

Rasul Rza

COLORS

Translated from Azerbaijani into English by Aynur

OVERTURE

White, black, yellow, green, red,
All of them are connected in some experiment.
One of them reminds us of our longing,
One of our trouble, another of our wish.
Each of them hides some meaning,
Each of them has some reason for its color.
Who knows who invented this?
Who told us for the first time that
Black means mourning,
red means holiday,
and yellow means hatred?
Who knows who branded the colors so
and distinguished them?
And who knows how his mood was
When doing this?
Red can mean blood as well as
A precious stone on a ring,
or a teardrop.
Black can be the symbol of mourning
as well as love,
or hatred.
White can blind our eyes,
And it can also decorate our table like flowers.

One sees leaves as green,
Another sees them as red.
Bui leaves keep their original colors.
They are green,
Hi' n they become red, and then yellow.
Colors pass through our hearts
Like warm and cool winds.
Songs, tunes and voices
Fill our hearts like different colors.
Colors arouse memories,
They give rise to feelings.
If we don't want to see more than we see,
Then colors seem just like paints to us.
And colors have harmony like music.
And pain, and joy and hope
have their own colors.
The more you think,
the more colorful pages open.
The colors of life, fighting,
the soul, hatred,
night, day
and human fate
Become alive in our eyes.

WHITE

The smile of a sleepy baby.
Hope.
Disinterested favor.
The moment that the words:
"It's not cancer!" are said.
Everything that creates

Happiness for humanity...
Even the lie
that has been told to console somebody.
And also the friendship between human beings.

WHITE: TINGE OF JOY

Granny's sash.
Motherland's soil.
A blossoming bough in spring.
Pigeon wings.
Snow of the North.
A baby's face messy with milk.
The delight that he gets
When dipping the spoon into the soup
and taking it out.
The day when doubts are dispelled.
A friend's hand.
A disentangled knot.
And virtues, virtues and virtues
That are worth the human name.

WHITE: TINGE OF LOVE

The meaning of life.
The mirror of the soul.
Wealth that has no price and no market to sell.
The key that opens only one soul,
And human who perceives and feels.

CREAM COLOR

The grief of Africa.
The comb that my grandpa uses to comb his beard.
The news of easy income.
The fate of Negroes.
The tale of tales.
Your wishes coming true
in your dream.
Profit that is taken from death.
Prison bars.
Looped rope.
A cane whip with wires.
An excuse for an elephant's death.
The world of longing.
Seven years' toil
of seven-folded and patterned small spheres.
The Sakinas, Salmans and Ahmads¹
of the countries that are wailing with pain.

GRAY

Those who have melted into the majority.
Those who grow in any land.
Cigarette ash
That has gone out between dead fingers.
Wilted flowers -wrapped in plastic.
Meaningless days,
empty hearts.
People of various characteristics.
A reluctant smile out of habit.
Silver that is left in hair

after cold loneliness.
The orphan girl with no change of clothes.
The colorlessness of time.

SILVER

The uselessness of weapons.
A moustache that is out of fashion.
The face of the teacher
who taught us the alphabet for the first time,
that has been left behind for years.
Foamy waves.
The memory of grandparents.
Morning that plays in the mists.
Sheikh Shamil²
and the dagger that hangs from his belt,
a prayer written on its handle.
The leaves of the poplar,
which are playing hide-and-seeK in the wind.
A bride's mirror¹.
The price of toil, tiredness and dreamless nights.
The cold surface of branches in the North.
In distant smoke that gives hope to a tired traveler.
The younger brother of gold.
An unlucky man.

PISTACHIO

The sea in spring.
Spring that has awakened without getting enough sleep.
Lips that have opened with passion.
Ghazals,

beauties.
A human glance.
The pattern of the first leaves
on willow branches.
Sorrow in gray eyes.
Moments from the thoughts about youth.

BLUE

The sea without waves.
Love without pangs.
The depth of the heavens.
Degas¹⁴ "Dancers".
The sun that has been painted by a young painter.
Relaxed eyes.
Human meditations.
Watery streets amidst ice islands.

BLUE: TINGE OF CONSOLATION

The most terrible of all diseases:
the feeling of justification to
obedience. Hope for the arrival of
the camel that has left its load in
Tabriz. The sweet poison of
delusion.
The patterned shadow of a bush
in the hot desert.
The blueness of heavens
that is strained into the souls of those
whose roofs have holes.
And also those who say:
"So what!"

Good thing it's not me!"
Which doesn't suit the name of human.

CHESTNUT

A camel caravan in the desert.
My grandpa's Koran with gilded patterns.
Colonies.
The inextinguishable fire of fighters.
Heat that burns the soil.
Insoluble distress.
Faces that are shadowed
by the trees that are like elephants' trunks,
that grow as high as they can,
and hide their heavy branches with green leaves.
And eyes, eyes and eyes.

DARK BROWN

The Sun's wrath
which has fallen onto the sands of the desert.
memories of Balzac⁵.
A burned heart.
Extinguished globes.
Gauguin's traces
in Tahiti.
Oceans of tears.
Millions of gravestones.
Man reproaches.
The department of Hell on Earth.
Smiling and crying,
human, human and human.

ORANGE

Tales from "Arabian Nights"
Snow at sunset.
A sheepskin coat from Khorasan⁷.
Suffocating stuffiness.
The bleating of a cow
whose month-old calf
was killed.
The caprice of a Mastan⁸ cat.
The shadow of a beloved woman
who passes through memory.
The land of memories,
Which is impossible to visit.

REDDISH ORANGE

A stab in the back.
An expensive bracelet-shackle.
Green that has hid itself in dark blue:
 Stepbrother of a young one.
 Golden hair.
Trees from the South.
Straw that the drowning man tries to grab.
Very few people.

GOLDEN

The short dream of a convict sentenced to life imprisonment.
The edging of clouds on a moonlit night.
The generosity of the earth.
"Sunflowers" by Van Gogh⁹.
The mark of love that has been wound around fingers.
The master of a slave.

The adornment of a word.
A cow's dried manure
in grassless and treeless deserts.
A mountain of wheat.
Tassels of hair.
Tears of a hero.
The wanted head
of the one who has fled from death.
The age of wine.
Time.
An ottoman that sits in a museum.
The elder brother of silver.
The same age as crime.

Yellow

A sea of wheat that is full of grain.
The face of a mother who has an invalid child.
Trees in autumn.
Hungry people whose portions have been eaten by strong ones.
Jingling metal that has spoiled love.
The dream beyond life.
The scream of strings.
Waiting eyes.
Mighty daffodils.
Debussy's "Golden Hair".
Ignorant bulls that enter the slaughterhouse.
A clever madman.
A human deed.

DARK YELLOW

Longing for the bare walls of

the house where you were born.
Truth that sniffs out repentance.
Nazim Hikmat¹⁰ who competes with
his wounded heart at sunset,
And his painful love.
The chaff from a threshing floor,
Not enough to feed a family.
A winter Sun.
The crescent Moon, seen in the sky
just for a moment.
The keepsake of bitter memories
of friends and humanity.
An invisible wound
that burns and burns
and won't be extinguished.
The string that won't be necessary
for cold fingers any more.
Ivy in shade.
Ashugs¹¹ who have lot their tunes.
And dark yellow!
And also a great man's
last love,
and his last pain.

VIOLET

The scent of spring in winter.
Fear of frost.
Fear of parting.
The Sun's pinches on white snow.
Wrath in gray eyes.
Curled wire.
A miserable orphan.
A flock of cranes in the sky.

And also my granny's
tangled skein of yam.

DARK VIOLET

A drunkard's nose.
The first day of classes.
A slain that causes doleful tears,
And the pattern of a baby's hands.
Lilies under the Sun.
Mountains that have been hung from the sky
As if by a zigzag lace.

NAVY BLUE

The charm of a richly laid table.
Blue that has thickened
under hard pressure.
The wrath of the sea.
Patterns on the carpet.
The bitter memory of a passionate kiss.
Circles around the eyes.
Obedience to tyranny.
A snowy mountain peak
On a moonlit night.

PINK

Slander against the nightingale.
Cheap happiness.
A carefree village,
and the idiot who depicted it.
Beer that gives pleasure.

A new shallow friend.
A coverlet for a pair of beds.
Flying feathers of a wounded flamingo.
Omar Khayyam¹² and his jug of wine
According to the imagination of ignorant people.
Wine that has spilled into the gap between day and night.
The spectacles of a hypocrite.

The book that has many pages,
but little content.
Fragrant leaves -
Storm of roses.
Cheeks that are flushed
From work and love.
Modesty.
Color that saves life.

VERMILION

An unforgettable view:
Hardened steel.
Prometheus' gift
To humanity.
Tulip lakes in the mountains.
The Gadfly and his tragedy¹³.
A belligerent child.
The killer with knife in hand.
Armed revolt on a rainy day.
The wrath of a nation in a decisive battle.
The official march of triumphant flags.
a mosque with a minaret
in a village of shacks and mud huts.
And also human charm.

RED: TINGE OF HOPE

A short path to distant starts.
Also a human:
honest,
his eyes filled with faith.

TURQUOISE

The pain of love left in memories.
The charm of the sea.
The light of the lamp with a green lampshade
that falls into a blue wall.
The longing of a poor girl's fingers.
Jafar Jabbarli's¹⁴ Baku.
Only two eyes
in the entire world.

RED: TINGE OF BELIEF

Endurance.
Grapes that have drunk the Sun's rays.
The path of hope.
A wide square filled with melodies.
The weakness of bullets and promises.
The first child of a nervous father.
The human name.
The taste of death.
Love for humanity.
Bare truth.

REDDISH BROWN

Two men strolled
around mountains and hills,
and couldn't find their way back.
Night had blocked all paths.
But when the sun rose from the horizon,

those two men found their way.

SCARLET

My granny's wedding shawl.
The smell of kebab.
Girat's¹⁵ horseshoes after battle.
The cover of night's coffin.
The wooden stump under the butcher's cleaver.
Lips and nails.
Tracks of a wounded prey in the snow.

RED AND BLACK

Hope was going to leave us before it came.
It delayed its departure after it came.
When the blood started running in the veins
of the sick man whose breath
couldn't even fog a mirror,
Hope came back.
It was seen in men's eyes,
In their looks, in their faces.
The shadow with icy breath
kept away from the door
slowly, disappointedly.
The man took a deep breath.

BLACK

A treacherous enemy.
Fear that has hid itself from consciousness.
I he pain of eternal separation.
Man of those who grovel for a living.

Invalids who crawl are exceptions.
An outrageous lie.
A sigh that bums lips.
The morning of an execution day.
Spiteful words.
The blaze of eyes.
Hair and eyebrows.
The meat of a breathless gazelle.
And also the intentions of some people.

BLACK: TINGE OF GRIEF

Longing eyes.
Tousled hair.
Trembling lips.
Cripples that lead on the racetrack.
Ears that can't hear even a word.
Broken branches that had just blossomed before they were
broken.
Mountains without turnes.
Waterless springs.
Gameless forests.
Flameless fires.
The dead that should be alive.
The alive that should be dead.
Fettered tribes and nations,
whose languages
have been driven out of the highest assemblies.

MIXED COLORS

Human life.
The caprices of face.
The rooms of a respected man of tradition.
Wishes and hopes.
Manuscripts that are resting
in the cages of archives.
Cloud patches in the heavens.
A black and white pig.
Or dutiful way
that has been left in the memories.
Day and night pages of eternity.
The stained human face.
Leather spoiled by moths.
Woolen matted skeins of stockings.
A variety of joy, grief,
belief and despair.
A zebra colt;
big or small, doesn't matter.
The joy of happy people,
The mourning of the unhappy.
The human world.

DON'T TOUCH - JUST PAINTED

A smile on one's lips.
Chameleons
Experienced monkeys.
Black yogurt.
White soot.
Edible sand.
A substitute for love.

Purposeful applause.
The moments when
The human soul is empty.
Fleas that seem like elephants.
Memories about Samad Mansur".
Lies that appear to be truth.
People with trousers, shirts,
skirts and gloves.
All kinds of paints.
Steps that hurry from wedding to funeral,
and vice versa.

1960-1962

COLORED DREAMS

THE FIRST FEELING

I am dreaming of colors:
red, yellow, green.
They are just like the artist Toghrul's¹⁷ paintings.
Color juxtaposed with color,
Paint mixed with paint.
My black and white dreams
are like boring conversations.
Sometimes they are like bitter memories,
Sometimes, sweet rhymes.
I am sick and tired of colorless dreams
and simplicity,
As well as knowledge merely learned by heart.

I am thirsting for colored dreams.
No matter how many colored dreams I have,
When I get up, I complain bitterly:
"Why did I have so few of you, colored dreams?"
The colors that I dream of
Are the colors of my overwhelmingly busy world.
Sometimes I dream of a silvery drop - sweat on
forehead,
Sometimes varying views of life.
I would have written a lot
about the world of colors,
if some literary stammers,
some chameleons and mumblers
didn't smear the colors.
My white and black dreams
Are like old photos
and monotonous poems.
My colored dreams are bright,
As bright as life itself,
As bright as the scent
that I have breathed in from thousands of flowers,
And as bright as the taste
that I have had from different fruits.

TANGLED COLORS

I've been dreaming of colors
for several days.
I remember "the letter that was written
to an unknown woman".
At nights I see colored dreams.
In the darkness of my closed eyes,
I see
distinct,
clear,
bright,
various,

harmonious colors.
The disheveled colors of my dreams
Make me uneasy in my dreams as well as in reality.
Sometimes I wake up feeling like I'm still asleep,
and I don't believe what I see.
Those disheveled colors,
Those melting in tinges,
That stormy mixture of colors,
That brilliance,
The sequence of colors that cries out
Doesn't seem true to life.
Did I ascend a mountain?
Did I descend to a plain?
Did I enter a sea?
I don't know.

I'm still thirsting for colored dreams
Like a child who's been deprived of care.
My colored dreams build patterns in my eyes,
And in the heavens.
The patterns are like half-hoops,
They are seven-colored.
They have hundreds of shades
Like a sash.
Even if I part with all that I have,
I don't want to part with my colored dreams.
Colors!
My joy,
My pain, my offense!
I have no peace or patience
without you.

MAN OF LIFE

I dreamed of a colored world.
I dreamed of it without white and black.
I dreamed of seas - azure, dark blue, light blue and yellow.

I dreamed of forests - green, golden and orange.
The sky seemed to me like a silver coin.
Human colors were disguised
And their real faces were shown.
Everything and everywhere,
All that I saw was open and clear.
The storm of colors that broke out wildly
told me such a lot of things,
made me understand so many things.
Every time the shade of colors changed,
Different scenes and worlds opened in front of my eyes.

I SAW

I saw warm yellow
in the color of leaves.
I saw cool green
in the eyes of beauties.
I saw the path of life
in the wrinkled faces of several people.
I saw grief and sorrow
In the hair of some people,
And I saw how those grieves and sorrows
had turned black to white.
In the looks of some youth,
I saw
Hope!
Wish!
Revival!
Which haven't found their colors yet.

A PIECE FROM LIFE

My dreams are as colorful
as life itself.
They are as colorful

as the deeds and words
of good and bad people.
I want to throw
the black color
into the anxious and entangled dreams
of unimportant people.
I want to blend my colored dreams
with the immortality of my lively and colorful
world that has thousands of shades.
Dreams are the mirrors of life.
Sometimes they show the world as it is,
Sometimes they do it differently.
No matter how sweet it is,
Some day human beings will wake up.
But let's not fill our hearts with regret and anxiety,
When we wake up after a colorful dream.
Though we rejoice and take a deep breath
When we get up after a black dream.
Let our colorful dreams bring us success,
But let them not remain just as dreams.

IN THE WORLD OF COLORS

I dreamed of a baby.
He had almond-shaped dark eyes.
I remembered Vietnam in my dream.
I dreamed of a red pool of blood,
And there was a baby with almond-shaped dark eyes
by that pool.
Next to that baby were some people
who had been lined up to be shot.
I dreamed of Vietnam.
Its heavens were as red as blood,
And its soil was ashen gray.
Its paths were like a tiger's skin.
Its trees were black.
Yellow fire was flowing

over its mountains and huts.
I dreamed of a baby.
He had almond-shaped dark eyes.
His legs and hands were red,
As well as his lips and tongue.
His eyes reminded me of
the black silence of heavens.
And...
Suddenly it thundered.
The sky was ripped into pieces.
Thunder broke the silence.
A moment passed...
Or was it a long period of time?
I saw a row of silvery coffins
in the airport.
They were going to some distant place,
And they all had black satin ribbons on them.
I also saw vengeance the color of fire,
It was lifting the heavy horizon.

WHITE PEACOCK

I dreamed of a group of peacocks.
There was one among them
that was snow white,
with black legs.
The others were of different colors,
of different shades.
I remembered only the white peacock.
I was wandering in countries
that had green, yellow,
red and orange woods
in my dream.
I met the white peacock
at every step I made.
It was sorrowful and looked offended,

very offended.
Its longing switched to reality
from my dream.
My white peacock, my white peacock,
Tell me how to remember you,
Tell me how to forget you.
My white peacock,
Tell me how to interpret this art of my colored dream.
Tell me how to forget it.

SPRING

My dream passed through the path of spring.
I am drunken from the scent of flowers.
A bunch of flowers here,
a bunch there.
Green willows are drinking water from the river.
Colors of the world
have scattered all over the place.
Every flower arouses a feeling:
Love, hatred, joy and grief.
Fields are grassy, mountains are snowy.
My dream tastes life, the world tastes of spring.
My wishes are of different colors.
I am looking at the colors,
I want to see more and more,
my soul full of hope.
Shahdagh is standing on this side,
Savalan¹⁸ on the other.
Can one whose hope and wish are alive
Get enough of wishes?!
Can he fall under the influence of colorless dreams?!

Translated from Azerbaijani into English by Aynur Hajiyeva

¹ *Sakina, Salman and Ahmad: old common generic names.*

² *Sheikh Shamil: hero of the Daghestan people, who fought against Russian invaders for 30 years when they were trying to occupy Daghestan and make it part of Russia in the late 19th century.*

³ *A bride s mirror: Traditionally a wedding symbol that signifies purity.*

⁴ *Degas: Edgar Degas (1834-1917), French impressionist known for painting human figure in action.*

⁵ *Honore de Balzac: French novelist (1799-1850).*

⁶ *Arabian Nights: a well-known Eastern tale, also referred to as 1,001 Nights .*

⁷ *Khorasan: a province in Iran.*

⁸ *Mastan: a common name given to cats in Azerbaijan.*

⁹ *Van Gogh: Vincent van Gogh (1853-1890), Dutch painter, post-impressionslist.*

¹⁰ *Nazim Hikmat, a well-known Turkish poet.*

¹¹ *Ashugs: folk singers or roving minstrels in Azerbaijan.*

¹² *Omar Khayyam, Persian poet of the 12th century.*

¹³ *The Gadfly and his tragedy: referring to Voynich s novel Gadfly which tell about Italian national struggle for freedom in 30-40s of the 19th century.*

¹⁴ *Jafar Jabbarli, well-known Azerbaijani writer of the 20th century.*

¹⁵ *Girat: Koroghlu s legendary horse. Koroghlu is a hero of ancient epos of Turkish world.*

¹⁶ *Samad Mansur, Azeri poet*

¹⁷ *Toghrul Narimanbeyov: a well-known Azerbaijan artist.*

¹⁸ *Shahdagh and Savalan: two mountains in Azerbaijan.*

OPINIONS ABOUT

"COLORS"

Rasul Reza created something new, a completely original way in poetry. In Colors Rasul Reza has surpassed himself.

Nazim Hikmet

Dear Rasul Reza!

I would be glad if you sent me your cycle of poetry entitled Colors.

Dmitri Shostakovich
from his letter of July 9, 1973, to
Rasul Reza

Dear Rasul Ibrahimovich!

Thank you for present which made me so happy. I love your poetry and am reading A Long Echo with admiration. I am sending you my best wishes.

D.Shostakovich

August 17, 1975

The poetry of Rasul Reza is, in the truest sense of the word, innovative, multi-colored and, to put it in the language of music, polyphonic. This poetry is close and precious to me with all its elements and nuances. I often reread Rasul s poems and every time they seem new to me. This is because the poet does not do formal searches. He weighs every word, every phrase and polishes it his own voice breath.

Gara Garayev

Rasul Reza, an admirer of Cezanne, Van Gogh, has written an entire cycle of poems dedicated to colors and their meaning. It is worthy to note that the gamut of colors that the poet expands before our eyes is not of an elementary nature inherent in primary folklore ideas: white — cleanness black -grief, red — fury etc. Rasul s cycle of colors is rich with associations. Despite of the subjectivity of the authors approach to this or that color, each poem sounds completely independent of each other. The only this that unifies them is the movement from art to philosophy. This is magnificence which overshadows the colors fascination of Arthur Rembo, who was seeing colors in letters.

Ilya Selvinsky

An attentive reader can t fail to see newness not only in means of expression but also in the content and meaning of these poems. Colors has been written with the purpose of provoking, by way of association, feeling and making the reader think and more deeply comprehend life and people. Unexpectedness of contrasts, vital completeness of natural phenomena, social events and the world of art make the reader think and enriches his inner world. The discoveries of the poet make the reader happy.

Mammad Arif

Dear Rasul Reza — my dear friend! I have never forgotten, and will never forget you. I have always been pleased to read yours poems in newspapers and magazines (I hear your human voice in your poems!). And all of a sudden your new book! It is lying on my table. I read Colors with great interest and reread certain cycles with great pleasure. Your poetic and human image grows more fully. Thank you, my dear friend, for such aesthetic pleasure, for such joy of the soul, for such real happiness that you presented me in your book of poems. It even inspires me to work you see how your friends around you are working, you want even the more and ev^c. n better.

Eduardes Mehelatis

from his letter to Rasul Reza

Approximately a year ago publishing house published Rasul Rezas poems. To our surprise, we have to republish those poems for the second and now for the third time. Maybe this will not surprise you. But in Canada people don't read poetry much and poetry books seldom get republished. But Rasul Reza's poems are so distinct with their humanism that thousands of readers in the USA and Canada have bought and read within a few months.

Dison Carter

Canadian writer

I was not personally acquainted with Rasul Reza, the dignitary of the Azerbaijan poetry, for a long time. I had only translated some of his poems. True, they were telling me about many things, therefore I chose them for translation. What attracted me to a geographically distant poet was his cycle of poems under the title of Colors. The content of this cycle of poems is the whirlwind of color associations formed with the most tender polished language of the poet. But that was before I visited the native land of the poet. In 1975 I went there for the first time as a guest of a literary week organized in Baku. So again the lines of the Colors sounded in ears. They expanded my vision, helped to more fully understand everything. Up to that moment I had believed that I was partially dealing with the poetry of vision. But when I saw the land, the poems turned out to be realistic. In the poem entitled Shades of the Blue, there are such lines: On the desert flaming land there is the delicate shadow of the briars. In the poem about the Dark-Red there are these lines; My granny's silk wedding kerchief; Meat on the turnspit over the coals that look like barberries. Or these lines from Crimson: A caravan on a sandy desert, my granddad's ancient Koran written in golden letters. These lines exactly reflect everyday life lived in the land of Azerbaijan.

Zhuzha Rab

Hungarian poetess

Czech readers know Rasul Reza, first of all, as a poet of the Colors , which was published in Czechoslovakia last year. The cycle, which had been published in the Soviet Union a few years earlier, caused sharp polemics. Some critics called the cycle formalistic, some identified it as impressionistic, and some — abstract. But certain critics and writers, such as Nazim Hikmet and Eduardes Mehelatis supported the cycle.

Danichka Kozlova

I will also dwell upon the cycle Colors , the translation of which I have personally been involved with. In this cycle, Rasul seems to go back to the experimentalism of his youth. In fact, each poem of the cycle is an attempt to paint a portrait with one paint — red, yellow silver or even violet. At the same time, it is a serious talk about essential problems of ethics, aesthetics or history.

Its search is on solid philosophical ground. As Picasso said: I am not searching, I am finding .

Boris Slutski

a Russian poet

I am listening to a story of Tosio san the color gamut of a Japanese artist and am recollecting the Colors of the Azerbaijanis national poet — Rasul Reza. In the interpretation of the poet, each color is deeply comprehended and has a specific content. One of them reminds of our grief, another, our sadness; another, our dreams. As well as Utamaro, Rasul Reza notes that colors pass through our life as warm and cool winds and that colors provoke recollections and feelings. He also states that if not to see more,

colors would just be mere pigments .

Nikolay Fedorenko

academician, from his Japanese notes

Dear Master! I am writing to you from Vietnam.

Dear Rasul Reza!

In the 1960s the Week published your poem about colors. I liked it very much and decided to translate it. Unfortunately, we had a war going on and I lost my translation of the poem. I couldn't find the original poems in the library. I am very careful about poetic translations. Your poems are the only ones I want to translate. Would you be so kind as to inform me, by a telegram or a letter, in which issue of the Week your poems appeared. I will be frank and admit to you that I don't know much about you. However, to know even one poem written by you is enough to love you forever.

Sincerely, Buy Mong Quin

Rasul Rezas poetry sounds even far away from the Soviet Union. Among translations of his poems into other languages, translations into English, French and Czech are especially successful. The cycle Colors of the poet is, in general, one of the worthiest samples of the Soviet poetry of the 1960s.

Yuris Kronbergs

a Swedish poet

Estonians haven't become familiar with Raynis, the leader of the neighboring Latvia, yet. But we know the Turkish poet Daglarja, or the Colors of Rasul Reza. In respect to the free verse in Turkish poetry, I would state three names — Nazim Hikmet, Daglarja and Rasul Reza. All three are wonderful creators of free verse. Why, after these poets,

does someone try to claim that the free verse is not inherent in Turkish languages.

Liy Seppel

Estonian poetess

Rasul Rezas creative world contrasts. He praises love and hatred, good and evil, life and death, happiness and grief. Rasul Rezas poetry is impregnated with the desire of peace and prosperity, with the desire to see the mankind unified.

Bomi Kotey

English literature expert

One of the most distinctive works of the master of Azerbaijani poetry is Rasul Reza is the cycle Colors . The cycle reflects deep philosophical thoughts and artistic searches of a poet-innovator in the area of poetic forms.

The pulse of Rasul Rezas poetry is the pulse of the modern time. Colors in his poetry are colors of our life.

Yuri Lukin

Russian critic