

## THE THEME OF MOTHERLAND IN YESENIN'S POETRY

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### Abstract

The name of Sergei Yesenin is well known in our country. His lyrics leave no one indifferent. She is imbued with an ardent love for the Motherland, for Russian nature. The poet says: "My lyrics are alive with one great love, love for the Motherland. The feeling of the Motherland is the main thing in my work". Sincere love for his native land, expressed in peculiar feelings and moods, gave his works a special, Yesenin, unique sound, which can always be distinguished in Russian lyrics.

**Keywords and phrases:** destruction, peasant world, patriarchal romance, youthful years, the song iron wheels, willows along, roads, barren fields, miserable shacks.

Yesenin dedicated his best works to Russia. We see, hear and feel colors, sounds, smells of forests, fields and meadows in his poems. Yesenin's poetry truly reflects Russian images and pictures, lively folk speech, truly here is the "Russian spirit" and "Russia smells". There is not a single poem about Russia in which he would not sing of its nature. The image of the Motherland appears in Yesenin already in his first poems. The poet sings of the discreet beauty and amazing charm of the nature of central Russia. The joyful and multi-colored world literally fascinates us when we read Yesenin's poems. We see how "the dew glistens on the grass," how "the bird cherry is pouring snow."

Where there are cabbage patches  
Sunrise pours red water,  
Maple tree small uterus,  
Green udder sucks.

We see how, "reflecting, the birches broke in the pond," how "they ate, like spears, rested against the sky." The expanses of fields, the blue of the native sky with floating clouds, the smooth surface of lakes and rivers, "weeping willows", "green-haired birch beauties", "swamps and swamps", "scarlet light of dawn" - in all this Yesenin saw the beauty of his native land. Yesenin's early poetry captures the image of peasant Russia on the eve of the Great October Revolution. The poet saw Russia as meek, sad, and the hard life of the Motherland was reflected in his work:

You are my abandoned land.  
You are my land, wasteland,  
hay uncut,  
Forest and monastery.

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But the sadder these pictures were, the stronger the boundless attachment to the Motherland sounded in the poet's poems:

Cold sorrow cannot be measured.

You're on a misty shore

But not to love you, not to believe

I can't learn.

Yesenin rose to the heights of poetry from the depths of folk life. The Ryazan land, "where the peasants mowed, where they sowed their grain", was his home, where little Yesenin spent his childhood. The world of folk poetic images surrounds Yesenin from the first days of his life. And the fire of the dawn, and the splashing of the waves, and the blue expanse of the lake - all the beauty of the native land over the years turns into poems full of love for the native land.

Oh you, Russia, my meek homeland,

Only for you I save my love.

Your short joy is merry

With a loud song in the spring in the meadow.

From a young age, "wind tears of Russia", her sad songs, bright sadness sunk into the heart of Yesenin from a young age - a picture of the native side was created in the poem "You, Russia, my dear". The motherland, which does not see the end and edge - "only the blue sucks the eyes", - causes the poet's filial love of extraordinary strength. He is pleased to hear "girlish laughter, ringing like earrings", to see how near the low huts "poplars wither loudly", and "on the meadows there is a cheerful dance". It is joyful to feel how "it smells of apple and honey", and therefore the poet confesses his love to the Motherland:

If the holy army shouts:

"Throw Russia, live in paradise!"

I will say: "There is no need for paradise.

Give me my country."

The poet felt how the life of his Motherland was changing for the better:

Now I like something else,

And consumptive moonlight.

Through stone and steel,

I see the power of my native side.

But the poet was far from a real understanding of socialism and revolutions. Hence the almost inevitable transition for him from delight to disappointment, from joy to despair, from greeting to accusation. Yesenin begins to curse the "iron guest" who brings death to the patriarchal village and mourn the old outgoing Russia. It seemed to the poet that the "iron city" was hostile, that it threatened the destruction of the peasant world, fanned by patriarchal romance. Yesenin's lyrics of this time are painted in sad tones.

Yesenin was in the Caucasus, where he wrote a cycle of lyrical poems. The beauty of eastern nature is captivating, the wind is gentle, it is easy for the poet's heart with his beloved, but thoughts about the Motherland do not leave him here either. They take him home all the time. The poet recalls the longing of the endless plains, familiar to him from his youthful years, the song of iron wheels, willows along the roads, barren fields and miserable shacks. This is how a picture of an old village arises, which does not please the eye, now it calls out to the poet; an ardent feeling of protest and a thirst for the renewal of the Motherland:

Fields in Russia! Enough

Drag along the fields!

It hurts to see your poverty,

And birches and poplars.

The strength and charm of Yesenin's lyrics is in its truthfulness, sincerity and sincerity. Pictures of his native nature, his Russian soul and deep love for the Motherland were captured in his heartfelt poems.

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