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Independence poet living with longing for Karabakh

The 20th century gave humanity not only wars and repressions, but also writers and poets who lived these historical processes in their works along with all tragedies and injustices. Life, life, death, joy and suffering of a person have been the eternal and eternal subject of poetry. "My chest is whining, my heart is a graveyard of words because of the table," said the innovative poet of the 20th century, Ali Karim. Time and what is experienced in this time enter the work of poets as mirage, distancelessness, vacuum immensity. There is no limit to the criterion of time and timelessness. In poetry, he has fallen into the valley of time and is experiencing the syndrome of timelessness. What is the priceless air of this world but time? Alakbar Salahzade said.

Shahmar Akbarzadeh, who was born on the cold winter day of the Second World War - December 28, 1941, was lucky enough to experience not only the Great Patriotic War and its subsequent difficult days, the First Karabakh War, and Armenian fascism. Shahmar Akbarzade was a poet who deeply loved the national values of the Azerbaijani people - culture, history, and nature, and who constantly sought solutions to their problems by revealing the "Motherland" in his presence.

In our opinion, being able to grow old and grow old in the places where you spent your childhood is a happiness. As he grows older, his childishness is the hope of rejoining that environment, perhaps... and the scent mixed with the soil of his family reminds him of his childhood in the smoke of the firewood growing in this soil... it is this smell that binds him to his land, homeland and home. "Home is a corner of a person in the world. Home means the first world" (Gaston Bachelard "Poetics of Space" 1996). Being away from home for a while, visiting Czechoslovakia...