

UNIVERSITY OF SWAZILAND
FINAL EXAMINATIONS 2009/10

COURSE CODE: ENG 206 / IDE-ENG 206
COURSE TITLE: A STUDY OF POETRY

INSTRUCTIONS:

1. Answer **Question One**, and one other question.
2. Good expression and adherence to literary conventions will be rewarded and the reverse will be penalised.
3. All questions carry equal marks.
4. This paper contains 8 pages, cover page included.

**THIS PAPER SHOULD NOT BE OPENED UNTIL
PERMISSION HAS BEEN GIVEN BY THE INVIGILATOR**

Question one

Use the poems below to discuss everything you know about the sonnet form. [30]

1. "If We Must Die"

If we must die, let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursed lot.
If we must die, O let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not be shed
In vain; then even the monsters we defy
Shall be constrained to honor us though dead!
O kinsmen! We must meet the common foe!
Though far outnumbered let us show us brave,
And for their thousand blows deal one deathblow!
What though before us lies the open grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

2. "How Do I Love Thee?"

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, -I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! -and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

3. "Sonnet 71"

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly silent bell

Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
Oh, if I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

4. "Sonnet 79"

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye dayly such doe see:
But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much more prayisd of me.
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
Shall turne to nought and loose that glorious hew:
But onely that is permanent and free
From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew.
That is true beautie: that doth argue you
To be divine and borne of heavenly seed:
Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom al true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed.
He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath made:
All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.

Question Two

- a) Using the poem below for illustration, discuss everything you know about a dramatic monologue. [20]
- b) Cite and discuss three aspects of form used in the poem. [10]

"Telephone Conversation" Wole Soyinka

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 dumbfoundment 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 Three

Read the poem below and do the following:

- a) Briefly respond to the situation presented by the poem. [8]
- b) Make an in-depth critical appreciation of language use. [15]
- c) Respond to the main features of the poem's form. [7]

“Karachi” Taufiq Rafat

The screaming wind transplants the soil
 Particle by particle. The roar of the sun
 Is silenced by distance, but its muscular rays
 Crack the most stubborn rock like a nut.
 And, yes, the sea: biting into the beach head
 With an ancient rasping sound. All the forces

Of nature crowding man off his perch
So that the land can return to its ways.

In this city of scarce sweet water and little rain
Each man protects his rood of greenery
With panicked care. The municipality ploughs
The heart of the road for strip of grass
And jealously counts its trees on week-days.
The bald sparrow scrounges in the dust-bin;
Only the spendthrift *gul-mohur* spills its gold
In the pitiful spring that time allows.
We wear our features to suit the landscape;
And malice moves like a rainless cloud
Over the brown cliffs of the teeth.
From opposite the terminus I stare
At the commuters storming the gates, and see
Where the roof bulges the effeminate rise
Of a dune, and where the lamp-post stands
The arms of the cactus lifted in prayer.

Question Four

- a) Read the two poems below and indicate their subgenre(s). [4]
b) Support your classification by citing and discussing their respective characteristics.
[26]

1.

When he was here,
We planned each tomorrow
With him in mind
For we saw no parting
Looming beyond the horizon.

When he was here,
We joked and laughed together
And no fleeting shadow of a ghost
Ever crossed our paths.

Day by day we lived
On this side of the mist
And there was never a sign
That his hours were running fast.

When he was gone,

Through glazed eyes we searched
Beyond the mist and the shadows
For we couldn't believe he was nowhere:
We couldn't believe he was dead.

2.

The king sits in Dumferling toun,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,
And signed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has done this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se?!"

Mak hast, mak hast, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne:"
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,

Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for their ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.