



INTERNATIONAL TURKIC ACADEMY

Maghjan Jumabayev

The Poet of Flare, Liberty and Love



Mağjandig jurtida
Kemel Osparovga
qudmet minsi!



INTERNATIONAL TURKIC ACADEMY

Timur Kocaoglu

Timur Kocaoglu

Paris, 30.4.2018

Maghjan Jumabayev

The Poet of Flare, Liberty and Love

.....

Mağjan Jumabayev

Azattiq pen Maxabbattiq Otti aqini



“Fылым” баспасы
Астана - 2018

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Professor of the Michigan State University.

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Maghjan's selected poem. Kazakh and English- Language.
This book includes 16 poems of Maghjan Jumabayev. For all
poem lovers.

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The Commemorative coin minted for the 120th anniversary of the birth of Magjan Jumabayev in 2013 by the National Bank of Kazakhstan (Qazaqstan Ulttıq Bankı)

FORWARD

This year is the 125th anniversary of the Turkic World's poet Maghjan Jumabayev's birth. This philosophical poet raised the banner of the unity and independence of the Turkistan in his poems.

Maghjan's time coincides with the period of the reawakening of the uprisings for national independence in the world. He did not only consider himself only as a child of his own Turks, but the protector of all the East and transmitted his ideas and thoughts as valuable advice to the future generations.

He narrated the unity and collaboration of the Turkic peoples in his many poems such as "The Esat," "Fire," "Turkistan," "To My Brother in Distance," "Prohpet." The Idea of Turkistan that Maghjan Jumabayev believed and made it a Pole Star is also meaningful and gives spiritual nourishment for the independent Turkic states in the 21st century.

He is the poet who has caused to tremble by his poetry the Turkic peoples from the Lake Baykal to the Balkans, from the Altay mountain to Anatolia. He was able to the strong will of the hero Kultegin and the wisdom of Tonyukuk of the 8th century transmit to the young generations of the Turkic peoples by his powerful flaming poetry with romantical mythology and poetic elegance.

His poetry on beauty, freedom, justice and human rights is very precious as the treasury of wisdom for all peoples concerning humanity.

The English language translations of Maghjan's poems appearing in a volume is very important historical event for our culture. We could rich to the cooperation of the peoples by the poems of this classical poet. I would like to congratulate, Timur Kocaoglu, the professor of the Michigan State University in USA, wholeheartedly, for translating Maghjan's poems into English as well as for analyzing his poetry. His pen should be fruitful.

Darhan KYDYRALI
President of International Turkic Academy

PREFACE

Translating the selected poems of Maghjan Jumabayev was, in fact, part of a larger project to translate about 15 poems from each of the well-known modern poets of the Turkic peoples who were killed during the Stalinist purges between 1937-1939 such as the Crimean Tatar poet Bekir Chobanzade (1893-1937), the Azerbaijani poets Ahmed Jevad (1892-1937) and Mikayil Mushfig (1908-1937), the Uzbek poet Abdulhamid Suleyman Cholpan (1893), and Kyrgyz poet Qasym Tinistanov (1902-1938). I had also added the poems of the Uyghur poet Abduhalik Uyghur (1901-1933) who was executed by the Chinese administration in Xinjiang region. Not only are their dates of birth and death similar, but the lyric poetry that they all have written share similar feelings of love (both personal and national), freedom, liberty, human rights and dignity. They all have insisted on writing lyric poetry despite the state claiming it as a product of the bourgeois class promoting propagandist poetry instead. So, the main goal behind this project was to bring to the attention of the world these poets whose lyrical poetry is almost entirely unknown.

In this project which has started in mid-1990's, I was responsible for translating about ten to fifteen poems from each of the above mentioned poets into English from Crimean Tatar, Azerbaijani, Turkish, Kazakh, Kyrgyz, Uzbek, and Uyghur. When it came to the poetic rendering of these in English, two poets have helped me: the American poet Mel Kenne whom I had met and worked with at Koc University in Istanbul, Turkey for many years and the British poet Chris Istrati.

Since UNESCO has designated 2018 as the 125th anniversary of the great Kazakh poet Maghjan Jumabayev, Prof. Darhan Kydyrali, president of the International Turkic Academy in Astana, Kazakhstan, has kindly offered to publish Maghjan's selected poems in both Kazakh and the English-language renderings in a single volume. All sixteen poems here have been translated from Kazakh into English by me. Ten of them which had been rendered in English poetic language by the help of Mel Kenne about twelve years ago, I have recently made further changes to bring it closer to Maghjan's

Kazakh originals. At the bottom part of those English renderings, both my and Mel's name were

cited in brackets. My dear Turkish student Eric Gerson, went over my English translations of six poems and made very useful suggestions. Those six renderings also have both my and Eric's name in brackets at the end of each poem. Furthermore, Eric has kindly read my introductory chapter. I sincerely thank Mel Kenne, Eric Gerson, and last but not least Prof. Darhan Kydyrali and the International Turkic Academy for bringing this publication to light.

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April 20, 2018*

Introduction:

The Poet of Flare, Liberty and Love

The Poet of Flare, Liberty and Love

Mağhjan Bekenuwlı Jumabayev (25 June 1893 – 19 March 1938) is undoubtedly the greatest lyric poet of Kazakh poetry of the 20th century. He is also one of the most prominent poets of the modern literature of Turkic peoples who lived during the upheaval and bloody events from the last years of Tsarist Russia into the early Soviet period. In poetry, Maghjan has listened only to the voice of his own heart instead of the Soviet imposed ideological doctrines; in his personal life he took part in political activities for the freedom and liberty of not only of the Kazakhs, but the other Turkic peoples of Central Asia which he referred clearly and consistently as “Türkistan” (Turkistan) in his many poems. Maghjan was 45 years old when he was executed by firing squad on June 25, 1938 during the Stalinist Great Cleansing.

He was born in June 1893 in the awıl (nomadic camp) on the shores of Lake Sasıqköl in the district of Qyzyłjar (Petropovlask). That village has been named after “Mağjan” in the post-Soviet period (presently in the Bulayev district of the Aqmola province) in northern Kazakhstan. After receiving his primary education at his awıl from a mulla (religious leader), from 1905 to 1910, Magjan Jumabayev was studying in Begishtaw madrasah in Qyzyłjar learning Arabic, Persian and Turkish. Later he studied in the Ghaliya madrasah (1910-1913) in Ufa, Ural region. There, one of his teachers was Galimjan İbrahimov, the well-known Volga Tatar classical writer. His first Kazakh poetry collection, entitled “Sholpan” (Venus), was published in Kazan in 1912. This poetry book was well received by the Kazakh intellectuals.¹

¹ The life story of Maghjan was summarized here from various sources, especially from the following ones: Qamzabekuli (2011), p. 117; Mağjan (2008), pp. 5-18; Qamzabekuli - Tileşov (2014), pp. 203-205

From 1913 and 1917, he attended the Teachers Seminar in Ombi. During the summer and winter of 1917, he took part in the creation of Kazakh "Alaş" political party and the Alash Orda Autonomous Government at the All-Kazakh congress. Maghjan was among the delegates of Akmolinsk Oblast (province). Between 1918 and 1922, he worked as a teacher and administrator at various schools, courses, and educational institutes as well as wrote articles in various local newspapers in the Ombi province. He went to Tashkent in 1922 to serve at the school of the Turkistan Soviet Autonomous Republic and contributed articles in various journals and newspapers. His second and third poetry collections were published in Kazan 1922 and Tashkent in 1923 respectively. He studied at the Institute of Literature in Moscow from 1923 to 1926. These two collected works of poetry has increased his popularity among the Kazakhs. He also published several books on education. While in Moscow, he translated the works of various famous Russian and other European poets into Kazakh such as Lermontov, Koltsov, Balmont, Merezhkovsky, Ivanov, Mamin-Sibiriak, Maksim Gorky, Alexander Blok, Goethe, and Heine. He continued to teach at Kazakh high schools.

He was under Soviet government surveillance from the early 1920's because of his participation in the Alash national movement and his poems with both nationalist and lyric themes, symbols, and imagery. Maghjan was arrested in 1929 with charges of being pan-Turkist, a member of Alash Orda, and a Japanese spy. The court in Kyzyljar convicted him for the 10-year imprisonment. Until the court case he was in Butyrka prison, and was later sent to prisons in Karelia and Arkhangelsk provinces of Russia. When the famous Russian writer Maksim Gorky (1868-1936) and his wife, human rights activist Yekayterina Peshkova (1987-1965), appealed to the Soviet authorities, Maghjan Jumabayev was released from prison in 1934.

He was, however, re-arrested in 1937 in Almaty. Finally, Maghjan was executed by the NKVD firing squad on 19 March 1938.

After his death, Magjan's name and poetry remained forbidden in the Soviet Union and his native land Kazakhstan until 1960 when he was rehabilitated posthumously. His works, however, could only be published starting from 1989 on. Today in Kazakhstan, he is

regarded as the father of the modern Kazakh poetry and the impact of his strong lyric poetry on other Kazakh poets is well recognized. Maghjan's poetry, rich in symbolism, imagery, and elegant style of the Kazakh language, has remained unchallenged since the 1920s till the present day.

As the title of this introduction states, Maghjan is a poet of flame, liberty, and love. There are very few poets in the world literature who have used the words of fire, flame, sun, daylight, dawn, wind repeatedly in almost every poems. He has a strong voice in his poetry, a brave man who has full confidence in himself in fighting against injustice, humiliation, darkness, tyranny, and all bad things and events. That strong-willed person, however, is full of love toward others, including beautiful women as well as his native village and his countrymen, the Kazakhs, and other Turkic peoples of both Turkistan (Central Asia) as well as the

Turks in general. In one of his poems, entitled "To My Distant Brother", in this volume, he addresses the Turks of Anatolia who were under the occupation of several European powers as follows:

*Alista avır azap şekken bawırım,
Qıvırğan báyşeşektey kepken bawırım.
Qamağan kalın jawdın ortasında
Köl qılıp közdin jasın tökken bawırım.*

*My brother who suffers torment in distance
My brother who withered like the pale tulips
Having been surrounded by a horde of enemies
My brother who weeps by filling lakes.*

Although Maghjan never visited Anatolia, based on whatever information he learned about the last days of the Ottoman Empire, he describes both their and his miserable situations in Anatolia and Central Asia under occupation of different foreign forces, and in the last quatrain of his poem, he appeals to the Turks of Anatolia "let's go back to our historical birth place in the Altay mountains!":

*Bavırım, sen o jaqta, men bu jaqta,
Qayğıdan qan jutamız. Bizdin atqa
Layıq pa qul bop turıw? Jur, ketelik
Altayğa, ata miras altın taqqa.*

*My brother, you are there, and I am here
We are drinking blood in sorrow; is it proper
That we remain as a slave? Come on, let's go
To the Altay, the Golden Mount, of our father.*

This is one of the very few sad poems of Maghjan that he has no hope other than going back to the imagined homeland of the Turks in the Altay region near Mongolia. He, however, is very confident in the majority of his poems, one of them is entitled "Ot" (Fire). The hero regards himself as a fire born from the Sun. He claims he himself is God as follows:

*I am the child that was born from the sun,
I flash out and burn,
The sun alone I adore.
I'm the sun, myself – fire,
My word in my slanted eyes – flare,
Myself alone myself revere.
The only god on Earth – fire,
Other than fire there is no God.*

This is one of the very metaphorical poems of Maghjan. In this long poem, he repeats the words such as sun, fire, flame, god, burning over and over again to build a strong sense of self-confidence in readers against any tyranny or humiliation they can face and stand against it. He regards "fire" as the "grace of the sky" as follows:

*Fire is the grace of the sky
Others are just weak and flaccid,
I gobble fire and be full fast.
For my saint, master, and deity,
For my peerless God's fire*

*I pour oil now and then.
I pour oil – it flares out,
It flaps its arms to the heaven.*

The imagery of sun, fire and flame also occur in the love poems of Maghjan. In his poem written to a woman named Gülsim Khanım, she is depicted as a sun on earth and when she laughs, the sun stops shining:

*Oh my pretty-eyed, sweet-voiced Lady Gülsim!
She laughs gayly as the sun strikes his pose.*

Addressed to a young beauty, the poet in the poem introduces himself as stream, flame, wind, butterfly:

*I am a poet – I am a stream,
I burble and I love
I am a poet – I am a flame,
I spring out to touch the sky.*

*I am a poet – a swift wind,
I am whistling and I am flying,
I am a dancing butterfly,
I embrace the visible flower.*

It is obvious that this kind of the poetry was rejected in the Soviet Union in the 1920s and 1930s until 1960s. Starting in the earliest days of the Soviet period, literature had been considered a very influential instrument of propaganda used for publicizing the Communist ideology as well as the orders issued by the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (CPSU). As in all the Communist Party congresses and congresses of the writer's unions of each Soviet republic, in Kazakhstan too the educational significance of literature in the upbringing and indoctrination of people has always been emphasized.

Just as an example, the main Kazakh-language literary journal of Kazakhstan, Juldız (Star) July 1959 issue carried the the official statement of the CPSU in its first three pages. This statement was, reportedly, read at the opening session of the Third Congress of the Soviet Writers Union in May 1959. This statement emphasizes the significant role of the Soviet writer as a propagandist for Soviet goals. Here is a short passage from this official statement which has been quoted again and again by many Kazakh literary critics later:

... The sacred obligation before Soviet writers is to join, with their all power, in the work of forming the psychic structure of the future man. They [Soviet writers] are obligated to encourage people in their struggle on the path to communism, educating them [the people] with communist ideology and teaching them how to resist bourgeois ideology and morality.²

The statement goes on, indicating that the great task of Soviet writers is to participate in the grand scale race between the socialist and capitalist systems in order to beat the capitalist system.

In the same issue of the literary journal Juldız, Kazakh literary critic Esmaghambet Ismaylov in his 12-page long article, entitled "Fundamental Questions of Literary Criticism," emphasizes that literature played one of the most important roles in developing the Soviet economy as well as in indoctrinating the younger generation with Marxist-Leninist principles. He attacks Maghjan Jumabayev and another Kazakh poet Mirjaqib Duwlatov (1885-1937) charging them as "nationalist" and "bourgeois ideologist Kazakh writers" who opposed the Soviet regime in the 1920s and 1930s.³

In the early Soviet period there had been much debate among poets and critics about the functions and future of lyric poetry.

The argument against the lyric poetry at that time was based largely on the assumption that the lyric poetry "... reflected a subjective world which had been expressed in the lyric poems by nationalist Kazakh poets such as Maghjan Jumabayev and Mirjaqib Duwlatov, whose poetry leads toward bourgeois and nationalist ideas."⁴

² Juldız, No. 7 (June 1959), p. 3.

³ Esmaghambet Ismaylov, "Adebiettımızdın negizgi masleleri, Juldız, No.7 (1959), p. 104.

⁴ Tursunbek Kakışev, "Qazaq sovet poeziyasının qalıptasu jıldarı," Juldız, No.3 (1960), p. 130.

Lyric poetry, however, reemerged in the literatures of both Russian and all non-Russian nationalities starting in the 1960s after a long period of official banning from the 1920s to the death of Stalin in March 1953 and following the "de-Stalinization" campaign started by the "Secret Speech" of the new Communist Party Chief Nikita S. Khrushchev on Feb. 25, 1956 on denunciation of the deceased Soviet leader Joseph Stalin and his ruthless rule.

A close examination of Kazakh critical essays about lyric poetry between 1960s and 1980s reveals the fact that Kazakh critics have seen the very difficult problem of redefining this rehabilitated lyric poetic genre. Many Kazakh critics have taken on the task of redefining lyric poetry, not only because of its popularity among young Kazakh poets, but because of an urgent need to fit this genre into Party doctrine.

In this way, lyric poetry was rehabilitated but was at the same time redefined with Soviet ideology. Despite Soviet official attempts to restrict lyric poetry and instead promote an ideologically propagandist poetry under the banner of "Socialist Realism" again in the "Era of Stagnation" under the Soviet leaders from Leonid Brezhnev (1964–1982) to Yuri Andropov (1982–1984) and Konstantin Chernenko (1984–1985), but in the Kazakh literature as well as in the Soviet Union in general some poets resisted official pressures and insisted on composing lyric poetry until the arrival of Mikhail Gorbachev's reforms of "Glasnost" (Openness) and "Perestroika" (Restructuring) 1985 on.

Thanks to Gorbachev's reforms that the lyric poetry of those poets like Maghjan Jumabayev, who had a great courage to take the risk of life for promoting the lyric poetry in the 1920s and 1930s and who was subsequently executed in the Stalinist cleansing in 1937-1939, had been published starting from 1989 on.

Not only articles, but many books that were devoted to the literary analysis of the lyric poetry of Maghjan Jumabayev have been published in Kazakhstan in the last few years (See the "Selected Works" at the end of this chapter).

The following two publications should be mentioned because of their dept analysis of Maghjan's lyrical poetry: Prof. Baqitkamal Qanarbayeva's work, entitled *Mağjan Poeziyasındaғы Zaman*

Şimdiği (The Time Reality in the Poetry of Maghjan) in 2014 and a young faculty member Jalmırza Aydın Asılbeqqızı's *Otarşıldıqqa Qarsı Türkistan Ádebieti* (The Turkistan Literature Against the Colonization). The most important development is, however, the visibly strong impact of Maghjan Jumabayev's lyric poetry on the many old and young Kazakh poets that has been increasing steadily.

Thus, Maghjan Jumabayev's words of lyric resonate powerfully from the 1920s and early 1930s at present (See his poem entitled, "Öleñ" (Poem) in this book):

*Jan süygenim – ol da öleñ,
Jete almasam, jolda ölem!*

*My soul's beloved one – is poem,
If I can't reach it, may I die on its path!*

Selected Works on Maghjan Jumabayev
(In Kazakh, Turkish, and English):

Abduljaparkızı (2013). Ospanova Akhur Abduljaparkızı. Mağcan Cumabay Ve Döneminin Diğer Şairlerinde Milli Ülkü” **A. Ü. Türkiyat Araştırmaları Enstitüsü Dergisi** [Erzurum]. 49, 251-260.

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Mutlu (2017). Hüseyin Kahraman Mutlu, “Mağjan Jumabayev ve ‘Türkistan’ Şiiri” **Uluslararası Türk Lehçe Araştırmaları Dergisi (Türkoloji)**, 1. Cilt, 2. Sayı, pp. 56-66.

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Oraltay (1965). Hasan Oraltay, **Büyük Türkçü Şair Mağcan Cumabayoğlu'nun Şiirleri**. (İzmir, 1965).

Tamir (Latin1993). Ferhat Tamir. **Mağcan Cumabayulı'nın Şiirleri** (Ankara: 1993). Qazaq original in Latin alphabet and Turkish prose translation.

Togan (1942-47) Zeki Velidi Togan, **Bugünkü Türkili (Türkistan) ve Yakın Tarihi** (İstanbul, 1942-1947).

Yaş Türkistan (1929) **Yaş Türkistan** (Paris), Vol. 1, No. 1 (December, 1929).

Zhiyenbayev(2017). Yerlan Zhiyenbayev, “MağcanCumabayev’in Şiirinde İnsan” **STAD Sanal Türkoloji Araştırmaları Dergisi**, Nisan 2017, pp. 27-35.

Zhiyenbayev (2017). Yerlan Zhiyenbayev. Mağcan Cumabayev’in Şiirlerinde Telmih Sanati Ve Kalip İfadeler” **Gazi Türkiyat**, Bahar (2017), No: 20, pp. 181-189.

Zhiyenbayev (2014). Yerlan Zhiyenbayev. “Education and Social Issues in the Poems of Kazakh Poet Maghjan Jumabayev” in **Procedia: Social and Behavioral Sciences**, No: 143, pp. 122-128.

Transcription Table for the Kazakh texts of the poems in this Publication

(A Common Turkic Latin Alphabet)

Aa	Hard a as in cup	Ŋŋ	ng as in sing
Ää	Soft a as in came	Oo	o
Bb	b	Öö	Soft ö as in German umlaut ö
J	As in jane	Pp	p
Çç	ch as in chair	Rr	r
Dd	d	Ss	s
Ee	A closed eh as in sell	Şş	sh as in shoot
Ff	f	Tt	t
Gg	g	Uu	u as in oo book
Ğğ	spiral gh as in ogh	Üü	soft front ue as in German umlaut ü
Iı	Back velar sound as in	Vv	v
İi	as in ee	Ww	w soft unpronounced w as in
Kk	k	Wow	
Qq	q	Xx	kh as in
Ll	l	Yy	y
Mm	m	Zz	z
Nn	n		



kazakh intelligentsia of early 20th century

Explanations for the transcription of Maghjan's poems:

The Qazaq language texts of Maghjan's poems for this volume were prepared by checking and comparing both Arabic and Cyrillic editions of his poems.

In the Arabic edition, the initial Qazaq phonem "ş" (sh) was written with the Arabic letter "ç" (ch), but in our edition it is rendered as "ş" as in the Cyrillic editions. However, in the Turkish edition (Ankara, 1993) Ferhat Tamir follows the Arabic edition in transcribing this letter as "ç" instead of "ş."

Although the Qazaq phonems "b" and "p" are written in the Arabic edition with the single Arabic letter "b," we have distinguished both phonems in our texts with either "b" or "p" letters as it is in the Kazakh literary ortography.

All other spelling differences of the Arabic, Cyrillic, and Turkish editions are shown in the footnotes under each poem.

The information about the history of publication of each poem is also given under both Qazaq and English texts of the poem.

Publication history:

Şolpan (Arabic. 1912)^{5*} Mağjan Jumabayev. **Şolpan** (Kazan. 1912)

Mağjan (Arabic. 1922) **Mağjan Jumabayev Öleñderi** (Kazan. 1922)

Mağjan (Arabic. 1923) **Mağjan Jumabaynıñ Öleñderi** (Tashkent. 1923)

Mağjan (Cyrillic. 1989) **Mağjan Jumabaev: Şığarmaları** (Almaty. 1989)

Mağjan (Cyrillic 1995) **Mağjan Jumabaev: Şığarmalar. Vol. 1** (Almaty: "Bilim". 1995).

Mağjan (Cyrillic 2008) **Mağjan Jumabaev: Köp Tomdıq Şığarmalar Jıynağı. Vols. 1-2** (Almaty: "Jazuşı". 2008).

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Oraltay (Latin. 1965) Hasan Oraltay. **Büyük Türkçü Şair Mağcan Cumabayoğlu'nun Şiirleri.** (Izmir, 1965).

Tamir (Latin. 1993) Ferhat Tamir. **Mağcan Cumabayulı'nın Şiirleri** (Ankara: 1993). Qazaq original in Latin alphabet and Turkish prose translation.

Togan (Latin. 1942-47) Zeki Velidi Togan. **Bugünkü Türkili (Türkistan) ve Yakın Tarihi** (Istanbul, 1942-1947). Qazaq original in Latin alphabet and Turkish prose translation)

Yaş Türkistan (Arabic. 1929) Yaş Türkistan (Paris). Vol. 1. No. 1 (December, 1929).

* I was unable to locate the first two (1912 and 1922) poetry collections of Maghjan Jumabayev.

**Maghan Jumabaev's
Poems**

in

Kazakh and in English Renderings

OT¹

Künnen tuğan balamın.
Jarqıraymın. janamın.
 Künge ğana baġınam.
Özim künmin. özim – ot.
Sözim. qısıq közimde – ot.
 Özime-özim tabınam.
Jerde jalġız teñiri – ot.
 Ottan basqa teñiri joq.

Tilimen² jumsaq süyedi.
 Süygen nerse küyedi.
 Jımıyıp özi jorġalar.
Uşıraġandı şoq qılar.
Şoq qılar da. joq qılar.
 Munıñ atı Ot bolar.
Men de otpın – men janam.
Ot – sen. teñirim. tabınam.

Ädemi otpen aspanıñ.
Bäri jasıq basqanıñ.
 Jalın jutam – tez toyam.
Äwliyem. iyem. qutıma.
Teñsiz teñirim otıma.
 Älsin-älsin may quyam.
May quyamın – örleydi.
Qulaşın kökke sermeydi.

¹ Maġcan (Arabic. 1923), p. 194-198; Oraltay (Latin. 1965), p. 17-19; Maġjan (Cyrillic. 1989), p. 49-50; Tamir (Latin. 1993), p. 276-280; Maġjan (Cyrillic. 1995), p. 66-68; Maġjan (Cyrillic. Vol. 1, 2008), p. 39-41.

² In the Maġjan (Cyrillic. 2008), the second octave starts with the word "Jalınmen" (with its flame) instead of "Tilimen" (with its tongue) as in the 1923 and other previous editions than 2008.

THE FIRE¹

I'm the child was born from the sun,
I flash out and burn,

 The sun alone I adore.

I'm the sun, myself – fire.

My word in my slanted eyes – flare,

 Myself alone myself revere.

The only god in Earth – fire,

Other than fire there is no God.

The sun kisses tender with its tongue,

The one kissed burns out.

 Smilingly melts away itself.

Whoever it meets turns it into ember,

By cindereing, it eradicates.

 Its names becomes Fire.

I must burn this way, too, for I am fire.

You are fire. my God, only you I admire!

Fire is the grace of the sky

Others are just weak and flaccid,

 I gobble fire and be full fast.

For my saint, master, and deity,

For my peerless God's fire

 I pour oil now and then.

I pour oil – it flares out,

It flaps its arms to the heaven.

Sometimes mesmerises a snake,

Sometimes eats up a dragon.

 Not refrains, may be, who to trust.

My essence, indeed, also – fire.

¹ A slightly different English translation first appeared in Kocaoglu (1993), p. 7. The Turkish prose translations in Oraltay (Latin) p. 16-17 and Tamir (Latin, 1993), p. 277-281.

Keyde jılan arbaytın.
Keyde ajdaha jalmaytın.
 Seskenbes. sirä, kim senen;
Şınında, meniñ özüm de – ot.
Qısılğan qara közim de – ot.
 Men – ottanmın, ot –
menen.
Jalınmın men. janamın.
Ottan tuğan balamın.

Qarañılıq buqqanda,
Qızarıp kün şıqqanda,
 Kün otınan tuğanmın;
Jüregimdi. janımdı.
İmanımdı. arımdı
 Jalınmenen juğanmın.
Jüregim de. janım da – ot.
İmanım da. arım da – ot.

 Jarqırap ot bop tuğanınan.
Belimdi bekem buğanınan.
 Qarañılıq – duşpanım.
Sol jawuzdı joyuğa.
Soqır közin oyuğa,
 Talay zawlap uşqanmın.
Älpige barğam Altaydan.
Balqanğa barğam Qıtaydan...

Zawlap. örlep aspanğa.
Älpiden asqar asqanda
 Ottı Atilla. Balamer
Men edim. Tağı barğanda
Oyran salıp. Balqanğa
 Jolbarıs Joşı. Sübitay er
Şalğay-şalğay jer şalıp.
Basıldım biraz ot alıp...

My black eyes, half-shut, also – fire.
I am from fire, with fire I am.
I'm a flame: therefore. I burn.
I have been born from fire alone.

When the darkness buried itself,
When the sun revealed its scarlet face.
I was born from the flame of the sun;
My heart and my soul,
My faith and my honor,
I have cleansed them in flame.
My heart and my soul too - fire,
My faith and my honor too – fire.

Having born as an exploding fire,
Having myself on guard against,
The darkness – my foe.
Wiping out that villain,
Carving his blind eyes,
I have endeavored to fly high
From Altay to reach the the Alps,
From China to reach the Balkans.

By rushing and ascending to the sky
When troops crossed over the Alps
I was Atilla the fire, Balamir
I was. Time and again I came
Storming the Balkans I was
Tiger Jochi, Subitay hero
Striking many distant lands.
I've rested a bit taking fire...

At night came to me the word,
From the East, came the wind.
Darkness descended.
Nothing left out of shame,

Keşe mağan til keldi,
Kün batıstan jel keldi.
 Qaranğılıq qaptadı.
Uyattan äser qalmadı.
İdealdi – allanı
 Qarın degen taptadı.
Künim. zawlap jana gör.
Künbatısqa bara gör.

Endi zawlap janayın.
Künbatısqa barayın,
 Bir şetinen tiyeyin.
Qaranğı tas qalasın.
Jalmawız jawız balasın
 Jalınmen jalap süyeyin:
Ne qalar eken qaladan.
Jalmawız jawız baladan?!

Künnen tuğan balamın.
Jarqıraymın. janamın.
 Künge ğana bağınam.
Özim – künmin, özim – ot,
Sözim. qısıq közim de – ot.
 Özime özi tabınam.
Jerde jalğız täñiri – ot,
Ottan basqa täñiri joq.

The goal of the God
So called belly was smashed
Oh my sun! You must arise again.
Go ahead to the West side!

Now, I must flame swiftly,
Westwards I must go,
I must arrive at the frontier.
By licking up the dark stone castle
And the child of the cannibal.
I must love them with flame.
What will remain from castle,
From the cannibal monster's child?

I'm the child was born from the sun,
I flash out and burn,
The sun alone I adore.
I'm the sun, myself – fire.
My word in my slanted eyes – flare,
Myself alone myself revere.
The only god in Earth – fire,
Other than fire there is no God.

[Timur Kocaoglu & Mel Kenne]

AQSAQ TEMİR SÖZİ^{3*}

“Cihan degen ne närse? –
Alağanıñ awdanı!
Bir awdanda köp täñiri
Boluwdıñ tipti joq säni.

Täñiri – köktiñ täñirisi,
Küñirensin, kögin biylesin!
Jer täñirisi Temirmin.
Jerime täñiri tiymesin!”

Kök täñirisi – täñiriniñ
Tuqımı joq. zatı joq.
Jer täñirisi Temirdiñ
Tuqımı – Türik, zatı – ot!

^{3*} Publication history: Mağjan (Arabic, 1923), p. 191-192; Togan. (Latin, 1942-1947), p. 565-566; Oraltay. (Latin, 1965), p. 35-36; Tamir (Latin, 1993), p. 272-273; Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1995), Vol. 1, p. 74; Mağjan (Cyrillic, Vol. 2, 2008), p. 33.

TAMERLANE'S WORD

“What is that you call it world?
A place as small as a palm!
There is no luxury to have
More than one god in a single land.

The God is the Lord of the sky,
He should rule and roar there!
Yet I, Timur, am lord of this earth,
The God should not touch my empire!”

The sky's Lord who is the God
Has no kin as well as no substance.
However, the Earth's God Timur
Has Turks as his kin – fire as his essence!

[Timur Kocaoglu & Mel Kenne]

TÜRKİSTAN^{4*}

Türkistan eki dünya esigi ğoy,
Türkistan er Türiktiñ besigi ğoy.
Tamaşa Türkistanday jerde tuwğan
Türiktiñ Täñri bergen nesibi ğoy.

Erte de Türkistandı Turan^{5**} desken,
Turanda er Türigim tuwıp-ösken.
Turanniñ tağdıı bar tolıqımalı,
Basınan köp tamaşa künder keşken.

Turanniñ tariyxı bar ottı jeldey,
Zawlağan qalıñ örttey aspañğa örley.
Turanniñ jeri menen suwı da jat.
Teñizdey tereñ awır oy bergendei.

Turanniñ egi-şeksiz şöli qanday?
Teñizdey kemeri joq köli qanday!
Turanniñ dariya atalğan özenderi
Tasıa, şöldi basqan seli qanday!

Turanniñ tawları bar aspañğa asqan,
Mäñgige basın appaq şaştar basqan.
Bawırında erke bulaq saladı oynaq.
Jaralıp tawdan aqqan salqın jastan.

Şölder bar, jel de jürmes, sap-sarı qum,
Moladay eşbir ün joq mäñgi tıp-tın,
Bolmaq pa jan-janıwar şeksiz şölde.
Sar qumda salar oynaq peri men jin.

^{4*} Mağjan (Arabic, 1923), p. 187-191; Yaş Türkistan (Arabic, 1929), p. 29-32; Togan (Latin, 1942-47), p. 565; Oraltay (Latin, 1965), p. 33-34; Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1989), p. 173-176; Tamir (Latin, 1993), p. 266-272; Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1995), p. 186-189; Mağjan (Cyrillic, Vol. I, 2008), p. 124-127. The most complete text is in 1995 and 2008 editions.

^{5**} "Turan" rendered as "Toran" in the 1923 Arabic edition of Mağjan

TURKISTAN^{2*}

Turkistan – the gate of this and otherworld^{3**},
Turkistan, the brave Turk's cradle.
Wonders were born in he place like Turkistan,
Which is a gift from God to the Turks.

In the past they called Turkistan "Turan,"
My brave Turk was born and raised in Turan.
Turan has had a turbulent fate.
Numerous events have passed over its head.

Turan has a history just like a wind of fire
Which reaches into the sky as a thick blaze.
Turan's earth and water are also unusual
Leads you toward deep thoughts just like sea.

What about Turan's endless broad desert?
What about its sea-like lake of unreachable shores?
What about Turan's creeks which are called rivers
And its flood that overflows the deserts.

Turan has mountains that stretch to the sky.
White hairs cover up its peaks eternally.
At its chest the wild spring swings
From cool tears that break through the mountain.

There are deserts of yellow sands without any wind
Mute like a grave with no sound forever.
Can there be any living being in this endless desert?
In vast sand angels and genies arise and run wild.

² The Turkish prose translations in Togan (Latin, 1942-47), p. 564-565; Oraltay (Latin, 1965), p. 33-34; Tamir (Latin, 1993), p. 267-273.

³ The phrase "this and the otherworld" refers to the present world and heaven after death.

Turanniñ teñiz derlik kölderi bar.
Şalqıǵan egi-şeksiz Teñiz, Aral.
Bir şette qasiyetti Istıqköldiñ
Bawırında dünje körgen Türik kökjal.

Ertede Oqıs, Yaqsart – Jeyxun, Seyxun.
Türikter bul ekewin dariya deytin.
Kiyeli sol eki suw jaǵasında
Tabasıñ qasiyetti babañ beyitin.

Turanniñ Tiyan-Şanday tawı qalay.
Par kelmes Tiyan-Şanğa tawlar talay!
Erksiz er Türikte oyǵa alarsıñ.
Kökke asqan Xantäñrige⁶² qaray-qaray.

Balqaştı bawırına alǵan Tarbaǵatay.
Jotalı, jer kindigi – Pamir, Alay,
Qazıqurt qasiyetti taw bolmasa.
Topanda Nux⁷³ kemesi toqtar qalay?

Turanniñ jeri de jat, eli de jat.
Quyınday bastan keşken küni de jat!
Turandı tügelimen biylep turǵan
Ertede ertegi xan Afrassiyab.

Ejelden jer emes ol qarapayım
Bilesiñ tariytı aşsañ, Turan jayın.
Turanğa qasiyetti qumar bolǵan.
Ertede Keyxasraw men Zulqarnayn⁸⁴.

Turanğa jer jüzinde jer jetken be?
Türikke adamzatta el jetken be?

⁶² “teñrige” was rendered as “teñirige” in both 1989 & 1995 Cyrillic editions of Maǵjan.

⁷³ “Nux” was rendered as “Nuq” both 1989 & 1995 Cyrillic editions of Maǵjan.

⁸⁴ “Keyxasraw” was rendered as “Key-qısraw” in both 1989 & 1995 Cyrillic editions of Maǵjan; and “Zulqarnayn” as “Zulqarnayın” only in 1995 edition of Maǵjan.

Turan has lakes as large as a sea:
The Aral, the stormy and endless sea.
In the bosom of the sacred Lake Issik
The blue-maned Turk was born.

In the past Jayhun and Seyhun were Oxus and Yaksart
The Turks used to call them "darya" (river).
You would find on the banks of these two rivers
The grave of your glorious grandfather.

Tell me of Turan's mountain Tiyan-shan.
No mountain can match it.
You may recall the captive brave Turk
While gazing at Han Tengri peak.⁴²

The Tarbagatay that embraced the Balkash⁵³.
Pamir, the belly of the fat earth and Alay.
If no mountain like the esteemed Kazi Kurt had been
How could Noah's ark have found land in the flood?

Both Turan's land and its people are different.
Its days that have passed like storms are different.
Afrasyap was the legendary khan [or ruler]
Who reigned over the entire Turan.

For all eternity it is no ordinary place.
If you uncover Turan, you may know its history.
In the past, both Keykhusrav⁶⁴ and Alexander
Longed for the esteemed Turan.

Can any region in the world be the equal of Turan?
Can any people in all mankind equal the Turk?

⁴² **Khan Tengri** is the highest peak of the Tiyan-shan mountains.

⁵³ **Balkash** is a large lake in the northeast of today's Kazakhstan.

⁶⁴ **Keykhusraw** was the Sasanid Persian King.

Keñ aqıl, ottı qayrat, jüyrik xiyal
Turanniñ erlerine er jetken be?

Tuwmaydı adamzatta Şingıstay er,
Danışpan, tuñğıyıq oy, bolat jiger,
Şingıstay arıstanniñ qur atı da
Adamniñ jüregine jiger berer.

Şingıstan Şağatay, Öktay^{os}, Joşı, Töle,
Atağa tartıp tuwğan bäri böri,
Şingıstiñ qol bastağan eki közi
Jolbarıs Supıtay men Kökjal Jebe.

Turanniñ biyleri bar Tarağayday,
Sol biyden Temir tuwğan ot bop oynay,
Ot şaşıp jer jüzine Aqsaq Temir
Jarq elip öte şıqqan najağayday.

Turandı maqtamaymın tipti tekke,
Onsız-aq Turan tanıs talay şetke
Sırlasqan üyde otırıp aspan-kökpen,
Bilgiş az jetken jüyrik Ulıqbekke.

Asıl qan – qasiyetti Türik qanı,
Sol qannan – İbn-Sina Äbuw Ğalı
Moldığı bilimiñ sıyqır derlik,
Düniyege munday adam tuwdı ma äli?

Türiktiñ kim kemitken muwzıqasın?
Farabiy toğız şekti dombırasın
Şertkende toqsan toğız türlendirip,
Jubanıp kim tırmağan közdin jasın?

^{os} “Öktay” was rendered as “Ükitay” in 1989, 1995, and 2008 Cyrillic editions of Mağjan.

Broad intellect, fervently zealous, sharp imagination--
Can any hero challenge the heroes of Turan?

In mankind, no hero like Genghis Khan be born
so wise, so thoughtful, with a steel heart.
The mere name of Genghis the lion
Fills a man's guts with courage.

From Genghis, Chagatay, Oktay, Chochi, and Toli
Were born as wolves like their father.
The two eyes of Genghis that he entrusted
Were the tiger Supitay and the blue-maned Jebe.

Turan has chieftains such as Taraghay
From whom Tamerlane was born like a fireball.
The Tamerlane dispersed fire on the earth
Has passed away like lightning flaming up it.

I'm not praising Turan for nothing.
Turan is known to many without praise.
Only few scholars who can compete with
Ulugh Bek, who was intimate with the sky.

The noble blood is the the worthy Turk's blood
From that blood Avicenna Abu Ali was born.
His science was once astonishing.
Has anyone like him ever been born on the earth?

Can anyone underestimate the Turks' music?
When Farabi played his nine-string dombira⁷⁵
In ninety-nine different tunes, [tell me] who
Wasn't aroused to shed his tears?

dombira: a Kazakh musical instrument.

Turanda Türik oynağan usap otqa.
Türikten basqa ot bolıp jan tuwıp pa?
Köp Türik enşi alısıp tarasqanda,
Qazaqta ara şanğıraq qalğan joq pa?

Aristan elge otan bolğan Turan.
Turanda Qazağım da qandıq¹⁰⁶ qurğan.
Qazaqtıñ qasqa joldı Qasım xanı
Turanniñ talay jerin biylep turğan.

Ädil qan¹¹⁷ az boladı Nazardayın
Alaşqa Esim Qanniñ jolı dayın.
Täwkedey danışpan qan qurğan eken
Basında¹²⁸ Költöbeniñ quriltayın.

Bul Turan ejelden-aq Alaş jeri.
Turansız tarqamağan Alaş jeri.
Turanniñ toprağında tınıştıq tapqan
Alaştıñ arıstanı – Abılay eri.

Turannan Sarı Arqanı bölek deme,
Türkistan altı Alaşqa bolğan kebe.
Turanniñ toprağın quşıp jatır
Keşegi erdiñ eri Kökjal Kene.

Şer batsa kim izdemes tuwğan elin?
Tulpar da köksemey me tuwğan jerin?
Arqanıñ ardageri qalıñ Alaş,
Turan da, biyle bilsñ, seniñ jeriñ!

¹⁰⁶ “qandıq” was rendered as “xandıq” in both 1989 & 1995 Cyrillic editions of Mağjan.

¹¹⁷ “xan” in both 1989 & 1995 Cyrillic editions of Mağjan.

¹²⁸ “basında” was rendered as “basına” in the 1923 Arabic edition (also in Tamir edition).

The Turk rolled in Turan just like a blaze.
Has any soul other than Turk been born of fire?
After many other Turks had claimed their own shares
Didn't the "black hole"⁹⁶ remain for the Kazaks?

Turan become fatherland for lion-hearted people
My Kazak has formed a khanate too.
The evenhanded Qasim Khan of the Kazaks
Has reigned most of Turan's land.

There can be only a few fair khan like Nazar.
The codes of Esim Khan are suitable to Alash⁹⁷.
The wise ruler Tevke gathered
His grand assembly on the top of Kol Tobe¹⁰⁸.

Turan is eternally the land of the White Alash.
Outside Turan the Alash heroes never took root.
It was in Turan's soil that the lion of Alash,
Hero Ablay, at last found peace.

Don't speak of the steppes as outside of Turan
Turkistan gave birth to the Six Alash¹¹⁴.
The hero of heroes, Blue-maned Kene¹²¹⁰
Has been caressing the soil of Turan.

Who doesn't long for his fatherland?
Doesn't the legendary mustang yearn
For its birthplace? Oh, esteemed Alash,
Turan, if you could know, is your land!

⁹⁶ black hole: the top edge of a tent, meaning the essential part of the country.

⁹⁷ Alash: the historical unity of the Kazaks

¹⁰⁸ Kol Tobe: the highest hill in central Kazakhstan.

¹¹⁴ Six Alash: the legendary ancestors of the Kazaks.

¹²¹⁰ Kene: the famous Kazak ruler Kene Sary.

Qırağı Tiyan-Şan men Pamir, Alay,
Kütedi köpten seni qaray-qaray.
Kene men Abılaydıñ jolın quwmay,
Japanda jayıluwdıñ mäni qalay?

Ertede oqıs, Yaksart – Jeyxun, Seyxun,
Türikter bul ekewin dariya deytin.
Kiyeli sol eki suw jağasına,
Bolmasa, barsañşı izdep babañ beytin!

The far-reaching Tiyan-shan, Pamir and Alay,
Have long been awaiting your arrival.
What's the use of just spreading across the plains
And not following the path of Kene and Abilay?

In the past Jayhun and Seyhun were Oxus and Yaksart.
The Turks used to call them "darya" (river).
Either go to the banks of these two sacred rivers
Or seek the grave of your grandfather?

[Timur Kocaoglu & Mel Kenne]

BULBUL¹³

Sayrasıñ muñdı küymen jüz qubılıtp.
Keyde ayañ, keyde jelis, keyde sıltıp.
Deneni suwıtasıñ, ısıtasıñ.
Turasıñ mawjıratıp keyde jılıtp¹⁴.

Quyasıñ tätti dawıs tamılıtıp¹⁵.
Turadı jan-janıwar dämin jutıp.
Uw-şuw joq. qarq-jıyq¹⁶ etken qarğa, torğay
Uyalıp älde-qayda ketken jıtıp.

Usta söz, muñdı dawısıñ bastı baylar,
Toqtağan şabuwinan qulın, taylar.
Dawısıñnan eljiremes närse bar ma.
Jas töger boyın balqıp tereñ saylar.

Bulbul qus! Közimde jas, kewdemde ot.
Bolıp, men sağan keldim. işimde şoq.
Dertime senen ğana därmen bolar.
Basqadan. anıq bildim. eş payda joq.

Bul jerden uşıp ketşi säwlem jaqqa.
Barıp qon nızıqqana bir butaqqqa.
Söyle oğan aşındırıp meniñ jayım.
Köñilin eljiretpey qanat qaqqa!

¹³ Publication history: Ayqab (Arabic, 1912), No. 7 (Newspaper); Şolpan (Arabic, 1912), p. 7; Mağjan (Arabic, 1923), p. 37-38; Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1989), p. 18; Tamir (Latin, 1993), p. 64-67; Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1995), p.37; Mağjan (Cyrillic, Vol. 2, 2008), p. 8-9.

¹⁴ jılıtp: The Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1989, 1995, and 2008) editions give as **jılıtp**, whereas in the Mağjan (Arabic, 1923) the word was written as **jiltıp**. Tamir (Latin, 1993) also rendered it as **jiltıp** which correctly fits the 11 syllabus meter.

¹⁵ tamılıtıp: the Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1989, 1995, and 2008) editions give as **tamılıtıp**, but Mağjan (Arabic, 1923) originally rendered the word with “d” as **damılıtıp**. The Tamir (Latin, 1993) edition also rendered it as **damılıtıp**.

¹⁶ jıyq: In the Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1989 & 1995) editions printed as **şıq**, in others like ours.

THE NIGHTINGALE^{13*}

Oh, my sweet, you trill endless sorrow and grief.
Calm sometimes, then in wild disbelief.
Your body flutters in the sky's heat and cold,
While your soul never alights to seek rest or relief.

When you free your sweet voice with such feeling,
Other beasts can only find it wildly appealing.
When you sing, crows, sparrows, all songsters
Listen in shame and stop their own caroling.

Your gift and songs once were suppressed by foes,
And colts and foals were slain by their savage blows.
And who wouldn't be put off by your painful tale?
Creeks overflow tears for your heart-rending woes.

Oh, nightingale, I too burn, tending a fire in my soul,
In my eyes tears, my heart a live, smouldering coal.
Only you can release me from my painful ordeal,
No one else can feel my heart's heavy toll.

Fly swiftly to those among whom my beloved dwells.
Alight nearby, so she catches your song as it swells.
Tell her my plight in your tongue's sorrowful tones,
And don't return till her heart is wrung by your spells.

Sear her soul deeply with the wide range of your voice,
Start a flame in her breast so she's given no choice.
Make her adore me by swaying her heart and mind;
Then leave her sunk in anguish, with no will to rejoice.

* A slightly different English translation first appeared in Kocaoglu (1993), p. 7.

Jüz qubılt dawsıñdı, örte özeğın,
Örtensın, qızıl jalın qıl töseğın,
Oyın al, boyın balqıt, süydir meni,
Qalsın ol oylay almay öz esebin.

Tez, bulbul, muñdı dawıs, sıyqır tildim,
Därmendi qalıñ dertke senen bildim.
Qılmasañ bir meyirim, sorlı pendeñ
Qayğıdan qolım jetpey, mine, öldim!

Oh nightingale, my gloomy songster, go now, hurry!
For you alone bear the whole weight of my worry.
If you don't have pity on this lovetorn soul's plight,
Your tune will be an elegy for this body they bury.

[Timur Kocaoglu & Mel Kenne]

TÜS^{17*}

Jarıq säwle, Aydı. Kündi körmeymin.
Jartı ölik, tolıq ömir sürmeymin.
Quanıştı. azat jürgen xalıqtıñ
Ne istegenin, ne degenin bilmeymin.

Qor boldı ğoy qalın qayrat. esil küş,
Abaqtıda qoldan keler qanday is?
Uyqı tilep. közdi zorğa jumamın,
Amal qanşa. jubanışım jalğız tús.

^{17*} Publication History: Mağjan (Arabic. 1923). p. 78; Mağjan (Cyrillic. 1989). p. 124; Tamir (Latin. 1993). p. 120; Mağjan (Cyrillic. 1995). p. 140; Mağjan (Cyrillic. Vol. 1. 2008). p.77; Mağjan (Cyrillic. Vol. 2. 2008). p. 67.

DREAM¹⁴

I can see the glow of neither the moon nor the sun,
I'm half dead, my life one long, abysmal depression.
I don't know what more they could want or demand,
Those still living free among their own kith and kin.

This loss of drive and power—that I can't redeem!
For in prison how can one even imagine self-esteem?
I long only for sleep and shut my eyes once again,
Knowing that whatever I do now, it's only a dream.

[Timur Kocaoglu & Mel Kenne]

¹⁴ The Turkish prose translation in Tamir (Latin, 1993), p. 121.

JULDIZDARĜA^{18*}

Köktiň sansız közderi.
Aldamaňdar oynaqtap!
Şaqırğanmen bara alman.
Bult, tez şıq ta. betin jap!

Qara jerden kete almas
Men bir sorlı baylawlı.
Jerdiň jawsız jelimen
Ersil-qarsıl aydawlı.

Amal ne könbey? Sonda da
Bir ökpem bar allama:
Sezgiş jürek. uşqır jan
Nege berdiň pendene?!

Jaratqan soň jerden sen.
Bersinşi jerdey tınış jan
Olar is boldı. Suraymın:
“Ne deydi. bildir. bul aspan?!“

^{18*} Publication History: Mağjan (Arabic. 1923), p. 76; Mağjan (Cyrillic. 1989), p. 124; Tamir (Latin. 1993), p. 116-118; Mağjan (Cyrillic. 1995), p. 149; Mağjan (Cyrillic. Vol. 1. 2008), p. 90.

TO THE STARS¹⁵

You innumerable eyes that light up heaven.
You can't tempt me with your flirtatious winks.
However you summon me, I will not be shaken.
Oh clouds, blot them out with your wide banks.

I can't be drawn away from this dark Earth
Upon which I grieve as its helpless prisoner.
Each day and night, I'm pulled back and forth
As Earth's pitiless storms push ever nearer.

I can think of nothing else that can offer me aid.
So it's only to God I present my complaint:
Why have you only for your poor man made
A heart this pliant, a soul bent in constraint?

Since you raised him up from the humble dirt,
You'd have done better to give him a soul of clay.
Well, what's done is done. Fate's played its part:
But, please, just once, can this sky have its say?

[Timur Kocaoglu & Mel Kenne]

¹⁵ The Turkish prose translation in Tamir (Latin, 1993), p. 119.

TUTQIN^{19*}

(M. D.-ga xat)

Kewdede – ot, işte – jalın, közde – jas,
Küni-tüni qayğı jutqan sorlı bas.
Saban tösek. dım, qarañğı jatağı.
Nanı qara, şayı qara, qarnı aş.

Kün tüsirmes meyrimi joq qara tas.
Ağarmay ma munday üyde qara şaş?
Janında joq janı aşıttın jaqın jüz.
Tasbawırlar iñğayına qaramas.

Jarıq säwle – ne Ay, ne Kün körsetpes,
Jaqınıniñ: “Oy, bawırımın!” estirmes.
İs – sanawlı, söz – añduwlı, erik joq.
Öz qolımen unamdı ton piştirmes.

Qayğılanba, sorlı tutqın, eş netpes.
Kün batqanmen, tañ aytpayttın tün jetpes.
Er jürekti azamattıñ basına
Bul jalğanda neler kelip, ne ketpes?

^{19*} Publication History: Mağjan (Arabic, 1923), p. : Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1989), p. : Tamir (Latin, 1993), p. 196; Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1995), p. 81; Mağjan (Cyrillic, Vol. 2, 2008), p.39.

THE PRISONER^{16*}

(A letter to M. D.)

In body – fire, in heart – flame, in eye – tear.
In nights and days a head swallows despair.
Straw bed inside your small, pitch-black cell.
Bread is black, tea is black, hungry stomach.

The cruel, black stone walls won't let the sunrays
Won't your black hair turn gray in this place?
Around you to cheer you up, there's no face
For your comfort, no stonyhearted will care.

The airhole doesn't show neither the moon nor the sun
Doesn't let to be heard a voice: "Oh, my poor fellow!"
Work is paralyzed, words arrested, no freedom
No one will offer to cut out a pleasant fur coat.

Don't despair, poor prisoner, nothing will happen
A night without dawn will never arrive by sunset.
In this unfaithful world, over a hero's head
So many things befall and so many things pass by?

[Timur Kocaoglu & Mel Kenne]

^{16*} A slightly different English translation first appeared in Kocaoglu (1993), p. 7. / M.D. is Kazakh writer and poet Mirjaqib Duwlatov (1885-1935).

JEL^{20*}

Jel – tım tentek bir bala.
Jan süygeni – sar dala.
 Damıl almay jügired.
Erni ötirik qıbırlap.
Sır aytqan bop sıbırlap.
 Keyde añ bop ökired.

Jelge eş närse teñ emes.
Taw da jolın bögemes.
 Saq-saq külip sekired.
Jüyrik jelim tım sotqar.
Birew betin japsa eger.
 Ädeyi betke tükired.

Mazası joq jel erke,
Oyanıp ap tım erte,
 Jorğalay basıp ketedi.
Tınış jatqan tüs körüp
Köldiñ betin kestelep.
 Onı äwre etedi.

Käri ormandı oyatıp.
Birdeñe dep jubatıp.
 Jımıyıp külip ötedi.
Jurttan oyın jasırıp.
Alqınıp özi asıǵıp.
 Qarakat közge jetedi.

Dem alalmay asıǵıp.
Kürsinip awır, bas urıp:
 “Saǵan, suluw säwlege
Keldim uşıp,ğaşıqpın.

^{20*} Publication History: Maǵjan (Arabic, 1923), p. 26-27; Maǵjan (Cyrillic, 1989), p. 129-130; Tamir (Latin, 1993), p. 50-52; Maǵjan (Cyrillic, 1995), p. 145-146; Maǵjan (Cyrillic, Vol. 2, 2008), p. 69.

THE WIND¹⁷

The Wind – an unruly child,
Its love – golden steppe.
Runs without a rest.
Speeds as unchecked by the rein,
whispers as telling secrets.
Sometimes bellows like a wild animal.

Nothing can be equal to wind.
Even the mountains can't halt it.
It breaks out in loud laughter.
My swift wind is such a bully,
That anyone who cover her face,
It spits on that face knowingly.

Not in mood the saucy wind,
Arising up very early.
Starts its pushing around.
Seeing a dreaming quite lake
It stirs suddenly its face.
By disturbing it.

Awakening the old woods,
Deluding them a moment,
Flies past with a smile.
Hiding its thoughts from people,
Rushing short of breath,
Loses its temper.

Without a rest, speeds up.
Appeals with a deep sigh
"For you, my loved one

¹⁷ A slightly different English translation first appeared in Kocaoglu (1993), p. 7. The Turkish translation in prose in Tamir (Latin, 1993), p. 51-53.

Bir süyüğe asıqpın,
Moynıñ bur mendey awrege!” —

Dedi de süyip közinen,
Şaş, alma jüzinen,
Qol jiberdi kewdege.
Baqıttısın, erkejan!
Wa, dariyğa, jasağan.
Jel emespin men nege?!

I've come flying, I fell in love!
I need to be loved once,
Turn your face to this rambler!"

Saying this, it kissed her eyes,
Her hair and apple-face,
Touched her body.
You are lucky my sassy one!
Oh, God, has created me,
Why I am not a wind?!

[Timur Kocaoglu & Mel Kenne]

MAXABBAT NE?^{21*}

Maxabbat – bir tikenek,
Jürekke barıp qadalar.
Baqıtsız ğoy bul jürek.
Tamşılap odan qan aĝar.

Tez jazılmaq bul jara.
Bal tilimen süyse jar.
Süymese jar, dariyĝa.
Öler jürek, qansırar.

Maxabbat – bir tätti u.
İşer jürek, bolar mas.
Düniedegi u men şu
Mas jürekti oyatpas.

Maxabbat – bir tätti u.
İşer jürek, töger jas!

^{21*} Publication History: Şolpan (Arabic. 1922), p. ?; Maĝjan (Arabic. 1923), p. 57-58; Maĝjan (Cyrillic. 1989), p. 143-144; Tamir (Latin. 1993), p. 92; Maĝjan (Cyrillic. 1995), p. 158; Maĝjan (Cyrillic. Vol. 1. 2008), p. 100.

WHAT IS LOVE?¹⁸

Love – is a thorn.
She gets stuck in heart.
So the heart is unlucky
Blood drips from it.

This wound expands fast
By beloved's honey tongue,
If beloved doesn't love, alas
Dies the heart bleeding.

Love--ah. she is so sweet,
Sucks blood. strolls besotted.
No one can hope to deplete
The stock of greed she's allotted.

Love--how sweetly she leers.
Sucks hearts dry. sheds tears.

[Timur Kocaoglu & Mel Kenne]

¹⁸ The Turkish prose translation in Tamir (Latin. 1993). p. 93.

GÜLSİM XANIMĜA^{22*}

Bota köz, sıyıqlı söz, Gülsim xanım,
Är jerde ötkizsek te ömir tañın,
Key waqıt köziñizge közim tüsse,
Oynaydı alasurıp nége janım?!

Bota köz, sıyıqlı söz, Xanım Gülsim,
Kökdegi kün külmesin, Gülsim Külsin!
Gülsim – kün, kökte jüze bileđ.
Süydirim, küydirdenim qaydan bilsin!

^{22*} Publication history of this Kazakh poem: Mağjan (Arabic. 1923), p. 33; Mağjan (Cyrillic. 1989), p. 109; Tamir (Latin. 1993), p. 60-61; Mağjan (Cyrillic. 1995), p.125, Mağjan (Cyrillic. Vol. 1, 2008), p.77.

TO LADY GÜLSİM¹⁹

Oh pretty-eyed, sweet-voiced Lady Gülsim!
With all our scheming, this life still goes.
But when my eyes suddenly catch yours,
Why should my soul bare all its sorrows?

Oh my pretty-eyed, sweet-voiced Lady Gülsim!
She laughs gaily as the sun strikes his pose.
Yet she too can easily sail high in the sky
And sear me with love, I guess this shows.

[Timur Kocaoglu & Mel Kenne]

¹⁹ A slightly different English translation of this poem was first appeared in Kocaoglu (1993, p. 7). "Gülsim" was a Tatar lady who was a teacher at a school where Maghjan was also teaching. They both had a short lived platonic love. Maghjan has also another poem devoted her "Gülsimge) (To Gülsim).

JUMBAQ^{23*}

Sap-sarı bel,
Esedı jel.
 Esedı.
Esedı jel.
Köşedi el.
 Köşedi.

Dala buyıq,
Bala tuyıq –
 Eki ünsız
Dala – jumbağ,
Bala – jumbağ
 Şeşuwsız.

Sap-sarı bel,
Esedı jel.
 Jel esed.
Dala – jumbağ,
Bala – jumbağ,
 Kim şeşed?

^{23*} Publication history of this Kazakh poem: Mağjan (Arabic, 1923); Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1989); Tamir (Latin, 1993); Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1995); Mağjan (Cyrillic, Vol. 1, 2008), p.53.

RIDDLE

Yellowish ridge.
Wind blows,
 It blows.
Wind blows.
One moves.
 One moves.

Steppe freeze.
Child mute.
 Two mums.
Steppe – riddle.
Child – riddle.
 Unsolvable.

Yellowish ridge.
Wind blows,
 It blows.
Steppe – riddle.
Child – riddle.
 Who solves?

[Timur Kocaoglu and Eric Gerson]

JAS SULUWĜA²⁴

Men aqınmın – aġınmın.
Sıldıraymın, süyemin.
Men aqınmın – jalınmın,
Şaşıp kökke tiyemin.

Qaraqat közin möldirep.
Köp qarama, jas suluw.
Sıldırap sıypap, süygen bop.
Alıp keter aġın suw.

Alma erniñ elbirep,
“Süysi, süy” dep bilip,
Ottı oynışı, dos bilip,
Jalındama jalınġa!

Men aqınmın – jel jüyrık.
Guwildeymin, uşamın
Men – oynışı köbelek,
Köringen güldi quşamın.

Büldirgen betin surlanıp.
Jelge senbe, jas bala!
Sıbırlar, keter urlanıp,
Şın jarı onın – sar dala.

Köbelekke “Kel!” deme
(Elcirew sonşa ne kerek?).
Keter uçıp öngege,
Balınnan tatsa köbelek.

Men aqınmın, jırılaymın.
Jürekke jüyrık jel kirse.

²⁴ Publication history of this Kazakh poem: Maġjan (Arabic, 1923); Maġjan (Cyrillic, 1989); Tamir (Latin, 1993); Maġjan (Cyrillic, 1995); Maġjan (Cyrillic, Vol. 1, 2008), p. 76.

TO A YOUNG BEAUTY^{20*}

I am a poet – I am a stream,
I gurgle and love
I am a poet – I am a flame,
I spring out to touch the sky.

By flaring your blackcurrant eyes,
Don't stare at me young beauty.
By gushing, caressing, loving
The running water will take you away.

Affectionately with your apple lips,
Don't implore saying "kiss me, kiss"
Taking fire as a playmate and friend,
Don't get so close to the flame.

I am a poet – a swift wind,
I am whistling and I am flying,
I am a dancing butterfly.
I embrace the visible flower.

Turning pale your roseberry face
Don't trust the wind young child!
Whispers go away by stealing
It's true friend is – the vast steppe.

Don't say "Come!" to the butterfly
(Why is that much emotion necessary?)
For one who will be gone flying,
After butterfly tastes your honey.

^{20*} There is also an incomplete English translation of this poem by Gulnar Kendirbaeva in Kenderbaeva (1999), pp. 31-32. In her article, only five of the nine quatrains were given and there are several mistranslations.

Men aqınmın, jılaymın,
Jürekke awır şer kirse.

Janşılarsın, jırlarsın,
Quşaqta belimnen.
Jas deneydi ularmın,
Süygizbeşi tilignen.

Jas periştem, suluv qız,
Süymeşi, süyme, suraymın!
Men aqınmın turlawsız.
Jırlaymın da jılaymın!

I am a poet. I compose poems
When the swift wind enters heart
I am a poet. I shed tears
When a deep sorrow enters heart

You were pressed in, you cry,
Don't hug me so tight.
I will poison your young body,
Don't kiss with your tongue.

My young angel, pretty girl,
Don't get so close, I ask!
I am a poet I am unstable.
I compose poems and I cry.

[Timur Kocaoğlu, Eric Gerson]

ALISTAĞI BAVRIMA^{25*}

Alista awır azap şekken bawırım.
Quwargan baysheşektey kepken bawırım.
Qamağan kalın jawdın ortasında
Köl qılıp közdin jasın tökken bawırım.

Aldındı awır qayğı japqan bawırım.
Ömirinşe japa şekken jattan bawırım.
Tüksigen. jüregi tas jawız jandar
Tiridey teriñ tonap jatqan bawırım.

Yapırmay, emes pe edi Altın Altay
Anamız bizdi tapqan, asaw tayday
Bawırında jürmeş pe edik salıp oynaq,
Jüzimiz emes pe edi jarqın ayday?!

Alalı altın saqa atıspap pa ek?
Tebisip bir tösekte jatıspap pa ek?
Altayday anamızdıñ aq süttinen
Birge emip, birge dâmin tatıspap pa ek?

Turmap pa ek bizdiñ üşin möldir bulaq.
Sıldırıp sılıq-sılıq külip tawdan qulap?
Dayar bop uşqan qustay soqqan quyın,
Tilesek bir bir tulpar beyne pıraq!

Altaydıñ altın küni erkeletip,
Kelgende jolbarıs bop, jaña er jetip,
Aqteñiz, Qarateñiz ar jağına
Bawırım, meni tastap, qaldın ketip!

^{25*} Publication history of this Kazakh poem: Mağjan (Arabic, 1923); Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1989); Tamir (Latin, 1993); Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1995); Mağjan (Cyrillic, Vol. 1, 2008), p. 44.

TO MY BROTHER IN DISTANCE

My brother who suffers torment in distance
My brother who withered like the pale tulips
Having surrounded by a horde of enemies
My brother who weeps by filling lakes.

My brother whose front is full of griff
My brother who had bad time all his life
My brother whose skin was subject to scalping
By the scornful, hard-hearted brutal enemy.

Oh my Saint, Wasn't the Golden Altay
Our mother who found us as a foal
Haven't we strolled on her bosom freely
Haven't our faces were like a shining moon?!

Haven't we have played golden knucklebone
Haven't we scuffled together in the same bed
Haven't we drank from our mother Altay
the same white milk and tasted together?

Isn't staying for us the pure spring
From mountain with a gurgling sound
It was ready as a flying bird and a wind
If we wish it will appear as a stallion Buraq²¹

The Altay's golden days had spoonfed you
That you had turned into a tiger-hearted hero
So my brother you have left me here and gone
To the White Sea²², Black Sea, and beyond!

²¹ Buraq: is a steed in Islamic mythology, a creature from the heavens that transported the prophets. Most notably Buraq carried the Islamic prophet Muhammad from Mecca to Jerusalem and back during the Mi'raj (Night Journey to Heaven)

²² The White Sea: The Mediterranean Sea

Men qaldım – jas balapan qanat qaqpay,
Uşam dep umtılsam da damıl tappay.
Jön silter, jol körseter jan bolmadı,
Jawız jaw qoysın ba endi meni atpay?!

Qorğasın jas jürekke oğı battı.
Künäsiz taza qanım suday aqtı.
Qansırıp, älim qurıp, esten tandım,
Qaranğı abaqtığa berik japtı...

Körmeymin keşe jürgen qır-saydı da,
Kündiz – kün, tünde kümis nurlı Aydı da,
Ardaqtap, şın jipektey arayğa orap
Ösirgen altın anam Altaydı da

Yapırmay, ayrıldıq pa qalın toptan
Şabilıp qaytpaytuğın jawğan oqtan
Türiktin jolbarıstay jüreginen,
Şınimen qorqaq qul bop jawdan buqqan?!

Şarq urıp erikke umtılgan Türk janı
Şınimen awırdı ma, bitip halı?!
Ot sönip jürektegi, qurıdı ma
Qaynağan tamırdağı ata qanı?!

Bawırım, sen o jaqta, men bu jaqta,
Qayğıdan qan jutamız. Bizdin atqa
Layıq pa qul bop turuw? Jur, ketelik
Altayğa, ata miras altın taqqa.

I remained – a butterbump chick can't fly
I attempt to fly, but couldn't accomplish this
No soul left to show and lead the way
Would the mean enemy live me without hitting.

Bullets have stuck on my young heart
My sinless fresh blood flows like water
By bleeding, I weakened, I passed out
Darkness firmly closed the prison...

I don't see the steppe and ravine at night
In daylight the sun and in night the radiant moon
Also my mother Altay which I've cared
and wrapped in real silk with great respect.

Oh God, we have separated from a big flock
From those non-returning shooting arrows
From the Turk's tiger-heartedness
Having become coward slaves hiding from enemy

The Turk's soul that moved to freedom
Is it really exhausted totally?!
Has the fire in our heart died away, dried out
What about the boiling father's blood?!

My brother, you are there, and I am here
We are drinking blood in sorrow, is it proper
That we remain as a slave? Come on, let's go
To the Altay, the Golden Mount, of our father.

[Timur Kocaoglu and Eric Gerson]

KÖÑİL^{26*}

Sum köñilge razı emes men,
Tez janad da, tez söned.
Bir tilegin isteseñ sen,
Oğan basqa oy keled.

Jas baladan artıq jeñsik
Munday näirse körmedim.
Turağı joq şaytan sekek,
Tipti-aq sırım bilmedim.

Bir jar izdep, bolsa äwre,
Taptım, bardım qasına.
“Aş quşağın, – dedim, – säwle!”
Şomılıp köz jasıma.

Janğan jürek, jastı körip,
Köñili sengiş perizat:
“Aqırın, – dedi qolın berip, –
Janba, säwlem, körme jat!”

Janıp-küyip süyse tanda,
Keşke söngen ol otsız.
Bugin munda, erten anda,
Tım-aq näirse uyatsız.

^{26*} Publication history of this Kazakh poem: Mağjan (Arabic, 1923); Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1989); Tamir (Latin, 1993); Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1995); Mağjan (Cyrillic, Vol. 2, 2008), p. 26-27.

SOUL

I don't comply with the cruel soul
It inflames fast and dies out soon
If you request a favor from it,
It considers something else.

It has more hunger than a child
I haven't seen something like it.
Like devil has no fixed abode,
I didn't know his entire secret.

When it was in search of a lover
I found one and appeared before it
"Open your arms. – I said. – my light!"
By submerging in my tears.

Seeing the burning heart and tears
An angel with a golden soul:
"At last. – it said by reaching out
Don't burn, my light, don't see me stranger!"

In dawn if she loves burning to ashes
If she extinguishes without fire
Today here, tomorrow there,
Without a shame snow white.

[Timur Kocaoglu and Eric Gerson]

ÖLEÑ^{27*}

Tarıqsa janım,
Awırsa tänim,
 Süyeyim bar demeytin.
Ol bolsa mende,
Qozğalsa jer de:
 “Bu ne boldı?” – demeytin
Jan süygenim – ol da öleñ.
Jete almasam, jolda ölem!

Janımın janı,
Tänimniñ qanı,
 Tirşiligim senimen.
Oylandım – toymadım,
İzdedim – qoymadım.
 Keñes biraz menimen.
Estise seni – jan iyir,
Bağan bilmes köp sıyır!

^{27*} Publication history of this Kazakh poem: Mağjan (Arabic, 1923); Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1989); Tamir (Latin, 1993); Mağjan (Cyrillic, 1995); Mağjan (Cyrillic, Vol. 2, 2008), p. 9.

POEM

If my soul feels sorrow,
If my body is in pain,
 Will you not say I've one to love.
But that is inside me,
Even if earth rises up:
 Will you not say "What happened?"
My soul's beloved one – is poem,
If I can't reach it, may I die on its path!

Soul of my soul,
Blood of my body,
 My life is with you.
I was worried – wasn't satiated,
I searched for – didn't abandon,
 Consult with me a bit.
If it wants to hear from you – give your soul
Many cattle don't know a sorting pole!

[Timur Kocaoglu and Eric Gerson]

MEN JASTARĜA SENEMİN^{28*}

Arıstanday aybattı.
Jolbarıstay qayrattı.
Qıranday küşti qanatı –
Men jastarĝa senemin!

Közderinde ot oynar.
Sözderinde jalın bar.
Jannan qımbat olarĝa ar.
Men jastarĝa senemin!

Jas qırandar – balapan
Jayıp qanat, umıtılĝan.
Közdegeni kök aspan
Men jastarĝa senemin!

Jumsaq minez jibekter,
Süttey taza jürekter,
Qasiyetti tilekter –
Men jastarĝa senemin!

Taw suwınday gürilder,
Aybındı alaş elim der.
Altın Arqa jerim der.
Men jastarĝa senemin!

Qajuw bar ma tulparĝa.
Taluv bar ma suñqarĝa?!
İyman küşti olarda.
Men jastarĝa senemin!

Alaş – aybındı uranı.
Qasiyetti quranı.

^{28*} Publication history of this Kazakh poem: Maĝjan (Arabic, 1923); Maĝjan (Cyrillic, 1989); Tamir (Latin, 1993); Maĝjan (Cyrillic, 1995); Maĝjan (Cyrillic, Vol. 1, 2008), p. 47–48.

I BELIEVE IN YOUTH

Appearing as a lion.
Energetic as a tiger.
Mighty as an eagle –
I believe in youth!

Fire dances in their eyes.
There is flame in their words.
Honor worths more than life
I believe in youth!

Young eagles - cubs
Take wings, move ahead.
They target the blue sky
I believe in youth!

The soft manner silks.
The hearts as fresh as milk.
The dignified wishes.
I believe in youth!

Babble like mountain water.
Say my Majestic Alash nation.
Say my Golden backbone.
I believe in youth!

Is there grass for the stallion
Is there prey for the falcon
Faith is strong in them
I believe in youth!

Alash ²³ – the Majestic warcry.
The dignity of Quran.
They sacrifice themselves to Alash.
I believe in youth!

²³ Alash: is a national motto and an ancient warcry of the Kazakhs.

Alaştın olar qurbani,
Men jastarğa senemin!

Men senemin jastarğa:
Alaş atın aspanğa
Şığarar olar bir tañda
Men jastarğa senemin!

I believe in youth:
They take Alash's horse
To the sky at new dawn
I believe in youth!

[Timur Kocaoglu and Eric Gerson]

MAGHJAN JUMABAYEV'S
Most Frequently Used
Poetic Vocabulary

Imagery, symbols

Alash: **Alaş**
Beauty: **Suluw**
Black: **Qara**
Blood: **Qan**
Brother: **Bawrım**
Burning: **Januw**
Dark (Darkness): **Qarañı**
Dawn: **Tan**
Day: **Kün, Kündiz**
Fire: **Ot**
Flame: **Jahn**
Flare: **Jalında-**
God: **Teñiri**
Heart: **Jürek**
Kiss: **Süy-, süyü, öbü**
Love: **Süyü. Maxabbat, Ğaşıqtıq, süy-**
Mountain: **Taw**
Night: **Tün**
Poem: **Jır**
Power: **Küş, Quwat**
River: **Darya, Özen, Ağın**
Soul: **Köñil**
Sun: **Kün**
White: **Aq**
Wind: **Jel**
Youth: **Jastar**

ماغجان

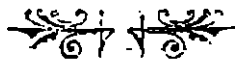
جو ما باينك

اوله گنده رى

МАГЖАН ЖУМАБАЕВ.

Сборник Стихотворений

(на киргизском языке)



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