



**NAMIBIA UNIVERSITY
OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY**

FACULTY OF COMMERCE ,HUMAN SCIENCES AND EDUCATION

DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION AND LANGUAGES

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: NOVEMBER 2024	PAPER: THEORY
DURATION: 3 HOURS	MARKS: 100
FIRST OPPORTUNITY EXAMINATION QUESTION PAPER	
EXAMINER(S)	Mr A.Brewis
MODERATOR	Ms A.Nghikembua
INSTRUCTIONS	
1) Answer ALL the questions. 2) Write clearly and neatly. 3) Number the answers clearly. 4) Indicate whether you are a FM ,Pm or DI student on the cover of your answer booklet.	

THIS QUESTION PAPER CONSISTS OF 6 PAGES (Including this front page)

1.

QUESTION 1

Read the following poem and answer the questions that follow.

Here I want to live

Here I want to live

Amongst the bleatings and the moos

Amidst the acrid smell of cow dung

Here I want to be, walk among the silent lush vegetation

Here I want to be and listen to the bird melodies

Here I want to be , to feel the peace of mind

So that I can create my own poesy

Here I want to be, away from the city din,

Where my blood pressure rises

Like ocean tide

Far from the city tarmac, where taxis threaten my feet

Away from the busy city where everybody is lazy

Where people know how to count money

Yet they can't walk a kilo

Here I want to be , far from the city

Where everybody has plodded their ways

In the city where people want to scream but they can't

2.

Come December, everybody disperses
Like animals threatened by veldt fire
To Caprivi, Erongo, Karas, Omaheke, Omusati...

Kavevangua Kahengua

- 1) How is imagery used to emphasise the message of the poem? [10]
- 2) How are the city people different from the people in rural areas according to the poem? [10]
- 3) What does the speaker mean when he says "In the city ... people want to scream but they can't" [10]

[30]

QUESTION 2

Read the following poem : **Hendrik Witbooi (from Heywood ,A ,1998 , Crossings.A Senior Poetry Anthology p.15)**

Serpent in the grass: Nanseb:
short-boned one : great eye:
guardian of the people and the land

3.

keen eye who discovers conspirators:

sharp ear: who hears where there is no sound:

deft one who caught the flies

that came over the water to sting us,

and who made those invader flies groan

The eye sees you as slow-paced

fast-thinking one:

abundant teat whose milk flows without stopping;

protector of orphans:

waterhole and shade-tree for the homeless:

short-boned one : stump finger : deep-rooted shrub:

terror of conquerors –

rifle in your stump-finger:

supreme among all in Khowese history:

Round shoe whose tracks are all over:

stump - finger: short boned one:

master of rifle and short-ear:

Namseb, great father , deep -rooted shrub.

(Witbooi lived between 1830 and 1905. He led the Nama people at a time when the Germans were trying to colonise Namibia. He lost a thumb in battle. In October 1904, ten months after the Herero had launched into full-scale war on the Germans, Hendrik Witbooi led the Namas against the Germans.)

4.

A) How would you categorise this poem? Give reasons for your answer. (10)

B) Identify the words suggesting that Witbooi was a great leader and both father and

mother, male and female? What poetic techniques do you notice? (25)

[35]

Question 2

[35]

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.

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.)

5.

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

TOTAL:100