



**NAMIBIA UNIVERSITY  
OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY  
DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION**

<b>QUALIFICATION: BACHELOR OF ENGLISH</b>	
<b>QUALIFICATION CODE: 07BAEN</b>	<b>LEVEL: 6</b>
<b>COURSE CODE: TPP 621s</b>	<b>COURSE NAME: THEORY AND PRACTICE OF WORLD POETRY 2B</b>
<b>SESSION: January 2023</b>	<b>PAPER: THEORY</b>
<b>DURATION: 3 HOURS</b>	<b>MARKS: 100</b>

<b>SECOND OPPORTUNITY EXAMINATION QUESTION PAPER</b>	
<b>EXAMINER(S)</b>	Mr.A.Tjjjoro
<b>MODERATOR:</b>	Professor. S. Krishnamurthy
<b>INSTRUCTIONS</b>	
<ol style="list-style-type: none"><li>1. Answer ALL the questions.</li><li>2. Write clearly and neatly.</li><li>3. Number the answers clearly.</li><li>4. Indicate whether you are a FM,Pm or DI student on the cover of your answer booklet.</li><li>5. Up to 10% will be deducted from your final mark for language errors.</li></ol>	

**THIS QUESTION PAPER CONSISTS OF 7 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]

### **KEAMOGETSI MOLOPONG: I AM A NAMIBIAN TOO**

I am Keamogetsi Joseph Molapong  
And I am Namibian ;born that way  
Some comrades claimed over the years  
That my surname does not sound Namibian  
Comrades, this Namibia is my country

When you left the country to the administrators  
And opted to fight from beyond the borders  
I was already here, breathing the cloud of dust  
You left behind, the same dust that covered our blood  
Covered screams, the graves of many people, lives

You left in such a hurry; you forgot your memory,  
Escaped the land that called after you, comrades  
The soil missed the naked feet with which you massaged  
Its aching belly, ageing silly ,hissing in anger, loneliness  
I was there the day you left for the unknown ,exile, freedom

I have seen things , experienced segregation, survived it.  
Time brought the enemy to my doorsteps, to our hearts  
I have felt the breath of the enemy against my black skin  
The rage of the master was never tamed, it burst by itself  
Yes comrades, I was taught to be inferior, made to die young

I was here when you came back ,listened to your stories ,visions  
You kept on talking, I listened ,and I heard every single word you said  
Felt the pain in my soul, for I knew what you told me, I understood  
Yes comrades, I was part of the process ,but inside the country ,home  
I too had tales to tell ,ideas to share ,visions to secure our freedom

I talked, comrades, I shared my ideas, explained my purpose ,I spoke.  
And only deaf ears listened to me, nodded in ignorance, stared at me  
My voice echoed in my head, my heart thrust ,my veins opened  
The sun set and the dust rose again, hovering above ,falling on me  
Covering me with hopelessness, my spirit sunk burying my hope.

I might not be a returnee, or a detainee for that matter.  
Neither am I an *I-have-been*, nor a *wannabee*, comrades  
I have no political ambitions, nor am I vying for B.E.E.  
I am just a Namibian, the one you left many years ago  
The very same one who welcomed you some decades later.

## **QUESTION 2**

**Read the following poem and analyse it by answering the questions that follow.**

**[35]**

- a) Analyse the use of imagery and how it contributes to the overall meaning. (20 marks)
  
- b) Show how further poetic techniques are used to give emphasis and pathos to the message. (15 marks)

## **NGHIKEMBUA,PRIDE OF AN AFRICAN WOMAN**

The pride of an African woman

Runs through every woman's veins  
Watch her walk the long paths.  
Baby on her back,  
Wood on her head,  
And a bucket of water at hand.

Right from afar,  
The sound of her beads echo  
As she makes way to her beloved family  
And care is what fills her heart,  
For her family is right at heart.

As her feet touch the ground,  
Smiles will be on admirer's faces,  
And pity is absent on the lover's face.  
See how hard working women are.  
Waking up earlier than anyone else  
To prepare food-  
Food that has been processed by them.  
Never mind the amount of energies used,  
For one may lose count.

The pride of an African woman  
Still remains within her.  
No matter the number of beatings he gave her.  
The pride of an African woman  
Shines in her eyes  
The pride of an African girl  
Grows the strongest each time she walks the long paths from school.  
The pride of an African woman



Grows the strongest when she is recognized  
The pride of an African woman  
Is one you can't easily take away.

**Question 3**

**[30]**

Read the following poem and answer the following questions through an in-depth analysis.

- a) Who do the pronouns "I", and "me" refer to? How does the use of these pronouns contribute to the overall message?  
(10 marks)
- b) How is imagery used to emphasise the message? (20 marks)

**MASHILE-THERE IS A ME THAT I COULD BE**

There is a me that I could be  
If I just let her breathe outside.  
A thundering song that I could sing  
If I just let her breathe outside.

There is a me who lives unseen  
She paces the corridors inside  
She's made of dreams that flow in between  
These walls in my mind  
She's my internal shadow traversing time  
The relentless hope that slowly seeps through my eyes  
Like the sun draped dawn,  
She never asks why it is her job to ignite me,  
Her purpose to be my guide  
To the me that I could be  
If I just let her breathe outside  
To the thundering song that I could sing  
If I just let her breathe outside

Transformation is the spirit changing gear,  
The elements of one's being becoming aware  
That the future is always far  
When your feet are firmly planted here  
Attached to the present  
Rooted in fear

Change is the pulse of possibility  
Pulling from the periphery to now  
It is the questions unanswered  
The journey through the why's and the how's  
It is a sojourn through darkness with a solitary flame as guide  
It is the sole destination, the navigator and the ride  
It is the blue light revelation revealed when morning cracks  
It is abundance when you have known how it feels to live in lack  
It is the race ,the car, the ref ,the scorecard and the track,  
It is eyes fixed to the horizon with angels at your back  
It is the purpose held with reverence reverted to when doubt attacks  
It is an energizing uncertainty leaving no option of turning back  
Always shifting  
Always present  
Demanding of us to be more than who we see ourselves to be  
Than what we were before  
Tomorrow is an infinite portal with no ceiling and no floor  
There is only the ledge that beckons us  
And wings designed for us to soar

There is a me that I could be  
If I just let her breathe outside

A thundering song that I could sing  
If I just let her breathe outside  
There is a me who lives unseen  
She paces the corridors inside