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The sacred secret of the uniform - Karabakh stories

In every literary text, especially in prose text, a very painful fragment of life is described in such a way that you can see its opposite behind its contours. Both sides breathe with the feeling that you, or to be more precise, the "language" of tehkiya conveys to them, showing the real state of the world in infinity.

That is, no matter how bitter life is, it must necessarily change, turn into its opposite, because in life, happiness and unhappiness follow each other without blinking an eye (endless sadness, instant joy), and this principle is necessarily involved in the construction of a literary text.

However, in a specific case, the emotions that fill the heart of a child who takes refuge in his mother with a sense of fear "go" until the last moment of his life without knowing it, the reading of the old world like a book from the heart of a child creates strange contexts. It should be expressed in the usual formula if we are, the transformation of chaos into space and vice versa is also involved in the plot construction of the prose text.

It is a clear matter that not all the feelings that arise at that moment, which "drop" the heart into the palm of your hand, become words, but there is no doubt that these untranslated or untranslated fragments seep into the layers of the text with the invisible language of tahki, making it more readable, and as a result, the read text always has unreadable or hard-to-read places, passages and fragments.

However, the artistic example is not limited to this, there is disorganization within the arrangement and vice versa, the purpose of the story is to discover the artistic image of this point.

However, sometimes such a situation can arise that disorganization, the pain of life invades the entire space and atmosphere, all hopes die, there is no room for the slightest belief that they will be replaced by hope and faith, and at this moment the composition of the story changes, that is, it becomes complicated to such an extent that the disorganization no one can catch or understand the particles of light, and this makes it possible to see the horror inside life, the human thought that perceives it and lives it.

As they say, the "play" of light particles from the place where hope is completely cut off can make us understand the realities that we cannot yet understand, sometimes in the language of bitter reality, and sometimes in the language of a dream.

Khayyam Rafili's story "Dead Birds" can be considered one of the most perfect examples among our recent stories due to its plot dynamics and composition. Developmental technology, the impression caused by events infecting and "leaking" the twists and turns of the plot, as well as the fact that the events that take place between the earth and the sky pass through the child's heart and cover the sky, "grad"



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under the rain, everything is felt not only with fear, but with a strange love, it affects you the moment you read it, and more than that: in this minimalist text, details and fragments, objects and human images come into contact with each other at the necessary moments... It is amazing.

The composition of the story (dynamics of plot creation-!) is based on the "turning point". The world passes through the heart and soul of a child in the purest and most real way, sometimes, maybe far away in the past, or in the recent past, an evening lightning broke a branch of a mulberry tree and that branch entered the window of the child's grandmother's house. Grad shell shrapnel on the leg of the child's mother with the impact, he fell to the ground with a crash just like that branch, the flowing blood distorted all the images on the sky and mixed them together.

One leg of the child's mother is only four centimeters shorter than the other, so the way from their house to the basement of that building when the graduation was made was like a lifetime, like a bullet that pierced the heart.

When the piece of "Grad" hit the mother's leg, the shoe came off her leg and she was standing on a small stone, and she was the same: the white sweat that her mother had kept in an ornate chest twenty-four years ago (the number of steps from the house to the basement!) - even his clean shoes would not stay dry. This detail, i.e., just as a branch broken by lightning breaks the window glass and enters the house, the mother's ankles break in the same way, making the same terrible sound. hides her cubs in her bosom and does not allow them to perish, she takes the blow herself.

Then, not wearing the wedding shoes in the chest (it's August 6th, there is no father, there is a mother and two children...), the bottom remains as pretty and clean as the top is also a sign of past misfortune that has destroyed human life, the house, family is broken, life hurt them, but the mother, who tries to "cover up" all this with the warmth and love of her heart, holds these two children with her breath ("my speckled baby, stop, you're late for school..").