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## **Mountains of Shusha, Lachin, Kalbajar... or Abbas Tufarganlı**

Shusha, Lachin, Kalbajar already had snow every year, we didn't know about it. And fog. White. Unseen. Like a veil. Don't let them see. Smoke, come and go from these mountains// Let the mountains be fresh// Let my eyes see you// Let my heart be empty. Every morning, as soon as the sun rises, on the mountain chest the color of flowers and everything in nature in general changes, and also at sunset. To see, observe and understand that the whiteness of the world is over, everything will change, all evil will disappear and so on.

Before the first syllable of a word you said or wanted to say was heard by a person connected to you by emotional strings, and as soon as he knew it, everything was covered in fog.

The fog is a veil between you and separation, an impenetrable barrier, you kept that word under your tongue as if everything would rot and fall apart from a single word. The desire not to see, not to hear before everything appears

is related to hearing. The most profound feeling is that you see the most painful thing in your heart before the news comes, before the words are formed or spoken. Every word in our dictionary is reborn every day, maybe every hour, every moment, every morning and every sunset, only the birds know the pain from which the words were born: the birds start singing not with the clock, but with the light (V. Samadoglu). In Tufarganlı's poem, there is fog, there are mountains, but the snow cover that is pressed like a soft ember on the chest of the mountains is imagined.

But no, the arrangement of images, sounds and words, as the narrator says, this song is the image of the dawn when the color of the flowers suddenly changes, or perhaps the sunset. Who knows, maybe the observed colors caught in the "spark" of these two times will turn into words...

Tufarganlı covers all times in our poem, no matter what happens in our life, no matter what troubles come to us, in this poem you can see its petals, shoots and flowers lying in the dew.

This is also a matter of fate in terms of Tufarganlı's artistry, people sometimes entrust their fate, history to be written in their life to a poet, to a person who sprouts in the burning place of his tongue.

That's why the first snow of Shusha after liberation from the occupation brought pure things to our lives, this snow reconciled all grievances like Novruz holiday. This snow was a world full of joy, Arthur Rimbaud said, only to think of snow...

But there is also a nuance: if you look along the road, the city turns white on the horizon, disappears, comes to itself... Once we set off from Imishli early in the morning with the foreigners, towards Fuzuli, the misty mountains beyond the horizons, beyond them.