

MY BEAUTIFUL CITY KHOJELI
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Abstract: Poet Rakhmet Ayapbergenov was born in Katep settlement of Khozheli district of the Republic of Karakalpakstan, where his poetic inspiration was awakened. The poet spent his childhood in Katep. A young boy who grew up surrounded by the beautiful nature of his native village and rolled in the sand of Chandak writes several poems dedicated to his native land with the passion of his youth. The paper-yellow boy who flew from the village of Ayadai with his wings would always speak of his native village with pride. Poems dedicated to the motherland are philosophically loved by their readers. In the poet's poems, there is love for the native land, motherland, love, morality and loyalty.

Keywords: poet, poem, village, homeland, beautiful city, land of friendship, historical city, Karakalpakstan, Khozheli, Katep, Nazlymkhan Sulu, Pirim Ishan, Shamun Nabi....

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Introduction

Rakhmet Ayapbergenov, one of the Kazakh poets who did not give in to bad words, is one of the most respected poets of any nation. The breeze of honesty, purity and innocence that flows from every line of poetry leads to hope for the future rather than dark sadness. It is not wrong to say that the poet, who dripped with navel blood, grew up, flew with wings, without balancing anything, raised his song to a high level, put his inner secrets in black poetry, "a poet who weaves a whip out of a poem." All the conscious life of the poet, who successfully started the path of poetry in this way, was closely connected with the breath of poetry. One of the main themes of the poet's poems is thoughts related to his homeland and the country where he grew up. We see that the poet Rakhmet Ayapbergenov passionately wrote about the sunny region of Karakalpakstan, Khozheli and Katep, its hard-working, kind, generous people, and the eye-catching beautiful nature in his poems.

Results and Discussion

Alexander Blok: thought that the poet's poetry is silence and turned this concept into a deep theoretical formulation. And harmony, or harmony, is interpreted as the ability of a master artist to turn truth into music, mystery into poetry, and to show the transfer of life to art and art to life. The poet's poem "My Khojeli" contains compositional unity and fresh thoughts that are immediately apparent to the outsider.

Ережеп, Жомарт, қырық шопан, қаншама ұрпақ алмасты,

Олар жатқан дем алып төбені мың сан қар басты.

Миздахан мен Антакия - тарихымда көне есімін,

Жыр-тұлпарлар көшінде Қожелі болып жалғасты,- as if the poet described the fate of a whole people who lived in this vast field for centuries.

Медресе, мешіт ашылып, жаңа қалада нұр жайнап кетті ғой гүл-далам,

Азан шақырған қожалар үні әсем әндердей естілді алыс жырадан.

Ұлы ислам дінін тарату үшін Меккеден келген көш бастап,

Мұхамедтің асыл сүйегі, Пірім ишандай ғұламам!

If we pay close attention to the construction of the poem, it seems that the poet turns the clear truth into a pure flow, a poetic flow, and sings with a wide breath. Khozheli is a city of good specialists. Khozheli has grown up many specialists who are known by the country and have faithfully served their people. Khozheli is a blessed place that cherishes national unity since ancient times. That's why God's attention has drawn to Khozheli, and Khozheli is called "The City of Wanderings". Khozheli's Pir Pirim Ishan Baba is respected by the people.

Бір көрген кісі абыржытындай адам еді бұл қандай,

Еске алмау оны мүмкін бе, тебіренбей, толғанбай!

Шамун Нәбидің жеті күмбезі жеті жұмбақ қызындай,

Бабалардың шын тұлғасын көзге елестетіп тұрғандай!

On the northern (western) side of Amudarya along the island, in the Khozheli-"Mazdakhkan" region, Akhoret Said Pirim Khoja-ishan, Said Tursyn Khoja-ishan, Said Geday Khoja-ishan were religious and enlighteners of the settled population, Ahun-ishans and intellectuals who served on Muslim rights.

No matter how much the poet says, he cannot express his praise. In any case, the poet could not change his native village to the streets of such wonderful cities as Venice, Paris, London, Dubai.

The Yusup Ishan dome, which has a name in history, is involuntarily brought before your eyes on the broad hill of the darkhan steppe, which cannot be exchanged for the Pamirs, the Caucasus, and Alatau:

Өлімде қорқыта алмайтын мың кедергінің бекерін,

Міне деп мөлдір махаббат дәлелдеп кеткен не екенін!

Сол шебер батыр жігіттің дулығасындай шың басы,

Назлымхан сұлу сарайы , ғашық жастардың мекені!

When you read these stanzas, your soul is relaxed, your heart is warm, and the voice of the poet with wide arms will not leave your ears. In our opinion, the deep roots of Ayapbergenov's poetry lie in people's joys and sorrows of yesterday, today and tomorrow. To everyone's surprise, Khozheli sings that 2,400 years have passed since the foundation of Khozheli, and that Khorezm is one of the Beskalas of ancient times. As he grew up, the tender feeling for his native country, which started from the village soil, was perfected with the education he received at school and the upbringing given by his parents. Every village child who grew up with the smell of baked bread buried in the hot embers of dung, the smell of worms boiling in a black cauldron, the smell of cheese, bagels as red as cauliflower fried in oil, the friendly faces of the villagers, and the warm voices of "Ayalayndy" may not love their native land. not. Didn't some Kazakh dancers and heroes, scientists and artists take wings from this village field and fly to the mountains?

Rakhmet Ayapbergenov, a bright-eyed boy of the village who flew out of a beautiful school in such a beautiful village, always speaks proudly of his native village. Yes, even if the place where the poet was born and grew up does not have a trickling spring, a mountain that fights with the sky, a gurgling river, or a lush forest, the poet loves it as if it were close to him and walks around it.

How hot, pure and boundless is the love of a person for his land, where he rolls in its soil, bathes in its water, burns in the sun and freezes in the cold when he becomes a man and becomes a citizen! Karakalpakstan region, especially through this Khozheli, the poet was able to convey the nature of his native land in a different melodious language with his inspiration and thoughts born from his vivid imagination.

Yes, the native village of Katep, which belongs to Khozheli district, was like the poet's heart, it gave sunshine to his soul, energy to his body, and inspired the poet's soul.

Бақыт боп қонған маған өлең жастан,

Сен жайлы өршіл жырдан өрем дастан.

Көрсем де талай – талай ғажап мекен,

Қатебім, сұлу жер жоқ сенен асқан! – the poet sings excitedly, the soil of the village where the poet was born, the golden morning, the red sunset, the twinkling stars and the mysterious night, every healing grass of the village, thousands of cattle in the field, the harvest field, the river, the mountain - everything is hot, they are special You can understand from these stanzas what happiness it is to cherish and feel.

Сап түзеп көшелерің жылдан – жылға,

Семіріп малың өскен мыңнан – мыңға.

О, Қатеп, саған теңдес ауыл аз – ау,

Қосатын ақын болса, тыңнан жырға.

The poet's village was a prosperous place during the Katep period, so the poet was born there, grew up and spent his childhood there. Yes, it perfectly portrays the image of our old people and our grandmothers, who bridge the gap between old and new times, whose soul is as wide as a field, whose mind is as naive as a child, and who does not dirty their white rice. singing with special attention to his brothers, who had a wonderful heart:

Бар мұнда аталарым нар секілді,

Шаштары таудағы аппақ қар секілді.

Бар мұнда әжелерім кимешегі,

Мәңгілік кір шалмаған ар секілді , -

They don't leave out the reliable citizens of the village and their friends who always have a good sense of humor.

Ұшса да мейлі қанша талмас қыран,

Әкелер жолын алға жалғастырған.

Бар мұнда ер кеуделі ағаларым,

Жақтырмас жалқауларды малдас құрған.

Brides who get up early in the morning and sweep in front of the door, mothers carrying their buckets in their arms, crowing of roosters, dogs barking, sparrows chirping, and children are noisy, are they not the fashion and song of the blessed village?!

Түк те жоқ жетпей жатқан таласатын,

Кімді де сүйсінтер ой парасатын.

Бар мұнда ақкудай ақ жеңгелері,

Әрқашан әзіліміз жарасатын.

If the poet enumerates the young and the old of the village, everyone, and swallows his sisters, the boy eagle who will make your dreams come true and sing about your flower forest will be proud of all his brothers.

Poet Rakhmet Ayapbergenov's poems often have 4 stanzas, 15-16 syllables, and are mostly composed in black verse. Most of the Kazakh poems are twin rhymes, half rhymes, and slurring

rhymes. And R. Ayapbergenov used black poetry more than the type of poetry in his poems. Rakhmet Ayapbergenov's poem "Katebim" consists of 8 stanzas, 3 stanzas, 4 stanzas, and eleven syllables.

Жа-йым жоқ // мұн-да бүр-кеп// жа-сы-ра-тын, //

Бол-ма-са // жөн-сіз мақ-тап // а-сы-ра-тын. //

Бар мұн-да // қар-лы-ғаш-тай // қа-рын-дас-тар, //

Кө-зі-ңе // жан-ған от-тай // ба-сы-ла-тын. //

Біл-мей-тін // шын-дық тұр-са // жал-ға-ның-ды, //

Со-лар ғой // сай-ра-тар гүл // -ор-ма-ның-ды. //

Бар мұн-да // і-ні-ле-рім // -ба-ла бүр-кіт, //

Сам-ға-тар // қа-нат бой-лап // ар-ма-ның-ды. //

Ба-қыт боп // қон-ған ма-ған // ө-лең жас-тан, //

Сен жай-лы // өр-шіл жыр-дан // ө-рем дас-тан. //

Көр-сем де // та-лай – та-лай // ға-жап ме-кен, //

Қа-те-бім, // сұ-лу жер жоқ // се-нен ас-қан! //

Poetry is sacred word. If we call poetry a big lock, the key that opens

It is the poet's heart. And the poet is a beloved and honorable citizen of the people, describing the reality of the people's life, rejoicing in their joys and mourning their sorrows. So, people continue to write poetry in bars. Poets are the people's barometer. Poetry is written for the people. And if the people don't read, that poetry is orphan poetry. (Khanbibі Yesengaraeva)

The poet took a special place in the history of Kazakh literature with his lyrical works dedicated to his native land and was recognized for his true talent. In the end, the poet left a rich legacy born from his rich and talented pen. The internal unity and integrity of his personal life and creative pursuits, his secretive and sincere sensitive poetic attitude are clearly evident in his poems.

Мәңгілікке мақтаныш боп тұр аман,

Біз қалаймыз кірпішінді құлаған.

Хожелі, Хожелі - сен ескі қала,

Сан ғасырлар төрінен бас құраған.

In the poem "My Khojeli" he sings with inspiration that the ancient name of Mizdakhkan and Antakya continued to be Khojeli on the road of poetry, the tombs of Nazlymkhan Sulu and Shamun Nabi in the Mizdakhkan complex, the place where Muhammad's noble bones, Pirim Ishan, are the place of scholars who led the way from Mecca to spread the great religion of Islam:

Өткен жылдар қалып қойды сағымда,

Бұлбұл құсым сайрап тұр кіл бағымда.

Хожелі, Хожелі - тарихи қала,

Міне, бүгін гүлдеп өскен шағында.

Khozheli, made up of several nationalities and nobles, is a land of friendship, a place of friendship. Thanks to its blessed unity and peace, it has attracted the attention of many people. Representatives of many nationalities and ethnic groups living in Khozheli live as freely as they do in their homeland, without any disadvantages, and live on an equal footing with all other peoples. The generous people of Khozheli welcomed people of different nationalities who settled in the country with open arms. The poet sings about how many representatives of the Ulus settled in this region, got married and flourished:

Мен сен десе шабыттанбай тұра алман,

Көз алдымда қолын бұлғар мың арман.

Хожелі, Хожелі-бұл достық қала,

Тұрғындары сан түрлі ұлттан құралған.

Khozheli is a historical city that is remembered for its beautiful scenery and tall buildings with cozy shadows. If we look at its history, it is an ancient city that has passed through many historical periods. The amazing nature, the mansions of the city all seem to add a special beautiful melody to the beautiful city.

Алғы күнге қанат қаққан еркімен,

Ғашықтардай бір шығатын сертінен.

Хожелі, Хожелі – сен ару қала,

Көрген адам көз алмайтын көркінен!

Rakhmet Ayapbergenov is a poet who sings past and present artistic tradition in Kazakh poetry with childish, patriotic feelings. In his songs, he sang about the sacred power of poetry, which has been educating generations for thousands of years, with deep images of truly mysterious, national

emotions. The heart secret of a lyrical hero who loves his native land, homeland and traditions of the Kazakh national character is woven into the civil voice in R. Ayapbergenov's poems.

From the poems of the poet, the personality of a manly, dreamy and determined boy who grew up freely in the vast steppes of the Kazakh lake can be recognized. In his poems, the spirit of the brave ancestors who defended the vast plain with the tip of a white spear and the strength of a white wrist can be felt. Also, white-washed houses built in rows in the valley, thousands of herds of cattle in the pastures, six-pointers on a moonlit evening, aristocrats playing, playing sardines, and chasing girls, have a special place.

Conclusion

Our brother Rakhmet Ayapbergenov, a poet respected by his country and people, is bright, his heart is as dark as the field, he is the only child of the great Katep, who has embraced the human race for centuries. R. Ayapbergenov is a natural talent. It was given to the poet by nature. He writes every poem from his honest heart, burning with soul. The poet's poems are full of fervent energy, hot energy, wide breath, and deep inspiration. The free rhythm of his poems, the rich melody, the rhythmic accent, and the poetic ingenuity will undoubtedly elevate the poet's poems. When he came to Koryta, the poet sang and proved that Khozheli, the native village of the poet, blessed and festive, with harmonious nature and culture, full of thousands of cattle, is a sacred place that cannot be exchanged for any place.

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