



**NAMIBIA UNIVERSITY  
OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY**

**FACULTY OF COMMERCE, HUMAN SCIENCES AND EDUCATION**

**DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION AND LANGUAGES**

<b>QUALIFICATION: BACHELOR OF ENGLISH AND LINGUISTICS</b>	
<b>QUALIFICATION CODE: 07 BENL</b>	<b>LEVEL: 6</b>
<b>COURSE CODE: TPP621s</b>	<b>COURSE NAME: THEORY AND PRACTICE OF WORLD POETRY 2B</b>
<b>SESSION: JANUARY 2025</b>	<b>PAPER: THEORY</b>
<b>DURATION: 3 HOURS</b>	<b>MARKS: 100</b>
<b>SECOND OPPORTUNITY SUPPLEMENTARY EXAMINATION QUESTION PAPER</b>	
<b>EXAMINER(S)</b>	Mr A.Brewis
<b>MODERATOR</b>	Ms. A.Nghikembua
<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></ol>	

**THIS QUESTION PAPER CONSISTS OF 7 PAGES** (Including this front page)

**QUESTION 1****[30]**

Carefully study the poem "Buckle Up!" by Kgobetsi and then:

- a) Analyse the use of imagery. (20 marks)
- b) Show how further poetic techniques are used to give emphasis and pathos to the message. (10 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 mammies

And miesies and baas in us

2.

We are in one world, before God, Allah, Ba'hullah,  
Jah Rastafari, Budda, 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 2**

Identify typical features of poetry from the Liberation Struggle in the following poem. Which aspects of the colonial oppression are criticised, and what are the most important poetic techniques that are used for this criticism? [35]

### **Matthews Phosa: Let Go Namibia**

virgin land  
plundered by swines  
who mined to swell  
their pockets full  
they took the diamond

3.

threaten to make the water fishless

every thing and all they took

enslaved by a galaxy

of predatory pigs

land maimed

a people murdered

by international piracy

parasitic masters

who salivate

itching to

ride, rape and rob

a tiny gallant nation

of people who never say die

let go Namibia

from Walvis Bay to Kunene River

just let Namibia go

viva SWAPO

viva comrade Nujoma

viva comrade Toivo ja Toivo

victory is certain

### **QUESTION 3**

It is said that a poet often writes his/her own time. Analyse this statement and relate it to the poem "City Johannesburg" below.

[35]

#### **City Johannesburg**

This way I salute you:

My hand pulses to my back trousers pocket

Or into my inner jacket pocket

For my pass, my life,

Jo'burg City.

My hand like a starved snake rears my pockets

For my thin, ever lean wallet,

While my stomach groans a friendly smile to hunger,

Jo'burg City.

5.

My stomach also devours coppers and papers

Don't you know?

Jo'burg City, I salute you;

When I run out , or roar in a bus to you,

I leave behind me, my love,

My comic houses and people, my dongas and my ever whirling dust,

My death,

That's so related to me as a wink to the eye.

Jo'burg City

I travel on your black and white and roboted roads,

Through your thick iron breath that you inhale

At six in the morning and exhale from five noon.

Jo'burg City

This is the time when I come to you,

When your neon flowers flaunt from your electrical wind,

That is the time when I leave you,

When your neon flowers flaunt their way through the falling darkness

On your cement trees.

And as I go back, to my love,

My dongas, my dust, my people, my death,

Where death lurks in the dark like a blade in the flesh,

6.

I can feel your roots, anchoring your might, my feebleness  
In my flesh, in my mind, in my blood,  
And everything about you says it,  
That, that is all you need of me.  
Jo'burg City, Johannesburg,  
Listen when I tell you,  
There is no fun , nothing, in it,  
When you leave the women and men with such frozen expressions,  
Expressions that have tears like furrows of soil erosion,  
Jo'burg City, you are dry like death,  
Jo'burg city, Johannesburg, Jo'burg City.

***Mongane Wally Serote***

**TOTAL:100**