

Mendan:
“Qanday qilib birinchi terimda 115-120
Kilo paxta terasan?” deb so’raydilar,
Men javob beraman

Shukur Sa’dulla

(“Farg’ona” she’rlaridan bo’lak)

Hali azan,
G’ira-shira,
 Tong endi otar
O’glim, qizcham,
 Hali shirin
 Uyquda yotar.
Shu nur sepgan,
 Tunning kuni
 Oy va yulduzlar,
Postni tashlab
 Almashlab
 Asta yon boshlab,
Keta boshlab uyiga
 Tongga gal berar...
Mana sigir, buzog’im
 “Emiz” der,
 Mag’rar,
Ertangi u
 Shav-shuvlar
 Mana boshlanar
Men turaman
 O’rnimni tez yig’ishtira,
Bet-qo’limni
 Yuvaman, ko’z yumgangacha.
Sigrimni, buzoqni¹
 Oldiga borib,
 Sevib, avaylab
 Sutin sog’aman!!
Poda yig’ilar choyga
 Eng oldin borib,
Sigrimni podaga
 Qo’shib kelaman.
Bir pastda

When They Ask Me,
“How Do You Pick 115-120 Kilograms
of Cotton at the First Picking?” This Is
How I Answer.

By Shukur Sa’dulla

(From the author’s collection entitled
Ferghana)

It’s still prayer time.
Foggy, misty
 The dawn begins to glow.
My son and little daughter
 Still sweetly
 Lie asleep.
The moon and stars
 Cast light,
 Sunshine of the night.
They leave their post,
 Switch places,
 Slowly recline,
Head home,
 And give the watch to dawn.
Now my heifer and my calf,
 Lowing,
 Say, “Milk me!”
The rustlings
 Of morning
 Now begin.
I get up,
 Quickly tidying my bed.
Closing my eyes,
 I wash my face and hands.
I go to
 My heifer and my calf.
 Lovingly, carefully
 I milk them.
The gathering of the herds
 Happens even before breakfast.
I add my heifer
 To the herd, and come home.
In a single moment,

¹ This is a common dialectical variant, using the apparently accusative suffix *-ni* in place of the standard possessive suffix *-ning*.

Uyimga chopib yelaman.
O'glimni, qizimni
Yuvib va tarab
Yangi ko'ylak kiygizib,
To'lib va qarab
Kolxoz yaslasiga
Eltib beraman!
Shundaqasi paxtazorga
Qarab yuraman!
Menim buncha ishlarni
Ishlab olguncha,
Uy yulduzlarin tarab
Ishga solguncha
Paxta ustiga tushgan
Nam va shabnamlar
Paxta betiga qo'ngan
Tun kapalaklar
Qo'ltig'iga qanotin
Bog'lab oladir
Men borguncha kolxozning
Paxtazoridan
Yana qaytib orqaga
O'z uychasiga,
Yana qaytib orqaga
Kelgan yurtiga
Paxtazor yerlaridan²
Ko'tariladir.
Paxtaga qo'nmoqchi
Bo'lgan gard,
Tuproq,
Chasovoy miltig'ida
O'mariladir.
Biz ikkimiz uchrashib
Salomlashamiz,
Paxtazor yerlar(i)ning
Omonligidan
Oppoq dala postlarning
Esonligidan,
Shabnamdan, paxtaga
Gard urmasidan,

I bolt home.
I wash my son and daughter
And comb their hair,
I put on their new clothes,
Feed and watch them,
And I bring them
To the kolkhoz nursery.
And so, to the cotton fields
I turn my gaze and walk!
While I am busy
Doing all this work,
Combing my little stars' hair at home
Before beginning work,
When the damp and dew
Are falling on the cotton;
The moths
That have landed on the surface of
the cotton
Unfold
Their wings.
By the time I leave the kolkhoz's
Cotton field,
They will have arisen
From the cotton fields,
Again returning back
To their own little houses,
Again returning back
To the homes from which they
came.
The dust
And dirt
That try to land on the cotton
Are snatched up
By the night watchman's rifle.
The two of us meet
And say hello.
Pleased, warmly greeting one another,
We discuss
The cotton fields'
Tranquility
And the safety
Of the snow-white fields

² Corrected to *yerlaridan* from *yerlardan*. Throughout the poem, the genitive suffix has been elided in places where it would be written out in modern standard Uzbek. I have added these vowels using parentheses in positions where they appear to have been omitted.

To'lib, yonib, ko'rishib
Bahslashamiz.
Shabnam – bu,
Ko'chaning, paxtaga turgan
Unga gard yuqtirmay
Omon saqlagan,
Kechagi yovlarni
Urgan va quvgan,
Posbonlik yumushin
Mahkam ushlagan
Va meni
posbonga
Tong almashtirgan,
Tungi bir posbondir!
Yulduzlar esa
Bu posbonning
Ponarlardir.
Va men ham
Erta tong borib,
Kunduzning
Posboni bo'lib,
Sevinib kulib,
Shabnamdan
Posbon olaman
Va posbonlikning ko'pini
Qo'lda tutaman.
Men hali uyda,
Yotoqda ekan,
Kun chiqqan,
Kun kulgan,
Kun tiqqa urgan:
Shoshamen,
Posbonga, tez boray deyman!
Shabnamdan
Gal postni
Tez olay deyman!
Kecha –
Kamandirdan buyruq olgandim.

U, meni
Ma'lum postga belgilagandi
Va men ham
Vijdonning hukmi bilan
Shu postga boraman:

And how because of the dew, the dust
Has not struck the cotton.
The dew
Has kept the cotton safe,
It's stopped the street dust
From sticking to the cotton.
It's pursued and beaten
The enemies of night.
It has strictly observed
The duties of a guard.
And the dawn
Has assigned me
As guard.
The dew is a nighttime guard!
And the stars
Are that guard's
Lanterns.
And I too,
The daytime
Guard,
Go early in the morning,
Laughing and happy.
I take the watch
From the nighttime dew.
And I hold the work of guarding
In my own two hands.
When I was still at home,
In bed,
The sun came out,
The sun smiled,
The sun shone straight down.
I hurry
To make it to my post in time!
To change guard
With the night dew
As quickly as I can!
Yesterday –
I received my orders from the
commander.
She assigned me⁴
To a certain post.
And I too
Go to that post
With strength of conviction.

⁴ The pronoun used here does not specify the gender of the commander.

Bu postning yumushin
Hormay ishlayman!
Ma'lum,
Qo'llarda quollarim bor
Yelkamga
Osganman, og'ir zo'r qurol!

Belimga
Tukkanman, bir so'mka –
Ro'mol!

Bu ro'mol
Ish-hol
Uni men
Kechasi oqlab, tayyorlab
Zaryadit etib
Qoy'ganman...
Erta tongdan
Ishga ketarken
Belimga mahkamlab bog'layman,
Belimda
Uning-chun o'rin o'yganman!

Shu ravishcha
Post uchun
Oziq hozirlab,
Paxtazor dalalar(i)ga
Ildam boraman
Ertangi tong izqirig'in
Ayamayman yoraman
Va borib
Shu, tunnig qo'ruqchisidan,
Shabnamdan
Askari(y)³ –
Raport olaman:
Raport bilan
Komandirga –
Men chast beraman!

I will do my work at that post
Without tiring!
Certainly,
I have weapons in my hands.
On my shoulders
I have hung my heavy, mighty
weapons!
To my waist
I have bound a sack -
A scarf!

This scarf
Is ready for work.
At night, I
Bleached it, prepared it
Charged it up,⁵
Lay it aside.
At early dawn,
On my way to work,
I bind it to my waist.
At my waist,
I have sculpted a place for that
purpose!⁶
In this way
I prepare supplies
For the post.

I go quickly
To the cotton fields.
Unafraid, I penetrate
The gales of dawn.
And when I arrive,
Like a soldier.
I receive a report
From the dew,
The night guard.
With the report
I go to the commander –

³ Given the unstable orthography, I believe that this should be *askariy*, or the adjective “soldierly,” rather than what is written, *askari*, the third-person possessive form of “soldier.

⁵ This word is a Russian borrowing (*zariadit*), literally meaning “to charge,” as with electricity. Possibly, this author has misunderstood the word to mean “prepare” in general, or he is using the word metaphorically, suggesting that even the most mundane scarf can be an engine of modernity.

⁶ This word, literally meaning “dig” or “carve,” indicates that even the woman’s body is a raw material for the building of socialism.

Post menda
 Va mana
 Ishga kiranman!
Yenglarimni o'xshatib
 Shimarib olib
Oqaridagi paxtalarni
 Barala
Ikki qo'l-la
 Teraman:
Shishinaman
 To'la
 Nafas yutaman
Ko'ngilni oqartib
 Shu paxtazor-la,
Postimning chaman(i)day,
 Mag'rurligila,
Keng,
 Ko'krak keraman!
Ikki yonni baravar
 Qilib va terib
Yumush o'rnimda
 Dadil boraman!
Qarayman
 Oqarida bo'lgan paxtaga!
Keng dala, qirlar,
 O'ralgan buyuk taxtaga!
Ko'zlarim-la unga
 To'lib qaraymen
Paxtazorning sochlarini avaylab
 Siypalab,
 O'rim-o'rimlab,
Nozlatib,
 Kuldirib,
 Tarayman!
Taraganda
 Qo'lni ho'llayman
Paxtaxon
 Yopishib, yaxshi chiqadir

Chechaklar
 Chirmashib, kamar bo'ladir
Men ham tinmay

And deliver my report!⁷
The post is now mine,
 And now,
 I begin work!
I roll up
 Both my sleeves.
Precisely,
 I pick
The cotton before me
 With both my hands.
I expand my chest,
 Deeply
 Breathing.
I purify my soul
 With this cotton field;
I throw back my shoulders,
 Full of pride,
 And broadly,
Just like my post, a broad bed of flowers.
I shave and pluck⁸
 The two sides equally.
I go forth with courage
 In my place of work!
I look
 At the cotton before me.
A wide field, meadows,
 Are spread out as on a great table.
I look at it with my eyes
 And am satisfied.
Carefully,
 Caressingly,
 I reap the cotton-fields' hair.
Cuddling it,
 I make it laugh,
 And comb its hair.
When I comb it,
 I wet my hand.
The cotton bolls
 Stick that way, and come out
nicely.
If the blossoms tangle,
 They get holes.

⁷ This appears to be a technical term for a report or an assignment. It is a Russian borrowing (*chast*) literally meaning "portion." It can also be used for a military unit.

⁸ This vocabulary emphasizes the comparison between cotton fibers and human hair.

Qo'lni yo'llayman
Talalarga-sochlarga
Taroq bo'ladir...

Mana men azandan
Tun qorayguncha
Chechaklar qo'ynida
Uzoq qolaman
Paxtixon qizimni
Ko'krakga bosib
Ustlarini yalayman
Tozartiraman!
Yangi tug'ulgan qizni
Yuvintirib so'ng
Ko'ylaklar kiygizib,
Yo'rgaklayman!!
Va kechqurun
Tortib ko'raman!
Qizning
Og'irligi qancha keladi?
Men ona,
U-meni yaxshi biladir
Og'irligi
Yuz o'n besh-yigirma
Kilo bo'ladir.

Without pause,
I move my hands.
They are a comb
For the fibers, the hair...

I stay long
In the embrace of the blossoms,
From the first morning prayers,
Until the night darkens.
I press my cotton daughter
To my breast.
I lick her
Clean.
I wash my newborn
Daughter, then
I dress
And swaddle her!
And in the evening,
I have her weighed!
How much
Does my daughter weigh?
I am a mother,
She knows me well.
Her weight
Comes out
To 115-120 kilos.

Published in *Yangi Yo'l*, Nov.-Dec. 1933

Ochilgan Lolalar

Oydin

(8-mart bayrami munosabati bilan)

Ana bahor yetib keldi,
Ko'k shohiga o'ralib.
Alangadek nurlar otdi,
Qizil durra buranib.

Har bahorda o'quydir men,

Tulips in Bloom

By Oydin

On the occasion of the March 8 holiday

Now the spring has finally come,
Draped in silk of blue.
It casts out its rays like flame,
Dons a scarf of red.

Every spring I read of it,

(V)ara(q)larni⁹ varaqlab.
Inqilobning oltin ezi,
Porloq, kular, charaqlab.

Turning through the pages.
The revolution's golden trace
Glitters, sparkles, smiles.

Ochilgandir lolalarning
Bugun amal yuzlari.
Yangi hayot qahramoni,
Quvna ishchi qizlari.

The true faces of the tulips
Have broken into bloom today.
Heroes of the new life,
Worker girls rejoice.

Har idora, har bir ishda
Bugun xondan "lolalar"
Fabrik, sovxoz, kolxozlarda
Qaynab, toshar, lov(ul)lar.¹⁰
Ulu bayram hali senga,
Ko'p sovg'alar to'playman.
Ochilgan gul dastalarning
Shodlik kuyin kuylayman.

In every office, every workplace,
Today these reading "tulips"
In factories, sovkhozes, and kolkhozes,
Bubble over, overflow, flame out.
Oh great festival, for you still
I will gather many gifts.
I will sing the joyful song
Of blooming tulip bunches.

Published in *Yangi Yo'l*, Feb-Mar. 1930

Cotton

By Zulfiya

In the wide fields,
Cotton spreads its rays of light,
It shows its face
And shines.

It makes the garden bloom,
It calls the people.
It brings spirit to
The kolkhoz and the sovkhoz.

It saves the Soviet people
From the foreign foe.
Cotton provides for
the factory and production plant.

⁹ The Arabic script in the original reads *tarax*, but I believe this to be a typo for *varaqa*, or "page."

¹⁰ The Arabic script here appears to read *lovalar*, but given the parallelism in this line, this seems to be a third verb rather than a plural noun and should be transcribed *lovullar* in modern Uzbek.

Translated by Claire Roosien, Assistant Professor of History, Providence College

Traversing the white gold,
Singing songs,
Watching the harvest unfold,
We pick cotton.

White cotton desires these things:
The fulfillment of the Plan,
The proof of victory,
The enemy's heart.

1932 (from Zulfiya's first poetry collection, *Pages of Life*)