



KENYATTA UNIVERSITY

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS 2016/2017

THIRD SEMESTER EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS

ALT 302: POETRY

DATE: Friday 21st July 2017

TIME: 8.00a.m-10.00a.m

INSTRUCTIONS:

ANSWER THREE QUESTIONS. QUESTION ONE IS COMPULSORY

1. Attempt a definition of poetry in your own words, and then comment on the nature and characteristics of this genre. Use illustrations from at least two poems studied in this course (but not the poems on this paper) (26 marks)
2. Explicate the following (22 marks)

I Shall Return - Claude McKay

I shall return again; I shall return
To laugh and love and watch with wonder-eyes
At golden noon the forest fires burn,
Wafting their blue-black smoke to sapphire skies.
I shall return to loiter by the streams
That bathe the brown blades of the bending grasses,
And realize once more my thousand dreams
Of waters rushing down the mountain passes.
I shall return to hear the fiddle and fife
Of village dances, dear delicious tunes
That stir the hidden depths of native life,
Stray melodies of dim remembered runes.
I shall return, I shall return again,
To ease my mind of long, long years of pain.

3. Poetry exists in both oral and written forms. Discuss how the forms are both similar and different. Use relevant examples. (22 marks)

4. Read the following poem, and then comment on how elements of form and content combine to make meaning. (22 marks)

"You left us in tatters, without shoes or socks,
Tired of digging potatoes, and spading up docks;
And now you've gay bracelets and bright feathers three!"-
"Yes: that's how we dress when we're ruined," said she.

"At home in the barton you said thee' and thou.'
And thik oon,' and theas oon,' and t'other'; but now
Your talking quite fits 'ee for high compa-ny!"-
"Some polish is gained with one's ruin," said she.

"Your hands were like paws then, your face blue and bleak
But now I'm bewitched by your delicate cheek,
And your little gloves fit as on any la-dy!"-
"We never do work when we're ruined," said she.

"You used to call home-life a hag-ridden dream,
And you'd sigh, and you'd sock; but at present you seem
To know not of megrims or melancho-ly!"-
"True. One's pretty lively when ruined," said she.

"I wish I had feathers, a fine sweeping gown,
And a delicate face, and could strut about Town!"-
"My dear - a raw country girl, such as you be,
Cannot quite expect that. You ain't ruined," said she

5. Good music is poetic, just as good poetry is musical. Select your favourite song, and then discuss the features that make it to fit in the genre of poetry. (22 marks)