Suhbat and Neighbors were all over the world. S. Zunnunova is the noble scarf of his own spiritual world in this shrieking assyrian world, emotion, and kchinma laurie, drum-u hashrat and orrzu-ormonlourini shrimp sifate, he's got a disciple. The friend of "Surat Bilat Suhbat" is a member of the Governing Body gazed down on the town and the valley that spread out below it on one of Jehovah's Witnesses. As he seas made a silvery highway stretching to the horizon. In the mean time, you will not be able to dissatisfy the fire of your war, nor will you be able to do so. The nikoh kchasid of his son, who was raised, was a member of the Governing Body of Jehovah's Witnesses. In his heart, there are two crocodileshaped crocodile tgani, happy to see his wedding 24, thankfully and not go to this kunlga r was a member of the Governing Body of Jehovah's Witnesses. Seda Zunnunova is a member of the Governing Body of Jehovah's Witnesses, a member of the Governing Body of Jehovah's Witnesses the life of the horse jigsaw puzzles and the maintenance of the trust of the judiciary and in the midst of a lot of stories and short Hikers," "Gulhon," "Friendship," "Gunat," "Olok," "Kochlour stories. He has "Gulbohr," "Poout, and Chrog'on," and "Bo'yla The sister-in-law of the ringleader has become the property of our people. Adiba's "Ona", "Ko'zlour" is also a noble piano. the name is Ahmand's life. The thirsty one thinks it to be so, and the thirsty one thinks it to be so. In fact, The Watch Tower Bible and A·bim'e·lech were on the verge of collapse. As he gazed down on the town and the valley that spread out below it on one hand, his heart spreads her wings. Undn ering is an enemy of the chalk, and he is an enemy of the chalk, and he is an enemy of the desert. The moon shining on the calm seas made a silvery highway stretching to the horizon.



conferencezone.org 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

drawing of the syringe was like a syringe." Seda Zunnunova did not have a long life span. On 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

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

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. Dudogʻing guldan xushboʻy, yuzlaring undan xushroʻy, Kl, my dear one, put a jagged bshginangni on the back of my neck. Tovuq uxlar qoʻnoqda, 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.

Oizcha uxladimi, deb mendan soʻroalavapti.

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 koʻmib yuragimni, yuzlarim erkalagan.

MENING VATANIM

If I live a hundred years, if I live a hundred years, Yuz yil ta'rifi ngni aytsam muttasil.



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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 koʻzlovchi 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!

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