



**NAMIBIA UNIVERSITY
OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY**

Faculty Name: Human Sciences

Department Name: Communication

QUALIFICATION: BACHELOR OF ENGLISH	
QUALIFICATION CODE: 07BAEN	LEVEL: 6
COURSE: THEORY AND PRACTICE OF WORLD POETRY 2B	COURSE CODE: TPP 621S
SESSION: JANUARY 2019	PAPER: THEORY
DURATION: 3 HOURS	MARKS: 100

SECOND OPPORTUNITY/SUPPLEMENTARY EXAMINATION QUESTION PAPER	
EXAMINERS	Mr A. Brewis
MODERATOR	Ms. A. Nghikembua

THIS EXAMINATION QUESTION PAPER CONSISTS OF 8 PAGES

(Including this front page)

INSTRUCTIONS

4. Answer **Three (3) Questions** only.
5. Write clearly and neatly.
6. Number the answers clearly.

PERMISSIBLE MATERIALS

3. Examination paper.
4. Examination script.

QUESTION 1

Analyse the following poem paying particular attention to the speaker's use of rhetoric and how this conveys the message of the poem to the reader.

Let's Go To Parliament

Let's go, don't wait

Doubt later not now

Let's go, don't walk

Run to parliament

Meet with the MPs

Memes(1) and Puppets

Haste to the building

Of colonial heritage

To grow our *kapundas*(2)

Comrades are sleeping

Dreaming of shares

Opportunities are gazing

Admiring their compatriots

Sprint to the law house

1)Women

2) Big bellies

Wake the blooming Memes
With their expensive gear
Ask the puppets to die
For the gold-filled train
Has long passed their station;
They are lost in the purest of greed

Let's invade parliament
Exhibit our interest
Perform our hunger to them
Let's sing to them of our thirst
And do the poverty dance
Yes, entertain them with plagues
Let's screen for them the movies
Depicting our honest suffering
With detailed pain and curse
Let's draw our hopelessness

With colourful bright truth
Even if it blinds them

Let's creatively write them off
With passionate distrust
And ill-conceived lust
Let's recite poetry of a failure
To appreciate visual art
Understand performing art
Let's colonise Parliament
Before another political session.

Let's create a new parliament
Disband the current thinking
Of *"Listen, ignore, Self-Enrichment"*
Let's blow up the parliament
That is haunting the MP's
Camouflaged Memes and Puppets
Actually, Models and Pirates
Let's instil a sense of reality
In the minds of the MP's
Parachute their lust for money
To the safety of our true misery

Let's dissipate their phantom castles
Burn their assets – I mean to ashes
And call the winds to blow them
Into the cold of the Atlantic Ocean
Let's blowtorch their greed, lust
Into fake memories of colonialism
Cripple their self-styled powers
Humble their pride and position
To the grounds of our realities

Let's go, don't stop
For a fool you will be
Waiting for the MP's
To wake up before dawn
Let's speak in unision
Fight now, think tomorrow
When casualties are taken
And the fighting is in recess
Let's persist with our art
Speak through our poems
Draw with our sweat
On canvases of our skin

Let's not give up yet
Surrender to artificial failures
Timely frustrations, death
Politicised and twisted truths
Let's move the Parliament
To new grounds, space time
Cultured foundations of strength
Influenced by our innovative art

QUESTION 2

Analyse the following poem:

- a) Analyse the use of imagery. (20 marks)

- b) Show how further poetic techniques are used to give emphasis and pathos to the message. (15 marks)

Siballi Kgobetsi: Buckle Up!

Babies of Africa
Babies of the world
Babies of different and varied
Customs, habits, tastes, attitudes, thoughts
Ideas, opinions, dreams, hopes –
Look! The flowers of a garden
Though differing in kind, colour, form, shape
All are refreshed by the waters of one spring
Revived by the breath of one mind

Strengthened by the rays of one sun
Which increased their attraction
And adds to their identity
Buckle up, beautiful ones of the world
I hear birds whistling: If the globe was a square
Children could hide in its corners. But as it is round we
Have to face the world as it is
Act now, rise, rise by every means:
The warmth of our response
Readiness to forget the past, war, hatred
Empty hearts that may still remain in the minds and hearts of
Our superman daddies and caring No. 1 mummies
And mummies and baas in us
We are in one world, before God, Allah, Ba'hullah,
Jah Rastafari, Buddha, add more:
Are no kaffir, nigger, boer, wambo, magan, kwangara
Do you see how the world is divided against itself?
Loud are the cries of fathers
Loud the voices of mothers
Loud the screams of babies
Reaching to the skies, check the culture; check it!
When two elephants fight
Only the grass suffers the most
So hold hands, chill in peace
So not to fall in pieces

Question 3

Analyse the following poem:

- a) Who is "he", and who is the addressee? (10 marks)

- b) How is imagery used to emphasise the message? (20 marks)

[30]

Dawood Gabru: Apartheid

He was baptized into slavery
And submerged in the winter
Of your hatred
And was converted to poverty
In the land of gold,

You taught him that GOD
Was a white baas
Who had invented the pass!
And the police were
The angels of death,

He learned to read
Whites only
Lest he fall into heresy
And desecrate your piss-pots,

And as you crept
Out of the garden
Of your humanity
And excommunicated
Yourselves from justice
And damned your generation
Chained in gold
To a leper colony,

And as he stumbled
Through his oppressive crucifixion
You took him off your cross
And sold him in the market place
To mercenaries while you counted the rosaries
Of your crimes to man,

Now he a victim
Of your greed
A witness to your crimes
Is finally free.