



**NAMIBIA UNIVERSITY
OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY
FACULTY OF COMMERCE, HUMAN SCIENCE AND EDUCATION**

DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION

QUALIFICATION: BACHELOR OF ENGLISH AND LINGUISTICS	
QUALIFICATION CODE: 07 BENL	LEVEL: 6
COURSE CODE: TPP 621S	COURSE NAME: THEORY AND PRACTICE OF WORLD POETRY 2B
SESSION: DECEMBER 2025	PAPER: THEORY
DURATION: 3 HOURS	MARKS: 100

SECOND OPPORTUNITY EXAMINATION QUESTION PAPER	
EXAMINER(S)	Mr. A.Brewis
MODERATOR:	Dr.E.Gawas

INSTRUCTIONS
1) Answer all the questions. 2) Read all the questions carefully before answering. 3) Number the answers clearly 4) Marks will be deducted for spelling and language errors.

THIS MEMORANDUM CONSISTS OF _5_ PAGES (Including this front page)

QUESTION 1

Discuss how the poem “I used to want” by Hugh Ellis delves into the concept of identity and self discovery. Use references from the poem to support your argument in a well substantiated essay of 450-500 words. [50]

HUGH ELLIS: I USED TO WANT

I used to want to be black
But now it's okay to be red
You see, my great grandfathers were workers
They struggled as much as anyone else

I used to want to be black

And who can blame me?
My great grandfathers became colonialists
In order to fill their rotten stomachs

I used to want to be black
And you must hear my voice
'cause my grandfathers kept their mouths shut
Even though they disapproved

Now it's okay to be red
That's how independence came
My father wrote books about repression and liberation
But that's all his story , not mine

Now it's okay to be red
Namibian sunburn on my skin

I tried to learn all the languages and cultures
 But I almost forgot my own

I used to want to be black
 But now it's okay to be red
 I hope my children , if and when they come
 Won't have to fight these demons

QUESTION 2

Compare and contrast the following poems, paying particular attention to the similarities and differences between the style and attitudes of the poets. [50]

The dream of Africa

I lay the other night and dreamt
 That we were all being glazed
 With a white clay of foreign education
 And it was stifling, stifling like the sleeping black man
 Inside there.
 Making him fester.
 Liberating worms of thought; books,books.
 O,o, what's gnawing me there?
 Pinching me at the seat of the brain?
 We were given books, and they
 Pinched what they touched.
 Wrought us to great perplexity
 Of selves we did not understand,

Did not want to understand.
 "we must educate you, you see".
 Doctor, what ails me, what ails-
 (the bottled ale I took the other night to forget)
 The ready-made pill prescription
 For a slight mental maladjustment
 Due to...due to...that's not for us to know:
 It is the knowing doctor's secret.
 "Business , you see."
 So we glibly take it, the pill,
 Which smooths the pain and smooths the nerves,
 And sends the disease to sleep.
 And to rot. This white precipitate
 Of an age-old decay of a foreign culture
 Africa gaped for, glazed her sons with,
 To prepare them for an international role in the future.
 Will it be the pearl in the oyster's shell,
 Or mere rottenness?

Johnathan Karira

Young Africa's resolve

I'll talk no more
 I'll listen to nobody's talk,
 I'll wait no more.
 I'll lead myself towards the goal,
 Though countless hurdles cross my path
 And danger lurks on every side,
 I'll go forward and do and dare.

On library doors
I'll knock aloud and gain entrance;
Of the strength
Of nations past and present I will read,
I'll brush the dust from ancient scrolls
And drinking deep of the Pyrrhean stream,
Will go forward and do and dare.

I'll sail the seas
And learn the might of God and man.
Behind my name
To tie a string of alphabets.
Melting bubbles will not end all.
I'll come back home with strong arms bared,
I'll go forward and do and dare.

Dennis C. Osadebay

TOTAL:100

END OF QUESTION PAPER