

## LOVE FOR THE NATIVE LAND - EARLY YESENIN POETRY

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**Abstract:** Whatever Yesenin writes about, he thinks in images taken from the natural world. Each of his poems, written on any topic, is always unusually colorful, close and understandable to everyone. At the heart of Yesenin's early poetry is love for his native land. It is to the native land of the peasant land, and not to Russia with its cities, plants, factories, universities, theaters, political and social life. He essentially did not know Russia in the sense that we understand it. This article will learn about his homeland which is his own village and those fields and forests in which it is lost.

**Keywords:** peasant-religious tendencies, peasant's mission, divine, God's creativity, fertile land, "blue cloth of heaven", "salt melancholy", "lime of bell towers", "birch - candle", mature years.

**Introduction.** Very often Yesenin turns to Russia in his works. At first, he glorifies the patriarchal principles in the life of his native village: he draws "huts in the robes of an image," likens the Motherland to a "black nun" who "reads psalms for her sons," idealizes joyful and happy "good fellows." These are the poems "Go you, my dear Rus...", "You are my abandoned land...", "Dove", "Rus". True, sometimes the poet feels "warm sadness" and "cold sorrow" when he encounters peasant poverty and sees the abandonment of his native land. But this only deepens and strengthens his boundless love for the yearning, lonely land.

About Rus' - raspberry field

And the blue that fell into the river -

I love you to the point of joy and pain

Your lake melancholy.

Yesenin knows how to feel gaiety in the very melancholy of his native land, in dormant Rus' - the accumulation of heroic forces. His heart responds to the girlish laughter, to the dancing around the fires, to the dance of the children. You can, of course, stare at the "potholes", "bumps and depressions" of your native village, or you can see "how the skies turn blue all around." Yesenin adopts a bright, optimistic view of the fate of his Fatherland. That is why his poems so often contain lyrical confessions addressed to Rus':

But I love you, gentle motherland!

And I can't figure out why.

.....

Oh, my Rus', dear homeland,

Sweet rest in the crack of the kupira.

.....

I'm here again, in my own family,

My land, thoughtful and gentle!

**Methods.** For an inhabitant of this Rus', the entire feat of life is peasant labor. The peasant is downtrodden, poor, goalless. His land is just as poor:

The willows are listening

Wind whistle...

You are my forgotten land,

You are my native land.

Based on Yesenin's poems, it is possible to reconstruct his early peasant-religious tendencies. It turns out that the peasant's mission is divine, for the peasant is, as it were, involved in God's creativity. God is the father. Earth is mother. The son is the harvest.

Russia for Yesenin is Rus', that fertile land, the homeland on which his great-grandfathers worked and where his grandfather and father work now. Hence the simplest identification: if the earth is a cow, then the signs of this concept can be transferred to the concept of homeland [1].

It is impossible to imagine the image of Yesenin's country without such familiar signs to all of us as "blue cloth of heaven", "salt melancholy", "lime of bell towers" and "birch - candle", and in mature years - "bonfire of red rowan" and "low house", "in the rollicking steppe acceleration, the bell laughs to the point of tears." It is difficult to imagine Yesenin's Russia without such a picture:

Blue sky, colored arc.

Quietly the steppe banks flow,

Smoke stretches near the crimson villages

The wedding of crows covered the palisade.

Born and growing from landscape miniatures and song stylizations, the theme of the Motherland absorbs Russian landscapes and songs, and in Yesenin's poetic world these three concepts: Russia, nature and the "song word" - merge together, the poet hears or composes a song "about the father's land and father's house," and at this time, in the silence of the fields, "the sobbing trembling of the unflying cranes" and "golden autumn" "cries with leaves on the sand" can be heard [2].

This is Yesenin's Rus'. "This is all that we call homeland..."

**Results.** The theme that occupied a central place in Yesenin's poetry is the theme of the Motherland. Yesenin was an inspired singer of Russia. All his most sublime ideas and innermost feelings were connected with her. "My lyrics are alive with one great love - love for the Motherland," the poet admitted. "The feeling of the Motherland is the main thing in my work."

The poeticization of the native nature of central Russia, so constant in Yesenin's poetry, was an expression of a feeling of love for his native land. When you read such early poems as "The bird cherry is pouring snow...", "Beloved land! The heart dreams...", when in reality you see the fields with their "crimson expanse", the blue of lakes and rivers, the lulling "shaggy forest" with its "ringing pine forest", the "path of villages" with "roadside grasses", tender Russian birches with their joyful hello, involuntarily the heart, like the author's, "glows like cornflowers," and "turquoise burns in it." You begin to love this "native land", "the country of birch chintz" in a special way.

In turbulent revolutionary times, the poet already speaks of "revived Rus'," a formidable country. Yesenin now sees her as a huge bird, preparing for further flight ("O Rus', flap your wings"), acquiring "different strength," clearing off the old black tar. The image of Christ that appears in the poet symbolizes both the image of insight and, at the same time, new torment and suffering. Yesenin writes with despair: "After all, the socialism that is coming is completely different from what I thought." And the poet painfully experiences the collapse of his illusions. However, in "Confessions of a Hooligan" he repeats again:

I love my homeland.

I love my Motherland very much!

In the poem "Departing Rus'," Yesenin already definitely speaks of that old thing that is dying and inevitably remains in the past. The poet sees people who believe in the future. Albeit timidly and apprehensively, but "they are talking about a new life." The author peers into the boiling of a changed life, into the "new light" that burns "of another generation near the huts." The poet is not only surprised, but also wants to absorb this newness into his heart. True, even now he adds a disclaimer to his poems [4]:

I accept everything.

I take everything as is.

Ready to follow the beaten tracks.

I will give my whole soul to October and May,

But I won't give the lyre to my dear one.

And yet Yesenin extends his hand to a new generation, a young, unfamiliar tribe. The idea of the inseparability of one's fate from the fate of Russia is expressed by the poet in the poem "The feather grass is sleeping. Dear plain..." and "Unspeakable, blue, tender..."

Khodasevich's book mentions a statement by the poet D. Semenovskiy, who knew Yesenin well, testifying: "... he said that all his work is about Russia, that Russia is the main theme of his poems." And that's exactly how it was. All of Yesenin's works are a wreath of songs woven for the Motherland.

In 1916, the first collection of poems by S. Yesenin, "Radunitsa," appeared, combining poems depicting peasant life and interpreting religious subjects. In the rhythm of the verses of "Radunitsa", in their alternation and repetitions, there is something of a folk ornament, embroidery on a peasant towel.

Separately, it should be said about the powerful influence of ancient Russian literature and icon painting on Yesenin. According to him, the literature of Ancient Rus' is "great literature" that "outweighs all other world literature." Sometimes the poet's work reveals the development of one or another plot from ancient written monuments, in other cases - individual motifs; sometimes he uses metaphors and comparisons drawn from walks, lives and military stories. Yesenin especially often refers to "The Tale of Igor's Campaign," which he knew by heart. In such works as "Song of the Great March", "An owl hoots like autumn..." we constantly find motifs and phraseology of the great creation of antiquity:

An owl calls in autumn  
Over the expanse of road wounds,  
My head flies around  
The bush of golden hair withers.  
Field, steppe "ku-gu",  
Hello, Mother Blue Aspen!  
Soon it will be a month, swimming in the snow,  
Will sit in his son's sparse curls.

And we find the themes of the famous Russian icon painting (the Child Christ, the Savior, the Trinity, the Crucifixion, the Passion of the Mother of God, the Dormition of the Mother of God) in the poems "Inonia", "Octoechos", "Father". Spas appears here as a symbol of the long-suffering Fatherland. The pure red color in Yesenin's poems is reminiscent of the cinnabar of icons, and the blue is reminiscent of a Russian wall fresco. These means enter into a complex combination with biblical imagery. This is why Old Russian and Church Slavic vocabulary ("breadth", "blue", "sun", "gat", "howl", "fortification", "link", "darkness", "dark") is so characteristic of Yesenin's poetic lines) [5].

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The foundations of Yesenin's poetics are folk. Folklore is an art created by the people and existing among the broad masses. The poetry of Sergei Yesenin and folklore have a very close connection. Yesenin himself repeatedly noted that the imagery of his poetry goes back to folk poetry. "I did not invent this image, it was and is the basis of the Russian spirit and eye, but I was the first to develop it and put it as the main stone in my poems," the poet wrote in the preface to the collected works of 1924 [6].

Yesenin's grandfather and grandmother were pious and adhered to old religious rituals. In their good-quality hut there reigned a "cloudy smell of tar" and an "old goddess" towered, emitting a gentle light from lamps," as described in Yesenin's poem "My Way." They were also experts in folk songs and religious folklore. They doted on the baby, looked after him and introduced him to their spiritual interests.

"...I grew up," said Yesenin, "in an atmosphere of folk poetry. My grandmother, who spoiled me a lot, was very pious, gathered beggars and cripples, who sang spiritual poems. Of even greater importance was the grandfather, who himself knew many spiritual poems by heart and was well versed in them" [3]. On long winter evenings, the grandmother told her grandson fairy tales, sang songs, spiritual poems, taking his imagination into the world of ancient traditions and legends:

Under the windows  
 Bonfire of a white snowstorm.  
 I am nine years old.  
 Bed, grandma, cat...  
 And grandma says something sad,  
 The steppe sang,  
 Sometimes yawning  
 And crossing your mouth. (1915)

Yesenin not only listened with interest, but sometimes, under the impression of what was told, he began to fantasize and "invent." "The grandmother gave the pushes. She told stories. I didn't like some fairy tales with bad endings, and I remade them in my own way" [7], wrote Yesenin.

The sled will get tired of it,  
 And we sit in two rows  
 Listen to old wives' tales  
 About Ivan the Fool.

And we sit, barely breathing... (1915)

The boy also received works of poetry devoid of religious content. The grandfather, who had an excellent memory, knew, in addition to spiritual poems, a great many folk songs and often sang them; The old woman who was caring for the baby told him folk tales.

He heard folk songs from his mother's lips. What kind of songs she knew: humorous, majestic, playful, ritual, and amorous! Tatyana Fedorovna also sang sincerely about the difficult, hopeless fate of women. The songs echoed with aching pain the deep thoughts of the "patient mother," to whom fate had sent more than one severe test in her difficult life.

Sergei Yesenin and his sisters, whose constant companion from the cradle was their mother's song, imperceptibly themselves became familiar with the "song word". Sister Shura says: "When he came to the village, Sergei loved to listen to his mother sing, and my sister and I sang along with her. <...>

My sister and I often sang songs that he liked in Moscow. This is where the title of the poem came from: "You sing me that song that before...". [8]

**Discussion.** From the age of five, Sergei learned to read, and this filled his boyhood life with new content. "The book was not an exceptional and rare phenomenon for us, as in other huts," the poet recalled. "As far as I can remember, I remember thick leather-bound books." At first these were volumes of spiritual writings, but then there were books for home reading and works of Russian classics.

"A poet can only write about what he is organically connected with." Yesenin was connected with Russian nature, with the village, with the people. He called himself "the poet of the golden log cabin." Therefore, it is natural that folk art influenced Yesenin's work.

The very theme of the poems suggested this. Most often he wrote about rural nature, which always looks simple and uncomplicated to him. This happens because Yesenin found epithets, comparisons, and metaphors in popular speech:

Behind the smooth surface the trembling sky

Leads the cloud out of the stall by the bridle.

Or:

Sparrows are playful,

Like lonely children.

Yesenin often used folklore expressions: "silk carpet", "curly head", "beautiful maiden" and so on.

The plots of Yesenin's poems are also similar to folk ones: unhappy love, fortune telling, religious rituals ("Easter Annunciation"), historical events ("Martha the Posadnitsa").

Just like the people, Yesenin is characterized by animating nature, attributing human feelings to it, i.e., the technique of personification:

You are my fallen maple, icy maple,

Why are you standing, bent over, under a white snowstorm?

**Conclusion.** But in folk works one can feel sincere faith, and Yesenin looks at himself from the outside, that is, he writes about what already happened once and what does not exist now: "I seemed to myself to be the same maple tree."

Yesenin's moods and feelings, like those of the people, are in tune with nature, the poet seeks salvation and tranquility from her. Nature is compared with human experiences:

A sad girl walks along the bank,

A gentle foaming wave weaves her shroud, -

Or contrasted:

My ring was not found.

Out of sadness, I went to the meadow.

The river didn't laugh after me:

"Cutie has a new friend."

Many of Yesenin's poems are similar to folklore in form. These are poems and songs: "Tanyusha was good", "Play, play, little girl..." and so on. Such poems are characterized by repetition of the first and last lines. And the very structure of the line is taken from folklore:

Don't let the dawn weave your pattern in the streams of the lake,

Your scarf, decorated with embroidery, flashed over the slope.

Sometimes a poem begins like a fairy tale:

On the edge of the village

Old hut

There in front of the icon

An old woman prays.

Yesenin's poetry is figurative. But his images are also simple: "Autumn is a red mare." These images are again borrowed from folklore, for example, a lamb is the image of an innocent victim.

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