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*Dedicated to the 155th
anniversary of M. Zh. Kopeev*

J.S. Berdigojina

MASHKHUR JUSUP KOPEIULY
Farewell to poetry
Selected poems
Translation from kazakh language

Pavlodar
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Mashkhur Jusup. The book can be also a source of information for those who
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INTRODUCTION

This book is the translation of selected works written by the prominent
poet, philosopher and public figure of the Kazakh nation Mashkhur Zhusup
Kopeiuly. It is for the first time that his poems are interpreted in English
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who study Kazakh literature, philosophy, history.

It should be mentioned that the interpreting as a science is in its first
stages of development, the Kazakh-English interpreting is not the exception
for this reason there may be observed many problems in special and general
scope. Translation of the poetry is perhaps the most complex translation
among other specializations. There are many objective reasons to conclude
so. First of all the poetic form is restricted by sound organization. Mashkhur
Zhusup often repeats the sound organization of his poems. Thus the main
aspect of his poetry is considered to be the meaning. In interpretation of
his works semantic correlation is priority; hence lack of coincidence of
other components of information is obligatory. That is why in this book
metre and rhyme do not correspond to the original ones.

In poetry all aspects of the language, as a rule, fulfill the expressive
function. Works of poetry have the definite author, contain cultural and
historical value. The interpreter should be very careful not to lose the
peculiarity, character of the author himself and his background since it
objectively impacts his inner world and perception of the reality. When we
talk about the Kazakh poetry we see how its nomadic way of life penetrates
into the idea and the message of it. Metaphors and symbols in Kazakh
literature take animal image and everything that is somehow connected with
animals: drawn products, climate, landscape, etc. In Mashkhur Zhusup's
poem "Leaves without trees" ("Agashsyz zhapyrak") he appeals to the
younger generation, "Brothers do not lose the months and years wasting
them on eating meat and tea", here we see how meat is significant for the
Kazakh and it is easy to decode the background information here. There are
many examples of metaphors coded in animals, in the following example
the metaphor has been translated as a verb, "I have pastured poems from
my early age" and "Poems were belongings and my flocks in steppe".

A proverb also reveals the nation's wisdom and is a contracting
tool often used by poets. Some of them don't have equivalents but their
meaning is clear, therefore word by word translation is used, "A floater
once drowned", "One that wins the game will win the life", "A carefree
has a full belly", "In life one day's bazaar, one is a grave", "Best of arts

is science, knowledge”, “As they say intellect’s in money, And that your beauty’s in your throat”. Sometimes one of the units of a proverb or idiom has no equivalent or can be hardly understood by the foreign reader. Paraphrases of the whole meaning and transforming it into the proverb or idiom of the decoding language can solve the problem, “Will change its spots a wild leopard before all priests will teach for the sake of Lord”. In Kazakh this idiom which means ‘never’ is expressed by ‘to lie on one’s threshold’. “Who is still green and wet behind his ears”, here the author puts an accent on the young age of his character, but in Kazakh about youths they say ‘milk on his lips has not dried’. Translation of idioms can be managed by using their direct meaning presented in a word or a phrase, “Do not live life like a hidebound mope”, whereas in the Kazakh language a person non grata is ‘a burn’. The same device is used with the metaphors, “And don’t even bother about waiting threat”, in the original text instead of ‘threat’ is ‘a stretched web’. In one of his poems Mashkhur Zhusup compares a moment when a man is dying with a Kazakh custom ‘meeting with a bride’. It is translated into English as it is in Kazakh. The author gives a hint for decoding his metaphor ‘I am a stone holed in the middle’ in the next stanza “The holed stone always finds its use, At least someone will cling it to his pail.” Some of the metaphors are interlingual, “we can not escape from straight shot bullets”, “How the heads become feet, feet changing the head”.

Though all the units in the original text especially functioning as the expressive means should be translated no less vividly, and emotionally uncoloured ones are ought to stay in their quality in the interpretation, such transformations can be accepted since the sound organization is also important though is not exceptional priority. For example “This dragon is not a small fluffy dog, The whole universe for it just a cog”. Resubordination of the poetic meaning is a widely used solution of technical problems caused by poetic form and the interpreting applies its means as well.

Mashkhur Zhusup Kopeev was an active Muslim and spoke many languages of the east nations. Thus the majority of his poem compositions is built on the religious plots and appeal to islamisms and loan words. There emerges a question whether to translate them or transcribe. As Islam is the religion with its own conceptual units and their original Arabic notions are usually transcribed into other languages here they are also transliterated. There is an alphabetical index where the reader can find the meaning of unknown words and correspondences of some proper names such as Nuh (Noah), Suleiman (Solomon). Antroponyms which have correspondences in the translating language can go together as in “The devil’s trade” Jesus

and Gaisa, these two words denote the same notion – the prophet. As regards the loan words in the original text they are no less exotic and even incomprehensible than in English, it is Zhusup’s own style of writing conditioned by his personality. The poet operates with the metaphors from Quran, “They said, ‘We are too big to go out narrow doors.’ Nevertheless exited through a needle’s eye.” ‘The needle’s eye’ is mentioned in Quran’s chapter ‘The Heights’ (Al A’Raf), verse 40 “Never shall heaven open its gates nor shall they enter paradise until the camel passes through the needle’s eye ...”, the background information contained in this phrase may not be decode by the reader, though the author’s comparison of it with the death aisle leaves no doubt of its meaning.

It is interesting that one and the same stanza is used in two poems “Half a loaf” and “Farewell to poetry” without any changes, “Listen and remember, once your death will come| Think of your salvation in good time, my son. If you do not act now when the day’s delayed| Smoke will creep through crashes that have not been clayed.” In its English version this original device is left. Sometimes the poet’s expressive means can be decoded differently and even incorrectly. In that case the decoding should be left to the reader himself, “Overpass a month way when we see the red”. Here ‘the red’ can be a metonymical name of money which were coloured red in XIX or can stand for the meat which is also red, about the importance of this product has been mentioned earlier. Mashkhur Zhusup several times acquaints himself with the reader, it is a specific tradition of the Kazakh poets which originates from the history of the poetry when akyns, bards singing and playing dombyra (national musical instrument), competing with each other began their song with acquaintance.

We hope that this book will advance integration of Kazakh literature into the global culture and will extend the resources for philological science investigation.

FAREWELL TO POETRY

I have lost all patience; nothing's left of it,
Beasts have finished also, good and bad indeed.
And instead of lions wolves are coming down,
Mongrels are replacing hunting with the hounds.

Soul of mine has risen and has flown away
For the troubles worries and the hurting pains.
White doves have been buried by malicious crows,
God has given lengthy life to that black fowl.

Do you see the tears screening our eyes,
Never melting people with the stony hearts?
And whose eyes are open can observe the trend
How the heads become feet, feet changing the head.

And we are unable to do anything
In the deeds and actions no will can be seen.
Have no place to sit on except our hands
Left to bite misfortunes, empty souls and hands.

I have pastured poems from my early age
Where good people gathered has been holiday.
Men with fair faces and sage words have passed
My mind has not found shelter for my heart.

Guesting birds have flown off to the warmer place
They have warned of winter, of such freezing day.
Flowers fine have faded only thorns remained,
How will trill without them a gay nightingale?

With the fair people I've had friendly ties
With the bad ones never concord's been arise.
Wit and peace of mind have left me alone
And my poetry has said "good bye, so long".

Poems were belongings and my flocks in steppe,
Everybody knew me and my life's main net.

Poetry has left me and I can't exist
Only flesh is living when my soul is ceased.

I have spoken sadly to my poesy,
"Are you really leaving without courtesy?
Once we have been close friends, faithful and frank mates,"
Shedding tears it answered opening the gate,

"Time has changed, my true friend, by past days and nights,
No one wants to lend ears to the good words, wise.
No one's left to visit for a hearty talk,
What do you need me for?" asked slowing its walk.

"Can blind men know value worth of sighted eyes?
Where are people knowing worth of truth, not lies?
Let them find the better: crows or nightingales,
Bad men don't know worth of their own spent days.



That who doesn't know my worth will not keep safe,
There are no like-minded persons left today.
It's a shame for me to night on leafless thorns,
And that's why I'm leaving," uttered with a scorn.

"For the whole our planet I have been like Sun
Perfect has been surface, has been never dun.

But there has been no one basking in my rays
Now I am a moonless night clouded with stains. ”

I have fought with foolish people all my life,
As a single soldier in the hostile hive.
Tongues can taste the food and the drink they gulp
When the head is healthy and the body's sound.

All the people puzzled, their souls are ill,
They collect up tortures, sell their quiet peace.
Most are just unable to look back at life,
They don't know the taste of honey to revive.

Most idle without aim, loafing time away,
Don't follow advices, don't hear the wise say.
They are mean of money, every penny's watched,
As a poor cripple with his stumps cut short.

The rich people grudge wealth, paupers can not find.
In the face of last day all are of a kind.
And they ask each other when the time is past,
“Are you still in this world, are you still in fuss?”

When the people break up say, “We'll get it tomorrow,
We'll left empty-handed if don't take our portion.”
They don't think that maybe the next day won't come
If it happens nothing will be left in palms.

God has made from nothing our flesh and soul,
We can not escape from straight shot bullets cold.
Come across misfortunes we are knowing justs,
We are blind and deaf when pure goodness comes.

Souls of light were breathed in our mortal flesh
Passion of great power with them was enmeshed.
Overpass a month way when we see the red,
And don't even bother about waiting threat.

How could be the passion such a stronger foe
Quelling our will and casting in the stove.

To the spread net hurry for a little bait,
Even if a caught bird lies up in the wait.

Listen and remember, once your death will come
Think of your salvation in good time, my son.
If you do not act now when the day's delayed
Smoke will creep through crashes that have not been clayed.

HALF A LOAF

Where are wise imams to read Quran's words?
They are busy with ruses, earning gold.
Let me tell you old legend that I heard
Though for it can't be any profit gained.

As a racing horse time is flashing by,
And a barren soil grows green after rain.
Once a traveler walking down his way
Saw a chest amidst of a lonely trail.

Thinking it was gold his heart leaped from joy,
Then he started fast to that queer coy.
The chest glittered and he could not resist
“Where has it come from? And who can it wit? ”

The man opened wide the chest's heavy lid,
There's a yellow bar of gold he could seize.
“I have come across this chest in the field,”
He cried happily, “It's great Lord's good gift!”

And into the chest he slipped up his hand,
Then took the gold bar it turned to a snake.
A dragon then grew from that wild serpent,
The man could not find a place to escape.

The snake asked him:”How did you get here, man?
I've been just a chest; you've broken the ban,
And you have revived malice by your hand
You've stepped on the snake, on it you depend.”

“Why have you fetched me?” said to him the snake,
 “When the mouth is oped put in it some cake,”
 Why have you disturbed my peace and my rest?
 So today it’s you-my delicious guest.

My abode has been in this golden chest,
 Clever men did not want to be my mess.
 Who has not past by will be devoured up
 Such is their lot destined by great God.

Allah has sent you to my ruthless road,
 You have been ordained to become a mound.
 If you want to get rid of me then try,
 Like it was before, to stuff me inside.

Put me to my place, lock me there again,
 Otherwise I’ll grow and become your bane.
 Nothing’s left to me except eating you
 Maybe you will find who will rescue you?”

The snake gritted fangs which were large and sharp,
 And wide opened mouth was ready to gulp.
 The man was afraid and was weak to move
 When thirty strong men showed up there aloof.

The man thanked his God for sending him help
 From nowhere appeared to save his weak self.
 He blocked there way and started to beg,
 “Save me from the dragon, do not let him neck,”

They tried their best by this way and that
 But the dragon threw all the men aback.
 They could not remain there any more
 “Nothing is to do!” that was all they saw.

“I will eat you up any way I want,
 You won’t make a step without constant haunt,”
 Hissed the dragon when just before their eyes
 Five men showed up clear to save him from vice.

He went down his knees and pleaded for help
 Then shared his trouble and started to beg:
 “Oh, please, find some way to rescue from it!”
 They listened to him in astonishment deep.

“This dragon is not a small fluffy dog,
 The whole universe for it just a cog.
 What we five can do against this wild beast
 If thirty strong men could not defeat it.

There’s nothing we can suggest you as help
 If give our horses it wouldn’t accept!”
 And turning their backs they went on their way,
 “We should reach the point without delay.”

The dragon came up bellowing aloud,
 He knew that the death was roaming about.
 And when he submitted that it was his end
 In front of him showed up a half of a man.

He got into trouble, for him time was hard,
 Continued to beg, did not want to part.
 And as people say, “A floater once drowned”
 He pleaded for help though that wasn’t sound.

The half man came up and steadied himself,
 He wanted to help though small like an elf,
 “The dragon, your words are outrageous lie,
 It can be believed by no man alive!

You’ve got by the throat this pitiful man,
 How can you believe its nonsense and cram?
 “I have been a chest” this snake says to us,
 That is a played trick and trouble to pass.

Now open your eyes think with your right mind,
 It has set a trap your freedom to bind.
 So look at its flesh, its size is immense
 And how it could fit in that little chest?

A lot were convinced and ensnared in trap
 Lie has come to light out of somber wrap.
 First before my eyes demonstrate your words,
 How could be the chest your capacious nurse?"

And the dragon was thrown into a rage,
 As a spine or smoke it flew up deranged.
 It became a spark from the smoke exhaled
 And into the chest it fell down again.

Unexpectedly he found the way out
 And in such a way coffered in a bout.
 "Well, now I can see that you've told us true!"
 Slammed the coffer's lid, it's forever mewed.

"You've got rid of it; lucky is your fate,
 That damned snake is bad, good I wasn't late,
 Don't step up to it from now any more
 Every time you see this chest on your road. "

"My heart's drumming fast, madly with great fear,
 What a brave bold man! You are worth to rear!
 Maybe you're a gin or an angel, please,
 Settle doubts and say, who are you my dear?"

"What a fool are you! What an empty head!
 Are your eyes so blind and can't see all that?
 What has been that snake? Nothing but a word
 Uttered carelessly like a flying bird.

Evil catches eyes as capricious gold
 And it seems that it won't be lost of hold.
 If a badly word drops out off your lips
 Everywhere you go will be quarrels, stings."

Where comes evil from? From a babbling tongue,
 Who has intellect will watch out that one.
 Let a bad word slip from your careless mouth
 As the dragon it will pursue about.

Thirty days of fast are that thirty men,
 Five namazes are the five later came.
 All the bad you'd done they could not erase,
 Only with their help nothing can be changed.

If there wasn't me woe would be your soul,
 You lost the last hope and remained there sole.
 If you don't know me let me to remind
 I'm alms of yours, half a loaf once dined.

Given not entire of the niggard's hand,
 If were whole you'd not have been left behind.
 Charity displayed by you in this life
 Is the haunt for soul when will come hard times.

Listen to me youth, once your death will come
 In good time think of your salvation, son.
 If you don't act now when the day's delayed
 Smoke will creep from all crashes that not clayed.

And if all the smoke gathers in one place
 You've watched what can be in disaster's face.
 Charity and faith don't break off apart,
 Make them whole and full in your mortal heart.

Do not be my friends as a fruitless tree
 Firewood - that's for what it will be fit.
 "Al hasanat iz hybyn alsiat"
 Learn what mean the words of the true aya.

LEAVES WITHOUT TREES

Drunk is man, who's eaten from haram,
 Poor man, he has been treated by a foe.
 No content no love in men busy with cram
 Endless streams of tears sheds my soul.

Can a fool find reason in these words?
 Crowds of fools roam searching for lame truth.

Kazakh nation is deceived by lords,
Masters how to change lie into sooth.

Brother, do not lose the months and years,
Wasting them on eating meet and tea
Learners are called “tramps” by fools,
When returning from the studies overseas.

Keep aside, my brothers, paths of greed,
Misers won’t find way to paradise.
On the surface saint they are, indeed –
Hell is promised them without rid.

If you don’t take charge of poor people
How will they survive and find the haven?
Misers are bereft of blessing feeble
Told the prophet, and his words are saved on.

Practice goodness from your early age,
Generosity opens the heaven.
Pious men to God are beloved slaves,
Entering eight doors of heaven.

Can’t be false ayas and true hadeeth,
All can witness who have seen it once.
Paupers wild that business can not seize
As if they were all alone on earth.

Open hands and find the time to good,
If you won’t, beware of squandering.
Keep an eye and think of what you do,
Don’t be wasteful about days in string.

Put in order things the day before,
Make them notice, talk about your style.
Things that done should be concrete not raw,
So that thousands years stand out a mile.

This is science that is main in life,
Preparation without it is bad,

Your intent should be to further life,
Work till tiredness will grip you hard.

One that thinks about the end torments,
There all things existing never die.
Earn your living working, use your hands,
“One that wins the game will win in life.”

Keep in mind life will come and leave,
But don’t stop to act for other world!
“Somehow I’ll get over it” you think,
Men that save their souls have happy lot.

Take your profit in that life and this,
Wealth, without labour, does not come.
If your soul longs only for the bliss,
Do devote yourself to science, art.

Weak-willed men knowing no skill or craft
Have no deeds to show their honest God.
Don’t neglect study and learning much,
Providence has roots, remember it.

With no trouble there is no result,
Early bird catches a worm they say.
Listing things to do don’t think they’re hard,
And no end is seen to bustle lay.

Aspiration, duty’s good for youths,
Don’t be careless if you’re real man.
Mind that you’ll be paid without confuse,
Act until the force has left your flesh.

Mind dries up thinking of useless things:
What to put and live on, what to eat.
Judge, please, give us strength to end our deeds,
Burnt with life and tired is my soul.

Though I’m tired, unachieved is hope,
There is always thought that I will reach.

Do not live life as a hidebound mope
Always last, drifting on life's long beach.

Time of long perdition past behind,
Busy eating, drinking without work
Youths stand out nothing's on their mind
Loose tongues throw words round never stop.

Their only business - gatherings
To young people it brings nothing good.
If there're any leaves without trees
Could a wordless science bear fruit?

SEVEN ORPHANS

Life is passing by counting days and nights,
On the path to knowledge every effort's strained.
As a verse I wrote "Seven orphans" lines,
Better than the idling, spending time in vain.

If someone builds up Allah's house-a mosque,
And the dzhamaat does not go there pray.
Honest people, say what can be the worse
When such sacred place stands without respect.

When a man grows rich unexpectedly
And all kinds of stock breed continually,
But he does not use or eat out of this,
If all wealth is lost he will feel sorry.

If a bad man meets a true goodly wife
Then it is her lot to lead a dog's life.
If a quarrelsome woman meets wise men
God forbid! And save from this bad omen.

Among learned men if there is a fool
Unintentionally, without any tool,
By stupidity he will slay them all.
Worse than this can't be orphanage at all.

If the holy book-Quran's never read
It's an orphan house, offers up no beads.
Be on your soul's guard against orphanage
Hard will be your sin at the end of age.

KIN

Who's touched and proud when you are sound, it's your kin,
Surrounds you with support and always near, it's your kin.
Lightens the hards, disquiet when you're afar, it's your kin
Who pets you kindly with caress, never restrains, it's your kin,

Nor does it slander, blacken thy good name, it's your kin.
Who's gracious when in need and keeps you safe, it's your kin.
Who longs for seeing you, hurrying the time it's your kin,
Remembers you heart moved by love it's your kin.

When bragging wraps you in soft down, it's your kin,
Prudently sets you on the right track, it's your kin,
Whisper of murmur who melts you with, it's your kin,
Who twitches snakes in sleep no one, but your kin.

Each uttered word believed by whom? – By your kin,
If take a false step who blames first, it's your kin.
Who prays for your foreordained life, it's your kin
Suffices providential fortune who? It's your kin.

Walking on foot acts as if riding high - it's your kin,
Honest edification does not understand your kin.
When you're astray who shares horses, it's your kin.
Who makes a mountain out of mistakes, it's your kin.



Using cognation sniffs out everything your kin,
 Who strings with threaded habits? It's your kin.
 Doesn't despise to join enemy in raid, it's your kin
 When being caught reluctantly returns your kin.

When things not good frightened, aloof is your kin
 And wipes the tears shedding down endlessly your kin.
 There're many words to share which one to write?
 First be careful not to get punishment, despite.

If grasps my anxious words I'll sting with venom,
 Lashing my native land where do I find the better?
 No way for insult, for my environs were benighted.
 A living slave's a lot of changes to be witnessed.

FIVE DUTIES

Brothers, best of arts is science, knowledge
 One who thinks so, lend your ear to din Islam.
 Mind is free while no one builds up strong hedge,
 While you live speak to the people, fearless tongue!

Take a look at death before its coming,
 God please take to paradise your humble slave.
 Is there any man now knowing value
 Of edification which can one day save?

Allah ordered us five things to follow
 With a true intention people should obey.
 That day their eyes won't be cried out, no!
 It is them who haven't spent their lives in vain.

Pure Iman is one of Islam's duties,
 That who has been hoarding won't find them,
 Working hard with true intention, boldest
 Men that sacrifice their lives on sacred way.

Offer up your prayers, utter God's words
 Let the eyes of soul be oped and never shut.
 Lord is one and true is His existence,
 Lord of eighteen thousand worlds is Mighty God.

We're obliged to do namaz, the second
 Duty's to tell that to unaware men.
 Slaughter passion and it will be reckoned
 As the offering to only one great God.

Don't think about anything except God
 Don't think you can reach the bottom of His thought.
 Do not turn around and play, act
 While you are praying as if walking on the rope.

Devil will put evil ideas
 And some of your namaz prayers will be wrong.

After setting into mind the Lost Iblees
Will take you to sinful thoughts, fancies along.

Say "Allah – akbar" two times in prayers,
With namaz we are obliged to offer up.
Wicked demons, Devil come together
Hurting people and ensnare them into trap.

Third of our duties Ramadan month,
If the time of death has come it is your arm.
And if you have missed knowingly one day
Sixty days are kifarat for you to fast.

Fourth we're obliged by zakyat payment
Taken from your cattle, don't give way to sin:
Lame and blind, tailless are not accepted
Be just, thankful paying your zakyat to King.

Cattle that is skinny and defected
On the judgment day will witness of your greed
Offerings should make heavier a good scale
Woe is you, for it will damage you instead.

Asked not only for myself but people
Never sold my words for reputation, gold.
Spend all on Hak's way without pity;
You can not take them along to other world.

Do not lose your time and make the offerings,
Death won't ask if you're an old man or a youth.
There is a hadeeth from our prophet
Listen brothers with attention to the sooth:

Righteous men have kindly look and sweet speech
They pray and say zikr words to Hak – the Truth
Mercifulness, kindness is their presage,
Smiling at men, their eyes shining with good.

Seven kinds of men will live on Heaven:
Generous and honest is the shape of soul,

That who practice much namaz will ever
Dwell in paradise, which is the promised goal.

Men that when meet young or old, no matter,
Greet and welcome passers-by with high respect.
Their fast is good and they are better
Beloved slaves of God, they will be let.

Dwellers of the hell are also seven,
Those are men, who trade the good lot for the bad,
They have sullen face and use bad language,
That will fall into a terrible abode.

In their souls and hearts there is no fear,
They are always far from being good to men,
Tight-fisted, niggard to Lord dear
And accustomed to speak rudely without sense.

Their namaz is incomplete and shortened,
Fast is also shortened, hard and never full.
Men who spend much time on pray are laughed at
By these mocking fools stupid as mules.

When they meet men never greet or welcome,
Their homes never meet guests, their doors are shut.
They don't know but to the lies they beckon,
Words said in the book can't reach their heart.

"He is younger; I should not greet him first.
Is my mind less bright than his? That can not be!
Why does not he offer his hand?" Traverse,
Obstacle is his own pride, he can not see.

Greet the people is sunnat to Muslims,
Follow sunnah if you are from this ummat.
Twenty saub for just one saluting,
For an ignoramus that is gift from God.

Pilgrimage to House is the fifth duty,
Hadge demands the money earned by fair means.

Holy place calls men intending purely,
Rich men are obliged to make a sacred trip.

Our prophet said, "Go to Hadge, riches!
See me, my community. But those who won't
Let them pass away among infidels"
That is the hadeeth, by it the prophet warned.

See the greatness of God's skill, and wonder,
Without bearings are steady the Earth and sky.
If content of God is what you ponder,
Send your children to studies without delay.

Give your son and daughter knowledge early,
Don't deprive them of holding the wealth of God.
Four will be rewarded by God's mercy
For a good intent: the teacher, parents, child.

Ignorant hadges today are many,
Men that have a thirst for knowledge have no means.
Lads, be busy earning on your studies,
Benefactors help a few, remember this.

SULEIMAN AND IBLEES

To worship God for us paryz,
Hurry to kneel and gain your ease,
Suleiman prophet in one of days
To Allah said his one request,

"Jins do not bend to people's will
We use all things but they're chip,
Land, water, birds and animals
You gave me a seal ring to govern them.

To reach the land you have to walk,
One thing is missed my dear Lord,
Not given all the reign to me
Unless Satan is bend to me."

"For ages he steps crooked paths,
Bringing no good to any slave.
Do you think he can be a humble?
Once lost he'll always stumble."

"You made me king to all these people,
I rule and govern every dribble!
Let me to rule Lost Iblees,
I'll bind him up and make a wisp."

"Your words do not deserve My Greatness
Your mind is weak to fathom it.
If you won't let Satan act freely
You'll starve without this lost angel.

"What was the purpose of creation
Of all mankind's bitterest foe?
I do not care of starvation
I'll tie him up if You allow.

"Order to wind to bring him here!
Don't let him hide in deeper pits!
Your force will weaken soul will sear
No means you'll find to get your feed."

He ordered winds to fetch the devil,
Awoke the breeze and howled the gale.
They tied him up soon after travel,
"Lie here, damned, and watch your tail."

They bound Satan right to the roc
To take revenge on him with torture.
He got much power from our Lord,
At God's great might they were astonished.

As they say intellect's in money
And that your beauty's in your throat,
He didn't eat from his state's money,
For food got without labour is not good.

He went to market to sell baskets,
And on that gain he bought his meal.
If after selling he earned nothing
The king went hungry to his bed.

He twined a basket and went out
To make his ordinary trade.
There's not a living soul around
"How that can be?" he asked himself.

All streets and palaces were empty,
He walked down them amazingly.
There were not birds up flying gaily
How great was God his eyes could see.

He gazed around with surprise
No one bought cattle or sold it.
(To test his slave Great God that did!)
All people gathered in the mosque,
Facing qibla they cried to Lord.

Each one forgot that filthy lucre,
Old, young had left their sheep behind.
None talked, no even a low whisper,
All business was erased from minds.

People sat crying to their God
Old, young were praying on their knees.
Men did not care about anyone,
King Suleiman all that could see.

"There are no people to buy my baskets,
They do not stir from their places.
What is the day today? What is the secret?
Reveal me God. It just amazes!"

"Now you believe when your eyes witnessed.
Do not compare yourself with people.
All left their works to gain forgiveness,
For that what happened, you was the reason.

Now I'll explain why all this happened,
Restore the things to what they've been.
When men try their work get started
The devil pushes them unseen.

He makes them do one thing and other,
Incites, deprives of will and rest.
It's you who has tied up him and no other
Now people are tied up in the east and west.

The devil's friendship is deceit,
He is the master to befuddle.
If one resists his charms strong-willed
That won't be cheated by his fuddle.

They won't stand up from their seats,
And they won't gather for the talk.
This world is as it is because
Satan's in it and that's the cause.

King Suleiman with wonder smiled
When comprehended Allah's skill,
"Now I can see that I was blind
And I will free him by Your will."

The King unbound the devil, freed him
And crowds of people ran with fuss.
Each one began to run his business,
The market turned to one hot rush.

Someone worked hard, another sold,
The third hunted in mountains high.
Nothing's in vain as it was told,
The devil has its purpose till the time.

Satan stayed damned as he had been,
And power in this world he got.
To lead astray and to incite to sin
By false ideas men he taught.

For that goddamned will never die,
It can't be helped if you are astray,
If you confuse right false of life
For you forgiveness is delayed.

One yields to devil's craftiness,
Who shepherds it and longs it.
But that who by Lord's kindness
Is guarded will never fall in.

All things are evident to us,
And all is distinct, truth is clear.
Do not think that's in vain my dear,
These words I left for you to hear.

Learn lessons given by the rulers,
Taught by events in life good, bad.
The party members're witty pullers
Collect a hundred from a hut.

Intention brought up by religion
Is pulling to Allah's right way.
When spend on Hak's way the subscription
Is less than one tiyin from a slave.

That is the time where mankind lives
And in this life nothing is changed
We pass through it and never pleased
Our souls leave it and that is sage.

Mashkhur has been to Buhara, Kokan
I wish to travel even farther
As if cast feathers of white swan
My words have left for you to gather.

THE WORLD

Tell me why this world is so awkward
As tailless horse it can't be grasped
Cheated are all its friends devoted,
Without exception all are robbed.

This world is mad now I can see it,
A late wake up and early sleep
Prevents the world of lavish milking
To fire pushes with a grin.

Show me the riches it has given,
The good whose life was gold and silvern.
By it the miser's to hell driven
So many goods in it, who seized one?

This world was not a friend of bad men,
Nor it has touched a good man's yard down
It has not favored holy prophets,
Thanks God I understand it's noisome.

This world has put out people's eyes,
And I'm fed up by its skilled lies
Fools tricked can't enter paradise,
Lost in the middle, paralised.

This world is a naughty lamb on cliff,
Quicksilver running though in heave
If Allah wants from world to give
It splashes like a mountain spring.

THE BLIND, DEAF AND NAKED

I lived my life alone, could not find love,
I went away for I could not meet God,
I told the blinds but who'd believe me,
A thing which never seen I've caught.

A traveled land bare as a bold scull
Would come to an end one day,
A perishable life as a rule is temporal
I've seen three men who go astray.

One's eyes are sharp like a telescope
Though they were able to see nothing
Large things as ants beyond his scope,
Sharp-sighted eyes see even trifles.

No handicap prevents to see insects,
If asked he'd describe them in detail,
His eye perceives only small things,
Though never fails to find the trail.

The other's ears are stone-deaf,
He is alive and has good health,
Though he can't hear his own voice
Even if Heaven fell on the Earth.



To meet the deaf is self-revenge,
But else you'd never know his trick
- If you tell secrets he will edge
And concealed secrets he will seek.

The other traveler is naked,
Open shame places, visible.
Drags down the skirts invented,
As if that clothes feasible.

Outside a human, a beast inside.
I saw them and was astonished
Dust has been whirling over roads,
Reality has seemed abolished.

Once met they've never parted
They've lived out equal patch of life,
Their sight as mulberries in desert
Enjoyed and fed my hungry eyes.

A black bare steppe fell to their lot,
A lonely desert round them smothered.
Who will see them his face will rot,
With painful sores will be covered.

Afraid the naked pounced on clothes,
The blind seized them without notice
The deaf grabbed them thrashed the blind
Without any effort he got the clothes.

Beware of them I stood afar
And witnessed all with my own eyes,
What that three did and what they didn't
I told the people without lies.

The blind said, "I can see clearly
A countless army taking promenade!"
He said and agitated suddenly,
The punishment and damn of God.

The deaf reached then his voice roaring
"Can hear their voices I as well,"
Since they told enemy was hording,
The naked was afraid as if from hell.

"If not to leave this place right now
The enemy will pursue us and chase,
They'll cut the longest skirt, their row
We'll get, behind us they'll ever race."

The blind said, "I see them coming,"
The deaf, "My ears have caught the sound,"
The naked could not find hiding,
"Lost is my skirt then!" moaned and cried.

They clattering and making noise
Ran on God's ash-grey motley steppe
Their darkened minds if considered wise
We ourselves had not a hint of intellect.



What did three devils see? The nothing.
The naked hearing "Enemy!" escaped,
Speeded away crying, if it gave way
He wished the Earth could swallow him.

Three left their country for the hills
Crying aloud, "The enemy has reached."
Time came of tiredness and hunger,
Was lost the hope once cherished.

Those three went out to the waste,
 Few nights and days in hunger passed.
 Who'd bother himself laying table
 For three fools roving in the trouble?

A lot of places gone and seen, they were
 Hard hit and punished by the hunger.
 "Oh, why have we had such distemper?" said,
 Blaming each other in the waste.

The deaf told blind, "Are you satisfied?
 You did what you had wanted saying that
 You saw the enemy, now we will die
 Roaming about the steppe alone.

The blind said to the deaf, "Wasn't that you
 Who heard the noise? As a woman
 You cry I know when you no nothing.
 The cause of our ills is you."

"Two curs, what have you done to us?
 You've brought us here!" the naked said,
 "One has seen, the other heard,
 You frightened me and finished me at least."

Then that two grabbed the naked, said to him
 "When we find food you always eat with us.
 Why did you rush ahead of people who knew better?
 Fearfully flee? What's there dearer than we?"

"People can see and witness that you are naked.
 Tormented us saying the enemy would get you
 "My skirts and sleeves are long," you boast
 But you're naked, where is your skirt?"

Find first the coat-breast and the sleeves
 And then boast people of your broader skirt,
 There are no clothes on you to rob even if
 The enemy will reach takes what from you?"

The three divided wrangling each on his own,
 Turned difficult for them their travel.
 Does not depend on knowledge, all men once err,
 Since we're created mortal.

Long tale loosed tongue to pour it further,
 I played tall stories as the music.
 Traveler's shelter in their journeys
 In front appeared, - a wide large house.

When the three entered that large house
 They didn't saw a thing but a picked carrion
 "A hungry doesn't recognize his father,
 For the hungry things taste as sweet honey."

Only a bare bone was left for that three
 Crows put their beaks on carrion,
 All gnawed around by birds and animals
 They couldn't find a bit of meat on it.

God made them strolling in the waste,
 And come across it, one forgot his hunger;
 Animals' king the lion or a flying falcon
 Had hardly passed it without notice.

For nothing fell that to their share, free
 And hence neither a friend nor enemies
 Could become messmates. Any dog
 Had sucked a common carrion.

"Who are we if not wild dogs or birds?"
 Hard time began for them, they suffered.
 As if it was a young lamb kept for guests
 The three poor roughly pounced on it.

It jerked under their teeth as a lion's fangs
 As if they ate a slaughtered prey,
 Reached easy plenty lying in the middle
 They pounced on it and pounced.

Not even little meat, and sucked, and
 Chewed as stones or wood.
 "A carefree has a full belly," people said
 They easy put on their weight.

Then jokes and games were by the way,
 Hearts open to each other, gay.
 Gasping they could not go, their necks
 As well-fed dogs' were thick and fat.

Met with the carrion like with friends
 It nothing occurred to their mind except
 The carrion. They grew more awesome,
 Fatter and larger like the elephant.

Till death they would be busy filling guts
 And food would not be ever shared.
 So boundless huge their fatness was
 That their houses no room spared.

In life one day's bazaar, one is a grave
 Who's everyday bazaar will suffer it some day,
 The rich is a dreading hero in his place
 Fitted his house, moreover the laying space.

The thought to leave his pretended cradle
 Had never crossed his weak fearful mind,
 What for had he gone out through his hut's hole?
 He didn't notice, couldn't understand.

The three gathered, listened to sage words
 Of a man who wandered the whole world
 They said, "We are too big to go out narrow doors."
 Nevertheless exited through a needle's eye.

Rapidly ran not hearing the advice,
 Skipped and galloped without disguise.
 They did not see if there any door existed,
 How they went out they didn't realize.

Among a thousand passers – by or more
 Through that hole the one finds the door.
 But I did not find it that's why
 My cut tongue couldn't tell the core.

I do not want to leave this house at all,
 I can see everything from my window
 For I haven't followed my own advice
 Delighted who will listen to my words?

Let me unriddle this long narration
 If I do not, you will rack your brains
 People say, "We do not leave the house"
 The death is waiting for living beings.

So that hole is the death's aisle,
 Having eyes, how can't you see it?
 "The gate to heaven is like the needle's eye"
 As the holy Quran's ayat us says.

"Who will restrain himself?" it asks,
 "The perishable life is hard to leave,"
 "The camel passes through the needle's eye,"
 Our task is to find way and do believe.

All the born to this world are leaving it,
 There is no profit in this life, it passes by.
 Through unbelievable one hole a plenty
 Of caravans are passing from our sight.

No strength to wake up from the sleep
 The day will come when eyes will open
 Fighting that hole some to the steep
 Other will have to meet their bridegroom.

Who are that three close friends?
 If you have such, so woe are you!
 Miser is whose eyes are blind
 His fellows will have a badly end.

Illusive life casts over our eyes
Now hard to find the right way.
It's he who finds faults, and bites
Like a spiteful dog with his fangs.

Important things don't reach his eyes,
That's why I've named him "blind"
He does not see a thing and ties
His fellow's eyes to lose their sight.

I'll give the clue, now all is seen
If you have time here is solution:
The deaf without ears is men's sin
Called pride, as if all things are known.

Endless is his self- confidence,
There's nobody cleverer than he,
Wise words can't reach his ears,
Before him there's only misery.

Poison is mixed in these sweet words
Isn't there any worth in them?
You've come here absolutely naked,
Or maybe you've been born with a hem?

No clothing has been given to your lot
Everything piled you'll leave behind.
People rap you three times in cotton
If not for them you'll leave life nude.

Count years you have lived on the earth,
That's not the rime on winter grass,
Your life has passed all about your skirt
In utter nakedness you didn't trust.

"This world is mine!" thought you ruled it,
Realized all ideas, dreams, and thoughts.
You envied all, hid it and run with it
So many times you left with noughts.

The miser will have two friends beside him
On judgment day - the deaf and blind,
They are afraid of it more than in time
Of Red heads and Kalmyks fight.

From the pen of mine this poem is issued,
My clan is Argyn, Kazakh is my nation
My father's name Kopei, my war cry is alash,
Mashkhur Zhusup is my first name!

SURAH IKLAS

Unlimited and endless are the thanks to Lord
The death is truth, it comes without expect.
The whole inanimate and living beings world
Tells tirelessly tasbih to Allah's unanimity.

All of them do zikr his beautiful name
Each utterance contains his name.
There is a surah In Quran called Iklas,
Its whole matter shows us miracle.

This surah has excess in sauab and fazul
In Quran's tafsir its features said.
True event narrated in Quran as a puzzle
Is unriddled by learned imams.

In forty years the prophet had afflatus
Hak ordered him to make dauat to kafirs
"Allah is only one, admit his prophet!"
To Mecca's kafirs Muhammad proclaimed.

Kafirs told to Rasul, "Hey, Muhammad,
Look, our idols are made of things
Give us a precious evidence of your God
Make us believe and know Him.



By his mighty power Zhabbar Lord
Sent to Habib this surah – holy verse.
Prophet Muhammad answered to kafirs
By words of Iklas and proved existence.

Iklas was named this surah in Quran.
That who reads it with open heart
To Hak his body would be freed
From hell's torments and blazing fires.

Old knowledge concluded in this surah
For that who reads that verse sincerely.
No one but God gives knowledge to his slave
And soothes his soul in Mahshar.

Man will be sound if he only
Takes as a habit reading it.
The devil would beware of him
He wouldn't cheat that man.

Old people call it "Nur surah", repeat it
Constantly through the night and day.
Allah's excess on that mere mortal
His soul as roses blossoms gay.

Quran's light flows from this surah,
About its wonder say tafsirs.
Three times repeated with deep sense -
Sauab from it as from the whole Quran.

Pronounce its words with great respect-
Red roses would grow on his grave.
In a dark grave for humble slaves
This surah shines brightly like a lamp.

If you are afraid that soul will fall into kufir
If you think, "Let my iman be strong!"
Strengthen your faith by reading this surah
And you'll pass this life in Islam.

The four respectful angels are beside
Each is obedient and ready for his duty
By Allah's will, His wisdom this surah
They've written across their foreheads.

I can't find words to tell the miracle of it,
All wonders of this surah, all its marvels.
Blessed story reached our time, all it tells us
Let me narrate from treasury Rasul's hadeeth.

When Muhammad returned from Migragh
Rasul told his ahab all what had happened,
"My ears caught tasbih, I listened to it
I understood it was respectful angel's zikr.

The angel's zikr – holy surah called Iklas
Over and over he repeated his tasbih.
One who repeats it often will amass
Espesial Reward from his Great God.

“Hey, Muhammad, look there” said Allah,
Do you see the angels? That’s new afflatus”,
One and all of them read surah as tasbih
For this surah big saub proceeds from Us”.

That is why I charge you with this verse
My goodness falls upon him in mahshar.
My friend, who reads continually this surah
Will be endowed with great saub and bless.

A humble slave in the Judgment day
Will be busy with his own problems.
Countless rows of slaves among them he
Will get importance larger than the earth.

There are four holy books in this existence
Zabur, Taurat, Inzhil and great Quran.
God gave its features in their substance,
Concluded in this surah in that four books.

Read it with pure intention just one time
And you will get all what you’ve dreamt
And gain reward as it’s the four books prime
Zabur, Taurat, Inzhil, Quran.

In Migrazh Rasul went to the paradise
He saw there all the countless miracles,
The prophet walked about the garden nice
Muhammad came across nabi Idris.

Idris said to Rasul, “Hey listen Saint!
When slaves die many dangers for them wait
Souls coming out, dark grave and torments in it,
Tarazy, kesap, suad, ruzi, mahshar.”

Muhammad answered, “Passed through it
You dwell in paradise, enjoy its beauty
All dangers are behind and your exit
Changed to eternal life and blessing.”

Then Idris said to Rasul, “I am in paradise,
I witnessed all the mentioned dangers,
Nevertheless my thought and dream was
To be in your community, Rasul.”

Then Muhammad ikram responded to Idris
“You stroll about the gardens of this paradise,
Tell me, why have you dreamt to be
One of the followers of Muhammad? ”

Idris said to Rasul, “If you want to listen
There are so many better places here,
I want to enter them when I am near.
And as an answer they respond to me,

“Don’t try to enter”, say that gardens,
This place is destined for Muhammad’s
Community, until they come through
No one can enter these nice gardens,”

I told, “You have not seen that people
How can you favour them so much?
What worshipping they merited by
This splendid paradise explain me? ”

And they answered to me, “Surah Iklas,
Sincere readers of that verse will gain
This paradise as reward and thus
In zhuma they have read it with community.

That reward is higher than the mountains
Their answers are limitless.
In mahshar when people gather
With honour they will be escorted here.

There is a story told by prophet
Let me narrate it too.
One day the messenger of God
With his ashab made a discourse.

Zhabrail angel reached them
And brought to Muhammad message.
In Yemen lives one rich good man
He read this surah everyday.

From four hundred thousand heavens
Here came the angels standing abreast.
Hey, Rasul, go fast and preach
All read zhanaza to the dead.

The prophet said to Zhabrail
How long is distance between us,
Zhabrail answered, "seven hundred tash
Call everybody to Blessed Medina."

The prophet started with "bismillah!"
Zhabrail transferred Muhammad to that land.
The prophet was imam to angels
And all prayed for that dead man.

Rasul asked angel Zhabrail
"How did he find such honour?
From the heaven went down Malik
What service did he make for God?"

Zhabrail answered, "Hey, prophet,
I will tell you listen then,
To such respect is honoured one
Who has read Iklas when alive."

Allah for that gives this welfare
Angels go down to read namaz
By Allah's will as He promised
They enjoy this splendid garden.

If read Iklas each day – ten awards
"Ayatul Kursi" read in addition.
You will take place near the prophet,
In mahshar that He will tell.

To that slave God will be grateful
And the devil won't lead astray.
Ashab named Kahf confirmed it
In the hadeeth, and we believe it.

Named Iklas that surah
Read it with pure intention.
You will have much for that in this life
The best and good will give Allah.

His neighbours won't left empty-handed
They will not suffer poverty.
For reading much surah Iklas
Zhabbar will do much favour.

MUHAMMAD AND ABUDJAHIL

Don't start the business if you can't make it
God is merciful, don't lose your hope!
Like Abudzhahil the Lost – shame on him
As a careless wind don't blow the lies.

Power would come and come from potency
Go ahead with your pure intent
Help yourself to some soul food, from
Lord's beloved friend Muhammad.

To a fighting field came Abudzhahil,
Sure that he's the strongest fighter,
Aimed Muhammad's heart to get tossed,
He struggled with two weaker.

One Abudzhahil's little brother-
Pretended beaten down to land.
Without a pause he hit the other,
Cried, "Who'll come to fight the strongest?"

As a furious dog roared and barked the kafir
A thousand damns for that he got,

He spitted on his hands and said, "Come here
If cherish hope to win me!"

"My dear, getaway I can't say only to the flame",
And sure steps of Hak Rasul
Directed the fight ring, Abudzhahil the Lost
Stood there boasting as a fool.

Eighteen was Abudzhahil's age and twelve
Was Muhammad, the first
Huge as a mountain, the other as a little hill;
Between them a great gulf lied.

Abudzhahil had full of pomp his speech
Came of his words, relish in each.
"True that I won't fight today I'm not insane
As you are! There's no wish to struggle,

Let's play the ball, it is better." Chattered
The mass, not minding their mouth,
"He is afraid of fight", moaned people,
"One is great; the other is a little boy

He is beware! Decided not to take a risk,
Between them distance
Gaping as from the Earth to Heavens
All is clear, his strength is brisk."

Said Abudzhahil, "You don't want to fight!
Don't want to feel my fists,
Don't want to struggle! Is any help tomorrow coming?
Why aren't you trying me today?"

"The reason of my refuse is that you
Have fought a couple already
Even I win you don't accept my victory,
Tiredness will be your lame excuse,

Two feasts a day aren't good old people say."
"Listen to him, who eats

A big meal twice a day? Good, bad two men he fought,
His words sound reasonable", they told.

"Go home, take a rest and come tomorrow,
Let me decide the day of fight,
Before all people we will deal, they'll see
Who is more powerful."

The crowd was astonished hearing that,
"What wise decision for the boy
Who's still green and wet behind the ears,
Listen to him!" they wondered.

"Postpone the fight, get all the rich," said people
"Arrange the fighting field,
Each day their meat is running out, let us
Taste it tomorrow! " they agreed.

And the whole crowd broke up making noise
Exaggerating all what happened,
Laughing, "He couldn't overcome the fear
Frightened he was!" they whimpered.

Night was gone, the morrow's dawn set up.
At the noon around the rich crowded the poor.
That day more people gathered up,
Raising the clouds of dust high to the sky.

Two hills were full of people at amusement,
Invisibly among them angels strolled.
Ashim plumed himself on his wealth, and evil
Soaked into a bragging boastful heart.

"My boy showed you his power and you
Rely on whom? - The orphan!
If my child wins I'll make a feast of hundred
Camels and twice more sheep,

Let me please all people with a great meal,
Treat to my dishes without count,

If by mistake the orphan conquers who'd be able
To slaughter such amount of cattle?!"

First stood up Abutalib, "What could I slaughter
Having nothing, the only horse
I'd kill it, if I had, but the poor is numb,
The rich is always a fine speaker."

Hamza said, "I am a hunter chasing beasts
On my stumpy-tailed horse.
Will accept as meal my present people
If I bring? No use in discourse."

Jumped to feet Abbas and said in fury,
"Why bother people with the nonsense clatter,
All people for you are miserable
And you are wealthy that's the matter."

"Don't wag your tongue thinking you're rich
And others are in poverty,
All by myself I'll slaughter five hundred sheep
And three of camels, if we win,

And it will stand as from the whole tribe", said,
"In whipping cattle am I worse than anyone?
If want to feed your hunger, the poor prey with us
I am who spares wealth without pity.

Stand up, my dear Muhammad, go to the field!
This rascal's words burnt me completely
If you get victory not animals' I'll sacrifice my own life
Haram is cattle that I am avid of."

Hearing that words the boy got stronger,
His spirits rose and flaming vigour
Firmed, his face reflecting light was radiant.
Transfigured started to the field.

Power of the prophecy imbued his nature,
He was aware of what he owned;

The mountain was just a mere ball,
What's Abudzhahil? He was nothing.

As a burning sparkle on the field he showed,
As if the river streaming to a brine.
Without suspense came up there Abudzhahil
Oiling his body up the belt.

"Let's see the skill of fighters," said,
"Be active in the struggle," said,
Not to say after that you entangled
Take off your dress, Muhammad," said.

"Oiled is each inch of my bare flesh
It's not so easy to catch me.
You are too young, my boy, now learn it
If haven't seen such trick before."

"I wouldn't look for pretext,
Fighting in clothes is my habit,
I won't even oil my hands today,
In front of you I'm standing ready."

Two youths got at their grips, they said,
"Let them move, begin the fight!"
Hither and thither Abudzhahil pulled, his sweat
Was shining in the day light.

"To the third try act and wave," he said,
"You earlier were born" he said,
"When you will say "I'm through I'll start,
Wait till you use your last grip."

Tried to grab but all the same
All of his efforts were in vain,
He fussy snatched Muhammad's leg,
Crowd amazing stood there mad.

Expecting moment and the right way
He couldn't lift him up for inch.

Sweated Abudzhahil in torment, his nose
Was bleeding, eyes were dim.

Realizing his self weakness Abudzhahil
To end the fray in short decided,
“My force run out, I can not even breathe,
Fight till the third movement,”

“Giving two tries to rivals is our Lord’s way,
To you that for your age I’ve promised,
And now be on your own, don’t take for game
Or for the desert mirage, that’s indeed”.

With one hand grasped him for his belt,
Head, feet together in another,
Tost up him highly to the sky –
No one could see him or discover.

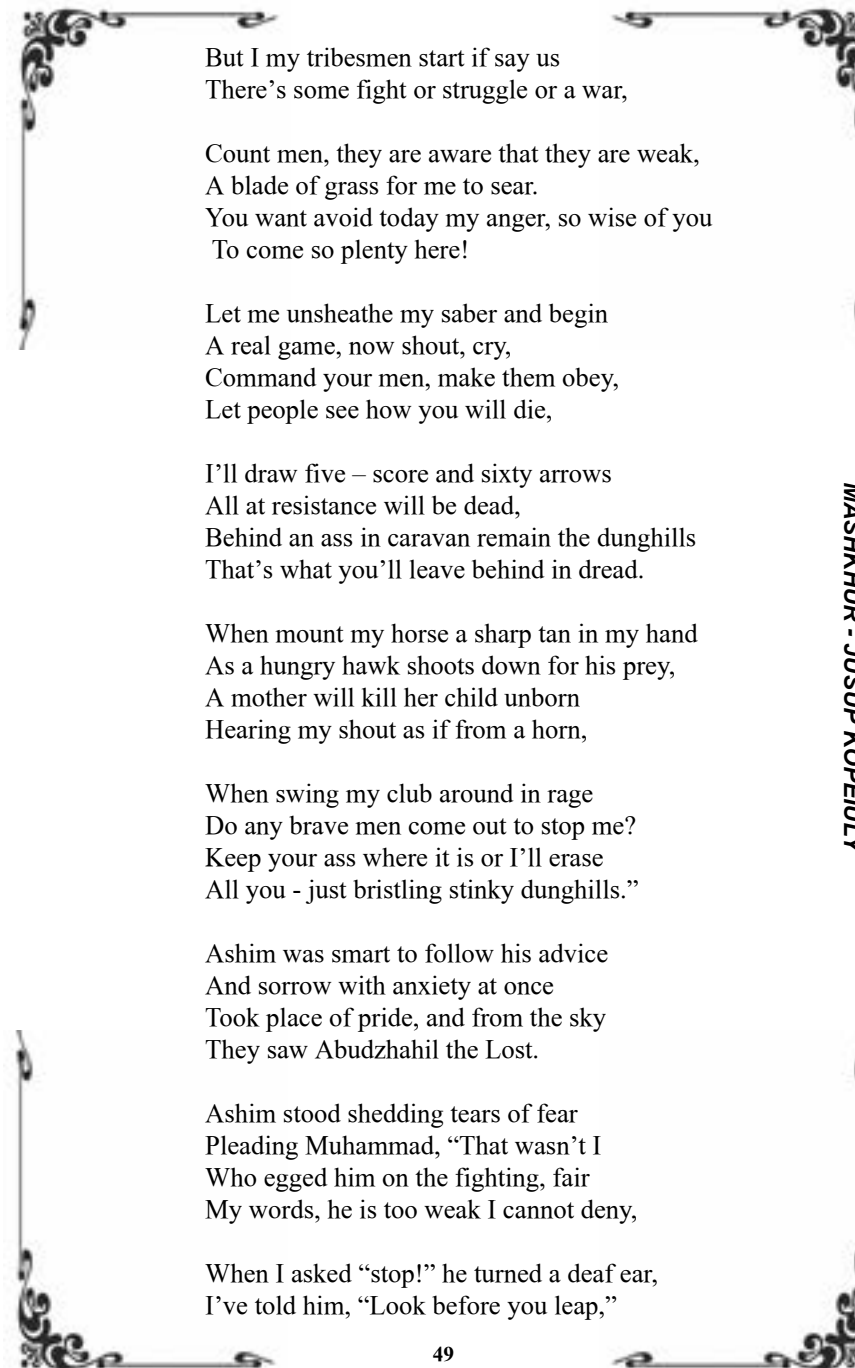
Each man who was there could witness
Though it was simple just to say,
He seemed to vanish in far way distance
As if fled never to return.

Ashim pissed off his pants of fear,
He was all flame and pity in,
“Find him!” cried out helplessly to Muhammad
And punched him to his breast.

Hamza stood up and then Abbas,
“You liked the oil pour on flames,
Put away your hands from Muhammad,”
And hit Ashim right on his mouth.

“Who told your son to fight?
Pugnacious, quarrelsome do-nothings,
Overestimation was inside
For that he paid and that was right. ”

“I am Hamza. God, hear all my prayers,
I don’t like to show off as people do,



But I my tribesmen start if say us
There’s some fight or struggle or a war,

Count men, they are aware that they are weak,
A blade of grass for me to sear.
You want avoid today my anger, so wise of you
To come so plenty here!

Let me unsheathe my saber and begin
A real game, now shout, cry,
Command your men, make them obey,
Let people see how you will die,

I’ll draw five – score and sixty arrows
All at resistance will be dead,
Behind an ass in caravan remain the dunghills
That’s what you’ll leave behind in dread.

When mount my horse a sharp tan in my hand
As a hungry hawk shoots down for his prey,
A mother will kill her child unborn
Hearing my shout as if from a horn,

When swing my club around in rage
Do any brave men come out to stop me?
Keep your ass where it is or I’ll erase
All you - just bristling stinky dunghills.”

Ashim was smart to follow his advice
And sorrow with anxiety at once
Took place of pride, and from the sky
They saw Abudzhahil the Lost.

Ashim stood shedding tears of fear
Pleading Muhammad, “That wasn’t I
Who egged him on the fighting, fair
My words, he is too weak I cannot deny,

When I asked “stop!” he turned a deaf ear,
I’ve told him, “Look before you leap,”

As you no soul ever existed on the Earth,
There is no one like you, dear Muhammad.

Here I am, take charge of me if you want,
My child is rushing fast.
If down to land he falls, believe me,
Nothing would leave of him.

I'll take away his weapons if alive
And treat you as my own son, - one thing –
Catch him, prevent his falling
All what I ask from you Muhammad,”

Said Ashim, in grief he cried bitterly
Feeling anxious for his poor son,
“You should rescue him,” and drew up nearer
To Muhammad, his pleads went on.

Fair Muhammad's heart warmed by sympathy,
And people witnessed wondrous event –
As a ball he caught up Abudzhahil from the sky,
His strength was a divine present.

To the right way Zhabbar Lord directed, all
Was given from his early age,
“Here is your son, now take him home,” saying
Those words he threw him to his father.

Unconscious, lied Abudzhahil, no force
To breathe, no force to move
Ashim's tribe, faces white as a sheet, on their cart
Loaded the bones.

Ashim with tribesmen thankful for the rescue,
Presented Muhammad with cattle,
Beside himself Abbas with joy, counting
Of gold threw forty dishes.

All conflicts were forgotten, tables laid
With large amount of meal,

Hadisha said “I'll show how squander then,”
And threw four hundred dishes.

Abbas arranged the feast which was remembered
Fed up all starving poor men,
Three hundred sheep, two hundred camels slaughtered,
Piled food there left as if a hill,

Zhabbar – Halik left it for us, and pictured
Vividly so that we do believe.
That day was written to Mahfuz Abbas'
Posterity for that halif.

“Muhammad is my beloved friend, with love
I hugged him and he cried,” said,
“Angels, be witnesses, write to Mahfuz I've matched
Hadisha to Muhammad,” said.

“By my will and power things appear, for one
Who thinks of me I am near.
For good deeds the soul without a fear lives
In this world and in eternal.”

I know that my last day is coming, I'll bend
God's will as all of us.
Each man hands out the wealth he has
My art I'm handing out.

ALI

Let me tell you a story about young Ali
His blessing was from our noble prophet
One day he traveled through the valley
And far from it to see the world.

He went far lands facing the west,
Medina - dear city left behind.
And he met one old man in steppe
Who stretched his had to get his bag.

Pulling an ox by bridle that man said,
 "If I give him the bridle he will run,"
 If drove the ox he would not bend,
 Then on his horse Duldul Ali came up.

Ali reached that old man and greeted him,
 He looked around returning welcome.
 "Beat that ox!" he commanded to Ali,
 He hit that ox but he stood calm.

The ox did not feel beating of the youth,
 He stood there calmly, never stirred.
 "How weak you are!" he uttered with abuse
 Unsatisfied with how Ali had served.

"I'll sit right here on my ox and you
 Fetch me that bag, my boy, be good,"
 Young lion said 'all right' to the old man,
 He leaned from his horse to lift the bag.

Wonder was that what happened to the lion,
 He could not lift that bag for inch from land.
 Though he had ruined many towns and castles
 To raise and pass a little bag he failed.

Non on the Earth could fight Ali called lion,
 That was the reason why his pride was hurt.
 When with all strength he pulled by line
 Duldul could not bear that and fell on earth.

The old man on his ox shouted to the youth,
 "Get of my way!" and pushed him off
 Then hooked the bag with his long spear,
 Pulled his ox to the west and disappeared.

Ali lost courage and his heart for that,
 Startled with promise he appealed to God
 To tell all happened to the father of his wife
 He went back home and city life.

He rushed his horse to tell the father
 How his unblemished pride was wounded,
 He met a man who suffered hunger
 Pulled up his horse and then dismounted.

So many woes that pauper tasted,
 "Drink!" he repeated in despair.
 When he turned round his head - a bowl
 Full of good food stood on the ground.

The hungry man continued walking
 White was his face, convolved was body.
 He came across worm-eaten carrion
 And started eating it with greed.

One turned his nose up at a good meal
 But bolted carrion fouler than shit.
 To tell that story to his father
 Decided he, his step was quick..

Another strange event he witnessed;
 He saw a dog soon on his way.
 Her pup in womb barked loud reachless,
 Ali passed by without delay.

He wondered what would tell his father
 When he told everything he saw.
 A snake appeared all of a sudden
 He whipped it badly at its top.

But that snake crept up along his whip,
 And brave Ali tried to shake off,
 To beat, the snake kept on to creep.
 And in the end it bit his whip.

He tried to throw the snake off scourge,
 It twitched and then again stood strait.
 He ruined castles but his heart surged
 During that travel granted by fate.

Soon after that he saw a black camel,
It blocked his way fiercer than lion.
The youth was wise and didn't dare its ire,
He whipped up horse and then escaped.

Yuong brave Ali was frightened greatly
Saving his soul he reached Medina.
Entered the town and found his father
He told all happened without cover.

The prophet listened to his story
And all who was there got astonished.
"My boy you showed your haughtiness,"
And then he solved all that it meant.

"Look, arrogance is the worst feeling,
"If there's a handle of the world
I would turn over it so easy
For it's to me as tumble-weed!

For you God made that fancy ready
And sent Hyzyr on his grey ox,
That bag was world's one forth so heavy,
You couldn't raise it though spent all force."

The second was a poor old man,
He had a lot of cattle in possession
But grudged himself a little lamb,
He'd better steal it by oppression.

That's what would be men of the doomsday,
Like swains they would devour shit.
Thinking of them I can not sleep,
Oh God, save good men from that day!

Third what you saw the baby of last commune,
Time would become in years more savage
They would cry loudly, yet unborn in womb
The children of my commune and last age.

The forth you saw was women of the end
They wouldn't have a drop of shame or honour.
If touched they would stand up against
Their anger would be black as thunder.

The fifth was thought occurred to you
"Has he indeed such mighty power
That who takes lives to God subdued?"
At angel Azrail you wondered.

"If he comes up will he beat me,
If I resist will he be frightened?
And If Allah does not make weak
Can I fight angel, force him flee?"

God sent the wrath in image of the camel
But you did not see him in real look!
God wanted you to be reminded
God's one, Quran is truth, I am the prophet.

This travel is the best of many travels,
A perfect lesson for the ones who think.
For Adam's children good edification
And Allah showed you the world's brink.

Find religion, learn and earn your living,
All you've learnt your tongue will witness.
For better world all souls are leaving
Don't be an animal and profit by existence.

DEVIL'S TRADE

Listen to fable written from the nothing
As a fire lit from snow in steppe.
For people this edification is a rare relic
From beloved prophet Jesus hazret.

I will not waste the words in vein,
Lend your intent ears to the good.
To a market a lot of people went
And ran against the Devil on the road.

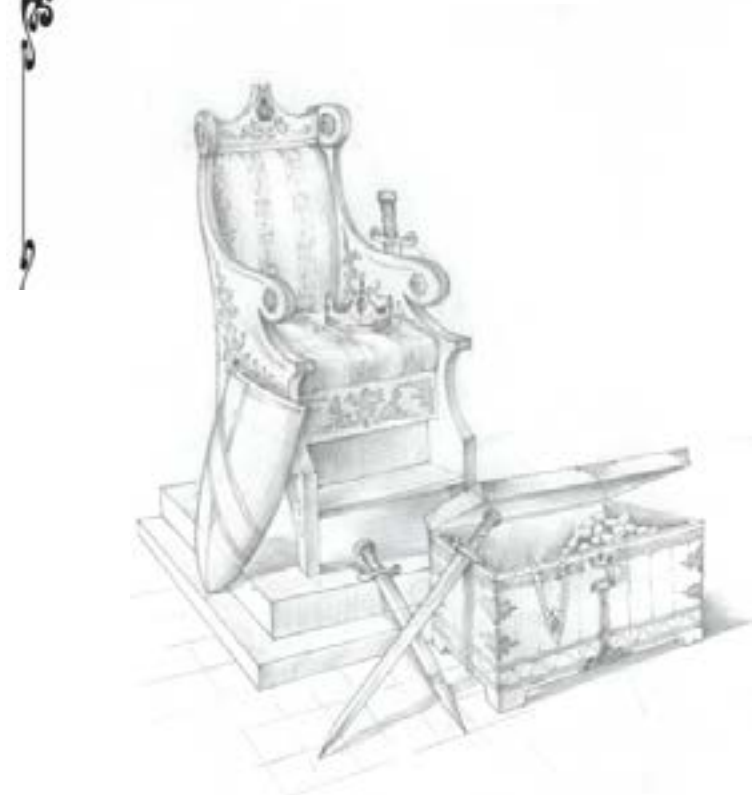
I cut it short not to write an idle talk
So that the listener would be attentive.
Along the road that goddamned walked
With five donkeys, ten mules on a rope.

“If talk to souls there is much profit for them
Strong faith you have and mild tongue”,
Addressed the Devil to Gaisa the prophet,
He asked “Where do you run?”

You’ve lost straight way,” responded,
“For me the best are crooked ways
Men go to markets to sell and buy
I go to make some trade”, he said.

Once you despised to bow to clay
Now you are damned and no way back.
People sell leather, wool in market
What do you want to trade there, Damned?

“I have a burden on fifteen beasts behind
For evil business I drive them wild.
It does not matter for me people’s peace
I’m coming there to spread over disease.”



“I can see the mules and donkeys clear,
I try to trust your lie as if it’s truth.
But what your beasts on their backs do bear?
Tell me and make my interest sooth.”

“One donkey bears all the kinds of lie,
No lie has left on Earth but on that beast.
If you don’t trust come see it with your eyes
How my goods are bought up at feast,

The other one carries all cunning tricks,
Makes lot of profit for one who seeks

One tiyin gains me tenges without risk
On marry gatherings of swindlers and sly cheats.

Hostility on other animal is loaded
With silk and hemp ropes fastened tight.
I've gained as much as I have sold it
For this good never suffered damage.

One donkey bears violence and force,
Without any theft I gain much profit.
If I do not bereave the money in his purse
Who will take it? Some people suffer it.

Everything is useful not vain in my trade,
No one disdains my articles to buy.
This donkey can not go because of pride
That is his laying, it isn't light."

Hearing that King Jesus was amazed
Soul has eyes to see and make out evil,
"It isn't food to nourish or clothes praised
Who will buy it, tell me, who will?"

"When I drive in a row right to the market
First come up dealers second hand,
They will buy up all lie with much of racket
Cheat swindle everyone at hand.

Customers who take lie from my store
Will tell lies perfectly and cheat the more,
Who has this talent that will become richer,
There's rush around it, listen to your teacher.

No one can see they are managed by my ruse,
For buyers bad trade or good is all the same.
The worst of women are fried up in fire
For their love for tricks and being liars.

There is no law on Earth to stop the shopping
I am allowed to sell until the day will come.

You'll see the worst thing if you look in
Where husbands're cheated, truth is gone.

Welcome to market, I have the widest choice,
And dazzled people lose their heads.
Learned imams buy lot of crafty ploys,
But mind that hostility has its price.

One's tired walking down rows of bazaar,
Ignorant men talk of they do not know.
Men at the helm kill, murder, fight and mar
Violence they buy to make their power grow.

They don't grudge money to buy ranks and posts
Bustle for power, hasten time to rule.
Misers waste money, don't count the costs
To reach the throne force is a splendid tool.

If ones encounter they will beat to pulp,
Penniless paupers live in misery,
And they will give the last, sorrow to sup
Indignity to suffer, bear poverty.

One robes kilos of butter from another,
The other takes away the cattle.
Pride is a good for bulging purses rather,
For shallow minded men who like to rattle.

He is a rich man with a tight filled purse
Nothing and nobody for him exists
Because he is the hub of the whole universe
And this temptation he can not resist.

The rich has wealth instead of heart and soul
With kingly bearing he walks leisurely.
He doesn't notice what he says, all in his role
As a majestic heron on white cliff.

A crazy worm considering himself a cow
He wags his tongue but speech is senseless.

His blown up nozzles show all people how
He is important and how great is.

He does not realize that walks in mud
And tries to give advices like a monk.
Grand as a hound among the out bred dogs
Two eyes are ready to get out of their sockets.

The Prophet Gaisa said to the damned,
“Enough! All what you’ve said is clear to me,
Tell devil, where do you sell that stuff
Packed on ten mules?” great Jesus asked.

“Time has come when people led astray
Old and young seek for right way by you,
What is that burden loaded on thy mules?
What is that, tell me devil fast, don’t delay! ”

“That burden on my mules is not just trifles,
Its price is ten times higher,” was the answer,
“Let me reach customers and I swear
When everything is bought I’ll lay all bare.”

And devil started his way to the market
With fifteen animals through crowd.
He started to unload and to unpack it
And caused great hurly-burly in the cloud.

The buyers stood up ready before him
And snatched away in seconds all he got.
On his way back he came across the prophet
He talked about the thing they bought.

“You know with what was loaded donkeys
But on my mules the thing of other sort,
There was tamug – hell’s fire ruthless
The load on first mule beggars bought.

First came a man with a bag around his neck
Who bothers honest people with his begging.

Then reached one who likes money to collect,
On them he goes to hadj to gain a cheap respect.

One burden was enough for them but nine
Made me rove to find the clients
Imams and other priests – all in decline
Appeared people of the science.

To many old men and kozhas, hadjis I sold
Who didn’t earn their money honestly.
Sham priests, hadjis, kozhas bought up my load
On money gained from people dirtily.

They said, “How can we stay at home?
If we buy this much more we’ll gain
Bought from the devil this tamug we soon
Will sell and get more profit from this lade.”

On dirty money one wants to build a mosque,
The other longs to buy a post of a priest,
The rest of them want capital to work,
Buy meat and tea on them and make a feast.

Let me to tell you what they did then,
One sold his skin to burn in fire,
Misauk in his pockets teeth to sharpen
Ready to thrust them into mire.

A turban on his head as a woven sack
All people welcome him as if he’s a king,
He is a fox shaking his turban’s rag
Gains money brushing them with ring.

Counting the beads hither and thither,
Leading to wry way of the ignorance
They stew the grains of wheat and millet
To lure a sparrow and after him a flight.

They do not follow what they preach,
The devil’s words soaked into hearts.

And piles of rugs for praying as if parts
Of a cunning web entangling each.

Making money is a paramount duty,
That's why the rich cooks so much meat.
With it he chains the people smoothly
That is his object and Quran is means.

To reach the hell they've found a tool,
And way wards buy up evil spirits.
And after hadj they come with beards,
And combs to knock at devil's wickets.

The poverty has woven its large sack
It has so many talents to fill it.
To regulate collecting the zakyat
The rich teaches the young to steal it.

He treats to meat and hot sweet tea,
Instead he hopes to get a cow.
Depicting their black dishonesty
Don't want white sheets turn black.

They bought up all what sold the devil
And turned themselves to wicked devils.
Depicting their black dishonesty
I will not put my pen into black ink.

Some pass this life with satisfaction,
This world is treacherous, illusive,
God made from clay Adam but truth is
He died and knew that life's elusive.

And after Adam Lord gave us Nuh Nabi,
But where is he? He left this world.
When life's delusiveness perceived,
They all abandoned it without regret.

If I continue it will not suffice my paper,
Men take the last breath with regret.

And dwell as if their death will never
Come and this world will not be left.

Without notice I have written a full stanza,
My hand does not obey my mind.
I pray for thankfulness, my friends, and answer
Will be these sheets read not by blind.

Where is religion, where is science?
The soul is near to forget its Lord.
And money hunters of all kinds
Do really think of holy cords?

Each one on earth bends every effort
To thrust his teeth in tasty morsel.
Will change his spots a wild leopard
Before all priests teach for the sake of Lord.

All people cry for things in this life,
And I do not blame them for that.
Show me the one; I'll sacrifice my life,
Who utters God's name with his heart.

When your own wife and child do not obey
Whom will you tell your wise advice?
When they think you are crazy and insane,
All what happens does not escape God's eye.

I wrote my thoughts for no one stopped me,
Nobody limited my bounds.
I stood my ground, the truth and honesty,
I left alone, no one's around.

From early years I've been the rich's foe
Kozhas, imams are all my enemies.
My family has left me for that crowd,
I am a stone holed in the middle.

I am a stone, God holed me through,
I have not lived a joyous life.

A person who was never understood,
And my existence for all is rife.

I didn't speak before my nation,
But words reach listeners so fast.
I am advice, an inflow quenching
Rivers Zhaiyk, Edil, Ertis and Syr.

The holed stone always finds its use,
A lamp lit up by Hak will cast its light.
With a diamond it will never be confused,
At least someone will cling to his pail.

When I was ten I started to write poems,
I tasted sweet and bitter of this life.
I haven't bought the name Mashkhur on coins,
They gave me it like jewel to confide.

This name was given me by will of God,
My words have found their listeners.
As amulets my words from evil guard
While I'm read I won't be needless.

I myself take comfort in my words,
No Leili, no sack but I'm insane.
If all my words are uttered in vain,
I won't stand up against the will of Lord.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

- Akbar – great
Alash – war-cry for the whole Kazakh nation
Ali - the prophet Muhhammad's son-in-law
Allah - God
Argyn – name of a Kazakh clan
Ashab – a fellow of the prophet Muhammad
Aya (ayat) – a verse from Quran
Ayatul Kursi – one of the most important verses from Quran about the throne of God
Azrail – the angel of death
Bismillah – for the sake of God
Buhara – name of the city in the Middle East
Dauat – an appeal to turn to Islam
Din – religion
Duldul – the horse of Ali, the prophets son-in-law
Dzhamaat – community
Edil – name of the river in the west-north of Kazakhstan
Ertis – name of the river in the north of Kazakhstan
Hadj – pilgrimage to the Ka'aba in Mecca Arabia
Hadji – a pilgrim
Hadeeth – words of edification said by the prophet Muhammad
Hak – the Truth, one of God's names
Halif – 1) a ruler, 2) a person who enjoys the protection of a tribe but does not belong to it by blood
Halik – the Creator, one of the God's names
Haram – forbidden for Muslims
Hazret
Hyzyr – one of the prophets in Islam
Idris – one of the prophets in Islam
Iklas – name of the verse in Quran
Imam – a priest in Islam
Iman – faith
Inzhil – Bible
Islam – the name of religion
Jin – demon
Kafir – infidel
Kesap – account given by God on the judgment day

Kifarat – here complementary fasting for those who broke the obligatory fast
 Kozha – an offspring of the prophet Muhammad
 Kokan – name of the city in the Middle East
 Leili – a character from the folk romantic poem “Leili-Medzhnuhn”, her beloved becomes poor and mad
 Mahfuz – a source-Book guarded in heaven’s realm
 Mahshar – place where mankind will be gathered on the judgment day
 Malik – name of the angel
 Mecca – a holy city where Muslims pilgrim
 Medina – the second holiest place after Mecca - city where the prophet Muhammad settled after the migration from Mecca
 Migrazh – event when the prophet Muhammad rose to heaven
 Misauk – a wooden stick to clear teeth
 Muslims – people confessing Islam
 Nabi – messenger
 Namaz – fivefold prayer in Islam
 Nuh – Noah, one of the prophets in Islam
 Nur – light
 Paryz – obligatory
 Ramadan – name of the month when Muslims fast
 Rasul – prophet
 Ruzi – fast
 Sauab – reward from God
 Suleiman – the king Solomon, one of the prophets in Islam
 Sunnat (sunnah) – 1) totality of hadeeths about statements and activity of the prophet Muhammad, 2) words, acts, deeds, decisions of the prophet Muhammad
 Surah – a chapter from Quran
 Syr – name of the river in the south of Kazakhstan
 Tafsir – interpretation of Quran
 Tamug – name of fire in hell
 Tarazy – the scales of the judgment on which will be measured bad and good deeds of a man
 Tasbih – verbal formula of glorification of God
 Taurat – Torah
 Tenge – the monetary unit in Kazakhstan
 Tiyin – the monetary unit in Kazakhstan
 Zabur – Old Testament
 Zakyat – Mandatory offering of alms in Islam

Zhabbar – The Omnipotent (one of God’s names)
 Zhabrail – Gabriel, one of the angels
 Zhaiyk – name of the river in the east-north of Kazakhstan
 Zhanaza – funeral service in Islam
 Zhuma – joint prayer offered on Fridays
 Zikr – praying

THE GREAT ACCOUNT

I will take a pen with the praise to God,
Who created all living creatures, plants.
Author of these lines is Mashkhur Zhusup,
I will ask for help great Allah, my Lord.

And to leave some thoughts for succeeding growth,
I will write them down while I live on earth.
I don't write this verse for poetic gift,
And my ancestry hasn't had such wit.

I would like to pull out all my grief,
I would like to free soul and consciousness.
Brothers, serve to God with your open heart
Till the death has not torn your life apart.

People passed that life long before your birth,
Adam was the first man to leave this mirth.
When the destined time would be finished out
One could not go on walking on this ground.

Day will come to die for Mashkhur Zhusup,
Once a lit up light I will die out soon.
Let me share thoughts that occurred to me,
Till my honest tongue can speak on to thee.

I spoke very much in this parlous life,
I spoke rationally and confirmed my words.
Once the mortal flesh will leave worldly hive,
I spoke just to save the religious cords.

Pious servants gain stools and beds of gold,
Let us not to spend our time for fault.
Thanking Lord for life and for sound health,
Let us watch the mouth for the Eden's wealth.

You should trust in day settling the account,
That day you will not see the day or night.

Feeble men won't be able to be up,
Mounts will be like flakes of wool carded out.

And the day shall come when the moon will fall,
Into running stream as a rolling stone.
Surface of the earth will turn into plane,
As a tumbleweed it will fly away.

And the sun will be at the highest peak,
None will recognize even closest kin,
Men will sweat on hard and their brains will boil.
That will be the day to rise up from soil.

God will set the bridge and the fair scales
Where your deeds will be weighed for gain or fail.
Prayers will defend from your right and left,
When Allah will ask, measure soul's heft.

That day's half will be a tremendous night,
Tongue and lips will tell all about your life.
Hands will testify all your faults and crimes,
When your tongue talks up feet will testify.

Take the use of life; passing days and months,
Ask yourself where from the mankind has come.
And to know your din is from pious faith,
It's Allah who makes people good or bad.

People good and bad once will leave this world,
God will resurrect from the dead you all.
One of seven duties of a pure faith
To believe that God who predestines fate.

None of us escapes one's predestined death,
One will die content who maintains his faith.
One of seven duties of a strong iman
To believe in day when you'll resurrect.

There's a spring Kauthar in the paradise,
Whiteness more than milk's, sweeter than the mead.

Whiter than the milk, cooler than the ice,
Froths with little foam and bestows delight.

And its banks are made from pure chrysolite,
Bottom's paved with large amber stones refined.
Golden cups are placed all around the spring,
Never feel the thirst ones who'll come and drink.

At the source of it lie down silver spoons,
Odour of the spring gets who made the boons.
Sweet as honey spring gives ones true delight,
If God wills He'll give that spring to the wights.

When the sun sinks down it's the time of night,
People have the flaws more than stars at night.
When we'll resurrect after worldly death
It will come the Day to account for breath.

. Fifty thousand years will last Judgment day,
As a single hair, God will stretch a bridge.
And the sun will be at its highest peak,
That is how you'll know the Apocalypse.

Then a blue high sky will melt down and run,
As hot iron red ground will burn and drum.
As the ashes black in tremendous hell,
Men will have to stand and await for well.

Men will be unable to escape the heat,
Ready to give up all for short reprieve.
Fathers, mothers, kids, husbands, brothers, wives
Will take care of none except their own lives.

Young and old will lose their heads that day,
And all people's hair will turn grey that day.
They say everyone will take care of none,
Every man will be as a crazy drunk.

The Almighty God does whatever wills,
Mortal humans have all the kinds of sins.

Eighteen thousand worlds will be brought together,
There before Allah will be asked each dweller.

Youthful men will grow older right away,
Pious men will defer from the asserting sin.
Angels will encircle sinners on that day,
Whip them as the bleating flocks of stubborn sheep.

None will find a place to escape God's wrath,
Pious men do know that will be in troth.
Pagans will go mad dreading with the fear,
Dipping heads in dung, crying bitter tears.

God will give the command to great Gabriel,
"Listen humble servant; bring to us the hell,
Time has come to kindle fire in that place,
If a minute lingered all will be erased.

Gabriel awaits for Allah's these words
He will come to hell to complete his work.
When he'll say, "Allah calls you, awful hell,"
It will quake with fear that it couldn't quell.

"Why He calls me fast, why Allah impels,
Has the time begun to burn infidels?
It will fear inside and its heart will drum,
"May be God will burn me with sinners mass?"

"No, great God calls you with another aim,
To amaze the ones who did not have faith,
To cast them to you and torment with flame,
Those who spent their life wrongly and in vain.

Those who spent the days in the laziness,
Those who thought they're gods thus they lost God's bless.
There are many foes disobeying God,
To burn infidels is your destined lot.

There in hell will be kindled burning flame,
Sinful men will dread, fear, cry and plain.

Fettered men will mince one by one to hell,
They will take abode for predestined spell.

Many thousands links are in sinner's chains,
Seven thousand links hurting, causing pains.
Angels will escort sinners to the realm
Where they'll take abode, which is known as hell.

Angels punitive will snatch wicked men,
Made to be the most potent in the hell.
They will torture men with all strength they have,
Creatures of Allah, of Qadyr Zhabbar.

Hell will be inflamed by the only God,
Smoke will spread in three black and fetid puffs.
Sparks will fly away as if blazing mounts,
One will pour the iron to the sinner's mouth.

Heat of hell will glow more and more to them,
Rumble loudly till it will drive them mad.
When the realm of hell will be near to boil
That unruly man will break up the chains.

Hell will be inflamed on the Judgment day,
And its puff can reach thousand year long way,
Guardian angels will leave the sinner ones,
Their heads will roll down as the cut off lumps.

Keep in mind events of the great account,
Maker of the moon and the glaring sun.
By the will of God you amass your strength,
Who can stand Allah at the closer length?

Where's a shady land to escape from flame?
It's impossible to depict that day.
Hell will burn with crash, smoke will draw to men,
Gathered men will scare of Allah's omen.

Holy men, Allah and his faithful friends
Can not bear it and will lose their strength.

Ibrahim, Musa, Nuh, Idris, Gaisa
Will take fright of God prophets of Allah.

Who will see that day first will faint away,
When the holies dread what will commons say?
"If to run away will the soul live on?"
When they say that God will snatch sinful mob.

Not a word will be uttered on that day,
God will torture those who have gone astray.
When Harun will run from his brother Musa,
And when Ibrahim will forget Smagul.

Men won't care for their household,
Everyone will think only of his lot.
Even Jesus Christ will forget Maryam,
That day God will give the account each man.

One will shed his tears to the only God,
"Will He punish me, will He wipe me out?"
Men will do prostrate in deep reverence,
They will kiss the ground for benevolence.

"Judgment day has turned our hair grey,
Our cried out tears run and made a lake."
That day messengers will repeat to God,
"If Lord prospers us that will be great luck."

Just a drop of faith that day will avail,
Not a ruse will have left to hide the fail.
Eighteen thousand worlds will begin to seek,
Where the best of men dear Muhammad is.

A green flag in hands, Muhammad will come,
"My community!" he will call aloud.
He will cry to hell, "Wait for me, don't puff,"
As a flying bird, he will run with huff.

"Oh Almighty God, all that bothers me
It is not my fate but community.

I entreat escape from the hellish flame,
Save my following by your mighty sway.

I remained behind for community,
I engaged myself for my progeny.
If you burn them out, then I'll burn with them,
I will sacrifice my own life for them.

He will race amidst burning tongues of flame,
With a green large flag, he will lead the men.
He will pull up hell as a wild young horse,
He will rein the hell by its chains and bonds.

Hell will say to him, "Prophet, let me go,
I must not burn you; great Allah said so.
There is much of work to complete for me,
Order of Allah burn men, set me free.

God created me realm of tortures, pains,
Disobeying God is the worst of taints.
Sinful men will be burnt by flame of mine,
Get out of my way; I have little time."

"Look at me, the hell, don't you see my face?
And except for you no one thwarted me.
Follow my advice and go back your place,
I won't let you go to community."

He will fight against stubborn burning hell
And its smoke and flame will rise up his head.
Great Allah will pour some of cooling water,
Since the hell won't cease making fire hotter.

Muhammad will stay and impede the flame,
But the hell won't stop though it knows his fame.
When Allah will pour cooling water on
Hell will die out fast as if never burned.

Realm of hell will learn words of God to it,
"Hell, you've died out fast for you serve to me.

You maintain no force that's why you died out,
Honour Muhammad on the great account."

Muhammad will rise to the vault of heaven,
Creatures seeing that will be very glad.
When all hellish flames will die out at once
Men will learn that he is the best of plans.

Pray for him and say much of salauat,
And increase your wealth and divine reward.
There's the reference in the great Quran,
Read it carefully and you'll find ayat.

Honour Muhammad interceding for
His community with almighty God.
How a little water can have put out hell?
What's its origin and the force to quell?

Water's origin as sahabas say
Is the following, "when the people pray
They'll cry out their tears on the judgment day,
Muhammad will pick their tears and save."

When the Moslems cry and appeal to God,
For the prophet has purest of the hearts,
Their tears come down his diligent palms.
That's what fellows say of dear Muhammad.

And Allah won't let to them fall on earth,
God will resurrect people that have served.
On the judgment day all the tears will be
In Muhammad's hands by Allah's great will.

God has made us hard to share other's woe,
Follow great Allah and avoid His foe.
Even stones on mounts aren't so hard than hearts
That beat in the flesh of the wards of God.

Great Allah has made sinful Adam's child,
That's why tongues are soft, our souls are hard.

For the prophet stones, mountains melt and cry,
Men are heartless dogs ready to decline.

God has not made men but to serve His will,
Muhammad is grace for community.
Shelter of the souls - salawat to him,
We do not say it with sincerity.

Stop, Mashkhur, your speech, throwing words around,
Stop yourself because none will shut your mouth.
It is nineteen years you've been telling this
Thought to draw the men to the righteous din.

Men do like to dwell at a water-mead,
Men won't pull up horse in a wilderness.
It is nineteen years to this lengthy talk,
It is useless when it can't reach my folk.

Misers with cold hearts are arid for God,
Early cooled themselves, their souls are hard.
Once a boy wrote lines for he found them right,
He was born with faith and with inner light.

Honest men were born in the great Altai,
Fighters as Akpan and Baish Nurbai.
Honest men say words that are really right,
But the bad don't know worth of honest knights.

I have told the sooth for my native land,
Spending all my strength, power, force in hand.
I poured down on tip of my fearless tongue,
Day and night my tears and my scarlet blood.

People, do wake up, listen to my words,
Lest among the fuel you would find yourself.
I'm not gambling you I'm just serving Lord,
Mustafa's community, hasten to gain wealth.

Great ayas have come by the will of God,
They are not fabrics in the cheapest shop.

I direct these lines to arouse Kazakhs,
Cherishing the hope for God's shafa'at.

People draw to grave and forget Allah,
Where's the strength to save souls that torn apart?
I will serve great God writing lines for men,
With your pure heart, listen to omen.

Peasants always find field that should be ploughed,
One that steeps his soul finds the sooth to hold.
By the will of God life won't pass in vain,
Commune of Islam will increase one day.

Brother, pray to God while you are alive,
Do not get upset about turns of life.
I wrote lines for my brothers in Islam,
Listen to Mashkhur keep the great Quran.

Brothers, pick out food with attentive heart,
Turn your head to way of the godly ward.
When you're up or down praise almighty God,
Your life lasts an hour, hasten to please Lord.

Even if you feel that you rule your life,
Such a life is vain, end of it is rife.
When your time is off and your flesh gets old,
Where will be your youth, careless, free and gold?

People find from words way to keep in life,
Earnest speech is good piece of one's advice.
Hasten to discharge duties owed to God,
If you don't say how you'll escape His wrath?

Brothers, I have told some of riwayat,
Keep the faith approved by almighty God.

TALKEL' TYR

Speak my tongue while I'm alive
 Good and bad events of life.
 Little time Kazakhs enjoyed
 Yedige, Shon, Tor'aigyr.

Sekerbai have past, Boshtai,
 As a bird up in the sky.
 Mighty God gave man a tongue,
 Let my tales as water run.

Alshynbai Qara'kesek,
 And Kerei kin's Turlybek,
 Ybyrai Zhaikuly,
 Died Musa Shormanuly.

Ukebai Be from Ote'u,
 Have such men left in these days?
 Till Kazakhs' star glows above
 Their names will live around.

They have past but did they say
 That they would escape their fate?
 Words that said Aitayk-Zhainysh
 "Ants before and frogs come next."

All of them were swallowed up,
 Let me tell you what was up.
 Khan Yezhen gave up his throne
 In Tashkent to Taikel'tyr.

First wife's sons named Beskozy
 Hated sons of concubine.
 Taukel'tyr – the only son,
 Always humbled, shedding brine.

Taukel'tyr made up his mind,
 "I will spend obscure this life,

Though we have the common stem,
 It's no use to live with them."

But the mother Beskozy
 Nursed the orphan Taikel'tyr.
 "They won't leave you," she told him,
 And stepmother blessed his trip.

He escaped from motherland,
 Leaving all to great God's hand.
 Soon he started for a trip,
 With a fellow in mischief.

Boys escaped from motherland,
 After that few days elapsed.
 They reached city called Tashkent
 On a camel, feeling zest.

Then they rode along the streets,
 Boys saw none in empty streets.
 Khan Yezhen had gathered men
 Clinch three arguments of clan.

Errant boys hailed khan Yezhen,
 "They are special," thought the man.
 Taikel'tyr told things he saw
 Without shyness bared his sore.

"Tell me frankly, who are you?"
 Others arrogantly viewed.
 "Why did you escape from home?
 Tell me now, where are you from?"

"I escaped my motherland,
 Took a staff and started off.
 Thieves of famous town Tashkent
 Stole my camel – all I had."

"How you found a faithful lead
 Tell me simple truth, my boy.

Has become your kin extinct?
Life is easy to destroy.”

“I set out on my trip,
With the prayers on my lip.
I’m a boy but God’s my guard,
What you earned my camel found.”

Khan averted face and smiled,
“He is small but tongue is ripe.
What with child’s home was wrong?”
Thought Yezhen and led them home.

Youthful boys came in khan’s house,
When they caught the glance of spouse.
Mistress also knew their worth,
Bare-headed she combed curl.

Then he smiled when looked at her,
Orphan boy – a thrown out cur.
‘Suck the smiling not the wretch,’
Thought the khan and tried to fetch.

“What’s the matter, poor boy?
You have laughed, what is the coy?
Now please tell me simple truth,
Have you known my mistress’ sooth?”

“When she saw the coming men
She did not conceal her hair,
That’s the matter of my laugh -
Bit of gold not less than glove.”

“These are our guests, my wife,
Henna stuck to stone’s upside.
‘Losing naught we went away,’
Check their words my eagle-eyed.”

“He’s not rife, he’s pedigree,
Rushing for his only dream.

Like a colt in fetterlock
He just stumbled on a block.”

“Don’t delude yourself by praise,
Don’t be boastful; know your place.
Hoping God will save your lives
Don’t escape my friendly ties.

Who expelled you wouldn’t thrive,
Black will never stick to white.
In this town there are three cases,
I will tell you all with traces.”

“Very good, my courteous host,
If you’ll hand to me your post.
I will try to solve the strives,
Let Allah accept designs.”

As a bride on wedding day
Boy met people with complaints.
One said “Take”, another “Give”
Youth shook hands when khan agreed.

Boy was glad and fed with deal,
Let Yezhen lay tasty meal.
“Gather people of the town,
If you win then here’s my crown.”

Morrow khan convoked his men,
He played royal instrument.
Then he set a golden throne,
Where the judging boy sat down.

Youthful judge began to speak,
Gift to speak is not for meek.
All complainants were brought on,
Clever boy looked at the sworn.

Mothers couldn’t share a child,
Words of one were shameless lie.

Camels couldn't share a calf,
Let the people find the half.

Came a youth seduced a girl,
Be attentive, honest world.
Poor girl conceived from him,
Who would bear a dirty guilt?

"Mothers, please, come up to me!
I am a judge to pass decree.
Since you couldn't find the clue
I would cut the child in two."

One of them said, "If you will,
Let's at last conclude this deal.
That's the last word of the judge,
Give my half and I won't grudge."

Other mother said, "Please, stop!
Let him live, please save him, Lord!
Give my poor boy to her
Everyman can sometimes err."

"I will show you rite of word,
Golden words of this lay world.
Who deserves this splendid child?
Honest people, tell your mind."

"Where're the camels? Bring them here,
Who knows clues of cattle rear?
Real owner will be found,
Oil the camel rousing doubt.

Tie them up to different trees,
Now let's see, who's calf is this?
Set the calf between the camels
Bind him hard by hinder legs.

All the people saw boy's wit,
Youthful judge put on a lead.

Little calf began to cry
Weeping loudly as a child.

People looked at that smart boy,
Khan Yezhen forgot his joy.
One of camels stood up still,
Real mother ripped the lead.

"You have seen this, honest men!
Here's the liar you defend.
That of camels didn't calve,
Is that mother of the calf?"

Now come up the youth and girl,
Fetch a sheath with sharpest sword.
I will put them to the test
Then will see who's innocent."

Girl was given sheath with words,
"Don't let him to sheave his sword."
To the youth he said, "You must
Sheave your sword to show you're just.

Two had struggled many days,
Race to show one youth's disgrace.
Game of youths "I'll sheave – You won't",
Was a funny play for old.

People sat amusing them,
Taikel'tyr's look was intent.
They fought many days and nights
Till they fell and couldn't rise.

"Now, fetch fast Yezhen, the guard
Let Yezhen amuse his soul.
This youth's words were true and hard,
We should put to death the girl."

Poor girl's part stood disgraced,
Mourning over daughter's fate.

Other party satisfied
Drugged the girl with great delight.

“What you’ll gain if murder her?
Wed the youths to wipe the blur.
You are free to start your life
Don’t let rot your soul and mind.”

Wit does not depend on age,
Evil is around your cage.
Taikel’tur did pass khan’s test,
Thus he proved that he was best.

That is how one meted guilt,
Orphan ousted from his land.
Beskozy kin was the cause,
Gain Allah’s gift, first taste loss.

He met many biting dogs,
Suffering woe and tasting knocks.
His stepmother at the end
Found her son and set assent.

CRY OF THE MOSQUE

In the one thousand and nine hundred thirteenth
Which is the year of cow as Kazakhs say,
A mosque and medrese in April the fourteenth
Has come alive and talked to me.

My eyes have witnessed the torments it suffered,
My heart has hurt and sympathized.
And I appeal to the Nogai and Kazakh
Through children whom I teach this verse.

If I don’t share this the pain will split me
The mosque is left in misery.
When we mock at the God’s house, tell me
What will we get and what achieve?

And then the mosque answered,

“Once I have been a mosque, a school for children,
Now no one gathers in my halls.
My heart is weeping sadly and is bleeding,
Those who have ears hear my cry!

‘The house of God’ I have been called before now,
Here lords have gathered and knelt down.
I have become the beggars’ bag for bread, so
That is the state of me today.



If priests do not open your palms for prayer
Who will force you, they stretched their webs.
To get the post of muaddin that grabbers
Have sold their souls for dirty pence.

Why don’t you see who stands in our halls now?
– Stupid and damned of the mankind.
They’ve taken bread away from poor people,
I am a shed for cattle lined.

Why have they built the mosque and medrese?
Are we a place cows, sheep to pen?
Have they built us to gather their dung,
That owned by lousy poor men.

There is no one who loves Creator truly,
All sacrifice themselves for vain.
Having no soul what for are we so punished?
That hucksters have us trodden down.

We aren't a dome for dead, a house for living,
No light flows here when it's dark.
No visitors to come here and examine,
"Nothing is changed in this old mosque."

Is this a punishment from our Allah?
How can I stand these grim torments?
Don't make a shed from me for dirty livestock,
Release my freedom that has left.



There is no one to come here as a commune,
"Great God exists, do worship Him!"
You have tormented the Islamic world, then
Now time has come to cut your rope.

All sorts of fools made of me easy shelter,
Not men, devils avoid me now.

All the Kazakh, Nogai of Bayantau mounts
Do not need me; I'm trodden down.

You are not poor, all have money, cattle
If come together old and young.
Kazakhs, Nogais you are so many people
Who thinks of God of you? No one.

My nation is a homeless poor orphan,
The Might has left in orphanhood.
I am aggrieved; there is no will to go on,
I burn with shame, I am disgraced.

Complaints will not reach the white tsar if write them,
But if they reach he will protect,
When the imams are cornered by these hucksters
He wouldn't leave us in neglect.

EPIC " EARTH AND HEAVEN"

GOD HAS MANY ATTRIBUTES

Allah is one, his might is wide,
One of his names from us concealed.
Ninety nine names are in Quran,
Nine hundred in Inzhil, Zabur, Taurat.

And only prophets know one name,
No one knows it except that men.
His attribute is not a thing,
And he has not a house or place,

No front, no back, no top or feet,
He hasn't any head or palm.
No one's like him, remember that
And like unto him there is none.

Allah has not parents at all,
Nor any child or a wife.

Everything is at his great might,
But he does not need anyone.

All knowing, hearing, seeing God
He does from nothing and destroys.
He is alive and never dies,
And gets to know whatever wants.

He has not any mates or flaws,
He is incomprehensible.
And proverb says 'brief word is gold',
Let me narrate my tale in short.

Who can grasp cognizance of God?
Nothing preceded him and none.
And to make himself evident
Created light of Muhammad.

Allah created splendid nur,
It sparkled from a candle high.
In front of it there was a mirror,
It saw itself and thanked great God.

Embarrassed sweat of loneliness
The light of faith from that sweat sprang.
Then five rays bowed in reverence,
Since then five prayers are parыз.

There is ayat in Holy book
My mind is dark all tell apart,
"Allah is the fountain head
Of physical and spiritual light."

Light is in heaven and on earth,
Wonder at power of great Lord,
"My light's a mount for example,"
There is a candle on that mount.

The candle made of light is distinct,
There is bright light in it shines out.

"It is a star!" this line in sacred
And holy volumes can be found.

There's a tree created from that light,
It has some oil that light to join.
It burns by its own inner light
Not dawn, nor sunset but a tree.

It's true - the candle, light is nur,
The oil is burning in that light.
Five lights of that nur do prostrate,
So, that is it - majestic nur.

Some men interpret it like this,
"The mountain is this world and life,
The candle is the spirit,
The light which shines from it is soul."

"The tree is a desire, wish,
Its oil is hope from great Allah,
Self burning light is divine wonder,"
These are some clues that I have gathered.

One of those lights is holy Qwddys,
Three others are Yzhad, Zahir,
Matlahq - they are from hidayat.
A loving servant will be glad.

Another will consider that
A man's the mount, his breast's the candle,
His pure faith's that shining tree,
The burning oil is his reason.

This metaphor is Muhammad,
His breast's the mount, his soul's the light.
The solyat of nabi is light,
The oil is Allah given wonder.

Imams expounded it and learnt,
I'm not a scientist of tafsirs,

Here is all that my teacher told,
But seen and heard is not the same.

The vault of heaven and the throne,
The realm of hell and paradise
Were all created from that light,
Then God created the mankind.

There's much to say but it won't stop
This fast and short life of a man.
Let me tell you about the men
And feast your eager ear, my youth.

With sorrow He created all,
You were in that assemblage too.
The prophet's spirit stood in light,
A few could see the face of God.

And in prostration they went round
The prophet's light admiring.
Who saw his head became sultans,
Ones saw his hands became the honest.

Who saw his breast became a scholar,
Each part of body brought some profit.
Those poor men who did not see him
Came to this life with souls wicked.

The light which was created first
Seventy thousand years cried on,
And when the prophet was designed
Praised God a hundred thousand years.

My goal is to be buried there
Where I do want, where light is bright.
Three hundred thousand years past by
And canopies were made for lights.

That canopies His might and service,
And one is mercy and minat.

Sagadat, keremet, naubat,
Hidayat, shafagat, rahat, kigbat.

The canopies filled with might's light ,
Twelve thousand years it strengthened there,
Eleven thousand years in service
Ten thousand in minat it lived.

Nine thousand years expected in rah'mat
It spent eight thousand in hazhat.
In wonderful manzilat thirteen years,
And on hidayat waited five,

Four thousand dwelled in nabauat,
Three thousand lived in rahigat,
After two thousand in hibat
It came to taqit's shafagat.

And there it lived a thousand years,
He spread the vault of heaven high
He placed the throne, the table, the pen
Created paradise and was the King.

THE TAIL OF THE HEAVEN AND THE THRONE

The Lord created first the nur,
Before the flesh was made the mind.
He melted emerald to flow
And ordered to create the heaven.

Then lifted heaven on the water,
And wind raised it onto the vapour.
By his great power wind there saved
With Muhammad's light world was fed.

The heaven's made without supports,
He gave foot to the vault of heaven.
Size is immense and layers are many,
It holds itself so many worlds.

If birds between the feet of sky
Had flown they would not reach the point,
And thousands years a horse had raced
Would never cross over its space.

Seventy thousand ways gleam up
Six hundred thousand curtains covered.
All angels there do prostrate-
The servants praising Mighty God.

The four of them have lifted it,
They've been afraid of failing command.
An army of eight hundred thousand
Surrounds around their running sweat.

And they prostrate in adoration
Allah, by whose great cause they hold it.
And from the angels running sweat
God has made streaming hug of sea.

Subhan Allah has taught the word,
Before Him angels do prostrate.
By his great power heaven's raised
God set a stone of testimonies.

The stone is chrysolite tablet
On it the happiness is written.
Then he has made the lively spirit
Men do not know the core of it.

THE TALE OF EIGHT PARADISES AND FOUR ANGELS

Two angels' names are Zhabrail and Mechail
Add Israfil and Azrail, now they are four.
One is for water and another is for wind,
Count paradises – they are eight and hells are seven.

One paradise is called Gadeen, it is the mercy,
And others are Darissalam, Darilqerar,
Zhannat Almauee, Ferdaus, Zhannat Nagim,
Darilqerar which is created dual.

God has created paradises in a high place,
Among the others Allah loves Gadeen zhannat.
Some of its bricks are golden, some are silver,
Its mortar is mixed up from ginger and the musk.

Its outside is from amber, doors from gold,
Its sand is precious pollen spilt around.
As is a limpid gate in finer mounting
It will be oped before deserving crowd.

There are four springs in paradise; one's Salsabil,
The spring Kauthar, Tasnim, the last is Zanzhabil.
Their waters are sherbet, sweet milk, sugary honey,
These names are true; ayas can be a firm dalil.

There many seats and beds are set in different colours
Variety of noble blue, white, green, and red.
What you have ever wanted is prepared there
The Muslims will come into it by Allah's will.

The mulberry trees are far and wide in paradise,
There is the seventh heaven where they grow as well.
The share of everyone is seventy young beauties
Their modest gleaming eyes are radiating splendour.

There are winged steeds that overpass a hundreds year way,
Their harness is embellished with the gems and jewels.

Strong muscles bulge and play in every part of body,
And many pleasures better than these wait for Muslims.

A man will be conferred on seventy large cities,
There are a great number of palaces in each.
And every hall in them is like a host of houses,
Seventy thousand chairs in a hall made rich.

Seventy beds are made there delicate and soft,
There is no end to blankets, pillows on the beds,
Gold, satin, fleece are laid of splendid fabric.
I won't take a sin upon my soul by counting them.

A beauty sits on every bed that waits for master,
She's crowned with diamonds, eyes are suns, her face is moon.
Her lips are ruby, breathe is juicy sweet sherbet,
Each uttered word is honey and sweet pleasure.

And if she glances at the Sun or Moon
They will fade down ashamed of her bright glory.
She has not teeth but pearls and cheeks of amber,
And coins jingle on shashbau plaited in hair.

The beauty's hands do shimmer like the silver,
You'll swoon before your eyes will see that creature.
You'll find your perfect goal if God allows you,
This life is nothing but the dream, short and delusive.

From top to bottom everything is gold in Eden,
Bright are the faces of the entering people.
And if to gather all the paper on the Earth
I will not finish the narration of those gardens.

"The infidels won't see the paradise!" is said,
"Allah does not love infidels!" is said.
Allah lets people know in his divine word,
"Men of eight kinds will not enter paradise!"

Incorporating deities with the only Allah,
The second are who plunder people of belongings.

The third ones who commit premeditated murder,
The fourth are stained by adultery – foes of religion.

The gossipers spreading the talk among the people,
The sixth are slanderers renouncing their religion.
The next are merciless hard-hearted people,
They always weigh down their sin with scandal.

The eighth and last are lovers of besotting drinks,
They spend the life in useless and deceptive pleasures.
These eight won't be admitted in the realm of heaven,
If their hearts don't feel repentance in this world.

So ask great God not to make you among the sinners,
If you're his servant then don't spend your time in vain.
If you strayed from the path of righteousness
You'd fall into the realm of seven hells.

THE TALE OF SEVEN HELLS

I will not spare from the worship of Allah,
Until I have a faint hope of salvation.
As I'm afraid of the divine wrath of great God
I will narrate the tale of seven hells realm.

Allah created seven hells for sinners:
Zhahannam, Zhahim, Saqyr and Sizheel,
Huhdeluhzad, Tumwq and Hahtm hell,
There will the guilty throw himself to fire.

There are torments that harder than the stones,
Mankind will burn and boil in the fire.
Quran warns us in evident and true ayats,
The fuel of tumwq are stones and people.

Do reverence and don't remain behind,
People and stones shall be the fire's fuel.
When I have heard this verse I've got afraid,
My soul's been torn to shreds and tatters.

Until the hell is full it will keep burning,
 Until the guilty crowd perishes in fire.
 Tumwq's depth is tremendous and enormous;
 The cast stone will not reach its bottom.

There is a pit in Hell, its name's Palaq,
 Try every effort to get rid of it.
 Whiele-the mountain standing in that pit,
 Wiped out is everyone who climes it.

And every stone of that mount is from fire,
 Their ignition is much better than of steamers'.
 There is a city built of flaring blaze,
 I've failed to count its bricks and streets.

There are seventy hundred thousand streets,
 On every street seventy thousand houses.
 In every house seventy thousand chambers,
 They all built of fervent fire indeed.

There are seventy seats in every chamber,
 One will be boiled in torments and tortures.
 On every seat wait seventy serpents,
 They have been created long ages ago.

The injuries, poison and tortures are true,
 The guilty will taste the blaze of Hell.
 And if the wild snake takes just a short breathe
 In one earthly hour this world will be seethed.

There take their abode the worst of the serpents,
 A thousand sharp fangs are lined up in one mouth.
 So please gracious God, preserve the all Muslims,
 What will be those who will meet the beast?!

The worse and different tortures await,
 The aliment's zaqwm, poison's their drink.
 Such are the hereafter torments of sinners,
 If you'll make all cautions in good time you'll win.

Allah is the one, his messenger's true,
 So act as divine legislation enjoins.
 If you do as learned and wise men us preach
 Inshallah, you won't see and taste hellish beasts.

When ropes are from iron and shoes on your feet,
 The belt and the frock all burned in heat.
 Your inside and outside will burn and blaze,
 So rescue yourself from errors in maze.

THE TALE OF SEVEN HEAVENS

Let us complete the tale of seven hells realm,
 The seeking for the rescue acts for it.
 How did Allah create nine palaqs, seven earths?
 Zhusup would tell you thoroughly.

To water turned his face the existing God
 And water boiled, its steam cloaked everything.
 Then heaven was created from that steam,
 Allah exposed his might to young and old.

And on the surface of the water froth emerged,
 Out of the froth Earth's seven layers stretched.
 The seven layers were created, after that
 Stones, mountains, trees, green grass and fruit.

It took two days for Earth and two for heaven
 This pair was created in four days.
 Allah could have created them in an hour,
 That is the wisdom from Allah for servants.

Creation was completed in six days,
 Completed by the might of Zhabbar-Halik.
 "Determined by His own unit of time"
 Told us Kalam-Shariff – the holy Word.

From chrysolite was made the first of heavens,
 Qahdah was named that heaven if you knew.

The picture of it could be ancient angels,
If not the men, they would be free and careless.

In second heaven everything's from amber,
Its name's Qahdym and solid is its nature.
Mah'un was named the third of heavens,
The essence of this heaven is the best.

Amongst the others is the silver heaven,
It is the fourth, its name is Aryqlwn.
The fifth is Zaniqah, a boundless heaven
It's not a thing to count or weigh and measure.

The sixth of heavens is a white snow pearl,
Allah named it Rahfagah that is glory.
Garifah is named the seventh heaven,
A yellow gold is gathered in that heaven.

The seven guards are at the doors of seven heavens,
I'm not a taleteller to tell lies.
I'll name all seven guards by their names,
Now listen carefully and count them.

Ismagul, Mechael, Sagael angels,
Kalkael, Salcael and Samael,
Raphael angel in the seventh heaven,
The highest place takes Zhabrael.

There is a tree called Mantaha,
Allah says, "Alef, Lam, Ya, Seen, Ta, Ha,"
Zhabrael takes abode there,
Astah'ferwillah, la illaha illa Allah.

THE TALE OF EARTH'S SEVEN LAYERS

I've heard these tales from many people,
I'm not a witness of those days.
Now let us leave the seven heavens,
And let's begin the tale of Earth.

The first of layers is called Damka,
Wind Rih roamed there for a while.
Seventy thousand ropes one has
But Angel Malik copes with all.

By wind Allah created Gad,
That nation perished with the others.
The nation Bosham is not small,
Their deeds are not of bad or good.

The second is Haldeturur,
There lives a nation called Tamas.
There different tortures you may taste,
The book 'Muhamediya' can prove.

The third of layers is called Garka,
There reptiles live of different kinds.
Three hundred sixty sorts of venom,
One little bite will crash the world.

Its inmates are the nation Qabys,
They can't escape the reptiles' eyes.
Allah would save them by His might,
Don't interrupt me in delight.

The fourth of layers is called Zhyrba,
There dwells a dragon eating men.
There live the people called Zhal'ham.
Armless and legless blind cripples.

They are accustomed to fly up,
The fifth of layers is Malsha.

Inmates of it are called Muhtah,
They eat each other when feel hunger.

The sixth of layers – Shahynaidos,
There live Kitat looking like birds.
This people worship great Allah,
Their book of hell is always blank.

The seventh layer is Gazhba,
There isn't any lower layer.
There takes abode mean Azahzil
And Zhytma nation live as well.

THE TALE OF MOUNTAIN QAHP

That's been the tale of Earth's creation,
It would be good advice for men
Now hear the tale of Qahp's creation,
Who knows how many stones on it?

Seven parts whirl round this planet,
They have stones of utter green.
There are the cities in its caves,
They are streatched to mountains base.

Mechael angel is on Qahp,
His head supports the vault of heaven.
When such a mount falls down you're safe,
If you have asked Allah for help.

Behind this mount there is one land,
It's larger thirty times than Earth.
There are created queer souls
Of patient temper, humble dole.

Let me narrate a little story
To see Allah's great might and will.
There are seventy lands behind,
Next to each other they lie still.

Seventy more lie behind them,
There lives a teacher for kafirs.
The breadth of it is tens times more,
And more of these lands lie beyond.

Seventy thousand lands behind
Are all created of the gold.
Behind these gold lands is Timesh
Like seven-storied silver world.

Seventy thousand lands behind
Are all created of the iron.
So many worlds behind these lands,
There take abode good holy angels.

They do not know who Azahzil is,
Nor what the human beings are.
Allah's the one, his prophet's true,
They stick to it as to the clue.

There seven seas behind these worlds,
And many creatures live in each.
Amongst them dwell people unknown,
What do we check for who they are?

No one can find who they are,
Nor ancient saints of the past.
They are the wisest and that is why
They are called nation of the knowledge.

Their wings are tireless when fly,
Their bodies don't burn in the fire,
Don't drawn when swim in roaring water,
Their wishes answered by Allah.

THE TALE OF THE VAULT OF THE HEAVEN AND THRONE

That is raut left by Muhammad,
My teacher told it many times.
Now let me tell another story
Of the creation by Allah.

Tales about heavens and the Earth
Are off, though much of them omitted.
The vault of heaven and the water
Are special by God's great might.

There's Lahyat Sea under the vault,
Another lies close to the Earth.
And all is made of these seas' water,
There is ayat that proves these words.

Then God created Sun and Moon,
At the beginning they were equal.

Zhabrail gave from Moon to Sun,
Night is for Moon, Day is for Sun.

From heaven and the Earth creation
Creatures replaced each other fast.
Then Baitul magmur has been placed,
Now let me tell about its case.

There were no cities in the world
It was inhabited and empty.
Right on the place where Kaaba is
God placed a red house from the amber.

By God's great might it has been built,
The flood has reached the vault of heaven.
To rescue House from the flood
The angels raised it to the height.

The angels took abode on Earth,
Azahzil made a belt from fire.

Eight paradises thousands years
Served to Allah at His own mercy.

There was a leader among angels
One day they named him Azahzil.
Earth's seven layers, heavens, angels
Were ruled by Azahzil that time.

Allah let him and gave him freedom
And power over earthly world.
One day the gathered angels saw
Inscription on the vault's doors.

And frightened angels asked, "What's that?"
And read, "My servants, pay attention,
Among you one at my great power
Deserves perdition everlasting."

And all the angels dreaded vastly,
And reached Azahzil, their head.
"We saw one fearful thing in heaven,
We fear, pray for us to God!"

Then Azahzil stood up and prayed,
"Save angels!" uttered in great fright,
But he did not address to God,
Good, evil, everything's from God.

THE TALE OF ADAM'S CREATION

"I'm to create a friend of mine,
And he will make abode on Earth.
So leave this world," He ordered angels,
"My creature will be called Adam."

They didn't say "we'll leave" at once,
"What's our guilt?" they asked Allah.
"We say tasbih, tahhlil, takbir,
Children of Adam will make sins."

“Obey my servants and go off,
Who will persist will burn in hell.
“Qala insi a’lamu ua ma la ta’lamun
(I am who knows what you do not know)”
And all the angels left the world.

The base of him was to be light,
And then the light was asked by God,
“What would you want to be from, Light?”
Its choice fell upon the dust.

“I will create Adam from dust,
Listen to order, Zhabrail,
Between the Magrib and Mashrik
Fetch me some dust,” said great Allah.

To carry out Allah’s order,
Zhabrail went down to the Earth.

“What did you come for Zhabrail?”
The Earth asked angel by God’s will.

“I came to take from you some dust,
To put my hand into your womb.
I came with order from great God,
To take and fetch from you some dust.”

“An infidel will fall from Bridge,
The hub of me is Qibla.
You are to take the dust from me,
What will Allah make out of it?”

“Allah’s intent for me is secret,
He will create from it Adam.
Adam’s posterity will grow,
And they will make mischief on Earth.”

“It snows and rains by Allah’s order,
If it’s God’s will what can I do?”

Now tell me clearly, Zhabrail,
Is there a punishment for them?”

“Children of Adam will live long,
Russian, Uzbek, Shurshut, Kazakh.
When counted their sins and faults
They would be tortured in your womb.”

“If so don’t take from me my dust,
Taken from me is my own flesh.
When to my womb they will be cast
I could not bear such a blast.

The dust of mine is my own child,
If they aren’t good then they are bad.
Allah, please save me from the days
My children tortured in my maze.”

And kind angel went away,
Next after him came Mechael.
Earth stood its ground even then,
And he returned with empty hands.

Then Israfil was sent to Earth,
The lowest angel in the four.
But when he listened to wise Earth
He couldn’t take what he’s sent for.

Then came the turn of Azrail,
He lacked the breadth of charity.
He didn’t listen to Earth’s tale,
He used his force, he couldn’t fail.

It was between Mashrik and Magrib,
Firm natured Azrail was stiff.
He took some dust from brown body,
And seven layered Earth want down.

He brought that dust to great Allah,
He always carried out all orders.

“You was a reason for Adam,
So, you will take his soul away.”

Adam will feel torments and tortures
To think, ‘God wants to test my faith.’
“You have a little charity,”
Since then he’s to bereave our souls.

God wetted dust and made a clay,
He ordered fire to get set.
Then added salty, vapid soil
To make the rich and some the poor.

The clay was parted into two,
One piece to flame, one piece to light.
They were mixed up into a shape,
Then said, “You’ll have especial fate.”

The face and image of the man
God finished up in forty days.
He left it lie for forty years,
And covered body with the sand.

Between Mecca and Haifa cities
In lifeless desert, on the sand,
By rushing water of a stream
One day firm Azrail saw him.

The wind blew through the lying body,
And nearby walked Iblees.
“If only I had been his master
I would behead this clay at once.”

“He must have slyness very much,
And must be trusting to the ruse.”
“You’ll face him humbly,” said Allah,
“I’ll not submit,” responded Damned.

Then Azahzil got into him,
He spied the body in and out.

“Adam is easy to get lied,”
And Damned then found out all his weak sides.

Almighty God created all,
Among the all these three are special:
Taurat, Adam and splendid Eden.
Two hundred years Adam’s soul waited.

“Now, enter, soul, into this flesh,
I gave you pure beauty, reason.”
Two hundred years of wait had past,
The soul then entered body hard.

It entered only by God’s pressure,
It would leave hardly human flesh.
“Bismillah, God, I ask your help!”
It said and reached the human’s eyes.

And when the soul came in it saw
His face created from the dust.
God gave him reason to find out
His inner essence and the core.

The soul then reached the human’s nose,
It tickled down and gave a sneeze.
And when his soul came to his mouth
“Alhamdulillah!” he praised God.

The prophet said that it’s sauap
When sneeze to praise Allah-great God.
A little soul roamed every part
Arms, feet, his chest, neck, palms and back.

He said ‘bismillah!’ and stood up,
Much of stark clay fell down from him,
And some remained as finger nails.
Then angel asked Allah, “What’s then?”

Allah told Zhabrail, “Now go
And put in him faith, reason, shame.”

One of these three can fit the soul,
 "Adam should choose one of these goals."

Adam chose reason from that three,
 Where reason was there was iman.
 Shame followed faith to Adam's heart,
 Three feelings settled in one part.

He got a crown and golden belt,
 And was dressed up in splendid clothes,
 They say that ones adorn a man,
 A steed with wings flew under him.

God pleased his soul with all he wished,
 Allah imparted to him knowledge.
 Adam in splendid clothes came
 Into the paradise with angels.

"Put on a turban and a crown,
 Display him honour and respect."
 "Ask all the angels next to you
 A designation of each thing."

Adam was glad and felt great joy,
 Malicious Azahzil was sad.
 Adam asked notions of all things,
 "Now tell me angels, what is that?"

Allah had not favoured them
 With designations of the things.
 "Allah imparted to him knowledge,"
 Allah knows all and every thing.

Adam came out of the crowd
 And named all things that were been asked.
 He said the names of things aloud,
 As for the angels, they went back.

He spent his days in joy and pleasure,
 The good likes gatherings and games.

The reason was the good for him,
 And all the rest felt true esteem.

All angels chose him as a leader,
 That was a wonder from Allah.
 "Faszhudu liadama Adam,"
 Prostrate yourself in adoration.

And many angels did prostrate,
 Allah prolonged his mortal age.
 But Azahzil did not prostrate,
 He shadowed light of holy truth.

The angels raised their heads and saw
 That Azahzil draw on misfortune.
 The angels saying "Save us God,"
 Prostrated their selves once more.

The second time he disobeyed
 And he was called Lost Iblees.
 The first bow's faryz, second's wadzhib.
 That's why sudzhud is always two.

He drew upon himself great anger,
 Allah hurled upon him His wrath.
 Once he displayed provoking pride
 He was expelled from paradise.

Commit myself to Rahman,
 My fear is great, do all I can.
 "Will not obey to Rahman,"
 And called himself Iblees satan.

I do commit myself to God,
 Confide my sorrow and my grief.
 How did Allah create Hahwa'??
 Listen to story about Eve.

Adam did not neglect repentance,
 His sighted soul was always sharp.

Allah took out of him Hahwa',
Out of his body's left side rib.

Adam did not feel any pain,
He must be drowsing at that time.
Allah prevented him from feeling
Of Eve's creation and design.

He oped his eyes and saw someone,
He had been single, then they're two.
"Let's ask Adam about his spouse,"
Four angels witnessed Adam's clue.

Allah implanted in Adam
Obedience and piety.
The intimacy lighted heart,
He loved her in all verity.

"Who is that sitting next to you?
Why do you love her with all heart?
What is her name and why it's so?
And will you be with her, Adam?"

"She is a destined spouse of mine,
Allah created her for me.
Allah had made her from a living,
That's why she has been named Hahwa'."

"I love her as I love myself,
We like each other very much.
We're matched by powerful Allah,
As only God can be in oneness."

There was a wedding under trees,
They both were beautiful and tall,
Adam in garments with his Eve.
One had the thoughts, another – wit.

"Adam, live here in paradise,
Take care of yourself and Eve!

Take food and drink, and guard your ties,
But never eat fruit from this tree."

Then Zhabrail delivered sermon,
Ten salauats two Muhammad.
"In Eden everything is sweet,"
And all enjoyed their faragat.

They lived in paradise with joy,
The angels praised Allah – great Lord.
"How shall I lead Adam astray?"
The damned was lying in his wait.

"What will you do if not Allah?
Take my advice, little friend.
Your look is beautiful but, ah!
One day you'll leave this splendid land."

"How will I leave?" a bird asked devil,
"When soul leaves us we leave this life,"
The peacock listened to the tattle
That chattered devil with a smile.

There was a snake in paradise,
It saw both good and bad of life.
As if a camel on four legs
It strolled on hills, green plains and steppes.

"Why don't we know about the death?
And what it looks like, great Allah?
How can we make ourselves immortal?
Let's ask the devil, he knows all."

"Do you know everything indeed?
The death is something to get rid."
"There is a means in paradise,
We can take it under disguise."

"Then, let us go and fetch this means,
I'll bring in mouth you unseen."

The snake and peacock took advice
And brought the damned to paradise.

He slipped away from those two fools,
Adam amused himself with joy.
The devil came up to the youths
And feigned crying stood there coy.

“Why are you crying?” asked Adam,
“If life has never past away!
When soul leaves us the body’s useless,
Make every effort not to die.”

They got upset when learnt of that,
The damned incited from within.
Hahwa’ came up and softly asked,
“Tell us the way then to resist.”

“For you it’s hard to comprehend,
The day will come and you’ll regret.
Fruit on that tree – the only means,
You’ll never die if taste a bit.”

“He is intending to do evil,
What crafty wit and guileful words!
We’ll be turned out of this Eden,
Never to eat from it we swore.”

Hahwa’ desired to take fruit,
Adam resisted very long.
She had two bites of Eden fruit,
“Has any happened to me wrong?”

She couldn’t overcome her self,
And she neglected godly warning.
For his great love to willful Eve
Adam could not persist her longing.

Hahwa’ ate twice from Eden fruit,
And stretched out it to her Adam.

When he put it into his mouth
He started quivering with fright.

A woman took a false step first,
She lost her happiness and crown.
Their whole bodies were exposed,
They covered up their shameful parts.

“Why did she eat forbidden fruit?
Why did Adam come into her?”
He was afraid and couldn’t bolt,
Thus people call it Adam’s apple.

They kept collecting leaves from trees,
But trees refused to give them leaves.
“Why did you disobey my command?”
Allah asked them about his warrant.

“I bit it once,” answered Adam,
“I listened to her words for love.”
Obeying woman is a woman,
Hahwa’ said, “I believed the snake.”

“Ibles deceived me,” told the snake,
“Snake wanted come to paradise,”
The peacock also was to take
The punishment for compromise.

“Adam, get out of this place!
You can not live in paradise!
Ten sheep, a horse will be your base,
Get out now without delay.”

“Hahwa’, why did you eat that fruit?
You wished to profit, but you harmed.
See blood, begetting from your womb,
Live life that by yourself you marred.

In reason, heritage and faith
Two women equal just one man.

He rewards thousand, your is one,
You for yourself will be a ban.

I take away your legs, the snake,
You'll crawl on earth your belly down.
One who will see you will feel hate,
Will smash your head with scornful mow.

Hey, peacock, why did you come here?
You ran between Iblees and snake.
You'll always live in sultry heat,
The fire's your eternal fate.

Iblees, you tangled down Adam,
For that the angels will oust you.
For you my mercy is haram,
You'll never see the Eden's view.

All were exiled from holy heaven,
Adam reached mountain Sarondit.
Hahwa' went down to Zhidda mount,
Their lives were separated reed.

The snake went down to Spanish land,
The peacock came down to the north.
Allah, please save us from the end
Of rebels who did not see forth.

Three hundred years Adam kept crying,
His tears could form a running brook.
Allah is great, the Judge, Almighty,
Adam did cry, his body shook.

Those days they roamed in utter dark,
But Eden's ray peered from the sky.
They saw there name of Muhammad,
And asked each other, "Who is that?"

"He is a faithful friend of mine,
And he is from your progeny."

"Forgive then me for my great sin
To save Muhammad's destiny."

Allah accepted his repentance,
The world was lit up by the sun.
He thanked Allah with double prayers,
We were enjoined to do that.

Adam was thankful to Allah,
He praised great Lord with words he knew.
He met Hahwa' by Arafat,
A hope was born to start anew.

Hahwa' lied down to have a rest,
The land beneath was under ice.
A little brook began to melt,
There fish appeared to the life.

A dog appeared from their navels,
A cat was formed from their bile,
That's why it's always in our favour.
Adam and Eve conceived twins twice.

They matched a twin to one from other,
A pretty girl was Kahbl's sister.
She married Hahl, and his brother
Felt envy, hatred like no other.

Two brothers quarreled with each other,
But I can not resist narrating
Another story, oh don't bother,
We will return to Cain and Abel.

One day Adam climbed up a mount,
There were the angels on the top.
"How many they are gathered here!"
Adam was frightened of this mob.

He called a mount which was a stone,
He blanched with terror and great dread.

Then Zhabrail came down from God
And held Adam's heart with his hand.

"Hey you, Adam, you'll father children!
Don't hold away your soul from me.
Who are those people? Do you see them?
Turn right and watch them carefully."

He looked at rightwards but in fact
"Right" meant that time "ago" and "back",
He turned his head and looked aback,
In our custom that had left.

Bright light, bright spirit, a white flag,
Melting black stones and having steam –
That was the light of Muhammad.
"Who's that a towering above?"

"That's Muhammad – your progeny,
His followers say salauat."
"Oh God, for your respect to him
Forgive my faults and all my kin."

Behind him went the other prophets,
His fellows, rulers and wahlee.
They were dressed up in white garments
Walking the right from ancestry.

There came a message from Allah
That Eden had been waiting them.
Adam smiled wide and said to God,
"While I'm alive my thanks won't end."

Will we be foreigners that day,
That's up to God and no one else.
We won't know that until the day
We buy for souls what this life sells.

Allah gives commands, we obey,
That's why we made for, that's our fate.

"Look to your left," he heard the voice,
He watched his left and was astonished.

They had black faces and black clothes,
Those ugly men were led by Cain.
Adam began to plead Allah,
"Oh God, please, save us from mistakes."

He couldn't see them distinctly,
"For them the realm of hell is ready!"
Hey you, Muslim community,
Ask God for your Iman being steady.

There gathered many human spirits
In that assembly; your and mine.
Allah appealed to souls of people,
"You are my servants, I'm your God."

Then people's spirits did respond,
"You're our God whom we obey."
"Now tell me, people, will you bond
To follow prophets that I'll send?"

"Here's our evidence and vow,
We'll do what our God commands."
Allah accepted our vow,
And you declared your Islam.

That day you testified your faith,
Don't breach the vow that has been given.
The day will come to pass the Bridge
With heavy luggage of your sins.

Adam gave birth to many people,
Some were successful others raw.
Ones had much wealth, the others nothing,
But every cloud has a silver lining.

And Kahbl killed his brother Habl,
Adam bewailed long forty days.

Their offspring Tish gave birth to Shish,
Allah lit up his way and wish.

Adam arranged a talk with sons,
He taught and preached the word of God.
He got ten books of his religion,
And Shish inherited his mission.

“Now let me give you one advice,
And you will give it to your sons.
Until the day of great account
That will be your religious fount.

Don't crave for mundane things of life,
Look what my longing did to me.
I lived in splendid paradise,
But for my sin God turned out me.

Do not obey a female folk,
I did and lost the Eden's light.
Think of results of deeds and work,
I didn't think, look what I got.

Sons, always look before your leap,
If you can't do don't do a deed.
And seek advice before to act,
If I did so! I can't make back.

I asked no one for that I fell
From great Lord's grace to earthly world.
That's all the sage that I can tell,
Teach sons and daughters to this word.

What can I add to this, my sons?
Before “alif” I'll tell you “bee”
Muhammad's commune will excel
In four big things, you count I tell.

I was forgiven in great Mecca –
The mother of all cities, towns.

But when Muhammad's commune stumbles
Their repentance hasn't bounds.

Allah deprived me of His help,
And took away my runners, wealth.
When commune of Muhammad sins
They feel repentance if God wills.

I was deprived of all I had;
I lost my strength, I was misled.
Muhammad's commune won't get lost
Even if they have many faults.

When my abode was splendid Eden
God turned me out for one sin.
But if Muslims commit a sin
In Eden God will welcome them.”

THE TALE OF TWENTY EIGHT PROPHETS

Adam lived here a thousand years,
He left behind prophet Shish.
He got from father fifty books,
When time had come they past away.

Shish lived on earth seventy years,
His son Unwsh took up his place.
He past away, Kinan was born,
Adam's posterity increased.

Mehail replaced the wise Kinan,
Yarid took up Mehail's place.
After Yarid Idris was born,
He was the first to write and read.

He was the first to sow the clothes,
He mastered paper, ink, a pen.
Idris did not eat sixteen years
And rose to Eden without fears.

Idris got thirty holy books,
And lived four centuries on earth.
Next after him Nuh prophet came,
He lived four hundred fifty years.

Nuh left three sons: Yafas, Ham, Sam,
And Eden is God's gift to man.
Hud, Salih – they also left,
This life is something to be reft.

Then Ibrahim was born and died,
Namard that fired him departed.
Allah commanded to the fire,
"Be soft to him, do not do harm."

He spoke seventy languages
And mastered many kinds of art.
Ishak, Ya'qub and Ismael,
All were the prophets to appeal.

Hazret Ya'qub fathered Yusuf,
"He was nabi" tell us the book.
Ayub nabi, Shu'aib and Musa
All preached religion and the goodness.

Allah gave Musa book Tawrat,
From it he knew who's Mahammad.
"Make me his follower!" he asked,
And cried when read lines in Tawrat.

Harun with wife and Musa past,
And after them Junus, Ilyas.
Dawud whom was imparted Psalter,
I could not say who's story's older.

He also knew Muhammad's commune,
From pages of the holy Psalter.
And after him came Sulayman
He built big cities and small towns.

He did subdue winds, birds and jins,
To Muhammad he showed esteem.
Hyzyr nabi and wise Zhannan,
And after them came Luqman.

And everything except the lay
You should collect to get the gain.
A man came then horned by his power,
That was the Roman Eskender.

Zhelhys, 'Uzair and Rumyah,
Daneahl, Zakaryah, Yahyah,
God did impart Isa Inzhil,
He also left this fuss for still.

Those who had heard confirmed the saying
That "all have sins except great Lord".
The sages counted years decaying
Two hundred thousands twenty four.

That isn't good to make the counts,
The Sun and Moon can not be three.
Quran tells some things, sometimes hides,
Don't count your years, just do dree.

THE BIRTH OF MUHAMMAD

So many messengers had past,
Ishak's posterity increased.
Ismael's scion Muhammad
Came to the earth to be the last.

The light of prophethood came down
Blessed city Mecca and its crowd,
The people of Quraish kin
Shukur and brother Abdullah.

Abdulmanap's son Hashim brave,
Was even better than his father.

If your surrounding is so good
How can you be deaf-eared to truth?

He was the ninth among the nine,
And hundred camels he did slaughter.
His spouse Amina bore a child,
Medina, Mecca filled with splendour.

The parents knew he was a gift,
Allah endowed Amina light.
At God blessed hour, by His writ
Muhammad's born and brought a light.

He bowed his knees to God and said,
"Give me my following, Allah!"
Kaaba praised God for the child,
And churches ruined in afar.

It could be heard from all its corners,
"A light to universe came down!"
The seal of prophethood was born
All people's faith he was to crown.

Look what Omnipotent did with
The owner of the elephant.
Kaaba'd been a heathen place,
But great Allah raised sun above.

The twelfth day of Raby' al-awal
Amina laboured, at night she bore.
And happy relatives then told,
"It is a day to praise great Lord."

The light enveloped universe,
The demons were shot by the fire.
Hence heaven was for them forbidden.
And crowds of angels trod them down.

Dear Muhammad – a shade for souls,
There was a peace where he left sole.

And to retain her milk for son
A wet-nurse was looked for by clan.

There was a woman – Halimah,
God made her milk halal for him.
Right from the birth Zhabbar-Allah
Had made her tidy, neat and clean.

After four years his father died,
His mother left when he was six.
When he was eight his father's father
Did leave a near world for farther.

His uncle Abutalib took him
To care and to teach some arts.
He was a man of honesty,
And never acted dirtily.

His speech was sweet as golden honey,
He had appeal and handsome face.
As if he was Yusuf nabi
His pleasant look was nice to see.

He was good-tempered modest man
And always helped the poor people.
When parents died by will of God
The orphanage fell on his lot.

Muhammad was about twelve,
He was a little poor orphan.
His uncle said, "I have no wealth
To give as dowry and soften."

The scion of kin Quraish,
He was a fair pure youth.
The boy had not the clothes to wear
But had so many things to care.

Rich Habi's daughter Hadisha
Had Muhammad in her sweet dream.

“If he is born I’ll marry him!”
She came to find him to Mecca.

She was a beautiful rich lady,
She waited for her Muhammad.
To earn his living youthful lad
Soon stepped on Mecca’s holy land.

She hired youthful Muhammad
To lead a loaded caravan.
That was intention of his uncle
To get him worked for Hadisha.

She treated poor orphan well
For she did know the gist of him.
“Come in, what do you want to tell,
My dear guest Abutalib?”

“I never cheated honest people,
And never thought I’d ask someone.
My poor brother has no evil,
Please, hire him, he works like none.”

“Your kin is pure by its birth,
You shut your eyes when soul goes out.
Why do you rob him of his mirth?
To grudge your brother isn’t good.”

“I didn’t rob or grudged that boy,
Allah willed so and we obeyed.
I want to find for him employ,
He hasn’t heritage or state.”

“God made him higher for the others,
I haven’t seen him but I know.
Don’t make him slave for others, brother,
I’ll find a match of wealth and blow.”

“Is that a joke, fine Hadisha?
Do not make fun of me and say

How can a wealthy lady – shah
Match him for life but not for play?”

She knew Abutalib was harsh,
And she did not reveal her aim.
“Your brother’s fee is six tenge,
I doubled money of his pay.”

“Why do you do that, Hadisha?
How do you know how much he’s strong?
Don’t make him water and pick wood,
You pay too much, tell me what’s wrong?”

“I won’t ask him to bring me water,
Lest Muhammad will lose his flesh.
I’ll send tomorrow him to Rome
To drive my caravan to Sham.”

Abutalib then took advance,
Returning home he was upset.
He knew that was the only chance,
But tears streamed down his mournful face.

The poverty’s the best of racers,
God makes it roam and seek its bread.
His sister Gatka sat at home,
She earned her living spinning yarn.

“Allah, you gave us higher blood,
A name that sounds Quraish.
The only brother works for rich,
When will be fulfilled our wish?”

A poor girl did shed her tears,
“What can I do? I am an orphan,
A worker! That’s how fortune fleers,
Allah be merciful, please, soften!”

Muhammad with his mournful face
Paced slowly to Hadisha’s place.

“Don’t make him harm!” she ordered strictly
To one of chiefs of cameleer.

They loaded camels of black colour,
“Do not be angry with Muhammad.
When on your way back you’ll draw near
Do send him further as a herald.”

Abubakir and Abudzhahil
Were chiefs to drive out caravan.
When he became a cameleer
They thought he’d ruin their plan.

“All other children have their parents
To welcome, to see off when leaving.
I have to work for wealthy tenants,”
That time his soul with grief was bleeding.

“All other children sit at home
They under parents’ wing grow strong.
They are well cared by their mothers
I have no mother, I’m alone.

I am an orphan, that’s my fate,
I was in need of food and clothes.
A camel led by me fast started
And tired out my poor soul.

Grandfather left this empty world,
My parents also lie in ground.”
When hearing him all beasts and birds
Began to plead and cry aloud.

And many angels cried with sorrow,
“Oh, will he really be a slave?”
And eighteen thousand worlds mourned over
His sadness and their tears did lave.

Allah gave him experience,
Allah is always with the poor.

To show him right way Gabriel
As if a cloud above him loured.

Long chains of caravans went Sham,
They approached a house of monk.
He saw a cloud from a distance,
“There is a saint of great wisdom.”

The monk asked them to be his guests,
“Has anybody left?” he asked.
“An orphan cameleer has left,
Except him all of us are here.”

“Then call him here, to my house,
I’d like to treat him to my dinner.
He’s born your sinful soul to rouse,
He is the prophet of the Doomsday.”

He brought Muhammad by himself,
With flying cloud up his head.
He treated him and entertained
As if he was a dearest guest.

He took an honourable place,
And waited on him by himself.
“When you reach Sham, my dear friends,
Don’t show this boy to Jewish clans.”

“I was ordained to see this boy,
Don’t think he’s simple as a toy,”
He treated cameleers well,
And soon he bid them farewell.

They got to center of the town,
The caravan began its trade.
Muhammad went to Jews’ bazaar
To get amused and make some rate.

When Muhammad went into Sham
All pagan deities were crushed.

A blacksmith's iron melted down,
That was a sign of some smash.

The ruler of the city called
All scientists to one big hall.
The scholars opened their books
Taurat, Inzhil and found the sooth.

“There is a caravan from Mecca,
One Quraish with it has come.
From Hashim's family Muhammad-
The prophet of the great account.

The Jews began to seek the boy,
The caravan was to depart.
“There is an orphan cameleer,”
Said foe of din Abudzhahil.

The trading caravans were off,
The Jews could not find future prophet.
Abubakir was bringing a sack,
Pretending picking camels' dung.

Then hostile Jews began to ask,
“What are you bringing, poor man?”
“It isn't dung, it's Muhammad,”
They thought he's joking and went on.

Abubakir then let him out,
“Why did you say that I was there?”
“How could I lie though I was frightened?
Lie is a sin for real prayer.”

“Look! What an honest fair man!
God, put me to the way of truth!
If You ordained me paradise
Please let us be in neighbourhood.”

Abubakir was a real Moslem,
They soon departed for Medina.

A bald old camel was their ride,
And one could find nothing thinner.

He brought Muhammad to bazaar
And bought that bald and skinny camel.
The camel put on weight not far,
It was great wonder for the rabble.

The people looked with admiration
At Muhammad and his new ride.
To roam alone – a new sensation,
And youthful boy got lost at night.

Not knowing way he roamed afar,
And feeling anxious looked around.
“Who's spying here?” said someone,
And tried to grasp him with harsh sound.

The boy was going to dismount
And run on foot from hostile hounds.
But Zhabrail came down to him,
And showed him right way by his beam.

His camel was led up by angel,
And ten day way was past for a night.
He stopped when reached the gates of town,
And with relief he did dismount.

A wonder camel once being bald
Then it was worth a heap of gold.
“Will Muhammad come here as a herald?”
With thoughtful look sat down Hadisha.

She saw him coming up to her,
Her heart was melting with great joy.
She gave him camel for good news
That day with love he was seduced.

The boy returned his home with camels,
The last of caravans returned.

And soon to take Muhammad's payment
His uncle came for what he earned.

"Hadisha, give my nephew's payment,
You have embarrassed him enough.
Don't boast to us that you are rich,
Who would be you if not your stuff?"

"They say that need bereaves half reason,
Now tell me, who disgraces you?
You know that six tenge is nothing
To match a woman for the youth.

Oh, brother, please believe my words,
Don't want to harm my honest soul.
I want to be Muhammad's wife,
One has the wealth if it's his dole."

And she revealed her true intent,
Her pure dream that was divine.
'I'll be his spouse and fair friend'
She had interpreted its sense.

Then glad Abutalib went home,
And told what happened to the boy.
"I do not even have the garment,"
With sullen face he did lament.

Abubakir learnt it and came,
"I've brought you garments, Muhammad."
They put on clothes and went out,
They were inspired, smart and proud.

"Hadisha told us, we would bring,
Allah conferred you on some profit.
She fell in love with you, that's clear,
She wed you soon without delay."

The good will reach a better good,
They put six coins into pockets.

They dressed and went in happy mood,
Next night they were at place appointed.

Hadisha welcomed them with pleasure,
God matched that couple in the heaven.
She threw on them good deal of treasure
And honoured dear guests as never.

The house carpeted with splendour,
In only night the boy got rich.
Red curtains, beds with flavour,
And newly wedded reached their pitch.

Abubakir gave them a sermon,
The amber was spilt down the table.
It's easy for Allah to give
Joy, happiness, or violent grief.

Abubakir had festive dinner,
And left Muhammad with his wife.
They reached the aim, they both were winners,
The sorrow's bottom was delight.

Allah gave goals worth of achieving,
The messenger took pleasure, rest.
All people welcomed them with cheering,
He was a good man and the best.

The marriage gave him lot of wealth,
The time to gather in the harvest.
Behind his back were forty years
When God revealed him what's the worthiest.

Hadisha bore him seven children;
Five daughters and two splendid boys.
Zeinep, Fatima, Gulsim, Rakya,
Kasym, Tahyr and Mahbubi.

Ali wived one, Osman matched two,
The other two were also married.

The boys departed in their youth,
And only Fatima's line was carried.

DIVINE REVELATION

Muhammad's flesh was made of light
With praise of attributes of God.
Then came "who garbed from head to foot,"
Ayat "Read in the name of God".

Hadisha was a clever woman,
She didn't know what meant ayat,
He asked, "What should I read?"
She answered, "Name of God."

And one by one the chapters came,
They were revealed for him to preach.
First Abubakir had confessed,
Hadisha was the first from women.

Ali, Osman, Omar professed,
Islam with them became much stronger.
And as we know from all his friends
The prophet loved more Abubakir.

HOW THE PROPHET WIVED AISHA

When he was forty God gave him
The prophecy and great Quran.
A seven year old girl Aisha
Was playing in the prophet's yard.

That day the prophet's forty three,
He saw a playing girl not far.
"Go say your father to give me
His ripen apple, dear child."

A girl came running to her father
And sent the prophet's true regards.
"The prophet said he'd like to gather
Your ripened apple, dear dad."

"If he says 'ripened' then it is,
The time to gather it has come.
I thought it hadn't ripened yet,
So let him taste this fruit and palm.

Put on a thread each day, my girl,
Set hopes upon Allah, my girl."
"My father said 'let palm this fruit
If prophet likes it then it's good."

When prophet heard it he was glad,
Aisha was seven on her plight.
When she was nine those two got married,
And twenty years they lived together.

On seventeen foe grounds he battled,
He slaughtered infidels like Haibar.
Ali got Zulfaqar, Kamkam,
Samsam, Duldul from prophet's palm.

He married Omar's elder daughter,
Those two had shared great Lord's bless.
All knew that Omar was a stronger,
He came to prophet to profess.

He gave two daughters to Osman,
With faces radiating light.
They were the blood of Muhammad,
The words from Holy book were right.

Ali – the last of sons-in-law,
His fair bride was Fatima.
Allah accepted their vow,
The worthy man became her spouse.

Malikazhdar, Abulhazhin
Muktasam, Saduaqas, Mihtyp,
Umydkarap and Enee'ahs
Those were the servants has Anhas.

The princes Husa'yn, Hasan,
Ali had seventeen fine sons.
The only son called Ibrahim
Would give up life for his true din.

ABDULLAH OMARULY

Now listen youth and tell if I am lying,
Allah likes testing us through nights and days.
A true edification stroke as a sign
Omar's son Abdullah, look what he says.

Though one's a penniless and needy poor man,
Lights Buhara with torch from Samarkand.
Don't think "This world is everlasting plan,"
Amongst the many you're a caravan.

For instance, you've gone through a door,
Then you have exited a hypothetic room.
Will anything remain in paw?
Save God you from unhappy doom.

So count yourself a lying corpse in grave,
What are your parents when depart this life?
Don't think you'll never die or you are safe,
Once Azrail will take away your life.

It's like a heated and soon died out stove,
It is a darkest, black and starless evening.
Don't let delude yourself by earthly life,
This life's a dream you're having, the deceiving.

I'll never let the devil rule me over,
Oh great Allah, please save me from the foe!

While you are young repent of sins, be stronger,
Confess to God while you are not corrupt.

When Sun has past the peak it's time for prayer,
A pious servant ripens for God's reward.
If you want to confess with all your heart,
Then keep away from seven things, fight hard.

If you have heart you'll keep in mind humaneness,
You'll never make the things that are forbidden.
Remember, one of the seven virtues – knowledge,
Then give up ignorance and gain your freedom.

This death will come to relatives and parents,
It is a common end for all of us.
Now look what is the second from these seven
It is a true repentance of your faults.

Repent of sins, they are a heavy luggage,
If you don't fight the vice it will corrupt you.
The third advice to save your soul from damage;
Revert yourself from greatness to meek smallness.

These seven's ways are different from others,
If you appeal to common people, they won't hear.
Here is the fourth advice, my dear brothers,
Don't be a pompous person, be godfearing.

Allah created us only for service,
Allah gave us two eyes to see His power.
The fifth thing you should follow from these worries
To tell the truth, that is your tower.

Why you have never dreamt of holy saints?
Why God has never blessed you with true dream?
I'll tell you, fight the vice and cleanse your taints,
That is the sixth advice I want to give.

A pious man is meek; his soul is broken,
And his intention is by pious men.

One wakes up earlier the daybreak,
Don't sleep at dawn, beseech Allah and pray.

The prophet said good wives – a half of creed,
A bird will come to nest if there's wood.
My dear brothers, listen to hadeeth
While I'm alive please hearken to this sooth

For infidels hell fire is eternal,
And their prayers will be never answered.
One day the scholars will forget the kernel,
A city will be desolate and fruitless.

As if a big, large orchid without melons,
As if a shed without milker cows,
When rulers' government is wrong and felon,
It is as if a black but rainless cloud.

A pious man submits to God's blessed will,
This saying issues from a true hadeeth.
And if a servant hasn't patience, still,
He's like a died out lamp without oil.

A dead has never come back to this life,
A pious man has never captured other's.
A man that hasn't shown repentance been alive
Is like a wild horse without harness.

Why soul does suffer when it leaves this world,
And if it doesn't what will do the death.
A lass that has not shame and honour
Is like a tasteless meal without salt.

The joy of life is merriment and laughter,
A soul is beautiful when feeling happy.
A beauty that does not leave good deeds after
Is needless, what's the use of being sappy?

Be pleased with great Allah's reward and grace,
Be patient in the face of hindrances.

Be thankful to His aliment and bless,
If not why live between the sky and earth.

You are a servant; poor, helpless creature,
You came to life in labour, hurt and pain.
If you don't please the only God, the Rishest,
Where will you flee, whom will you ask and claim?

There is no place to hide from great Creator,
And He commands high mountains, little stones.
You can't do anything against Originator,
A foe for his self-being when one falls.

The Day of Judgment tongues will cease their talk,
The turned out men will run from everywhere.
Their hands and feet will bear witness to their fault,
The guilty will be cast to fire bare.

The King of the beginning and the end
Will gather jins and people for account.
The day shall come when God will rend
Grabbed, stolen, pilfered every pound.

Author to illustrations in book D.N. Seytmoldin.
Designer of the pages M.O. Oralova



«The Blind, deaf and naked»



«The Blind, deaf and naked»



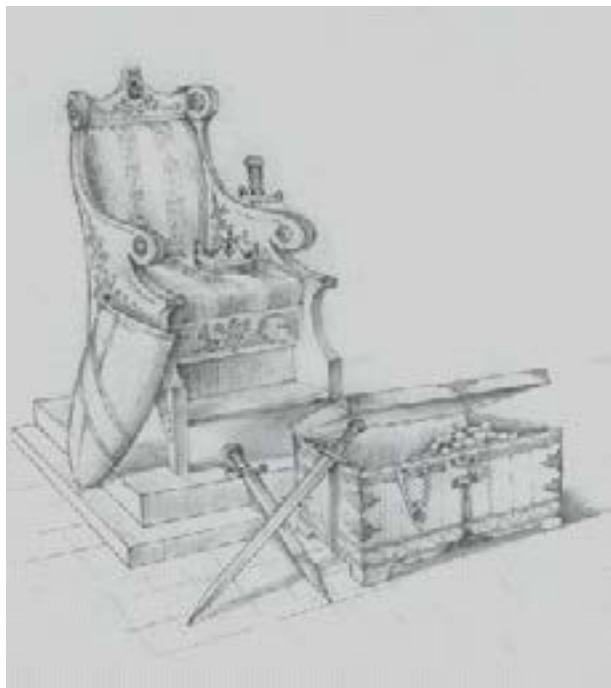
«The Blind, deaf and naked»



«Loneliness»



«Leaves without trees»



«Devil's trade»

Alphabetical Index

- Abubakir** – one of the fellow-fighters of Muhammad in Islam
Abudzhahil – an enemy of the prophet Muhammad
Aitayk-Zhainysh “Ants before and frogs come next.” – a phrase from the famous prediction poem of Aiteke Be
Aisha – a wife of the prophet Muhammad
Akpan – the Kazakh hero
Alhamdulillah – one of the formulas of the prayer in Islam, literally ‘Tank God’
Alef, Lam, Ya, Seen, Ta, Ha – some surahs in Quran open with these introductory letters from the Arabic alphabet
 “Allah is the fountain head of physical and spiritual light.” – a line from the thirty fifth ayat in the twenty fourth surah “Al Nur” (“Physical and spiritual”) of Quran
Alshynbai Qara’kesek – a politician
Amina – the mother of the prophet Muhammad
Astah’ferwillah – Arab., God forbid!
Ayat - a verse from Quran
 Ayat “Read in the name of God” – the first ayat from the ninety sixth surah “Al Alaq” (“The clinging organism”) in Quran
Ayub nabi – one of the prophets in Islam, Job in the Bible
Azazhil – the devil
Azrail – the angel of death
Baitul magmur –, in the collection of hadeeths ‘Sahih Al-Buhari’ there is a hadeeth about the prophet Muhammad’s journey to the vault of heaven (Mihraj) where he saw the mosque - the House crowded, every day seventy thousand angels come there and never return there anymore
Bayantau – name of the mountains in the north of Kazakhstan
Be – a title of a ruler and judge in the middle ages in Kazakhstan
Bismillah – in the name of God, with these words opens every surah in the
Dalil – Arab., evidence
Daneahl - one of the prophets in Islam, Daniel in the Bible
Dawud - one of the prophets in Islam, David in the Bible
Din – Arab., religion
Eskender – Alexander Macedonian
Faszhudu liadama Adam – ‘Prostrate yourselves to Adam ...’ a line from the thirty fourth ayat in the thirty fourth surah “Al Baqarah” (“The Heafer”)

Gadeen – one of the paradises, Eden in the Bible
Gaisa (Isa) – one of the prophets in Islam, Jesus in the Bible
Habl – one of sons of the prophet Adam, Abel in the Bible
hadeeth - words of edification said by the prophet Muhammad
Hadisha – the first wife of the prophet Muhammad
Halal – permitted in Islam
Haram – forbidden in Islam
Harun – one of the prophets in Islam, Musa’s brother, Aaron in the Bible
Hahwa’ – the prophet Adam’s wife, the first woman, Eve in the Bible
Hidayat – the path of righteousness
Hyzyr nabi – one of the prophets in Islam
Iblees – the devil
Ibrahim – one of the prophets in Islam, Abraham in the Bible
Ilyas – one of the prophets in Islam
Iman – Arab., faith
Inshallah – Arab., if God wills
Inzhil – the Bible
Ishak – one of the prophets in Islam, Isaak in the Bible
Ismael, Ismagul – one of the prophets in Islam, Samuel in the Bible
Israfil – one of the angels in Islam
Jins – demons, Arab., genie
Junus – one of the prophets in Islam, Jonas in the Bible
Kaaba – the holy place in Mecca, Moslems offer their prayers in the direction of Kaaba
Kahbl – one of sons of the prophet Adam, Cain in the Bible
Kalam-Shariff – one of the names of the Quran
Kalkael – one of the angels
Kafirs - infidels
Kauthar – name of the brook in the paradise, the one hundred eighth sura in the Quran
Keremet – Kaz., miracle
la illaha illa Allah – words of evidence of Allah’s oneness that mean there is no deity except Allah
Maryam – the mother of the prophet Isa, Mary in the Bible
Mechail, Mechael, – one of the angels in Islam
Medrese – a school, where children can learn Arabic and
muaddin – one who calls people to a prayer in a mosque, a man announcing athan
Musa – one of the prophets in Islam, Moses in the Bible

Musa Shormanuly – a prominent public figure of XIX, collected the Kazakh folklore
Nogai – a nation
Nuh – one of the prophets in Islam, Noah in the Bible
Nur - light
paryz, faryz – obligatory in Islam
Qadyr Zhabbar – one of the names of Allah
Qahp – Kahf, the mountain described in the eighteenth surah “Al Kahf” (“The Cave”) in Quran
Quraish kin – the kin of the prophet Muhammad
Raby’ al-awal – name of a month by Hijri calendar
Raphael – one of the angels in Islam
Rauat, riwayat – a story from the prophet Muhammad’s life
Rumyah – the prophet Muhammad’s daughter
Sahabas – fellow-fighters of the prophet Muhammad
salauats – greetings to the prophet Muhammad
Salsabil – a spring in the paradise
sauap – reward from God
Shafagat – Arab., intercession
Shashbau – the Kazakh national adornment, a fillet with gold coins attached on it
Shon – a be, lived at the end of XVIII and the beginning of XIX
Shurshut – a nation
Subhan Allah – verbal formula of glorification of God, literally ‘Praise to Allah’
Sudzhud – prostration, one of the poses in the prayer
Sulayman – one of the prophets in Islam, Solomon in the Bible
tafsir - interpretation of Quran
takbir – a pose in the Moslem prayer when one says “Allah is great” “Allahu akbar”
tasbih - glorification of God
Tashkent – nowadays a city in Uzbekistan
Tasnim – a brook in the paradise
Taurat - Torah
Tenge - the monetary unit in Kazakhstan
 Then came “who garbed from head to foot,” – a phrase from the first ayat from the seventy fourth surah “Al Moddathir” (“The heavily garbed”) in
Tor’aigyr – a region in the north of Kazakhstan
Tumwq – the hell

wahlee – Arab., a saint, one who is close to Allah by his good deeds
Yahyah – one of the prophets in Islam
Ya'qub – one of the prophets in Islam, Jacob in the Bible Ybyrai
 Zhaikuly
Yusuf – one of the prophets in Islam, Joseph in the Bible
Zabur – the Psalter
Zakaryah – one of the
Zhabbar-Halik – one of the names of Allah
Zhabrail – the main angel in Islam, Gabriel in the Bible



ABOUT CONTENTMENT

One king with army took a ride,
 His flag was fluttering up high.
 “You’ll show the army way,” king told,
 And chose a man to lead the host.

The leader took command from king,
 Declaring war, he did appeal,
 “We won’t turn off the road we chose,
 This war is our destiny!”

A huge and strong host walked to steppe,
 A countless army marched in step.
 About eighty thousand ranks,
 As if the whole state walked with them.

It seemed that air boiled in heat,
Fresh water was their only need.
“A drop of water – all I want,”
The solders didn’t stop to plead.

The bad leaves shreds, the good – a word,
Life easy comes and quickly goes.
A streaming river was ahead,
It was a lesson from their Lord.

The king told solders, “Keep your head,
Don’t drink at once from it,” he said.
One, who will drink, will leave behind,
Some will go mad, some will be dead.

Who won’t drink it that will pass through,
Believe my words for they are true.
Who drinks that water doesn’t live,
You’ll save your life if you’re aloof.

Don’t draw that drink with pails and tubs,
Not pails, nor even little cups!
You’ll never slake your thirst if drink,
I’ve told you what will be who sups.

Draw with your palm, don’t fill it full,
You will be safe, obey this rule.
Who drinks is out, the rest – with me,
That’s all I’ve wanted to tell you.”

The bad and good, all heard his words,
Good learns a lesson if he wants.
In front of them a stream rushed on,
There was no other way or roads.

Their thirst was strong, it was so hot,
Some were afraid and some were not.
As if Ertys or Syrdarya,
Who would sustain and say, “I won’t.”

The army faced the stream and walked,
Some men were fat and some were not.
Some crying out “hurrah!” ran fast,
Some seemed irresolute, some – bold.

The most men fell upon the stream,
Jingling the pails that they did bring.
One with a kettle, one with cups,
Each filled his dish till very rim.

Each one was busy with his work,
Who wasn’t greedy thanked great Lord.
Who swam to drink and slake the thirst,
Drowned in the depth and never showed.

The drinkers had sore blackened mouth,
Lips twisted, twitched looked ill and loath.
They had no strength to move or cry,
As they drank on their looks got worse.

No matter how much they drank it,
They could not lift their heads from greed.
Tormenting their self they draw
But they could never turn and leave.

All day and night they drank and drank,
They tried to fill their dish and sank.
They had no will to step aside,
And left forever on that bank.

Who drank that water fell on earth,
With twisted mouth, burning throat.
Who didn’t drink that men were sound,
They draw with bare palm from serf.

Who drank with palm slaked burning thirst,
They were believers from their birth.
They could fill dishes with that drink,
Their souls were glad and filled with mirth.

Who draw with palm that was to win,
That was the wonder of that stream.
They were three hundred thirty three -
The men that did obey their king.

The drinkers still drink, draw and fill,
Their tongues are sore, their mouths are ill.
They drown in river one by one,
They can not pass that wonder prill.

When good man dies his name goes on,
Among the men my words are known.
My verse is simple, don't be sad,
As that is version from Quran.

THE CLUE

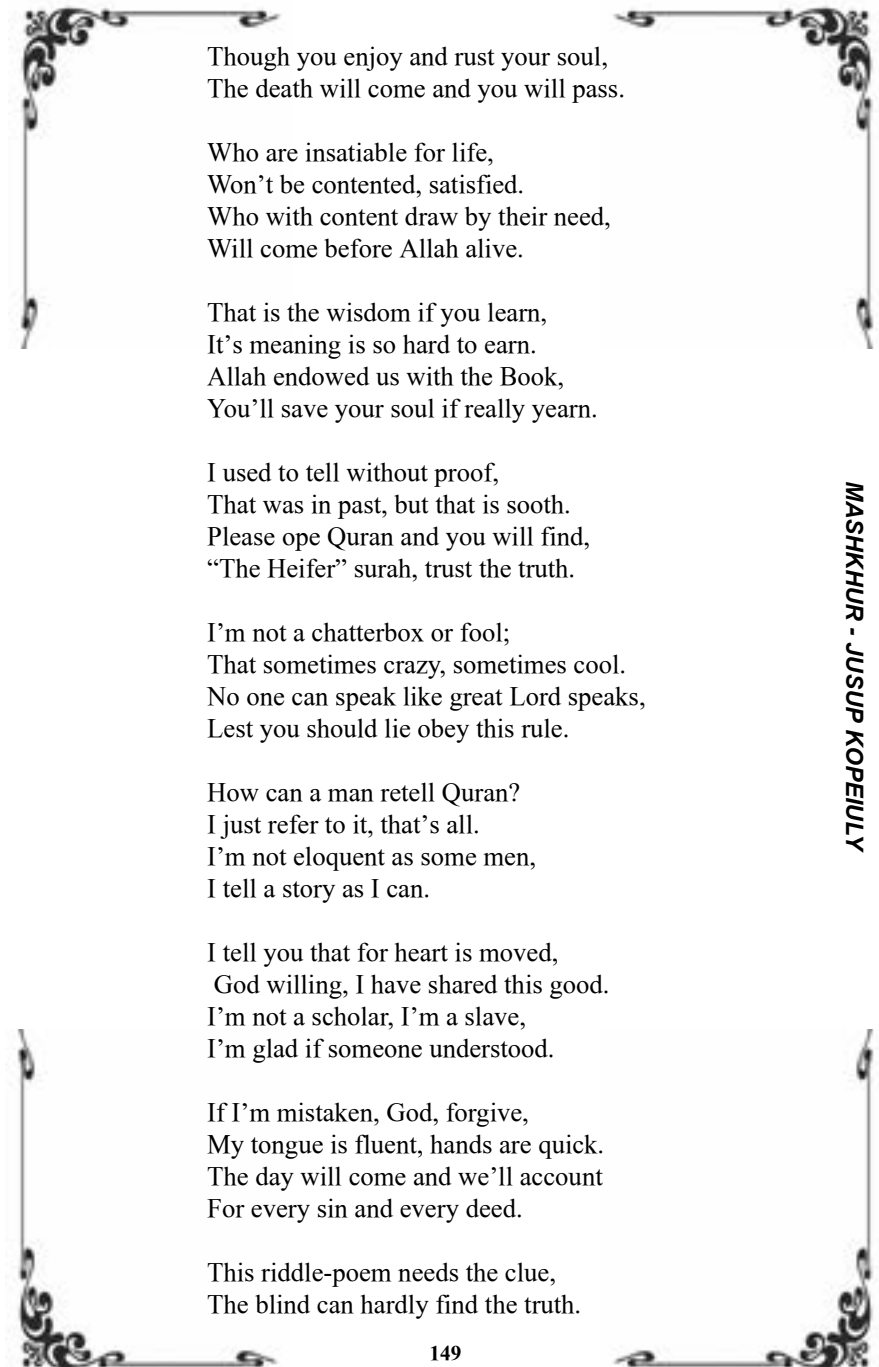
Almighty God is only King,
He set this world as if a stream.
And who is born into this life,
Will pass though it in joy and grief

"Don't go too deep to it!" they say,
"Don't think you'll slake with it!" they say.
"Just take as much as you do need,
Do not you fall for sinful greed."

The men who crave for it are blind,
Satiety spoils soul and mind.
Don't long for worldly pleasures, man,
With little things be satisfied.

Great God has chosen leaders strong,
They are the prophets of the world.
Thank for the nothing, praise for less,
That is the wisdom that they taught.

World can amuse but time fleets fast,
Insatiable will drown and rust.



Though you enjoy and rust your soul,
The death will come and you will pass.

Who are insatiable for life,
Won't be contented, satisfied.
Who with content draw by their need,
Will come before Allah alive.

That is the wisdom if you learn,
It's meaning is so hard to earn.
Allah endowed us with the Book,
You'll save your soul if really yearn.

I used to tell without proof,
That was in past, but that is sooth.
Please ope Quran and you will find,
"The Heifer" surah, trust the truth.

I'm not a chatterbox or fool;
That sometimes crazy, sometimes cool.
No one can speak like great Lord speaks,
Lest you should lie obey this rule.

How can a man retell Quran?
I just refer to it, that's all.
I'm not eloquent as some men,
I tell a story as I can.

I tell you that for heart is moved,
God willing, I have shared this good.
I'm not a scholar, I'm a slave,
I'm glad if someone understood.

If I'm mistaken, God, forgive,
My tongue is fluent, hands are quick.
The day will come and we'll account
For every sin and every deed.

This riddle-poem needs the clue,
The blind can hardly find the truth.

Such is the Kazakh nation's mind
Their only business is dispute.



The saving up is bad I've said,
Time is a rolling globe I've said.
The misers spend this life in pain,
Who didn't save up that would save.

Saved money is a scorpion,
Its mores and habits are well-known.
And from beginning of this world
The property does not help man.

Who saves up wealth saves up the snakes,
That will corrupt you and betray.
You are so busy in this dark,
You'll see when darkness clears away.

The goodness always has reward,
A river is a weak abode.
The miser's end can not be good,
For wealth is poison killing crowd.

You didn't keep in mind a word,
You were a king in your own world.
A living corpse, you'll never ask,
"What did they say?" recall what's told.

Mashkhur has died long time ago,
I have been throwing sand in woe.
Some said, "he's mad", the others "fool",
I didn't save up, that's my fault.

When prophets led the men ahead,
All poor people were full-fed.
To set the law of God on earth,
They fought the rich men grudging bread.

Rich misers didn't want to share,
Almighty God then did declare,
"Take from the infidels by force!"
The war's a duty for the fair.

That was the rise for poor men,
They were impressed by God's omen.
If we can see what ears have heard,
What I have read and my kin's stem.

Most men don't like the words I tell,
I stand my ground even then.
Who'll be the leader of the minds?
God willing, I will see that men.

Mashkhur is bare of the wealth,
I've seen the treason of the pelf.
You may believe or you may not,
That is Quran, think of your self.

The sun has risen, stars have gone,
As if they have been burnt by sun.
The wind got stronger cheering me,
A fancy girl came to kiss me.

Marked by the night all shades have gone,
The sky got bright gilt by the sun.
A servant's soul worn in torments
Rejoiced again by will of God.

A wise man is contented,
Contented man is accurate,
An accurate man is submissive,
Submissive man is blithe,
A blithe man is happy,
Thus a wise man is happy.



A BAD WOMAN

Good woman is a paradise,
Name of your kin with her will rise.
If she makes comfort in the house
Then she is really nice and wise.

To be a wife is main of arts,
It needs good temper and lot of tact.

If she has looks and is well-bred,
What can be better than such blend?

Her breath is fresh, her teeth are pearls,
That is the best match of all girls.
If her contents don't lose her looks,
She's blessing, that a good man earns.

A fair wife should be your aim,
You'll find much pleasure in this dame.
Lead to the mosque and wed your luck
If you have found her don't delay.

Such woman is a rare gift,
Good manners, tenderness and wit.
Most change those virtues for the wealth,
Depriving their souls from meed.



Good wife increases friendly ties,
A bad one turns the good to vice.
As if a cur she barks at friends,
She brings dishonour in a trice.

A bad wife is a hell on earth,
She doesn't know her husband's worth.

When nothing's right in life and home,
A man can't taste a little mirth.

If she can not look after you,
If she does not give you your due,
If man has chosen a wrong spouse,
A husband has to keep his house.

Housekeeping is a woman's work,
A thrifty woman saves your gold,
When such a woman keeps your house,
You will be happy of your hold.

A bad wife babbles on and on,
She has a vulgar style and tone.
There is no joy in such a life,
If woman sits on husband's throne.

She likes to argue with your kin,
You don't suspect of her ill dream.
There is no cure for such case,
Such illness only death can heal.

THE YOKE OF POVERTY

Don't be lazy, youthful friend,
Day by day strive for success.
Yoke of need is laziness,
It will pull you to the mess.

Try to tear off its rein,
Let men see in you your brain.
If you play with laziness,
All your life will be in vain.

Earning money needs your will,
If one hires you, show zeal.
Clever boy will not taste need,
Laziness and poverty.

Don't sleep much, but earn the wealth,
Business heartens drowse and health.
One can not wake up from sleep,
Who does not strive with his self.

Poverty will seize you hard,
If you're falling down apart.
It will bind your hands and legs,
So that you could not depart.

Stinky arrogance shows up,
When a pauper has blue blood.
Like the madness laziness
Will blow out his soul and heart.

Kind man does not revenge,
Boast of origin and age.
Sluggard grudges food he eats,
He will never share his wage.

When one hires you show zeal,
Little eat and little drink.
Little hole will be a door,
If you're cute and show good will.

Wash the dung, it wouldn't stick,
Strive to honourable deed.
If you labour in your youth,
You will reach the highest peak.

Sleeping is the worst of foes,
Poverty is worse than drowse.
If you oust the laziness,
Benefit will come to house.

Poverty will gird with belt,
Drowse will join it and pelt.
"Great God willed and I obeyed,"
They have caught you in their net.

Do prevent them in good time,
Do suppress their every try.
You will not catch up with men,
If you let them spend the night.

They will blacken your good name,
Make you outcast for the clan.
Poverty will seize you hard,
If you've married a bad dame.

Sleepers come down in the world,
Three ways wait for them and warn.
One of poverty's best tools –
Bad housewife, believe my word.

Doors aren't painted, without locks,
Husband shares food with dogs.
Every lead is broken down,
Kettles leak, a neighbour mocks.

Seems the floor is never swept,
Cut out fabrics have no end.
Cocks from porch are found in hall,
There no place to sit for guest.

Bad wife never makes her bed,
You'll regret that you have wed.
Porch and hall is all the same,
Single blanket stinks with lap.

Milk turns sour everyday,
Sour milk turns into clay.
When she paints she splashes paints,
Looks like you keep hawks to tame.

She burns through the only skin,
"That's the will of God," she'll scream.
She ends fast her milk and meat,
The she sees meat in her dream.

Good wife hasn't faults and flaws,
Bad wife holds you in her claws.
She can not take use of things,
Fleece is scattered by the doors.

She can not cook anything,
Common trifles make her scream.
She is never glad of life,
Begging people for a pin.

She ends food all by herself,
Babbling tongue is only wealth.
She does not keep husband clean,
Even children are unclean.

Bad wife roams among her friends,
Late at night their gossip ends.
If you ask, "Where have you been?"
She goes off in deep offence.

When she stokes a stove, it smokes,
When she cooks her husband chokes.
Cocks and dishes are messed up,
Teapot lies with dirty socks.

Dirty towels lie in heaps,
It is afternoon, she sleeps.
She eats dainties by herself,
Fattening her belly, hips.

She is layered with the mud,
Snoring like a horse in stud.
Livestock moos and bleats in sheds,
Until she goes out of hut.

She cooks meal with dirty hands,
Soot and grime are her close friends.
There is rubbish everywhere,
Stuffing sausages with plants.

When she talks she chirps like bird,
Echoing the just said word.
She's a master to advice,
As if wisest in the world.

She does never ask her man,
Joking, mocking like a clown.
She does not have any style,
She is silly like no one.

Shuffling feet she goes her home,
Worn out shoes are tired to roam.
There is everything in dust;
Table, dishes, every stone.

There's no pleasure, taste in her,
Every act is like a bur.
I have lost my want to eat,
Gone out to escape that cur.

Shun such people, youthful friend,
Don't make towards them a step.
It smokes, stinks in their house,
If you come, don't lose your breath.
Man has woman by his worth,
Save us, please, from wife of loath.

You, my youth, a supple twig,
You'll get firm in creed and fig.
Man will not become a wretch,
If he fights against the need.

What you'll be Allah will show,
Man gets only harm from sloth.
Fight against the laziness,
Mind that sleep is bitterest foe.

DON'T LET YOUR PASSION MOUNT ON YOU

Reflection made me lose my mind,
Wake up, ope eyes, do not be blind.
I've found a prill and let it run,
Do lend your ears and fill them on.

You think, "If man had never past away,"
But you don't think that sin can slay.
Each one is trampling on his place,
No one tries to improve his way.

You've driven fast to reach bazaar,
But now you're gaping from afar.
If you waste time here aimlessly,
Men will disperse and shut their bars.

While you are young advance in life,
From early morn work hard and strive.
When youth and strength leave mortal flesh,
There is no use of nets spread wide.

Mind words I say and keep in mind,
Don't lose your chance it's hard to find-
A real friend in this short life,
Remember witless men are blind.

Try profit from each morning, night,
If you're a man you know what's right.
If grief or need has seized you hard,
Do not despair of great God's light.

There is no day without the night,
"The holy God - a stainless light."
Misfortune and delight take turns,
Buy providence they come to wight.

Don't turn off path of righteousness,
Do not make friends with ignorant.

If something caused you only loss,
Don't go there any more, my friend.

A real gem lies at the bottom,
Black rock is nothing but a cobble.
Flee from the men that say, "I'm wise",
If they are not then they are rotten.

Think of yourself if you have wit,
Do deed that meet your soul's need.
Don't take what is beyond your strength,
Lest you should waste your force and creed.

False modesty has nothing good,
Frankness is better though seems rude.
True word tastes bitter, causes pain,
But you should learn it to be good.

Make short your tongue and lengthen arms,
Don't load yourself with load that harms.
Don't tell your secrets to a friend,
In that case foes have not a chance.

Respect the old, indulge a child,
Mind travelers, be to them kind.
With those who's higher by the rank,
Do not contend with them and fight.

Learn much, work hard and that is all,
The knowledge should be rich men's goal.
A witless and dishonest one
Is living corpse with poor dole.

To spend the days and nights in joy,
Good deed should be your first employ.
Do show your talents to the men,
Make them respect you and enjoy.

If you are kind to men you're good,
Be merciful to them not cool.

If you gain profit in this trade,
You'll taste the happiness in full.

Bed men have many bars to pass,
Don't waste your time in lifetime fuss.
It's better perish from starvation,
Than spend wealth causing men's distrust.



Misplaced jokes are like craziness,
Don't put your soul into the mess.
Do not believe untried men,
Though it may seem he is the best.

Don't waste your honour begging men,
Admiring rich men of clan.
To owe the worse man is the worst,
That is the thing that you should shun.

The counsel is a tool of wise,
Rags may be better than rich guise.
A kind pauper is much better
Than haughty Sufi telling lies.

Do not be angry without cause,
 Don't strive for place that isn't yours.
 If you don't know but say "I know,"
 That is a shame and way to loss.

No use of courage if you're weak,
 No use of wealth if you aren't meek.
 Don't lose what you have in your hands,
 Fighting for things that are unseen.

It's happened so that you are nigh,
 If you are able help a wight.
 One is the worst man in the world
 If he had tools but didn't try.

If one is friendly face to face,
 But turn your back and he tells tales.
 One comes in smiling leaves with grin,
 He is a hypocrite two-faced.

Don't waste your precious time in vain,
 What's right and wrong, make all things plain.
 If life has not taught decency,
 Don't spend your strength that man to train.

Reflect on world and look around,
 Learn what is ill and what is sound.
 No one can change a man but God,
 Allah impels man to extol.

A crutch can straighten crooked trees,
 A right rolled bondage always heals.
 To change a stupid man is hard
 By exhortation and good deeds.

The gathered bad men can't protect,
 A fool will never prize respect.
 Who hasn't changed by pleasant words,
 Will be improved by fierce torment.

Learn from a pious kind man,
 Look how he sorts out words to tang.
 What stupid man does to himself
 A wise man never has in plan.

You will appreciate devotion
 When you taste treason's little portion.
 To win good people's high respect,
 Watching misdeeds try to neglect.

To make around a lot of friends,
 There shouldn't be way to offence.
 Returning good for evil deeds,
 Each one will see your good intends.

Don't make a false step on your way,
 Don't trust the liars that betray.
 Lest you should face woe of this life,
 Do not you meddle in one's fate.

When I was young I tasted all,
 But intellect came in my fall.
 Lest people should think that you're mad,
 Don't strive for things that you can't stall.

Take care of your faithful friend,
 If he is nigh to give a hand.
 Lest you should lose people's respect,
 Make an umbrella of your shame.

Kumiss gets sour when it's much,
 In summer steppe it's served at lunch.
 An inexperienced greenhorn,
 Don't lose your steed – your faithful friend.

Don't be too stubborn if you've failed,
 A bad beginning can't be changed.
 If you don't want to be deceived,
 Don't start the game you haven't played.

Next word is pushed out by the told,
I've melted copper into gold.
No one will tear blinds of yours,
If you don't speak tearing one's world.

Heed different points of view and think,
If you seek knowledge you have wit.
Lest you should be a laughing-stock,
Do watch your step and where you hit.

Try to break down the devil's spine,
Don't ask for help his evil tribe.
If you don't want to feel regret,
Don't follow passion's false advice.

Don't let your passion mount on you,
If you have failed don't let it rule.
To shepherd passion and your self
Is simple thing just for a few.

Who can foresee the passion's plots?
It seldom helps but often rots.
To be diligent, sensible,
Look at the mirror of men clots.

Take a good look at bad and good,
Do you like things that people do?
If pious soul rejects their deeds,
Then you should not do what they do.

If their deeds are good and true,
Then try to learn what those men do.
Man needs a mirror to watch faults,
That mirror is men bad and good.

Take use of eyes that God gave you,
Consider things and seek the clue.
Luqman once gave advice for men,
"I learnt from ignorant and fool."

Do inculcate in youth the arts,
Mind, tender age will quickly pass.
Don't argue, quarrel with the men
To spend this life with light heart.

Encourage tongue to speak up well,
Make ears heed what wise men tell.
To earn good people's true respect
Respect all creatures that here dwell.

To make the people hear you
Watch what you say and what you do.
The men will follow your advice,
If words agree with what you do.

Retire from malicious men,
Fast much, don't cry and never yell.
Conceal the faults of people weak
To see around respected men.

To be a leader of your state,
To make men do what you have said,
Pour out kumiss and treat to meat
All like the tables someone laid.

And flies will gather on the sweet,
Each living person has to eat.
To be the best for kin and friends
You shouldn't grudge giving a treat.

That is the best ruse for those men
Who want to win the kin's respect.
To be a nice boy for a clan
You should ask nothing from a man.

Don't make man promise to return
What you have lent, one day he'll earn.
Who borrows something is a slave,
Try to escape it and be firm.

Don't grudge the men what you like much,
Most frugal meal is still a lunch.
To make surroundings widen more
Don't hurt subordinate and such.

Don't eat at home like you're a thief,
Don't ask for help if you don't need.
And like a shepherd guards his sheep,
Guard soul from wrong things and from greed.

Appearance can deceive a man,
Learn inner world of your new friend.
A charitable heart knows God,
Inhumane man is not a man.

A real man serves motherland,
He will succeed for he has spent.
A miser tries to gain much wealth,
He thinks of gain and nothing else.

FOUR VIRTUES

The reason's white, the wrath is soot,
If keep first white then you are good.
The blackened whiteness is not white,
The soot will blacken to the root.

The knowledge is a source of light,
It lights up world and makes it bright.
A little spot on huge bright Sun
Makes world dark black like darkest night.

Love for the gold is like a cloud,
It darkens soul like baneful doubt.
If it is so, no use of learning
What you have learnt leaves without sound.

Who seeks for pleasures of this world
Can't tell the truth, his truth is gold.

The men will never pin hopes on
A ruler guarding wealth and hold.

Believe my words, the old and young,
I must share knowledge that I have.
The best of riches in the world -
Four gains, five virtues in a man.



Four gains – essentials for men,
Try every effort to learn them.
You'll never pick all fruit they bear,
Still try to gather all you can.

Add four to five, it will be nine,
A miser picks the cock of swine.
Who doesn't have these nine in soul,
He can't be called a man with mind.

Nine with a man make up the ten,
Three hundred sixty three days plan.
If one finds out what they are
I'll give a reward to that man.

A thinking man will catch the clue,
A wonder word but still it's true.

So, lend an ear to my words,
No matter what you did and do.

A well dressed fell becomes a skin,
Eloquent speech shows poet's skill.
And if a man throws out his breast
You'll see if he has mind and will.

One speaks out well, the other thinks,
The third has everything in fists.
These three are racers in this life,
One wins the most gain, one – the least.

God is the only and the one,
Your heart should know this splendid vow.
Fight with your faith against the sin,
The prophet's sunnah is your crown.

These are four gains that you should have,
Don't fill your head with useless stuff.
If you can't gain each single one,
Live satisfied with what you have.

The benefit demands your will,
Good habits lengthen life you live.
Observed in time five prayers –friends,
In grave they will be your defense.

They are the spring of all the streams,
Protect your eyes and tongue from sins.
God blesses servants with a gain,
If they are busy praising Him.

Some poems please like rare sweets,
Some melt like dainties on the teeth.
Zakat from riches and the alms
Are gains to which each man should cleave.

A reasonable word is nice,
It's like a cherry pleasing eyes.

It will give pleasure to a man,
If he guards flesh from dirty vice.

Don't harm entrusted things and wealth,
Don't pass by men that have weak health.
Good if you have something to add,
Don't let out gain if you have strength.

Those are five virtues in a man,
Attentive men will comprehend.
Here are some unexpected things
For those who didn't read Quran.

TO THE PRISONER

Assalamualeikum, dear friend,
Here's the letter with my true request.
Shame on me, I didn't visit you,
Pray for me, my kind-hearted friend.

I intended to go there, to you,
Many times I packed the things anew.
Thought to visit you was in my heart,
But the life wound round me like a clue.

Wasn't able to make single trip,
I'm attached to land without a string.
I send you my best regards with love,
But I still believe that we will meet.

You have known a lot of things on earth,
You have been a man of noble birth.
White like snow and pure like a spring,
God loves you for it you must feel mirth.

You grew up in splendid Buhara,
Studying life you wiped off any bar.
You're a leader in a hard campaign,
God sent you to steppe Sary-arka.

You're an offspring of a noble kin,
Righteous men taught you to our din.
Science is your field as well as law,
You have been the best on any scene.

By the will of God one day we'll meet,
I am bad for you are far to reach.
Righteous ancestry has left us this
Praying for the men who really need.

You have been a man with radiant face,
Many wretches blossomed in your grace.
I felicitate you with the gaol,
Gaol was pious Joseph's blissful place.

Brothers threw him to a deeper well,
Where the prophet Joseph had to dwell.
But a camel was a true escape,
Then he went to Egypt as a slave.

Rich Egyptian bought him for much gold,
Since he was most handsome in the world.
But Zuleika slandered the slave boy
Long twelve years he spent in prison's cold.

Joseph's handsome face got wan and pale,
He became a real man in gaol.
When at last the prophethood occurred,
Joseph was the second man in state.

Gold in mud does not get dirty, no,
Precious gem's not equal to a stone.
There's a saying left from clever men,
"You won't see a rose without thorns."

From the ancient times day goes with night,
You are like a rose with thorns, good wight.
Now your worth is higher than before,
You're a gem imprisoned without right.

God sends woe to men, whom He loves much,
Blessing with disasters, that's God's touch.
Merciful Allah cleanses His slaves,
Feeling pity for those souls in hutch.

Prophets bore all hardships patiently,
God likes testing servants with some grief.
Grateful for decease and standing woes,
They were prophets for their steadfast creed.

Making His devotees pass through pains,
God sends them all kinds of torments.
And who praises God for woes He sends
Great Allah will augment their rank.

If a cloud covers brightest star,
Brighter than the Sun high in the sky,
If that spot screens light that rays from it,
Nothing will be seen long miles afar.

You have been an overcast bright sun,
Ignoramuses have rusted you by plan.
Lily of the valley is in past,
You have changed and everything is gone.

Morn has come and cleared your bright way,
Like a rose it blossoms calling May.
Lovely days in splendid Buhara
Here come they from memory's gay play.

If I were in Buhara bazaar,
Visiting the brave men's graves-mazaar.
If I opened palms to pray for them,
There's the good imam Kazkan's mazaar.

If I hugged those fluttering fair flags,
Where the righteous men graves were in rows.
In green gardens of Bahaualdin
If I drank the sweetest cup of tea.

If I only tasted smell of it,
Splendid Buhara is my sweet dream.
If the bread and water was my meal,
In Buhar I could stand everything.

You could find there many different men,
Different thoughts occur on that fine span.
Some men pray with stinking mouths in mosques,
Friday assembly for them is not the ban.

I recall that splendid town, gone days,
One more time I wish to visit that fine place.

WHAT THE NIGHT IS LIKE?

When it is night men are asleep,
Tiredness has a vice-like grip.
Sleep ties up hands, legs without ropes,
It knocks all men off their feet.

Sleep is the same for poor and rich,
Fuss of the day ceases its pitch.
All stick their backbones to the ground,
Everything's still, no buzz of midge.

People are drunk with their dreams,
They lie on pillows tired limbs.
Night is the Eden of this world,
One part of life is left with dreams.

If you have met a friend of yours,
Kiss him and he will open doors.
Let me conceal the further talk,
It seems that teasing is the worse.

The hell is nearer than you think,
Its name is not the hell but link.
When people can't see eye to eye,
A peevish wife is that hard link.

"Rich men will buy the paradise,"
Some people say, that words are lies.
"A young girl's husband is a purse,"
Who hasn't cattle doesn't smile.

Look how for money men take pains,
Stock changed men's necks into beast manes.
They have forgotten how to laugh,
Girls like old ladies crushed by banes.

The youth has left its fun and joy,
There are no birthday feasts with ploys.
Who is a boy, who's an old man?
A stone won't cry if you destroy.

A girl would smile when looked at you,
Her eyes would glance as if they knew.
But nowadays girls like old sheep,
It seems they'll die on place they sit.

The living beings are like trees,
Like gravestones on a cemetery.
They are like dingy, shabby rugs,
Torn, broken youths that lost their ease.

They are like dressed up foolish dolls,
Where is their beauty to rejoice?
We've changed into unbending oaks,
Where is a birch that gladly lolls?

You'll ask when die, "What have I seen?"
At night you sleep, in daylight eat.
If you're a flint what can you give?
When there's no spark in you, just flint.

To tame a race-horse you should pace,
When it's in lather it learns grace.
Let's raise the spirits, cheer up,
Let's talk about the better days.

I'll turn you out, woe and fret,
I'll be again a youthful lad.
Who'll cleanse my soul and make it white
If I won't guard it from the threat.

I've found that I have no one close,
Diligence never lets to cose.
So cheer me up my tireless tongue,
You'll never find a thornless rose.

There is no man on earth, who'll ask,
"Diligence must be your own task."
I've been a tree that have borne fruit,
I'm not a careless oak to bask.

I could not raise my head to sky,
I dragged out miserable life.
Young children liked my fruit to eat,
To get them they threw stones to me.

By heavy stones they got my fruit,
They sold it and gained much of good.
I had not anyone to help,
I withered and froze out in June.

The jingling coins come with zeal,
Each poniard knows the hammer's beat.
To live dog's life is not the same
Than racing on two steeds abreast.

There is much pain inside myself,
Where is my dish served with respect?
It has turned out that I'm alone,
That is God's will and nothing else.

Do not you grieve, my soul, don't cry,
Don't suffocate yourself at night.
Please, treat to poems of my tongue,
"This year we'll have another try."

I feel great boredom when I'm home,
My thirty teeth, don't let tongue roam!
Keeping this secret to myself
I have got tired, torn and worn.

I can not slake my wrench with words,
When will my Moon heal bleeding sores?
It can not speak, it's always mute,
There are no telegrams or calls.

It has a head, has it a tongue?
Is your tongue a good friend or foe?
If tears flow down in bitter streams,
Will they form running rivers, rills?

I fell in love with Sun when young,
When did the Sun obey a man?
I strived for things that had no good,
For that I lagged behind at night.

I never ate my fill in life,
The Sun was always set that time.
I chased the Sun but never reached,
I stood and watched high at the sky.

I watched and then I saw the Moon,
I played with it and won my boon.
I stood and gazed at its white face,
Since then my only love was Moon.

Moon's in the sky, I'm on the earth,
We both were glad and felt great mirth.
At night my sleep is gone away,
I sit and read the books to serve.

Sometimes the Moon shows up to me,
When it is nigh, my heart is free.
Great is Allah, who made the Moon,
And made us long for it to see.

I fix my eyes on it and watch,
Its light gets brighter like a torch.
Sometimes it's covered with a shroud,
As if it's conquered by some crowd.

I always loved my Moon so much,
Who can compete with it in clutch?
This love will go with me in grave,
In my fifteen I felt that touch.

I do not need its tongue or taste,
I put my arms just round its waist.
I know indeed, I won't confess,
Moon doesn't care about my wait.

If look at Moon attentively,
It has a face and eyes that see.
It doesn't count that there's no tongue,
We can speak mutely, silently.

Between two souls there is a way,
The day and night take turns each day.
If you are gay or you feel teen
One day is thick, and one is thin.

If I grow stout on earth, Moon wanes,
Its ends bend down as if two cranes.
As if it sank in troubled sea,
It easy rises, easy tames.

When it is clear, I am awake,
When I am drowsy it's on wane.
And when the fourteenth day shows up,
The Moon is full, bright, round and fain.

Who hasn't felt that, they don't know,
It's not rush rustle when winds blow.
Though space between us is immense,
The space between our souls is close.

There are piled up humps of huge clouds,
There is my heart that breaks all bounds.
And if a little cloud casts Moon,
It's like an eagle snatching a fox.

I am a fixed peg on the ground,
I made just one step; firm and sound.
One glance can feed me hundred years
When Moon shakes off of all her clouds.

I don't need medicines or food,
I don't need anything to cook.
Economy for months and years
If I just look at my fine Moon.

So, science, knowledge is my passion,
All people know this my attraction.
To slake my thirst I drink from necks,
Talks about it are in my fashion.

If I get Moon what is the use?
Dream can't be true, it's just a ruse.
I don't despair of my dream,
Though I can't get it I won't lose.

I peer at Moon attentively,
I do not peer uselessly.
I've placed my bet on you, my Moon,
Now I'm waiting for my boon.

I've gathered ahsyks showing zeal,
I've got a lot from Sun and wind.
Now, you won't rid yourself of me
Until you give my share to me.

You'll wane, if you won't give my part,
You'll faint if someone wins the khan.
This share is your soul, my Moon,
You will escape if give my boon.

Bliss of Allah is great, supreme,
Let us enjoy this game till win.
The only business of a soul -
Hyraryt garyz - a strong wind.

My soul is full all by itself,
I haven't fed it but it's well.
"Onda ulaz myhrira," said,
Don't want to see it in Eden.

It's snatched my neck with awful grasp,
I can not give a cry or gasp.
I've lived a long life and what's then?
Old age will come to me and hasp.

Dream's left behind, all is gone,
What if you hold a heavy stone?
It is to beat my words or me,
Peace go with one who'll cast that stone.

Don't be a scapegoat for your foes,
Try to sustain all coming woes.
You'll never be a righteous man,
If follow Zafa, Tanuin.

If you see tulips red like blood,
Don't pick them, let those flowers bud.
By grasping ground you won't save life
Death comes only by will of God.

When something happens by God's plan,
No one can hide from Him, no one!
You'll fall down in a long prostration
Without takbir, kira'at, athan.

Soon you'll be gone, my tongue and jaws,
And till your death obey God's laws.
We are just guests on great God's feast,
And I am thankful to Your source.

Mankind is never satisfied,
Quick steeds lose flesh in this fast life.
Who will buy them except great God?
"If they are thin, then sell them back."

I have got nothing, I'm not rich,
One bullet kills men, one loss -rich.
Allah, don't make me a grand priest,
All what I ask - my soul to feed.

LONELINESS

I crushed a lot of your strongholds,
I solved your riddles, cunning tricks.
But I did not get any gold,
Diligence, you made me so weak.

I trained my tongue for sciences,
I didn't make a thing for God.
"Let passions feel all happiness!"
I wrung out all the strength from youth.

When I was five I took a pen,
When I was seven I set off.
Ill-wishers chased me all my span,
But I held on and tried to hope.

I made friends with the poverty,
I was a foal, all on my own.
I knew the taste of misery,
For parents turned me out of home.

I was an orphan without claims,
I had both parents but afar.
I didn't feel love, only pains,
A wretched orphan was my star.

My fluent tongue caused me much pain,
My talent was to men unknown.

They made me roam, fight and sustain –
Diligence, science were my home.

From my youth I thought about words,
I sank into the lakes of art.
I was so quick to grasp what heard,
Then parents robbed me of their ward.

From early ages I had wit,
When I was fifteen I wrote lines.
There was no order in my deed,
I couldn't clear up what's right.

That was a serious disease,
I had forgotten vow to God,
The coming day of my decease.
I wrote to girls long epigrams.

I wasted strength and wit in vain,
For none appreciated me.
I wrote a lot at my fifteen,
But where's a girl those lines to read?

There are no poem loving girls,
I've never seen such girls till now.
She doesn't care about pearls,
Her only care is sheep and cows.

A steed is steed when has a mare,
Most dogs make camels sit on ground.
So great is God that makes us care
And write about such different crowd.

And when a bull has got a cow,
He'll never get her udder, milk.
A rare man likes poems sound,
I always shunned rough, foolish beasts.

Mashkhur's diligence was his teen,
An inexhaustible huge source.

He tried to please with poems kin,
He wasted all the time and force.

You sit reciting tender lines,
But where's the girl to praise your gift?
Girls do not like men with two eyes,
They seek for blind men who know thrift.

You were so sure of your eyes,
How could you know that she liked blind?
You lived and didn't know that girls
Did not need your poetic pearls.

You lived your life on your tongue's tip,
You liked outward without in.
To take an abacus and dig
Was not your business, not your thing.

You had advised so many men,
Your tongue was long but hands were short.
You fooled your life and intellect,
You walked through life with empty hands.

You didn't find like-minded ones,
You gained no money and no wealth.
None tried to give you the last chance,
Great God tests people by their self.

When you were young you tasted fame,
The early recognition harms.
If you gained early your good name,
It doesn't matter, all will pass.

You were the favourite when won,
No one restrained you if you liked.
When money's cheapened, satin's old
No one would give a lousy snide.

Each one shook off you and slipped on,
That day all knew your worth and price.

Now you're a doormat, old and worn,
Sheep felt is better than your guise.

It burns on all the day and night,
Who'll risk his life to save some rugs?
If you say, "Once I was a knight,"
Swear, vow - no one will ever trust.

You tried to kindle saplings young,
You wasted water to slake thirst.
Now stop, and do restrain your tongue,
No man will trust you, only hurt.

To shun from you they'll shut their eyes,
No one will heed to your sage words.
Men look for equals, dung for sacks,
They will pass by – men of all sorts.

Don't buzz beforehand like a fly,
Who wants to be old when he's young?
Maybe these men will stop and pray
For those who past by Allah's plan.

That's not the lie, it is the truth,
You will exhaust yourself to death.
No one will come to you and soothe
Even if wait for thousand years.

Three joined trees can make a bridge,
If more, that is a shepherd's hut.
"God make him lone!" cursed every witch,
Maybe that is those ladies' harm.

I took much burden since young age,
I thought that was a treasure gold.
I couldn't get rid of debts cage,
I ate on credit in young age.

God doesn't grudge when wants to give,
What's hard for men, for God is rife.

It has come multiplied, increased,
One after another as if wives.

Since my young age I loved great God,
And never thought of poverty.
How He can give so much of gold
Without money, simply free?

Allah was lavish, He gave much,
Pleased were my eyes, my ears and tongue.
To give His gold God doesn't grudge
His gold is grief, disease and ban.

I'm a diligent roaming bird,
An independent man is free.
God makes you pass through all His hurt
To make a friend of you to Him.

FAMINE

The prophet Moses lived before,
There're many legends about him.
Those who did not learn Allah's law
Endured much grief without esteem.

Musa and Aaron spoke to men,
Korah and Pharaoh past to God.
The good and bad are God's omen,
From the beginning of the world.

First it is said to entertain,
For people gathered for a talk.
But poets tell the legends plain
To leave them for the further folk.

Craftsman leaves rust, a priest - sage words,
A pauper – fabrics, a good man – horse.
Once written on a white sheet words
Diligent men will read of course.

Sixty years old Mashkhur Zhusup
Write down these lines without stop.
And if a clever man will look
He'll learn by heart and sing a song.

When lines are sung on dombra tune,
The poems change and sound well.
When died out words revive by boon,
The hearing ear will gaily yell.

When winter's past but spring is far,
When paupers pay for falling snow,
The misers that crash any bar
Choke with the snow and ice that blow.

When twenty one days left from horse,
When in a night it will be ten,
When there's no fat on sheep and horse,
When hairless cattle live in pen.

Someone needs hay, someone needs wood,
When everyone pleads with great God.
When sheep is cheaper than meal's food,
"Please God, send us some firewood!"

Some hoped that snow would melt in March,
But their hopes were thwarted down.
And on the February sixteenth
God poured down grace soft as the down.

People were happy fed with light,
Submitting their lives to Lord.
Who hadn't hay laughed with delight,
Now they could slaughter scrawny stock.

Thin cattle died, well-fed got thin,
That was a hard day for poor men.
They grudged to slaughter them before,
But then they had to knife them all.

And men accepted Allah's will,
The fallen snow would melt in morn.
They grudged Allah the racer steed,
But then it's gnawed by bird and dog.

The poor men complained to God,
Some fainted from strong hunger, thirst.
When men had come and said, "Sell that!"
They hadn't then they sold to Lord.

So many rich men past away,
Now it is our turn to die.
The famine was in their days,
They also suffered from decline.

They said, "That's punishment from Lord,"
"The rich men sold the foal's hide,"
"They will grow poor, that's their lot,
They will lose everything but pride."

Today rich men sold cattle-dung,
It was a hard day for poor men.
They had to buy meat of ill lamb,
Thus poor men wallowed in debt.

Nobody gave a slice of bread,
Where was the nation, where was state?
To sell themselves to heavy death
They hardly moved but death delayed.

All men will be accounted for,
Rich man's lot isn't easy lot.

A rare rich man does repent,
Most of the wealthy men pretend.

SACRIFICE

When we'll revive from our graves,
Souls will return to our flesh.
Who's spent in worship earthly days
Will mount his sacrificed beast.

The pious men will wear gold crowns,
They will be glad and will not need.
When hypocrites will stand from ground
They will be hungry, bare to feet.

Their looks will be so terrible,
Please, God, save us from such a lot!
"Dakayak" has a parable,
Pious men, give alms for God.

We were enjoined to give alms,
For this sage order thank great Lord.
Let Your meek servants pass Sirat,
And save from the hell, great God!

The son-in-law – Ali hazret,
Once told that message to all men.
Men will resurrect from the dead,
But only some will go astride.

When God will gather men in Day,
He will command to angels saint,
"Don't make My servants go on foot,
Fetch their stock killed for My praise."

Firstly their father bore them in,
They didn't walk, they were in him.
Then they sprang off in a small seed,
And mothers bore them in their wombs.

They sat in them till nine months past,
Two years good mother nursed her child.

And even then they didn't walk
For mother carried in her hands.

They tried to walk but stumbled on,
And poor mother lifted them.
"You will get tired, little son,"
Old relatives advised to them.

When they were seven they grew up,
That was the time to mount a horse.
Again they didn't had to walk,
They rode to places far and close.

They sailed the ships to pass a sea,
They rode the steeds to pass a waste.
They had strong flesh and sturdy feet,
But they did not like their weight.

And when they past away from life,
Men carried them on stretchers high.
And even then they were astride,
On some men' necks to further life.

That Day Zhabbar-Halik will say,
"Let them mount sacrificed stock!"
Who won't have it, will mount winged steeds,
They will not go on foot henceforth.

So Muslim riding their stock
Will start their travel to great God.
When you grudge God the only sheep,
You rob yourself of great reward.

The prophet said us, "Sacrifice
Well-fed, strong, healthy, flawless stock!
When you'll be gathered on mahshar
It shouldn't suffer from its job."

God, guide us to the path of good
Where You have guided pious men.

Who nowadays will seek for boon?
Man loves like children his fat ram.

The angels will drive cruelly
The infidels walking barefoot;
Yokes on their necks, fetters on feet,
Listening to demons dreadful hoot.

They'll stand from graves totally nude,
Having no food, hungry like wolves.
For them that day will bring no good,
Shaking with dread, acting like fools.

They will not recognize the men,
Who is their family, their clan?

They will drive mad that dreadful day,
Not knowing one another, tamed.
Make my face radiant that day,
Allah, don't make me one of them.

The hellish people will be black,
Their souls will also be sad, dark.
As if drunk men they will be mad,
Save us from such a lot, great God!

They will be hollow from inside,
Fleashes like mountains, eyes - dark blue.
Tall like elm trees, fixed on one place,
Allah, please save me from their fate!

They will have hair like strong rush,
And when they'll cry you'll see red blood.
Their bellies' full of many snakes,
Their drink will be poisonous lakes.

They will be tortured day and night,
A new skin will grow on the burnt.
Yokes on their necks will be so tight,
They will burn on and never die.

The infidels will scream and cry,
Begging for only single sip.
I end this story, let me try
To tell about the fire trip.

ABOUT THE FIRE

Mankind' father of was Adam,
Great God created him from clay.
"He will have anything he'll want
In these eight gardens – splendid stay!"

God made the cause for everything,
Adam was driven for his sin.
He tasted the forbidden fruit,
That's why God turned out him and Eve.

Thus they resisted God's command
For fleeting passion they lost bliss.
Allah then said to them, "Come down!"
They came to Earth entreating peace.

Adam and Eve came down here nude,
They had no clothes and no food.
Then they learnt ploughing, sowing wheat,
Fire became their only need.

Adam besought God to give flame,
And then Allah told Gabriel,
"Fetch for Adam flame from the hell,
First ask its guardian-angel!"

Zhabrail came to hell and asked,
"To fetch Adam some flame – my task."
"How much of fire do you need?"
He said to Malik, "Like a date."

"If you take fire like a date,
And manage to deliver it,

This fire little like a date
Will burn to ashes sky and ground.”

Zhabrail angel was afraid,
As Malik said what it could make.
“Give flame as little as date stone,
Hurry up angel, I’ll be late.”

“The fire little like a stone
If reach mankind and their home,
Stones, mountains, trees and grass will burn,
They’ll never see the rain henceforth.”

Again he was afraid of force
That’s hidden in the flame by God.
And he appealed to God and asked,
“How much of flame will be enough?”

Allah commanded him, “An atom,
Do not be late, fetch it to Adam.”
“Here is the fire dear like gold,
Now put it into water cold.

“It should be washed seventy times,
To move away its heat and vice.
When you will wash it take it up,
Put on a mountain and wait on.”

Zhabrail took an atom flame,
Dipped it in water to get wane.
Seventy times he washed it down,
Put on a mountain and looked on.

The mountain was burnt down at all,
The fire penetrated ground.
The angel watched where it would move,
And wondered godly wisdom, good.

Its smoke burnt through the mountain top,
And it began to boil and pop.

The angel took the flame from stones,
The fire saved its heat in rolls.
He gave that stones to the first man,
Adam did use it all his span.

That little atom of the flame
Is spread all over our world.
And fire on the earth is less
Seventy times than that of hell’s.

If Zhabrail had not washed it,
Its harm would have been never rid.
And we could not have cooked the food,
You wouldn’t even have lived here.

The mankind can’t live without flame,
We are not animals to graze.
The flame’s been praying to great God,
“Please, save me from the hell, my Lord!”

We have deluded ourselves,
We followed devil and made friends.
Allah, please, save us from the hell,
We can not bare sun heat well.

MASHUR’S APPEAL WHEN HE WAS FOURTY SIX

My art is streaming out of me,
I am a nightingale in gaol.
I’ve traveled Samarkand, Tashkent,
When I was thirty year old male.

My parents gave me name Zhusup,
But people nicknamed me Mashhur.
When I took paper and a pen,
I was the wind blowing to slam.

There was a feast where Zhusup was,
He tasted honour and respect.

But rivers sometimes overflow,
In native land was hard to row.

His words were like well-spun soft wool,
They were much better than the silk.
The wealth was not for him a tool,
He liked to waste it not to think.

Not to beg people for a thing
He prayed to only God for win.
He was a little bird in trap,
Once he escaped and wings did slap.

I traveled Alatau and Shu,
My art turned out me of my land.
“Why run away, not to endure?
Are foreign lands so good and grand?”

I seem so guilty to myself,
Why haven't I lock up my mouth?
To hide the thoughts is good for health,
I'll tell the causes of my rove.

Listen to me and I will tell,
Tongue harms a man and so do eyes.
The spoken word shoes up a man,
If he serves goodness or the vice.

Some of my words are like hot coals,
Shoot up like bullets to the foes.
A flying bird, a running beast –
Are animals for they can't speak.

Whatever you may say it's hot,
When mordant words fly out like bolt.
In streams of soul word is a pearl,
A knowing man will find his lot.

Not all the words can be called so,
Some cause the criticism to host.

When people gather at the feast,
In drought wise men are shady trees.

Don't argue with my words, be fair,
You can see everything if care.
World is called fleeting for one cause,
Everything's measured even talk.

There's an ayat from your great God,
The story of the world is that,
“There was the darkness, nothing else,
Allah did word to make His realm.

Do not you think that it's a lie,
God has implanted in my mind.
Good word makes better any man,
The dead word can bring back to life.

If your speech is the winning horse,
Men will catch sight of such a force.
If you can feast the listening ear,
The grateful listeners will cheer.

“Pearls, corals, diamonds are just stones,
How they relate to spoken words?”
They lie in ground like simple rocks,
But knowing hands turn them to gems.

Good word attracts your sight and mind,
Some words make you cry like a child.
You string so many separate words
In one long poem - spouting source.

There is no litter-bin for words,
But some of poems are the worst.
At first sight they have rhyme and sense,
And by mistake they're read by men.

I was the master of the word,
Do pardon, please, my hasty boast.

Some poets write a verse and say,
"I have excelled Mashkhur in strain.

The bad and good go to bazaar,
No one looks gay like shining star.
For shepherds strain is misery,
Who is unhappier than me?

I'm not the better than all you,
We have the same hands, eyes to view.
And like the footsteps of Hythyr,
My words are scattered for your ear.

XXX

The racing horse boasts, "I have won!"
"I was the first that got to thieves!"
The ass will never say, "I've lost!"
Even if come tomorrow night.

XXX

The traveler perceives the world,
No one will say that he's the worst.
Money's in purse, coal is in bag,
None can restrain the other's word.

XXX

The rain consists of little drops,
That feeds the ocean, little source.
The coral's very precious though
It's at the bottom of the flow.

XXX

The wind has carried tumble-weed,
It flies up high that all can see.
It doesn't know that wind's the cause,
Thinking that none has such a force.

Don't think you're better than the else,
Riding one horse, do not exchange.
Do not you say that you're the best,
Fattening up your foolishness.

XXX

I try to understand this world,
I am not young, but still a boy.
I hadn't have found jeweler
And my gold head began to rust.

XXX

We were mistaken by the dust,
And never met the dawn of just.
The generation of today
Can't leave a thing for further day.

I am not young; I'm an old man,
I was a laughing-stock for clan.
It seems that night and day's the same,
Though they don't change, it's other day.

XXX

The evil's more today than good,
Dishonesty is mixed with truth.
To keep the word is out-of-date,
The honour has gone off this state.

The treason has replaced the vow,
Don't wait for promised things in vain.
Good time has past and seized along
The righteousness and left the wrong.

Main of the values past away,
No one could have stopped them to stay.
Men left with empty hands, that's why,
I am afraid of present time.

The colours lost their vividness,
A few can value form of words.
Greed, enmity, hypocrisy,
Did substitute a pious cord.

XXX

A croaking crow replaced a swan,
A creaking cart instead of horse.
There flow dark clouds instead of sun,
Such is the time, where can you run?

XXX

The wormwood turned into the rose,
The crow to nightingale, ass – horse.
There is much talk but no wise word,
There's only senseless fool discord.

XXX

They take by force the privilege,
They're called the rulers thanks to stealth.
The masters of the theft and lie,
They insult people all their life.

So called "good men" sell their pride,
The bad sell wives to get some bribe.
They do not think, "How will I lie?"
All men are busy selling mind.

They have robbed all the living crowd,
One day they'll come to get corpse's shroud.
There are so many skillful men,
They are like mercury, don't get.

The poets sell words, masters – hands,
The parents sell daughters for pence.
Men have unlearned to be content,
They like to vex themselves, torment.

People aren't grateful to their Lord,
They have forgotten way to mosque.
Religious scholars sold their mind
For horses, camels, other rind.

The scientists sell mind for gold,
None wants to learn words sages told.
It is so strange; men roam through dust,
The old and young act as if drunk.

XXX

There is much billon but no gold,
Men hate each other, growl and scold.
There were two brothers "Take!" and "Give!"
Word "Take!" has died, but "Give" still lives.

XXX

One word has died, the other lives,
Small money's over, large increase.
The word "I have!" has disappeared,
And only "No!" does still exist.

Now men resemble straggling sheep,
Each day for them is careless feast.
But when the ruler comes to rob,
They scream and cry like crazy mob.

Two plaintiffs come to find the truth,
Like helpless frogs asking to soothe.
Just judges will suck their blood,
And gnaw at their meat like rust.

The poor lose their lives, rich – gold,
None can enjoy what he does hold.
And noble men depart from life
With still unrealized fond hope.

Rich men each day count their stock,
 Don't let it graze, keep under lock.
 Some of them roam about like wolves,
 Rob honest people and assault.

XXX

Lie burns like fire in the steppe,
 People like moths fly to that trap.
 It makes them sparrows and fast quails,
 And devours greedily with pains.

They strive for money looking back,
 And sever kindred bonds with crack.
 So many men that roam around,
 Displeased with life like dirty hound.

It's clear to me that men are weak,
 What's happened to Hadji and priests?
 Some are like foxes catching mice,
 Harm pious men as if fight vice.

Variety of men is huge,
 Cry can not help you to elude.
 Some are like monkeys variable,
 Their only business to delude.

Some men like snakes seem smooth and kind,
 Attracting people from afar.
 But when you come up they will bite,
 And beat you strongly with all bile.

I never was ashamed of talk,
 When there were listeners I spoke.
 Some people wheedle like a fish,
 That can't be caught with bare hands.

I growled at fall, but winter came,
 The inner pain came out to blame.

When they see gain, race from afar,
 Like vultures on the carrion.

They like to gossip, it's their work,
 They take for granted the usurped.
 Some magpies twitter without stop
 They peck the back of sound horse.

They scold when leave and smile when come,
 Sniff out everything in home.
 Some people bargain if you trade,
 But they would never buy a spade.

The crowd rules, the leaders past,
 Instead of summer winter lasts.
 There are red cocks among grey hens,
 They have their crowns on the heads.

You hear clearly that cock's crow,
 As if he sings ayas aloud.
 He wakes up people, "Stand up, you!"
 One day that cock will be deplumed.

So many things are not revealed,
 So let me tell what I have willed.
 Who hasn't dignity at all,
 Promotes himself in rank and dole.

XXX

Look at the hern, how it's afraid,
 It runs for nothing's left in head.
 "The ground will press down for my head
 Is heavier than mounts and land."

XXX

If write all thoughts that are in shade,
 About the men and heir streaks.

One hides in burrow in daylight,
Bewaring of the evil eye.

XXX

A greedy bird won't drink from lake,
It envies lake from all the state.
"They'll empty lake!" the bird laments,
And it will die from thirst and stress.

The paper won't suffice for me,
Let this scrawl be an ornament.
Some people gather stock and wealth,
But grudge themselves that dirty pelf.

Blue pigeon flies to farthest place,
No one can outstrip its race.
It is a slave for one, who feeds,
It will not fly if drive with stick.

XXX

This world will never settle down,
Remember, you won't please the crowd
If feed a cow with buns and sweets,
Nevertheless it runs for feed.

XXX

Don't pay attention to the wealth,
Try to be equal to all men.
If you see fly that sits on jam,
Your appetite will be spoiled down.

XXX

Hot summer ends with chilly winds,
Each one is busy with his deeds.
"When summer comes we eat ducks-geese",
So, everyone keeps poultry.

"Look at the eagles or the hawks,
When they fly up they don't turn back."
Who says that hasn't seen the world,
They live their life close to the home.

The racers can't stop when see food,
That is their dainty and looks good.
Men laugh and clap their hands with a cry,
"It hasn't seen lush grass in life!"

Everyone has a bird of luck,
No doubt, that is the time of truck.
Like owls they fly when see a mouse,
No glue can help when soul has cracks.

XXX

A barking bladder is at helm,
The real helm grieves about realm.
Though they are crowned and sit on throne,
They still bark when they see a bone.

XXX

Though born by goat, but not a kid,
Though flows and purls, it's not a stream.
There are two knobs on folding doors,
But none can handle them, of course.

XXX

There comes the winter after fall,
You hear a pipe but not a word.
Two splendent stones are mounted on
Instead of eyes that saw the world.

XXX

There are high mountains without brooks,
There is a lake without mead looks.

The rambling stomachs rule the land,
That have no ears to hear complaint.

Here are all foes, no friends at all,
You won't find lakes to water stock.
Each has a mouth like bear's jaws,
They have the mouth, but tongue is lost.

There are a crowd of singers here,
Let's stop to watch and lend an ear!
A pealing voice – nothing else,
A vulgar ear's eagerness.

There're piles of rocks above each vault,
It can not feed and can not warm.
There're many gatherings today,
But there're no talks that animate.

One comes to pray for dead man soul,
And steals an axe from widow's hall.
Today all men are like this "saint",
Think of another's pocket gain.

They are so glad that gut is full,
As if a burning little coal.
There hasn't left a man of faith,
Who could be called a real saint.

XXX

We are the slaves of our guts,
We do not care of soul rust.
We can not tie one dog by chains,
And have to live with soul pains.

XXX

When I was young I was a full,
My old close friend is still with me.

I still can not make out the crowd,
But I keep words in memory.

I read, but I don't know the rules,
My tongue is difficult to school.
I can't distinguish all the marks,
My mind is tired of this lark.

My mind can hardly grasp this thought,
My mind is ready to exhaust.
This lack of knowledge doesn't rid,
And I'm telling what can't read.

I will be fifty in four years,
And I don't know will my eyes see?
Mouth is a windmill, word is wind,
I talk about my eyes perceive.

XXX

Like ripened harvest, sky is green,
Young summer turns in autumn grim.
Moon is a sickle mowing yield,
This word is gold if you perceive.

I'm not the summer, I'm the fall,
When you'll be winter you will fall.
This sickle moon glitters with blade,
Its harvest is our mortal fate.

One day it will mow our life,
There wouldn't be another try.
It will bring us before great God,
We won't have anything to brag.

If you have ears then heed to me,
Look at the sky if you can see.
"This life is yield of afterlife,"
The prophet said, we didn't read.

We didn't sow when we were young,
When autumn came we didn't cut.
Your time will come and you'll be mowed,
Your life will end without a mark.

Will you still sleep, my happiness,
When it's the morn and time is pressed?
If have not a thing right now
How will I come before great God?

Why do you sleep so much, good luck,
And leave me here alone to buck?
Wake up for minute, look at me,
Make me feel happiness and free.

I rove about the world alone,
I can not ease my flesh and soul.
May be you are bewitched, my luck,
How you can sleep so long, my luck?

My happiness has sound sleep,
Do not leave me, my old friend – grief.
Allah is merciful to us,
Don't lose your hope if you are just.

XXX

Grief, woe are friends of mine from youth,
I have seen everything, it's truth.
To fly to sky without wings
You should be bare while you live.

Don't save up money as if mad,
Live so that nothing is in hand.
If you won't think about the food,
Your light will melt ground under foot.

Do not delude yourself with life,
Your previous tortures were not slight.

Avoid the food and sound sleep,
And you will bask in blissful beam.

The Sun and Moon up in the sky
Without rest watch every try.
That both, remember, will consume
Your mortal life as like ripe fruit.

This word is true when I reflect,
A clever man finds out deceit.
One roams in daylight, one at night,
The Sun and Moon is man life's fight.

Some lose luck early, someone late,
They take men's happiness by fate.
These two rob people of their life,
The kings' and queens' crown power, right.

Like running rabbit day goes by,
"Stop for a moment!" I will cry.
And when I ask, "Where are past days?"
I find them robbed by Moon and Sun.

My yesterday is far away,
I'll never catch up with past day.
They don't remember that they've robbed,
Tomorrow come to take the more.

MAN IS OF TWO KINDS

Bismillah – that means with name of God,
Pious man do leave behind sage word.
Rhyming up the edifying thoughts
I – Mashkhur Zhusup want you be taught.

I will tell what old wise men have taught,
Many men are tortured by this world.
When it seems that life is cruel race,
I calm down in shelter of my strain.

Let's imagine that a man is tree,
 Leafless tree is a poor sight to see.
 Poplar fighting with the sky for height
 Never will be higher than a cloud.

Precious pearls lie at the bottom deep,
 Value is not always clearly seen.
 Foliage of some trees is too much thick,
 Such a vine can't raise from ground its peak.

Kindness, mercy and sincerity
 For a man those should be dearest things.
 Best of medicines for morbid eyes
 Is a man who does good deeds and tries.

You're the poplar if you have cold heart,
 Worth to be the fuel to a stove.
 Good men aren't the same, remember that,
 As old wise men with a keen mind said.

If you can't agree with men, so then,
 You will be a thorn in desert plain.
 Everyone should be on his own place,
 But I am a weed in lifeless steppe.

Beadwork decorates a splendid cloth,
 Rocks can fall by force of streaming flow.
 Copper goes with bronze, silver with gold,
 Everything has its own match and role.

Deer do not graze with wild boars,
 Crows and nightingales can not make flocks.
 Lynx and fox, home cat and mouse are pairs,
 Hunting down each other all the age.

Best of virtues is a pure faith,
 Who restrains his passion fasts and prays,
 Gives the alms from food and wealth he gains
 Will find God and reach his pious aims.

Fast and prayer are obliging deeds,
 Who maintains them won't sustain defeats.
 Blessing of this world is God's reward,
 Try to gain it if you have some force.

God has given men the gold and stock,
 We are different and that's the work of God.
 Worshipping is duty of a man,
 Slice of bread is blessing of your span.

Goodness always catches sight of all,
 There is nothing better on the globe.
 One good deed that's in the name of God
 Gains seventy hundred more rewards.

Give a penny for the sake of God,
 With a smile, well-wishing friendly word.
 Great Allah commands to angel saint,
 "What my servants do go down and say."

"Servants sacrifice their stock for me,
 They resist damned Satan, pleasing me.
 Giving just one penny they have gained
 Seven faith conditions in one day.

They believe the One and Only God,
 They rely on My Almighty force.
 They don't heed to devil that says, "Don't!"
 Look, how they're courageous, strong and bold.

Secondly, they trust in angels saint,
 That you witness everything till Day.
 On the Day of judgment put on scales
 All the written: every good and bale.

Thirdly, they believe in Holy word,
 Listen to the scholars of the world.
 Hoping that Allah will rescue them,
 Servants slaughter stock in My great name.

Fourthly, they believe in prophets good,
Following their creed and their route.
They do trust what they have never seen,
They believe what pious men them read.

They believe there will be Judgment day,
They obey My commands, don't delay.
Thinking of the soul they give the alms,
Praying, "Save us, God from hell flame tongues!"

Sixthly, they don't strive for money, wealth,
They don't think about what will be then.
They submit to good and bad from Me,
If they have, they're glad, if not – don't dree.

Seventhly, they learn the words of Book,
Resurrection is a gospel truth.
They do hope for Eden blissful good,
Dreading hellish fire and its soot.

Men and stock are like the twins in life,
Good men breed the stock to sacrifice.
These men slaughter cattle to please Me,
That's the eighth condition of the faith.

Sacrificing stock should be well-fed,
They pray much and trust what prophets said.
They don't yield to passion and the damned,
They just give for nothing, that is ninth.

Spread these words to everyone alive,
Give them their books from the right side.
When they offer up they do not boast,
That's the tenth for one who knows the cost.

One who gets the alms is glad and gay,
Some of alms reach such a needy place.
To rejoice the Muslim is great good,
That's the gain that one will never lose.

Alms when spent go off the hands that give
To reach one who prays Allah and grieve.
One small deed done in the name of God
No one knows how much it gains reward.

That's My servant, humble slave of Mine!
I will guard and bless you all the time.
That's My seal – the seal of mighty God
That you are a servant close to Lord.

That's My wisdom for a pious man,
He will get his pay when time will come.
I have sealed his book, now it's your turn!
Angels, come and sign this book, he earned.

Beloved servant of Allah will be
On a special place on Judgment day.

COMMENTS

Aaron – Harun, one of the prophets
Ahsyks – a game, which is played by joint bones of sheep
Alatau and Shu – geographical names
Ali hazret – son-in-law of the prophet Muhammad
Assalamualeikum – the Islamic greeting
Athan – an appeal to the prayer which announces the beginning of the prayer time
Ayat – a verse from Quran
Bahaualdin – name of a man
Bismillah – in the name of God (arab.)
Buhara – name of an old town in the south of Kazakhstan
Dakayak – name of a book
Din – belief (arab.)
Dombra – the Kazakh national musical instrument
Ertys – name of the river in the north of Kazakhstan
Hadji – title of a man who pilgrimaged to Mecca
Hyraryt garyz – (old Turkish)
Hythyr – one of the prophets
Joseph – Yusuf, one of the prophets
Kazkan – name of a man
khan – The historic Kazakh title of the ruler
kira'at, - manner of reading Quran
Korah – Qarun, a Hebrew of the people of the prophet Musa (Moses), he exercised iniquity and injustice toward his people
Kumiss – the Kazakh national drink made of a mare milk
Luqman – a philosopher of uncertain identity mentioned in Quran
Mahshar – place where mankind will be gathered on the Judgment day
Malik – one of the angels
Mazaar - grave
Moses, Musa – one of the prophets
Onda ulaz myhrira
Pharaoh – the pharaoh who is mentioned in Quran
Sary-arka – flat country in the central part of Kazakhstan
Sirat – the bridge through which mankind will pass on the Judgment day
Sufi – follower of the sufizm
sunnah – 1) totality of hadeeths about statements and activity of the prophet Muhammad, 2) words, acts, deeds, decisions of the prophet Muhammad

Syrdarya - name of the river in the south of Kazakhstan
Takbir – pronouncing verbal formula of exalting God; Allahu akbar!
– God is great!
“The Heifer” surah – the second chapter of Quran, consists of two hundred eighty six verses
Zafa, Tanuin – name of a man
Zakat – mandatory offering of alms in Islam
Zhabbar-Halik – one of God’s names
Zhabrail – name of the angel
Zuleika – name of the woman, wife of the rich Egyptian who bought the prophet Joseph

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