



**JARAMOGI OGINGA ODINGA UNIVERSITY OF SCIENCE
& TECHNOLOGY UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS 2012/2013**

**2ND YEAR 2ND SEMESTER EXAMINATION FOR THE
DEGREE IN BACHELOR IN EDUCATION (SPECIAL NEEDS)**

(MAIN - SCHOOL BASED)

COURSE CODE: ALI 203

COURSE TITLE: POETRY IN EAST AFRICA

DATE: 31/8/13

TIME: 9.00 – 11.00AM

DURATION: 2 HOURS

INSTRUCTIONS

- 1. This paper contains five (5) questions.**
- 2. Answer question 1 (compulsory) and any TWO other questions.**
- 3. Familiarize yourself with the instructions given on your booklet.**
- 4. Credit will be given to students who use examples other than those discussed in class.**
- 5. A lot of importance is attached to accuracy of grammar and clarity of expression.**

1. The oral tradition is a central paradigm to which the East African poet keeps drawing from.
Based on the poems studied in this course, react to the assertion above. (30 Marks)

2. React to the sentiment that, Richard Mabala's poetry depicts him as a moralist. (20 marks)

3. Cite at least **two** poets from the region whose works testify to the claim that East African poetry is riddled with Historical overtones. (20 Marks)

4. With ample illustrations, examine how Okot p'Bitek utilizes satire to reinforce the main message in his artistic work: **Song of Lawino and Ocol**. (20 Marks)

5. Read David Rubadiri's **An African Thunderstorm**, here attached; and examine its content and form. (20 marks)

From the west
 Clouds come hurrying with the wind
 Turning
 Sharply
 Here and there
 Whirling
 Like a plague of locusts
 Tossing up things on its tail
 Like a madman chasing nothing.

Pregnant clouds
 Ride stately on its back
 Gathering to perch on hills
 Like dark sinister wings;
 The wind whistles by
 And trees bend to let it pass.

In the village
 Screams of delighted children
 Toss and turn
 In the din of the whirling wind,
 Women-
 Babies clinging on their backs –
 Dart about
 In and out
 Madly
 The wind whistles by
 Whilst trees bend to let it pass.

Clothes wave like tattered flags
Flying off
To expose dangling breasts
As jagged blinding flashes
Rumble, tremble, and crack
Amidst the smell of fired smoke
And the pelting march of the storm.