

**MAKERERE**



**UNIVERSITY**

**COLLEGE OF HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES**

**DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE**

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**18/U/21608/PS**

**POETIC VERSES**

**A PROJECT SUBMITTED TO THE DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE  
IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR  
THE AWARD OF THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF  
ARTS IN ARTS OF MAKERERE UNIVERSITY**

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## DECLARATION

I, Kamugisa Marunga, hereby declare that this project is my original work; I have not plagiarised anybody's work; neither have I hired anybody to produce this work for me.

Name ... Kamugisa Marunga ..... Signature..... [Signature] ..... Date... 30.06.2023 .....

Endorsed by... [Signature] .....

Dr./Prof. Danson Sylvester Kahyana, Project advisor

## **DEDICATION**

To my dearest mom, my guiding star and source of endless love

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

My success in creating this project has been fostered by several people who have assisted me throughout my life and these are worthy of special note here:

Prior to all else, I am most grateful to God for providing me with the gift of writing and the opportunity to create literature.

It gives me great pleasure to thank my honourable project advisor, Prof. Danson Sylvester Kahyana for his helpful advice, oversight, passionate guidance and constant support throughout the semester and creation of my project.

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## **PART I: INTRODUCING THE PROJECT**

### **INTRODUCTION**

Poetic Verses is a creative writing project focused on the poetry genre that aims to explore human experience that is, the emotional and intellectual interactions between individuals and within oneself plus the environment through poetry.

According to Wordsworth in his Lyrical ballads, Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility and this creative project intends to create a collection of poems that reflect on the diverse emotions, experiences, and perspectives that shape our lives.

The collection is organized thematically, creating a cohesive narrative that tells the story of the human journey.

### **BACKGROUND**

Poetic verses is a collection of 30 poems that celebrate the human experience in all its diversity. In this project, a curated collection of 30 poems that embody the essence of literary craftsmanship are presented thus providing an accessible experience for readers through carefully a selected and meticulous organization of themes. The poems explore a range of themes, including love, loss, hope, education and change and are written in a variety of styles and forms.

Accompanying the poems is a note on style designed to inspire and deepen one's understanding of the creative process.

The creation of this project has been for the in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Arts in Arts of Makerere university and it has greatly advanced my career development in terms of skill acquisition and practical experience.

## **PROJECT OBJECTIVES**

- Through poetic verses, I hope to capture the essence of the human experience, to connect with readers on a deep emotional level, and to inspire them to reflect on their own journeys thus creating an enjoyable reading experience for the readers.
- The main outcome of the project will be a collection of poems that can be published as a book or series of articles.
- The aim of the project is to create an educational and meaningful experience for readers, allowing them to gain insight into the topics discussed. By exploring these topics in a poetic manner, readers can gain a deeper understanding of the themes and gain insight into personal and societal issues.
- The collection seeks appeal to people who are looking for poems that capture the depth and complexity of human emotion, that offer new perspectives on familiar themes, and that challenge and inspire them to reflect on their own journeys.
- The project will help develop my writing skills, explore different themes and ideas, and engage with readers in an impactful way as it has provided me with an opportunity to practice self-expression and find creative solutions to difficult problems.

## **JUSTIFICATION OF THE PROJECT**

This project is necessary because through it I get to:

- Improve my writing skills, for example by learning how to effectively express myself through words and accurately convey my message, I develop a sense of self-expression and find creative solutions to difficult problems.



- Explore different themes and ideas, such as nature and life experiences. By reflecting on life and the world around me, it allows me to learn more and share a unique perspective on the new insights into life.
- Engage with readers in an effective way, providing them with a unique and meaningful experience when I create something of value to both myself and my readers.
- Find an outlet to express myself, as well as to move past any mental blockages that are preventing me from expressing myself.

## **SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PROJECT**

- Writing poetry has allowed me to tap into my creativity and express myself in a unique and artistic manner. It has encouraged me to think outside the box, explore different ideas, and convey my emotions and thoughts in a creative way.
- Poetry has enhanced my language skills such as vocabulary, grammar, and syntax. When I write poems, I have to carefully choose words, structure their lines, and consider the rhythm and flow of the verses. This process has helped me improve my command over language and develop a deeper understanding of linguistic nuances.
- Creating poetry has allowed me to share my unique perspectives and voice. By expressing myself through poetry, I gain a sense of accomplishment and validation, which has positively impacted my overall well-being.
- Through studying and writing poems, I have been able to gain exposure to diverse literary works from different times and places. This exposure has fostered cultural appreciation and understanding, broadening my horizons and exposing me to different perspectives and experiences.

## **THE STRUCTURE OF THE PROJECT**

The project is divided into three parts with the first part introducing Poetic Verses. Poetic Verses focuses on thirty poems with different subject matter and themes. The project's objectives, justification and significance have also been discussed in the introduction.

The second part contains thirty poems, organized thematically, creating a cohesive narrative that tells the story of the human journey. The poems explore a range of themes, including love, loss, hope, pain, and joy, and will be written in a variety of styles and forms.

Part three of Poetic Verses concludes the creative writing project with a note on my style where 5 devices deployed in my work have been explained in detail, and how effectively I have used them. I successfully accomplished using poetic devices in my poems such as Imagery, figures of speech and creative language.

## **PART II: THE PROJECT**

### **THEME: HUMANITY**

#### **SONG OF THE LAZY**

As a human, I confess, I'm quite lazy

My bed and couch feel so nice

Why work hard

When I can just lay down and enjoy myself

Some say laziness is bad

But to me, it's like a win-win

I get to relax and unwind

I encourage others to be lazy too

Take a break, it's good for you

Don't let society dictate your pace

And to those who work hard all day

I'm sorry, but I must say

You're missing out on the simple things in life

Like enjoying a sunset

So let's all embrace our inner sloth

And enjoy the things we love the most

Life is too short to be always in a rush

So let's be lazy, and avoid the fuss.

## **SHAKE IT OFF**

The girl on the bus with earbuds

Is lost in the beat,

lost in the space

Between the music

And the world outside

She's swaying to the rhythm, feeling alive

Her body is moving

Her head is bobbing too

As Taylor Swift's voice

sings loud and true

She's got a smile on her face

And in her eyes,

A spark of joy that's hard to disguise

Her feet tap to the beat

She's in her own zone

A world of music

A world of her own

The bus moves forward the scenery flies by

But the child is lost in the music and I in her.

## **BODA BODA**

An evening ride on two wheels of steel,  
Tear through cityscape's endless fields,  
Unknown fears on this bridge I must cross,  
My hands clutched tightly to the one I don't trust  
Rough and poked, the roads I traverse,  
No comfort in sight, only peril and curse.  
The smell of oil, of smoke, and debris,  
An acrid rug for my fragile skin  
I pray we make it home before the hour.  
The full moon watches my evening  
The night is young, the road is long,  
Streaking past, fellow riders I barely see,  
My heart in my throat, I grip him all the more,  
For my safety I trust him less  
My faith and courage carry me on,  
I hope i reach home  
But first, I must survive this nightly drive.

## **I WANT TO BE A HOUSEWIFE**

I long to be a housewife, to tend to hearth and home,

To cook and clean and care for all, no more to roam.

But when I share this dream with those whom I hold dear,

I'm met with scorn and disbelief, and filled with fear.

They ask, "What of your education, what was it for?"

To just sit at home and not strive for more?"

They say I'm throwing away my chance to be free,

That I'm wasting my potential, it's just not meant to be.

But what they fail to understand is the joy it brings,

To create a haven for my family, to spread my wings.

To nurture and love and cherish, with all my might,

To make a home that's warm and cozy, a shining light.

My education was not just for a job or career,

It was for personal growth, to become more clear.

To learn and grow and develop, to expand my mind,

To become the best version of myself, one of a kind.

So please don't judge me for my choice, it's what I desire,

To be a housewife, to light the fire.

To create a world that's filled with love and care,

And show the world that being a housewife is truly rare.

My education may not be used in the traditional way,

But the skills I learned will serve me every day.

I'll be organized, efficient, and able to multi-task,

And make my home a place where love and happiness last.

So let me be a housewife, let me do what I love,  
And I'll show you that being a housewife is enough.  
It's a noble calling, one that's often overlooked,  
But I'll make it shine, in every nook.

## **MY FRIEND**

I trusted you, my friend, my confidant,  
But in one moment, that trust was shattered,  
As you crossed a line that should never be crossed,  
A line that divides safety and violation.  
I remember the fear, the shock, the pain,  
As your hands roamed where they had no right to go,  
And your breath, hot and heavy, filled my ear,  
With whispered promises of pleasure and desire.  
But what of my choice?  
Was it not my body to give or withhold as I saw fit?  
Did you think that my silence meant consent,  
When all it really meant was a desperate hope for escape?  
Now, I am left to pick up the pieces,  
Of a self that feels violated and broken,  
And a trust that may never be fully restored,  
As I grapple with the trauma of your violation.  
But know this, my friend, my abuser,  
Your actions do not define me,  
And though you may have taken something from me,  
You can never take away my strength and resilience.



## QUEEN OF LUBYA

Upon the hill, a vision rare,  
A beauty graced with heavenly flair,  
In her palace, she dwells supreme,  
African princess.  
When she appears, all are in awe,  
Mesmerized by her grace, in complete thrall,  
Each person strives to win her heart,  
But her charm spreads beyond any art.  
A jolly good fellow, she charms the young,  
Innocence and kindness from her lips,  
The children flock around her feet,  
A radiant beauty, humble and sweet.  
Her face, a canvas of gentle grace,  
With eyes like pools of amber and lace,  
Her dark skin, a shimmering sheen,  
A picturesque sight, like an African queen.  
Lips so full, they beguile with a tender plea,  
A smile that lights up the world with glee,  
Her spirit pure, without a trace of malice,  
In her heart, love and kindness reign with bliss.  
Protected by her kin, strong and bold,  
She stands tall, a story to be told,  
And though many may seek her hand,  
Her spirit stands unbreakable, a true wonderland.

Oh, how I long to see her more,  
This beauty on the hill I adore,  
The light that shines upon us all,  
A beacon of hope that will never fall.  
Her presence brings joy to the land,  
Her kindness felt by every hand,  
And though her visits are rare and few,  
Her radiance lingers like the morning dew.

So here's to the princess on the hill,  
Whose beauty shines with a gentle thrill,  
May her grace spread like a fragrant rose,  
And her spirit shine forever in the hearts she glows.

## **MORNING DUE**

In slumber's grasp, I lie still and deep,  
Lost in the world of dreams,  
A realm of wonder, free from life's strife,  
Where all is possible  
But suddenly, a sound pierces the veil,  
An alarm's tune, so jarring  
At first, I question what it could be,  
A figment of my dreams' reality?  
Yet as the noise persists, I come to realize,  
It's my phone, ringing out its wakeup cries,  
The dream world fades, replaced by harsh light,  
As reality beckons, with all its force  
Groggily, I reach for my phone's glowing screen,  
To silence the sound that shattered my dream,  
I rub my eyes, trying to comprehend  
Of what just happened, in my mind's defense.  
The dream I had, so vivid and clear,  
Now fades away, replaced by reality's smirk.  
A part of me wishes, the dream could have stayed.

## **BITE**

Oh sweet succulent mango, so ripe and divine.

The flavors that burst in my mouth divine.

The tartness that tickles my taste buds so fine.

It's a pleasure that's worth more than any wine.

A juicy delight, inside and out.

The firm flesh that's both sweet and stout.

Vibrant colors so rich with no doubt.

A feast for the eyes and the mouth.

Your aroma draws me in to the core.

Your juices ooze and glisten galore.

I savor each and every morsel more.

You bring me such pleasure, I can't ignore.

So I sit here and bask in your beauty divine.

## **GOOD MORNING BEAUTIFUL**

Good morning, fair maiden.

Art thou ready to once again

grace thine eyes of these mortal creatures?

To cause their necks to ache as they turn

to satisfy their gaze upon thee,

creating a moment of wonder and awe?

And for thy fellow maidens,

to arouse envy and

a desire to emulate thy beauty,

giving birth to curiosity and wonderment?

Who hath fashioned thee in such a manner,

and are there more beauties to be found?

But beware,

for in attracting such attention,

thou may also become prey to the predators

who lurk in the shadows,

seeking to possess thy preciousness.

Art thou prepared to face the challenges

that come with being who thou art?

## **MR. MAN**

Oh, Mr. Man,

You covet the fruit of another's labor,

A house you wish to claim

Without toiling a single day.

A home built with sweat and toil,

Each brick laid with care,

Colored with paint,

furnished with love,

And yet you desire it for free!

My body, my house, my temple,

A sacred space for my soul to dwell,

Not yours to claim, not yours to take,

For it's a price you can never make.

For every corner tells a story,

A tale of hard work, passion, and glory,

And to give it away would be a sin,

For it's a part of me, a part of my kin.

So, Mr. Man, take heed and understand,

That what you seek is not in your hand,

For the things we possess are more than just objects,

They are a reflection of our hard work and our prospects.

So build your own house, with your own sweat,

And let it be a reminder, of what you can achieve,  
without any regret.

## **A VISION OF PERFECTION**

The morning sun casts its light  
Upon the face of a beauty so bright  
She stands before the mirror  
Admiring her beauty so clear.

Her eyes sparkle like stars in the night.  
Her lips are as red as a rose in full bloom.  
Her skin is as smooth as silk.  
Her hair is like a river of oil.

She looks at her reflection with admiration.  
For she knows she is a sight to behold.  
She smiles at her beauty.  
For she knows she is a goddess of grace.  
She is a vision of perfection.  
A sight to behold in the morning light.  
She is a beauty so divine,  
A sight that will take your breath away.



## **THEME: CHANGE**

### **PREGNANT**

Nausea, cravings and a growing belly,

I dread the thought of being pregnant already.

Unbearable stress and fear in tow,

The dreaded feeling I can't seem to shake or let go.

My body aches and my mind is weary,

Perhaps this pregnancy will never make me cheery.

My emotions run wild within me,

As I realize this pregnancy will not be a simple journey.

My baby's growing, with each passing day,

Bringing along a lot of feelings of dismay.

My clothes are tight and my feet are swollen,

How I survive this, I just don't know.

## **THE GREEN**

Yesterday a rich man cleared a whole forest to build a mall,  
The trees that stood so tall, now nowhere to be seen at all.  
The earth, once lush and green, now barren and bare,  
The air, once fresh and clean, now filled with a toxic air.  
The animals that called it home, now wander lost and scared,  
Their habitat destroyed, all because the rich man dared.  
He saw the land as his to take, to do with as he pleased,  
Never thinking of the consequences, or the damage he'd release.

Yesterday my neighbor cut her trees for firewood,  
The ones that once provided shade, now all gone for good.  
The birds that sang so sweetly, now nowhere to be found,  
The insects that buzzed about, no longer make a sound.  
The land, once teeming with life, now a lifeless shell,  
All because my neighbor couldn't resist the urge to sell.  
She saw the trees as a resource, to be used and consumed,  
Never thinking of the future, or the damage that would loom.

## **RING, RING**

I am a smartphone

Enclosed in a cool hard casing

with a shiny screen

i click and beep with a simple swipe

flashing and whirring a digital life

my face layered so deep

reaching the depths of the digital seas

for i run smooth and swift

and open to a world of gifts

bought and brought into the light

a servant to my master

wherever she went, i went

But then she was careless

and my screen cracked on the school floors

my future looking bleak

my life tragically hacked

my battery ran low, my connection and loading slow.

For the right reasons she had me at first,

But i was used for wrong in more than the worst

a fate already arranged, causing me sorrow and woe

so here i lay, discarded,

my life forever still

waiting for someone else to feel my thrill.

## **A WEIGHT I CANNOT BEAR**

A secret I guard with all my might,

A truth deep within that I cannot fight.

My belly is growing and nausea plagues me,

But I'll never tell of my agony.

Every night I weep until I sleep,

Puffiness befouling the morning deep.

My future prospects now seem dim,

And I fear what my loved ones will think instead.

My life is spiraling out of control,

My foolish mistake has taken its toll.

My single mother knows not a thing,

Because the burden of the truth I carry.

The chatter of the village speaks of my altered look and air,

Though my baggy clothes may keep them

From guessing the secret that's brewing inside.

My dreams of a future have all gone awry,

As to my fate, I'm no longer sure why.

Regretful thoughts of ending this life,

Or perhaps the baby's, fill me with fright.

My focus is slowly ebbing away,  
The fear of being found out is here to stay.  
In a dilemma, I find myself entrapped,  
Wishing for help, though few ever lend a hand.

Though my life may have taken a turn for the worse,  
I must keep going; there are still paths to traverse.  
I'll remember this time and accept this fate.

## **THE UNFATHOMABLE CHOICE**

I stand here, uncertain, thoughts in a swirl,  
A journey of reckoning, my heart in a whirl.  
My choices so hard, the path of my fate,  
To take life or to deny? It's my will to create.

A week pregnant with a child, so young and unseen,  
A future so unknown, it is a choice so keen.  
Do I bravely endure, a lifetime of strife?  
Do I eliminate it now, from this life?

Torn by emotions and struggles that I face,  
I must decide to sustain or to erase.  
The world parts before me, as I go to speak,  
My decision for myself loud and unique.  
Am I brave enough to look forward, and choose a life's course?  
Or do I reject my future, and step back from this remorse?

Though my fears rise and ebb, and I shake with doubt,  
The courage to choose my own future allows me to shout.  
I choose myself, to live in my own way,  
And move past this moment, with courage and grace.

## **THEME: HOPE**

### **THE DEAD ARE NOT DEAD**

I've heard stories of a place beyond this life,  
A realm of light and love that beckons us home,  
Where the souls of the departed find rest and peace,  
And the burdens of this world are left behind.  
They say it's a place of beauty and wonder,  
Where every tear is wiped away,  
And the pain and sorrow of this life  
Are swallowed up in an ocean of grace.  
I've heard of loved ones reunited,  
Of embraces and laughter and joy,  
Of a reunion that transcends time and space,  
And a love that endures beyond the grave.  
And though I cannot see beyond this veil,  
Or know what lies ahead, I find comfort in the thought of a place  
Where the dead are not truly dead.

For in my heart, I feel a stirring,  
A longing for a home beyond this world,  
Where the love that binds us in this life  
Will never be broken or unfurled.  
And in my grief for those I've lost,  
I hold fast to the hope of that place,  
Where the arms of a loved one named Job

Will embrace me once again with grace.  
Though the pain of his absence lingers still,  
I know that he is not truly gone,  
But waits for me in that wondrous place,  
Where the dead are not truly dead, but alive.



## **STANDING FOR LIBERTY**

The sun sets on a continent of strife,  
A people's history of pain and rife.  
The land was once so rich and free,  
But now it's been taken by the sea.

The colonizers came with guns and greed  
To take the land and all its needs.  
They took the people and their rights  
and left them with nothing but their plight.

The people were left with nothing but pain  
And a future that looks so very plain  
But still they fought for their freedom  
and refused to be ruled by the colonizers' kingdom.

The sun sets on a continent of strife  
But the people still fight for their life.  
Their courage and strength will never die  
and they will continue to fight  
For their right to be free.

## THEME: EDUCATION

**SK**

Sweet and sour, she greeted us on the first day

Unaware of her expectations, we took our seats in dismay

Susan Kiguli, we learn is her name

Always offering aid, she never misses a day

Nevertheless, her strict and firm ways are apparent

Kind and caring, she pushes us to our fullest potential

Insightful stories, she tells with joy and ease

Giving us a glimpse of life beyond our wildest dreams

Unyielding in her standards

Like a mother figure, she nurtures us with care and attention

Inspiring us to be better, with each lesson and mention

## **WEWE WEWE**

Wewe wewe!

We gather here as warriors

Fighting for what's rightfully ours

The system has wronged us, time and time again

But we rise up, united and strong

To all the students who stand with me I see your pain, I hear your cries

For too long we've suffered in silence

But today we make our voices heard

Think of Samuel, barred from sitting exams

Simply because his dues were not paid

Think of Fatima, suspended indefinitely

For speaking up against the wrongs she faced

Ruth, denied her right to education,

Robert, expelled for expressing his frustration

Let's fight for our brothers and sisters,

Who have been wronged by a system that's sinister.

Who are denied their rights, because of unpaid dues,

Who face unjust punishment, for daring to speak the truth.

But it's not just about them It's about all of us, and our future

We deserve a better Makerere

With fair treatment and equal opportunity

So let us strike, let us show our power

Let us fight for a better tomorrow

A university where we can thrive  
Not one that chokes us with its rules and lies  
And let us not forget our brothers and sisters  
Wrongfully arrested for speaking their minds  
Think of Jackson and Winnie, behind bars  
For simply demanding what's right  
So let us stand tall, with heads held high  
As we march towards our destiny  
The sun may set, but we march on  
With a fire in our souls, that can't be gone.  
Till justice is served,  
wewe, wewe!

## **THE PAPER**

The air is heavy, thick with anticipation,  
As we all await our fate with trepidation.  
As I touch the paper, it's a crisp, clean scent,  
A smell of new beginnings, but also torment.  
A single paper cut, a new wound to bear,  
Adding to my stress, like a tangled affair.  
My heart beats faster, like a drum in my chest,  
As I take in the paper, like a momentous quest.  
My hands tremble, like a leaf in a gust of wind,  
As I turn the paper over, my mind begins to spin.  
The questions before me, like a labyrinth of doubt,  
My confidence, like a candle flickering out  
The smell of ink, like a potent spell,  
As I delve into the questions, like a ringing bell.  
The world around me fades, like a distant dream,  
As I focus on the task, like a flowing stream.  
The answers come, like a jigsaw solved,  
As I work through the test, with a resolve evolved.  
And when it's over, and the paper is done,  
I feel a sense of pride, like a battle won.

## **THEME: LOVE**

### **AKIIKI KAKIKURA MAHANGA**

Akiiki kakikura mahanga

Mali mali Akiiki ohindukire

Wanyetaga Atwooki omugole waawe

Akasura banyunyakawe

Owekibunu kyekisabu waawe

Wampiimbaga habibero byawe

Ondiisa endyaga, Onywesa amacunda

Baitu sahazinu nonyeta iwe

Mali mali nonyisaniza nkowataine ibara

Amabara gange habwaki ogeberwe

Mukasumi akataito kati

Ninyowe Komukyeya Katalina

Owakasaru kampanga niho owaitu wanyihire

Akiiki kakikura mahanga

Okandeta mumaka munu

Okakandagaza kumpa obusiinge

Obusinge mbuserwire omunju munu tinkuburora

Akiiki kakikura mahanga

Tokyali muntu oli owunkaba ninyetegereza

Owunatahire omunju munu nawe

Ohindikire mubikorwabyawe

Nomubigambo byawe

Akiiki kakikura mahanga

Caali ngambira

habwaki ohindikire

Akiiki nkakukoraki

Ekikuhikize aho boojo omugonzebwa wange

Akiiki mali nokikura amahanga baitu

Olemere kukikura engozi zaitu

Ezitukaba twine

## **LOUD LOVE: A JOYFUL MELODY**

A joyful crowd pounding the ground with a sound.

Hear their laughter and chatter.

It rings out like a drum.

Full of joy and glee,

They play a happy game

They hoot and roar a cheer.

Their spirits touching the atmosphere.

Their laughter is a symphony that echoes in the air.

It's a reminder of hope that we all can share.

The sun is their witness as they play in the dust.

Their innocence, a beautiful treat.

They are carefree as they run and shout.

Their faces are aglow with a brilliant light.

The joy of life in their eyes twinkles in the twilight sky.

Little ones, they share so full of mirth

With a song in the air to come to birth

A beautiful melody they all know

The tinkle tinkle of the flow.

Nothing can break their bond so strong

For their love is their song

Together they relish the bliss of life.

Life, still sweet.



## THEME: NATURE

### SUNSET

As I walk home from school, tired and spent,  
I pause at the road, and my heart is content.  
The sun sets in the distance, a work of art,  
And I am captivated by its beauty, it's just the start.  
The sky is ablaze with hues of orange and red,  
A sight that fills me with peace, makes me forget  
The worries of the day, the struggles I faced,  
As I stand here in awe, feeling embraced.  
The air is cool, crisp, and calm,  
I inhale deeply, and it feels like a balm.  
The scent of the evening, the breeze in my face,  
All these sensory experiences in this beautiful place.  
As the sun sets lower, the colors deepen,  
The sky's canvas transformed, it's a reason to believe in.  
The clouds form patterns, a work of art,  
An ever-changing masterpiece, close to my heart.  
The birds sing their final song for the day,  
A sweet melody that calms my mind in every way.  
The world begins to quiet down, a hush takes over,  
And I am left standing here, in this beautiful closure.  
The sun disappears, but the colors remain,  
The sky a beautiful canvas, free of all pain.  
And as I turn to walk back home,

I carry with me this beautiful moment, this unforgettable tome.

For the sun setting in the distance,

Reminds me of the beauty in existence.

And in this moment, I find peace,

A moment of beauty that will never cease.

## **SUNRISE**

As the morning sun rises from the east  
Its golden rays paint the sky with feast  
I breathe in deeply, the scent of the dawn,  
And I am filled with hope, my spirit reborn.  
The colors of the sky, a work of art,  
A symphony of hues, it touches my heart.  
From deep blue to orange and gold,  
It's a sight that never gets old.  
The morning breeze, gentle and cool,  
A moment of calm, a welcome fuel.  
I close my eyes and take it in,  
This moment of beauty, free of sin.  
The birds join in, singing their song,  
Their sweet melodies, a pleasure so strong.  
The world awakens, comes alive,  
And I am grateful to be part of this drive.  
As the sun rises higher, the air heats up,  
A new day begins, a chance to fill my cup.  
The world is full of possibilities, it's a fact,  
And this sunrise, reminds me of that.  
Oh, the beauty of the sunrise, it's true,  
It fills me with joy, it's a feeling so new.  
And as I face the day, with hope and grace,  
I carry with me, this moment, this beautiful embrace.

## **MAKE UP**

As the sun descends

Its warm light touches my face.

It paints my skin with hues so fine,

The crimson, orange, and gold,

A palette of colors

They blend and mix with such precision,

To enhance my features.

The warm light of the sunset, a brush so light,

Highlighting my face,

It brings out the contours of my cheeks,

And the twinkle in my eyes.

The sunset's light, like a veil so sheer,

Elevates my soul,

It makes me feel like a work of art

A masterpiece painted.

As the day comes to a close,

It leaves me feeling simply sublime.

## **CHILD OF VICTORIA**

From the womb of Victoria

Siphoned a snake so long

It touched the sky.

With outreached arms

Streams soaked the northeast

And kissed her horn

A fly upon nature's trousers

Bleeding hues of blue and white

With a gleam that rushed with the sun

Gushed with the moon and stars

And burst at the seams with life and death.

It grew like the lotus flower

blooming season after season

after season after season

after season and never withering

but pouring healing onto nations,

They witness her power and

tear her flow.

It rises in Uganda, a gentle stream,

And with each passing mile, it grows to extremes.

Weaving through the lands, a tale of unity.

It roars through South Sudan and Sudan,

Nurturing the land, like a loving hand.

Through Egypt, it flows on a breeze

A source of wonder, beyond all measure.

With waves that wash away

The pains of oppression.

Leaving a scar with a history and a future.

## **THEME: IDENTITY**

### **SHE WANTS TO BE WHITE**

Oh sweet African girl,  
why must you feel such shame  
Your beauty is in your skin,  
The darkness that adorns you is not a cause for dismay  
It should be worn with pride.

Your eyes so bright yet filled with sorrow,  
from the endless pain  
A truth so hard to understand, you can't change  
the color of your life  
Being black in this world, has its burdens  
But despite all of that, you still find moments of relief

Though you feel alone,  
you are never truly forsaken  
You were born of courage,  
strength and resilience  
To believe that white is better than black  
And while beauty standards may try to discourage you  
Stand against the tide, your identity is sound  
Your beauty is beyond this world's understanding  
You'll never be something you're not and that is hard  
So wear your color with pride,

Your dark skin does not define you,  
but it sure sets you apart  
So keep your chin up high,  
Take your rightful place in the world,  
and let no one tell you no  
Your beauty is a shining light,  
Your beauty is yours to keep  
and is never a thing to replace.



## **LEAVE ME ALONE**

I am an introverted girl,  
with thoughts so deep  
In solitude, my soul begins to leap  
A world of chaos, I often find  
Solitude, my only kind  
Amidst the crowds, I feel so small  
To escape it all, I yearn to crawl  
Small talk and chatters, make me go blank  
I'm just more comfortable, when I'm not bold, to be frank  
Some might say, I'm rude or cold  
But I'm just observing, tales untold  
My mind's a wonderland, full of mystery in the realm of my thoughts,  
I find my own history  
Extroverts, with their gregarious ways,  
Try to coax me out, from my introverted maze,  
To make me someone else, is their intent,  
But my essence, I'll always represent.  
But being an introvert has its own charm in silence,  
I seek and find my calm I notice the details, that others may miss  
And in solitude, I find true bliss  
Don't worry about me, I'm not lonely  
In my solitude, I find my one and only  
I'll speak up, when I have something to say in my own way,  
I'll pave my own way.

My mind's a sanctuary, a world of its own,  
Where I'm free to roam, and let my thoughts be sown,  
In silence, I find my solace,  
A realm of my own, where my heart finds its balance.  
But extroverts can't comprehend, the world of my own,  
Where I find peace, when I'm alone,  
In their eagerness to help me grow,  
They fail to see, what I already know.  
I may not speak much, or be the life of the party,  
But my soul's alive, with a fire that's hearty,  
I'll join in, when I'm ready to play,  
In my own time, in my own way.  
So don't try to change me, or make me someone else,  
I'll live life on my terms, and write my own self,  
For in the end, it's my journey to take,  
And I'll take it, being my true self, no mistake.

## **EVE**

Her body, a sacred temple of the Holy Ghost,  
Portioned to reflect His Holiness,  
To receive in abundance His favour.  
A crown rests upon her head,  
A symbol of her faith, beaming with glory  
Down to her core, unveiled fruits of the Spirit thrive,  
Manifesting their ripeness sharper than  
A double-edged sword,  
For those who drink from her chest,  
a thirst quenched forever,  
A wellspring of life.  
Slim and thick, a path leads to the heavens above,  
Founded on the pillars of faith, walking on promises of God  
An arrow of God, shining bright in every place.  
If you have seen her, you have seen woman  
His love reflected, in her every manner.

### PART III: A NOTE ON MY STYLE

#### METAPHOR

- The speaker in I want to be a housewife compares her desire to be a housewife to "light the fire," conveying her passion and commitment to creating a loving home.
- The land in The Green is compared to a "lifeless shell," conveying the extent of damage caused by human activity.
- In the poem the Sunset, the sunset is compared to a work of art and a masterpiece, highlighting its beauty and value.
- The poem Sunrise compares the colors of the sky to a "work of art" and the sunrise to a "feast" or "pleasure" creates a sense of wonder and admiration.
- The speaker in The paper uses a metaphor to describe the feeling of a paper cut as "a tangled affair."
- In the poem wewe, the university system is described as "sinister," implying that it is evil and working against the students.
- The use of "fair maiden," "prey," "possess thy preciousness" in the poem Good morning beautiful are metaphors that create a sense of the speaker's admiration for the subject, as well as a sense of caution and warning.
- In Child of Victoria, the Nile River is compared to a lotus flower that never withers and pours healing onto nations. This metaphor suggests that the river is a source of life and renewal for the people who live along its banks.
- In Eve, a woman's body is compared to a sacred temple of the Holy Ghost, a crown is a symbol of her faith, and fruits of the Spirit are unveiled.
- Mr. Man describes the body as a "house" and a "temple," which creates a metaphorical connection between the physical space and the spiritual and emotional aspects of the self.

- Bite compares the mango's taste to that of wine, stating that it is even more pleasurable.
- In the poem Leave me alone, the line "My mind's a wonderland, full of mystery" is a metaphor that compares the speaker's mind to a magical place that is full of secrets.
- The speaker in Ring Ring compares the smartphone to a "servant," which is a metaphor.
- In the poem Morning due, the dream world is described as "free from life's strife," contrasting it with the harshness of reality, which "beckons, with all its force."
- In the poem She wants to be white, the darkness of the speaker's skin is metaphorically described as an adornment to be worn with pride.
- Make up compares the speaker to a "work of art" and a "masterpiece painted" to convey the impact of the sunset on their appearance and emotional state.
- In Queen of Luby, the African princess is compared to a queen, a beacon of hope, and a fragrant rose, using metaphors to emphasize her beauty and significance.
- The line "A line that divides safety and violation" in the poem My Friend is a metaphor that compares the boundary of personal space to a physical line that separates two different states.
- The poem The dead are not dead uses the metaphor of a "realm of light and love" to describe the afterlife, suggesting that it is a place of beauty and goodness.

## IMAGERY

- The use of vivid descriptions, such as "create a world that's filled with love and care" and "make my home a place where love and happiness last," in the poem I want to be a housewife, helps the reader visualize the speaker's vision of a happy home.
- The Green creates vivid images of the destruction caused by cutting down trees and clearing forests.
- The poem Sunset creates vivid images of the sunset, the colors of the sky, the cool evening air, and the birds singing.
- Sunrise uses vivid sensory details to paint a picture of the sunrise, such as "golden rays," "symphony of hues," "gentle breeze," and "sweet melodies" of birds.
- The speaker in The paper creates vivid images through sensory details, such as the "smell of ink" and the "trembling" of their hands.
- Wewe uses vivid descriptions to convey the experiences of the students who have been wronged by the system, such as Samuel being barred from exams and Jackson and Winnie being wrongfully arrested.
- The poem Good morning beautiful creates visual imagery with descriptions such as "cause their necks to ache as they turn," "lurk in the shadows," and "attracting such attention." These descriptions help the reader to imagine the scene and the subject.
- Child of Victoria uses vivid imagery to describe the Nile River, such as "siphoned a snake so long," "streams soaked the northeast," "bleeding hues of blue and white," "gushed with the moon and stars," and "washing away the pains of oppression." These images help to create a sensory experience for the reader.
- The poem Eve creates vivid visual and sensory images of the woman's body and its spiritual significance, such as "unveiled fruits of the Spirit thrive."

- Mr. Man uses vivid imagery to describe the house and its components, such as "Each brick laid with care," "colored with paint," and "furnished with love." The imagery helps to create a sense of attachment and pride in the house.
- The use of sensory language in Bite creates a vivid image of the mango's taste, appearance, and aroma.
- There is use of vivid imagery in Leave me alone to describe the speaker's desire for solitude, such as "A world of chaos, I often find", "To escape it all, I yearn to crawl", and "In silence, I find my solace".
- A weight I cannot bear uses vivid imagery to convey the physical and emotional pain of the speaker, such as "My belly is growing and nausea plagues me," "Puffiness befouling the morning deep," and "Every night I weep until I sleep."
- The poem Ring Ring uses vivid imagery to describe the physical appearance of the smartphone, such as "enclosed in a cool hard casing" and "shiny screen."
- Morning due creates vivid imagery, using words and phrases such as "slumber's grasp," "lost in the world of dreams," "realm of wonder," "harsh light," and "glowing screen," to evoke sensory experiences and create mental pictures for the reader.
- The poem Make up uses vivid imagery to describe the sunset and its effect on the speaker's face. The use of colors such as "crimson, orange, and gold" creates a visual image for the reader.
- Queen of Lubyra creates vivid mental images of the African princess, her palace, her appearance, and her surroundings. For example, "her face, a canvas of gentle grace," "eyes like pools of amber and lace," "lips so full, they beguile with a tender plea," and "dark skin, a shimmering sheen."
- The imagery of "your hands roamed" and "your breath, hot and heavy, filled my ear" in My Friend, creates a vivid picture of the violation that occurred.

- The poem SK creates vivid mental images of the teacher and her actions, such as "offering aid" and "insightful stories," using sensory details to appeal to the reader's imagination.
- The dead are not dead creates vivid mental images of the afterlife, such as "an ocean of grace" and "embraces and laughter and joy," using sensory details to appeal to the reader's imagination.
- The use of vivid descriptions, such as "barren and bare" and "toxic air," helps the reader visualize the consequences of deforestation in the poem The Green.



## REPETITION

- In *The Green*, the phrase "nowhere to be" is repeated in the first and second stanzas, emphasizing the loss of the trees and animals.
- The repetition of "like" and "as" in the similes used in *The Paper* creates a rhythm and reinforces the comparisons being made.
- The phrase "Wewe, wewe!" is repeated throughout the poem to emphasize the rallying cry and to unite the students in their cause.
- The phrase "after season" is repeated several times in the second stanza of the poem *Child of Victoria*, emphasizing the longevity and enduring nature of the Nile River.
- Mr. Man repeatedly uses the phrase "not yours" in the second stanza to emphasize the ownership of the house and body.
- In the poem *Bite*, the word "divine" is repeated, emphasizing the mango's deliciousness and creating a sense of admiration.
- The phrase "In solitude" is repeated twice in the poem *Leave me alone*, emphasizing the speaker's love for being alone.
- The phrase "my life" is repeated in *Ring Ring*, which adds emphasis and reinforces the importance of the smartphone in the speaker's life.
- The repetition of the phrase "Your beauty" at the end of several stanzas in the poem *She wants to be white* emphasizes the central message of the poem.
- The phrase "warm light" is repeated throughout the poem *Make up*, to emphasize the comforting and soothing effect of the sunset.
- The phrase "African princess" is repeated in *Queen of Luby*, emphasizing her cultural identity and importance.
- The repeated phrase "Where the dead are not truly dead" emphasizes the theme of eternal life and the idea that death is not an end but a continuation.

- There is anaphora in the poem Akiiki kakikura mahanga where the phrase “Akiiki kakikura mahanga” is used at the beginning of most stanzas to emphasise the power Akiiki holds but he is unable to have power to love.

## PERSONIFICATION

- The animals are personified as being lost and scared, and the land is personified as being barren and bare in the poem *The Green*. The animals are given human qualities such as "lost and scared," creating an emotional connection between the reader and the destruction caused.
- In the poem *Sunset*, the birds are given human-like qualities when they are described as singing their final song for the day.
- The poem *Sunrise* personifies the morning breeze, describing it as "gentle and cool" and as a "welcome fuel."
- In *Child of Victoria*, the river is personified as having a "gleam that rushed with the sun" and "waves that wash away the pains of oppression." This literary device gives the river human-like qualities and emphasizes its power and importance to the people who depend on it.
- In the poem *Eve*, the fruits of the Spirit are personified as thriving and manifesting their ripeness sharper than a double-edged sword.
- The burden of the secret is personified as something the speaker carries, adding weight and meaning to the situation in the poem *A weight I cannot bear*.
- The speaker in the poem *Ring Ring* personifies the smartphone by describing it as having a "face" and being a "servant to my master."
- The phone in *Morning due* is personified as it is described as "ringing out its wakeup cries" and the reality is personified as it is described as "reality's smirk."
- In the poem *Make up*, the sunset is personified as a painter using a "palette of colors" and a "brush so light."
- The poem *Queen of Luby* personifies the princess's charm, spirit, and love, giving them human qualities and making them more relatable.

- The personification of "pain and sorrow" as things that can be swallowed up in an ocean of grace creates a powerful image of release and relief in the poem The dead are not dead.

## **RHYME**

- I want to be a housewife has an AABB rhyme scheme, which creates a musical and rhythmic effect.
- The Green uses an ABAB rhyme scheme, which creates a musical and rhythmic effect.
- Sunset follows a loosely structured rhyme scheme with occasional end-rhymes such as "spent/content," "red/forget," and "over/closure."
- Sunrise follows an AABBCC rhyme scheme in each stanza, creating a sense of harmony and rhythm.
- Mr. Man employs a simple ABAB rhyme scheme in each stanza to create a sense of musicality and flow.
- Bite has words such as "divine", "fine", and "wine" which all rhyme, creating a rhythmic pattern.
- Leave me alone follows a consistent ABAB rhyme scheme, with the second and fourth lines of each stanza rhyming.
- A weight I cannot bear has an ABAB rhyme scheme, adding to its flow and rhythm.
- Ring Ring has a loose rhyme scheme, with words like "swipe" and "life" and "slow" and "woe" rhyming.
- Morning due has an end rhyme scheme, with the last word of every other line rhyming, such as "deep," "dreams," "strife," "possible," "veil," and "reality's smirk."
- Queen of Lubyas uses a regular rhyme scheme of ABAB CDCD EFEF GG, which creates a musical effect and ties the stanzas together.
- SK makes use of a consistent rhyme scheme, with end rhymes on the second and fourth lines of each stanza, creating a musical effect that reinforces the positive and negative aspects of the teacher's personality.

- The dead are not dead has a consistent rhyme scheme, with end rhymes on the second and fourth lines of each stanza, creating a musical effect that reinforces the sense of hope and comfort.