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... Bastion of Knowledge...

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**OFFICE OF THE DEPUTY PRINCIPAL
ACADEMICS, RESEARCH AND STUDENT AFFAIRS**

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS

2021/2022 ACADEMIC YEAR

FOURTH YEAR SECOND SEMESTER REGULAR EXAMINATION

FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF EDUCATION

COURSE CODE: LIT 420

COURSE TITLE: MODERN AFRICAN POETRY

DATE: 6TH JUNE, 2022

TIME: 9.00AM – 12.00PM

INSTRUCTION TO CANDIDATES

- **SEE INSIDE**

THIS PAPER CONSISTS OF SIX PRINTED PAGES

PLEASE TURN OVER

LIT 420: MODERN AFRICAN POETRY

STREAM: BED (Arts)

DURATION: 3 Hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- i. Answer Question **ONE** and any other **TWO** questions.
- ii. Do not write on the question paper.
- iii. Avoid using the same text to answer more than one question

Question One

- a. Explain what would be considered as Modern African Poetry. (3Marks)
- b. In the criticism of Modern African Poetry, there are three categories of ideology which are crucial. Explain these ideologies. (9 Marks)
- c. Discuss the African experiences that have helped shape the thematic and stylistic trends in Modern African Poetry under the following: (18 Marks)
 - i. Negritude poetry
 - ii. Lusophone poetry
 - iii. Anglophone poetry

Question Two

Read the poem below and analyze the poet's presentation of negritudism

AFRICA BY David Diop

Africa my Africa

Africa of proud warriors in ancestral savannahs

Africa of whom my grandmother sings

On the banks of the distant river

I have never known you

But your blood flows in my veins

Your beautiful black blood that irrigates the fields

The blood of your sweat

The sweat of your slavery

Africa, tell me Africa

Is this your back that is unbent

This back that never breaks under the weight of humiliation

The back trembling with red scars

And saying no to the whip under the midday sun

But a grave voice answers me

Impetuous child that tree, young and strong

That tree over there

Splendidly alone midst white and faded flowers

That is your Africa springing up a new

Springing up patiently, obstinately

Whose fruit bit by bit acquires

The bitter taste of liberty

Question Three

'Lusophone poets are concerned with depicting the struggle of black people in concrete terms rather than abstract'. To justify this statement, read the following poem *Black Mother* by Virato da Cruz and analyze the poet's presentation of the struggle of black people. (20 Marks)

BLACK MOTHER

Your presence, mother, is the living drama of a race

Drama of flesh and blood

Which life has written with the pen of centuries...

Through your eyes, mother

I see oceans of grief

Lit by setting sun, landscapes,
Violet landscapes
Dramas of Cain and Japheth
But I see as well (oh if I see)
I see as well how the light robbed from your eyes now glows

Demoniacal temptress – like certainty
Glittering steadily – like Hope in us,
Your other sons making, forming, announcing
The day of humanity
THE DAY OF HUMANITY

Question Four

Identify and explain the images and symbols used by Wole Soyinka in the poem below to bring out social cultural issues that affect Africans:

TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

The price seemed reasonable, location
Indifferent. The landlady swore she lived
Off premises. Nothing remained
But self-confession. "Madam," I warned,
"I hate a wasted journey--I am African."
Silence. Silenced transmission of
Pressurized good-breeding. Voice, when it came,
Lipstick coated, long gold-rolled
Cigarette-holder pipped. Caught I was foully.
"HOW DARK?" . . . I had not misheard . . . "ARE YOU LIGHT
OR VERY DARK?" Button B, Button A.* Stench
Of rancid breath of public hide-and-speak.
Red booth. Red pillar box. Red double-tiered
Omnibus squelching tar. It *was* real! Shamed
By ill-mannered silence, surrender
Pushed dumbfounded to beg simplification.
Considerate she was, varying the emphasis--
"ARE YOU DARK? OR VERY LIGHT?" Revelation came.
"You mean--like plain or milk chocolate?"

Her assent was clinical, crushing in its light
Impersonality. Rapidly, wave-length adjusted,
I chose. "West African sepia"--and as afterthought,
"Down in my passport." Silence for spectroscopic
Flight of fancy, till truthfulness clanged her accent
Hard on the mouthpiece. "WHAT'S THAT?" conceding
"DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS." "Like brunette."
"THAT'S DARK, ISN'T IT?" "Not altogether.
Facially, I am brunette, but, madam, you should see
The rest of me. Palm of my hand, soles of my feet
Are a peroxide blond. Friction, caused--
Foolishly, madam--by sitting down, has turned
My bottom raven black--One moment, madam!"--sensing
Her receiver rearing on the thunderclap
About my ears--"Madam," I pleaded, "wouldn't you rather
See for yourself?"

Question Five

Read the poem below and explore the poet's depiction of the social political upheavals that have engulfed the post modern African nations. (20 Marks)

LOVE LETTER TO MUSEVENI BY STELLA NYANZI

Let's make love, Son of Kaguta, not rape!

Take off your K95 facial mask; I was tested two nights ago for Corona at your exclusive expensive laboratories.

Kiss me tenderly with your lying lips dripping fast with empty promises that impress the gullible.

Blow between my big breasts your warm breath that smells as foul as the choking tear gas unleashed freely upon enthusiastic opposition actors.

Aaaaaayyyyyiiiiiii, Son of Kaguta, your bed of lovemaking is as cosy as a bloody battlefield.

Gently massage me with clean bank notes plundered out of money to fight COVID19.

I am tired of old bank notes stolen from older vaccines, valley dams and other what-what-nots.

Finger me with your chubby digits that press computer keys unlocking Israeli algorithms for rigging the coming presidential election.

Turn me on with gruesome stories of your torture chambers pseudonymed “safe houses” in which detained Ugandans rot away.

Mmmmm, rub me softly with gun butts, batons, kibokos, bayonets, grenades and AK47s.

Penetrate me with your military might and ravage me just like you torment Uganda.

Brutalise me as harshly as your SFC brutes brutalised the Parliament of Uganda.

Break me just like you broke the bodies of Betty Nambooze and Francis Zaake, oh Son of Kaguta.

Instead of shooting to kill innocent citizens,

Give me babies with your octogenarian semen.

Oh yes, my big Daddy-Jajja, secure my future

With huge holes torn into the constitution.

Aaaaaaaah, there’s no other love like your love, oh mighty Son of Kaguta!

Wipe the kisses off my pouting lips with your underwear made from the national flag drenched in blood - fresh and old.

Open your stuffy bedroom to let out the scent of rotting corpses of rioters shot with bullets as they repeatedly chanted “People Power!”

That scent of traumatised Uganda mixes badly with smells of our sex, oh Son of Kaguta.