



**NAMIBIA UNIVERSITY
OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY**

DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION

QUALIFICATION: BACHELOR OF ENGLISH	
QUALIFICATION CODE: 07BAEN	LEVEL: 6
COURSE CODE: TPP 621s	COURSE NAME: THEORY AND PRACTICE OF WORLD POETRY 2B
SESSION: NOVEMBER 2022	PAPER: THEORY
DURATION: 3 HOURS	MARKS: 100

FIRST OPPORTUNITY EXAMINATION QUESTION PAPER

MEMORANDUM

EXAMINER(S)	Mr.A.Tjijoro
MODERATOR:	Professor: S. Krishnamurthy

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.
5. Up to 10% will be deducted from your final mark for language errors.

THIS QUESTION PAPER CONSISTS OF 9 PAGES (Including this front page)

QUESTION 1

[30]

Read the following poem and answer the questions that follow.

The child is not dead

by Ingrid Jonker

Ingrid Jonker
The child is not dead
The child lifts his fists against his mother
Who shouts Afrika ! shouts the breath
Of freedom and the veld
In the locations of the cordoned heart
The child lifts his fists against his father
in the march of the generations
who shouts Afrika ! shout the breath
of righteousness and blood
in the streets of his embattled pride
The child is not dead not at Langa nor at Nyanga
not at Orlando nor at Sharpeville
nor at the police station at Philippi
where he lies with a bullet through his brain
The child is the dark shadow of the soldiers
on guard with rifles Saracens and batons
the child is present at all assemblies and law-givings
the child peers through the windows of houses and into the hearts of mothers
this child who just wanted to play in the sun at Nyanga is everywhere
the child grown to a man treks through all Africa
the child grown into a giant journeys through the whole world
Without a pass

- 1) How is imagery used to emphasise the message of the poem? [10]
- 2) Which details related to location does Ingrid Jonker use to vividly portray the message/ theme of the poem? [10]
- 3) How is anaphora used in the poem and what is the intended effect on the overall message? [10]

QUESTION 2

Compare and contrast the following poems , paying particular emphasis to the main theme[s] of the poems and how the poets carry the theme[s] across to the readers.

[35]

Duncan Matlho: I, a Freedom Fighter

I am the guttural sounds of your fear
that swills the air
with odorous gasses and explosives
kicking the tobacco bowl
out of your mouth
to upset your whisky glass
as you rest in the sun.

I am the broken black boot
that turns your garden chair
in search of my birthright
for ages
your buttock cushion

I am the searing pain on your neck

breaking your fingers
to loose your grip
on a land you have stole

I am the pick in your shed
handle broken of constant beating
on your knee, seeking your face
nearer the ground you squeeze
to swallow my blood.

I am the detestable rat
constantly running amok
to make you fear your own wealth.

Yes, I am the howling barn
projecting ominous shadows in your path
that though you be insured for a million
whisper your funeral dirge in your sleep,
frustrating dreams of hordes of fearless servants
that make your nose run with their dignity
majestically bearing your naked corpse for burial
nay, to throw it in an endless pit.

A.L.NGHIFIKUA:APARTHEID

In the land of their birth
Deprived of their birthright
They are nothing before the whites

This is the law they must obey

Life is difficult, life is tough
For every black person in this country
He has no right before the law
Her human dignity is trampled underfoot

The work is much, the pay is little
Down in the mine, the men they toil
For a pittance, no living wage
So they live from hand to mouth

The work is hard, the boss is cruel
They are insulted and assaulted
Sometimes for things they know little of
Usually they are just called *kaffirs*

These contract labourers
Denied proper education
They must remain inferior
They have no right to choose their work
They have no right to choose not to be
Separated from their families

Their houses are small
Their houses are simple
Only a few hard iron doors are provided
Lights hardly ever

Yet this is where they are forced to belong.

Treated like criminals

Humiliated by pass laws

Limited to restricted areas

They are made not to feel at home

The suffering has forced them to think

About a life they could live like human beings

They have risen and started fighting

For human rights denied them

“Slavery and death are one and the same”

The colonial government storms them

They are persecuted for claiming their rights

Their leaders are prisoners on Robben Island

Thousands and thousands have fled the country

The time will come, a day will break

When their rights are sure and their dignity intact

Sharing and living in equality

With whites who now reject them

QUESTION 3

The following poem by Molapong discusses a very crucial topic in countries that experienced war, hatred between the erstwhile oppressed and oppressors. The poem appears to illustrate the obstacles as well as the opportunities created by the new dispensation. Analyse the poem by looking at all angles that impede or facilitate unity and common humanity to flourish. (35 marks)

KEAMOGETSI MOLAPONG: RECONCILIATION

With Independence knocking

On my forbidden door

I learned a new word

Reconciliation

Reconciliation is an insult

To our Black integrity

A humiliating smack

On innocent Black faces

Look at this skin

I once glorified my colour

But now the skin I carry

Brings pain to my haunted life

Yet, I am made to be blind

Listen, the pale I see

Reminds me of the Blackness

I started to hate

The face I was given
The typical flat nose
And extra big mouth
Has been savagely destroyed
Now it's just another Black face

Filling an empty space
No shape, no identity

Look at us, our African pride
Has been hypnotized by reconciliation
No time constructed by chance
The cultures of my people

Reconciliation has been
Pushed down my brain
Like gunpowder in a barrel
And the tension is quite high

Once anger snaps
Death will claim through pain
Smoke screen another Black life
From the eyes of man

With independence idling
In front of my broken door

Justice shall never prevail

With independence knocking

On my forbidden door

I learned a new word

Reconciliation