



Yesenin - Nature and The Lyrical Hero

**Khudaiberdieva Dilfuza
Mukhtarovna,**

Researcher Of Samsifl, Uzbekistan

ABSTRACT

In the spiritual form in Yesenin's poetry, the features of the people were clearly revealed - its "restless, daring strength", scope, cordiality, spiritual restlessness, deep humanity. Yesenin's whole life is closely connected with people. Maybe that is why the main characters of all his poems are ordinary people, in every line one can feel close, not weakening over the years, connection between the poet and the person - Yesenin with Russian peasants

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Yesenin's poetry... Wonderful, beautiful, unique world! A world that is close and understandable to everyone, Yesenin is a true poet of Russia; a poet who rose to the heights of his skill from the depths of folk life. His homeland - the Ryazan land - fed and watered him, taught him to love and understand what surrounds us all.

Here, on Ryazan land, Sergei Yesenin saw for the first time all the beauty of Russian nature, which he sang in his poems.

From the first days of his life, the poet was surrounded by the world of folk songs and legends [2]:

*I was born with songs in a grass blanket,
Spring dawns twisted me into a rainbow.*

Sergei Yesenin was born in a peasant family. "As a child, I grew up breathing the atmosphere of folk life," the poet recalled. Already by contemporaries, Yesenin was perceived as a poet of "great song power." His poems are like smooth, calm folk songs. And the splash of the wave, and the silvery moon, and the rustle of the reed, and the immense blue of the sky, and the blue surface of the lakes - all the beauty of the native land was embodied over the years in poems full of love for the Russian land and its people [1]:

O Russia - raspberry field,

*And the blue that fell into the river -
I love to joy and pain,
Your lake longing...*

"My lyrics are alive with one great love," Yesenin said, "love for the Motherland. The feeling of the motherland is the main thing in my work." In Yesenin's poems, not only "Russia shines", not only the poet's quiet confession of love for her sounds, but also expresses faith in a person, in his great deeds, in the great future of his native people. The poet warms every line of the poem with a feeling of boundless love for the Motherland [3]:

*I became indifferent to shacks,
And the hearth fire is not nice to me,
Even apple trees spring blizzard,
I fell out of love for the poverty of the fields.
Now I like it differently...
And in the consumptive moonlight
Through stone and steel
I see the power of my native side.*

With amazing skill, Yesenin reveals us pictures of his native nature. What a rich palette of colors, what accurate, sometimes unexpected comparisons, what a sense of unity between the poet and nature! In his poetry, according to A. Tolstoy, one can hear "the melodious gift of the Slavic soul, dreamy, careless, mysteriously

excited by the voices of nature." Yesenin's everything is multicolored. Tremblingly awaits the sunrise and stares for a long time at the brilliant colors of the morning and evening dawn, at the sky covered with thunderclouds, at the old forests, at the fields, flaunting flowers and greenery. With deep sympathy, Yesenin writes about animals - "our smaller brothers." In the memoirs of M. Gorky about one of the meetings with Yesenin and his poem "Song of the Dog", the following words were heard: "... and when he said the last lines:

*The eyes of a dog rolled
Golden stars in the snow -*

There were tears in his eyes too."

After these verses, I involuntarily thought that S. Yesenin is not so much a person as an organ created by nature exclusively for poetry, to express the inexhaustible "sadness of the fields, love for all living things in the world and mercy, which - more than anything else - is deserved by man."

Yesenin's nature is not a frozen landscape background: it lives, acts, reacts passionately to the fate of people and the events of history. She is the poet's favorite character. She always attracts Yesenin to her. The poet is not captivated by the beauty of oriental nature, the gentle wind; and in the Caucasus do not leave thoughts about the motherland [4]:

*No matter how beautiful Shiraz is,
It is no better than Ryazan expanses.*

Yesenin, without turning, goes along the same path with his homeland, with his people. The poet anticipates great changes in the life of Russia:

*Come down, appear to us, red horse!
Harness yourself to the lands of the shafts...
We are a rainbow to you - an arc,
The Arctic Circle - on the harness.
Oh, take out our globe
On a different track.*

In his autobiography, Yesenin writes: "During the years of the revolution he was entirely on the side of October, but he accepted everything in his own way, with a peasant bias." He accepted the revolution with indescribable enthusiasm:

*Long live the revolution
On earth and in heaven!*

New features appear in Yesenin's poetry, born of revolutionary reality.

Yesenin's poems reflect all the contradictions of the early period of the formation of Soviets in the country. The exuberant revolutionary pathos in the early 1920s, when the New Economic Policy was put into practice, gave way to pessimistic moods, which were reflected in the Moscow Tavern cycle.

The poet cannot determine his place in life, feels confusion and bewilderment, suffers from the consciousness of spiritual split:

Russia! Dear heart!

The soul shrinks from pain.

*How many years does not hear the field,
Cock crows, dog barking.*

*How many years has our quiet life,
Lost peaceful verbs.*

*Like smallpox, pitted hooves
Pastures and valleys are pitted.*

What pain is felt in the poet's tragic song about internecine strife, which is tearing "the native country to the edge from the edge", anxiety for the future of Russia. The question painfully arises before him: "Where is the rock of events taking us?"

It was not easy to answer this question, it was then that the poet's spiritual perception of the revolution broke down, his utopian plans collapsed. Yesenin thinks and suffers about the doomed village [5]:

Only I, as a psalmist, sing

Hallelujah over the native country.

The passage of time is tireless, and Yesenin feels it, more and more lines appear, full of mental confusion and anxiety:

*I am the last poet of the village,
The boardwalk bridge is modest in songs.
Behind the farewell mass,
Birch trees stinging with leaves.*

Yesenin's inconsistency is most dramatic in his thoughts about the future of the village. The poet's commitment to the peasantry is becoming more and more evident.

In Yesenin's poems, one can hear the longing for nature, which civilization will lose.

Unforgettable Yesenin's "red-maned foal":

*Dear, dear, funny fool,
Well, where is he, where is he chasing?
Doesn't he know that living horses,*

Did the steel cavalry win?

Yesenin was a bright individual personality. According to R. Rozhdestvensky, he possessed "that rare human property, which is usually called the vague and indefinite word "charm" ... Any interlocutor found in Yesenin something of his own, familiar and beloved, and this is the secret of such a powerful impact of his poems". How many people warmed their souls at the miraculous fire of Yesenin's poetry, how many enjoyed the sounds of his lyre. And how often they were inattentive to Yesenin the man. Maybe that's what killed him. "We have lost a great Russian poet..." - M. Gorky wrote, shocked by the tragic news [2].

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