

Searching for the Yet-Nonexistent: Contemporary Kazakhstani Poetry and Kazakh Identity

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Abstract

This project explores the narratives that contemporary Kazakhstani poets Ardak Nurgazy and Anuar Duisenbinov, who belong to two marginal groups of the society, build around the question of Kazakh national identity. In their poetry both poets use the notion of rebirth which can be found at the core of the most important national program of Kazakhstan “Rukhani Zhangyru” [Spiritual modernization/renewal]. However, the poets deconstruct that notion of rebirth and reveal the gap between today’s nation and its nomadic ancestors. Their lyrical heroes attempt to reconnect with the nation’s past by reestablishing their relationship with such historical and mythical figures like Korkyt, Kerei Khan, and Khoja Akhmed Yasawi. But the gap between them seems unsurmountable because the modern-day nation drastically differs from its ancestors: it is linguistically and culturally hybrid. This leaves the lyrical heroes feeling disoriented and unbelonging.

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Introduction

Government and Identity

After Kazakhstan declared its independence, the Kazakhstani government started the process of constructing its national identity by making attempts to revitalize the Kazakh language and culture. As in many other postcolonial countries, the government also aspired to create a clear and coherent narrative of the nation's past in order to justify its existence as an independent entity. But the notions of nationality and ethnicity are comparatively new ideas for the Kazakhs. Before these notions were formed, inhabitants of the steppe identified themselves based on their tribal divisions, *zhuzes*. National consciousness of this group started forming only at the beginning of the 20th century, when the members of the Kazakh national movement Alash Orda and other representatives of Kazakh intelligentsia started referring to themselves as a nation or *narod*.¹ The Soviet government reinforced this nascent sense of belonging to a Kazakh nation by taking “nationality as the basis for the administrative and political division of Central Asia in the 1920s, together with the subsequent policy of *korenizatsiia* or ‘nativization’, which promoted local languages and cultures, as well as members of the titular nation into the administrative positions of the local government.”²

But the nationality policies of the Soviet Union were not this straightforward. The Soviet government not only “purified” the Kazakh language and culture and separated it from the rest of the Turkic nations, but also created a Soviet supranational identity.³ The latter manifested itself mainly through the Russian language, which was the *lingua franca* for all nations of the Soviet Union and served as a means to introduce and maintain the “friendship

¹ Bhavna Dave, *Kazakhstan: Ethnicity, Language and Power* (New York: Routledge, 2007), 31.

² Sergei Abashin, “Nation-construction in post-Soviet Central Asia,” in *Soviet and Post-Soviet Identities* ed. by Mark Bassin and Catriona Kelly (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2012), 150.

³ Yuri Slezkine, “The USSR as a Communal Apartment, or How a Socialist State Promoted Ethnic Particularism,” in *Stalinism: New Directions*, edited by Sheila Fitzpatrick (London: Routledge, 2000), 430, 451.

of the peoples” thesis. This put the Russian language at the top of the hierarchy, where the Russian nation also took the leading position. For Kazakhs and all other Soviet nations, this and accompanying nationality policies created a necessity “both to value [their] ethnic culture and imbibe and even treasure the values and norms of Soviet life.”⁴ As Suny puts it, the two identities “managed to live together, borrow from each other, and create hybrid and shared political concepts.”⁵ Consequently, independent Kazakhstan inherited a society with strong lingua-cultural ties with Russia. This, together with the fact that the Kazakhs were a minority in their own territory at the time of independence,⁶ complicates the construction of Kazakh national identity for the government today. That is why it is a project which still resides in national programs and is failing to become the reality.

Insiders and Outsiders

The challenge of having a clear sense of identity is manifested in modern-day Kazakhstani literature, including contemporary poetry. The latter category can be represented by such poets as Ardak Nurgazy and Anuar Duisenbinov, the considerable portion of whose poetry is devoted to the question of national identity. Both poets are “insiders” and “outsiders” in relation to the Kazakh community each in their own way, which is why their poetry reveals not just what the notion of Kazakhness encompasses but also what it does not.

Ardak Nurgazy is a 48-year old poet, playwright, and critic, who moved to Kazakhstan in 2004. He was the chief editor of the Kazakhstani newspaper “Shetel adabieti” [Foreign Literature] between 2006 and 2008 and wrote articles on world literature for several other newspapers. Nurgazy was born and raised in China in a Kazakh diaspora, which

⁴ Ronald Grigor Suny, “The Contradictions of Identity: Being Soviet and National in the USSR and After,” in *Soviet and Post-Soviet Identities*, edited by Mark Bassin and Catriona Kelly (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2012), 17.

⁵ Ibid.

⁶ Juldyz Smagulova, “Kazakhstan: Language, Identity and Conflict,” *Innovation*, 19:3-4, 306. doi: 10.1080/13511610601029854.

consists of the descendants of those who left the Soviet Union in the 1920s and 1930s fleeing forced collectivization, famine and repressions.⁷ After the country gained its independence, the government sought to overcome the minority status of Kazakhs in the country and decrease the effect of strong ties with the Russian language and culture. As a solution, it run the policy “On Migration”⁸ to incentivize ethnic Kazakhs living abroad to return to their historical homeland. In an interview Nurgazy gives to an Australian poet and writer Ouyang Yu, he is asked about the society’s attitude towards him, and he says: “I am alien to this society anyways, [they see me as] a representative of the foreign literature.”⁹ So, despite being an ethnic Kazakh, and writing poetry in Kazakh, Nurgazy’s *oralman* [returnee] status and the absence of a Russophone part of identity equally makes him an “outsider” in his historical homeland.

Anuar Duisenbinov, a 35-year-old poet and translator, in contrast, is a native of the country. Duisenbinov writes his poems in Russian, and inserts Kazakh words, phrases, and lines into them. He explains: “It is not really a conscious experiment, rather it is my inability to express myself in a different way, not deceiving myself and my own speech at the moment of writing.”¹⁰ The poet performs on different poetic evenings mainly in the Almaty city, and he also has a project called “Balkhash¹¹ snitsya” [Balkhash Dreaming], where he reads his poetry with background music specifically written for this purpose. Despite having a hybrid linguistic and cultural identity like most of the Kazakhstani population, he says in one of his interviews: “I am an insider here. But also, a stranger at the same time.”¹² He says that he

⁷ Natsuko Oka, “A Note on Ethnic Return Migration Policy in Kazakhstan: Changing Priorities and a Growing Dilemma,” *Institute of Developing Economies* (2013), 1-13.

⁸ “On Migration”, *Legal Information System of Regulatory Legal Acts of the Republic of Kazakhstan, 2011*. <http://adilet.zan.kz/eng/docs/Z1100000477>.

⁹ Ouyang Yu, “Ardak Nurgazy. Poeziya oïdan buryn tuatyn oner,” *Adebiportal*, 2019, 2. <https://adebiportal.kz/kz/news/view/21300>.

¹⁰ Sergei Timofeev, “Mir posle vsego. Anuar Duisenbinov”, *Arterritory*, September 3, 2015, para. 11, http://arterritory.com/ru/novosti/4985-mir_posle_vsego._anuar_dujsenbinov/. All translations are mine.

¹¹ Balkhash is a lake located in southeastern Kazakhstan.

¹² Timofeev, “Mir posle vsego,” para. 13.

receives extra attention on the streets because of his long hair, and him being a representative of the LGBTQ+ community makes him stand out in the patriarchal Kazakhstani society.

The unusual position that Nurgazy and Duisenbinov find themselves in as part of the Kazakhstani society – being ethnically Kazakh but belonging to marginal groups – makes them more sensitive to the question of national, linguistic, and cultural identity. Through their lyrical heroes, the poets explore identity-related issues at the times of the latest rebirth of the nation marked by Kazakhstan's independence. Thus, while searching for the Kazakh identity through their poetry, Nurgazy and Duisenbinov demonstrate the struggle of their lyrical heroes to belong to a nation with a yet-unclear identity and demonstrate the gap that exists between today's bilingual and culturally hybrid nation and its nomadic ancestors.

Rebirth

The search for a new or revived identity started as soon as the Soviet Union dissolved. The new status as an independent country gave rise to the rhetoric of rebirth of the nation which can still be found at the core of Kazakhstan's nation-building process. In his 2017 program known as "Rukhani Zhangyru," the first president of Kazakhstan Nursultan Nazarbayev proclaimed the beginning of the next wave of modernization of the country.¹³ With the help of this modernization program, the government is trying to construct a new identity on the basis of historical and cultural symbols as to unite the citizens and allow them to feel belonging to the country they live in. As a synonym for the word "modernization" the Kazakh version of the text uses the phrase *qaita túleu*, which means "to be reborn" or "to regenerate." According to the document, the nation needs to preserve its national culture but

¹³ Nursultan Nazarbayev, "Course Towards the Future: Modernization of Kazakhstan's Identity," *Legal Information System of Regulatory Legal Acts of the Republic of Kazakhstan*, 2017. http://www.akorda.kz/en/events/akorda_news/press_conferences/course-towards-the-future-modernization-of-kazakhstans-identity.

“leave behind the elements of the past that hinder its development.”¹⁴ Similarly, the image of rebirth appears in the poems of Nurgazy and Duisenbinov on national identity. The poets explore the new period in the history of the nation and the challenges the rebirth brings.

As his poem “Kerei”¹⁵ demonstrates, for Duisenbinov, the nation can be characterized by its cyclical rebirth, and the latest rebirth entails an inclination to reconnect with the nation’s past. The poem is named after Kerei Khan, who together with Zhanibek Khan united several tribes of the steppe and founded the Kazakh Khanate in the 15th century, which later served as the foundation of the Kazakh nationhood.¹⁶ Addressing Kerei, Duisenbinov’s lyrical hero says:

<p>Следов твоих давно не видно ни в песке, ни в иле Ковыль давно расправился, сгорел И вырос снова, и примялся сразу сотнями коней на четырех колесах А потом сгорел. (...) ¹⁷</p>	<p>Your footprints have not been seen in sand or silt for a long time The feather grass has long been straightened, and burned down Then it grew up again, and was immediately mashed by hundreds of horses on four wheels Then it burned down. (...)</p>
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The poet demonstrates the periodic regeneration of the nation by the cycles in the life of the feather grass. The cyclicity that starts with the grass growing, being mashed, and burning down can be observed twice in these lines, with some slight differences. When the nation led by Kerei Khan “lived,” it mashed the feather grass. But when the cycle of the nation’s life approached its end, the grass grew and straightened up. So, the two cycles represent two

¹⁴ Ibid., 3. Preserving national identity.

¹⁵ See Appendix 1 for the full text of the poem in Russian.

¹⁶ Kerei and Zhanibek Khans play a central role in Kazakhstan’s nation-building projects. In 2015 the country celebrated the 550th anniversary of the Kazakh Khanate. In the speech given at the beginning of the event dedicated to the celebration, President Nazarbayev said: “At the time the number of people who followed Kerei and Zhanibek was about 200 thousand. Today the number of Kazakhs in the world exceeds 15 million”. Thus, the nationhood of Kazakhstan is highly associated with the figure of Kerei Khan. “Memleket basshysy N.Nazarbaevtyng Qazaq khandygynyn 550 zhyldygyna arnalgan saltanatty zhiynynda soilegen sozi,” *Legal Information System of Regulatory Legal Acts of the Republic of Kazakhstan*, 2015.
http://www.akorda.kz/kz/speeches/internal_political_affairs/in_speeches_and_addresses/memleket-basshysy-nazarbaevtyng-kazak-handygynyn-550-zhyldygyna-arnalgan-saltanatty-zhiynda-soilegen-sozi .

¹⁷ Anuar Duisenbinov, “Kerei,” 2020, lines 1-4. Retrieved from https://vk.com/balkhashdreaming?w=wall-27257869_888.

historical periods: one is the pastoral past, and the other is the industrial modernity represented by “horses on four wheels.” The last line of the excerpt describes the grass having burned down, and thus marks the beginning of the third cycle in the life of the nation. This is when the lyrical hero is remembering and addressing the founder of the Kazakh nationhood, Kerei Khan. By doing so, he attempts to connect the point of rebirth in the latest cycle of the nation with a point in the first cycle and establish a link between the two historical periods.

The lyrical hero describes his own life in terms of cycles as well and shows the resemblance between his life and the life of the nation. But despite such a resemblance, there is still a disagreement between the two. Having described the two life cycles in the life of the nation by life cycles of the feather grass, the lyrical hero says:

А потом сгорел. А я успел расправиться и
стать глубоким вдохом
И сгореть. И фениксом стыда восстать¹⁸

Then it burned down. And I had time to
straighten up and turn into a deep breath
And burn out. And rise up as a phoenix of
shame

The lyrical hero straightens up, burns out and rises back in the form of a phoenix just like the feather grass and the nation do. He finds himself in the timeline of the nation’s history and becomes a continuation of this cyclicity. However, at the time of the third rebirth which is described in the first line of this excerpt, where the feather grass “burned down,” the lyrical hero “*had time* to straighten up and turn into a deep breath” [emphasis added]. So, the time his life cycle starts does not coincide temporally with the nation’s rebirth, it occurs earlier. The cycles are not “in rhythm,” there is a disharmony between the nation and the lyrical hero.

¹⁸ Duisenbinov, “Kerei,” lines 4-5.

Ardak Nurgazy also looks at the history of the nation through the lens of cyclicity. In his narrative poem “Korkyt,”¹⁹ he explores the nation’s rebirth through several images that allow time in the poem acquire cyclical nature. Things transform and gain new forms or states: clouds turn into rain, seasons replace one another, and one life ends, giving way to a new one. Unlike in Duisenbinov’s poem, however, the life of the nation is not only described by natural processes but is also juxtaposed to the life of the humanity as a whole. The preface to the poem describes several cycles represented by different forms of relationships a human being had throughout its history. Nurgazy writes:

Таным тұрғысынан Жаратушы мен адам,
табиғат пен адам, қоғам мен адам, адам мен
адам байланысын бастан өткердік.
Жаратушыны жоққа шығардық, табиғатты
«өзгерттік», қоғамды қан төгуге бейім қатігез
төңкеріске үйреттік, адамға адам «қасқыр»
дедік. Төртінші айналымнан соң бізді енді не
күтіп тұр?²⁰

In terms of cognition, we have experienced the connection between God and human being, nature and human being, society and human being, as well as between human being and human being. We have denied the existence of God, “changed” the nature, taught the society to make bloody and violent revolutions, and became “wolves” to each other. What is waiting for us after the fourth cycle?

According to this excerpt, a human being established four types of relationships during the four cycles humanity experienced, and later destroyed them. The narrator is puzzled because he does not know what the fifth cycle entails. It might return the human being back to the beginning, and therefore signify the reestablishment of human’s connection with God, or it may equally signify the beginning of something new.

The figure that Nurgazy juxtaposes to the image of God is a semi-mythical songwriter and composer Korkyt, whose name is the title of this poem. Korkyt supposedly lived in the 8th-9th century in the modern-day Kazakhstan, Azerbaijan, Uzbekistan, or Tajikistan area. Myths, like that of Korkyt, play an important role in the formation of national identity. In his

¹⁹ See Appendix 3 for the full text of the poem in Kazakh.

²⁰ Ardak Nurgazy, “Korkyt,” in *Literaturnyi al’manakh Kazakhstan-Rossia*, 2017, preface.

book *National Identity*, Smith claims that there is often no clear border between history and mythology when it comes to national (or ethnic) identity of a certain group.²¹ The same phenomenon can be observed in the matter of historicity of Korkyt: it is still debated whether he is a product of imagination or he truly existed. But, as Smith points out, it is the effect of stories about such mythical or historical figures that is significant in fostering nationhood.²² Myths construct a certain portion of what is perceived as shared historical memories of the community. Historical events – like the foundation of the Kazakh Khanate, for example – matter as well, but the value of those events is dictated by the legends that surround them.²³ Thus, history together with myths and legends, becomes one of the building blocks of national identity. In his article about Korkyt, Nurgazy explains the importance of myths about this semi-mythical figure for the nation. He states:

The phenomenon of Korkyt is the central source of spiritual energy for the Central Asian nations. [...He] is a mythical representation of the notion about the Creator, which although has faded, has not been completely erased.²⁴

So, in the same way as one may return to the Creator in the times of crisis, the lyrical hero affiliating himself to the Kazakh nation returns to Korkyt and the myths that surround him.

In the poem, the lyrical hero tries to reconnect with Korkyt at the time of the nation's latest rebirth by enacting another “rebirth” in his mind. Nurgazy writes:

Миымның жықпылында аққан
жұлдыз сөнді,
Орнында бостық, мөлдіреді есте
қалу мен ұмыту.

The star that fell at the edge of my
consciousness was extinguished,
A void is left, glimpses of memory and
oblivion.

²¹ Anthony D. Smith, *National Identity* (Reno, NV: University of Nevada Press, 2013), 22.

²² Smith, *National Identity*, 22.

²³ Ibid.

²⁴ Nurgazy, Ardak. “Korkyt olgen kun,” 2020, para. 1-2. Retrieved from <http://www.thebilge.kz/e/action/ShowInfo.php?classid=6&id=3539>.

Мен туғанда аспан күңіреніп, жұрт
корқып, соңынан қуанған деседі²⁵

They say, when I was born, the sky turned
dark, people were frightened, but then
rejoiced

This excerpt is written from the first-person perspective, but the narration almost unnoticeably shifts from one “I” to the other. The first two lines are told from the lyrical hero’s perspective, and they describe the ending of one life by the image of a star that is extinguished. The last line, “They say, when I was born, the sky turned dark, people were frightened”, however, refers to the legend about the birth of Korkyt. So, the lyrical hero experiences a reverse “reincarnation”: he envisions a “death” followed by a “rebirth” of one of the most powerful figures in the nation’s culture. Nurgazy’s lyrical hero is not just trying to connect the points in history like Duisenbinov’s lyrical hero does, he aims at awakening his connection with the nation’s history and mythology and becoming one with Korkyt in his imagination.

The lyrical hero enacts the imaginary reincarnation in order to understand his own place as a human being and as a member of the nation. In this new and uncertain era in which he finds himself, he addresses God:

Неге Тәңірім осы әрі сол жерде сенің емес,
оның атын атаудан тыйыламын,
Сен үшін мен кіммін?²⁶

My Lord, why here and there I halt on calling
his (its) name, and not yours,
Who am I for you?

The pronoun *onyng* means both “his” and “its,” so the first line can be read as “My Lord, why here and there I halt on calling *his* name” [emphasis added]. In this case, the one who is addressing God is the lyrical hero himself, and the figure referred to by the pronoun “his” is Korkyt. By juxtaposing Korkyt to God and comparing the two, the lyrical hero admits that Korkyt has more power and authority over him than God. But because the lyrical hero has

²⁵ Nurgazy, “Korkyt,” I, lines 7-9.

²⁶ Nurgazy, “Korkyt,” I, lines 37-39.

been “reincarnated” as Korkyt, these lines can also be read as Korkyt himself talking to God. According to one of the legends, God promises immortality to Korkyt, if he does not think about death or mention it in his speech. That is why in the poem, Korkyt is asking the reason why he needs to “halt on calling *its* name” [emphasis added], the name of death, and not God’s. By allowing these lines to acquire two different meanings, Nurgazy shows the complexity of the situation the lyrical hero finds himself in. He is witnessing a new phase in the life of the nation for which Korkyt is the major figure; and he is living in the new era in human history at the same time, for which the most powerful figure is God. The uncertainty about what the new cycle brings makes him wonder about the purpose of his own existence, so he, both as himself and as a “reborn” Korkyt, asks God: “Who am I for you?”. The question, however, is left unanswered, and the lyrical hero is disoriented.

The Gap

Orphans

The lyrical heroes of Nurgazy and Duisenbinov find touchpoints with the nation’s history in ancestor figures like Kerei or Korkyt and enact their own individual “rebirths,” but still fail to find their place in the world or as part of the nation. The reason lies in the absence of clear kinship relations with these mythical and historical figures. Each poet conveys this idea through an image of a lonely boy who cannot build a relationship with his roots, and thus turns into an “orphan.”

In Nurgazy “Korkyt” which was analyzed above, the past and the present of the nation are connected, the lyrical hero envisions his “reincarnation” as Korkyt, but their link seems to be weak. So, a few lines later, we see a boy wandering around and finding himself at the place which was home to his ancestors:

Иен қалған жұртта ит пен бала жүр, көк
аспан төбеден төнген
Қалықтап жүрген қарақұсқа ит тұмсығын
көтеріп үйіріліп ұлиды, өшкін тартқан
көрініс²⁷

On an abandoned camping ground, a boy and a
dog are roaming, the blue sky is hanging
over their heads.
The dog howls, turning its nose up to the sky to
a soaring imperial eagle, a fading scene.

The image of a camping ground represents the lifestyle of the Kazakhs until the beginning of the 20th century. As part of the Soviet First Five-Year-Plan of 1929, however, the Kazakh steppe needed to undergo a dramatic transformation: the nomadic nation was to be forcefully sedentarized.²⁸ The “return” to a camping ground in the poem, after the nation’s lifestyle has long been changed, signifies what Smith calls the “return to ‘nature’ and its ‘poetic spaces’.” According to him, this “nature and these spaces (...) constitute the historic home of the people, the sacred repository of their memories.”²⁹ By wandering in the place his ancestors used to inhabit, the boy re-members the nation’s history and therefore re-creates it. But because of the transformation that the nation went through, the lyrical hero finds nobody in his historic home. The “return” is not necessarily voluntary: the only verb that describes the lyrical hero is “roaming.” The verb does not point at him having an aim or eagerness, so it is unclear whether the lyrical hero goes to the place purposefully or just finds himself there and starts roaming. Young and lonely he becomes an heir of this place, having no option other than accepting the situation.

A similar image of a lonely “orphan” appears in Duisenbinov’s poem “V Astane”³⁰ [In Astana] as well, however unlike Nurgazy’s lyrical hero, this boy is clearly not concerned with his origins. Duisenbinov writes:

...бежит подле них золотой ручей

...a golden stream runs beside them

²⁷ Nurgazy, “Korkyt,” lines 15-16.

²⁸ Sarah Cameron, “Nomads under Siege: Kazakhstan and the Launch of Forced Collectivization,” in *The Hungry Steppe: Famine, Violence, and the Making of Soviet Kazakhstan*, Cornell Scholarship Online, 2019. doi:10.7591/cornell/9781501730436.001.0001.

²⁹ Smith, *National Identity*, 65.

³⁰ See Appendix 1 for the full text of the poem in Russian.

И купается в нем ребенок, плескается,
брызжет золотом, спросишь “чей?”
А он только молчит и кивает в сторону
горизонта
Да ветер шепнет “ничей.”³¹

A child bathes in it, splatters gold, you would
ask “whose [child] are you?”
But he remains silent, he nods towards the
horizon
And the wind whispers “nobody’s.”

This child has no-one beside him, and does not know to whom he belongs, except having a vague awareness of the place somewhere on the horizon. Compared to the boy in Nurgazy’s poem, Duisenbinov’s orphan is in the state of happy ignorance, the emotions of the boy are not described, and yet the verbs that refer to his actions, “bathes,” “splatters,” are those depicting a cheerful careless individual, who is not mindful enough to find out his origins. The wind, in contrast, acquires an omniscient and omnipotent quality in the poem. It is constantly present, and it carries away “dust and memory, and road repair,” and can even “expos[e] time.”³² This wind serves as an objective perspective, and claims that the boy does not belong to anyone: he is “nobody’s.”³³ In order to be considered belonging to a nation, he would need to have some kin relationships with other people. Describing the characteristics and constituents that are necessary to be considered a nation, Smith makes a distinction between Asian and Western nations, and claims that the characteristic that distinguishes the Asian model is the importance of having common descent.³⁴ The lyrical hero of this poem has no connection to, or common descent with anyone, which makes him an “orphan,” like Nurgazy’s lyrical hero.

Unlike Nurgazy, however, Duisenbinov chooses to physically distance his lyrical hero from his ancestors. If in Nurgazy’s poem, the boy is roaming on the same camping ground where his ancestors once lived, Duisenbinov’s “orphan” is bathing in a different place. The

³¹ Anuar Duisenbinov, “V Astane,” 2019, lines 14-17. Retrieved from <https://vk.com/@balkhashdreaming-v-astane>.

³² Duisenbinov, “V Astane,” lines 3-5.

³³ *Ibid.*, 17.

³⁴ Smith, *National Identity*, 22.

hypothetical interlocutor of the latter, who is referred to as “you,” is outraged seeing him happy and careless, so he tries to correct the situation:

И ты спрашиваешь, какого такого понта?
Ты чего потерял здесь? Иди отыщи деда
своего Коркыта
Он все там же бродит, на бульваре, у
разъебанного корыта³⁵

And you would ask, why the hell?
Have you lost something here? Go find your
grandpa Korkyt
He still wanders in the same place, on the
boulevard, by a fucking broken trough

In the poem, the figure of Korkyt represents the nation’s ancestry with whom the boy is supposed to reconnect. The interlocutor asks the boy whether he has “lost something *here*” and tells him to “*go find*” his grandpa Korkyt, which shows that there is some physical distance between the two [emphases added]. Together with the “orphan’s” disinterest, this makes the process of building a relationship with the past more challenging. And yet it is important to note that the interlocutor tries to shorten this distance by referring to the boy’s ancestor as “your grandpa Korkyt.” The possessive pronoun “your,” as opposed to “our,” makes the relationship between the boy and Korkyt appear more direct and less abstract. The informal word “grandpa” also marks the relationship as being closer and more intimate in a way that the word “grandfather” could not. But despite his attempts to make the connection between the boy and his ancestor appear as strong, the boy does not attempt to reestablish that relationship.

The problem is further aggravated because the modern interpretation of Korkyt, and the history and culture he is supposed to stand for, does not have anything to offer to the little “orphan.” Korkyt is described as wandering “on the boulevard, by a fucking broken trough.” This is a modified version of the Russian idiom *u razbitogo koryta* [by a broken trough], so the poem suggests that Korkyt is left with nothing. The boulevard the poem refers to is the

³⁵ Duisenbinov, “V Astane,” lines 18-20.

Nurzhol Boulevard, “the central axis of the [capital] city,”³⁶ which is also a manifestation of the absence rather than the presence of rich culture and heritage. In his article on the role of myths and fantasies in building Astana (now Nur-Sultan), Akulov shows that the main constructions on the boulevard, Bayterek and Khan Shatyr, represent Nazarbayev’s attempts to build a post-Soviet Utopia. This, however, is envisioned and presented as an act of reconnection with the nation’s past. Describing Khan Shatyr, the gigantic neo-futurist tent which was supposed to epitomize the nomadic lifestyle of the steppe inhabitants, Akulov writes:

(...) it is no less obvious that the ‘tent’ remains a fixed structure, that is to say, no tent at all. With the building thus functioning as a monumental theatrical prop, the superficial resemblance gives substance to the contrary assertion, to wit, that of Kazakh sedentariness (...).³⁷

Thus, the Nurzhol Boulevard, which unites several constructions like Khan Shatyr, becomes an embodiment of modern interpretation of the Kazakh culture and heritage. Just like the broken trough, the latter retains the form but serves no use in the spiritual journey of the “orphans” of the independent Kazakhstan.

Failed Meetings

Despite their orphan-like state, however, the lyrical heroes of Nurgazy and Duisenbinov’s other poems display a strong eagerness to meet with historical figures. The chance to talk with them either appears or is envisioned as possible by the lyrical heroes themselves, and yet both meetings fail to take place. The poems reveal the gap which

³⁶ Mikhail Akulov, “Eternal Futurostan: Myths, Fantasies and the Making of Astana in Post-Soviet Kazakhstan,” in *Theorizing Central Asian Politics: The State, Ideology and Power*, edited by Rico Isaacs and Alessandro Frigerio (Oxford: Palgrave Macmillan, 2019), 201.

³⁷ *Ibid.* 202.

separates the lyrical heroes from their ancestor figures and serves as an obstacle in their attempts to reconnect.

In his poem “Yasauï kesenesi” [The Mausoleum of Yasawi],³⁸ Nurgazy’s lyrical hero visits one of the most important constructions on the territory of the country in terms of its cultural, historical and religious meaning for the nation. It is the mausoleum where the famous Turkic poet and Sufi mystic of the 12th century Khoja Ahmed Yasawi is entombed.³⁹ When the lyrical hero comes to this sacred place, he sees several people in front of the building. One of them is an old man, who is drawing scribbles on earth. This alludes to the poetic activity of Khoja Ahmed Yasawi, and thus shows that the old man is the personification of this historical figure. Nurgazy’s lyrical hero wants to meet the poet, but by the time he decides to approach him, the man has already left:

Аулаға кіріп, қайта шыққанымда
Кезіктіре алмадым қартты
Таяғы сол баяғы орнында тұр
Алыста бір бейне ескен желдей ұзап
барады⁴⁰

When I entered the yard and left again
I couldn’t meet the old man
His stick is still in its place
In the distance a figure resembling a blowing
wind is moving away

The lyrical hero’s entrance to the mausoleum divides the poem into “the present” and “the past.” The two periods strikingly differ from each other. Before the lyrical hero enters the yard, the area is full of people, each of whom is involved in some sort of activity: “a boy running from his mother, [laughing],” “someone dragging a cart,” “the old man drawing.”⁴¹ But when he leaves, he finds the place deserted, the people are gone, only the cart and the old

³⁸ See Appendix 3 for the full text of the poem in Kazakh.

³⁹ The mausoleum was commissioned by Timur (also known as Amir Timur or Tamerlane), who ruled the area of the Timurid Empire in the 13th century. The building is included in the list of World Heritage Sites protected by UNESCO. The organization describes it as representing “an exceptional testimony to the culture of the Central Asian region” and being “closely associated with the diffusion of Islam in this region with the help of Sufi orders, and with the political ideology of Timur”. “Mausoleum of Khoja Ahmed Yasawi,” *The United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, World Heritage Convention*, para. 5, 7. <https://whc.unesco.org/en/list/1103/>.

⁴⁰ Ardak Nurgazy, “Yasauï kesenesi,” 2018, lines 13-16. Retrieved from <https://web.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=2220803478163407&set=a.1396497670593996&type=3&theater>.

⁴¹ Nurgazy, “Yasauï kesenesi,” lines 9-11.

man's stick are left behind.⁴² The single moving object is the old man himself far in the distance, who “resembl[es] a blowing wind” and thus has an almost magical and mythical feel to him. The lyrical hero feels like he happened to be a witness of “the past”: “It looks like a scene from thousand years ago / Everything has changed.”⁴³ The only things that unite the two periods are the things that people from “the past” have left behind and the mausoleum itself. The lyrical hero's wish to meet the old man does not come true, so “the past” and “the present” fail to cross.

In the same manner, Duisenbinov's “Kerei” shows the desire of the lyrical hero to chase Kerei Khan and ask him questions. Duisenbinov writes:

Куда идёшь ты, что ты ищешь (...)	Where are you headed, what are you looking for (...)
Я догоню тебя, и я задам вопросы (...)	I will catch up with you, and ask you questions (...)
Я посмотрю в твои усталые глаза И сам себе отвечу ⁴⁴	I'll look in your tired eyes And answer my own questions

The poem is a monologue of the lyrical hero. He envisions himself following the khan, and just like in Nurgazy's poem, the reason for meeting or the matter the lyrical hero wants to discuss with the historical figure is not mentioned. In the end, the meeting does not take place either. The lyrical hero understands that even if he could catch up with the khan, it would not change anything. Everything the lyrical hero needs to know is known to him; it is in him because he still belongs to the same tradition. Duisenbinov writes: “Мне конь не нужен, буду всадник ветра” [I don't need a horse, I'll be a rider of the wind].⁴⁵ The identity of a rider is still present, so he is the continuation of the nomadic traditions of his ancestors. And yet the times have changed drastically, and the rider of today is different. The lyrical hero

⁴² Ibid., lines 15-18.

⁴³ Ibid., lines 19-20.

⁴⁴ Duisenbinov, “Kerei,” lines 8, 17, 30-31.

⁴⁵ Duisenbinov, “Kerei,” line 18.

does not ride a horse anymore, he prefers the wind instead. He feels like he still is the heir of the nomadic past and heritage, but his transformation does not allow him to establish a direct contact with his ancestor. Thus, the failure to meet with historical figures in both poems points at the gap that exists between the pre-Soviet Kazakhs and their modern-day descendants.

Hybridity

The inability of the lyrical heroes to reconnect with the nation's past is conditioned by the transformation that the nation went through partially as a consequence of globalization and modernity, but mainly as a result of the Soviet project which produced hybrid individuals. The Soviet identity for Kazakhs consisted of Russianness as well as Kazakhness during the USSR period, which is why the Russian language and culture are still significant for modern-day Kazakhs. As Goble puts it, "no past identity ever completely disappears."⁴⁶ Nurgazy, not being fluent in Russian, and having not experienced personally the effects of the Soviet hybridizing project, does not discuss the Kazakh-Russian hybridity in his poetry. As a Chinese emigrant, the poet has a different kind of hybridity, but he rarely raises this topic in his poetry. In Duisenbinov's poetry, on the other hand, hybridity is one of the main concerns. Both the Kazakh and Russian languages are native and both cultures are valuable to the poet, and that is reflected through his lyrical heroes. In the interview he gives to Timofeev, Duisenbinov explains: "(...) mixing of languages comes from the roots. That is why the fruits are the same [mixed]. I am here just to pick them, taste them and try to describe the taste."⁴⁷ The mixed language becomes a poetic tool in many of Duisenbinov's poems, which aurally and visually represents the hybridity he talks about in his poems.

⁴⁶ Paul Goble, "Identity Recovered vs Identity Redefined: Three Post-Soviet Cases." In *Identity and Politics in Central Asia and the Caucasus*, edited by Mohammed Ayoob and Murad Ismayilov (Routledge: London and New York, 2015), 80.

⁴⁷ Timofeev, "Mir posle vsego," para. 11.

Duisenbinov's poem "Metamorf" [A Metamorph],⁴⁸ for example, depicts the linguistic and cultural hybridity of the lyrical hero. Describing the feeling that the lyrical hero experiences having two native languages, the poet writes:

Очень странно переживать за казахский по-русски⁴⁹ How odd it is to worry about Qazaq in Russian⁵⁰

The lyrical hero expresses his care about the Kazakh language. His feeling "odd" about this situation shows his assumption that the sign of truly caring about a language must be manifested in not just speaking but also thinking, and, in this situation, caring in that language, thus having an almost natural connection with it. The lyrical hero's bilingualism, however, allows him to divide the phenomenon of love towards a language into components and perform them separately. He loves the Kazakh language and worries about its future, but does it in Russian, which equally is his native language. It is important to note that the poem itself is also written in the Russian language, so its form reinforces the meaning of its content: the worries of the poet and his lyrical heroes are manifested in Russian, not in Kazakh.

Sometimes Duisenbinov chooses to depict the hybridity of his lyrical heroes only through form, but that form plays with the content, adding more layers to its meaning. In the lines from his poem "V Astane," which were analyzed earlier, Duisenbinov juxtaposes the two parts of the lyrical hero's cultural identity. He writes:

(...) Иди отыщи деда своего Коркыта
Он все там же бродит, на бульваре, у
разъбанного корыта⁵¹ (...) Go find your grandpa Korkyt
He still wanders in the same place, on the
boulevard, by a fucking broken trough

⁴⁸ See Appendix 1 for the full text of the poem in Russian and Appendix 2 for its English translation.

⁴⁹ Anuar Duisenbinov, "Metamorf," *Polutona 1.01*, (2015), line 1, <http://polutona.ru/?show=0311123825>.

⁵⁰ Anuar Duisenbinov, "A Metamorph," Unpublished manuscript, translated by Victoria Thorstenson (2019), line 1.

⁵¹ Duisenbinov, "V Astane," lines 19-20.

The poet rhymes two words “Korkyta” and “koryta” [trough] which refer to the mythologies and fairytales of two different cultures. If Korkyt is a semi-mythical ancestor figure of the Kazakh nation, “by the broken trough” is a phrase taken from Pushkin’s “The Tale of the Fisherman and the Fish” which turned into an idiom. So, while inviting the lyrical hero to return to his roots and reestablish his relationship with his “grandpa Korkyt,” the hypothetical interlocutor describes Korkyt with a Russian idiom. The lines show that cultural hybridity allows to compensate the lack of knowledge of one culture with its analogues in the other. This demonstrates how the interlocutor scolding the child himself is incapable of separating the two parts of his identity.

Duisenbinov’s poem “Kerei” also vividly depicts how the two parts of his lyrical hero’s linguistic hybridity coexist. He writes:

А я наивный лёгкий мальчик-
көбелек⁵²

And I am a naïve featherweight butterfly-
boy

The combination of two words that the lyrical hero uses to describe himself, “butterfly-boy,” is a linguistic representation of the components of his cultural and linguistic hybridity: the word *malchik* [boy] is a Russian word, whereas *kobelek* [butterfly] is a Kazakh word. Besides its original meaning, the second component word, *kobelek*, also resembles the Russian word *kobelyok*, which is a masculine diminutive form of the word “dog.” Because the Russian letter “ё” [yo] is being used less often in print, the Kazakh word *kobelek* can easily be read as the Russian word. So, the two components of the lyrical hero’s identity do not simply coexist like in a compound word. The doubling in the second word shows that the Russian component of the lyrical hero’s identity shines through the Kazakh identity. The two components cannot be easily separated: they are blended into each other.

⁵² Duisenbinov, “Kerei,” line 14.

Duisenbinov's poem "Tilech"⁵³ demonstrates how this fluid identity can be manifested in everyday life. It shows the process of inheritance of hybridity by a five-year old child, whose parents demand him speaking Kazakh, themselves using Russian to communicate. The title of the poem, "Tilech," is a non-existing word that describes the new "language" that the Kazakhs speak today. Because of their bilingualism, Kazakhs frequently codeswitch between two languages. So, the word *tilech* is a combination of the Kazakh word *til* [language], and the Russian word *rech'* [speech] which demonstrates how the two languages "harmoniously" weave into each other.

In the poem, Duisenbinov shows how this new "language," which appears when mixing Kazakh and Russian, sounds. As a result of the difference between the parents' demands and behavior, the child ends up learning to speak in *tilech*. So, Duisenbinov writes:

(...) будучи уже взрослым сам он будет задавать вопросы на манер мамамның братының қызы маған бөле ме ⁵⁴	(...) when he becomes an adult He will also ask questions à la is the daughter of my <i>mama's</i> [mom's] <i>brat</i> [brother] called maternal cousin
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In the last line, the lyrical hero inserts the Russian words *mama* [mother] and *brat* [brother], into a Kazakh sentence, and connects them to the rest of the words by Kazakh noun endings. But despite the grammatical agreement, and the visual harmony conditioned by both languages using Cyrillic script, Duisenbinov describes the "language" as sounding unpleasant:

я только слышу как тілечь в соответствии со своим странным звучанием шлепает хрюкает шмыгает отовсюду ⁵⁵	I only hear that <i>tilech</i> in accordance with its weird sound Slops squishes sniffs from all over
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⁵³ See Appendix 1 for the full text of the poem in Russian.

⁵⁴ Anuar Duisenbinov, "Tilech," 2014, lines 17-19. Retrieved from https://vk.com/balkhashdreaming?w=wall-27257869_422.

⁵⁵ Duisenbinov, "Tilech," lines 44-45.

Later the narrator questions his own assumptions and suggests another interpretation of *tilech*. He presumes that this “language” might be the “pearl of the future’s real tolerance” (“жемчужина будущей действительной толерантности”),⁵⁶ because it is an outcome of a mixture of many cultures and worldviews. At the end, however, he concludes: “well, never mind” (“впрочем забудьте”).⁵⁷ So, despite the possible effect that *tilech* can have on the society in the future, today it serves as the representation of the nation’s transformation.

The Estranged

Besides the inability of the nation to come back to roots as a result of the drastic changes it went through, Duisenbinov and Nurgazy raise the concerns of marginal groups. They demonstrate the struggles of ethnic Kazakh individuals from such groups to feel belonging to the nation.

In his narrative poem “Qala aspanyndagy qaraqshy”⁵⁸ [The Brigand of the City Sky], which alternates between several different voices and opinions, Nurgazy among other issues, raises the question of *oralmans*⁵⁹ [returnees]. He writes:

Пенсионерлер мен оралмандарды үкімет үй
беру тізімінен шығарып тастапты
Жақсы болған, қайтқан құсты көрмегелді қай
заман
Қайтқан құс деген не өзі, уақыт па, оқиға ма,
теңеу ме?
Баяғы жоқтан бар жасау⁶⁰

Turns out, the government has excluded
pensioners and *oralmans* from the lists for
distribution of apartments
Haven’t seen migratory birds in a while
What is it – a migratory bird – a time, an event,
or a comparison?
The same old practice of creating something out
of nothing

⁵⁶ Ibid., line 51.

⁵⁷ Ibid., line 61.

⁵⁸ See Appendix 3 for the full text of the poem in Kazakh and Appendix 4 for its interlinear translation in Russian.

⁵⁹ See the Introduction: Insiders and Outsiders.

⁶⁰ Ardak Nurgazy, “Qala aspanyndagy qaraqshy,” 2018, lines 76-79.

The lyrical hero is not pleased that the *oralmans* have been excluded from the list of people who receives the government's support.⁶¹ The reason is that the primary incentive of ethnic Kazakh people living outside Kazakhstan to return to their historical homes was the government's promise to support them. Inviting ethnic Kazakhs from abroad would foster the nation-building processes by helping overcome the minority status of Kazakhs. Because those groups of Kazakhs were not hybridized by the Soviet project, the government also believed that *oralmans* would reduce the role that the Russian language and culture play in the society. However, these same characteristics, "a lack of familiarity with Soviet cultural codes, and poor knowledge of the Russian language," caused "xenophobia toward *oralmans* among the Kazakh/Kazakhstani population" and thus became the obstacle for their integration into the society.⁶² That is why the role *oralmans* play in the society becomes ambiguous.

Nurgazy's narrator wonders: "What is it – a migratory bird – a time, an event, or a comparison?" He asks: do migratory birds, or *oralmans*, represent the time for movement which is driven by availability of food and other benefits? Is the process of *oralmans*' fleeing and returning a historical event? Or is "migratory bird" simply a comparison that is unable to capture the complexity of the problem of *oralmans*? The question he asks reflects the search of repatriated Kazakhs for their national identity. They returned to their historical homeland in hopes to reunite with their roots, people, and land, but were equally seen as a source of authentic Kazakhness by the government which they could not deliver. In the end, *oralmans*

⁶¹ Bonnenfant explains: "Kazakh diaspora members can immigrate to Kazakhstan in two ways: either as part of a quota system for supported immigrants or outside that system with limited benefits (...) Those who are not included in the quota have been ineligible to receive any governmental aid for temporary or permanent housing. For those included in the quota, housing assistance is provided by the government, but this amount is not sufficient to acquire housing in rural areas, let alone in cities." Isik Kuscu Bonnenfant, "Constructing the Homeland: Kazakhstans Discourse and Policies Surrounding Its Ethnic Return-Migration Policy," *Central Asian Survey* 31, no. 1 (2012), 37, 41, <https://doi.org/10.1080/02634937.2012.650004>.

⁶² Marlene Laruelle, "The Three Discursive Paradigms of State Identity in Kazakhstan," in *Nationalism and Identity Construction in Central Asia: Dimensions, Dynamics, and Directions* edited by Mariya Y. Omelicheva (Lanham: Lexington Books, 2015), 6.

find themselves marginalized, and both them and the local population fail to complete their search for Kazakh identity.

As a member of the LGBTQ+ community, the lyrical hero of Duisenbinov's "Kerei," also finds himself in disharmony with the rest of the society. He envisions himself as a "phoenix of shame": he is reborn, but he is seen as different and as bringing dishonor to the nation. The idea of shame in relation to the Kazakh nation is discussed in more detail in the poem "Mangilik zhel"⁶³ [The Eternal Wind]. Duisenbinov writes:

<p>пару месяцев назад меня назвали позором великого казахского народа просто так на улице заведя мои волосы (к слову сказать шикарные) и еще я возможно ломался манерничал и был счастлив разговаривал с кем-то по телефону произносил андрей я тоже тебя люблю⁶⁴</p>	<p>a couple of months ago I was called the Disgrace of the Great Qazaq Nation just because I was seen out on the street with my hair /fabulous, by the way/ also perhaps I was pretentious, obnoxious and happy on the phone with someone saying andrey I love you too⁶⁵</p>
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The lyrical hero is a man with long hair, and a member of the LGBTQ+ community. In the original version, the behavior of the lyrical hero is depicted with such verbs as *lomalsya*, *manernichal*, that are usually used to describe women. This image goes against the traditional image of a man in the patriarchal Kazakh society. In addition to that, the man that the lyrical hero talks to has a Russian name, Andrey. This intensifies the conflict of the poem, making it not only a question of love between two men deemed unacceptable by the society, but also between formerly oppressed and oppressor nations. That is why, the lyrical hero of "Kerei" and "Mangilik zhel" is called "the Disgrace of the Great Kazakh Nation" and is reborn as a "phoenix of shame."

⁶³ See Appendix 1 for the full text of the poem in Russian and Appendix 2 for its English translation.

⁶⁴ Anuar Duisenbinov, "Mangilik zhel," lines 1-5.

⁶⁵ Anuar Duisenbinov, "Mangilik zhel," unpublished manuscript, translated by Mariya Deykute, lines 1-5, 2019.

The lyrical hero expresses a wish to truly be the “Disgrace” but of a free nation, where marginalizing people would not be acceptable. He says:

как хотел бы я ощущать ничтожность свою и стыд (...)	oh how I would want to be the Disgrace of the Great Qazaq Nation (...)
чтобы жил я позорной частичкой великого свободного общества	so I could live as a deplorable particle of this Great Free Nation
где не то чтоб произнести эту фразу подумать бы не смогли ⁶⁶	in which it would be impossible not just to say this phrase but to think it ⁶⁷

So, the very fact that he is called the “Disgrace” of the nation points at the prejudices and constraints that the society holds on to. The lyrical hero later refers to the nation as “tormented,” “confused,” and “crippled”⁶⁸ as opposed to the free society it could have become, “in which it would be impossible” to discriminate anyone. The regeneration of the nation in the time of its independence should have entailed renewal and healing of the injured parts. But the poet shows that even if the rebirth of the nation did take place, the renewal seems to have not.

Conclusion

The poetry of Ardak Nurgazy and Anuar Duisenbinov demonstrates the struggles of the lyrical heroes to find their identity and feel belonging to the nation in the 21st century. They reveal that whether lyrical heroes are eager to reestablish their relationship with the nation’s past or not, they still find themselves unable to maintain strong connection with their ancestors. The nation turned into a bilingual and culturally hybrid society, which is why the difference between them and the nomadic nation seems unsurmountable. The issue is further exacerbated when one considers marginal groups. Ethnic Kazakhs belonging to such groups

⁶⁶ Duisenbinov, “Mangilik zhel,” lines 15, 17-19.

⁶⁷ Duisenbinov, “Mangilik zhel,” translated by Mariya Deykute, lines 15, 17-19.

⁶⁸ Duisenbinov, “Mangilik zhel,” lines 61-62.

struggle to find their place in the society with an ambiguous identity. The poets show that the nation has transformed enough to have weakened its connection with its history, but still has not adopted to the modern reality. This leaves all members of the nation feeling disoriented. Poetry, therefore, becomes one of the few safe places, where the past and the present of the Kazakh nation can coexist in the harmony of words and rhythms, and where the lost “orphans” of the steppe can unite.

Appendices

Appendix 1

Poems by Anuar Duisenbinov analyzed in this Capstone Project:

1. В Астане

Помнится в Астане дышалось, помнится пилося да пелось
 Ветер астанинский это почти что ветер сатанинский
 Уносил алюкобонд и чувства, пыль и память, и дорожный ремонт
 Уносил, подражая времени, этому назойливому официанту
 Уносил, обнажая время, обременяя нас непрошеной наготой
 Прекрасной, дикой, пустой, бессмысленной, астанинской наготой
 В Астане происходило важное, юное, романтическое, отважное
 В Астане краснели и леденели, в Астане отгаивали, бледнели
 В Астане рассчитывали, богатели, в Астане просчитывались, беднели
 В Астане, это все происходило в Астане как будто бы целую жизнь назад
 Будто все, что происходило там без меня это хренов какой-то ад
 Будто степь разом зазеленела и апашки выращивают виноград
 Повдоль ханских шатров стоят винодельни под солнечными лучами
 И под самым солнечным из лучей бежит подле них золотой ручей
 И купается в нем ребенок, плескается, брызжет золотом, спросишь “чей?”
 А он только молчит и кивает в сторону горизонта
 Да ветер шепнет “ничей”

И ты спрашиваешь, какого такого понта?
 Ты чего потерял здесь? Иди отыщи деда своего Коркыта
 Он все там же бродит, на бульваре, у разьебанного корыта
 Над хромым Тимуром ржет, что память о нем забыта
 Никакого железа не помнят, а только смутное что-то про ноги
 Здесь нет места больше для пери и Тенгри, не приходят степные боги
 Испивать из облачных чаш своих свет и песни
 Девы дерзкие и красивые с камчой не гоняются за джигитом

Здесь все диджит теперь, и бит, и айти, и уят, и битум
 Только битум в вязких наших сердцах отчего-то все держит ритм
 И за мной не придет никогда смерть моя настоящая
 Так и буду сидеть в этом ебаном барреле до конца его дней
 Пока конь конца дней его не проскачет на том берегу реки
 Где что право, что лево уже неважно, а важное — вопреки
 Его воле, ибо это лишь я ее наебал, а тебе мой лучистый мальчик
 Ягненок мой золотой, бегать скоро в барханах ватных
 В нефть наступать копытцем, каллиграфить черным чертоги небесные
 Или там просто бесные, уж не знаю
 Я тут посижу еще немного в этом барреле да растаю
 В нежной раковине ушной какого-нибудь сновидца

2. Керей

Следов твоих давно не видно ни в песке, ни в иле
 Ковыль давно расправился, сгорел
 И вырос снова, и примялся сразу сотнями коней на четырех колесах
 А потом сгорел. А я успел расправиться и стать глубоким вдохом
 И сгореть. И фениксом стыда восстать
 И гордо воссиять огнем заката мудрости, скажи
 В какую сторону из тех, что выбрал свет
 Куда идёшь ты, что ты ищешь
 Каких имен каким вещам, какой зари
 Куда идёшь ты, спутник Сырдарьи
 Арал грядущего ли не даёт покоя
 Возвратный ли предел перед твоею мыслью
 Когда-то нашим был лишь *көкжиек*, теперь же — кошелек
 А я наивный лёгкий мальчик-*көбелек*
 Ещё могу лететь зачем-то
 И почему-то петь
 Я догоню тебя, и я задам вопросы
 Мне конь не нужен, буду всадник ветра

Смотри, как хаос копошится подо мной
Во мне, вокруг меня и надо мной
Орда ослепла
Куда, куда ты держишь путь, я догоню
Я ливневым дождем вскормлю твою щетину
Впитаюсь в траву для твоей скотины
Стану лучшим сном твоему коню
Я догоню тебя, пусть путь тернист и долог
Под твой я снегом лягу серый войлок
Я догоню тебя, я покажу тебе свою броню
Которая меня уберегла для этой встречи
Я посмотрю в твои усталые глаза
И сам себе отвечу

3. Метаморф

Очень странно переживать за казахский по-русски,
ностальгировать по кумысу после ламбруско,
поглядывать на тощих в узком

кругу предпочтений. "Дүкен" ставить слева от
названия, вместо "дукені" и справа. От
Прометея задуло, не дав достигнуть каспийских вод,

рассветным, розовым размахом крыл фламинго.

Простите мне сомнительное билингва,
но сөз порой вырывается из-за лимба,

и тут же прячется назад за недостатком
образования. На нёбе сидит осадком.

Пробуя кончиком языка, о сладком

вспоминаешь детстве: густую и мягкую шерсть

треплешь, слушаешь о Пророке, и в этом есть
ключевое об эже, к которой стоило подсесть,

как она надевала очки, лежавшие на стеллаже.
Доставала Коран Карим в издании, которое уже
тогда не было предназначено для продажи.

Такая приписка шла: сделано ради Аллаха,
нельзя продавать. Я помню, что от ночного страха
работает "бисмилляхи рахмани рахим." Запах

той шерсти иногда мне снится, так до сих пор
пахнут одеяла, и может поэтому дарят сны.

может на этот запах я, намотав на себя километры
и годы, вернулся домой, чтобы по-настоящему
оплакать и бабушку, и свое безучастное детство.
чтобы два этих призрака так навязчиво
не бродили за мной, подбирая мою неуклюжую тень.
может поэтому чешуей спадает сейчас и рифма,
и заглавные буквы, а пунктуация
птичьим следом на свежем снегу
исчезает не сразу но как видите исчезает
_____ не сразу но как видите _____
так раздвигаются ноги у времени
так рождается новый год
январем ко мне несвежей разметкой трассы
неопрятными представителями незарегистрированного извоза
так он идет швыряя пепел обратно в салон
жаным-ай шыбын жаным-ай
вылетит говорит в окошко за плечи в прошлое
жаным-ай шыбын жаным-ай

если ты энтомолог лови и не забудь булавки
 жаным-ай шыбын жаным-ай
 мой янтарь замороженный мёд
 жаным-ай шыбын жаным-ай
 зу етіп өтеді зу етіп зымырайды
 зуб архарлинского перевала
 лечат в этом году взрывными работами
 и экскаваторами
 казахские песни казахским лаунжем
 меня лечат гадко аналогично перевалу
 не звучать мне легким гэкку-гэкку
 гэкку-гэкку звенит прозрачная степь
 гэкку-гэкку подступает кашель
 гэкку-гэкку-гэкку-гэгэгэй-гэкку-гэй-гэй
 разворачивается многоголосье воспоминаний
 распарываются швы светлых воспоминаний
 светлых острых осколочных воспоминаний
 законсервированных в целях внутренней безопасности но
 взрывные работы и экскаваторы но
 дүкен слева вместо дүкені справа но
 сөз выживающее переплывающее стикс но
 жаным-ай шыбын жаным-ай вылетает зззууу но
 я обзавелся булавками

4. Мәңгілік жел

пару месяцев назад меня назвали позором великого казахского народа
 просто так на улице завидев мои волосы (к слову сказать шикарные)
 и еще я возможно ломался манерничал и был счастлив
 разговаривал с кем-то по телефону
 произносил андрей я тоже тебя люблю
 невозможно всего запомнить
 жизнь подарила мне много любимых людей

или просто перелюбила меня передозировала
вот и хожу ни о чем не думая
не оглядываясь
оторванный от земли экзальтированно парю
левитирую уютным куском мирового тюленя

я не то чтобы оскорбился, скорее наоборот, вдруг подумал
о как хотел бы я быть позором великого казахского народа
как хотел бы я ощущать ничтожность свою и стыд
о как хотел бы чтобы величие это было рассеянным светом вечерним
чтобы жил я позорной частичкой великого свободного общества
где не то чтоб произнести эту фразу
подумать бы не смогли
физически не умели
способны не были
чтоб сбило в системе от намека малейшего на такую мысль

но я не живу никакой частичкой а просто иду по городу
по светлой и ветреной столице моей
и думаю что только этот ветер пребудет вечно
и после нас и после внуков наших детей
и после городов здравого смысла любви и даже после поэзии
став единственно возможной поэзией
вечной поэзией

я иду мимо почти вертикальных пандусов
под бесконечно красивым небом
которым можно любоваться часами
но большинство ходит на левый берег и смотрит на стекло
я надеваю солнцезащитные очки и иду
я не убираю их с лица даже в пасмурную погоду
а иногда и ночью

не в приступе чистого позерства
а потому что не хочу никого смущать взглядом
ведь когда я смотрю я вижу
но никто не любит делиться секретами
тем более страхами
и уж точно в их планы не входило показывать свои увечья
может поэтому в ответ они предпочитают агрессию
или побег но чаще агрессию
потому что не могут отпустить меня с такой информацией
а я не знаю зачем или важнее за что
меня наделили такою силой
в чем ее назначение и есть ли оно
я иду по городу и она шагает в такт
заглядывает в души
потом сплетничает
говорит со мной
может они ее тоже чувствуют
может быть даже боятся ее
затем стыдятся своего страха и злятся
затем понимают что виновен я

о прошу пусть я буду позором великого казахского народа
я все отдам что есть у меня а чего нет найду
только сделайте меня позором великого казахского народа

к тебе обращаюсь бедный мой
измученный запутавшийся казах
к тебе искалеченный мой
качающий свои комплексы из земли
о привет говорю я тебе
я тебе говорю привет
шапырашты мой

жалайыр қаңлы
мой найман
мой арғын қыпшақ
мой керей қоңырат уақ
жетіру байұлы ноғай
я тебя приветствую и люблю
о давайте мы все постараемся
объединим усилия устремления и мечты
я уверен что вместе у нас получится
поехали?

three

два

бір

я не знаю идеи лучшей для воплощения
чем идея сделать меня позором
великого
казахского
народа

5. тілечь

разве был он
тот пятилетний мальчик
скажем Арман или как стало модно какой-нибудь Ислам
перемалывающий своими детскими зубами слова
мама маған мұғалім садик николадеон и мороженное
готов к тому что взрослые отчего-то требовавшие
казақша сөйле будут говорить друг другу
я так устала с работы
я был на встрече
ну и что что поздно
так было надо

давай не будем ругаться
ты вовсе меня не ценишь
завтра надо сходить за покупками
что будем делать в выходные
Жумабековы зовут в гости
или что будучи уже взрослым
сам он будет задавать вопросы на манер
мамамның братаының қызы маған бөле ме
или в рабочем угаре восклицать
АЭФ бітпейтін фигня
или жаловаться коллеге мол
сен не только водитель пять в одном боласын ғой
зарплатты қашан береді екен
бастықтың связьдары көп
және тағы басқа

разве мог он предположить что его естественная казалось бы
способность разговаривать на самом деле не такая уж и естественная
что языковая среда в которой он вырос
как истеричка выдавала ему новые правила поведения каждый день
что сегодня он испытывает затруднения с внятным выражением мысли как раз
поэтому

что пропаганда вдолбила его родителям идею казахского языка
забыв при этом вдолбить сам казахский язык
что если у поколения сегодняшних тридцатилетних еще были шансы
общаться с истинными носителями
с дедами прошедшими или не прошедшими войну
с эжеками грамотными или не очень
то у него их никогда не было

тілечь его не течет но дергается прятка искорки мыслей за междометиями
вполне вероятно что его это никоим образом не смущает

и только я здесь бью в незримый колокол
предупреждая о губительном рассредоточении ребенка на ранних этапах
развития

правда я ничего не знаю о том как дети усваивают языки
я только слышу как тілечь в соответствии со своим странным звучанием
шлепает хрюкает шмыгает отовсюду
а может это просто октябрь и чертова слякоть в бронхах
может это всего лишь домыслы стороннего наблюдателя
лишенные какой-либо обоснованности

с другой стороны не кажется ли вам что в тілечи
обернутая в слоистую раковинку двух языков и множества культур
может лежать жемчужина будущей действительной толерантности
а не просто политического слогана
может тілечь призвана стать катализатором действительной
взаимовыгодной реакции культур и мировоззрений
способной привлечь глубинные человеческие ресурсы
страдающей постколониальным комплексом страны
для строительства свободного
в первую очередь от мусора в головах
и современного миру а может и опережающего мир
общества

впрочем забудьте
это по-осеннему прокашлялись мои максимализм
да известная степень экзальтированности

Appendix 2

Translations of poems by Anuar Duisenbinov used in this Capstone Project:

1. A Metamorph

Translated by Victoria Thorstenson

How odd it is to worry about Qazaq in Russian,
 to be nostalgic for qymyz after Lambrusco,
 to keep an eye at the skinny in the tight
 circle of preferences. To write “dúken,” the “store,” on the right of
 the name, instead of the Genitive, “dúkeni,” and on the left. From
 the land of Prometheus, not letting one reach the Caspian waters,
 flamingoes’ wing-beats blow as the pink dawn wind.
 Forgive me my questionable bilingualism,
 it’s just that sóz, the word, breaks through the limbo,
 and then it hides back because of the lack
 of education. Sóz sticks to the palate as sediment.
 Touching it with the tip of the tongue, I feel sweet
 childhood memories return: thick and soft fur
 which I worry as I listen to stories about the Prophet, and there
 is the key thing about áje, my grandmother, and should one sit next to her,
 she’d put on her glasses which lay on the shelf.
 Then she would take down Quran Karim in the edition, which already
 at that time was not meant for resale.
 It had that line: made for the sake of Allah,
 not for sale. I remember that “bismillah-i rahman-i rahim”
 works well for night terrors. The smell
 of that fur sometimes returns in my dreams still it has stayed
 in my blankets, and that’s what gifts me my dreams.
 maybe to that smell, having wrapped myself in kilometers
 and years, I returned home to truly
 mourn my grandmother and my desolate childhood.

to stop those two phantoms from prowling after me
 to obsession, from catching up with my clumsy shadow.
 perhaps this is why now like scales i shed rhymes,
 capital letters, but the punctuation
 as bird's tracks on the fresh snow
 does not disappear immediately but as you see it disappears
 _____ not immediately but as you see _____
 this spreads the legs of time
 this is how a new year is born
 and it approaches me as january as washed out highway markings
 as a slovenly provider of unofficial transportation services
 throwing ashes inside the car
 janym-ai shybyn janym-ai
 oh my dear my winged soul-fly
 he says it will fly out of the window over the shoulder into the past
 janym-ai shybyn janym-ai
 and if you are an entomologist then catch it and don't forget your pins
 janym-ai shybyn janym-ai
 my amber the frozen honey
 janym-ai shybyn janym-ai
 buzzzz it sweeps buzzes off with a buzzzz
 as the tooth of the famous arharly pass
 this year is treated using drills, blasts
 and excavators
 as qazaq songs are with qazaq lounge
 they treat me nasty with the same stuff
 i will never make sounds as sweet as a gákký-gákký
 gaku-gaku cries the translucent steppe
 gaku-gaku approaches the cough
 gaku-gaku-gaku-hey hey hey-gaku-hey-hey
 multivoicedness of my memories unravels
 the seams of lucid memories rip out

of lucid piercing splintered memories
 bottled to ensure inner security but
 drills, blasts and excavators but
 dúken on the left instead of dúkeni on the right but
 the surviving sóz swimming across the styx but
 my winged soul-fly janym-ai shybyn buzzes off with a buzzzz but
 i have now acquired the pins

2. mangilik jel -- the eternal wind

Translated by Mariya Deykute

a couple of months ago I was called the Disgrace of the Great Kazakh Nation
 just because I was seen out on the street with my hair /fabulous, by the way/
 also perhaps I was pretentious, obnoxious and happy
 on the phone with someone
 saying andrey I love you too
 it's impossible to remember it all
 life has gifted me so many loved ones
 gifted -- or simply overloved, overdosed me
 that's why I walk on air without thinking
 without looking back
 torn from the ground I float in exaltation
 a cozy levitating piece of the universal seacalf

I don't want to say I was offended, on the contrary, I thought suddenly
 oh how I would want to be the Disgrace of the Great Kazakh Nation
 how I would love to feel my unworthiness, my shame
 oh how I would want this Greatness to be the diffused evenlight
 so I could live as a deplorable particle of this Great Free Nation
 in which it would be impossible not just to say this phrase
 but to think it
 physically think it

with one's brain to think it
so that the whole system would crash at the tiniest hint of such a thought

but I don't live as a particle I just walk through the city
through my luminous and windy capital
and I think only this wind will remain eternally
after us and after the grandchildren of our children
and after common sense love cities and even after poetry
having become the only possible poetry
eternal poetry

I walk past the steep useless ramps
under the infinitely beautiful sky
you could admire it for hours
but most go to the Left Bank and admire skyscrapers
I put on sunglasses and walk
I don't remove them from my face even when it's cloudy out
even, sometimes, at night
not because of pure peacockery
but because I don't want to embarrass anyone with my gaze
because when I look I see
but nobody likes to share secrets
especially if they are fears
and surely their plans didn't include showing off their handicaps
maybe that's why they prefer to answer with fight
or flight; but more often with aggression
just because they can't let me go on with this information
I don't know why and, more importantly, for what
I was given this power
what is its purpose, and does it even have one
I walk through the city and this power syncs with my steps
peeks into souls

then gossips
chats with me
may be they feel it too
may be they even fear it
then they feel ashamed of their fear and fume
then they realize that it's I who is to blame

oh please let me be the Disgrace of the Great Kazakh Nation
I'll give everything I have and what I don't have I'll get
just make me the Disgrace of the Great Kazakh Nation

to you I appeal, my poor,
careworn, mixed up kazakh
to you, my cripple
as you pump your traumas from the ground
oh hey, I say
I tell you hey
my every-tribesman
my most powerful one
my great kazakh clans
my shapyrashty
jalaiyr-kanly
my naiman
my argyn kypshak
my kerei konnyrat yak
jetiry baiuly noggai
I greet you and I love you
oh let us all make an effort
join forces intentions dreams
I'm sure together we will succeed
let's roll?

tri

two

bir

I don't know of a better idea to enact
than the idea of making me the Disgrace of

The Great

Kazakh

Nation

Appendix 3

Poems by Ardak Nurgazy analyzed in this Capstone Project:

1. Қорқыт

Әмірхан Балқыбекке арнаймын

Таным тұрғысынан Жаратушы мен адам, табиғат пен адам, қоғам мен адам, адам мен адам байланысын бастан өткердік. Жаратушыны жоққа шығардық, табиғатты «өзгерттік», қоғамды қан төгуге бейім қатігез төңкеріске үйреттік, адамға адам «қасқыр» дедік. Төртінші айналымнан соң бізді енді не күтіп тұр?

I

Әр рет үйден шыққанда, бұрылмасам да,
 Артыма қайырылып қарағым келіп тұрады
 Әйеліме, балама, әкем отырған төрге,
 Жаюлы дастархандағы шешемнің алақаны тиген шыныға,
 Қашанда артымнан күлімсіреп шығарып салатын әпекеме,
 Күлімдеп жүретін қарындасымның жүзіне тағы бір рет қарағым келеді.
 Миымның жықпылында аққан жұлдыз сөнді,
 Орнында бостық, мөлдірейді есте қалу мен ұмыту.
 Мен туғанда аспан күңіреніп, жұрт қорқып, соңынан қуанған деседі,
 Өмірге бір нәресте келсе, екінші бір жерде топырақ бүлк етеді деуші еді.
 Алатаудың бауырында мамырлаған бұлт жаңбырға айналып,
 Астана алаңында сіркіреп тұр,
 Тынымсыз өтіп жатқан көлік доңғалақтарынан өзгеше дауыс шығады,
 Әлдебір ұмытылған күйдің үзігі сияқты.
 Иен қалған жұртта ит пен бала жүр, көк аспан төбеден төнген,
 Қалықтап жүрген қаракұсқа ит тұмсығын көтеріп үйіріліп ұлиды, өшкін тартқан көрініс,
 Тас ошақта қалған шала – ұмтылған ойының ұшы сияқты желде ұшқын ата қоздайды,
 Жауын, көктемнің жауыны төбемнен құйылып тұр,
 Сорғалаған нұр сияқты сорғалайды уақыт.

Шырағдан, алаулаған шырақ, шеңбер... толқындар шеңбердің шегіне ұмтылады,
Тағанында ғасырлар көмілген уақыттың теңізі бір сәт тыншымайды.
Ауа, от, су, топырақ... қайталанбайтын сапар,
Асфальт жолға түскен жарық болашағын қуып барады.
Жан-жағына жалтақтап тұрған көлеңке шалшық суға құлады.
Толқындар үнсіз көтеріліп,
Жартылай жазылған сөйлемнің соңындағы сөз ішінен нұрланған сәтінде.
Қисапсыз жапырақ әуеде алаулап жана бастады,
Санамыздағы мейірімділік өшіп, дарақы күлкі қайдан шықты?
Жұлдыздар ағып, жарығы тапталған таулардың үстінде сөнген шақта,
Аласұрған жел, даланың тозаңы цемент жолдар мен көшелерде үйіріліп,
Дүлей дауылдың өзегінде, қараңғы жанарда шөкті.
Жел, жел, жұлқынған жел, таяқтың тықыры, көшеде соқырды мылқау жетектеп
барады.
Соғыс қасіреттің желқайығы сияқты, айдынға шыққан,
Кеудемде орнаған мимырт тыныштықтың тұманында көрінбей аққан өзен тәрізді.
Әрбір басқан қадам, жердің бетінде сойдақталған із, жазу –
Тәңірдің жартасқа сіңген жаңғырығы...
Неге Тәңірім осы әрі сол жерде сенің емес, оның атын атаудан тыйыламын,
Сен үшін мен кімін?
Неге әр рет оянғанда мейірімді сезіп, көзімді ашқанда қасіреттің қан дағын
көремін?
Сол қолынан айырылған, тепе-теңдігін жоғалтып шыр көбелек айналған пенде
тәріздімін,
Мен одан емес, ол менен қашып жүрген сияқты.
Алтынның буы мен ақшаның сыңғырында сақ-сақ күлкі,
Қараңғыда майшамның тілінде сұрлана жылтылдайды.
Жалын мен раушан гүлі қауышқан сәтінде көрген түстен ұшып шыққан құс
сияқты,
Тұманда тұншыққан аралды мұхиттың ақжал толқыны тынбай жұлмалайды.

Күзгі күннің қабағы түнеріңкі, аспан сұрғылт,
Жапырақтарды баспалдақ қылып, өлімнен соң қайта тірілу.

Мамырлаған қобыз сарыны мәңгілікке ашылған гүлдің қауашағында жұпар шашып, күлтесін төгеді,

Өртенген ағаш ән салады, Құдайлардың тас мүсіні орнында жоқ.

Бос қалған тұғыр ай нұры астында үнсіз мүлгиді,

Түсінде керуенде ән салған қара қанат періштелерді көреді.

Компастың тілі шыр айналып, кеменің зәкірі теңіздің түбін соқадай тіліп келеді,

Толқын шайын әкелген салды жағада күтіп алған

Итакалықтар табыт ағашты төбелеріне көтеріп атсыз мазарлыққа қарай беттеп барады.

Жалма-жан тереңге ұмтылған тамыр сияқты тағдыр,

Топырақ пен тастан теңдей нәр алып жаламада бір түп қарағай тұр.

Кеше лақтырып жіберген күндерім бүгін қайтып оралды,

Толқын мені тағы бір рет жағаға шығарып тастады.

Аңыздың өзегінде жанған шырақ сөздің ішінде жарқ ете қалады,

Театрхананың қараңғыда көрінбейтін бос орыны сияқты.

Гүлдер солатын мезгілде өлім жер бетіне өніп шығады,

Сахнада оркестр бір минуттық үзіліс жариялаған сияқты.

Мен әр рет саған ұмтылғанда анасының құшағына қойып кеткен сәби сияқтымын.

Көктемнен соң күз келеді, бәрі алмасуда, орнында қалып қойған жаға жыртысар жанжал және өлім,

Төбемнен төгілген шуағың көзімнен жас болып сорғалайды.

Сенің алақаның емес, күйреген сұрғылт алаң, сонда шаншулы тұрған қарақшы сияқтымын.

Бәрін біліп тұрып, бәріне барып жатырмыз!

Саған ұқсауға тырысып жатқандаймыз.

Мен үшін көр әлдеқашан қазылып болған сияқты,

Дүниенің қараңғылығына үйрендім, алайда, жүрегімнің тастай қатқанына таңым бар.

Әлде сеніміме селкеу түскені ме?

Төбемде мөлдіреді көгілдір мұхит, тамды бір тамшы,

Бақшада раушан қауашақ жарып, қырық бір құмалақтың шежіресінде сапардан тағы бір рет қайтып оралдым.

Қолымда тұншыққан шырақты ақыры қараңғылықтың тілі тамызды,
Толқынды толқын жуады, мен жүрмеген жолдар жаңғырады.

2. Ясауи кесенесі

Бәрі өзгерген
Өзгермеген кешегі күн
Өзегім талып, осы араға жеткенімде
Көзім шалды
Қақпа алдында отырған қартты
Қабырғаға сүйеп қойған таяғы құлай береді
Құлаған сайын
Әр рет қайта сүйеп қояды
Кесененің іргесінде отырған қарт жер шимайлап отыр
Қолына шыбық алған шешесінен қашқан бала
Ағаш арба сүйреген біреуді айналып жүр
Анда-санда артына қайрылып, сақ-сақ күліп мәз болады
Аулаға кіріп, қайта шыққанымда
Кезіктіре алмадым қартты
Таяғы сол баяғы орнында тұр
Алыста бір бейне ескен желдей ұзап барады
Бала да, шешесі де жоқ
Қаңтарылған арба бір шетте тұр
Мың жылдың алдындағы көрініс сияқты
Бәрі өзгерген
Өзгермеген тілімнің ұшындағы бір образ:
Құмды өлкеде қызарып ай туып келеді

3. Қала аспанындағы қарақшы

Қала туралы ойласам болды, өзім туралы ойланам
Қалада жүрген соң, ол туралы ойланбай тұра алмаймын
Ол менің ішімде, жан сарайымда, әрбір басқан қадамым
Жүгіргенім мен тоқтағаным, соңыма бұрылып қарағаным

Біреуден озып, біреуге жол бергенім, қалада, ішімде

Одан бірдеңені алып тастап, немесе әлденені қоқыс лақтырғандай лақтырып тастай алмаймын

Танысым да, танымайтыным да, жақыным да, жекжатым да, қызметтесім де осында

Олардан ұзап кете алмаймын

Көше автобустан түскенде біреу басқа біреуге қарап күлсе, ол маған қарап күлгені

Оны мен екі күннен кейін де ойыма алуым мүмкін

Көше шамдары түнгі он бірден кейін сөне бастаса, мен сөне алмаймын

Сол минутта көзімді тас жұмып жатсам да, бәрібір мен сияқты

Қаланың тағы бір жері күндізгідей жарқырап тұрады

Үйлер, қабат-қабат бірінің үстіне бірі тұр

Қабат-қабат ойлар сияқты

Кірер есік біреу болғанымен, әр үйдің өз табалдырығы бар

Менің үйімнің табалдырығы биік

Үйдің бұрын отырған иесі түрмеде көп отырып шыққан болуы керек

Ескі табалдырыққа ағаш шегелеп көтере беріпті

Әр аттаған сайын сол өткен күнді, көшіп кеткен үй иесін, оның түрмеге отырған күндерін есіме аламын

Үйдің бұрынғы иесі қайда жүр екен, соңғы рет

Үйден шыққанда ала кеткен шабаданы өзінде ме

Әлде, біреуге беріп жіберді ме екен, деп ойлаймын

Оның қолындағы шабадан сол күні менің көзіме шабадан емес, әлдебір құбыжық сарай сияқты көрініп еді

Аузын ашып жіберсе, шықр етіп ашылған қараңғы қапастан

Мындаған жарғанат ұшып шығатын сияқты сезілген

Бірақ, ол жай шабадан болатын

Бәрін басқаша ойлап тұрған өзім

Әбден қараңғылыққа үйренгенмін, қараңғылыққа үйренгенім соншалық Жарықтан да қараңғылық іздеп тұрамын

Содан да қазір «қараңғы», «жарық» деген сөздерді жек көремін, олар маған әлергия береді, олар менің ішімде жатқан жара сияқты

Қажет болса, оларды балталап-балталап езіп, таптап

Қала берді дона пешке салып болаттай ертіп тастауға да бармын

Бірақ, қайдан, соларсыз тағы өмір сүре алмаймын

Олардың енді бір аты өтірік

Өтіріктер ғана өмірді жеңілдетеді, шын ба, сізде солай ойлайсыз ба

Көбелектің өзі шын болғанымен, қанатындағы көзі өтірік

(Тапқан теңеуімді қарамайсың ба)

Өтірік деген отырып отырып ойға келгенді айта салу емес

Өтірік деген адам жаратқан ақыл-ойдың ұшар биігі

(Ұшар биікте тұрған адам өзін жеңіл сезінеді, жиі тұмауға шалынады)

Биікте тұрғандар дүниені басқаша көріп тұрмыз деп сезінеді

Айталық, биікте тұрған биліктегілер бізді алдайды

Түк білмегенсіп жүргенімізбен, төменде тұрып біз де оларды алдаймыз

Өз ара алдасым жүрген себебіміз

Кешегі күн қайтып келмесе екен дейміз

Міне, бар болғаны осы

Басымдағы қалпағым қанша үлкен болса да

Жаратушы берген ақыл-ойдан асып кете алмайды

Бұл ойымды көбінде өзімнен де жасырамын

Жасыратын себебім, балалық шағымның бұлтсыз аспанының көгінде қалған бір елес

Неге адамдар сәбилік шақтан ақыл тоқтатып адам бола бастаған шақта ашқарақтық пен арамзалыққа қадам басады?

(«Арамзалық арға түскен дақ», деп әкем қызып алғанда жиі айтушы еді)

Неге тоқтамайды, өзін сабырға шақырмайды?

Мен емес, басқа біреу сөйлеп тұрған сияқты сезілген жоқ па?!

Жол бойындағы аялдамада кофе ішіп тұрып осыларды ойлағанда құсқым келіп кетті

Өзімді философ көріп кеткен түрім бар
Философия адамдар үшін жазылған
Сократ, Фьлатон заманынан бүгінге дейін адамзат бір ізден жаңылмаса
Ол өз ақылына күмәнмен қарай алу
Ал, нәпсіңді тия алмасаң, онда хайуаннан қай жерің артық?
Хайуанатбағы сияқты ортада өмір сүріп жүріп, өзінді хайуан сезінбеудің өзі бір
тозақ

(Байқасам, біртіндеп дінге кетіп барамын
Ол болмайды, енді айта берсем, асыра діншілдер шоқпар ала жүгіруі немесе
«жарып жіберем!» деп сүрей салуы мүмкін

Кейде, адам осылай алжаса бастайды
Басымның былыққа толғанын осыдан-ақ сезгейсің)

Былық емей немене...
«Тәурат», «Інжыл», тағы қайсысы бар еді, иә, «Құран»
Материялистер, ақшадан басқа Құдай жоқ!
Немесе – Жиһад!
Бізде осы екі нүктенің арасынан өзге өмір қалды ма өзі қазір?!
Тап-таза Ницшенің қиял әлемінен қиып алған сурет сияқты
Көшеде арба сүйреп келе жатқан сорлы, менің қайғы-қасірет шеккен туысым,
демеппе еді ол

Көрші бөлмедегі пенсионер кемпір түнімен ақылып-үкілеп шықты
Пенсионерлер мен оралмандарды үкімет үй беру тізімінен шығарып тастапты
Жақсы болған, қайтқан құсты көрмегелді қай заман
Қайтқан құс деген не өзі, уақыт па, оқиға ма, теңеу ме?
Баяғы жоқтан бар жасау
Қираған Кеңес үкіметінің қиратып алған дүниесі сияқты
Кеңес үкіметі жақсы еді, «Хаил Гитлер!» деген сияқты «Партия жасасын!» деп
жүре беретінбіз
Қазір де жаман емес, «не істесең соны істе, ақша жаса!» деп жүре береміз

Кеше көшеде біреу мешітке барайық деді

Одан ары Сирияға, айлығың 800 доллар, дейді

Ойланбастан бас тарттым

Мен Украинаға қарсы соғысуға бармын, орыс әлемін қорғауға дайынмын, дегенге тәс қалдым

«Ресей кең болғанымен, шегінерге жер жоқ, артымызда Москва!»

Қандай керемет сөз

Кеңес үкіметі құлаған соң оны айту сондай аянышты, әрине

Орыстар менің жүрегімнің айдынында жүзіп жүрген осы сеңнің сықырын сезіне алар ма екен? Әй, сезіне алмайды

Әйелім сезінеді, «жүрегің сол жағыңда емес, оң жағыңда», дейтін сол

Жүрегі жоқ адам бола ма екен

«Мен қазақпын, мың өліп мың тірілген...» деп жазған кім еді?

Мүмкін, соның жүрегі жоқ, немесе оның басы шатасқан шығар

Неге соншалық кеңірдегін кере шыңғырды екен

Адам бір-ақ рет жаралады ғой, тағы бір-ақ рет өледі

Жаз! , деген соң жаза берген ғой сорлы

Қажет болса, қазір де жазады

«Мен... Менің.....», деп

Неге қарғаны қарға деп өз атымен атамайды екен

Айталық ,қарға жақсы құс, мың жасайды дей ме

(Сталинды білмеймін, әйтеуі Лениннен ұзақ жасайтыны шындық)

Барлық жамандықпен арбайды, қан сорғыш пен мыстан кемпірдің қасынан табылады дей ме, былшыл!

Иә, ол дұрыс айтады, неге осы артық айтуға үйірміз, асырып жібермей тұра алмаймыз

Бүркіт туралы айтуды ойласақ, аузымыздан самұрық шығады

Онсыз әлдебір жеріміздің қышуы қанбайды

Қарға да сол, өзі қара болған соң оған батпитып тұрып қара бояу жаға береміз

Аспанымызда қара дақ бар, қарға қарға емес, сол дақ қарға

Содан да қарғаның еш кінәсі жоқ

Айтпақшы, көсемді мақтасақ, кеше күнге теңейтінбіз, бүгін теңеуге сөз таба алмай жүрміз, неге?

Әр нәрсені өз атымен атамаймыз

Әр нәрсені өз атымен атай алмаған соң

Кешегіні дұрыстап түсіндіре алмаймыз, бүгінді, тіпті, түсіне алмаймыз

Бірақ, Абай атам айтқандай «түсіндірдік!» деп далбақтап шаба береміз

Аулада балалардың әлпенше тепкеніне қарап тұрған едім

Кенет, тіпті кенет емес, қапалақтап қар жауа бастады (аналар сияқты жазып кете жаздағанымды қарамайсың ба)

Кәдімгі қар! Шексіз аспанның бір жерінде бу су болды

Су тамшысы суықтан қарға айналып, міне енді төбемнен қапалақтап төгіліп тұр

Осы сәтте бар ғой, анадайдағы қарағаштың басына қап-қара болып бір топ қарғалар келіп қонды

Appendix 4

Interlinear translation of Ardak Nurgazy's poem "Qala aspanyndagy qaraqshy".

Translated from Kazakh into Russian by Aibarsha Kazhyakpar.

Разбойник городского неба

Как только подумаю о городе, я начинаю размышлять о себе
 Я (нахожусь) в городе, поэтому не могу не думать о нем
 Он внутри меня, в дворце моей души, каждый мой шаг
 Когда бегу, останавливаюсь, и оборачиваясь, смотрю назад
 Когда обгоняю кого-то, уступаю кому-то дорогу в городе, внутри меня
 Убрать что-то или выкинуть что-нибудь, как выкидывают мусор, я не могу
 И мой знакомый, и незнакомый мне, и близкий мне, и мой дальний родственник,
 и мой сослуживец, они здесь
 Я не могу от них отдалиться (уйти)

Если выходя из городского автобуса, кто-то посмотрит на другого и улыбнется –
 это улыбка мне (тоже)

Об этом я могу вспомнить и спустя два дня

Если уличные фонари начинают гаснуть после одиннадцати вечера, то я не могу
 погаснуть

Пусть даже в ту минуту я лежу, крепко закрыв глаза, все равно как я (через меня)

Еще одно место в городе будет сиять как днем

Домà, многоэтажные слоями стоят друг на друге

Как многослойные мысли

Даже если входная дверь одна, у каждой квартиры есть свой порог

Порог моей квартиры высокий

Должно быть ее прошлый жилец долго отсидел в тюрьме

Он, подбивая деревом старый порог, приподнимал его

При каждом перешагивании вспоминаю то ушедшее время, переехавшего
 жильца, и те дни, что он просидел в тюрьме

Где интересно сейчас бывший жилец квартиры

Я думаю, с ним ли его чемодан, который он взял с собой в тот день, когда в последний раз выходил из дома

Или быть может он передал его кому-то

Чемодан, который был в его руке в тот день представился мне не чемоданом, а неким чудовищным дворцом

Казалось, что стоит ему лишь отщелкнуть пасть

То вдруг из открывшейся темной клетки вылетят тысячи летучих мышей

Но, это был просто чемодан

Я сам себе все насочинял

Я совсем привык к темноте, привык к темноте настолько, что и в Свете все время ищу темноту

Поэтому сейчас и ненавижу слова «темнота», «свет», они вызывают у меня аллергию,

они как рана, залегшая у меня внутри

Если потребуется, я готов расколоть их топором, размять, вытоптать

Даже растопить в доменной печи как сталь,

Но, где уж, без них я тоже не могу жить

Еще одно имя им ложь

Лишь ложь облегчает жизнь, не так ли, и вы ведь так же думаете

Даже если сама бабочка настоящая, то глаз на ее крыле ложный

(Как тебе такое сравнение)

Ложь — это не когда говоришь то, что первым приходит на ум

Ложь — это высота умственного полета, которую создает человек

(Человек, стоящий на высоте полета, чувствует себя легко, часто заболевает гриппом)

Высоко стоящие чувствуют будто видят мир по-другому

Скажем, высоко стоящие во власти обманывают нас

Хоть мы и делаем вид, что ничего не знаем, стоя внизу, мы тоже их обманываем

Наше желание, чтобы вчерашний день не вернулся

Это причина, по которой мы все обманываем друг друга

Вот и всё

Какой бы большой ни был колпак на моей голове

Он не может превзойти ум, данный Создателем

Я и от себя эту мысль часто скрываю

Причиной тому один призрак, который остался на синеве безоблачного неба моего детства

Почему люди с младенческой поры до поры, когда они остепеняются и становятся взрослыми, делают шаг в обжорство и подлость?

(«Подлость — это пятно, упавшее на честь», говорил часто мой отец, захмелев

Почему бы не остановиться, не проявить сдержанность?

Не кажется ли, что это не я, а кто-то другой говорит?!

Когда, попивая кофе, я стоял на остановке у дороги и думал обо всем этом, мне захотелось блевать

Видать, себя философом начал воображать

Философия написана для людей

Со времен Сократа, Платона до наших дней человечество не сбилось со следа

Только из-за способности смотреть на свой ум с сомнением

А если ты не можешь сдерживать свои страсти (нафс), то чем ты лучше животного?

Живя в такой среде как зоопарк, адски невыносимо не ощущать себя животным

(Замечаю, что постепенно ухожу в религию

Так не пойдет, если буду и впредь так говорить, истово-верующие могут побежать взяв дубины или закричать полоумное «взорву!»)

Иногда человек начинает вот так выживать из ума

Не заставляет ли это тебя почувствовать, какой беспорядок творится в моей голове)

Что же это, если не беспорядок...

«Тора», «Евангелие», что там еще было, да, «Коран»

Материалисты – нет Бога кроме денег! –

Или Джихад!

Осталась ли возможность существования у нас сейчас, кроме как между двумя этими точками?

Совсем как рисунок, вырезанный из мира иллюзий Ницше

Не он ли говорил, что несчастное, волочащее телегу на улице – тоже мой родственник, испытавший горе и несчастье

Старушка-пенсионерка из соседней комнаты всю ночь ахала и охала

Оказывается, правительство удалило пенсионеров и оралманов из списков на распределение квартир –

Хороши дела, давно не видели перелетных птиц

Перелетная птица, что это вообще: время ли, событие ли, сравнение ли?

Опять у нас все то же делание чего-то из ничего

Как мир, нечаянно разрушенный рухнувшим Советским Союзом

В Советском Союзе было хорошо, как «Хайль Гитлер!» мы всё говорили «Да здравствует Партия!»

И сейчас неплохо, «делай, что хочешь, делай деньги!» так и живем

Вчера на улице кто-то сказал идем в мечеть

Затем в Сирию, говорит, платят 800 долларов в месяц,

Я [другой голос, поэт? Или казах?], не задумываясь, отказался

Но чуть было не сказал с Украиной я воевать готов, защищать русский мир,

«Велика Россия, а отступать некуда — позади Москва!»

Какое прекрасное выражение

Конечно, жаль, что говорим это после распада Советского Союза

Смогут ли русские услышать скрип этой льдины, плавающей на глади моего сердца? Боюсь, не смогут

Моя жена слышит его, это она говорит «у тебя сердце не слева, а справа»

Бывает ли человек без сердца

Кто это написал «Я казах, умирал и рождался я тысячу раз...»?

Возможно, у него нет сердца, или, наверное, у него все перепуталось в голове

Почему же он так визжал, растягивая глотку

Человек ведь создается лишь один раз, еще лишь один раз умирает

Пиши! говорили ему, вот и писал несчастный

Если понадобится, снова напишет

«Я... мой...»

Почему бы не назвать ворону своим именем?

Например, ворона хорошая птица, живет тысячу лет, так ведь вроде говорят

(Не знаю насчет Сталина, но то, что она живет дольше Ленина это правда)

Говорят, завораживает злом, всегда ее видят рядом с кровопийцей и старухой-ведьмой [~Кошцею Бессмертным и бабой Ягой], какая чушь!

Да, он правильно говорит, почему же мы стремимся приукрашивать, не можем не преувеличивать

Если хотим сказать орел, то выходит самрук

Без этого у нас некое место не перестает чесаться

И с вороной тоже, из-за того, что она черная, мы всё мажем на нее черную краску, не жалея

На нашем небе есть черное пятно [идея черноты], чернота не в вороне [черный – кара, ворона – қарға], а в том пятне

Поэтому ворона ни в чем не виновата

Кстати, хваля вождя, вчера мы приравнивали его к солнцу, сегодня не можем найти с чем сравнить, почему так?

Не называем каждую вещь своим именем

Из-за того, что не можем каждую вещь называть своим именем

Не можем правильно объяснить вчерашнее, а сегодняшнее, тем более, не можем понять

Но, как говорил дед Абай мы, неуклюже суеяться, скачем думая «мы объяснили!»

Я стоял во дворе, наблюдая за тем, как дети качаются на качелях

Внезапно, а может и нет, начал хлопьями падать снег (погляди-ка как я чуть не начал писать, как те)

Обычный снег [снег – қар]! Где-то в бескрайнем небе вода стала паром

Капля воды от холода превратившись в снег, теперь вот рассыпается хлопьями по моей макушке

И вот в этот момент, на верхушке карагача, стоящего неподалеку, черным-пречерным [пятном] приземлилась стая ворон

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