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THE MUSEUM IN MOTIONOR AN ANALYSIS OF GUZAL BEGIM'S POEM "THERE IS A SEA MUSEUM INSIDE ME"

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Annotation

This article is devoted to the creative work of Go'zal Begim, one of the distinguished representatives of contemporary Uzbek poetry. The study analyzes the poet's poetic thinking and the nature of the literary text in their organic interrelation. The semantic and poetic essence of the poem is interpreted in harmony with the author's personality, inner psychological state, and aesthetic worldview.

The article deliberately moves away from rigid and formulaic analytical methods characteristic of traditional literary criticism and instead employs modern, complex, and interdisciplinary methodological approaches to the interpretation of poetic texts. In particular, the semantic layers, symbolic system, as well as the psychological and aesthetic components of the poetic text are revealed through an integrative mode of analysis.

Rather than reiterating fixed hypotheses and one-sided interpretations previously applied to the poet's works, the author conceptualizes poetry as a dynamic, multifaceted aesthetic phenomenon capable of exerting a simultaneous impact on the reader's cognition and emotional experience. The study substantiates the evolving nature of the poetic text and its capacity to generate new meanings across different periods and within diverse readerly consciousnesses.

Thus, the article is aimed at examining Go'zal Begim's oeuvre from the perspective of contemporary literary studies and is significant for its application of innovative scholarly concepts to the analysis of poetic thinking and aesthetic perception.

Keywords

Literature, poetry, image, sea, museum, lyric, characteristic, thinking, style, modern, expression.

I am a person in depression.
I love depression,
not you,
more.
I love every pit I have fallen into,
the flower at the mouth of the pit,
the piercing thorns, and
the darkness spreading from my eyes.

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What would the wind be like
if it fell into depression—
how would it blow?
Or the birds in the mental lungs
sing, sing endlessly inside me,
inside me,
in a very deep place
a glow sinks in the color of darkness.
And the despondent wind
blows,
blows,
never stopping.

There is a sea museum inside me.
Tiny rippling waves leap,
exhibit-waves,
shell-like hearts
rustle in my ears.
The sea sways like a swing—
I fly until my heart spins,
then drown
in the blue museum.

Like a fragrance passing through thickets,
I remained among the thorns,
knowing the darkness of your heart,
hanging in your thoughts.
I want to climb out of the mental cliff,
but pulleys braid my hair,
the shaken,
the aching hair,
is braided by mental wells.

What if it were like this… Perhaps every heart would wish to wander through the sea-like, wave-filled, deep inner world of the poetess. Perhaps the soul longs to enter a museum-like space of diverse myths; perhaps the symbols, modes of expression, spirit, and intonations of the poem desire to migrate wholly into perception. Perhaps…

The seabed is truly strange and mysterious. Yet the inner world of the creator is even stranger, more wondrous, and astonishing. The sea, museum, and symbolic images in the poem's title are the central poetic objects of the text. Perhaps the sea symbolizes the lyrical "I"'s love, and the museum represents the diversity of emotional experiences. The comparison of the heart to the sea and emotions to a museum polishes and animates the imagination.

The two symbols in the title signal the poem's symbolic nature. The creator appears like a calligrapher, copying from the flood of feelings within the heart. This poem is a depiction of a torrent of trembling emotions.

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In this poem, imagery, symbols, and metaphors are so intertwined and fused that, in the process of grasping this beauty, the reader's poetic perception traverses an immense distance at lightning speed. The poetess seems to have found that beauty which cries out through human emotions and pours it entirely into the reader's consciousness: take it, gaze upon this beauty as much as your heart and eyes can endure—live!

The title serves to expand the reader's thinking and imagination. It can be divided into two parts:

1. sea museum;
2. exists inside me.
   Both naturally arouse curiosity, firmly drawing the reader's attention to the artistic text. When emotions shake the soul, and the creator employs unusual, unconventional artistic methods to portray its image, this is a sign of success.

"I am a person in depression…" The opening line provokes thought and even instills a slight fear. Depression, for the author, becomes a way of influencing as many people as possible by depicting a comprehensive panorama of suffering. By understanding the inner world of a person, one can imagine the social and natural environment to which they belong.

What a person thinks about reveals them completely. Feeling guilty about the depressive states that have seized the entire soul, the speaker constantly seeks ways to overcome them. The boundlessness of human thought and imagination, the sense of self-awareness—none of this remains outside the poem.

Depression is the driving force of the human spirit. Therefore, the speaker declares: "I am a person in depression." For them, depression is synonymous with the whirlpool of love, with the heartbeat itself. Though the line seems simple, it is the poem's main pillar; the refuge that descends into the subconscious begins precisely here.

"Depression is frozen fear," says Sigmund Freud. He continues: "We are never so defenseless against fear as when we are in love, and never so hopelessly unhappy as when we have lost love or its object." It is not difficult to recognize how deeply these psychological diagnoses resonate with the poem.

Among all values, love is undoubtedly the highest for humans. Love is the force that actualizes the emotions present within the soul; it is a form of self-expression. Thus comes the confession: "I love depression more than you." Frankly, this astonishes. The astonishment lies in the elevated tone of the confession. Perhaps only one with a powerful capacity for love can sustain such elevation.

Through this feeling, great human possibilities open; one sees oneself in the other, reveals one's essence. This confession reflects goodwill, friendship, understanding, and selfless moral relations. On this basis, the poetess's creative potential unfolds and matures further.

All emotions evolve and turn into symbols. Under their influence, the inner development of the human psyche occurs. By portraying the state of the soul symbolically, the creator awakens inner emotional states in others. I felt myself entering the creator's condition…

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I love every pit I have fallen into,
the flower at the mouth of the pit,
the piercing thorns, and
the darkness spreading from my eyes.

The pit symbolizes the space of perception and emotional experience. To feel each descended pit through imagination is simultaneously complex and simple, allowing every person to recognize the tragedies of their own life. Everyone has their own drama. The image of a flower at the pit's mouth is startling—an entirely original metaphor. The flower likely signifies delicate, refined feelings. Naturally, delicate flowers have piercing thorns—symbols of pain. "I love the darkness spreading from my eyes" completely transforms perception, evoking a poetic impression: imagine the lonely state of the lyrical "I" in the corner of anguish. Humans suffer because they cannot reach true solitude.

Can you imagine the wind falling into depression? I could. I felt the wind bowing its head at the foot of mountains, at the bottom of deep pits. The scene is likened to a human psychological state. The flow of countless thoughts crossing the lyrical "I"'s mind is revealed through the symbol of wind. Birds in the mental lungs—unchainable feelings—symbolize the freedom of the soul.

Love leads a person toward freedom; through it, one achieves spiritual liberation in life and society. The poet's word is the poet themselves. Meanings lie hidden within symbolic expressions. These symbols serve to artistically convey experiences and states.

Symbols are the key to the creator's treasury of the heart. They allow subtle emotions and psychological states to be expressed through words. The human heart is its face. A bird singing in the depths of the heart—in the mental lungs. The line "a glow sinks in the color of darkness" is utterly original. The glow symbolizes hope; its dark color astonishes. From this state, the despondent wind blows endlessly—**in motion**. After all, poetry is born of the heart's excitement, joy, and the movement of the spirit.

Indeed, the human heart is an astonishing museum—a museum in motion, a mirror of ourselves. In our culture, generous people are called "sea-like." The tiny ripples in the poetess's sea-like heart quicken the pulse; they symbolize small desires and their beautiful forms. The repetition "tiny, tiny" enhances the rhythm.

Who would think to compare feelings to exhibit-waves? The heart likened to a shell is surprising yet convincing—both are mysterious. Through the shell image, the poetess gestures toward memory and the past. "They rustle in my ears" clarifies the poem's artistic motion: shells rustle with pearls. The pearls gathered by the poetess's spiritual eyes—beauty and meaning—are so abundant that one becomes overwhelmed. It feels like waking at the most beautiful point of a dream. The poem's inner power does not release perception; it compels you to live within it, though you have already awakened.

The novelty of comparisons and symbols urges repeated readings, each time revealing new meanings. You marvel at the diversity of imagination and the colorfulness of consciousness, as if invited to descend into your deepest self and live, to watch yourself.

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New expressions cast you into a well of novelty while lifting you to heights simultaneously. You never tire of swimming together in waves of feeling; spiritual waves set the heart in motion. You, too, drown in the "blue museum." The poetess's mastery lies in intensifying the factors that give rise to emotions, allowing experience to fully emerge. You are bound to lose yourself in the whirlpool of spiritual storms.

The thicket symbolizes confusion and wandering. "Like a fragrance passing through thickets" is a vivid flash of artistry, for true artistry fits no mold—it manifests naturally. Thorns—pain and suffering—can be escaped only through imagination.

The cliff symbolizes the depth of experience, the measure of poetic grief. Step by step, the poem offers signs the reader must decipher—symbols in their rightful places. Literary scholar Ulugbek Hamdam emphasizes reading the poetess's poems line by line; he is right. Yet I felt the necessity of reading and understanding word by word. The artist selects words, and these words enchant. "Pulleys braid my hair" is an untraveled path in our poetry: pulleys as imaginary obstacles, hair as a symbol of beauty.

My aching hair
is braided by mental wells.

This image defies conventional poetic imagination; it is a product of pure poetic vision. The well symbolizes a refuge for solitary anguish.

This is how I felt and imagined the poem; perhaps I erred in places. Yet the poem expanded my imagination, elevated my thinking, and compelled my thoughts to roam. Most importantly, my aesthetic museum gained a new exhibit—one that feels both ancient and innovative.

In conclusion, though the poem begins with depression, it is about finding, not losing. It depicts the encounter of self, the object of feeling, anguish, and joy at a single point.

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