



**NAMIBIA UNIVERSITY
OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY**

FACULTY OF COMMERCE, HUMAN SCIENCE AND EDUCATION

DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION

QUALIFICATION: BACHELOR OF ENGLISH AND LINGUISTICS	
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COURSE CODE: TPP 621S	COURSE NAME: THEORY AND PRACTICE OF WORLD POETRY 2B
SESSION: OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 2025	PAPER: THEORY
DURATION: 3 HOURS	MARKS: 100

FIRST OPPORTUNITY 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 QUESTION PAPER CONSISTS OF _12_ PAGES (Including this front page)

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.

[35]

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

What does the mirror represent in the following poem? Describe the conflicting emotions of the speaker after what has happened to her and how they are expressed by poetic language. (450-500 words)

[35]

Manfred Aubrey Lehoho: My Broken Mirror

My mirror smashed into pieces
 Reflecting butts of that which was me
 Mirror on the floor, what happened to me?
 Reality slowly sinks, accusing me: Perverted!

My mirror smashed into a thousand pieces
 Reflecting my guilt, my shame if they knew
 (Why are they looking? I am sure they know
 What will I say? Can I trust them? (They passed.)

My mirror smashed into a million pieces
Reflecting my mini-dress, high heels, sexy walk
That's why, he said, I wanted it, "No" is girl talk!
I meant No. He lied. Who will believe me, stupid me!

My mirror smashed into a million pieces
Reflecting the sun through my window, it's morning
Will I tell someone today despite the scorning?
Who can I trust? Who can make my mirror whole?

My mirror smashed into pieces
Reflecting a broken me. Who am I?
Maybe it is worth knowing before I die
Maybe life is worth living. Maybe.

My mirror smashed to the floor
Reflecting my doubt, my indecisiveness, my insecurities
If I find someone to help me remake my mirror
The sun will shine brightly through my window again

QUESTION 3

Discuss the differing views of city life presented by the poems *Everybody Needs You* by Kahengua and *Katutura* by Thaniseb.. Comment on the use of imagery as well as poetic devices.

Your essay should be between 400-450 words long.

[30]

KAHENGUA- EVERYBODY NEEDS YOU

In the city everybody needs

You

Don't be ill

The city has no mercy

For the ill

Your employer needs

You

Around the clock

Don't be ill

A publisher needs

Your creativity

Don't be ill

The city has no time

For the ill

The doctor needs

You

Your illness sustains

His life, I mean her life

Don't be ill
Not on any day
Not at any time
It is an inconvenience
Everybody needs
You
You are like oxygen
You should give a relative
A few dollars back home

In the city everybody needs
You
Don't be ill
Don't suffer depressions
The medical insurance will
Suck you like a tick

Don't be ill
In the city you live on
Borrowed hopes
Borrowed money
Borrowed time
You prop the city
Notwithstanding its massive
Weight of debts

The electronic device for the privileged?
The TV which supposedly
Communicates knowledge
Its document, its licence

Will usurp your valuables
As you sink into the quicksand of
Black Economic Impoverishment-BEI

A soujourner in the city
You will pay your house loan until you die
Without respite
Without rebate
Tour children will inherit
Nothing

There is nowhere to scurry to
As democracy and decentralization
With their uncaring ways
Encroach upon the villages
Rapidly spreading like veldt fires
They call it a participatory process

Don't be ill
Everybody needs you
You will hew power
And draw clean water
From a utility which you will pay for through the nose

And the piece of land
You work and live on
Keeps diminishing
You will have to live
According to how the Authority prescribes

Don't be ill
 Your country needs
 You.

Katutura-THANISEB

The place not to be...
 At birth, cast away like an unwanted child,
 (the place born of pleasant anguish-)
 Bloomed to maturity of pride and allegiance
 Like a Shepherd's Tree from the rock infested earth.
 As dawn breaks and the heavy veil of darkness
 Gives way to the tattered morning,
 You breathe life into the blue concrete and
 Steely bowels of the city.

And, when the evening spreads its wings
 Over your weathered bosom, just after five before eight,
 Your veins fill with life on the fifth day of the week.
 Stepping out for a smiley(1) at *Ausie* (2) Otjikwaentu's place
 Down the corner of Caesar's Street,
 Aagh, *sommer* (3) some *stukkies* (4) of *kapunda* (5) on the grill
 By the *singled* (6) Quarters...
 Maybe just hustle and flow down Eveline Street for a *jol* (7),
 Or down a quick one at the Herero Mall and catch a vibe on the
 Latest on the *onyama* (8) market and the lay of the land,
 Or just hang and *blom* (9) on the street corner in your *dickies* (10) and
 The latest *bling* (11) of sorts.

The place where your battered Cortina is at ease
 Next to the Mercedes SLK;
 The sweet aromas of *utete* (12) and KFC mingle with the sweat and dust.
 And on the 30th day of the month,
 When there is *makiti in de kasie* (13) – it is stomping in *de kasie*,
 The people getting down to *tikie-draai*,
Kwasa-kwasa-kuturu or *Ma/gaisa style*, (14)
 Aagh, somer a whole lot of foot-stomping and bum-rubbing.

Sitting out on the *stoep* (15) at grandma's, shooting the breeze,
 With the sounds of Louis Armstrong...The African Jazz Pioneers,
 Dancing in a never-ending waltz with the aromas of grandma's *afval* (16)
 The spirit of togetherness abounds.
 You bloom with the colours only a rainbow can contain,
 For it is a celebration of life- the *Tura way* (17),
 Of the people stepping out to the beat of your heart,
 The gay chatter of men and women as they dance
 To the sweet rhythm of your smile.
 The place where corporate and *ikasie* (18) culture is like *pap and vleis* (19)
 Where a man is judged by his word and the sound of his laughter
 Not by the texture of his shoes;
 The old-timers sit out on the *stoep* in conversation
 With suited young men and barefooted youngsters;
 The place where you can breathe and just be you;
 Where diversity is truly the mirror of the land
 And *Ubuntu* (20) abounds- *Etse* , A true *potjie* ! (21)
Tura, the place to be!

- 1) An oven baked goat head, a local delicacy
- 2) Auntie/Aunt
- 3) An expression of exhilaration...could mean "merely" or "for no particular reason"
- 4) Small pieces
- 5) Small pieces of meat prepared on an open grill
- 6) Single
- 7) A party/or having a good time
- 8) A meat market
- 9) Show off//visiting/gathering- popular way of the young people gathering around street corners or popular spots
- 10) Sneakers
- 11) Assortment of jewelery worn by thuggish young boys and men
- 12) Porridge
- 13) "having fun in the township"
- 14) Types of local popular music and dance steps
- 15) Veranda
- 16) Tripe
- 17) The way they do it in Katutura
- 18) The township
- 19) Porridge and meat- very interesting/tasty
- 20) Spirit of togetherness
- 21) A mixture of meat and vegetables cooked together in one pot on fire or stove.