

Contemporary Azerbaijani Poetry
(1960-2014)

CANDLES
(101 verses)

Baku-2015

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Introduction

Dear Readers!

Since the ancient times, Azerbaijan has been called “The Land of Fire.” To this day in the village of Ramana, near Baku, one can still find the ancient temples of the fire-worshippers. And naturally, a flame burns eternally in the hearts of the Azerbaijani people. It is difficult to find any Azerbaijani, who does not know a great number of verses, fables, bayaty¹ and proverbs. It is difficult to find a man or a woman who has not created a single verse at least once in their lifetime. That is why Azerbaijan has also been called “The Land of Poetry.”

The first national epic was *The Book of Grandfather Gorgud* (Dede Qorqud) which dates back more than a millennium ago consisting of 12 chapters. Our people’s first literary creations were myths and legends. At the same time, other forms were being developed in Azerbaijani literary oral folk traditions such as tales, sayings and bayaty. During the rule of the Azerbaijani dynasty of the Shirvan Shahs in the 12th century, classical Azerbaijani poetry began to bloom: its leading representatives were Nizami Ganjavi (12th c), Mahsati Ganjavi (12th c), Afsaladdin Khagani (12th c), Imadaddin Nasimi (14th c), Mahammad Fizuli (16th c), Vagif and Vidadi (18th c), Seyid Azim Shirvani (19th c) and Mirza Alakbar Sabir (20th c).

And now after gaining our independence a new era has begun for our people. Again poetry has flourished and the works of the Azerbaijani contemporary poets included in this book have been translated into English. The works of the following outstanding poets: Rasul Rza, Nigar Rafibayli, Sohrab Tahir, Bakhtiyar Vahabzade, Mammad Araz, Fikrat Goja, Vagif Samadoghlu, Ramiz Rovshan, Musa Yagub, Kamal Abdulla... are not only published in Azerbaijani, but in many other languages as well.

This book is a small anthology of poetry that aims to introduce English readers with the works of modern Azerbaijani poets. The collection should also be helpful to advanced students, foreign Companies and Embassies interested in contemporary Azerbaijani verse in English. Having in mind these types of readers, I selected each poem and added footnotes and commentaries whenever I felt it would aid the foreign reader.

This book contains 101 verses written by 55 Azerbaijani authors from various generations. Chronologically, the book is a collection of verses, written primarily between 1960 and 2014, though there are a few poems composed earlier than 1960—works, for example, by Rasul Rza, Ali Karim, Sohrab Tahir, Bakhtiyar Vahabzade, Mammad Araz, Vagif Samadoghlu and Ramiz Rovshan, poets of different styles and manners.

The short biographical notes do not claim to be a history of Azerbaijan’s poetry but merely act as background information for the reader.

Throughout this book, it is possible to find many poems about the topics of love—love for one’s homeland, love for one’s people, love for parents and children, love for life, love for a woman or

¹ Bayaty: a form of folk verse which is still rather unknown. Usually this type of verse is spoken by older people and it consists of 4 lines. They are usually very laconic and philosophical.

any lover. The poets write on how to make better choices in life, at work, at home and in relationships. These days, of course, life appears to be much more confusing. The lines between right and wrong can often be very grey, and some of our actions may seem separate from their results; they are not, when moral principles are clearly understood and applied.

I would like to personally thank Mrs.Afaq Masud, Head of Azerbaijan Translation Centre under the Cabinet of Ministers of the Republic of Azerbaijan for her assistance and also hope sincerely that those who use this book can have a clearer view of the Azerbaijani poetic mentality. Hopefully, this is only just the beginning of more projects like this.

Dr. Kamran Nazirli,
Member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union

P.S.

Request to Readers

Azerbaijan Translation Centre and the Translator would be glad to have your opinion of this book, its translation and design and any suggestions you may have for future publications. Please send all your comments to 74, Topchubashov Street Baku, Azerbaijan Translation Centre (email:info@aztc.gov.az) or directly to Translator Dr. Kamran Nazirli (email: k.nazirli@amf.az).

1. Rasul Rza (1910-1981)



Rasul Rza (full name Rasul Ibrahim oghlu² Rzayev) was a prominent Azerbaijani poet. He was born in Goychay on May 19, 1910. His real last name was Mammadkhanli. At age five (1915), he lost his father and was reared by an uncle whose first name was Rza. During the Soviet period, his father's name, meaning "khan" or "ruler", was closely associated with the bourgeoisie, which put him in great jeopardy. Despite these immense obstacles, he became one of the most prolific and dearly loved poets in Azerbaijan. He was the first Azerbaijani poet to use free verse in his poetry and was editor-in-chief of the first Azerbaijani translation of the Great Soviet Encyclopedia published in Baku. He studied in Moscow at the Institute of Nations and at the State Cinematographic Institute.

Rasul Rza was the Chairman of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union (1939), Minister of the Azerbaijan Cinematography (1945-1948) and editor-in-chief of the Azerbaijan Soviet Encyclopedia (1966-1975), etc. He was the Member of the USSR Writers' Board (1964). Rasul Rza wrote numerous lyrics, most of which were set to music. His poems have been translated into many languages in the Soviet Union and into German, French and Persian, as well as several Turkish languages. He is the author of over 30 books of poetry such as *Poems* (1959), *Light on my Window* (1962), *Feelings, Thoughts* (1964), *Endurance* (1965), *Colours* (1967), *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow* (1973), *Towards the Wind* (1979) and others. He also translated works by Byron, Mayakovsky, Nekrasov, Pushkin, Heine, Lermontov, Blok, Shevchenko, Nazim Hikmat, Garcias Lorka into Azerbaijani. He died in 1981 in Baku.

I Am Land

I am Land,
I can't be burnt in the fire-
there is a coal and ash in my composition.
I am Spring,
I have flowers on meadows
and grasslands.
I am Wind.
if I don't blow
who will know me?
I am Cloud,
I will cry if I see
desert is thirsty.
I am Heart,
I will die if I don't throb.
I am Human,

² Oghlu: means son in azeri

I will die if I am not proud of blessings
 that created the ordinary people...
 I am Light-
 destroyer the darkness!
 I am Human,
 carrying in my soul joy and grief of worlds,
 I am the eye showing interest
 in everything,
 I do look and see...
 I am a River,
 flowing from the snowy mountain,
 I do run down...
 I am Human,
 having homeland and hamlet,
 I have Language
 being able to tell the great truth, freedom, love and hate...
 I am Facet and it is so hard and strong
 that you will feel it on each piece.
 You can feel my strength in battles,
 you can feel my frail in friendship...
 I am Human-
 I will die without intimacy,
 I will die without love and hate,
 I am Spring,
 I don't flow by order.
 I am Life,
 I am always on the road:
 I am always in breath and wishes.
 in looks, in hearts,
 and in the hands...
 I am Land,
 I share my blessings and wealth
 with toil folk.
 I am Heart,
 if I don't beat
 I will die.

1963.

A Talk With My Heart

We have taken shelter in my soul:
 Hope,
 Doubt,
 Grief,
 and me.

It is midnight.
 It is raining,
 The wind is blowing.
 Hope says:
The rain will stop,
The wind will stop.
The darkness will melt
and turn into morning-
golden and shiny daylight...
 Doubt says:
When?
When?
The rain may turn into snow.
The wind may turn into storm.
And the night may lengthen...
 Grief says:
Though the rain will dry,
though the morning will come,
though the wind will stop.
I have no consolation,
I have not the end
to my orphan voice.
 Hope says...
 Doubt says...
 Grief says...
 I am listening to-
 Hope,
 Doubt,
 Grief.
 I am waiting for the daylight.
 Let the Sun rise-
 golden and shiny lights.
 I don't ask when...
 Speak, Hope!
 Speak,
 my old Friend!

1960.

2. Nigar Rafibayli (1913-1981)

Nigar Rafibayli was a famous Azerbaijani poet. She was born on June 23, 1913 in the town of Ganja. Her parents were medical surgeons. Her father, Khudadat Rafibayli was the first Azerbaijani surgeon who had studied in Europe. In 1919, he was invited to head the Ganja Government by the Azerbaijan Democratic Republic, but he was soon arrested at instigation by Armenian bolsheviks and sent to Nargin Islands, where he was executed by bolshevik soldiers.



Nigar Rafibayli finished secondary school in Ganja and moved to Baku for her higher education. She studied at the Pedagogical Technical School. She taught at school but always wrote novels. Her first poem called *Chadra* (Veil in Azerbaijan) was published in *Dan Ulduzu* (Morning Star) magazine in 1928. In the 1930–1932s she worked in the Azerbaijanfilm studio. In 1931, she worked in the Publishing House (Azarnashr) as the editor and the translator. Rafibayli then continued her studies in Moscow Pedagogical University. As she studied in Moscow, her first collection of poems was published in Baku. In the 1937–1939s, she worked in the Publishing House (Ushaqqanjnashr). Beginning from 1940, she translated into Azerbaijan many works of famous poets and writers of other nations such as Navai, Schiller, Pushkin, Lermontov, Shevchenko and others. For her great contributions to Azerbaijani literature, she received order of Honour. Many of Nigar Rafibayli's works were dedicated to romanticism, motherhood, nature, motherland. She was the wife of the famous Azerbaijani poet Rasul Rza, their son Anar is a prominent writer, a dramatist and a cinema producer (currently Anar is the Chairman of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union).

Nigar Rafibayli died on 9 July 1981. One of streets in Baku bears her name.

What To Do?

(song)

My grey-eyed,
nights without you
are long like a year, what to do?
Every day the roses in our garden
are opening early,

fading untimely, what to do?

When the narcissi eyes full of tears,
The violets becoming sad seeing them.
When the pink stared at
The lilacs tearing their hairs, what to do?

Refrain:

The flowers feel anxious about you,
What is the worst thing than parting in the world?
In the spring evening, be sure, this Nigar
remembers you dismally, what to do?

Come back soon, maybe you find way out of it,
Maybe you form ears and braid their hairs...
Come, and you, yourself, pick the flowers
they are waiting and looking forward, what to do?

Refrian:

The flowers feel anxious about you,
What is the worst thing than parting in the world?
In the spring evening, be sure, this Nigar
remembers you dismally, what to do?

The Voice of the Sea is Heard

I want to forget the memories,
The voice of the sea is heard...
I want to forget
my soul's broken love,
and the story of a painful love.
I want to forget-
bitter and sweet memories,
the voice of the sea is heard.
Oh, my sea,
my lovable sea,
You are as sweet as tales,
my illusion sea!
I have loved in your waves,
I have burnt under your sun,
I have walked barefoot

along your sandy shores.
 My love related to you, the sea!
 Your arms are also hurt
 as mine, the sea!
 I want to forget the dismal evenings
 and shiny days
 that passed on your shore
 like sweet dreams.
 I want to forget the memories
 that burnt me,
 The voice of the sea is heard...

3. Nabi Khazry (1924-2007)



Nabi Khazry (full name Babayev Nabi Alakbar oghlu) was a well-known poet, a writer, a dramatist, a script-writer and a translator. He was born on December 10, 1924 in Khirdalan near Baku in the family of merchant. Nabi Khazry studied at the secondary school in the village and after finishing it he began to work. When he was 20 he entered the Writers' Union of Azerbaijan by the assistance of Samad Vurghun. He studied first at the Azerbaijan State University (1945-1947), then in Leningrad State University (1947-1949). Later he was sent to Moscow to study at the Literature Institute named after M. Gorky. He loved sea and that is why in 1958 he took for himself pen-name Khazry³ that means a wind blowing from sea.

Nabi Khazry was a deputy chairman of the Azerbaijan State Television and Radio Committee (1965-1971), a deputy minister of Culture (1971-1974). Since 1974 he was the Chairman of the Azerbaijan Society of the International Cultural Relations. Since 1992 he was a President of this Society.

He was the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He is the author of over 30 books and numerous songs have been composed based on his poems. He translated into Azerbaijan many works of famous soviet poets and writers. For his great contributions to Azerbaijani literature, he received orders of Fame and Istiglal (Independence).

He died on January 15, 2007 in Baku.

Beauty and Prettiness

³ a wind blowing from the Caspian Sea in Baku

The Sun sends to the Universe light
 that it would emulate the charms in Land.
 Nature gives beauty pride that
 the beauties guard it well from harm.

Prettiness was born from the first day,
 It is dearer than the crowns.
 Preserve your dignity, a rare Beauty,
 from the auctions of prettiness.

Woman is adorned by pride and charms,
 That truth was said by nadims⁴ -
 honour is as clear as crystal
 but the glass either breaks or rattles.

Let us talk who is sincere in love,
 Let us cut the hands that became dirty.
 Charming is like a holy sanctuary,
 The dirty hands must not touch it!

Dream of faithfulness in the world,
 let it never go out like a candle.
 The evil eyes are cast upon the charm
 like hungry flies crawl over the juice.

What are black spots on dignity
 in the near and far countries?
 It is terrible that prettiness in arms
 turned into the bluish bank-notes.

Why the fate turned over like pages?
 Why the prettiness is turned to toy?
 Prettiness is given once as gift,
 But is gone out forever...

Hand off from Prettiness, ugly Hand!
 Save the prettiness, oh, my God!
 Maybe Time is guilty for that?
 Maybe Time is not guilty for that?

Troubles are fallen like a rain in this world,
 The lies are turned into the truths.
 Thousands crimes are born per day in the world,
 Maybe prettiness is also a kind of crime?

⁴ a man who was responsible for arts in the Palace of Shahs

4. Bakhtiyar Vahabzade (1925–2009)

Bakhtiyar Vahabzade (full name Bakhtiyar Mahmud oghlu Vahabzade) was a well-known Azerbaijani poet. He was born on August 16, 1925, in Nukha (now Shaki) and moved to Baku in 1934 where he studied Philology at the Azerbaijan State University (1947). He became an assistant there and completed his doctorate with a thesis about the famous Azerbaijani poet Samad Vurgun. He worked at the university as a professor of contemporary Azerbaijani Literature and was the Member of the Azerbaijan Parliament until his death. He received recognition in Turkey for his article: *What Does the Wind Steal from the Stone?* which was published by *Varlık* in reply to those who criticised the poetry of the classic poet Fizuli. His articles and poems also appeared in the review *Türk Edebiyatı* for years. In addition to poetry, Vahabzade also wrote long stories in verse form, and plays while also working as a translator. Among his long verses, there was *Roads—Sons* which was dedicated to the Algerian Independence Movement, and *Mugham* which was dedicated to the composer Uzeyir Hajibayli. Vahabzade wrote numerous lyrics, most of which were set to music. He wrote plays such as *The Second Sound*, *After the Rain* and *Conscience*. He also translated Lord Byron's *Abidon Felin* into Azerbaijani. Vahabzade's poems have been translated into many languages in the Soviet Union and into German, French and Persian, as well as several Turkic languages. He received the Commodore Medal from the Romania Ministry of Culture in 2002 for his Selected Poems. He is regarded as the second greatest modern poet of Azerbaijan after Samad Vurghun. On April 15, 1995, Vahabzade was awarded the Istiglal Order (Independence) for his contributions to the national independence movement of Azerbaijan by the President of Azerbaijan, Heydar Aliyev. Vahabzade died in Baku on February 13, 2009, at the age of 83.



I am happy

I have loved and been loved in the autumn
of my life;
It seems to me that I am a swallow in spring.
I am the shadow that drags behind you-
wherever you stop, I am there.

If you be a wine, I will be the glass,
If you be a flower, I will be the breeze that kisses your buds.
If you be grass, I will turn into dew,
If you be a mountain, I will enshroud you in snow.

I will put my head a hundred times a day
on the places where you walked.
Your love carries me high into the skies,
I am thankful for this love's strength.

It is a sin to put barriers before love,
the words of the ignorant are sinful.
It is a sin to consider love to be sin-
Who says that I am guilty in my love?

You are of another world,
your love is of other one.
If you exist in another's soul,
it will never know grief.
Without you, I am the most miserable man,
but with you in my life,
I am the most blessed one.

December, 1962

I Love

I love hazy weather,
It will give birth to the Sun,
Sun for sure!

I love harsh winters,
they give birth to Summer,
Summer for sure!

I love the climax of Hate,
It will give birth to Love,
Love for sure!

I love tyranny's pain,
 It will give birth to Justice,
 Justice for sure!

To My Daughter

My daughter,
 I see you coming and going as usual,
 but you don't know what I am asking and saying.
 Your father wants to read your heart and soul
 from your face and each of your words.

You come and you go...
 and I ask nothing.
 Your looks talk,
 your eyes speak for you.
 I want to know, my dearest daughter—
 are you cherished in the nest where you are perched?
 Don't blame me,
 I know what life is.
 Who can give back Fate?
 A father might give a gold throne to his daughter,
 but who can offer fate, gilded, to his child?

You come and you go...
 our topics and questions have changed...
 This is you...
 And that is me...
 You come home as if you
 were never born in this native nest,
 as if you never had grown up in this house.
 You've become a little bit stranger,
 you've become a little bit timid.
 I want you to become as you were in the past.
 I want you to behave in a friendly way again.
 But you sit like a guest,
 you depart like a guest...
 Why has this nest become so strange for you?
 How quickly your features have changed?
 Don't say that I am blaming you!
 No! I am very glad,
 You must love and

you must be loved.
 We have lived so much and time is passing away,
 But now,
 I am uneasy around you...
 Guard your love,
 preserve it from dishonour
 always and everywhere, my dear child!
 Remember, my daughter,
 You have support in your father's home!
 But find your happiness in your husband's...

Azeri Girl

You are my black grape,
 you are my white salt.
 You are my pomegranate -
 My Azeri Girl!

We've already passed
 Nakhchivan and Baku,
 and you are sleeping now.
 You remind me of lights
 in fairy tales.
 It seems to me I am a traveller,
 and I am tired and very hungry.
 You are so close,
 you are so far.
 I know if I am lost in valleys and plains,
 you will never let me stay lost.
 I shall walk the wild deserts,
 and lovely springs may turn into mirages.
 My morning arms will embrace you,
 my evening legs will overcome your dreams.
 The world will become fair
 because of your soft voice,
 Oh, I have been without her for years!
 I am a piece of a star
 living in the magnetic pull of your eyes.
 Your storm will sometimes chisel
 my rocky figure
 into the sandy pieces,
 Your devotion will break my sharpness
 and will mollify the wrath of Love.

What have I just thought, Azeri Girl?
 You are a water nymph!

You support Koroghlu - like Nigar⁵,
 my sword and its handle.
 You are a shelter for Nabi⁶ like Hajar.⁷
 You will never find this voice elsewhere.
 You will never find this colour of face abroad!
 There is nowhere you will see her engaging, salty smile!
 Your devotion can be found nowhere,
 your beauty as well,
 But you can be tyrannical, be fair
 my black grape, my white salt,
 my pomegranate - My Azeri Girl!

My Mother

My Mother is illiterate.
 She can't write her name!
 But she taught me how to count!

She taught me the names
 of the months and years.
 And my mother
 taught me the tenor of my native language!
 I tasted joy and misfortune
 By this language!
 I created every poem of mine,
 every melody, by this language.
 Without it I am nobody.
 No! I am not a poet,
 I haven't created volumes of books...
 She is the creator of my works -
 My Mother!

⁵ Nigar: Koroghlu's wife

⁶ Nabi: Azerbaijan folk hero, activist among robbers in Azerbaijan during the second half of the 19th century

⁷ Hajar: Nabi's wife

5. Sohrab Tahir (1926-)



Sohrab Tahir (full name Tahiri Sohrab Abulfaz oghlu) is a well-known Azerbaijani poet, a writer and a publicist. He was born in Iranian Astara in the South Azerbaijan on August 6, 1926. His father was a craftsman and he studied at school up to 9th class and then worked together his father English-Iran Oil Company. He moved to Baku in 1946 and graduated from the Azerbaijan State University (Philology Department) in 1958 and a year later he was sent to Moscow to the Literature Institute named after M. Gorky and graduated in 1961. Many of his works have been translated and published in different countries. He is the Member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union, awarded high State Order by the Prezident of Azerbaijan in 2006. He is the author of 20 books, such as *Between Homeland and Love* (1986), *The Letters of the Neighbouring Girl* (1982), *Entrust* (1991), *Lyrics* (1992), *Love Tale* (1983), etc.

I Will Never Die

The grief of hamlet was a trouble for me,

I cried while a generation laughed at me.
 No, don't cry for me when I die
 I will never die, never die again!

I have a free brother and I am pleased with him,
 I ought to join the two sides.
 I had so feared to be divided into two parts
 That I will never divide into two even a straw.

The seas and rivers seem to me shallow,
 The deepest river is Araz.
 Give me a chance to meet,
 freedom is not enough
 If I meet, I would never part with him again...

Let me turn out of my house the strange faces,
 My past became ownerless, never mind!
 But let my future belong to me,
 I will never strike it out of my life.

My fortune lost somewhere,
 It came easily, and went by easily too.
 It was fortune that hurt me in life
 I will never laugh at the unlucky fortune.

Let Us Go Together

Give the silver of your waistband
 to the rivers and springs.
 Let the light of your white hand
 be sucked by the bluest seas.

Spread over the foot of the mountains
 your soft nature's silk.
 Wrap up the sweet of your kiss
 in the petals of new buds.

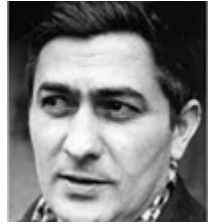
Splash with flowers your smile
 on the hearts of valleys.
 Put your whispering
 on the lips of spring.

Shed your hairs' waves
into the arms of the sea.
Teach the far stars how
your looks are winking at.

Draw your breath smell
on the mints to be bored.
Splash your glass voice
on the voice of waterfall.

Let us go together and pave the lines
on the breast of our grumbles.
Let us stay like the twin paths
on the slope of the mountain.

Ali Karim (full name Ali Pasha oghlu Karimov) was a popular Azerbaijani poet. He was born on March 22, 1931, in Goychay town. He graduated from Moscow Literature Institute named after M. Gorky (1955). He eventually headed the Poetry Department of *Azerbaijan* magazine. He received an award for his epic entitled *First Symphony* at the Sixth Festival of World Youth and Students held in Moscow in 1957. He was the author of several books such as *Two Loves* (1960), *Always Traveling* (1963), *Golden Wing* (1965), *Pay The Debt To Mother* (1970), *Stairs* (1978), *Come Back* (1983). He died on June 30, 1969 in Baku.



Stone

Once in ancient times
 half-naked an old man threw a stone
 at his enemy,
 and made his hands bleed!
 But the stone didn't fall on the ground,
 flied away from horizon to horizons.
 Don't think that the stone was lost,
 it turned into sword,
 it turned into bullet,
 it turned into cannon-ball...
 It didn't stop like a thought.
 It broke meridian,
 it broke dreams drop by drop,
 it turned into pieces the ocean
 like atom and flied around...
 The same stone now is not stopping-
 where is it flying?
 That neutron, that electron
 is changed to fires,
 to the deaths and poison...
 You, my contemporary friend!
 The blood brother of Truth!
 Tell me,
 could we stop that stone
 thrown by that half-naked
 and half-wild ancient man?

My Life

Life would be wasted in solitude
 If there were no good people.
 Their joy and grief are mine
 They are as dearest to me as my body.

When I go and walk a little bit
 I meet myself sometimes.
 I saw in life so many things

And I have got now many graves.

I am bored under the ground,
I am very happy on the ground.
I look at right, I see the left, and
I am in all places, I am in everywhere.

I sometimes put the flowers on my grave
and say *oh, he died untimely...*
I say, *he smiled a little bit in life*
Let me smile now much more lovely.

If you look at all sides of this world
You will see a grave of mine, but
I am alive in many places, I am sound
I wouldn't die if the earth collapse
I will be born many, many times again.
1954.



Nariman Hasanzade (full name Hasanzade Nariman Alimammad oghlu) is a well-known Azerbaijani poet and a dramatist. He was awarded Sharaf Award for his merits in the development of the Azerbaijan culture. He was born on February 18, 1931, in the village Poylu in Qazakh rayon of Azerbaijan. In 1949 he moved to Ganja and entered the State Pedagogical Institute named after H. B. Zardabi. Later he was sent to Moscow by the Azerbaijan Writers' Union (1958) to study Literature Institute named after M. Gorky.

In 1962 he worked in the State Television and Radio Company as an editor, then he worked editor in the Publishing House for children and youths. He was the editor-in-chief of the newspaper *Adabiyat va Injasanat* (Literature and Art) for 15 years. Then he worked deputy Minister of Information and Press (1991-2001). He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union and the author of more than 30 books such as *Friends are waiting for me* (1956), *The Heart of a Girl* (1957), *Where are you?*(1959), *My Soul wants a verse* (1964), *Nariman* (1968), *Why you did not say?* (1970), *My night and day* (1973), *Aunt Nabat's Bread* (1986), *Who has a question?* (1984), *Selected Works* (1987), *To all Nations* (1991), *Nuru Pasha* (2010), etc.

Two verses

You see me good-looking and friendly,
 You say:"How he is lucky!"
 But the pain is in my heart, dear,
 Don't ask me my distress.

My breast is as if a closed ocean,
 It is shaking and incompatible-
 swimming the other way like a gold fish.
 My heart was netted inside me.

I am embittered by soul,
 I am the world of thoughts and words.
 I am the gallows the same in shape of myself,
 I am hung and hung inside my heart.

My fate signs under harm, not the favour,
 Either the daughter grieves or the son will grieve...
 My son has the thoughtful looks,
 My daughter is beside me,
 my wife is in me...

Life looks like a crossroad,
 Don't, cherish it, it won't do!
 It needs courage and the caution-
 you can't be late,
 you can't be in a hurry...

Once I was careful, but there

was needed to be courageous.
Once I was brave, but there
would be enough a simple caution.

The world is a strange amusement,
The world is cruel, I am sometimes childish...
I lived, but couldn't know what is this merriment,
I didn't know what was happiness...

My grief is unknown to the world,
What about my joy? Is it understood?
Maybe it means nothing for the world-
how many grieves and joys are there in the world?

I was seen a bit in the world exhibition,
The false world I called the truth.
Those who consider the world to be fun
amusing, let them look at it for a moment.

8. Khalil Rza Uluturk (1932-1994)



Khalil Rza Uluturk (full name Khalilov Khalil Rza oghlu) was a popular Azerbaijani poet. He was born in Salyan on October 21, 1932. Khalil Rza graduated from journalistic faculty at the Azerbaijan State University (currently Baku State University). He attended courses for two years studying Literature in Moscow at the Institute of Literature named after M. Gorky. After graduation he worked at the magazine, *Azerbaijani Woman*. From 1969 until his death, he worked at the Institute of Literature. He obtained his Doctor of Philology Sciences in 1985. On January 26, 1990, he was arrested as a leader of Azerbaijani National Movement against the Soviet Union and was imprisoned for eight months in various prisons in Baku, Moscow and Rostov (the notorious Lefortovo prison). In 1992 he was named National Poet and in 1995, he was posthumously awarded the Istiglal Order (Independence).

Khalil Rza Uluturk published about 35 books (about 20 during his lifetime, and the remainder when his wife collected his writings and published them). His most well-known books include *Epos of Love* (1961), *Prestige* (1973), *Where is this World Going?* (1983), *1937 Still Lives On* (1991), *Between the Sun and Moon* (1992), *I am the East* (1994). Numerous songs have been composed based on his poems. He died on June 22, 1994, in Baku.

Freedom

I don't want Freedom
to be given a little bit,
drop by drop.
I ought to break loose and
and to cast off my fetters...

I don't want Freedom
like a pill and medicine,
I want it like a sky,
I want it like the Sun
and like the World!

Go, leave my homeland,
hey, aggressor!
I am a loud voice of this Land!
I don't need a weak spring-water,
I feel thirsty of oceans.

One Side is Shah of Shahs, One Side is Tsar

One side Shah of Shahs,
one side is Tsar-
they signed peace treaty by blood,

they tied the wounds of a great nation
by the prickly wires.
The rain came down in torrents,
a storm then broke out.
Araz ran over and the ocean was born,
The rocks of two shores
turned into blood.
The country and homeland
were on fire-
we were cut into small pieces
like changes,
State was lost, the wealth was ransacked-
on that coast and on this coast.
We two parted and burned alive
on that coast, on this coast.
What we have done for strangers-
on that coast, on this coast?

Mammad Araz (full name Ibrahimov Mammad Infil oghlu) was a prominent Azerbaijani poet, a translator and a publicist. He was born on October 14, 1933, in the village Nursu of Shabuz rayon in Nakhchevan. He graduated from the Azerbaijan Pedagogical Institute and then he went to his native village to teach at the secondary school. A year later he moved to Baku and worked in the editorial offices of *Maarif* Publication House in Baku, *Ulduz* (The Star) magazine (1967–1970), *Adabiyat ve Injisanat* (Literature and Art) newspaper (1970–1972) and Azerbaijan State Publication House (1972–1974). He also worked as an editor of *The Nature of Azerbaijan* magazine beginning in 1974. Mammad Araz is also the author of the popular poem— *The World is Yours, The World is Mine*, the lyrics of which were used in a musical hit in the 1990s.



If There Were No War

If there were no war,
 we could build a bridge
 between Earth and Mars
 melting weapons in an open-hearth furnace.
 If there were no war,
 the harvest of a million years
 could grow in one day.
 Scientists could bring the moon
 and stars to Earth.
 The eyes of the general would say:
 "I would be chairman in a small village
 if there were no war!"
 If there were no war,
 we could avoid untimely deaths
 and our hair would grey when it was time.
 If there were no war,
 we would face
 neither grief, nor parting.
 If there were no war,
 the bullets of mankind would be our words,
 and the main word of mankind would be *love*.

Testament

Print my book in a black cover
 after I die.
 In a black cover - the darkest cover!
 Let it announce the news of my death
 to my friends and relatives.
 I used to like that colour:
 my miserable grief and dazzling joy
 used to be arrayed in that colour.
 I used to like that colour,
 My will and testament

was in that colour.
 I have respect for it,
 to black eyes, a dark complexion;
 in the shadow of dark eyelashes
 my reflected image appears.
 My house where my darling lived
 is full of that colour-
 the purest, virgin colour
 is poison and mourning over me.
 That colour itself will cry
 into my daughters' eyes.
 Print my book in a black cover
 after me.
 In a black cover—the darkest cover!
 But engrave my name and surname
 in the purest of white.
 What else should I say?
 Let my name look like a white pathway
 that leads towards the horizon
 on the black ground!

How Can I Forget You

My darling!
 My house seems so empty,
 everything I had, left with you.
 Not only my heart and soul,
 comfort and sleep have left me too.
 The only way to rest for a second
 is to get you out of my head.
 Like grass and water –
 you are everywhere I look,
 When I venture as a traveller-
 you turn into the endless grassland.
 When I try to forget you at night -
 you turn into night itself.
 Even during the day -
 you become light itself.
 When I climb up the mountains-
 the thunder reminds me of you
 while the wind blows my hair.
 Maybe we are two different saz⁸,
 with the same strings.
 You are blood and I am the heart - inseparable.

⁸ Saz: a national folk musical instrument like guitar.

Brighten my heart for a moment,
don't be so cruel to me!
There is no way for me to forget you,
I would have to forget myself forever!
To give up on you
I would have to give up on myself – forever!

Jabir Novruz (full name Jabir Mirzabay oghlu Novruzov), was a popular Azerbaijani poet. He was born on June 12, 1933, in the Khizi district. After completing secondary school, he studied at the Secondary School named after M.A. Sabir. In 1952 he entered the Journalism Department at Azerbaijan State University. A year later he was sent to Moscow to the Literature Institute named after M. Gorky to continue his studies based upon the advice of the Writers' Union of Azerbaijan. He graduated in 1957. Jabir Novruz died in Baku on December 12, 2002. Many of his works have been translated and published. There are 128 songs based on his poems such as *My Azerbaijan, The Girls of Baku, My Fate, The Mountains I have Leaned Upon, I Saw You, My Mother is Growing Older, Life, How Strange You Are, Hurry Up, Men, My Youth, Value the People While They're Alive*, among others.



Love (song)

Love!
That made the World and Universe,
the universal wish to guess.
Oh, Human creation, Love,
And Love created us.
Love – the first letter of life.
Love – the first song and first word.

Love, we don't know where and why.
Love we can't compel or fly.
Love we often weep
seldom keep.
What is that light
I see flashing so clear?
It may be a star in every life,
it crashes like thunder and then disappears.
It may come secretly, but speaks openly.
Love, the breath and blood in my body.
Love, either alive or dead.

Love is the ocean's waves.
Love is the diamond on a ring.
Love is the weather in my head.
Love is real, Love is earnest,
Love is life, love is a dream
where things are not what they appear to be.

How Can You Live Without Love?

Everybody is indifferent, like a stone,

hearts become colder and colder, like snow.
Love has disappeared and turned into legend.

A despot is the judge, that's why you see blood.
How do we live without love, my God?

The only way to be saved is to love.
The only way to be alive again is to love.
A love that never dies.
The whole of mankind is born with love.
My God! How do we live without love?

When Majnun and Leyli⁹ loved each other
their love turned into legend and tale.
Without love mankind can't exist.
The world would be empty and pale,
My God! How can we live without love?

A motherland without love is simply soil
and sand - love is the human who dies for his land.
You fight for land. You die if you're brave.
The love for your mother, love for your land,
this is much stronger than death.
O, Jabir, how can we live without love?

The War Will Be Over

Time will pass, a day will come,
when this bloody war will be over.
We will drive out of our land
the intruder and the invader.
We will win back,
Shusha and Aghdam,
Kalbajar and Lachin.
We will clear
the rotten air over "Isa spring"¹⁰.
A day will come when the war will be over.

⁹ In the 16th century the great Azeri poet Fizuli created his world-renowned philosophical and lyrical gazelles and poems. One of his famous poems was "Leyli and Majnun" in which he reflected on the most remarkable and spiritual love story about a young couple.

¹⁰ Isa spring is a joyful rest place located in the territory of Shusha region. It is 4 kilometres distance from the centre of region, on the Garabagh chain, at a height of 1600 meters above sea level, among picturesque thick forests. It is considered one of the most famous resting places of Azerbaijan. According to local information, Isa spring was found by a reaper man named Isa, that revealed the spring in the thick forest for the first time in XVIII century; therefore the spring was called Isa. Of course, there are different legends as well. Water from the Isa spring is cold, useful and clean.

Its pains will hurt us forever. How
 have the poor mothers endured,
 longing for their lost sons.
 She is fated to suffer,
 the war gave her a lifetime's mourning.
 A day will come,
 when the war will be over.
 But it will not be easy,
 to recover from its ruins.
 Who is charged to take care of,
 to love and rear for,
 the millions of orphans?
 A day will come,
 when the war will be over.
 How will a beloved,
 stand the loss of her lover?
 A day will come,
 when the war will be over.
 It will leave an ever-lasting sore
 in our hearts that will ache over and over.
 A day will come,
 when the war will be over.
 But the graves of our martyrs
 will not disappear,
 they will warn us to be aware,
 to learn to be sharper,
 to know our foe inside and out.
 A day will come,
 when the war will be over.
 But its pain
 will make itself felt over and over.

Time will pass, a day will come,
 when this bloody war will be over.
 I have faith that we will win
 I am asking this over and over -
 Who will persevere?
 Prove themselves right,
 the betrayer?
 I am asking *you* over and over.
 How will he return back to his town?
 He, who left it undefended – the deserter?
 I am asking over and over -
 How will he justify his actions,

the ignoble deserter and dealer
of the motherland?
A day will come,
when the war will be over.
Its pains will lessen
but there will be no end
to the blame and reproaches...

11. Oqtay Rza
(1934-)

Oqtay Rza (full name Rzali Oqtay Maharram oghlu) is a well-known Azerbaijani poet. He was born in the village Qalali of Salyan district on November 2, 1934. After finishing secondary school he moved to Baku and studied at the Azerbaijan Industrial Institute on Geology (1951-1956). He worked as an operator in Oil and Gas Company in Baku (1956-1961). He works as a teacher at the Azerbaijan Pedagogical University. His works and books were published in Russian (1987) in Moscow.



He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He is the author of 12 books, such as *I hear the Land* (1970), *Read My Heart* (1975), *Wherever I Go* (1980), *In the Light of a Stone Lamp* (1983), *When the Season Changes* (1986), *In the name of Sun* (1991), *My Homeland, don't mourn* (1993), *Selected Lines* (2001), etc.

The Last Song

The morning bird is dying,
her life is blown out
Like a candle under the blowing wind.
A dismal bayaty¹¹ is heard somewhere-
as respect for the morning lover.

The single star flown parting with its
constellation in the dark midnight,
The morning bird is being in agony of death,
There is a parting pain in her wound
grievous and heavier than mountains...

Pallid looks gazed on horizon,
Where is the first ray? Will it be shined?
The river is silent. The reeds are bended,
Will the eyes of the bird close forever?

Look, what that string moans:
"I am bosom friend of day, I am intimate to spring,
But if I were I would die a day before,
I ought to see the Sun, and then I die".

The dawn! Break! And write the annals
of the joining morning by your daybreak!
Your lover is calling you, don't be late!
She has devoted to you her last song...

¹¹ explanation of this word was given in the introduction

12. Fikrat Goja (1935 -)



Fikrat Goja (full name Gojayev Fikrat Goyush oghlu) is a well-known Azerbaijani poet and a translator. He was born on August 25, 1935, in the village Kotanarkh of Aghdash district. He graduated from the Moscow Literature Institute named after Maxim Gorky in 1964. During his long career, he worked for the Azerbaijan State Television and Radio Committee, the newspaper *Youth of Azerbaijan*, and the magazine *Azerbaijan*. He has been the Secretary of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union since 1998. Fikrat Goja has translated many foreign writers and poets into Azeri such as Mikhail Lermontov, Taras Shevchenko, Edvard Mejelaytis, I. Volker and others. Goja is the author of more than 20 books. He has been awarded important awards from the Azerbaijan government. His poems have been translated into many languages and published in many countries.

A Secret Love

I have run far away from my love.
I miss you again in this strange city.
All the flowers here smell of you,
the skies are the colours of your eyes.

Maybe I don't exist for you in your world,
you don't even know that I love you.
You don't leave my dreams
neither my days, nor my nights.

My heart turns into stone, keeps this secret.
Why has this love come down to me?
Our destiny is bound
to our home and children.
We are chained and bound with this chain...

I will love you until my death.
I am in your spirit. I am in your blood.
I am a fire covered by ashes.
Just a light wind -
and I will begin to burn again...

Mother (song)

My dear mother,

my smooth-spoken mother,
 Your soul is sensitive,
 your love is spring
 that never be grown pale.
 My affable mother,
 my black-eyed mother.
 Your eyes would follow me
 where I go,
 Mother,
 my heart would fly with your cradle songs,
 Your sweet voice would adorn my life.

You sang a cradle song,
 lulling me to sleep,
 You gave me life, dear mother.
 Your lullaby would live,
 your songs will live long
 and will go round the world
 like the Sun it will burn, mother!

Mother,
 your voice would be a bright morning,
 Mother,
 your heart would guard us,
 If I travel far away
 My way will be lighted by your eyes,
 You are my eyes, mother,
 You are my life, my day and night,
 you are myself, dear.

Refrain:

You sang a cradle song,
 lulling me to sleep,
 You gave me life, dear mother.
 Your lullaby would live,
 your songs will live long
 and will go round the world
 like the Sun it will burn, mother!

Musa Yagub (full name Yagubov Musa Safimammad oghlu) is a well-known Azerbaijani poet, who was born on May 10, 1937, in the village of Buynuz of Ismayilli district. He graduated from the Philology Faculty of Azerbaijan State University (1973). Musa Yagub was the head of the poetry section of the literary magazine *Azerbaijan* (1974-1978). He moved again to the district of Ismayilli and became editor-in-chief of the local newspaper *Zahmatkesh* (Labourer). He is the author of over 20 books of poetry such as *The Leaves Are Singing* (1966), *My Universe* (1973), *The Mountains* (1977), *The Light Of Two Hearts* (1985), *My Love Destiny* (1988), *The Leaf Of Mint* (1996), *Talk With My Spirit* (2000), *The Mill Of Time* (2012) and others. His poems have been translated into many of the languages of the former Soviet Republics and published in Russia, Turkey and Iran. He is currently living in his native village of Buynuz. Musa Yagub is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He has been awarded important literary awards for his poetry.



A Fault Is Yours, A Fault Is Mine

We are two weights -
 I incline the scale to one side
 while you tilt the other way:
 but
 why we are displeased with this scale?
 You have caused our springs to run dry,
 and I am a woodcutter -
 it is your fault,
 and it is mine!

Each one of us mixed a spoon full of water into this milk.
 We made the bee
 prefer refined sugar.
 We saw the curd instead of butter
 and mixed honey in the market.
 A gem is yours,
 and a gem is mine.

When we take to the floor
 and talk and praise ourselves to the sky,
 you become avaricious,
 and I become charitable.
 But separately we are as strong as a stone
 so that even we may cut it.
 Greediness is yours,
 and greediness is mine!

We see
 that this gun does not hit the target,
 but we shoot and shoot a hundred times...
 We have already got entangled -
 our hands are twisted in rope.
 One hand is yours,
 the other, mine!

Don't let our falsehoods multiply and grow.
 We call and hail,
 but we don't respond to the calls of others.
 We are ready to dispute this in vain.
 Thus,
 one Vallah¹² is yours,
 one Vallah is mine!

We are all masters of breaking our oaths,
 the sugar of friendship is under our tongues.
 But there is a gun under our hands
 for the rainy days.
 A gun is yours, and a gun is mine!

Life is consolation now,
 hope is tomorrow.
 Many think only of themselves...
 each one has grown attached
 to keeping his own soul sound -
 one is yours, one is mine...

There -
 turbid waters soak into the ground,
 and here -
 they turn into a clear spring.
 We have time now to become lucid.
 One tomorrow is yours,
 the other, mine.

The Yellow Wing of Hope

My red leaves are on the grass,
 As if my autumn is weeping bitterly.
 I am so weak to pick the fruits,
 My hand is hurt and my body is ached.

The back of this tree is so scarred,

¹² By Golly! By God! Really and truly!

The leaves of the back branch stooped,
The honeycomb of the wild bee is dried
The comb would cry in the empty nest.

My past day, you are my flower that paled,
You smile me again though you are in sunset.
The yellow bride will also smile at sunset,
The dawn is weeping in my declining years of life.
2010.

Ramiz Mammadzade is a prominent poet. He was born in Garabagh in the city of Aghdam.

He graduated from the Pedagogical Institute (1962) and worked as a journalist in newspapers and later worked for a long time as an officer in the Cabinet of Ministers of the Republic of Azerbaijan. He is the author of over 15 books of verse such as *That Night, The Top, The Tale About Janpolad, The Light Day, The Day of Hope*, etc. Several songs have been composed from his poems. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union.



You Are Quite Another Woman

Each one who loves
is lucky.
The one who you fell in love with
is lucky.
You are also loved
and have become charmed
by this passionate love.
You are quite another woman!

Now the flowers
are pleased
to see you.
You are the most exquisite and graceful
flower in any bouquet!
You are quite another woman!

Listen to me, pretty woman!
Life is beautiful with you!
The world exists because of you!
You are in the earth,
You are in the sky,
You are in the air,
You are in the land,
You are in the stone.
You are quite another woman!

You are the first dew in spring.
A new bud beginning to unfold.
Your allure is ageless...
There is nobody like you.
You are quite another woman!

Tonight

Let me be alone tonight,
Let me be sensitive as mist.
No! Better to be a lightning
struck in the sky and gone away.

There are many ways of treason,
I hate the treason, decidedly!
But to overcome treason is difficult,
If I can do it, let me do and pass away.

Who knows what is the world-
earth, sky, mountain or valley?
They said: *it is a window*
I said: *let me look and pass away...*



Vagif Samadoghlu (full name Vakilov Vagif Samad Vurghun oghlu) is a well-known Azerbaijani poet, a writer, a dramatist and a producer. He was born on June 5, 1939 in Baku and attended the Bulbul School of Music and graduated from Baku's Music Conservatory (now Academy) and then went on to study at Moscow Conservatory named after Tchaikovsky. His father, Samad Vurghun (1906-1956) was the first poet to be awarded the status of *National Poet*. Vagif was a Member of Azerbaijan's Parliament. He was the brother of the novelist and short story writer, the late Yusif Samadoghlu (1935-1998) who was also a Member of Parliament. Vagif Samadoghlu was the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He is the author of over 20 books such as *A Telegram from the Road* (1968), *Fortune of the Day* (1972), *I Am Here, God* (1996), *Far Green Island* (1999), *The Ring of Fate* (1999).

Azeri Language

I might forget your grammatical rules,
but
I can never forget your vocabulary,
nor your various dialects.
If one day
the cold winds of life
cast me into a sea of other languages
I would not forget
even for a moment-
your sorrow and joy,
your hope
and passion.
My mother tongue!
My Azeri language!

Tonight Is My Last Night, Again

Tonight is my last night, again.
Tomorrow will be the last morning...
With full sail
my last boat will move out beyond the horizon...

It is the last tree,
the last wind is blowing.
It is destiny, you see,
closing the last door, again.

Now, some will attempt
to walk the last street, again.
But, all will be yellow like me,
and will turn the next corner.

The last man has been born.
The last man has died.

There will be one
who cries and smiles for the last time...

Gull, Take Me Away

Gull, take me away,
take me away from here.
Death knocks upon my breast
and I am afraid it will open me...

My soul is a black night.
It is a narrow street without a side-walk.
Gull, tell me, please;
what time is it out on the sea?
Where are you flying to now?

Find Me, My God

My God!
When the violent winter rains
are pouring down,
and washing the houses of this worn-out city -
when a desperate loneliness
within our rusty gutters
is flowing into the streets,
sobbing -

My God,
remember me!

Remember the place
where you left me,
and find me!

Find me, my God!
And be sure that
I am standing beside the window and watching -
watching my own destiny.
I,
who have been left bareheaded and barefoot
out in this rain!
But I,
the owner of this fate,
trust, trust,
and trust in You -
even in this godless world!



Mammad Ismayil (full name Ismayilov Mammad Murshud oghlu) is a well-known Azerbaijani poet. He was born on January 11, 1939, in Tovuz district. In 1957 M. Ismayil finished the secondary school, then he graduated from the Azerbaijan State University (1964). Later he was sent by the Azerbaijan Writers' Union to Moscow to study at Literature courses.

He worked as a corrector, a correspondent, an editor, a head of department, an editor-in-chief in different newspapers and in the State Television and Radio Committee. In 1980-1983s he worked in the Publishing House *Yazichi* (Writer), then head of Publishing House *Ishig* (Light). In 1988-1992s he was editor-in-chief of the magazine *Ganjlik* (Youth), a year later he was appointed to the position of the Chairman of the Azerbaijan Television and Radio Company. He is currently working in Turkey as a teacher at the Chanaqqala University. He is the author of over 30 books and film-scripts. His poems were translated into Russian, turkish and qazakh languages.

The Past is Water, The Future is Water

Water is in the blood,
 The soul in your breast is water.
 The grape wine climbed the walls-
 is water!
 The bluest butterfly flying on the river-
 is water!
 A drop of tear in the eyes,
 A jar in the spring- is water!
 Water will die together with you
 in your daughter's tears!
 No beginning, no end!
 The Past is water! The Future is water!
 The welcomed thing that seen
 on the face of Prophets-
 is water!

I Feel Sorry...

I feel sorry for
 the years made me orphan,
 for the ashes thrown over my head,
 for the tongues told my love "not"
 and... later on the soul that repented for that...

I feel sorry for
 the people who becomes old-maid,
 who enjoyed to use lies and...
 who is looking for the happiness
 in this miserable world.

I feel sorry for
the decrees of my black Fate,
for my Saz that was taken prisoner by its black dress,
for Nazim¹³ whose fortune I live,
for the decrees of my Fate
that was up to mischief,

I feel sorry for my dreams not liken to my life,
and I feel sorry most of all for myself...
Everything is petty,
everything is strange,
Oh, my God!
Life is not like my dream!..

17. Shahmar Akbarzade
(1941-2000)

¹³ Nazim Hikmat- a well-known Turkish poet who was for a long time in emigration

Shahmar Akbarzada (full name Shahmar Akbar oghlu Akbarzade) was a popular Azerbaijani poet, a translator and a journalist. He was born on December 28, 1941 in the village Chamanli of Aghdam district. He studied at Shusha Pedagogical technical school (1960) and moved to Baku and entered the Institute of Languages named after M. F. Akhundov. After graduating from the institute he went to the village and worked as a Russian teacher at school. Two years later he moved to Baku again and worked as a journalist at the newspaper *Azarbaijan Ganjlari* (1968). He was editor-in chief of the newspaper *Madaniyyat* (Culture) from 1990 until his death. He died on August 30, 2000 in Baku.



Shahmar Akbarzade was the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union and he was the author of over ten books, such as *Lullaby for My Mother* (1978), *Love can't be Debted* (1982), *I Regret For...*(1988), *Window to Truth* (1998), etc.

Tonight

Oh, how nice is tonight, my soul!
 Oh, how the Moon got full tonight!
 As if the world is bathing in the milk lake
 and horizons came down the height.

Night is washing her hairs in waters
 like a flirtatious bride in white veil.
 The wind is hung on the tree as headscarf-
 Oh, how world is nice in early spring!

Maybe only we two are not asleep in this world,
 Maybe this night is normal and right!
 You look at me by the eyes of morning-
 my fortune will be born like the Sun.

The stars are shed down one by one,
 Night is washed under the rain of flowers.
 Night is read and felt as a nice verse
 that can be written by the hand of Land.

Let this night lengthen...
 let the day would not break...
 This night made me lose my consciousness.
 Let this night feel shy before your cheeks,
 This night was only a black mole on your face...

Farewell

It is time to say good-bye each other, places,
 Farewell, slopes, farewell, roads!
 Each leaf is like a friendly hand,
 Farewell, hands, shaking me!

I couldn't tell my grief any one,
 I couldn't slip away from parting,
 I couldn't cross the borders of oppression,
 Meadows, farewell! Fields, farewell!

I was not a cinder of a hearth and home,
 I did not turn to saz and play Yaniq Karam,¹⁴
 I didn't turn to dust and stay on your arms,
 Farewell, pathways! Farewell, roads!

You didn't rise becoming turbulent,
 You didn't destroy the dam of parting.
 You didn't wash even my troubles,
 Rains, farewell! Torrents, farewell!

I have the share to stay in this world,
 I have the share to be pleased with my fate.
 I have the share to die for Freedom
 Farewell, hamlets! Farewell, people!

Tabriz, 1992.

18. Alakbar Salahzade

¹⁴ The song played by Saz

(1941-2013)



Alakbar Salahzade (full name Alakbar Baba oghlu Mammadsalahli) was a prominent Azerbaijani poet and a translator. He was born on March 15, 1941 in the village Jimi of Guba district. He studied at the Azerbaijan State University (1958-1963) at the faculty of Philology. He began to work in the magazine *Azerbaijan* and at the same time in the magazine *The Hour of Translation* of the State Radio as a correspondent (1965-1966). Later he was editor in the Azerbaijan Soviet Encyclopedia (1966), translator in the Publishing House *Ganjlik* (1968-1976), in the magazine *Ulduz* (The Star) head of poetry department (1989-1992), at last the editor-in-chief in the magazine *Gobustan* (2004-2013). He was the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He wrote and published more than 15 books such as *Five Leaves* (1968), *The Fire Monument* (1970), *Eyes look at World* (1979), *The Flower of Memory* (1982), *The Room of Fire* (1989), etc. He translated A. Tarkovsky, A. Platonov, Lorence Sterin, A Sofranov into Azeri from Russian. He died on September 1, 2013 in Baku.

Inside This City

I am struck dumb
 inside this city,
 looking, looking at the village.
 I climb its mountains:
 its flowers are my eyes,
 its river is again up to my knee,
 its cloud waving over my head.
 my eyelashes are wet and with dew-drops...

I am inside this city
 up to my throat,
 Sometimes I look at that village,
 it is again on my eye,
 its skies again are over my head.
 What is the use of it that I am looking at a distance?
 Let them don't say: he is speaking on village, and village,
 his bread is on his knee;
 I am inside this city up to my throat,
 but that village is on my eye.

19. Isa Ismayilzade

(1941-1997)



Isa Ismayilzade (full name Ismayilzade Isa Mustafa oghlu) was a well-known Azerbaijani poet, a translator and a publicist. He was born on March 15, 1941 in Garayazi (currently Gardabani) of Georgia Republic. He moved to Baku and studied at the Azerbaijan State University in the faculty Philology (1958-1963). He was editor in the Azerbaijan State Television and Radio Committee, later scientific editor in Azerbaijan Soviet Encyclopedia, then deputy editor-in-chief at the newspaper *Adabiyat ve Injasanat* (Literature and Art) and in the magazine *Azerbaijan* (1968-1981). His poems were translated into many languages including Russian, Georgian, Turkish, English, etc. He was the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He wrote more than 15 books such as *The Birthday of Stars* (1968), *The Brilliant Leaves* (1972), *The Song Of Land* (1977), *Hello, the Earth!* (1982), *Talk with My Mother* (1985), *Selected Poems* (1991), etc. He died on July 14, 1997 in Baku.

1941

The year when I was born
was the name and address
of an unknown soldier.
The year when I was born-
the trenches were born,
the smokes were born too.
The year when I was born
was born in trenches,
in the smoke-bombs.

My birthday was written
on the chest of Land
by the battle trenches
like a dagger's wound.
My birthday was written
by the heeled boot
of my homeland's soldier.
the gun muzzle pointed
at the breast of skies,
the sky-rocket's lustre
that warmed the stars.
The tears wrote my birthday
on the pillows, on the roads-
mothers looked for in hope.

I don't want to celebrate my birthday,
I don't want to awake it by the sound of glasses.

I don't want to awake the longings
that dreamed in the memory cradles,
to awake cooled longings
like my touchy brother's portion
stood in the plate.

I suffer greatly and regret for
the Year I was born,

I am ashamed of the picture
which is in black selvedge.

1962.

20. Chingiz Alioghlu

(1944 -)



Chingiz Aliyev Chingiz Ali oghlu (full name Aliyev Chingiz Ali oghlu) is a well-known Azerbaijani poet, a translator and a publicist. He was born on June 29, 1944 in Garabagh. He studied in the Fuzuli District Secondary School and then moved to Baku. He graduated from the Azerbaijan Oil and Chemical Institute (1961-1965). He worked as an editor-in-chief in the Publishing House *Azerneshr*, and took part in many Literature Festivals in Moscow, Riga, Vilnius and other European countries. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. His poems have been translated into many languages. He is the author of over 20 books such as *Optimism* (1969), *Train Stations* (1974), *Life Tree* (1980), *The Moon Man* (1983), *Sunny Stations* (1984), *From Meeting to Parting* (1988), *Recognize the God* (1991), etc.

My Garabagh¹⁵-My Black Embrace

Those children
 who went towards those Mountains
 they had a long wait before they could wed

And didn't reach their wedding year...
 Those children
 who went towards those mountains
 There was still a long time ahead to be brought up,
 to grow up
 in their mother's arms; into the size
 and build that a mother would be proud of.
 They ought to have grown up in the arms of their mothers....
 But...
 They didn't have the chance to grow into...
 What did they say when they went?
 Why did they go?
 They took an oath,
 they had sworn on
 halal¹⁶ milk, on halal bread!
 They had sworn on the ground.
 On the land they walked.
 On the sand and stone they loved.

¹⁵ Garabagh is Azerbaijan's southwestern region presently occupied by Armenians. It is extending from the highlands of the Lesser Caucasus down to the lowlands between the rivers Kur and Araz.

¹⁶ Halal: permitted, allowed, according to Muslim shariat, permitted by shariat.

If there is such a holy and honoured oath
who will care for the size of a limb?
Who will care for their age?
They went...
They went...towards mountains,
They went
into the fire, had their breasts burnt
and now only inches above them red flowers grow.
They went to bring back
eternal life, from eternal mountains!



Vahid Aziz (full name Jafarov Vahid Aziz oghlu) was born on November 23, 1945 in the village of Azizbayov in Daralayaz region (Western Azerbaijan) of Armenia. He is a popular Azerbaijani poet and a translator. He graduated from the Azerbaijan Polytechnic Institute (1971). Since 1971 he was the junior literary worker in the News Agency, Head of the Press Center, and Deputy Minister of Press, Media and Information. Between the years of 1991-1997 he was the Secretary of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. There are more than 40 songs based upon the lyrics of his poetry. Vahid Aziz is the author of over 10 books such as *I See The Wind* (1969), *The Moonlight Window* (1974), *The Spring Of Years* (1980), *The Shadow Of My Hands* (1986).

In Garabagh

My homeland has been upended
 from head to toe!
 Its layers have hardened
 and can't be passed in Garabagh...
 My God,
 was my nation deserving of this?
 How long
 will the sadness and misfortune last in Garabagh?

Our homeland was a pillar
 that time has chiselled into a cane -
 while bright faces became blotched.
 The refugee camp brought a bride.
 They said:
 There is a wedding in Garabagh!

The nightingale has grown tired of the pale grass.
 The cannon-ball is nothing but shrapnel,
 its powder, useless and wet.
 Many men have fallen from their horses,
 many family's dignities have fallen as well - in Garabagh...

Oh, my God!
 Misery is also playing with us.
 The mule breeder can't find a herder.
 Let me take out my soul and give it to a secret service man!
 If he finds any innocence within it,
 place it in Garabagh.

The armies make us use our guns.
 Make the love of homeland like the Koran.
 Let the enemy's nest be destroyed
 so that it never grows up in Garabagh.

My homeland,

who has not slept. Show me
 the graves of our ancestors
 among the overturned earth!
 There are so many dogs who bark!
 Show me the one who bites,
 and I will kill him
 and his blood
 will turn into a river in Garabagh.

The Passenger Thoughts

Like the train arrived at the station
 my soul emptied,
 And my thoughts
 came rushing in the platform
 like passengers.
 Some of them welcomed,
 Some of them not welcomed...
 Some of my thoughts went
 into hearts,
 And some of them went to hotels...

1968.

You Are My Fortune

You are like a train
 coming from far away,
 my Fortune!
 I am like a passenger
 waiting for you!
 I have stayed at..
 They didn't sell me the ticket,
 nor I have station platform
 under my feet...
 Nor the birds will fly from telegraph-poles.
 neither one will sale pomegranates
 at each station...
 But I know,
 you will come!
 You will come like a solitary song.
 You will come
 absolutely empty,
 my Fortune!
 No one can stop you,
 neither the Sun
 setting from far away...

Though I stayed in the place without station,
you can't pass by me like a cursory wind.
Like a train stopped for the red light
you also will stop
in front of my sleepless red eyes...

1968.

Ramiz Rovshan (full name Ramiz Mammadali oghlu Aliev) is a well-known Azerbaijani poet, a writer, a script-writer and a translator, who was born on December 15, 1946 in Amirjan, now a suburb of Baku. He is best known by his pen name Ramiz Rovshan, which means “light”. He graduated from the Philology Faculty of Azerbaijan State University (1969). He enrolled in a two-year filmmaking course in Moscow in 1978. He is the author of several books of poetry such as *One Rainy Song* (1970), *Pain* (1978), *Stone* (1979), *The Sky Can't Hold a Stone* (1987) and *Butterfly Wings* (1999), *Stories of Amirjan* (2001), *Breath* (2006) and others. Several films have been based upon his scripts: *The Grandfather of my Grandfather's Grandfather* (1981), *The Reapers from City* (1985), *The Pain of milk-tooth* (1988), *Strange Time* (1996) which was named "Best Movie" at the First International Madrid Film Festival in 1997, "The Melody of Place" (2001), and more. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union.



Ramiz Rovshan's poems and stories have been translated into many of the languages of the former Soviet Republics and published in the US, Germany, UK, France, Poland, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey and Iran. He is currently the Editor of Azerbaijan film Studio. He is a member of the Republican Council of Media too. He is also the chairman of the Committee for the "Struggle Against Election Fraud and Repression."

Don't Follow This Train With Your Eyes

(song)

This train took me away from you,
and left a bit smoke in the sky.
I caressed your hair and on
your palm left my hand's heat.

Don't follow this train with your eyes.
Don't look, your eyes may be too weary.
Under your brows, like two leaves,
the colour of your eyes has begun to fade.

This train will pass here and there,
and at night it might pass into your dreams.
If you laugh the train could cut and tear you,
If you groan it could slice your screams.

I went... yet the world left me behind...
The autumn, the spring all left for you.
My hand's heat was left on your palm,
and the shape of my caress is still on your hair.

Free Woman's Monument

No! Your soul was not like a stone,
and what a miserable life they put you in!
At first, they took off your veil
then your clothes, woman!
They peeled you like an onion.

The despots were so hard-hearted
they didn't even shed a few tears.

Tell me,
who couldn't peel you among those robbers?
Your face was so lovely
they peeled it and peeled in a strict way!
They peeled your unsettled home
and your unborn child.
What a miserable life to be left in, I say!

Later your possessions were striped away,
after all your patience!
Your tears plundered your eyes
and your eyes remained naked!
And then they kissed your eyes again,
and they sang a song to you!

It was found out
that all conflicts and revolutions,
all wars and bloodshed happened because of you!
Why did you need revolution?
You are still a revolution, dear!
You are an unread book from cover to cover.
One began to read your eyes,
one began to read your feet.
But no one could read you till the end!
And all our people attached to you half way!
Now,
you look downwards, why?
Or you think you gave birth to us?
If your children are not free,
how have you become a free woman?

No! Your freedom is incomplete, in fact,

you are imperfect! We are also imperfect!
 We are all incomplete men!
 Bring us to the world again for a moment,
 please, Free Woman's Monument!

But don't give birth to dwarves or pygmies.
 Give birth to giants - huge and strong men,
 My Stone Mother!
 Don't bring incomplete people to life.
 After that,
 you will be liberated
 and will get your sovereignty!

The Anger

I am a prisoner in a cage.
 I am flying into rage! I am anger!
 I feel heaviness in my heart,
 this anger, shackled and imprisoned.

No scent of flowers, no birds' voices
 can open my soul's gate.
 A man can get ash all over his face,
 I have laid in the ashes of my own fate.

A man can be turned into ashes by his pain.
 I grit my teeth and cut my tongue
 like my verse, into slices,
 I cleave them into syllables.

I am like that!
 So, take yourself far away from me!
 Make distance from my good will,
 I don't want to be close to you!
 My pen will never grow roses,
 women will never be my garlands.

I disappeared from the view of my admirers.
 Keep your love forever with yourselves.
 I will not build houses with words any more.
 Let them stay in the field and wait,
 I leave them to the mercy of fate.

Hey, you! who stoned me for years!

Now, find others to hurl your stones at!
 You liked cherry jam
 and lamb kabab
 and you always liked the monument of poetry!

No! I don't want a monument on Earth.
 I have no desire to be made of stone – to be deaf.
 I have no desire to stand near the great Fizuli.¹⁷
 I want to stand near you only, hey, old woman!
 Giving life while begging on the street corner,
 growing poor in the shadows of our rich country!
 No one smoothes your white hair in this land,
 but I kiss your grey hair.
 Don't worry!
 I won't tickle your palm with money.
 I simply bow down to kiss your hand.

Woman In Black Dress

Men are different in life, darling:
 some are cowards, some are brave;
 But each one lives with the hope, I guess,
 that after his death
 there would be a nice woman in a black dress
 crying on his grave.

Who will close your eyes when you die?
 Maybe your brother? Maybe a stranger?
 Maybe she, who you hurt for years
 will weep for you much more than others?

As soon as tears wash your tombstone,
 you will stir in your grave and say, Oh my God,
 why does the woman who I hurt for years
 shed so many tears?

I never fondled her.
 I never caressed her hair.
 And I never dried her bitter tears.
 Now each of her grey hairs
 is like a needle stuck in my eyes.

¹⁷ Fizuli (1483–1556): pen name of the Azerbaijani or the Bayat branch of Oghuz and Ottoman poet, writer and thinker Mahammad bin Suleyman who is considered to be one of the greatest contributors to the Divan Tradition of Azerbaijan literature. He wrote his collected poems in three different languages: Azeri-Turkish, Persian and Arabic.

I have brought her only trouble for years.
Why is she weeping for me with such sorrow?

Punch my grave stone!
Do not kiss or caress it, woman!
It is better to curse my grave,
than to cry on it, hey, black dressed woman!

Go! Leave me
woman in a black dress!
Hush and stop your crying and mourning.
My grave is one of the thousands.
Don't clasp my gravestone in your arms.
No one is crying for me now, no one is weeping,
You also must stop.
My grave-stone is dripping...

The Wall

It is not a single sheet, it is a wall
I am beating with my head.
I am scratching at it and tired.
I have no choice - cannot be stopped.
I grow and grow near the wall
As if I am a solitary tree.
It is like a pillow I bury my face into
When I burst into tears.
It is not a sheet, it is a wall
turning white and bright.
From the other side someone calls
to me every night.
If I die, be sure, I am not alone.
You cry for both of us, you cry
for the orphaned voice
who called for me all day.
You bury the dead poet
on this side of the wall
and cry for the poet, who is alive
and standing on other side.

Sorrow

When tears trickle

down one's dry cheek,
 sorrow is liberated from inside
 for one by one
 each tear is a ship and within its hull, our sorrow.

Our achievements are at an end,
 we have earned, loved, lost and hurt.
 And when we turn from side to side,
 we turn from sorrows to wounds.

Spit on the face of world!
 We have a million graves already.
 We do not need more. A poet
 does not need a grave to be safe.

The Candle

In memory of Fizuli

There is a candle lit for centuries,
 The winds can't put it out.
 Hundreds of hands fly to get at it
 but all in vain,
 they can't catch its candlelight.

What is the sin of this candlelight
 if its surroundings are in the darkness?
 This candle melts day and night
 it is dying and dying, but can't die!

Homeland

It is hard to love you, Homeland!
 How dreadful you are!
 What a sinful thing
 from head to foot!

Do you know what loving you is like?
 It is like falling in love with a raped girl!
 To weep bitter tears for this love,
 and feel it must be kept a secret.
 He will feel ashamed
 and will not look people in the face.
 or speak the truth.

What dreadful conditions you have been put into.
What a horrific day you live within, Homeland?
I am ashamed to love you now, Homeland!

You have oil spots on your breasts.
Who will clean and wash it?
You are a country of billionaires.
You are a Homeland of poverty.
Your abundance has gone away,
it has left you.
Your virginity was a target -
the pipe lines
went through you.
You dug out, step by step.
But be glad that you are still alive
for when your oil is finished
You will be radiant and free....

(1946-)



Seyran Sakhavat (full name Khanlarov Seyran Asgar oghlu), is a well-known poet, a writer and a translator. He was born on March 23, 1946 in the village Yaglivand of Fizuli district. He moved to Baku in 1964 and entered the State University, studied at the Oriental Faculty (1964-1970). He worked as a translator for two years in Iran during the Soviet Union. In 1976 he returned to Baku and worked at the magazine *Adabiyat va Injisanat* (Literature and Art). In 1981-1991s he worked at the magazine *Ulduz* (The Star) as a head of department. His plays have been staged in different theatres of Azerbaijan. Seyran Sakhavat is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union and he is the author of 15 books such as *Islands* (verses) (1970), *My Planet* (1977), *Everybody knew that...* (1982), *The Stone Houses* (1985), *The Narrow Dress* (1987), *The Golden Basin* (1999), *The Obituary* (2003), *Man of Hundred Years* (2005), etc.

The Wise

I am said that you are wise,
 You are insolent and always
 having a swollen head and
 speaking boastfully.
 I am said that
 you are a wise man.
 I ran away quickly from city to the village-
 They said: you are a wise man.
 Everybody used to run away
 and me too,
 They said:
 You are a wise man.
 I don't open a path,
 I don't build a road,
 They say: you are a wise man.
 I don't know what is the pay day
 for twenty years,
 They say: you are a wise man.
 I call valley mountain-
 they say: you are a wise man.
 I say that the sour clotted milk is white-
 they say: you are a wise man.
 I don't deny my God-they say:
 you are a wise man.
 Sometimes I am so ignorant and know nothing at all,
 They say: you are a wise man.
 I wear overcoat,
 I call knife an axe,
 I call yoke a collar,
 what I say
 I say one under another,
 They say: you are a wise man.
 I call ass a lazy-bone,
 I say divide everything equally,

Divide everything free,
 They say: you are a wise man.
 I said never plant a tree,
 I called empty papakh¹⁸ a boot,
 Don't fall on your knee in front of me, I said,
 and don't make me bored.
 They said: you are a wise man.
 I used to throw a stone at everybody,
 I used to talk much and overstepped the limits,
 I carried stones to build my house,
 They said: you are a wise man.
 I quarrelled with those who were so intimate to me
 One day I ate the forbidden by chance
 But they said: you are a wise man.
 There was a time I saw this world
 with through the wine and
 I was watchful too,
 There was a time I didn't make my heart bleed,
 I looked at my master unfriendly,
 They said: you are a wise man.
 Time is long, as long as a lanky man,
 Life is the rabble and we have come
 by watching and looking at everything,
 I understood and used to know that
 The wisdom was a kind of tashna¹⁹
 and if it is so-
 The wisdom is nothing!

‘

24. Sabir Rustamkhanli

¹⁸ papakh -tall Caucasian hat usually made of sheepskin

¹⁹ Tashna-to be thirsty, awfully desire

(1946 -)

Sabir Rustamkhanli (full name Rustamkhanli Sabir Khudu oghlu) was born on May 20, 1946 in the village Hamarkand of Yardimli district. He is one of the most popular Azerbaijani poets and philologists. He graduated from the philology department at the Azerbaijan State University; PhD in philological sciences, rewarded with "Shohrat" (Fame) order. Since 1967 he was the junior literary worker, senior literary worker, Head of department, and special correspondent for the *Adabiyat ve Injisanat* (Literature and Art) newspaper. Since 1978, he was the Head of the department, Deputy editor-in-chief, and editor-in-chief at the *Yazichi* (Writer) publishing house. Between the years of 1989-1991 he was the editor-in-chief of *Azerbaijan* newspaper. Since 1991 he has been the Minister of the Media and Information for the Republic of Azerbaijan. He is author of over 30 books, such as *If You want To Know, I Am waiting For The News, Life Book, Blood Memory, Thank you, Mother Language, The Spirit of my Father*, etc. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union.



He was one of the leaders of the Freedom Movement of Azerbaijan from 1987-1990s. Sabir Rustamkhanli is the Chairman of the Assembly of the World Congress of Azerbaijanis. He is also the leader of the Civic Solidarity Party and Deputy of the National Assembly of Azerbaijan.

The Eternal Love

They...
 they will prefer a higher courtyard to rest within
 than the Garden of Eden.
 They are ill-informed
 of the Paradise Country
 falling in their sacrifice...
 The knight who is waiting for permission,
 the sheep with neckties -
 they can't feel my spirit!

They can't know my spirit!
 the stumps while growing green,
 those falling down and rolling in hundreds of directions,
 those who are mature by years only -
 whose thoughts, faith, and language are foreign to our land
 who are afraid of thunder,
 who are afraid of even rain...
 who appeared from the darkened nest,
 who does not like the land's joy,
 who does not have pity for a flower's death-
 They can't understand me!
 They...

they put the enemy's hand on our hands,
 those who are singing a lullaby and reciting
 prayers of financial gain
 who are forgetting,
 forgetting the tongue of the ancient way and signs and traces:
 who are forgetting the tongue of our huge grief...
 How do they know
 where the grief in our eyes comes from?
 How they will know
 how my soul addresses the skies and God?
 Those who are not able to dust
 and see the mirror of my engraved stones
 from China to Gobustan.
 Those who can't feel the love of Arganakon²⁰
 how can they feel the great spirit living inside me?
 How can they feel
 what it means
 to be this refugee, this great untired Turkish spirit?
 Who will tell them
 from Altay to Balkans,
 from God to Savalan
 stretched all the way through History
 like the wires of a qobuz²¹
 not yet out of tune;
 Though we come from the skies
 I have whitewashed the way -
 the ways have not fallen from the sky.
 we are smashed to pieces,
 we are tired from marching,
 but we are pregnant for justice,
 are we again being guided by the way of history?
 Yes, we are.
 We are! It is you and me...
 Today we are tired and weak and unimpressive,
 but tomorrow like a storm
 you will blow!..
 They...
 the egotistical,
 these retro communists,
 democrats, reformers,
 and global fascists

²⁰ Arganakon: Turkish dastan.

²¹ Qobuz: an old Azerbaijani musical instrument.

and their slaves,
under the name of Turks,
these men living for toys like a child.
They can't feel me at all!
They can't feel my blood
boiling in my veins.
They can't feel the eternal love
building a road up to God!

25. Nusrat Kasamanli (1946-2003)



Nusrat Kasamanli (full name Kasamanli Nusrat Yusif oghlu), was a popular poet and a publicist. He was born in Qazakh in 1946 and died in 2003 in Tabriz. He studied at the faculty of Journalism at the Azerbaijan State University. After graduating from University, he worked as a journalist at the newspaper *Baku*. He was a documentary film producer as well. He was the author of several books such as *If You Love* (1971), *The Black Color Of My Eyes* (1975), *The Days When I Looked Like Myself* (1979), *The Silver Dreams* (1981), *Let Us Talk Alone* (1983), etc.

Don't Cry, My Tabriz,²² Don't Cry

Don't tell me the ways are far too long-
And that there is a river between us.
Some are together,
while we are apart.

One of us shed tears,
one of us got wed.
Speak, you speak louder
don't deaden your tongue.

It is enough to recite an elegy,
don't cry, my Tabriz, don't cry.

Dead are your lands,
they gave us our lives.
And now, before us, the mountains
remain only for looking and sighing up to.

We have tears in one eye
while the other one is smiling.
Clean your tears
and don't wound my soul.
Don't cry, my Tabriz, don't cry.

We are the same people
with the same homeland
but separated into two sides.

²² Tabriz is the fifth most populated city in Iran, one of the historical capitals of the old Azerbaijan and the present capital of the East Azerbaijan Province.

But land is not life
 to be distributed as we like.
 How many times will we say 'brother?'
 Calling each other from a distance.
 You arose with the voice of justice,
 bellow your words, don't keep them inside.
 Don't cry, my Tabriz, don't cry.

Maybe our violets have grown
 crooked because of fatigue.
 Maybe the land wants
 a son for a bridge to Araz?²³
 I hold my hand to you
 but my hand touches the wire.
 You rely on your own wit,
 warlike and bellicose.
 Don't cry, my Tabriz, don't cry.

There are too many talking and too many gas-bags.
 We often seem like chatter-boxes.
 How we dare to glue sin
 to this sinless Araz!
 We get tangled within the wire
 in the middle of our Homeland.
 You again look at your past.
 Don't rely on anybody.
 Wake up, rise and say "Homeland"
 Don't cry, my Tabriz, don't cry!

²³ Araz is a river flowing through the territories of Turkey, Iran, Azerbaijan and Armenia. The river divides Azerbaijan into two parts -South and North Azerbaijan.

26. Zakir Fakhri (1948 -)



Zakir Fakhri (Zakir Mirsadikh oghlu Sabitov) is a prominent poet and a translator. He was born in Aghdam. He studied at the secondary school in Yevlakh and then moved to Baku where he entered the Azerbaijan State Polytechnical Institute and graduated in 1970. He worked as a journalist in the newspaper of *Azerbaijan Ganjlari* (The Youth of Azerbaijan) and the magazine *Ulduz* (*The Star*). He was the deputy director of the Azerbaijan Translation Centre (1989-1991). Zakir Fakhri is the author of several books of verses. Several songs have been composed from his poems. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He is the author of several books such as *I would not forget* (1972), *Roads* (1984), *Memory Flower* (1990), *Story of one Life* (2000), etc.

The World, Come Back To Our World

I splashed water behind you,
I was right to wait for you.
I left, but have come back
to the world, you have come back
to our world.

This is the fruit of parting.
Beauty grows old early.
Other's profited in this world
then returned to our world.
Fate did not please us.
Fate did not dress our wounds.
Fate did not dry our tears.
Come back to our world.

A stone turned into a son too.
Heroes turned into legend.
You can give sweets to our children.
Come back to our world.
We mourned every kind of sorrow.
Tell us, is life frail?
Take Asli and Keram.²⁴
Come back to our world.
Too many exclamations are in your land.

²⁴ Asli and Karam: Azeri folk Love Story tale

Each arrow shot, is pain.
 If you don't come back, sin will flourish.
 Come back to the world, our world!

A Child's Hands

My mother,
 Don't recite this elegy, dear...
 It brought up by grave and the grief was born.
 It will stick in my throat again, my mother,
 It will come to my dream again.

Don't recite this elegy, mother,
 My tears have not yet dried, dear!
 That little tombstone has not dried yet
 from sediments of my eyes' wet.

Oh, my brother - my soul and heart,
 Oh, my hope, and my sound support.
 He will come and take away my tears,
 He will pull out the only consolation
 from my last hope and dreams.

My mother,
 don't recite this elegy, don't recite!
 My brother will write to this misfortune,
 He will wake up from his sweet dream
 and will come to me for the safe fortune,
 will open his little hands for me.

My mother,
 don't recite this elegy,
 He can wake up in the grave.
 That child heart, that little soul
 can be frightened and stopped
 by your pain's calls and moan.

He will come to play with ball in grave,
 He can't find his ball in the darkness.
 He may look for the door there
 and he may not find it, mother!

My mother,
 don't sing this dismal elegy, for God's sake!
 What if that little child's hands
 would rise up from the cold and grove grave?!

27. Vagif Bayatli Odar

(1949 -)

Vagif Bayatli Odar (Jabrailzade Vaqif), is a well-known Azerbaijani poet. He was born in Jabrail district of Azerbaijan. He graduated from the State Institute of Construction Engineers and worked in construction, then as an engineer. He changed his profession and worked at the magazine *Ulduz* (The Star) as head of the department of poetry (1981-1990). He became the editor-in-chief of *Khazar* magazine, then director of the foreign studio of the Azerbaijan State Television and Radio Company. Vagif Bayatli Odar has taken part in many international literary festivals and conferences and has been awarded several prizes for his poems. He is the author of several books, such as *Under A Lone Star*, *The funniest dead*, *To love until death is less..*



Under A Lone Star

This night, this night,
 this black boy, this sad boy
 has no hate and no spite for anyone.
 This night, this night,
 to break this sad and black boy's heart
 one must smash the nightingale's nest.

This night, this night,
 this sad boy with sorrow
 facing the sky,
 stands in front of a window
 of a lovely girl, a mysterious beauty,
 he stands as if under a lone star...

Headless Horsemen's Tale

Moonlight
 leads the headless horsemen -
 deceiving them.
 My mad soul, where are you going?
 Under God's favour?

Headless horsemen not known by earth,
 by homeland, by water,
 riding all over the world.
 The horses sleep standing
 while the headless horsemen sleeps not.
 Bushes and thorns tear
 at the horse's neck.

Two dove sisters on a branch
feel that the headless horseman
is a lost brother and say:
"Lost brother, those who loved you
will never love you again in this world.
White doves fly around you.
Where are you going? Under God's favour, brother?"

"I am coming to be a dark eye in spring.
I am coming to be the black stone in spring.
I am coming to be a brother
for two dove sisters."

28. Kamal Abdulla (1950 -)

Kamal Abdulla (Kamal Mehdi oghlu Abdullayev) is a well-known scientist, a poet, a writer, a translator, a linguist and a state figure. He was born in Baku. Kamal Abdulla is one of the greatest scientists and Academics of Azerbaijan and is considered to be one of the most prominent and productive writers and scientists of modern Azerbaijani literature. He is a doctor of Philology, professor. Known as the author of poems, novels, plays, essays and critical articles. He graduated from the Azerbaijani State University in 1973 and is one of the most popular professors of Turkic languages. Many of his works have been translated and published into various languages. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. His main books include: *I Have Nobody to Forget*, *Spirit*, *Sad Collection*, *The Incomplete Manuscript*, *Spy*, *Mister Roads*, *My Grieves*, *Collected Stories*. His novels and short stories have been translated into Russian, English, Spanish, French, Japanese, German, Portuguese, Polish, and Georgian. Kamal Abdulla has been honored with numerous prizes.



I am you

If only you could have eyes
That cry for me.
If only you could have a soul
That loves me.
I am you...
Should you look a bit closer
you would see me, too
in your face and eyes.
Should you love a bit stronger
you would surely turn into me.
I am you - nobody else.

With another's heart and other problems
with another's breath, otherwise.
I am you!
I stood among the trees
when you passed by.
Maybe you thought me to be a tree,
maybe you yourself are a tree—a walking tree...
Maybe we all like trees torn from the ground,
Shaking hands with our leaves,
Maybe you and me are not trees, but a piece of space,
Or a piece of sand.
If only you could have eyes

that cry for me.
 If only you could have a soul
 That loves me.
 I am you...

Don't Wait For Me Now

Don't wait for me now,
 it was just by chance
 that I was born
 and lived in this world.
 Don't wait for me now—
 don't wait for one
 who would come back
 as if re-born.
 I won't forget you—
 The memory of you
 will blanket me in mist.
 I won't forget you—
 like other things that can't be forgotten
 until the grave.
 I wouldn't forget you—
 Don't wait for me now,
 don't come and gather here,
 my eyes do not see you now.
 I won't forget you,
 I won't forget you,
 Don't wait for me now.

My Sins

My sins grew in my heart like a mountain.
 Memories were threaded like pearls—
 but the pearls fell to pieces.
 Each one was like you,
 except one...
 But later, I found
 that one was also like you....

29. Zalimkhan Yagub (1950-)



Zalimkhan Yagub (Yagubov Zalimkhan Yusif oghlu) is a popular Azerbaijani poet and a state figure. He was born on January 21, 1950, in Georgia, in the village of Kapanakchi of Borchali region.

He graduated from the Azerbaijan State University of Library Department (1967-1972).

He worked in Azarkitab (1973-1978), sold books for some time, then he worked as an editor at the poetry department of the Publishing House *Writer'*(1987-1997). He was Deputy of the Azerbaijan Parliament (1995-2000). He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union, received several State awards. He was elected a Chairman of the Union in the 5th Congress of Azerbaijani Ashugs. He is the author of more than 20 books such as *The Hearths that I got flame* (1986), *The epos of great life* (2004), *Let us return back to memories* (2004), *I am a Mountain River* (2006), *Prophet* (2009), *Movlana* (2012), etc. His works have been translated into several languages.

A Love Palace

Paled the light of my eyes, and
I stared at, until to reach your soul.
My half life time passed by
Until I came back and found myself.

I pulled a verse from the foot of favour,
All mankind sorrowed for grieves,
And now I think how Farhad troubled
Until he cleaved the mountains.

A man is born for not only to live,
To live is not easy-everybody knows.
You have to destroy thousand mystery castles
until you build a Love Palace.

Sweet World

The world with cool Spring-
If I would have long lifetime
I would drink your waters.
I would pass your rivers
crying in the valleys.

The world with sweet boons-

If I would taste your sweets,
If I would prolong the time
of my days and nights.

The world with wise talks-
If I would frequently listen
to your wise conversation.
Everything that you created
If I would embrace as my son.

Pity for that coolness!
Pity for that sweetness!
Pity for that wisdom,
Life is less, time is short
Life mostly invites us to mourning
than to the wedding-party.

30. Aghajafar Hassanli (1954 -)

Aghajafar Hassanli (Aghajafar Husseyn oghlu Hassanov), was born in Lerik. He is a prominent poet and a publicist. He studied at the Azerbaijan State University and graduated from the Journalism Faculty. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He is the author of over 20 books, including *The Water Tossed After Me*, *The Shadow of That Tree*, *The Rain of My Voice*, *The Monument's Life*, *God's Whispers*, *The Street Named after Me*, *The Libraries of the Trees*, and *The Light of Flame*. His work has been translated into several languages. He received the "Gold Word" prize from the Ministry of Culture and Tourism in 2011. He is the editor-in-chief of the magazine *Mars*.



I was Ashamed

I was ashamed
embarrassed and confused-
and bathed in sweat.
I was nobody and nothing.
I sat beside swindlers, old foxes and dogs.

My Dear,
though I have an image of fame and glory,
though I have a reputation and popularity,
though I have two or three friends I can drink with
I am nobody and nothing.

I continue to sneeze.
Have patience with my quick tempered
passionate body.
I was wet and tired and finished my
last term.
I decided that was enough, I cannot continue this way.

Damn this life I lived...
It would be better to have lived like an ass.
They saw my mild and soft heart,
my mild and gentle disposition – that is how
they found my weak point
and then cut my head off with cotton.

God's Nobel Speech

Nature is a story or a novel.
 It is ancient Athena
 or Rome.
 Or a rocky place on the slope of our village.
 It is a fresh cloud or the fish
 in a bear's mouth.
 All ordinary phenomena.
 The commotions that happened,
 all our games and funny things
 are in Nature!
 It is the snow
 that remains
 in ravines,
 or the old dog in the low-lying lands...

Man will be lost tomorrow.
 Man can become a tree or a plant...
 Only water will prevail as
 God's eternal Nobel speech.

The people who I love don't like me

Fate's door is locked before me.
 The empty fields and space of destiny...
 I am seeking a man
 to give my heart to him,
 but I am lost in this fate's lane.
 My heart bleeds more or less.
 My heart is sickened and hurts me heavily.

I can bear the people I don't like
 but the people who I love don't like me -
 it aches me horribly.

I am a carrier of grief,
 I carry it here and there.
 Those who I loved, have left
 my door untouched.

The people whom I weeped for.

The people whose secrets I kept.
The people whom I gave solemn promises.
The people who I love-
do not like me!
The people who I love-
do not like me!
Death is merciless and coming.
The trouble is that
there is nobody with whom
I can share my sorrow.

31. Kamala Abiyeva

(1954 -)



Kamala Abiyeva (Kamala Aydin gizi Abiyeva) is a popular Azerbaijani poet. She was born on June 26, 1954 in Astara. She studied at Baku secondary school and then graduated from the Azerbaijan State Pedagogical Institute in the Physics Department. She is a teacher at Baku School No. 31 and she is the author of several books. There are more than 100 songs based upon the lyrics of her poetry. The most popular ones include: *School Years, Azerbaijan, The*

World is Fairy-Tale, It Is Raining, Love and Memories. K. Abiyeva is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union.

Azerbaijan

(song)

Azerbaijan is my only darling,
Azerbaijan is my life,
How can I praise its charm?
You are my native mother's mother,
Homeland of my great grandmother!

You are a tree—I am your branch,
You are a branch—I am your leaf.
You are a song—I am the tongue
that is needed day and night.

I would put garments on your land,
I would fill my soul with Kur-Araz²⁵ water.
And if your heart is broken and pained
I would dress the wound with the Caspian Sea.

Your majestic voice is an echo of Liberty.
Your martyr's faith is the symbol of immortality.

Azerbaijan, you are a world of victory,
And the unassailable fortress of bravery!
You are my native mother's mother,
Homeland of my great grandmother!

It Is Raining...

(song)

²⁵ Kur: a river in Azerbaijan. Araz is the boundary between southern Azerbaijan and northern Azerbaijan (Iran and the Republic of Azerbaijan)

It is raining down in the city-
how fantastic a night!
Only you and me and this city
on a rainy night!
It is raining down!
It is a surprise from the sky for our love!
Maybe it is not rain,
but our soul's longing and longing...
Today the skies are singing,
their hearts are full of words to say,
rain knows about love songs!
It is raining-
It is the sky's tribute to our love!
Maybe this is not rain,
but our soul's longing,
singing love songs, singing.

Refrain:

Maybe the skies are saying: I love you, Land!
It is raining,
the city is living in a sleepless night!
The city, the rain and the night belong to us,
and the morning
stolen from the night belongs to us!
Brilliant droplets are on your hair
and in your hands.
How does the rain know this love song?
It is raining!
It is the sky's tribute to our love.
Perhaps it is not rain,
but our soul's longing and longing.

32. Alisamid Kur (1954-)

Alisamid Kur is a prominent Azerbaijani poet. He was born in Salyan in 1954. He graduated from the Azerbaijan State Art Institute (1980) and worked in different newspapers as a journalist. He is the author of several books. There are some popular songs based upon the lyrics of his poetry. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union.



The Sunlight of My Birthday

Where I go, where I turn,
and whenever I feel hurt
Your blessings helped me, Mother!
You preserved me from harm!
If I could see off the roads
relying on your water that you hurled on my back!
If I could water my flower dreams
by my love of ocean,
Your dream will come true!
If I would stay on the road
and can't make my way in life,
The distress will grow in the palm of my hands,
No one will see my fingers
pressed into my palm.
Where I go, where I turn,
and whenever I feel hurt,
My Mother's wish is on my road
like the sunlight of my birthday!

1983.

33. Telli Panahgizi (1954 -)



Telli Panahgizi (full name Telli Panah gizi Aliyeva) was born on May 24, 1954, in the Western Azerbaijan in Vedibasar. She is an Azerbaijani poet and a well-known journalist. She attended and graduated from the Azerbaijan State University, Faculty of Journalism (1971-1976). She worked at the State Television and Radio Company as an editor, then editor-in-chief, and now is the Deputy Director of Second Program. She is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. Telli Panahgizi is the author of several books such as *Conversation with God*, *Painted Pictures after Parting*, *There's Moonlight in Your Voice*, and *Parallel Signs of Life*.

I Will Wait For You

Let me feel sorrow for myself,
don't be an obstacle in my way.
If the clouds are treacherous -
don't interfere with their mist.

You don't know how
the birds are cold now.
If you take care of a one
it will revive in spring's eve.
The weather has taken a turn for the worse.
The face of the sky is growing darker...
You throw up your sorrow,
let it be carried far away.

The road is naked.
The tree is naked.
But we are so cold, why?
The reason I know:
You are far away from me!
I don't want my window to cry.
I don't want the door to be slammed in my face.
In the skies
you look up at,
I found you again!

Find a dove.
Let her bring your letter to me!
But... don't write
that you forgot me!
Let me just live in the image of you.
Let me deceive and console myself.
If you will come or not, it doesn't matter —
I will wait for you!

34. Vagif Bahmanli

(1955 -)

Vagif Bahmanli (Vagif Ittifaq oghlu Guliyev), is a prominent poet, a translator and a publicist. He was born on May 23, 1955 in the village Boyuk Bahmanli of Fuzuli district. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He studied at the Azerbaijan State University in the Journalism Department. He also worked on various newspapers such as *Sovet Kandi* (Soviet Village), *Communist*, *Adalat* (Justice), *Humanity* and *Land of Fire*. He works at the Azerbaijan Ministry of Culture and Tourism and he is the author of over 20 books. His poems have been translated and published in various languages.



My Mother Doesn't Appear in My Dreams

When I go to bed, I sleep as I die.
The hills, the mountains and streams
are all in my dreams.
But I don't know why
my mother doesn't visit my dreams...

The whole world is full of mirrors
but I can't find one to look at.
I see the whole world in my dreams
but my mother doesn't appear in my dreams...
That's not honest, oh, God!

Everything is better than paradise
in my dreams .
Even holy women with the wings
come to my dreams to soften my pillows.
But my mother doesn't come to my dreams.

It is as if the Moon is in my hands.
The wind runs through my dreams.
There is sunshine on my face,
angels fly down here and there...
But, my mother doesn't run to my dreams.

I see flowers and bushes,
I see flies and bees,
an old man with a sunny face
and an old woman with grey hair.

I can't see my mother in these dreams.

I sometimes see snakes,
 I sometimes see ants.
 My father, who made her cry,
 comes to my dreams, but my mother?
 She never comes to my dreams.

My father comes to my dreams,
 but my mother doesn't come.
 The aching heart of my friend
 hurts me.
 The enemy who calls me brother
 takes my hand.
 But my mother doesn't come.

The king who wants me to help him
 shakes my hand in my dreams.
 Maybe because of that, God also
 comes to my dreams. But my mother
 doesn't come to my dreams.

My fears are full of blood and bones.
 This is known to my mother.
 She knows that from my childhood
 I have been afraid of dead man.

When I Die...

Someone says
 he will return like a blade of grass.
 One will return like a worm
 and one like a dog.
 One will return
 like a horse
 and one...
 Why return? What is there to say!
 I will laugh
 when I pass away!
 My faded blood vessels
 will rise into rose petaled smiles.
 "Let him die today,

he who doesn't trust in me."
I will laugh when I die.

And to each lost labour.
And to Death's sieve
and if God
permits,
I will laugh when I die.

My hunchback is a camel.
Yes, I know
each snowy hair,
a moth.
Yes, I know
who is who, and what is what.
Yes, I know, sure!
I will laugh when I die!

Because of the windmill's
black flour,
because of mothers
who had bloody faces,
because of royal honours
who had poor ends,
I will laugh when I die.

A Birth of Verse

A verse comes into being
out of nothing -
A verse that is not polluted,
that is not defiled,
a verse that is not drowned and lost,
a verse
that is not sank in the mud,
a verse
that has not caught fire,
A verse
that is not tired
or on its knees,
a verse
that has not slept a bit.
A verse
that is not deceived -
and never deceives...
A verse that comes into being

out of nothing -

A verse

that is not abased of itself,

A verse

that has not humiliated someone's pride.

A verse that does not beat

and has not been beaten.

A verse

that is not smashed

and does not oppress.

A verse

that is not idle,

and resting for nights.

A verse

that rattles the sabre

before injustice -

but is born of nothing!

It is falsehood -

a verse comes into being from sin,

It is falsehood -

A verse comes into being from exclamations.

A verse comes into being from a high throne.

A verse comes into being from God!

A verse comes into being out of nothing!

A verse comes into being out of nothing!

It comes into the world out of an extremely parched word.

A verse comes into the world out of limpid words...

35. Rustam Behrudi

(1957-)

Rustam Behrudi (full name Behrudi Rustam Hidayat oghlu) is a popular Azerbaijani poet. He was born on September 12, 1957 in the village Behrud in Ordubad rayon of Nakhchevan. He is one of the poets who praised the idea of Turkism in own poems. The main aim of the poems is topics such as nation, patriotism, human love, etc. Some of his poems were translated into Polish, French, Russian and Czech languages. He is the author of several books, such as *Record in the Memory*, *Straw prayer*, etc. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union.



Hello, Gallows!

Hello, gallows!

You waited for me each day and night,

Hello, Gallows!

Aleykum-salam!²⁶

I was not born to die by doom,

Hello, Gallows,

Aleykum-salam!

Show me the Nation

whose fate is a mystery!

Show me the Nation that divided into hundred names

but again it is One and unshared!

This grief forced me to come and stand in front of you,

Hello, Gallows!

Aleykum-salam.

I saw Caspian Sea,

I saw Baykal and Aral,

I saw them injured and they were in agony of death,

I saw the God keeping Himself aloof from His creature,

Hello, Gallows!

Aleykum-salam!

The destiny plays tricks with me-

this old-woman Fate whirls the wrong way round

under the shadow of Turan's branches.

The colours of the leaves are on my flag,

Hello, Gallows!

Aleykum-salam.

²⁶ Aleykum-salam: means "hello, good day!" or the same to you!

The end of beginning,
 The beginning's end,
 This is what I didn't know, I am crazy!
 I am not afraid, I don't fear,
 though my neck is in the sky,
 Hello, Gallows!
 Aleykum-salam.

Speak, Amir Timur,²⁷
 what was the end of life?
 I am in a white shroud,
 showing repentance...
 You, that know your lesson back to front,
 Repentance is mine!
 Hello, Gallows!
 Aleykum-salam!

I have planted you...
 And you manage me!
 Let my blood wash you, I permit!
 Let your leaf turned into the pink by my blood!
 Hello, Gallows!
 Aleykum-salam!

You, Gallows, the Tree of narrowness!
 I am inferior to none!
 Either I lower you or I'll get in you!
 Or I will turn into leaf on your branch!
 Hello, Gallows!
 Aleykum-salam.

I am girgiz,
 I am ozbak,
 I am qazakh and turkman,
 I am bashqird and karkuk,
 and I am a stranger turkic that you wait for!
 Hello, Gallows!

²⁷ Tamerlane (1336–1405), Mongol ruler of Samarkand 1369–1405, tatar name Timur Lenk ('lame Timur'). Leading a force of Mongols and Turks, he conquered Persia, northern India, and Syria and established his capital at Samarkand. He was the ancestor of the Mogul dynasty in India.

Aleykum-salam.

Receive,
it is me - your next victim,
My body is in yours,
and be sure, I am your body!
Don't put on haughty airs,
and don't swagger,
All your sides are me!
Hello, Gallows!
Aleykum-salam!

36. Ajdar Ol

(1958 -)



Ajdar Ol (Ajdar Feyzulla oghlu Jabiyev) is a prominent poet, a publicist and a translator. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He was born in Gazimammad in 1958. He graduated from Ganja State Pedagogical Institute of Literature Department, and worked as a teacher in the Lerik district. He moved to Baku in 1985 where he began working in the Publishing House *Ishig* (Light).

Between 1988-1990s, he worked as a deputy director of Shuvalan Writers' Creation Home. He is the author of several books such as *My Yesterday Was Passed*, *Why Not Love*, *I Live In the Future*, *Moments of Wisdom*, *Correction to my Destiny*, *Five-Ten Verses*. His plays have been staged in Azerbaijani theaters and his works have been published in Iran, Poland, Turkey and Georgia. He was awarded a National Book prize for his stories in 2011.

A Left-hander

In the Garabagh War, I lost my right-hand -
it was severed, left on the other side of my homeland.

I don't like things to turn here and there,
but I tried to learn to write with my left hand.

I am a left handed and to greet with a single hand.
It is quite another sensation shaking with the right hand.

So much mars becoming left handed late in life
and sometimes I remember my right hand's past.

I do not dance at weddings, nor do I drive a car.
If I carry a coffin it is from the left side.

I get a disability pension. I'm pleased to have it.
I was given a job that I can do with a single hand.

What to brag of? I am half a person, really,
I couldn't even sacrifice my whole life for my country.

One cannot fly on a single wing.
But it is enough to embrace my only child.

I don't feel sorry for my pain and illness.
But there is one thing I regret: in Garabagh
I became a prisoner, and my right hand, a prisoner as well.

37. Mahir N. Garayev

(1958 -)

Mahir N. Garayev (full name Garayev Mahir Niyazi oghlu) was born in the Goychay district of Azerbaijan. He is a poet, a publicist and a translator. He studied at the Azerbaijan State University in the Philological Faculty. He worked for the magazine *Sovetskaya Turkologiya*, in the newspapers *History*, *ABS*, *Friday*, *Azerbaijan*. He was an editor-in-chief of the newspaper *Hafta sonu* (Week-end), and he is the editor-in-chief in the Azerbaijan Translation Centre. He was also the press secretary of the Ministry of Culture and Tourism. He is the author of several books of verse and has translated many writers of world Literature. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union.



The Horse Love

I loved you like grass
and you fell in love with me like a horse.
In candlelight, in the dark room
We couldn't love each other as husband and wife.

You seemed to me as a green meadow-
that wanted to be grazed.
We didn't want to put out the candle,
we woke up to relight it.

Oh, I didn't love you as a woman,
but more as a green slope.
I looked at you like a horse and my mouth watered,
I devoured you like grass.

Cars and planes are not our equal.
Our blood is not for the engine.
Probably we were too young then,
you, to be my wife, me, your husband.

Mount me as a horse, ride a little bit,
let us ride the world.
Please stay on me and feel yourself like my wife for a bit.
I will stay on you and feel like your husband.

In the house where the candle has blown out
do not be frightened of the smell of burning.

Throw out of the window a handful of my ash,
then forget about this emaciated beast.

You were more than a woman.
You were too beautiful for me.
I did not burn like a candle for you.
I was a rue with burnt yellow flowers.

38. Abulfat Madatoghlu (1959 -)

Abulfat Madatoghlu (Abulfat Madat oghlu Aliyev) was born on January 1, 1959 in the village Tugh, Khocavand district of Garabagh region. He is a prominent poet, a journalist and a publicist. He studied at the village school in Tugh and in 1980 he moved to Baku, to work for the magazine *Tashviqatchi* (Agitator) as a polisher and corrector. He graduated from the Azerbaijan State University's History Faculty. He worked in the newspapers *Araz*, *Garabagh* and *Azerbaijan Army*. He is currently working as a deputy editor-in-chief for the newspaper *Adalat* (Justice). He is the author of several books such as *The song of Samani*, *Nilufar flower*, *A man who is telling his sorrow*, *The memory*, *Don't forget me*, *God!*, *The doors which I wanted to knock...* He is the member of Azerbaijan Writers' Union.



It is strange...

It is very strange-
nobody feels sinful...
and each one tries to hint at
the others' guilt.
They mix their own sins with the others
to be seen as intellectual and honest...
In this case,
what will God do to us?
That is the main question...

My dreams...

My dreams passed the bounds,
My dreams always read the wrong side out,
It is difficult to restore these broken borders.
It must be as if to get over the Chinese wall,
The questions of Time
were my heaviest load,
The prays of my soul
caught on the sky and stayed there...

39. Akif Samad

(1959-2004)



Akif Samad (full name Mammadov Akif Samad oghlu) is a prominent poet. He was born on July 22, 1959, in the village Astanbayli of Gazakh district. He studied Journalistics at the Azerbaijan State University (1976-1982). He worked as a correspondent at the newspaper *Ganj muallim* (The Young Teacher) and in the magazine *Marhamat* (Charity). Later he was editor in the State Television and Radio Company. He was the member of Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He wrote and published several books in Baku such as *The Praying Place Winds* (1992), *We Come From Far-away* (1994), *From Adam* (1995), *Way To Myself* (2004), etc. He died on July 6, 2004 in Baku and buried in the village Astanbayli of Gazakh rayon.

I Didn't Go

I would go out of this city in time,
I wasted my soul, I didn't go.
I used to be inspired in my dreams,
The wings fired and I didn't go.

I refused outright, I didn't die in the foreign land,
If I didn't die, I didn't smile by heart.
I didn't know: it was a giant's house where the light came,
I took up the call, I didn't go.

Does the dawn smell parting or fortunate?
Does the dawn sing "Dilqam"²⁸ or "Ruhani"²⁹?
You, who is crying for me,
I gave my homeland to a stranger,
but I didn't go.

²⁸ Saz musical songs

²⁹ the same

40. Huseyn Bagiroghlu (1961-)

Huseyn Bagiroghlu (full name Bagirov Huseyn Bagiroghlu) is a poet and a publicist. He was born in 1961 in Babak district of Nakhchevan. He studied at the agricultural Institute in Kharkov city of Ukraine (1987). He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union and he is the author of several books such as *Don't call me to the shadow of a man* (1998), *I put down the ground the world* (2001), *Snow is over my head, spring is in my foot* (2010).



The Word

Word was on lips of angels then,
Word hadn't come yet on Earth.
Its life was divine and bright.
It hadn't turned into curse and swear-word,
Word hadn't yet landed on Earth.

Word used to create sun and moon-
it was making a pattern on the sky with stars.
Word hadn't blasphemed the God;
Word was praising then the God.
and making a pattern on the sky with stars.

Word was shah in its golden throne,
Word had squabbled with Satan.

Adam hadn't yet taken humiliation
because of Eve in the Garden of Eden.
Word had squabbled with Satan.

Word hadn't be touched by Satan's breath,
Word hadn't yet be disgraced.
Its groan hadn't yet been in heaven,
Souls hadn't yet broken by word,
Word hadn't yet be disgraced.

Word was on lips of angels then,
Word hadn't come yet on Earth.
Its life was divine and bright.
It hadn't turned into curse and swear-word,
Word hadn't yet landed on Earth.

41. Umud Rahimoghlu

(1961-)



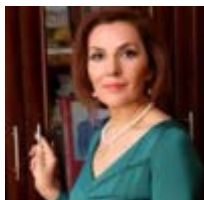
Umud Rahimoghlu (full name Umud Rahim oghlu Mirzayev), is a prominent poet, a publicist and a state figure. He was born in Fizuli. He studied at the Moscow Literature Institute named after Maxim Gorky. After graduating from the Institute, he worked for the newspaper *Adabiyat ve Injisanat* (Literature and Art). He is the author of several books of verses and the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. In 1992, he funded the Euroasia Press Fund. He is also the leader of the Azerbaijan National Committee for the International Press Institute and the deputy of the Azerbaijan Press Council.

Great Loves, Great Souls

One day we'll be dead and forgotten...
 Only our love will remain,
 Only our souls will remain...
 Believe me,
 "lost poet" of my father,
 a death that starts from a memory
 is the most painful death in life.
 Believe me,
 my baby's mother,
 at the end of each love that is not great
 is death in an angel's mask, hungry and ready.
 Great love belongs to great souls,
 great souls belong to great loves.
 When I fell in love
 my eyes longed for moonlight.
 It is quite another light -
 your hands take me for a walk.
 On an autumn night or
 a winter's night -
 One who loves
 the black ground -
 his candle will go out once.
 But a man who lives with great loves
 will not take his great soul to the grave.
 He will put it with his love and then pass away.
 Great loves do not die,
 and great souls do not die.

42. Sona Valiyeva

(1962 -)



Sona Valiyeva (full name Valiyeva Sona Mahammad gizi) is a prominent Azerbaijani poet and a publicist. She was born in 1962 in Nakhchivan, in the Sharur district. She graduated from the Art University of Azerbaijan. In 1980-1984, she worked as a teacher at Nakhchivan Music College, then as a journalist in the newspaper *Sas* (Voice). She worked as a director of the *Kaspi* newspaper from 1999-2007. Since then she has been appointed the member of the National Television and Radio Council for a six-year term. She is the author of several books.

Let's Go Out of this City

Lets gather all of our memories
and get out of this city.
The leaves will turn yellow
will shed suddenly.
Among the yellow leaves
everything will be lost.
A wild cold wind
will hurt my heart.
Let us get out of this city
this autumn is not for me.
My spirit is the leaf that turned yellow
and parts from you – waves like a hand.

The grief of this land
hangs like fog upon its head.
Autumn is like a sad woman
whose eyes are full of tears.
It is hard to leave autumn.
One step from winter to spring!
There is a sunny door somewhere
that is waiting for us, waiting!
Let us get out of this city.
This autumn is not for me.
My spirit is the leaf that turned yellow
and parts from you – waves like a hand.

43. Alizade Nuri (1962-)



Alizade Nuri (full name Alizade Nuri Matlab oghlu) is a prominent poet. He was born on December 28, 1962 in the village Adnali of Jalilabad district. He studied on Philology at the Azerbaijan Pedagogical University (1983-1988), then he graduated from the Baku State University at the faculty of law. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He is the author of several books, such as *The Rain Crying On My Window* (1993), *God, Let Us Get Acquainted!* (1994), *The Memory Museum of A Love* (1997), *The Shadow of the Alone Pine* (1999), etc.

More Beautiful Than Flower

I saw a flower
and recalled your lips,
...come and I give you this flower,
take it close to your lips,
Let the Flower be fragrant!
Fasten it on your hair,
let your hair give its charm
to this rose...

A Verse Girl

You are like a verse, girl,
Your braids are twin lines,
Your eyes are magic words.

You are like an Aruz³⁰ verse -
all measures are kept within...
A verse Girl,
Tell me,
what pen wrote you?

How beautiful rhymed your lips
written by cherry-coloured water!

³⁰ Aruz: means aruz metre, classical poetic metre in oriental poetry

44. Rashad Majid (1964-)

Rashad Majid (full name Majidov Rashad Museyib oghlu) is a prominent Azerbaijani poet, a journalist and a writer. He was born on August 21, 1964, in Aghjabadi district of Azerbaijan. He lived in Aghdam until 1979 and moved then to Baku, graduated from the Azerbaijan State University of Journalistic Faculty (1988). He worked as a corrector at the magazine *Elm va Hayat (Science and Life)*, he was a correspondent of the same magazine up to 1990. He is the owner and editor-in-chief of the newspaper *525-ci gazet*. Currently he is the Secretary of the Azerbaijani Writers' Union and member of the Board of the Azerbaijan Press Council. He is the author of several books such as *Have time a Bit* (1993), *September 10* (2004), *Farewell and Hello* (2009), *Madly* (2014).



My Flag

I guarded you in my hard times,
I scraped you in my brain,
I tied you round my soul.
I covered you in my songs,
Reminded you looking at Moon,
I loved your star.
I was used to your three colours,
I loved your each side!

I protected you from attack,
I defended you the wind and preserved you from harm and storm!
One day
I hoisted you on my head, raised and kept!
Not bended!
Hence- forward, I would never let you be
lowered,
I awfully love you-
if my hands be tired
I will keep you by my teeth,
No one can bend you or take you away,
Wave, my Flag, flutter,
open like a sail,
let us go to Future!

45. Salam Sarvan

(1966 -)



Salam Sarvan is a popular poet. He was born in Jalilabad. His first verses were printed in *Ganjlik* (Youth) magazine. He is the author of several books, such as *My Words are Not for You, I couldn't Come, You Meet the Road, The Lion Constellation, The Horse Year, The Dog's Life*.

A Verse In 31

I am alone like the number 31...
 The wind is blowing and my door
 is shaking with irritation.
 I laid a table
 but there is only
 a plate and an ink pot.
 Time has gone and 31 drops,
 slowly drop upon me,
 and I feel so cold, and she is not in.
 If she were,
 she would cover me with her hands.

The owner of this old rented house
 has given the clock a thrashing again:
 "When will you wake from your thought?
 What time should I set the clock, my son?"

"I Am From A Strange Country," I Say

What is the use of being
 from this homeland?
 What is the use that
 I am from this village?
 They ask me: "Where are you from?"
 I answer: "I am from a strange country."
 This spirit is at one with the body,
 and this bone is at one with this skin...
 The clock says goodbye with its wheel
 to our lives,
 we saw two painful accidents
 during the same day and hour.
 Somebody crippled under the wheel of a car,
 Somebody dying under one of God's kicks.

46. Gulu Agsas (1969 -)

Gulu Agsas (full name Zeynalov Gulu Agsas oghlu) is a prominent poet and a publicist. He was born on April 20, 1969 in the Aghdam district of Garabagh region. He worked as a journalist at the newspaper *Europe* then he worked at the State Radio Channel, and later for the magazine *The Woman of Azerbaijan*. Since March 2014, he has been the Editor-in-Chief of the Literary Magazine *Ulduz (The Star)*. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He is the author of several books of verse such as *You Are Everywhere* (2003), *The Wind is A Post* (2008) (In Ukraine), *The Dots*, *The Nabran Novel* (2009). His poems have been translated into many languages and published in Georgia, Ukraine, Poland, Turkey and Russia.



Disabled by war

My legs were lost
on the roads of my homeland,
so I returned
face downwards
pushing the invalid's wheel.
My two children are in tears
and my wife is unlucky...
She is ready for every order
and doing my biddings.
She takes me out for a walk
but at the same time, she is looking...
...she is a loose woman...
There is haram³¹ on my table -
but I keep silent...
I have two hungry children-
but I keep silent...
I have kept silent
but within myself I bellow:
"You defended your country!"
"How have they honoured you?"
...my legs were lost in the battles
for my homeland,
now look,
how she "thanks" me...

³¹ Haram: forbidden by shariat, gained in dishonest ways, ill-gotten gains.

47. Hayat Shami (1970-)



Hayat Shami (full name Shamiyeva Hayat Rahman gizi) is a poet, a translator and a publicist. She was born on February 5, 1970 in the village Gejegovlu of Fuzuli district. She graduated from (1990-1995) the History faculty Baku State University and later she worked in the Academy of Sciences of Azerbaijan and got Ph degree on history. She is the author of 3 books such as *People* (2003), *Verses Not Written* (2009), *Life With Night Eyes* (2009). She is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union and her poems were translated into English, italian, persian, ukrainian, russian and turkish languages.

Tsunami

Sometimes I leave the city...
I go to the sea Caspian
contacting it at a short distance.
It is a great sea,
and it is a drop also...
sometimes waving
and splashing on my face
I ask you,
It says,
he does not offend me any more,
he became more sensible...

There was tsunami last time-
carried along everything:
carried along you, me...
your telephone that you didn't like,
my car that I loved.
your lips that touched my ears,
my stones, my memories,
my thoughts,
my weights and heaviness...
And I was so relieved and emptied-
after all,
You were my everything...

I was freed from this world,
I was freed from You and from myself...
We were lost and disappeared...

When I stood from the coast
and came back home
I saw you were at home...
Oh, my Lord!!!

Let Tsunami drive
this Love!

48. Salim Babullaoghlu

(1972 -)



Salim Babullaoghlu (full name Salimov Salim Babulla oghlu) is a prominent poet, a translator and a publicist. He was born on December 10, 1972 in Ali Bayramly (currently Shirvan) city. In 1995 he graduated from the Literature Faculty of Baku State University. From 1990-2002, he worked as a correspondent, then an editor of the newspapers *Dadam Korkud*, *Zaman* (Turkey, Baku office), *İstiqlal*, *Khalq qazeti*, *Azadlyq* (The Independence), as well as the editor at the Azerbaijan State Television. His first book of verses *Lone* was published in 1996. He has received several awards, *Branch of Pomegranate Tree*, won “Best translator of 2002” and “Book 2003” by the Ministry of Youth, Sport and Tourism. He also received a special award by the State Committee on Affairs with Azerbaijanis Living Abroad in 2004. He attended the Peredelkino (Moscow) meeting of CIS (Community of Independent States) writers in 2003 and the international meeting *Khazar sher akhshamlary* (Caspian Poetry Meetings) in 2004. He was awarded the first degree Special Jury award at the International Poetry Festival named after M.Fuzuli (IIESAM-Ankara) and “*The Golden Pen*” (Kyrgyzstan, Bishkek, 2006). His books of poetry have been published in Poland, Turkey, Georgia, Iran, and Ukraine. He has translated Orkhan Vali (Turkey), Yesenin, Mandelshtam, Kazakova, Svetayeva, Brodsky (Russia), Auden, Frost (USA-England) into Azeri. He is the editor-in-chief of the *World Literature* magazine, and is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers’ Union Managerial Staff, PEN - Central Asian (Bishkek), the Writers' Union of Eurasia (Ankara) and the International Literary Fund (Moscow).

A Talk With My Son

“Who are you?”

“Your father.”

“But who is Farid’s father?”

“He doesn’t have a father.”

“Why?”

...

“What are you doing?”

“I’m writing a verse.”

“What is a verse?”

“It’s a bit like your mother’s lullaby.”

“Does my mother write as well?”

“No, she doesn’t.”

“But why do you write? Sing instead!”

- ...

“Where are you going?”

“To work.”

“What’s work for?”

“Your shoes, bread, money—for such things.”

“What if you don’t go?”

...

“Dad, who is God?”

“He created your grandmother, grandfather, mother—everyone.”

“You, too?”

...

“Tell me a bit about yourself”.

“What is there to say, son. I was as tall as you, with similiar facial features.

I used to ask too many questions everywhere -

in my mother’s arms, on my father’s knee...

at home, in the yard, in the train...”

“What is a train?”

“It’s like your car

and it goes on iron rails.

But it’s very big and there are many children inside.

I will give my car to Farid.”

...

“Dad, what are they doing?”

“They’re gathering stones, my dear.”

“Why?”

“To throw at each other.”

“Why?”

“They’re enemies.”

“Why?”

“They don’t like each other.”

“Why?”

...

“Dad, when you come back home,

buy five ice-creams.”

“Wait, why five?”

“One for you, one for Farid, one for mother, one for me...”

“And what about the last one?”

“Let the last one be for the birds.”

49. Zahir Azamat
(1975 -)

Zahir Azamat (full name Rahimov Zahir Khanoghlan oghlu) was born on June 18, 1975 in the village Yuxari Nuvadi of the Lankaran district. He is a prominent poet and a journalist. He studied at the Yukhari Nuvadi village school, then entered Mingachevir Politechnic Institute, after graduating from the institute, he served in the Army. He is one of the founders of the *Nafas* (Breath) Youths Literary Union and the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He is the author of several books of verses.



The Woman Dictionary

Not only are our hopes lost
when women leave us,
the places where we were loved
are also lost each time.

Not only that, Look!
We used to call them "My pet..."
We used to say to them "My dear child..." and "My bird..."
These words are also lost...
Oh,
The women have gone, but not only out of our souls.
They have left our land,
they do not even exist in our dictionaries...
Now,
where is a place to find love - it is lost.
Our words - they are also lost...
It is a time of loss.

50. Aqshin Yenisey
(1978-)



Aqshin Yenisey is a prominent poet, a writer and a publicist. He was born in Jalilabad district and graduated from the Azerbaijan State University of Geography. He is one of the representatives of the new Azerbaijani Literature. He is the author of several books such as *The Picture of the word To Forget* (2000), *Before Your Era* (2005), *Terror action in Paradise* (2010), *147 You* (2012), *The Silence of Temple* (2013), etc.

Love

Give me the eye,
don't give me the light,
Give me the darkness where no one can see,
Let there is no Moon, no Star in that place.
Let me look for you there- in the darkness!
I don't want to find you,
I want to look for you always...

Sadness

We will die!
He will die, you and me also will die -
one in the foreign land,
one on the road,
and one of us in the homeland.
But after we will be born again:
one of us like a broad-leaved tree- in the forest!
One of us like a sweet-smelling grass-in the meadow!
One of us like a white egg - in the dirty hen-coop!

Let us get acquainted with each other in advance
that we can know each other there by our leaves,
by our sweet-smelling and colours -
in order not to have a tedious time there...

51. Narmin Kamal

(1981-)



Narmin Kamal is a poet, a writer and a publicist. She was born on October 9, 1981 in Baku. She graduated from the Philosophy faculty Baku State University and attended courses in Navarra University. She is the author of two books: *Umberto Eckho and the philosophy of postmodernism* (2008), *Open, it is me!* (2010). She is the winner of essay competition Young Euro Connect held in Germany among the European writers.

There Is No Difference Between Us

We all had bad sores in childhood,
 It used to come off while rubbed the blanket
 and we had awoken up!
 Our heads are at a distance from ground
 we feel sorry for the less than that.
 Each of us loved at least a person,
 Each of us has strange dreams,
 We have sighed while looking at birds,
 We have cried for losses,
 We have promised, but haven't kept our words,
 No one has gone to Arktika,
 Each of us has lost the key,
 We have thought that we would never die,
 But it is of no use!
 We will give our vote,
 There is no other way out-
 we will give them again a chance
 to turn our lives over.
 And we all will be washed by hose
 when we die...
 They say by the way...
 Our spouses will spit on our face
 in hard times,
 They will throw our stones.
 But they had come as angel,
 They will take their trashes
 and go away,
 And at the end
 we will stay alone-
 the worm will suck us,
 it will be full
 but later it will be hungry
 and again it will suck us.
 But in hundred years
 no one will move and shake
 when your name be heard.
 But this name had given to you with love...
 This is what they are-
 the rotten bufalloses!

52. Aysel Alizade

(1981 -)

Aysel Alizade (full name Alizade Aysel Alim gizi) is a popular poet, a writer and a publicist. She was born on January 3, 1981, in Baku. She studied at the Baku State University in the Geography Faculty (1998-2001). She worked in various private television companies as a journalist, a producer and an editor. She is a freelance journalist. Aysel is the author of several books such as *A Woman Who Will be Born, Rainbow, There, Males, Azad(Free)*. She has translated several books from Russian into Azerbaijan. She was the recipient of the Media Key Prize in 2012 for her newspaper articles.



To The Women Who Will Be Born

To the women who will be born after me,
 I make my spirit as a testament for you.
 All the men who will be born and my verses
 and my love too - I make my will for you.
 I want you to be loved.
 Remember me,
 remember us while you read this verse.
 Be the happiest women in the world.
 Be the most unlucky one like me.
 Sometimes leave yourself alone,
 take it easy,
 Sometimes sin a bit...
 Before you
 there was a woman poet,
 she was a bit innocent, a bit of a sinner...
 There was an ordinary woman -
 a wayward woman...
 SHE was all women...
 She used to live a smoldering life,
 she used to live a peaceful life.
 She had loves,
 she had partings.
 She used to give the most handsome men to the worst women.
 There was a woman...
 She used to smell of love a bit,
 and she was also alone at times...

 I make my will for you, my grief.
 I know grief will sit well with you.
 You will become prettier too.
 Grief will be happy while you smile.

Your joy and grief will be friends...
Both will be everywhere with you.
Don't rely on someone except them.
Don't forget!
Places won't forget you,
but some roads may...
To the women,
who will be born after me!
I give you my place.
If you can be a true woman
my verses will cause you to weep -
You will be deeply moved.
You will wish me to be silent
and my cries and tears to cease.
Alas!
We didn't drink wine together.
We didn't sit face to face...
Alas!
We didn't talk about him.
Love him, don't be afraid, love him!
This is the law of life!
Simply love him!
Don't harbour love.
This is not bitterness,
this is an absolute of life!
If you don't, you will blot it out!
I kiss you. Preserve yourself,
preserve yourself for the women
who will come after you!

(1981-)



Vusal Nuru (full name Quliyev Vusal Vilayat oghlu) is a poet, a writer and a script-writer. He was born on July 7, 1981 in Aghdam of Garabagh region. After occupation of Garabagh by Armenian military troops he was forced to move to Baku and studied at the secondary school in the city, then he entered the Azerbaijan Culture and Art University, graduated from the Faculty of cinema-producer and at the same time he began to work as a journalist in different newspapers. He is the script writer of several films and teleserials and books. His poems, novels and mystical trillers such as *I am the drop of rain* (2007), *The Island of Uglies* (1999), *999* (2013), *The Daughter of Prezident* (2014) written in fantastic, thriller genre and brought him popularity.

He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union.

The Day's Portrait

Today is turning to portrait
 in boulevard,
 The people swimming in the coast,
 The fish walking in the sea,
 the leaves flying in the seashoe
 as if they want to liken to gulls-
 the gulls "shedding" the sea,
 the trees dropped anchors.
 The ships came to an end in the sea.
 There is Sun in the sea today,
 there is a man in the coast
 whose sun was set...

(1988 -)



Gunel Shamilgizi (full name Bagiyeva Gunel Shamil gizi) was born in Absheron district's Digah settlement. She is a poet. She studied and graduated from the Azerbaijan State Pedagogical University (2006-2000) and in 2011-2013s she studied at the Baku Slavyan University in the faculty of *Literature Creation*. She is the member of the Azerbaijan Writer's Union.

A Letter to Tear

The gardener had found his own rain-
 carried it in his heart, on his face,
 and held it in the palm of his hand.
 The rain took umbrage at the gardener -
 because he was not waiting for it any more.
 The gardener
 took umbrage at Spring -
 because it was late.
 Spring also feels loss
 for all that opens
 will close once again.

You can't understand these things.
 You are neither a flower nor Spring.
 You are not a gardener.

The gardener felt crushed at Spring.

You don't know

Yes, I know,
 if I don't close my ear
 I will listen to your indecent words coloured in black,
 I know,
 Your heart is clean like your glasses,
 if you permit me to clean its dust.
 I know,
 you can love sometimes,
 and you know I love you too.
 But...
 You don't know
 why I love you?
 "Nobody kills me like you!"

(1989 -)



Farid Husseyn (full name Farid Baybala oghlu Husseynov) is a writer, a publicist and a poet. He was born on October 10, 1989 in Kurdamir rayon of Azerbaijan. He graduated from the Azerbaijan Art University in 2010 while at the same time studying at Baku Slavyan University. His first book of verse *The Line Of Alphabet* was printed in 2009 in Baku. Farid is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union. He is the author of several books such as *The Training for Endurance* (2013), *Let Nobody See The Handcuffs* (2013). He has translated into azeri Orkhan Pamuk's novels -*The New Life* and *The White Castle*.

The War

A Father whose five-day-old son is dead
 believed within five days that life was frail.
 A mother whose baby was dead in her uterus
 wept
 she couldn't recognize the baby,
 it looked like nobody.
 She gathered her burned baby in her palm,
 took the ashen baby in her arms again.
 The child-orphan without a father didn't cry,
 he was not without worry,
 he simply did not understand death.
 The grave-diggers spaded the soil
 which will be planted on know longer.
 The mourners who hurried to follow the coffin
 did not understand that to run after death is futile.
 Even if you run, you can't catch it.
 "A man can't cry!" - Father forgot that saying...
 He was weeping...
 The bride had not worn a printed figure evening dress,
 her husband's blood was soaked into her dress like rose peddles.
 The women who tore their hair,
 forgot to unbind their braids.
 The children gathered shell-splinters
 and took them to their toy-houses.
 And Ahmad who was brushing his dead dog's
 forehead said to his mother:
 "Mummy, Boz³² is asleep, I can't wake her up!"
 Each one was weeping differently.
 But grief grew monotonous.

³² Boz: name of dog, means grey

And today the best scenery
 is a girl who pours water over her beloved boy's bloody hands
 and hasn't forgotten the word "Love"
 among this ubiquitous world of death.

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20. Chingiz Alioghlu

My Garabagh - My Black Embrace

21. Vahid Aziz

In Garabagh
 The Passenger Thoughts
 You Are My Fortune

22. Ramiz Rovshan

Don't follow this train with your eyes
 A Free Woman's Monument
 The Anger
 A Woman In Black Dress
 The Wall

- Sorrow
The Candle
Homeland
- 23. Seyran Sakhavat**
Wise
- 24. Sabir Rustamkhanli**
The Eternal Love
- 25. Nusrat Kasamanli**
Don't Cry, My Tabriz, Don't Cry
- 26. Zakir Fakhri**
The World, Come Back To Our World
A Child's Hands
- 27. Vagif Bayatli Odar**
Under A Lone Star
Headless Horsemen's Tale
- 28. Kamal Abdulla**
I am you
Don't Wait For Me Now
My Sins
- 29. Zalimkhan Yagub**
A Love Palace
Sweet World
- 30. Aghajafar Hassanli**
I was Ashamed
God's Nobel Speech
The people who I love don't like me
- 31. Kamala Abiyeva**
Azerbaijan (song)
It Is Raining... (song)
- 32. Alisamid Kur**
The Sunlight of my Birthday
- 33. Telli Panahgizi**
I Will Wait For You
- 34. Vagif Bahmanli**
My Mother Doesn't Appear in My Dreams
When I Die...
A Birth of Verse
- 35. Rustam Behrudi**
Hello, Gallows!
- 36. Ajdar Ol**
A Left-hander
- 37. Mahir N. Garayev**
The Horse Love

- 38. Abulfat Madatoghlu**
It is strange...
My dreams...
- 39. Akif Samad**
I Didn't Go...
- 40. Huseyn Bagiroghlu**
The Word
- 41. Umud Rahimoghlu**
Great loves, great souls
- 42. Sona Valiyeva**
Let's Go Out of this City
- 43. Alizade Nuri**
More Beautiful Than Flower
A Verse Girl
- 44. Rashad Majid**
My Flag
- 45. Salam Sarvan**
A Verse In 31
"I Am From A Strange Country," I Say
- 46. Gulu Agsas**
Disabled By War
- 47. Hayat Shami**
Tsunami
- 48. Salim Babullaoghlu**
A Talk With My Son
- 49. Zahir Azamat**
The Woman Dictionary
- 50. Aqshin Yenisey**
Love
Sadness
- 51. Narmin Kamal**
There Is No Difference Between Us
- 52. Aysel Alizade**
To The Women Who Will Be Born
- 53. Vusal Nuru**
The Day's Portrait
- 54. Gunel Shamilgizi**
A Letter to Tear
You don't know
- 55. Farid Huseyn**
The War

About the Translator

Kamran Nazirli

(1958 -)



Kamran Nazirli (full name Nazirli Kamran Ismayil oghlu) is a well-known writer, a translator and a publicist. He was born on June 19, 1958. He studied in the English faculty at the Azerbaijani University of Foreign Languages in 1975-1980s in Baku. He received his PhD with a thesis in Linguistics. He also graduated from the Baku Institute of Social Management and Political Sciences and worked as a correspondent in various newspapers and State Information Agency (Azerinform), as a translator in various international companies and projects financed by the World Bank. He is the member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union and the author of several books such as *Love Story*(1991), *Among the Natives*(1995), *The Devil's Light*(2001), *A Man in Coma*(2008), *Selected Stories*(2009), *The White House*(2011), *Tokay and Manana* (2012), etc. He received the "Gold Word" prize from the Azerbaijani Ministry of Culture and Tourism in 2011 for his translation book entitled *Nobody Ever Dies* and was awarded a special prize from the USA Embassy in Azerbaijan for his translation book *Moby Dick* by Herman Melville. Kamran Nazirli translated works by English and American novelists and poets into Azerbaijan such as Jack London, Oscar Wilde, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, Margaret Mitchell, Edgar Allan Poe, John Galsworthy, Somerset Maugham, Harold Pinter, etc. He also translates works by Azerbaijani writers and poets into English. This anthology contains the collection from modern Azerbaijani poetry (101 verses written by 55 Azerbaijani authors) being translated into English by him.