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## **War and literature case...**

After the end of any war, the excitement that swelled the chest of people at the beginning is sometimes replaced by the emergence of some facts that we do not really know, and in the background of this, that excitement cools down. In today's world, these idiocies are not excluded at all, on the contrary, people who subjugate the right things to their insidious intentions and come up with a thousand tricks... The truth is one: the martyrdom of a soldier who shed his blood for every inch of the land of the motherland, lost an arm and a leg and returned home, with a bullet wound, with shrapnel that never left his life...



The victory of the victorious soldier, this wounded and martyred soldier is accompanied by thousands of songs, applause, people cry and shed tears. Can this tear and anger be seen now in the often hastily joined verses, in the excited gaps between them?

In peaceful times, someone would not read a poem in poster format, they would say it was a lie, they would say it, but now we have no other words because...

Perhaps the most terrible truth is this: people go to the flag march, we, our joy and excitement flow from the streets like a river, like a flood, but our soldiers get up one by one from the place where they were shot and wounded, sigh deeply (thank God...) and go on their way. , they can't join this enthusiasm as much as we do.

Why? Because we are not aware of what they have done for every inch of land, we have no idea of their determination not to leave their comrades alone after getting shot. we just listen to these warm memories, listen to what those soldiers say and appreciate, nothing else... literature must cross this border, throw itself into those wounds and tell us everything like that soldier who was martyred, wounded, lost his arms, legs, and eyes .

Every action of that soldier on the battlefield is actually a line, a verse of the work of art that is being drawn, written, and connected, and a wordless cry of pain that pierces the hearts. You think that you read, see, and listen to these things, but it is impossible to read and see these objects with one breath, one breath and one eye.

These verses are from the poem "Khojaly Khajilari" by the unforgettable poet, master Alakbar Salahzadeh. The issue is not only a question of allegory that we cannot get rid of with this one look, but as we mentioned above, the lines created on the battlefield are connected to your memory, awakening terrible truths there along with pain.



## *Qarabağ Azərbaycandır!*

The war is over, today is the day of victory, this day of victory is not and will not be separated from the smoke of the pains, events and horrors suffered until then.

And Alakbar Salahzadeh in his mentioned poem did not only talk about the terrible sight he saw, even if everyone closes his eyes, one of the main themes and lines is the indifference to the bloody crimes that occur in different countries of the civilized world and as a result, the calamities that fall like stones from the sky are similar to each other. , the continuation of each other (remember Ali Karim's poem "Stone": A half-naked ancient man // threw a stone at his enemy // It sank into blood. // The stone did not fall // But to the ground // It flew // From horizons to horizons...).

These horrors, these bitter and unbearable pains turned the Karabakh war into a war of the Motherland. There is a French movie "The Old Rifle", everyone has probably seen this movie many times. When does an old rifle open up and never shut up again? In other words, the Patriotic War goes through the feeling of always keeping the values that are indispensable for you at hand, protecting them, and not only on the battlefields...

I worked with a Frenchman in a humanitarian organization in Belgium, and during the first weeks of his arrival in our country, we did not have any personal conversations.

Suddenly he opened his mouth: I thought this was an African country. He said how warm, hospitable and beautiful the people were here. But the "savage face" of Africa, which he refers to, is also the practice of societies that consider themselves more cultured and civilized than others.

Turning to the flag of mourning, curtains rose over the corpses at night... bringing the horror to the focal point with his verse and then hearing cries from between the curtains, their intersection in one context opens the way for the expression of "hidden meanings".

*Ana ayrı, bala ayrı,  
bala yarı, ana yarı  
yarı ana, yarı bala,  
yarı qoca, yarı qarı.*