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## THE CREATIVE PATH OF ALEXANDER FEINBERG.

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### **Annotation.**

*Alexander Feinberg, uzbek poet wrote really wonderful poems that can attract and be loved not by only Uzbek or Russian people maybe by all the world. At the first time it is not very easy to understand and comprehend the meaning of his poems. However, after reading more and more, it is interesting and wonderful to know this creativity.*

### **Keywords.**

*poetry, war, love, path.*

In addition, Alexander Feinberg was able to express his love to Uzbekistan with his work and poems at the same time to his life, emotions. He was very talented to write simple but charming poems. Let us see the poems that are translated by me into English. While translating, it gave me more emotion and joy.

### SEPTEMBER

It's time for the golden pen.

Darling,

autumn stands at the yard.

Worth it, crumble.

Tomorrow over her

The last shoal of cranes will cry.

Fog will be replaced by cold.

Cities will float in torrential rains.

Darling,

Autumn stands at the yard.

Mr. Twister has a mountain of money.

In my own possession

flickering leaves by day.

Golden pen, paper  
and you.

Yes, on a wooden table is full  
among autumn apples  
a bottle of wine, true.

... Dachas outside the noisy city are crumbling,  
Fur coats are ready for November.  
And someone writes you a letter from Moscow.  
Certainly,  
Of course you will leave then.  
Breathe into the evening  
- How tired I am.  
How many leaves have fallen this fall.  
And everything is so sad,  
And everything is so ridiculous, bad.  
What to do, love?  
Summer is over.  
I love the last days of September.  
Violin orchestra covered city.  
I love this freshness.  
and clarity of the weather.  
Nature calmly withdraws into itself.

Leaving...  
How little we are sure  
that everything will return to us after the winter.  
Weathervanes creak in the last mists.

Darling,  
autumn stands at the yard.

She is at the end of a short day.  
Farewell fanned crowns and faces.  
Everyone whispers "I'm sorry"  
and cannot forgive this.

The poet use very beautiful words to express his love not only to September, through to people also. He used different elements of September, especially autumn to describe, to show the beauties of world and words to the girl that is related to September. He claims that he loves the last days of September because at that time the weather becomes fresh and nature is of course beautiful, In addition, he tries to add that girl with beautiful view of autumn, he looked like her to the fall of Autumn, especially to the fall of September.

TO MY MOTHER

Green field, green field,  
Only my mum is missing.  
To return the favor  
Truth is also lacking.

\* \* \*

There is a strange house in this world,  
Friends are in it, happy.

In it - spring, flowers and nasturtium,  
Someone sings the colors of life.

Then darkness will not cover the soul,  
Let them remember me too.

Alexander Feinberg is a poet who can make us memory some expressions:love, belief, missing, looking forward to someone. In this poem, we can see that he applouds his mother as the person who misses him a lot and waites for him all the time. Furthermore, he tries to express his love to her with this line of beautiful words. Alexander Arkadievich Fainberg did not live two weeks before his seventieth birthday. The whole of Tashkent was preparing for this date - and the hero of the occasion himself. But he avoided official doxology, ceremonies and honors, to which he was not a fan. The toasts prepared for the holiday, hastily repainted in a minor key, were already sounded at the commemoration. In the literature of Uzbekistan, Alexander Feinberg occupied a place that no poet could claim on the scale of Russia. And he will remain empty for a long time. Now, when three years have passed since the departure of the poet, this is more and more obvious. As the monuments to the Russian classics disappeared from the streets of

Tashkent, the figure of Fainberg increasingly assumed the role of a living monument of Russian literature. Feinberg was the only Russian poet in Tashkent who invariably drew full houses. He was sincerely applauded by his peers and youth. After 1991, when dozens of writers left the republic, and the generation that replaced them tried to avoid rapid marginalization.

Feinberg remained a kind of gold reserve, thanks to which Russian poetic speech did not depreciate for a long time. He retained in himself all the best that arose once among the sixties. He retained in himself all the best that arose once among the sixties. But without a penchant for demagogy, without false pathos and feigned dissidence. His civil poetry did not age with the drying of the ink, perhaps because it was always extremely personal. His hero spoke not on behalf of millions, but only on his own.

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