



Black of my eye

By Abai Qunanbaiuly (a Kazakh poet)

Black of my eye
Frame of my mind
Drink never dry
Love of my Life

Parting is winter, your absence is sorrow
I wish to stay until the morrow
Between your fair arms
when the nightingale sings, "Terrow"

The corners of your eyes
sparkle and they glisten
when you speak your solid words
everyone will listen

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Abai Qunanbaiuly

About the poet

- Born in the Abay District in Kazakhstan in 1845
- Died in the Abay District in Kazakhstan in 1904
- As well as a poet, he was a composer and a philosopher
- He translated poems from Russian and European languages into Kazakh, so more people could read them



About the poem

- How do you feel after reading it?
- Which lines or words resonated with you and why?
- What would you say the main theme of this poem is?