



**MACHAKOS UNIVERSITY**  
University Examinations for 2020/2021 Academic Year  
**SCHOOL OF HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES**  
**DEPARTMENT OF LINGUISTICS AND LANGUAGES**  
**SECOND YEAR FIRST SEMESTER EXAMINATION FOR**  
**BACHELOR OF EDUCATION**  
**BACHELOR OF ARTS**  
**ALT 201: EAST AFRICAN POETRY AND DRAMA**

**DATE: 13/8/2021**

**TIME: 11.00-1.00 PM**

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**INSTRUCTIONS:**

**Answer question one and any other two questions**

**QUESTION ONE (COMPULSORY) (30 MARKS)**

- a) Define poetry as you show its significance in society. (5 marks)
- b) Define drama as you show its significance in society. (5 marks)
- c) Provide an in-depth analysis of the poems of Jared Angira and John S. Mbiti in *Poems from East Africa*. (20 marks)

**QUESTION TWO (20 MARKS)**

Engage with Francis Imbuga's thematic concerns in *Betrayal in the City* and *Man of Kafira*.

**QUESTION THREE (20 MARKS)**

Analyse stylistic devices used in Francis Imbuga's *Aminata* and *The Return of Mgofu*.

**QUESTION FOUR (20 MARKS)**

Discuss the uses of play within a play in John Ruganda's *The Burdens* and *Shreds of Tenderness*.

**QUESTION FIVE (20 MARKS)**

Examine John Ruganda's critique of Africa's situations in *Black Mamba*, *Echoes of Silence*, and *The Floods*.

## **No Coffin, No Grave**

By Jared Angira

He was buried without a coffin  
without a grave  
the scavengers performed the post-mortem  
in the open mortuary  
without sterilized knives  
in front of the nightclub

stuttering rifles staged  
the gun salute of the day  
that was a state burial  
the car knelt  
the red plate wept, wrapped itself into its master's blood

his diary revealed to the sea  
the rain anchored there at last  
isn't our flag red, black and white?  
so he wrapped himself well

who could signal yellow  
when we had to leave politics to the experts  
and brood on books  
brood on hunger  
and schoolgirls  
grumble under the black pot  
sleep under torn mosquito net  
and let lice lick our intestines  
the lord of the bar, money speaks madam  
woman magnet, money speaks madam  
we only cover the stinking darkness  
of the cave of our mouths  
and ask our father who is in hell to judge  
the quick and the good

well, his diary, submarine of the Third World War  
showed he wished  
to be buried in a gold-laden coffin  
like a VIP  
under the jacaranda tree beside his palace  
a shelter for his grave  
and much beer for the funeral party

anyway one noisy pupil suggested we bring  
tractors and plough the land.