M. Lermontov’s and S. Esenin’s Patriotic Lyrics

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Abstract: In this article, the problem of studying the creative dialogue of poets, connected with the development of traditions and their interpretation, is one of the most urgent tasks of modern literary criticism.

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It is especially emphasized: in “the work of the mature Yesenin, the traditions of Lermontov received an innovative embodiment, manifesting themselves not so much genetically <…> as typologically...”. The complex dialectics of the “feeling of the motherland” is noted, which brought two brilliant Russian poets together: “The contradictory nature of the feeling for the motherland gives rise to the motifs of homelessness and wandering in both poets. They permeated the work of the early, and sometimes mature Yesenin ... Hence, the frequent transitions in the lyrical tone of poetry from hope to despair, from elegy to irony and sarcasm, from civic-active moods to pessimism ...

It seems that this article will become an impetus for new scientific research on the work of Mikhail Lermontov and Sergei Yesenin, will make a great contribution to the development of the study of the work of both poets. The practical significance of the work is determined by the fact that the results of the study can be used in school and university practice, as well as serve as a guideline in the analysis of texts by a wide range of authors. Her Excellency Poetry, in all historical periods, with indestructible severity, takes into its retinue priests marked with a genuine gift of poetic writing, who are obliged to meet very specific super-high requirements. Hegel also emphasized that “the individuality of personal professionalism and the surroundings of modernity are most clearly indicated in the lyrics.”

For a poetic composition, what is significant is not the personified panorama itself, but the feeling that it generates. And therefore, “the poet is obliged to feel strongly, deeply, in a unique way to reveal the new world of the soul... or to reflect outside the box, to see in manifestations what others do not see in them.” After all, every poet steps into poetry with his own, unuttered saying. And this saying is made the criterion of the majority, if not all, capable of compassion, “no matter how enormous the share of private, narrowly personal, voiced in this word is” - this is where the universal significance of poetic literature lies.

Definitely M.Yu. Lermontov, with his most perfect poetic gift, fully corresponded to all the highest parameters of poetry. He pronounced his statement in such a way that it sounded confident and strong even after the most brilliant masterpieces of A.S. Pushkin. He was able to masterfully and with the deepest comprehension open in his lyrics an unknown supersensual world associated with infinity. He clearly heard and masterfully conveyed the music of the songs of the seraphim and choirs of “slender luminaries and clouds” - the melody of the heavens.

However, what is also important for poetry is the skill of the poet (in addition to his universal, personal orientation) to pronounce his saying on the so-called “obligatory” eternal problems that appear in poetic literature in all periods. These are, of course, themes of primordiality, homeland, falling in love, life and death, etc. And these problems are constantly present in the works of genuine poets, regardless of time, era, geopolitical, economic and other circumstances. The poetic invective establishes that studying the work of a writer “requires approaching it from the position of perceiving those “eternal” difficulties that philosophers and artists of different generations struggled to solve.” It is interesting to trace how these “problems” were felt and expressed in the works of two magnificent servants of Poetry of completely different periods from Nicholas I to Nicholas II and beyond: M.Yu. Lermontov and another “ringing-voiced” poet of a completely different Russia – S.A. Yesenina. In literary criticism, there is a pattern “to see the literary and artistic impact only or preferably in those moments where there is a coincidence of the works being compared... however,
“continuity” is not only renewal and development, but also the discrepancy between various creative identities and the discussion of times, different eras.”

It is from these concepts that we will try to analyze both the identities and divergences, which, it is clear, are inevitable in the self-expression of poets of different eras, who at the same time occupy a very long-lasting place in the cathedral of poetic literature. First of all, of course, when considering poetic works, it is important to note the entirety of their continuities with their historical period, for the originality of the poetic persona of this or that portrait painter of the saying “is manifested not in spite of the universal human logics of literary and artistic improvement of the above-mentioned period, but in accordance with them essentially thanks to them.”

Both poets happened to serve in the tsarist army, and both had to be punished for their beliefs in the existing system, the tsarist dictatorship. M. Lermontov was a cornet of the Life Guards Hussar Regiment (he was 23) when he wrote his immortalized poem “On the Death of a Poet” about a society of “envious and stuffy insignificant slanderers, a greedy crowd standing at the throne.” For these statements, Lermontov was arrested, put in a guardhouse and exiled to a regiment in the Caucasus. S. Yesenin served as a nurse on the Tsarskoye Selo field military hospital train No. 143, which was under the patronage of the imperial family and the empress personally. For refusing to write poetry in honor of the Tsar, the warrior Yesenin (he was 22 at the time) was sent to Mogilev to the rear in a correctional battalion. True, the Bolshevik events saved him from quite harsh punishments, but on the issue of “power and the poet,” as we see, the poets agreed on views, and both were punished - one for publishing, the other for refusing to write poems about Emperor.

Oddly enough, we can also find quite similar poems about the collapse of the autocracy by both poets. In 1830, 83 years before the incidents happened, Lermontov, as a 16-year-old boy, published his prophetic “Prediction”. Yesenin was almost twice as old when in 1924, at the end of his short life, he published “Memoirs” about the revolutionary uprising that took place before his eyes in 1917. Both poems are of almost the same length (18-20 lines), both are not divided into stanzas, and both are written in the same meter (iambic pentameter), i.e. They even sound the same.

Only Lermontov’s verbs are in the future tense, and Yesenin’s, respectively, are in the past, but the panorama is depicted the same, with the same palettes and the same frame of mind. Lermontov - “Russia’s Black Year”; Yesenin has a “terrible snowy day.” Lermontov has “death and blood” of fellow citizens defenseless before the code; Yesenin has “an iron shadow... turtles made of steel.” Lermontov has a tormented “this poor land”; in Yesenin - “everyone sensed a thunderstorm... the public’s veins were trembling.” Lermontov says “the glow will color the waves of the rivers”; Yesenin says “an iron dawn has risen.” It is noteworthy that Yesenin sees everything stated with a “cloudy gaze” and with a huge amount of ambiguity (“everyone knew something”), while Lermontov’s picture is completely clear and quite specific and real, where “everything is terribly gloomy,” where one can even hear “crying and groaning,” i.e. Lermontov not only saw, but also heard the future. Truly, “big things are seen from a distance.”

One of the indispensable themes in poetry, the theme of the Fatherland, certainly appears in the works of both Lermontov and Yesenin. Moreover, here too an absolute combination appears in the frame of mind, in the presentation of a similar picture, although Lermontov’s “Motherland” was published in 1841, already in the last year of the poet’s short life, and Yesenin’s “Rus” appeared in 1914, when the poet’s short poetic path was still leading him to the heights of popularity.

I love my fatherland, but with a strange love!
My reason will not defeat her, -
...But I love - for what, I don’t know myself..., writes M. Lermontov, and S. Yesenin echoes him:

But I love you, gentle motherland!
I can’t figure out why...
Both one and the other behold “in the evil frost in the hazy twilight / braid hangs on the birches” and “a couple of whitening birches.” Here are “huts”, and “boundless forests”, and “skinny fields”, and “cold silence of the steppes”, and “frail huts”, and “fields... in their sadness”, and “trembling lights of sad villages” isn’t that strokes of the same panorama, evoking sadness and heart-aching involvement in every little detail in the native side. Moreover, both poets consider “a dance with stomping and whistling to the chatter of drunken men” to
be a significant characteristic of their native land, when “the guys bark the talyanka, the girls come out to
dance around the fires” - this “fun of short joy” inspires reverence for the feeling that one feels towards their
homeland, despite all the metamorphoses in its history and life, both of these magnificent poets.
Poems about the pristine nature of the native place are also certainly integral in the self-expression of the lyric
poet. “The natural world surrounding the painter is not only an object of display; this world serves as a means
of resolving the psycho-emotional and philosophical problems facing a person; he introduces the artist to
infinity; it opens up a route for him to self-development, to self-affirmation, to the expression of deep
emotions, to the resolution of the contradictions of the soul” (4, 364). And this path is different for every artist.
According to the well-known Turgenev designation (“temple” or “workshop”), flora forms the environment
in which the human soul is formed, i.e. The relationship between man and nature is harmonious. For Yesenin,
man is a part of nature, he interacts with it, “nature is in cahoots with man and replaces his instinct,” i.e. nature
does not oppose the human world. Lermontov has a completely different worldview - here man does not fit
into nature in any way, he is in bottomless disagreement with it and only causes damage to its harmony and
proportionality.

I myself, like an animal, was alien to people...
And all nature's voices
As if they were speaking
About the secrets of heaven and earth
In a solemn hour of praise.
Only a person's proud voice
... didn't ring out...
("Mtsyri")

It seems that “a true poet is obliged to be a creator, not an interpreter, to invest in the narrated sensations and
thoughts” (4, 407). Lermontov already has these sensations and ideas in what he describes. If Yesenin’s flora
is constantly colored by poetic torment, then Lermontov’s is a poetic feeling. Yesenin recreates - Lermontov
thinks about it. “Yesenin’s “philosophy of nature” was built grain by grain from the countless mass of
sensations and torments that were formed in his everyday contacts with the outside world.” With a bizarre
naturalness in ethnographic traditions, he “objectifies” the primordial, conveying the interplanetary, the
ubiquitous through the commonly used and ingenuous (a cloud is a beard, the moon is an eye, etc.). With
Lermontov, this is completely unthinkable; with him, primordiality is always poetic and cannot slide into
humanization. The concept of A. Fet is closer to his poetic worldview: “Nature - it has its own language,
which is sometimes quite expressive than a human phrase - what cannot be expressed in sayings - with sound
in the soul.” Lermontov has precisely this kind of peering, cognition, wary recognition of these noises of
nature, a powerful need for nature as the main thing worthy of respect for the listener and confessor. And if
Yesenin writes “the verb of the earth is clear to me,” then the verb of the heavens is quite clear to Lermontov
(“and the songs of heaven could not be replaced ... by the boring songs of the earth”).

If Yesenin could write “the gray chintz of the poor heavens” or
But even with the secret of the sky I am secretly arguing.
I knock down the moon with a stone, \ I throw it, hanging into the sky,
A knife from the boot.
("Oh Rus', flap your wings")

That is, Yesenin has a rebellion against the heavens, while Lermontov has absolute harmony with the heavens.
He was constantly oppressed by the “noise of the world” and attracted by the rumbles of the heavens,
promising long-awaited peace, “freedom and peace.”

In the works of each lyric poet, his “philosophical discussions about life and death, about human fate, about
the changeable and constant in worldly existence” occupy their exclusive place. The poet’s fate is essentially
dramatic: his attraction to the most perfect and boundless principles is painfully broken by the duality of the
standard and reality, by the tension of disagreements between them. In essence, the reality surrounding the
way of life, which is so contrary to the principles of the poet, ultimately leads him to sad death. Lermontov
died at 27, Yesenin died at 30. Although their attitude towards life and leaving it was quite different. The
greatest cataclysms of the era of wars and reformations left their mark on Yesenin’s self-expression and life. Lermontov had to live in the post-Decembrist era in a state devoid of genuine aristocracy. But it was not only historical and cultural circumstances that imposed the different approaches of these poets to another world. For Yesenin, worldly life is organic and even loved:

_I loved too much in this world_
_Everything that puts the soul into flesh._
_And on this gloomy earth_
_Happy that I breathed and lived._
_That's why people are dear to me,_
_That they live with me on earth._

It’s just that the metamorphoses in this life deprived the poet of his environment, his place. A year before his death he writes:

_Russia! Who are you? Haze or path?_
_Where should I go, where should I go now?_
_My poetry is no longer needed here._
_And, perhaps, I myself am not needed here either._
("Homecoming")
_I don't know what will happen to me...
_Maybe I’m not fit for the new life._
("Uncomfortable Liquid Lunarity")

Countless business trips, the desire to start a family, tavern life - he could not find his place anywhere, even his beloved village was completely different. Everywhere he was overtaken by “alien and cackling rabble.” He, like Lermontov, felt like an “orphan alien” who “read pages of malice and vice in the eyes of people” and at whom “all his neighbors madly threw stones.” “The noise of the world” with its deceitful sayings, with the “insidious whisper of mocking ignoramuses,” with empty praise is not only unacceptable to the poet, but also hostile to him. But Yesenin is hurt by this, and Lermontov simply turns away: “the noise of the crowd of people will frighten away my dream” and “I’m afraid to entrust a dream in vain to the treacherous sound” (“Rostopchina”) and “I endure evil in silence” (“Valerik”) - an absolute refusal to meet, from conversation.

_The reproach of the ignorant, the reproach of people_
It does not sadden the lofty soul;
Let the waves of the seas roar,
The granite cliff will not fall.
(“I don’t want the world to know...”)  
_And Yesenin is sad, and even so painful:_
_That’s why I’m tormented because I don’t understand - Where the fate of events takes us._
("Letter to a Woman")
_So what! This wound will also pass._
_It's just sad to see the end of life._
("Apparently this is the way it is")

And Lermontov is not bitter, but blessed, because his “young soul” in this “world of sadness and tears... languished for a long time... is full of wonderful desires” - the desire for magic, liberating from the “ boring songs of the earth.” Lermontov knows that “the soul goes out” here, and there it will flare up, be filled with the forces of light and eternal life.

And I wait for the premature end without fear,
It's high time for me to see a new world.
("Do not laugh...")

Lermontov knew the altar, it was in proportion to heaven, but Yesenin grumbled and argued, therefore his parting with life is mournful, even sad:
That's why I almost cried
And, smiling, my soul went out,
This hut on the porch with the dog
As if I'm seeing for the last time.
("Blue Fog")

Or:
And birches in white cry through the forests.
Who died here? Died? Isn't it me?
Although he is sorry, the poet is aware of the inevitability of leaving:
I came to this earth to leave it quickly.
("Beloved Land")
Hello, my black death,
I'm coming out to meet you!
("Mysterious World")

M. Gorky in his essay “Sergei Yesenin” writes that he “cried shamelessly”, anticipating the inevitable death of the poet, provoked by the absolute discrepancy between his poetic soul and the world of vulgarity. Gorky was tormented by a gloomy guess: where and how should he, Yesenin, live? He believed that the poet “came into our world terribly late - or prematurely.”

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I have one foot left in the past,
I slide and fall differently.
("Rus' is leaving")

But when is this a favorable period for a poet? Or, another question - how could the life of Lermontov or Yesenin have turned out if they had not died at too early an age? Alas, the answers asked are extremely gloomy and hopeless... - but this is based on ordinary philistine realities. And the priests of Her Highness Poetry obey completely different codes - the principles of the infinity of magnificent poetic architecture. It is no coincidence that the poems of both Lermontov and Yesenin are set to melody and “continue to be heard as a genuine and deepest insight outside of those specific everyday and psycho-emotional conditions that directly caused them.” Having found a rebirth in musical coloring, couplets based on the poems of both Lermontov and Yesenin further strengthened the position of timelessness and longevity of their creators.

REFERENCES.