



The Beauty and Richness of Yesenin's Lyrics

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ABSTRACT

Yesenin's poetry, surprisingly "earthly", close to everyone, real to its very roots and at the same time "universal", universal, is illuminated by the unfading light of true love "to all living things in the world." It would seem that everything has already been said about Yesenin's work. And yet, every person, opening a volume of his poems, opens his Yesenin.

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A large place in Yesenin's work is occupied by epithets, comparisons, repetitions, metaphors. They are used as a means of painting, they convey the variety of shades of nature, the richness of its colors, the external portrait features of the characters ("the fragrant bird cherry", "the red moon harnessed to our sleigh as a colt", "in the darkness the damp moon, like a yellow raven ... hovering over the earth"). An important role in Yesenin's poetry, as in folk songs, is played by repetitions. They are used to convey the state of mind of a person, to create a rhythmic pattern. Yesenin uses repetitions with a rearrangement of words:

*My soul is in trouble,
Trouble has befallen my soul.*

Yesenin's poetry is full of appeals, often these are appeals to nature:

Lovely birch thickets!

Using the stylistic features of folk lyrics, Yesenin, as it were, passes them through literary traditions and through his poetic worldview [1]. In his book "Necropolis", F. Khodasevich argued that the beauty of native Ryazan expanses and the Russian word, mother's songs and grandmother's tales, grandfather's Bible and spiritual verses of wanderers, village street and zemstvo school, Koltsov's and Lermontov's lyrics, ditties and books - all these, sometimes

extremely contradictory, influences contributed to the early poetic awakening of Yesenin, whom mother nature so generously endowed with the precious gift of the song word [2].

Most often he wrote about rural nature, which always looked simple and uncomplicated to him. This happened because Yesenin found epithets, comparisons, metaphors in folk speech:

*Behind the smooth surface of the shuddering sky
Brings the cloud out of the stall by the bridle.*

Or:

*Sparrows are playful
Like orphan children.*

As well as for the people, Yesenin is characterized by the animation of nature, the attribution of human feelings to it, that is, the reception of personification:

*You are my fallen maple,
frozen maple,*

*What are you standing leaning over
under a white blizzard?*

Or what did you see?

Or what did you hear?

Like a village

you went out for a walk.

The moods and feelings of Yesenin, like the people, are in tune with nature, the poet seeks

her salvation and solace. Nature is compared with human experiences:

My ring was not found.

I went from longing to the meadow.

The river laughed after me:

"The cutie has a new friend."

E. S. Rogover expressed the opinion that Yesenin's poetry of mature years is also addressed to the beautiful. The poet is able to find in nature, man, history and modernity what is truly beautiful, original, charming with its poetry and originality. At the same time, he can match these different principles of being in such a way that they interpenetrate each other. Therefore, Yesenin again humanizes nature, and the personality likens the image of the native landscape, appreciating the natural principle in man and placing high his nature-like actions. He appreciates the same properties in himself [4]:

My heart is still the same

Like cornflowers in rye, eyes bloom in the face.

.....

... My head is like August,

Pouring turbulent hair with wine.

.....

... In the heart of lilies of the valley flashed forces.

.....

... That old maple head looks like me.

Often we are struck by Yesenin's ability to experience the charm of the beautiful, to prove himself, in the words of Leskovsky Flyagin, as a "beauty lover." He has a poem that can be figuratively called Leskovsky. This poem is "I don't regret, I don't call, I don't cry ...".

The poem is built as a monologue of a person summing up his difficult, but bright, eventful life. The lyrical hero, like a Leskian wanderer, walked the endless roads of the Fatherland, drawn by the "tramp spirit", experiencing a special charm of silence and now sadly experiencing his withering. With delight, the lyrical hero speaks of "the country of birch chintz"; feels how "copper is quietly pouring from maple leaves"; it seems to him that he

... spring echoing early

Ride on a pink horse.

Involuntarily, Leskovsky's Achilla Desnitsyn comes to mind, also appearing for the first time on the pages of the novel chronicle "Soboryane" on a red horse bathed in the rainbow rays of the

rising sun. The former play of remarkable forces, infectious enthusiasm and boundless breadth of the soul are felt in the unexpected exclamation that escaped from the chest of Yesenin's lyrical hero:

Wandering spirit! You are less and less

You stir the flame of your mouth.

O my lost freshness,

A riot of eyes and a flood of feelings.

But the monologue-recollection of this wanderer is delivered and aesthetically designed as an elegy. And therefore, in the first and last stanzas, a related sad motif of the withering of nature and man sounds:

Withering covered in gold,

I won't be young anymore.

Sensitive to the aesthetic richness of existence, Yesenin "colors" the phenomena of the surrounding world: "The mountain ash turned red, / The water turned blue"; "Swan singing / Undead rainbow eyes...". But he does not invent these colors, but peeps in his native nature. At the same time, he tends to clean, fresh, intense, ringing tones. The most common color in Yesenin's lyrics is blue, then blue. These colors in their totality convey the color richness of reality.

The lyrical talent of Sergei Yesenin is also noticeable in the design of lines, stanzas and individual poems, in the so-called poetic technique. First of all, we note the verbal originality of the poet: joy and sorrow, violence and sadness that fill his poems, he expresses verbosely, achieving expressiveness in every word, in every line. Therefore, the usual size of his best lyric poems rarely exceeds twenty lines, which is enough for him to embody sometimes complex and deep experiences or create a complete and vivid picture.

A few examples:

They didn't give the mother a son

The first joy is not for the future.

And on a stake under an aspen

The breeze fluttered the skin.

The last two lines not only explain the first ones, the metonymic similitude they contain contains a whole picture that is characteristic of rural life. The skin on the stake is a sign of a committed murder that remains outside the boundaries of the poem.

A bit of a poet and to the colors available in the word itself or in a series of words. Cows speak with him "in a nodding language", cabbage is "waved". In the words, one hears the roll call of a nod - liv, waves - new, in - wa.

The sounds, as it were, pick up and support each other, preserving the given sound design of the line, its melody. This is especially noticeable in the harmony of vowels: your lake longing; in the dark tower, in the green forest.

A poet's stanza is usually four-line, in which each line is syntactically complete, a hyphen that interferes with melodiousness is an exception. Four - and two-line stanzas do not require a complex system of rhyming and do not provide its diversity. In terms of their grammatical composition, Yesenin's rhymes are not the same, but the poet's inclination towards precise rhyme is noticeable, which gives a special smoothness and sonority to the verse. P.F. Yushin [5].

*The moon butts the cloud with its horn,
Bathed in blue dust.*

*And the month behind the mound nodded to her,
Bathed in blue dust.*

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