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The Karabakh war: Our Word and Ourselves

The salvation of Karabakh is the salvation of our lands, ourselves, our word, the whole lives that are imprisoned inside us, a free-eyed view of the world, history, and literature, and the completeness of our independence.

The news we receive, the soldiers' reports about the territories freed from occupation and the news of the victory announced by the Commander-in-Chief change the color of our feelings and emotions. We see ourselves, our word again; proudly, in my new interpretation. Little by little, the word of our sages turned to alienation, it was losing its edge like a rusty sword. The patriotic war, together with our land, is in danger of emptying our words and our morals. Famous sayings of literature begin to appear in all their shades in our awakened emotions and perception. The sun rises in a different way from Karabakh! The land revives, the soul awakens, the memory boils.

In our mythological worldview complex, good and evil are not mutually exclusive, but opposite. Good is always in struggle and victory, and evil is in deception and defeat. The enemy comes out of underground tunnels and wells like Erlik, who betrayed Erlik. Our epic-spirited heroes destroy the strange creatures of the dark world and create a new epic. The eldest sons of the family fought for our lands, became martyrs, and disappeared in the place of their homeland, which they did not want to leave.

The little brothers who are displaced in their mother's arms pass through the fire like Malik Mammad, aim at the giant bird of prey, swim its throat, and save our beautiful captive Karabakh.