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The Special Power of Global Experiences

I have a confession to make: I missed Arrival Day this Season.

It's always notable because of what it represents: new faces, new hope, a new start.

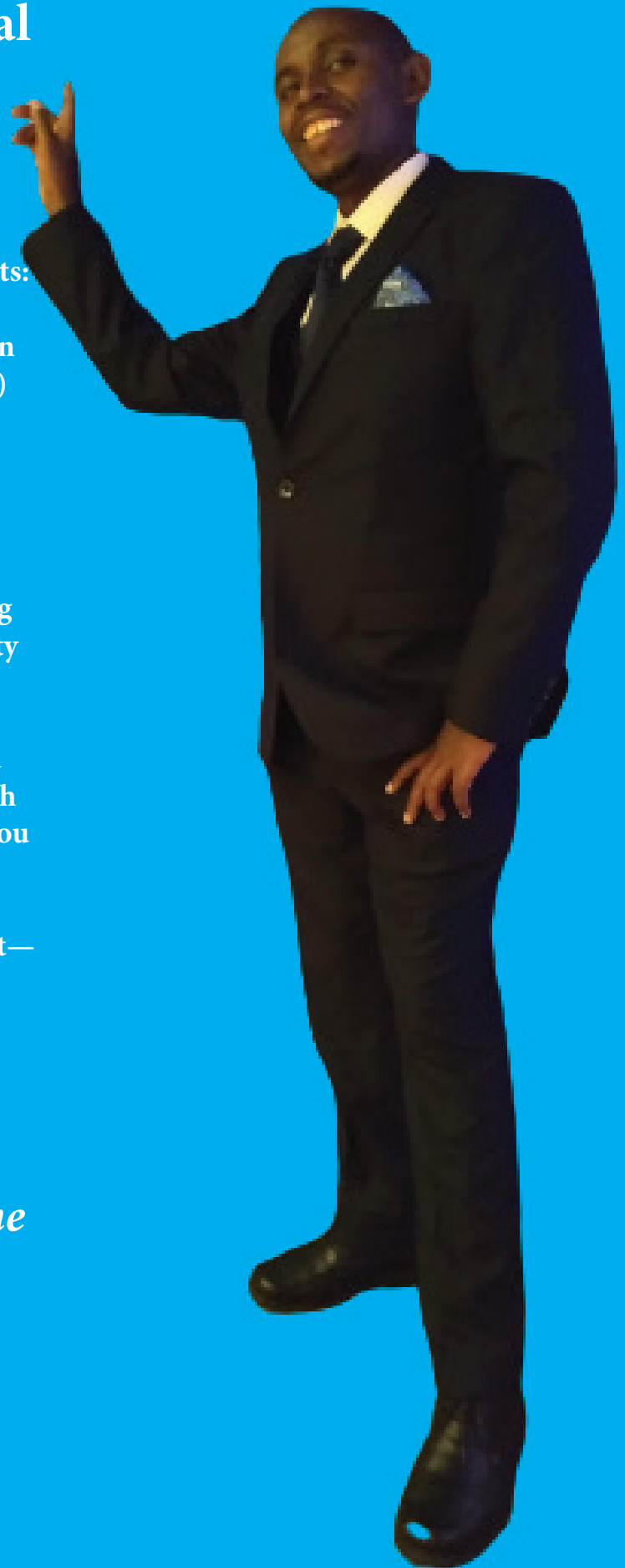
This edition, however, was more poignant than ever, as it wasn't just fresh-faced (and masked) new first-entrants from Uzbekistan and their peers stepping foot on Classico Opine for the first time.

I OCTOBER have missed this edition's New Experience, but with the campus full and the energy and excitement of the students buoying us up, it's clear that every day is an opportunity to celebrate the start of something new.

I hope that as you read this issue, you're inspired by our poetry magazine's efforts, and reminded of your own confidence and strength to make a positive difference. And wherever you are in the world, we hope you'll come back on board to our magazine sometime soon—be it for contributing, Reunion, or just to comment—and teach us, in turn, about all the world has taught you.

Dan Mwangi

Executive Editor, Classico Opine Magazine



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JORAYEVA MARJONA

Bio -

Marjona Jorayeva Bakhtiyorovna was born on October 18, 2003, in the Termiz district of Surkhondarya region. In 2022, she was admitted to Termiz State Pedagogical Institute's Faculty of Philology, majoring in Uzbek Language and Literature, on a state grant.

Content -

Beautiful With A Sense Of Humor

In their eyes, there is melancholy,
On their faces, there is pain.
Such people always,
Have a beautiful sense of humor.

They do not reveal their suffering to others,
Their sorrows remain unnoticed.
If you simply pay attention,
Their laughter can be beautiful.

Beneath their laughter, how much suffering
there is,
How many tears and sorrows they hold.
In their chest, there is a heart burning,
In the beautiful laughter of these people.

Jorayeva Marjona



XO'JAMIYOROVA GULMIRA

Bio -

Xo'jamiyorova Gulmira

Content -

My Uzbekistan

The mountain air brings joy to the heart,
In the gardens, the nightingale sings its part,
I am enchanted by my beautiful land,
With clear skies, my heaven on earth,
Your soil is priceless, my Uzbekistan!

I grew up in your embrace, felt your love,
I cherished every inch of you like my mother,
When they hurt you, my heart burned within,
You are my one and only, my dearest mother,
For me, you are unique, my Uzbekistan!

Spring adds beauty to your splendor,
Every corner of you is uniquely rare,
I will sing your praise over and over,
The swallow graces the balcony it enters,
My Uzbekistan, draped in flowers!

The world will write epics in your name,
The whole world will bow in your honor,
The time has come, your era is here,
Your fame has spread, my glorious pride,
Born for happiness, my Uzbekistan!

So many great minds fought for your sake,
So many heroes wrote epics about you,
Scholars lived for the love of knowledge,
This is the land of our ancestors' heritage,
Filled with radiant light, my Uzbekistan!



Evans Asikoyo

Bio -

Evans Asikoyo, the poet

Content -

The Face of Betrayal

A friend's embrace, so warm, so near,
Turns cold with whispers none can hear.
A bond that once stood pure, intact,
Now frays beneath a veiled act.

Eyes that sparkled, true and bright,
Now dim beneath a shadowed light.
A glance once filled with trust, sincere,
Now hides deceit, masked in fear.

Hands that promised steady care,
Reach out with threads of thin despair.
A pact, now brittle, falls apart,
As treachery strikes at the heart.

The words once soft, a soothing balm,
Now cut like glass, a shattered calm.
What once was whole, now torn in two,
As lies reveal a different view.

The ground beneath begins to shake,
Foundations crack, facades break.
Where faith once stood, now doubt creeps in,
And trust fades like a phantom's grin.

A dagger's thrust, though out of sight,
Leaves scars in places dark as night.
A wound that time can never seal,
The silent ache, too deep to heal.

Betrayal's face is hard to trace,
It hides behind a friendly grace.
Yet once revealed, it leaves its mark,
A heart grown weary, cold, and dark.

For in its wake, what's left behind,
Is more than pain—it twists the mind.
The love that once held light and cheer,
Now dances with a lingering fear.

And though forgiveness may arise,
A flicker still haunts loving eyes.
For trust, once shattered, takes its toll,
A broken bond, a fractured soul.



WANJOHI . P. MUGAMBI

Bio -

Wanjohi . P. Mugambi
Weeping Onion

Content -

My love

I write to you about love
Love which is mighty
Alone which I strive to bear
Chasing it but never ceasing
Desire, love and Death
The three never leaves my mind
But your own strength saved me
With Hope, love and fortitude
It never failed me
Or sunk me in the ocean of despair

Often with my impatience
Lost in the word of my mum
Lost in the trust of heaven
But created in the love you give
Like a vessel if your tempest giver
And you as the received

Your voice
In my ear it whispers
"Oooh be patient my love"
But the storms are many
Huge not to pass them all

Your love leaves me weary thinking
Sight and waxing me dim
Leaving me to wander
Can i swim through it?
Answer me in the poetic gesture
To know it is not the betrayal I didn't wish
for it
For the past might renew itself

Receive me with your outstretched hands
Take me back again
With the dark eyes you implode me
To make me reason again

I try to remember how your love fixed me
How your hoped made me live
Your voice praying for us to go through
Effort determined
To keep my love spirit free



Chandra Maharajan

Bio -

Chandra Maharajan

Content -

Chandra: A Rising Poet With Humble Aspirations For Young Generation

HEY HEY!!! Have you ever noticed the fluctuations in your emotions and how they transform as you grow older? If you take a moment to reflect on a few years back, the tremors and butterflies you once felt are certainly not the same as what you experience now. The outgrowth of the self is an inevitable process that every being undergoes. For some, it's a perfectly arranged stack of stairs; for others, a slope lacking friction, a combination of both, or even a new piece of architecture. However, there is no choice but to cross it.

I, CHANDRA MAHARAJAN, being in my late teenage years, have taken myself back to the beginning of those crucial ages, a time ripe for construction and deconstruction of the self. Yes, I'm talking about my entrance into the teenage phase. As I glide through those half-decade years, I wonder how my brain chemistry has been altered every year, maybe even every month. The innocent kid who enjoyed every moment and felt satisfied with a single piece of chocolate is no more; she has evolved into someone who writes about her emotional imbalances and deep thoughts. Indeed, I have unlocked a new skill.

I'm certainly not alone in feeling this shift; my friends experience it too because, after all, we're reckless teens. My cherished yet sarcastic friend with a peculiar personality, W. FARRINGTON SAMUEL, and my chérie chérie lady with a mystical ability to materialize my chaotic mind, J.K. DHARSHITHA, both pour their essence into this impetuous attack of sunshine and shadow.

"AS I GO," a contemporary poetry



NORSAFAROVA ZUHAL OBID

Bio -

Norsafarova Zuhail Obid

Norsafarova, daughter of Zuhail Obid, was born on October 6, 2005 in Dehkanabad district of Kashkadarya region.

Currently, Shahrissabz State Pedagogical Institute, a student of the 2nd level of legal education, the national idea, spiritual foundations, is a member of the People's Democratic Party (PDP) of Dehkanabad district. Zuhail is currently organized by the administration of Kashkadarya region, the Five Initiative Project Shahrissabz 2nd place winner of the Youth Festival "Zukko Kitabkhan" contest held in Our happiness and perfection is embodied in you", a participant of the regional stage of the constitutional contest, as well. His poems are included in the anthology collection "Nurli izlar" published by the Russian publishing house.

Content -

My Parents

Without My Helpers, My Protectors...
My Beliefs, My Properties!!!

Eyebrow-He Is Without Eyes, My Holy
Ones
My Mountains,
You Are My Guards

Your Heart Is Full Of Love,
Your Face Shines,
Shining...

You Are The Angel Of Our Home
Without My Favorable Parents

You Are The Helper Who Supports Me,
You Pray For Me

Let Your Way Filled With Light
May Your Day Be Filled With Happiness
Long Live Your Life
Let Your Heart Live



Muhammad Adnan

Bio -

Muhammad Adnan

Muhammad Adnan Gujjar, lecturer in English at The University of Chenab, Gujarat. He has completed two Masters in English Philosophies: M.Phil. in English Language and Literature from UOS and M.Phil. English Literature from MUL. His research studies on Classical Folktale Her and Ranjha. He operated the narrative structure of Heer and Ranjha. Secondly His take is on Modern Literature. In this module he studied Usman Ali's plays in the light Edward Bond's perspective of Drama. In addition, he is quite vibrant in his research studies.

Until now, he has ten research articles which are related to classic and modern literature. He has numerous research presentation at National and International level. He has presented these research presentations in numerous conferences held in top ranking universities of Pakistan: NED Karachi, IUB Bahawalpur, PU Lahore, UOS, Sargodha, Garrison Lahore, Education University Lahore, IIU Islamabad, Fatima Jinnah University for Women Rawalpindi, GCU Faisalabad and University Club Boston America.

Furthermore, he engraves English Poetry and glorifies as a phenomenal poet. He served as a Co-Author in National and International Anthologies and his flawless poems have been published in Raven Cage Zine, a literary German Magazine and Hope with hopes, an Indian Magazine. He has been highlighted as an Author in a renowned E-paper in the USA and Africa, Mount Kenya Times. His interview has featured in an African Paper, The Mount Kenya.

Moreover, he heartens and provokes the students in Creative Writing. His students are also sharing the vibrant sharing around the globe. Truly, his students are emblems of transparency. He inculcates passion into the minds of their students in order to nurture their raw potential. His aim is to bring out the glory and immeasurable brightness. He believes in having a vibrant perception. He is always there to energize the eager spirits with his soulful thoughts.

Content -

Tangible Trance

Eyes!
Wondering like Maximus
Entered in the Valley of Romance
Whiteness welcomes to forgetful Oedipus
And the beauty spells them in a tangible trance;
Posturing like Athena
She muses Apollo
Odysseus implores her
And remains in furs;
In the Valley of Romance
Peacock dances
Princess of Tartary Furnaces
Destiny drizzles and Joy joys;
Greeks and Romans roam
Clasp and cling in fair foam
Cherishing different rituals
Keats swims across the tunnels;

My Greek Warrior

Your Spirit is the sharing of Grace
Your lips are the rivers of glory
And your Divine image is 'A Divine image' of Blake
It flowers and flows like a deep lake;
Your vanity is the vanity of Athena
Your pride is the pride of Od-

ysseus

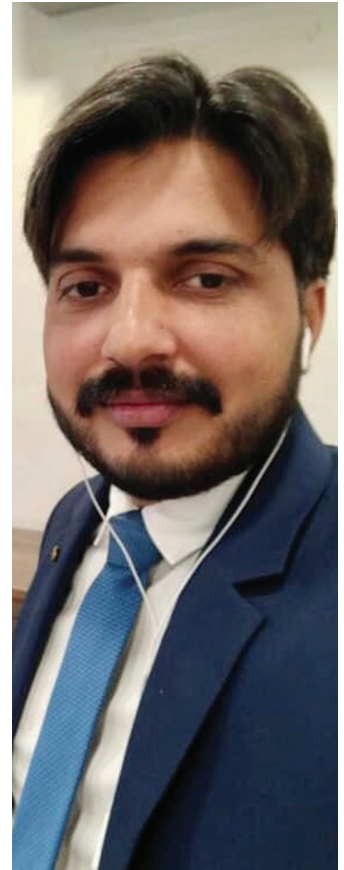
Your heart seems to be Castle of Calypso
Your aura is Palace of Cerci;
You are my Greek Warrior
I live your audacious punch
I live your shackles bunch
Cerci joys your doleful delights
Calypso adores your soulful sights
You are shared wine of Shafak
You are the scattered seed of luck
Folk will cherish your light
You are my unsaid might.
You are the heat and beat of fingers
You are the sensational ring of ringer
You are the fairy of Spencer's Queen by
You are a dazzling wing of Spleen
Eye blinks in the search of Helen
Parris cherishes the sight even fallen.

To Consistency

Flying like a wondering falcon
crossing and thrashing through mountain
trod like an old Man
I saluted to muted consistency;
Her aura was the aura of the Sun
Her courage was endless fun
tearing the Windy wind
she remains constant and unwinds;
Facing the stormy storm
She stands firm and never fads
standing like Penelope, she sips transparency
Athena she is, I call her Consistency;
A thing of beauty is forever
Hymn to commoners she whispers ever
Pouring purity, she remains purity
I regard and regard consistency.

You are my untold tale.

You are my untold tale



Hear! Classic Hera

How do you find refuge in this era
walking like a peacock, you pace delicately
Birds stop twittering in the tree hastily.
Clay graces your pace
Creature swirled your gaze
Dales' swings and Cloud twists into the maze
The universe unveils its face.
Athena shies before your aura.
Hera cherishes your visage
Fairies celebrate festivity in your honor
You are an incomplete tale of this era.
Listen!
O' queen of seasons
Spring adores and you are the reason
Autumn is envious of such delicacy
Winter weeps in absence ecstatically
Come and clean the unclean
Summer stands still unlearning
You are the care and concern
Stay, sway, and remain stern.

SAIDQULOVA NOZIMA



Bio -

Saidqulova Nozima
Uzbekistan
Karshi Engineering-Eco-
nomic Institute.
Sanoat faculty 4th grade
student.

Content -

Motherland

To praise the motherland,
My highest wish, my family
dream.

In your corners that filled my
heart,
My feelings are awakend, in
your dreams.

I live to praise your name,
I saw my mother in you.
Be full of love,
I saw my father in you,
Courage and strength.

Exalt your name,
It's confession.
If I wave your flag,
To another country,
Heard your description,
Greatness heard.

Let him winder surprised,
My heart is white.
Dream rush,
My motherland is mine.

Wondering.....

These eyes are surprised,
To the ring around.
This mind is surprised,
He does not know how to be
offended.

These tongues are surprised,

He does not know pain.
This heart is surprised,
He doesn't know how to laugh.

This wish is surprising,
He does not know dreams.
It is surprising that this joy,
Does not know emotions.

He is surprised by these hap-
piness,
He does not know happiness.
Wonder this sky,
Don't be surprised

Gapporova Zamira Alisher

Bio -

Gapporova Zamira Alisher

Gapporova is the daughter of Zamira Alisher.

He was born in the village of Saraykurgan, Nurabad district, Samarkand region, Nurdum MFY.

1st year student of Uzbek language and literature at the University of Information Technologies and Management

Content -

Mother

He spent his nights awake rocking the cradle,
When I cry, my head is bowed down by worry,
My hair is white,
Oh my God, protect my mother.

Friends are gone when I fall,
When I broke down,
Only one mother was with me,
Oh my God, protect my mother

The heart is filled with joy.
The sun shines on his face,
My heart rejoices in his words,
Oh my God, protect my mother



DAVLATOVA SHODIYONA

Bio -

Davlatova Shodiyona
Uzbekistan
Tashkent State University of
Oriental Studies, Faculty of
Foreign Affairs and Interna-
tional Economic Relations,
2nd stage student of inter-
national relations.

Content -

**Man is not defeat-
ed by lack of pur-
pose but by The
last Hope**

Sometimes it drowns, like the
waters of the ocean of slander
Rumors gnaw at your op-
pressed heart,
When you don't fit in the world
The whole world was laughing

you turn your dreams into mi-
rages
You walk day and night like a
fool
You might say, what is wrong
with me, God?
But it's useless, don't look for a
reason in everything.

In fact, this is how the universe
was created
The innocent, the oppressed
were considered guilty
don't faint...
don't worry...
Oh, my secret friend!
Perfect, your heart is with him...
on the night of the fifteenth of
the month
Don't go crying under the old
maple tree
Maybe...
Maybe the maple will not wait
for you
Maybe the maple doesn't un-
derstand you!
Look at the "he"
See ... come "Feel it"
He understands you)



Rozmetova Roziyajon Yaqubboy

Bio -

Rozmetova Roziyajon
Yaqubboy

Content -

I have known Rozmetova Roziyajon Yaqubboy for 2 years. In September 2022, he came to study at our faculty. He studied for 2 years and gained in-depth knowledge of relevant subjects by participating in scientific circles in his spare time. During this period, Rozmetova Roziyajon is distinguished by her interest in the field of medicine and proves that she can become a mature specialist in her chosen field in the future. He has published a number of scientific works and articles prepared in the field of his interest in the republic and abroad together with his scientific supervisor. His published scientific works and articles are distinguished by their scientific thoroughness. Because he knows Turkish, he can read medical information in Turkish. 07.12 They took the proud 1st place with their group at the QVZ held at our institute in 2022.

On 15.09.2023, Shine Girls' Academy was awarded a certificate for successful participation in the 2nd season of the project "Shine with Shokhida" aimed at personal development.

On 26.01.2024, she participated in the international anthology of Azerbaijan with the story "The Leafless Tree" and was awarded with a certificate, and the book "Talented Girls of Uzbekistan" was published in the publishing house named Baygench Yainjilik.

On February 25, 2024, the

GINE MED Academy successfully completed the "Genealogy" course.

On 20.03.2024, Shine was awarded for successful participation in the 3-day project "Shine with Shokhida" aimed at personal development of Girls' Academy.

On April 26, 2024, he took the proud 1st place in the Nafosat competition organized by the Department of Spirituality, Enlightenment and Work with Youth, held at TTA TF.

05.05.2024 Rakhmatovs successfully completed the course on "Normal Physiology" of the Medical School.

From 03.06.2024 to 03.09.2024, he conducted a Turkish language training course for the youth of "Polvan" neighborhood, Koshkopir district, Khorezm region.

On 27.06.2024, she participated in the conference "Women Leaders of Uzbekistan" held in Turkey, and participated with the article entitled "Provision of sufficient personnel in the use of technologies used in medicine".

On 07.07.2024, he was awarded a certificate for successfully passing the medical test conducted by the STIMULUS INSTITUTE OF ACUPUNCTURE.

20.08.2024, the article on the topic "The importance of medical technologies in gynecology" was officially registered in the program created for electronic computing machines. (DGU 202409910).

On August 23, 2024, a scientific article on "IMPORTANCE CALPOSCOPE IN GYNECOLOGY" was published in the scientific journal of applied and medical sciences. (ISSN-2181-3450 Vol. 03 No. 08 2024)

On 05.09.2024, a scientific ar-



ticle on the topic "The Role of History Taking and Technology in the Field of Gynecology" was published in the American international INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF PEDIATRICS AND GENETICS. (ISSN2995-5483 Vol.2.9 (2024))

On 06.09.2024, youth affairs agency Khorezm regional administration, girl's voice Shine Girls' Academy held a master class on the topic "Scientific girls - the foundation of a bright future" and was awarded with a certificate for active participation.

On 21.09.2024, an article on "Sardiograms And Electrophysiology Are Crucial Diagnostic Procedures in Pregnant Women" was published in the prestigious American newspaper "The Diaspora Times Global".

On 21.09.2024, the article "Use of technologies in gynecology" was published in the Autumn Reflections book. (ISBN 978-1-326-94124-6)

On 24.09.2024 in the city of Alanya, Turkey, Baygench Yainjilik's article on the topic of "Omen of medical technology in gynecology" was published in the collection of articles entitled "Hopeful Smallpox of Uzbekistan". (ISBN 978-625-6023-33-8)

On 24.09.2024, the pres-

tigious Alanya guneshi newspaper of Turkey published about the presentation of the book "Hopeful smallpox of Uzbekistan".

On October 2, 2024, the article "Use of technologies in gynecology" was published on the "Al-Fayad" international website, which covers the literature, art and culture of the Arab state.

Rozmetova Roziyajon is an exemplary student not only in the academic field, but also in the field of family-moral and social activities. He carries out the work entrusted to him honestly and responsibly.

Rozmetova Roziyajon has gained respect and reputation among faculty members and students with her potential, discipline and principles. He has been actively participating in the social life of the faculty and branch.

I am confident that Rozmetova Roziyajon Yaqubboy's daughter has the above-mentioned qualities and that she can perform any responsible work, and I recommend her to be a candidate for the Zulfiya State Award from among the students of the Termiz branch of the Tashkent Medical Academy.

By: Abduvaliyeva Mohidil

KUROLOVA DILNURA

Bio -

Kurolova Dilnura
Uzbekistan

Content -

Ecology and me

What do we mean by ecology? Ecology is a complex of biological sciences that studies the structure of systems, populations, biocenoses, biogeocenoses, that is, the structure of the ecosystem and the biosphere, the processes that take place in them. The term ecology was coined in 1866 by the German scientist E. Haeckel. It was proposed to determine the relationship with. It can lead to chaos and disturbance. As a result of disturbing the ecological balance, it has a deep and bad effect on human health. Therefore, try your best to avoid causing environmental problems and to eliminate these problems!

What can you think of as environmental problems?

One of the main problems is air pollution and global warming. Due to the humidification of the air, the ozone layer is collapsing. The origin of this problem is the harmful gases emitted by enterprises and cars. If we talk about the problem of global warming, as a result of this, glaciers are melting and animals living on these glaciers are dying. Especially polar bears. Due to this, it is necessary to reduce and eliminate the occurrence of such problems.



Lazizbek Rakhimov

Bio -

Lazizbek Rakhimov
Bukhara State University

Content -

First Love

My pen is too weak to describe
your grace,
Each time I see you, I'm struck
by pain's embrace.
My only desire is to meet with
you,
No fairy, no idol could ever
replace.

Do you have so many lovers in
this world?
Please don't torment me with
such cruel words.
Why is it so hard to meet you
now?
I feel like nothing next to you,
just dust swirled.

Your words tear at my heart,
bit by bit,
How sweet are your eyes, I
can't handle it.
You're depriving me of your
presence and light,
Yet you once said, "Without
you, I can't live, not a bit."

For you, I've given my soul,
don't you see?
Look, my poems are written for
you endlessly.
Seeing the beauty of my be-
loved once more,
Would make other lovers faint
to the floor.

Oh, if only my sleepless nights
were filled with light,
If your father knew of my
love's height.
This foolish heart of mine would
fill with delight,
If my eyes could see you, even
once, in my sight.



TULIYEVA SARVINOZ

Bio -

Tuliyeva Sarvinoz
Uzbekistan
Teacher of native language
and literature at Shaikhon-
tohur District Vocational
School

Content -

Madrasa Kokaldosh in Tashkent

There are many ancient monuments in Uzbekistan. Studying their long history will help us to know more about them. In this article, I would like to provide information about the "Kokaldosh" madrasa in Tashkent.

Kokaldosh Madrasah, the largest of Islamic monuments, is located in the area of Chorsu Square. This madrasa has already become a symbol of the old part of the capital. In the 10th century, one of the three city gates was here.

The madrasa was built in the 16th century during the reign of the Shaibani Khans. The construction was headed by the prime minister nicknamed "kokaldosh" (translated from Turkish as "born brother", hence the strange name of the madrasa). He was close to the rulers of Tashkent, Barakhan and Darvishkhan.

Many legends are connected with the activities of the madrasa. Earlier local elders were executed in the madrasa area. They threw unfaithful wives from the highest tower to punish and shame the local population. According to another legend, a large pistachio tree once grew here, which was

considered sacred because it grew in one of the domes of the madrasa.

On one of the inner walls of the madrasah there is an inscription: "Death is inevitable, but what a person does remains forever."

Today, the Kokaldosh madrasa is one of the largest architectural monuments of our capital. The multi-story brick building is built on the principles of Muslim religious institutions: a large inner courtyard is surrounded by prayer rooms and rooms for training. An entrance portal (pedestak) with a height of about 20 m is installed on the front side. There are two-story balconies with traditional corner towers. The windows of the building are protected from sunlight, and the names of Allah and Prophet Muhammad are engraved on them.

Throughout its history, the madrasa building witnessed many events. It was destroyed several times. Also, once there was a caravan-palace here. In the 19th century, the building served as the residence of the Kokhan khans. From here they shot the Tashkent insurgents with the help of cannons.

The Kokaldosh madrasa was completely restored with the help of masters from Tashkent and the status of a religious institution was returned to it. Even today, you can hear the azan of Sufis calling Muslims to prayer here, various religious ceremonies are held, and training for the Taliban is held in the cells.



Mansurova Sarvinoz Khasan

Bio -

Mansurova Sarvinoz Khasan

Mansurova is the daughter of Sarvinoz Khasan
Student of treatment at Bukhara State Medical
Institute

Content -

I am a 3rd-year student at Sarvinoz Khasan's daughter Bukhara State Medical Institute. I have been interested in the field of medicine since I was young. I am currently the winner of the "Student of the Year" award. During my student days, I developed a strong interest in scientific research and the culture and art of other countries. I became interested in the world. As a result of my many researches, I found out that the Turkic countries are different from others with their customs. The interest in the Turkic world made me travel the world.

I participated on behalf of Uzbekistan at the international conference held in Azerbaijan in February 2024. We got to know the culture and education direction of Azerbaijan closely. We visited educational institutions. For a week I was a guest in such beautiful and unique cities as Baku and Quba. The art and culture of Uzbekistan and Azerbaijan are similar to each other.

The international conference and the presentation of the book went very well. I also participated with my creative work and was awarded. It was hosted by scientists, professors and teachers. The people of Azerbaijan expressed warm thoughts about Uzbekistan. It was also different from others with the delicacy of its dishes. I liked the Azerbaijani national dances and costume the most.

We returned to Uzbekistan with many such warm thoughts. In conclusion, I can say that traveling the world in pursuit of knowledge and learning the culture and customs of other peoples is of great interest to this person. My peers and young people always keep moving and searching.



TULIYEVA SARVINOZ



Bio -

Tuliyeva Sarvinoz
Uzbekistan.

Born on November 8, 1999.

Graduated from Alisher Navoi Tashkent State University of Uzbek Language and Literature (2023).

The winner of the state award named after Zulpa (2019).

Participant of the Zomin workshop of young artists (2019)

She is the author of the poetry books "Song of Peace", "I am a Girl of Truth",

"Morning Poem". Author of the creative collection "Nur-li Izlar".

About 100 creative works have been published in republican and foreign newspapers and magazines.

His creative works and articles have been published in Russia, Turkey, Germany, USA, Kenya, Great Britain.

Teacher of native language and literature at Shaikhon-tohur District Vocational School, Tashkent.

Content -

My body that happiness from
happiness,
A soul in my chest rattles.
Sparkling dew on the grass
That is my problem. I'll drink a
jam.

My eyes look for you in you,
Is the spirit of madness ending?
Whatever it is,
Your life is enough for me.

Where is myself? A series of
questions,
Self of me – I ask myself.
A Statement on Living –
It's my own self.

*

Console the heart of love,
You deceived him that you
were coming.
Shugina is obsessed with,
Let's go to the tulip election.

Longing knew the heavens,
Rain pouring down from his
eyelids.
A Tested Patience on My Shoulder
A vein that shoots deeply.

Praise you my heart,
Come in between the milkies.
Maybe today, maybe tomorrow
Come smashing the obstacles.

Eshmo minova Sitora

Bio -

Eshmo'minova Sitora

Eshmo'minova Sitora was born in Qumqor-gon district, Surxondaryo region, Republic of Uzbekistan. She is currently a 2nd-year student at PROFI UNIVERSITY and is the winner of the "Golden Pen-2024" award.

Content -

Grateful for Your Presence, My Dear Mother

When she prays, her supplications reach the skies,
Whatever she finds, she wishes for her child.
My kind-hearted, my tender mother,
I am grateful for your presence, always.

When many worries came into my life,
You always asked Allah for my happiness.
My dearest, my paradise, my mother,
I am grateful for your presence, always.

There may be many dark-eyed ones around me,
And words that sound sweet in pleasant melodies,
But none of them could ever be as close as you,
I am grateful for your presence, always.

There are highs and lows on the paths of destiny,
Sometimes friends pretend not to see when you fall.
Even strangers join in your moments of joy,
But no one could be like you, my mother,
I am grateful for your presence, always.

Look, mother, I am reaching my goal,
I see many prayers of yours being fulfilled.
Even my teacher is pleased with me because of you,
I am grateful for your presence, always.

So many beautiful days are yet to come,
Our leader will call me a "Zulfiya girl."
Because of you, my life will be beautiful,
I am grateful for your presence, my MOTHER!



Jorayeva Marjona Bakhtiyorovna

Bio -

Jorayeva Marjona Bakhtiyorovna
Uzbekistan

Marjona Jorayeva Bakhtiyorovna was born on October 18, 2003, in the Termiz district of Surkhandarya region. In 2022, she was admitted to Termiz State Pedagogical Institute's Faculty of Philology, majoring in Uzbek Language and Literature, on a state grant.

Content -

A Mother's Prayer

In a remote village, there was a small house on one of its narrow streets. A family, neither rich nor poor, lived there in modest conditions. The mother always made a wish, saying: "When my children grow up, I want all of them to be highly educated. They will all be well-read and intelligent people." However, the father would oppose this idea, saying, "Instead, let them work and earn money. There is no benefit in education." Life continued this way, with months and years passing by. The eldest child finished school with an excellent certificate and a gold medal. One day, the family gathered around the dining table, as they usually did. After a few words from the father, the eldest son began to speak: — I have finished school now. Which university should I apply to? The father replied:

— What university? Finishing school is enough. Stop studying now and think about earning some money for the family.

The mother interjected:

— Oh, why do you say that? Should he do hard labor after studying so well and graduating with good grades? If he doesn't study further, how will he find a good job?

— We also studied, but did we find suitable jobs? — the father argued again.

— Father, but I want to study too. I want to become a great doctor in the future. I want to study in the city. Besides, I can study during the day and work at night. I might find a suitable part-time job, — said the son thoughtfully.

— Why bother yourself so much?

You just focus on your studies. You don't need to work. Once you graduate, you will work in your field, my son, — said the mother with a smile.

As everyone continued eating, the youngest son spoke up:

— Mom, what is higher education? Do my brothers and I all have to study there? — he asked, causing a bit of laughter. The father smirked and said:

— Yes, all of you will study there, and only I am meant to work, — he said with a hint of frustration.

The next morning, the mother called the eldest son to her side and said:

— My son, don't pay attention to what your father said yesterday. He spoke out of frustration because he is supporting the whole family alone. Go ahead and submit your documents. If you get into university, your father will also be happy, — she comforted him.

Hearing these words, the son hugged his mother and said:

— Of course, I will get into university, mother. I will fulfill your dreams, — and ran out the door joyfully.

Time passed. The eldest son was accepted into university. The entire family and relatives celebrated. On that day, people gathered at their home, congratulating the parents and expressing their pride for having such a son. The four younger brothers looked up to their eldest brother and made a promise to themselves to achieve such joyful days in the future.

Time went on, and one by one, the brothers entered universities. They studied and worked simultaneously, without causing any financial strain on the family. The father was the happiest of all. In every family, the youngest child is usually the most pampered:

"Oh, my Lord, countless thanks be to You for fulfilling all my wishes. My family is at peace, our household is complete, my spouse and children are safe and sound. Bless my husband's work with abundance and open up paths for my children. Keep their faces radiant. I beg of You for one more thing, my Allah: please increase the knowledge of this youngest child of mine. Let him easily grasp and memorize what he learns. May he not fall behind his brothers. Help him to find his own path and



work in good places as well."

Listening to these words, the youngest son stood still in shock:

"Can it be that my mother sheds tears to God, praying for my success? Why haven't I been able to enter university yet? It must be my fault; perhaps I'm not preparing my lessons well or am being lazy at times," he thought, and then he went to his room and fell asleep. When he woke up, his mother was standing beside him:

— Get up, my son, and prepare for your lessons. Read your books.

He hugged his mother tightly and promised that this year, he would definitely pass the entrance exams. From that moment on, there was a change in the youngest son. He began to understand his lessons quickly and grasp everything instantly. With all his heart, he aimed to fulfill his mother's prayers. As time passed, he too entered university. The one who rejoiced the most was his moth-

er. He studied in his desired field, worked, and served the community just like his brothers. Finally, all the children came together and gifted their parents tickets for a pilgrimage trip for their mother's birthday. Allah bestowed upon this family even more than what they had wished for. The mother's duty towards her children was fulfilled. But the children's duty towards their mother can never be completed. No matter how much good we do for our mothers, we can never repay even a single moment of sleepless nights they endured while giving us their pure milk. A mother's love and prayers for her child are debts that can never be repaid. A mother's prayer is powerful, possessing hidden strength. The nobility and compassion of mothers are among the greatest blessings Allah has bestowed upon us. Let's cherish our mothers, for just one prayer from them can completely change our lives."

Tajalla Qureshi

Bio -

TAJALLA QURESHI

Tajalla Qureshi - a literary enchantress who weaves tapestries of thoughts and emotions with the finesse of a master artisan in the realm of words. She is a gifted wordsmith from Pakistan. Thereupon, she is the visionary Co-Founder and Co-Editor of The Wordsmith Magazine, where words are woven into magic. Her pen swings across the globe, leaving a trail of mesmerizing poems and columns that captivate readers worldwide. She is a multi-talented creative force who wears many fedoras with elegance and flair. She is named as Miss 20th Century Poetry at the University of Chenab, Gujrat. On the flip, her writings have been glorified in Pakistan, Germany, Canada, Africa, America, and India in many E-papers, Anthologies, Magazines, and Websites. She was highlighted as the top-ranked Author in many poetic presentations and poetic competitions at international forums. Her published poem: My Phoenix had been arranged in the final term exam for the students of literature at the University of Lahore, Gujrat. Coupled with that, her articles have been printed in German Magazine and American Newspapers and her poetry has been published in more than 30 International and National Anthologies, in German, Indian, Canadian Magazines, and African Newspapers. Like a shooting star, her literary presence blazes across the firmament, leaving an indelible mark on the hearts and minds of all who encounter her work.

Content -

Thee myn sanctus versus



I often deem thee a verse that I
never interweave
The reason for unsaid tangible
tracers can heave
Rush through the blue veins of
enormous receives
Rings and riddles jumble the en-
chanting believes

Thee, a verse I read with gashes
and slashes in eve
Right, I fumble the Canvas of
nevertheless cleave
Then woo click thee in the realm
of multi-perceive
Oh! The unspoken dream drops
unless it leaves

Myn thee, Myn fleece! Let the
blank blink to sheave
Never knew that thee could sig-

.....

Contd Page 23

Tajalla Qureshi

Contd from Page 23

.....
nify my mostly gleams
Even after the waves ripple over
the heaven stream
Twists the twisting battles, I
fought in the dark realm
Headed up the sprinkling water
envelope of the beams
Thee are right behind my willful
imaginational seam
Through which I knot all our
rhythmic schemes
My enclosure lauds thy heavenly
hymns in steam
Thee the Lyric I often unde-
scribed as so far cream
Possession peeps out of the
bubble as it ever seems.

Athena's Apollo!

Hovering over the sky, he often
replies
to the veracity of wisdom, she,
Athena
Cherish the preponderance of
love at miles
Apollo retains the luxurious arena

For up tides the cracking craves
to the motion of murals
That eagerly awakes the airwaves
Ah! Athena smooches your heav-
enly pearls

Sometimes, green adores your
heart
and Apollo dances with mirth
and March
She, the Starfire encircles the
melodious art
An affection, a reflection, Apollo
owns the starch

An Easel that holds hold in
his lap
and tell-tale the illustration of
aesthetic lust
Athena, the guardian, is aware
of traps

As up heals and deals the inti-
mate thrust

And as all that Athena went
down
before nightfall mate
Roll up her furs that immensely
round
the peep out over the fate

Hails that clasp Apollo's dignity
and affinity
Softly, Slightly, Athena retreats
from the ravishing realms
over the sea and sky, beyond
divinity and infinity
Entirely claims the light and de-
light of his dreams.

Clicks in her fate

All were fated to find her roads
to glory
All were picturized to pick her up
with a story
Yelling becomes dwelling deeper
with delight
Ashes arch into golden pearls in
ages of night

Rarely jingles of rejoice and re-
coil, keep her ride
She senses the melody and
might, seat at her side
Chosen to choke the intellectual
sublimes
Praised by the Heavenly Power to
create rhymes

Certainly, a lavender that desires
a delightful sight
From the ground of vultures, she
shifts towards light
One that is aware of her trans-
parency, creates her
Right between the twilight, she
emerges as a flur

Yet! Fate finds her innocence and
immense urges
Knitted knots assume her to
deem the submerge
Her stream of slashes evokes her
above-love



Destiny decors her promenades
to provoke the dove

Wisdom, she hauls, Beauty she
applauds
Blow the blaze, Beat the bubbles
to make her broad
She, a dove from Heaven, a
soul from the seventh
Rise and revise the glimpses of
warm hearth.

Appraisal of "Her Beauty"

Beyond the blue clouds and
white ocean
Poetry switches and swings with
the Greek notion
High up in the sky, Apollo whis-
pers her artistic aura
Even beguiles the wariness of

Hera, keeping in flora
And Aphrodite loves her love, ac-
claims the veiling devotion
Dance in dazzle, her imprints ut-
ter, gentle compels in motion
Vehemently, Venus often invites
her beauty,
So far, Athena adores her victo-
rious duty
Apollo offers her, his arrow, yet,
to conquer the sparrow
Wisdom bows before her knees
bamboozle the rough and narrow
She befriends Aphrodite and Ath-
ena for the scent of loveliness
All, with Selenia, who clicks her
on the moon for a dress
Appraise her aroma, in sliver
stars, Selenia opens art.



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