



**MAKERERE UNIVERSITY**  
**COLLEGE OF HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES**  
**SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES LITERATURE AND COMMUNICATION**  
**DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE**

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**REG. NO: 20/U/18192/PS**

**PROJECT TITLE: TRUTH BEYOND LIES**

**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.**

**June, 23**

## DECLARATION

I, NANSAMBA BRIDGET, hereby declare that this project is my original work; I have not plagiarized any body's work; neither have I hired anybody to produce this work for me.

NANSAMBA BRIDGET



30<sup>th</sup> June, 2023

ENDORSED BY: DR/PROF. DANSON KAHYANA, PROJECT ADVISOR

 30 JUNE 2023

## **DEDICATION**

I dedicate this project to the special people in my life that's to say Mrs Jane Nakiwolo, Mrs Mary Juliet Atuhaire, Mr Bobigan Atuhaire, Mr James A, Mrs Esther Mukisa and to my siblings as well, Paul, Quimarus, Britney Jadine and Belicia Jewels.

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

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## **PART 1: INTRODUCING THE PROJECT**

### **INTRODUCTION**

The project is under one genre which is poetry. The poems in the project have different concerns such as suffering, scandal, corruption, hypocrisy, death and so forth. The poems in the project speak to everyone as long as they are human beings and well, there is at least something for someone to learn.

They look at what happens in society, what evil is done in society, and what can be done to make a community or society a better one. The poem also exhibit what people go through, the discrimination due to various factors such as gender, social class, age, academic status and so forth .

The objectives of this project are; to prove a point that ink speaks and this is the through the poems written in this project. To educate the nation through poetry and to satirize the evils in society that can be worked upon.

My project is necessary because it's a tool necessary for my graduation. Secondly, this project is necessary because it has to speak to the world, to satirize the evils and stand as a voice that can echo in everyone's each to thrive for change where need be.

The poems are arranged according to message, first is society or what they tell us about the society, then Life and God, followed by death and then love.



## **PART II TRUTH BEYOND LIES**

**PARODY...CALL LETTERS MRS.V.B (MAYA ANGELOU)**

Friends?

I'll have them

If they're faithful

And grateful,

That I'm in their lives

Relatives?

Yes I'll love them

If they stop pretense,

And conspiracy without sense,

For sure,

I'll love them

Mistakes?

I'm not perfect

I'll make them, then fall

But still, I'll rise

So set to shine

Like sunshine

I'll rise

Success?

I'm audacious to go for it

Without a thought about it

Because all I want is to achieve it

Yes, success!

Dear Society,

Your eyes burn my dress

Like the sun in the wilderness

Your face makes me ponder

As though I'm in yonder

Your loquacious lips stress me

Until my desired hips disappear

Your words pierce my heart

With nothing but hatred and hurt

Your nose searches my pocket

As though it's a rocket

Your scandalous nature irritates me

With provocative sentiments that break me

All full of rumor

With weird humor .

Dear Society,

What evil has the girl child done

To be hated

Yet never dated.

Dear Society, change your say

To make life a good way

Not everyone goes the evil way.

## **HE'S BORN**

Bright the star is

Sparkling the star rays are

Blessed are the wise men

Seeing a beauty in the far East.

Behold the Holy Soul,

The King yet just born

East, West, North and South

Acclamations to the supreme... melodiously ring

From the world below, the world with in and the world unknown to all.

The mystery is revealed

Baby Jesus... Baby Jesus

For unto us,

The Father grants a chance for salvation yet restoration

To rid us of disillusion

Emanating from within

For He is born for us all

Yes, He is born!

Atuzaalirwe omujuni

Atujune abatakajunirwe

Atuzahule abazahiire

Okutuhuliriza buli kumweta

Atwongeele amaani abajuniirwe

Ekisembo nyabiseembo

Kitasibirwe nka ebindi

Kuruga mu kugonza kwa Ruhanga Haliitwe

Ekisembo ekya'mazima n'okurorokorwa

Omujuni atuzalirwe!

## **THE INTELLIGENT YET SHEEPISH WOMAN**

The very first time I gazed at you

I hit my feet on a rock

And the rocky heart that I had melted

The kind of melting I experienced changed my perception about love

I saw you and I ruling the world

You the QUEEN and I the KING

Spreading our love like crazy baboons in a jungle

Enchanting ourselves with highly turning on kisses

Hugging ourselves like polar bears in a hardly beautiful world

I saw myself reciting for you poetry

Rhyming throughout the entire night

Hyperbolically, talking about your beauty,

That you have delightful eyes

That your smile makes you the finest of all women

And having you as my own was the best thing I could fight for,

Envyng every man around you

I wanted to be close to you like weight on a plumpy person



Now look, my achievement of all this was the end of my delight

Giving in my all to get you was the craziest mistake I made

Just like trusting you was the greatest fault ever made,

You gave me a reason to think all women are trash.

Jumping around with all kinds of men

Like houseflies fly to different rubbish pits without a sense of direction

But directing yourself to stupidity and immorality

Tricking men around,

Calling yourself intelligent yet unknowingly calling for hell...

I'm ashamed of myself

Having fallen for a woman like you,

Seeming to have sense yet in actual sense you're dense

I'm ashamed of myself

Having fallen for a woman like you

Having thought that I had the best weapon

Yet in actual sense I had the worst demon

I'm sorry for hitting this hard

But YOU'RE WORTH IT!!!

INTELLIGENT SHEEPISH WOMAN!

## **CRY OF A SORROWFUL WIFE**

Husband, why?

Morning comes

Evening diminishes

I would love to have you as my own

I would love to be proud of you as my very own

I would love to glance at you every moment

But it's impossible

During day, you're not terrible

During night, you're horrible

With all the horrendous sounds that you always make

I would love to have a successful marriage with you

But your nasty misdemeanors inconvenience it.

Day time, I'm always smiling

Night time, I spring out melancholy in agony,

It's beyond the game I name "silence"

"...Leave me alone..." "...don't beat me up...." I yell,

Any time you feel intoxicated by your mind

You raise your fingers upon my fearful body

I'm no longer sobbing in shifts but sobbing has become my daily meal

Breakfast, lunch, supper

But why... Husband why?

To you, is marriage a flap that can go up and hang down?

Or it's a game to mess up others' lives?

Husbands who fight their wives are wicked

And wives who endure the pain and keep on their knees before God are strong

If only you gain respect for a wife, you'll be life backup

If only you become God-fearing, humble and full of integrity,

You'll be a husband

Not just a husband but an AUTHENTIC MAN!

## **NEW COMER 2**

Laba ono new comer

Straight from Muyenga, alowooza tuli mu state house

He crammed all the SOP's

Yeraba nga the next Ruth Acheng

He saw me without a face mask

agenze kundoppa

Hoping to be a law enforcer

Ananyweeza amateeka

But the person he is reporting to

Tusula wansi wa kasolya kekamu

Kyoka new comer,

Obutakwata mu maaso, olowooza tetunaaba mungalo?

Oba okuba nga tuva mu Katanga olowooza tetuli bayonjo,

Oleta okwelonda londa

Anti aspiring minister of Health

Webanakulaba, olowooza ne bakuwaayo omutemwa?

You will be ignored

Covid-19 will stop and none will know you played a role

Fa kubikuzimba

Toli Martin Luther King wa bulyomu

Kanga embwa z'ewuwo

Toli wa kitalo nga bwo'lowooza.

## **NO WAY FOR A THIEF**

The skies are grey  
Without any single hope filled ray  
They've found you holding a tray  
Without direction to help you find a way  
But to ensure you captured along your way

The streets for you are rough  
The cats around you are tough  
Nothing can enrapture you throughout  
Not even what you call dough  
Unless you are ready to plough.  
Because justice is all that has to be vowed

Confinement is the meal for thieves  
Defilement is one of the evils they do  
Even if they don't smoke leaves



But have shuttered people's dreams

Imprisonment is the name they have to adopt

Their skies are grey

Without any hope filled single ray.

## **TELL THIS TO THAT MAN IN THE RED ARSENAL JERSEY**

His red Arsenal jersey has stirred up my mental grievances

It carries a lot of inscrutability in my mind,

It reminds me of my favorite color RED!

RED was my favourite color

Until the NUP lights were turned off for so called misdemeanors

So, he in the red Arsenal shirt

Looking cool as the blended blue low key sky.

He might be cool and humble

But as for the preamble

The color is not humble

Because of the NUP stumble

He is not humble

Tell that man in the red Arsenal jersey

That the color of his jersey was my favorite color

Until it became a violent color.

## **STRAY DOG**

I'm a stray dog

Engulfed in the middle of dry bones

Reciprocated with rabies for good health

Brown wasn't my color until white became my ridden color

I'm a stray dog

With nothing to offer

But only to differ from the "ordinary humans"

I'm a stray dog which has resorted

to writing metaphorically

Because metaphors are all that can define me

Lines are all that can encapsulate me

Satire is what can speak for me

And rhymes are all that can rescue me

Ink!

Ink listens and speaks

Inks speaks more than drinks do

Drinks detoriate all you have

And ink gives life to all you have as a scribe

I'm a stray dog that pens down the ruthlessness of humanity

Not to excite humans but to humor whoever it concerns

I'm a weird stray dog!

## **THE NEXT MAN IN MY LIFE**

The next man in my life should be a president  
For my sake to take advantage of the previledges  
And fame that comes along with it.

The next man in my life should be a president  
To have an eruption  
That will diminish corruption  
That the current government has mothered.

The next man in my life should be a president  
To make many stand for thirty minutes by the road sides  
All in the name of paying respects  
To him and the thirty tracks escorting him

The next man in my life should be a president  
Who will overthrow racism?  
And create unity  
Because a nation united is a nation peaceful.

The next man in my life should be a president

So that I have gallant walks around the city

Because nothing feels more special

Than being a first lady of a nation.

The next man in my life should be a president!

## **SILENCE**

In the middle of confusion

With weird confessions

From total disappointment

And a stressful environment

I found a friendly gem, silence!

Silence can never stop being a friend

Even when life is at stake

And happiness in no state

Silence will always come through

Like a crew

To see me through.

Amidst strong rejection

With nothing but isolation

Silence's arms are always warm to hug me

With the sweetest comfort to help rub my sobs

As it runs it's shoulders on me

Because it cares more than humans do.

Silence!

## **TODAY**

Today has refused, but tomorrow will allow

I woke up at 10:00am tenning my blessings

In seconds and tripling my laziness

Showering in imagination than real action

Today, today has refused!

Setting off to work, wondering if I can't be without work,

Navigating my energy account, no single penny

To push me to work

Lest I pull my blanket again

Today has refused!



## **WHEN LOVE BREAKS YOU**

One soul one heart

Crushed into pieces

Lost in desperacy

Availed in craziness

Dead in love

Addicted to hate

The known and the unknown

Are a mystery of a broken heart.

## **HER EYES**

The eyes of my beautiful one

They are the eyes that glitter like gold

They are the eyes that show honesty in a lover

They are so precious like a sparkling gemstone

They're staring monuments of beauty

They clearly show her cenotaph

How I love her eyes!

They're pleasant like rose flowers

So effulgent as the sun

They give her the most resplendent looks

Men that glance at them fall head over heels with her

My desire is to hide her from the cunning staring wolves

That anytime may snatch away the beautiful new from me.

## DAY AND NIGHT ITS YOU

Day and night

You're a song, a sweet melody  
That keeps on sounding in my head  
I think you, dream you, meditate you

For you excite my heart

My love for you is intoxicating  
My feelings for your are accumulating

day by day by day...

...dating you is my peace

I wonder a life without you

A dark night without your presence

For you're my light

I wonder a script without you

For you enhance my plot

The hugs we share

The bossoms we bring together

Pull the strings around your heart and incline them directly to mine  
Put a fast and furious motion in my emotions as an encryption of love  
The M(a) in your name and the M(a) in my name encapsulate ONE(1)

Alphabetically B comes before C and C comes after B

An indication of our closeness

closeness for togetherness and togetherness for betterment

Oh dear Mine! □

See, it's funny how we meet  
And glance at each other like bees  
With bright smiles and loud actions  
So gentle as the breeze  
Finding comfort from each other like the trees  
To a moment so sweet like peas

Oh dear Mine!  
I love you from the bottom of my heart  
To the bossom of my soul  
With fine, fine hope that blossoms everyday  
That we shall be together forever

Oh dear Mine!  
Your words paralyze my soul causing it to enchant  
And pant like a wiggled dog  
Like even words can't break us apart  
Not even lightning can strike us apart  
Because day and Night  
It's you and I.

## **MY SECRET LOVER**

My secret lover,

Lend me your attention

I have something bothering me

Like a bee on a treacle

How can I rekindle my thoughts about you my secret lover?

How can I let you know that you're always playing in my mind,

Like a jolly kid playing joyfully in a park?

How can I let you know that,

Whenever i gaze at you like a crazy gazelle

My heart melts to the feet with alot of heat

Your presence perturbs my senses untill I lose sense

And do nonsense to prove my sense.

How can I let you know,

That your smell stimulates my simulatenous mathematics

To balance equations biologically, chemically and physically

My secret lover,

My love for you is real

My affection for you is for perfection of sin

Oh! I mean perfectly sinning without lights on

Together for sweetness

Enjoyment for betterment.

My secret lover, I long to be your lover.

## **I COULDN'T FEEL IT UNTIL I STEPPED IN HER SHOES**

I couldn't feel it until I stepped into her shoes

How painful it is and how hurting it is.

I couldn't feel her pain until I had a sneak peak of how it feels

To come to class and see a student you care about sear at the back,

Pour out your entire soul to educate a soul

That only comes late to class

Not because she wants to but because

Of indescribable circumstances that hold her captive

I couldn't feel anything until

I experienced the pain she feels

When she sees brilliancy slowly killed

I couldn't feel what she feels until she put sense

Back into my lampocious head

Through her expressions, her euphony phrases

That almost broke me down into tears

With a lot of toughness

That even the generosity in her failed to manifest

Not because it couldn't but because someone had

To learn a lesson

And do what's expected of her when at school

See, I couldn't feel it until I stepped into her shoes.



## **HEART FOR HUMANITIES**

Behold, humanities have become a common talk in political offices

With Officials potting out their irrelevance yet in actual sense

It is its relevance that needs to be scrutinized

Politics, being in well-organized offices

Has made us forget our roots

The roots that groom good character

It has made us think that as long as you have potato

Then you're good to go, no ear to lend to any

Yet this puts the country at stake

Because a state without humanity is a stead full of tranquility.

Behold, humanities are a mirror for National development

With reflections of what happens in day to day lives

It provides room for change in society

Through wisdom, critical thinking,

Unfortunately people in political offices cannot sense

Because they've lost sense to sense that it's only humanities

that can ascertain to some predicaments

Behold, when it comes to humanities,

Wisdom flows like a river

Literary studies sharpen eyes of folks

To see misdemeanors in political offices

And bringing to light their failures

And selfish achievements

So, as a way of covering the shame

Is coming up with a lore that humanities are irrelevant.

Behold I speak for humanities

Because they've planted audacity in me

To satirize the weakness of the government

And I end up incarcerated

Because truth will always hit hard.

I truly have no say for making sciences dominate over humanities

Or making humanities irrelevant and sciences relevant

This is an act any foolish Galatian would do

With a lot of ignorance

Hence my heart for humanities will forever beat

Irrespective of what the mice in political offices so and talk about.

## **2ND DECEMBER 2017 (THE UNFORGETTABLE FLIGHT IN NIGHT)**

It was the second hour of the second day of our friendversary

When darkness overshadowed light,

When meekness seemed not to be right

It was when my tight friend took a flight

Not during the day but in the middle of the night.

This was an everlasting flight that wasn't bright

According to my insight

Death

It trod on the right path and took the wrong person

Who deserved to live for generations

Without tribulations.

The last time I saw my tight friend smile

Was the last time he saw me cry

One everlasting flight boarded in the unforgettable night

Death.

## **ATTITUDE OF DEATH**

Thirsty for sunshine like an iced

Triggered by nature to endure all coldness

Angered by altitude to anger multitudes

Hostile like motile creatures

So Is death's search for dreaded souls .

Death will even search for the most generous soul

This world least expects to die

## **CHANGE**

We can't see change

Because it comes in a range

In a manner so strange

Like never to rage

But rather to engage

And to make one a better image.

Change!

## **I WAS THE GIRL.**

There I was,

In a world so horrendous

With nothing in my life so tremendous

I was the girl who looked for edibles from the hills of Sogeya

I was a Marabou stork

Young as I was, I would dose on streets

And sob from the awful pits of Sogeya

The rudimentary level of starvation as never limited

It was always high and would never get low.

I was the girl whose life was ever rueful

With a disoriented appearance that whoever glanced at me,

Would simply run away because my life was ruthless

When I did something on my own to get out of the hell pit,

I would ebb like the tides on the Atlantic ocean

I outrageously kept on walking, walking through the sinister paths of darkness

And nothing else was in my life apart from obliquity.

But in a real time, in a real season

A Just came to me without fear of what I had become,

And told me about the man **CHRIST JESUS**

The man who paid it all

The one fine man who accepted me with my evil and made me righteous

The one fine man who made my life worth and precious

The one fine man who got me from grass to grace

From the nasty hills of Sogeya

To the nicest hills of Muyenga

I was the girl,

I was the inadequate...girl that was saved by the grace of the Lord.



**YOU ARE YAHWEH**

You who created nature,

And got subjected to the laws of nature

For my sake to become a new creature

Captured my transgressions and made it a rapture

Enraptured all men without a lecture

**YOU ARE YAHWEH!!!**

## **HUMANS ARE NOT WORTH TRUST**

Beloved brethren

Tonight I tell you my story

But to be honest, trust not humans!

The biggest mistake I made was to trust man

The clearest path I failed to take was trusting God

I was a prowess man, so healthy and wealthy

I was a no procrastination man for I knew it was a key to demise

I was a proud man, I could have gallant walks around town

Like a member of Parliament

Yet soon u was to become a nuisance in the environment.

Look, the malevolent friend I had was the benevolent friend I lost

I trusted him but he was key to my demise

Brethren, never trust humans

On the auspicious day I attained leadership,

I got bad auspice, more of witchcraft

I got a doek and wrapped it around my head

I started screaming doe...doe...doe...

I ribaundred vulgar words with my ribanded head

I was the mad man around Kampala

So filthy like goose droppings

All because of a tracherous human I trusted.

It was one beautiful morning

When the sun rose with dazzling beauty,

God brought a man and light started to sparkle in my life

The light that never dies!

The man prayed for me and a ray of hope manifested

Renewal and Restoration was all that defined me at that moment

Because a new creature is all I had turned into.

Beloved Brethren,

I beseech you, never trust humans

I beseech you, trust in the Lord your God.

**WE PRAISE YOU**

We praise you Lord

For you're tremendous

In this horrendous world

We gaze at the haze

And all we see is your grace

That sustains us

Praise be unto you for you're amazing

You're the God that descends not when knees bow

But only when smiles are open and our hearts full of joy

Giving glory and honor to your name

You who exalts the humble

And cause them not to stumble

You... are... God...

And forever we shall praise you.

## **EVER WONDERED WHAT GOD DOES?**

He raises a standard when the devil attacks you

Diminishes evil when his light shines upon you

He heals and seals

Just as he breaks and mends

Gives life eternal when you accept him

Fights your battles when you allow him

Loves you even when you fail him

Provides for you when you lack

He never sits back to relax when you're troubled

He'll work on you until you feel humbled

He's the mighty God , the Great I am.

## IT'S BECAUSE OF THE CROSS

I know what I was

And I know what I will be

I've been through a lot

Just like I sailed and never drowned

Because of the cross

I've believed and hoped

I've dreamed and conquered

I've skidded and slipped

I've hit the ground hard at times

I know it has never been easy.

But way much easier,

Because of the cross

Look, I'm a result of successive attempts

Try...fail...try...fail...try...fail

I'm a pile of failures who never lost hope

I've dared death and played its games

I've tricked death to survive.

But I always come out a conqueror

Because of the cross.

So, don't think it has been a joke,

If pain can be measured in millimeters

I'm an ocean of pain and tears

If pain can be weighed on scale

I'm million tonnes of fresh wounds.

BUT.....

On the Cross, he took away all my pain, healed my wounds

At the cross, I always look up to

With the cross, I sway through life

And by the cross, I shall forever be a conquer

Because of the works of the old ragged cross.

## **IN YOUR PRESENCE**

In your presence, I am made whole

With your light, I am made righteous

In your presence,

My soul is exposed and lips unzipped,

As if by magic, all masks are gone

Because of your presence

You draw from me my innermost thoughts,

And hold them up to the light of day,

My secrets, fears, desires and doubts,

All laid bare for you to survey

The weight of your love is like a fire,

That burns away my every iniquity,

And though I tremble with raw desire,

I feel alive in my nakedness



Because you are with me

For in this moment, nothing is hidden from you,

No pretense, no artifice, no lie,

Just me and you LORD

A meeting that will never truly die

Because of your divine presence

In your presence, I am made whole

With your light, I am made righteous

In your presence, I am equipped

To face the world with my heart unburdened

Not even anxious

Because you are with me.

## **POSITIVE POSSIBILITY**

I know what I've passed through

And I'm sure of what awaits me

Back was so dark but I managed

By the blood that cleansed me

Success awaits

I'm positive I'll pursue it

With my eyes at the cross,

I'll achieve it

## A LETTER TO MAAMA

If there's anything special as a blessing,

It is you Maama

If there's any precious treasure in the world,

Nothing is better than you Maama

Nzikiriza leero nkusiime,

Anti atasiima abulwa amuwa

Ebigambo byange byabulijo

Okusiima omuntu nga gwe,

Naye omukisa gwa Katonda

Sigwabulijjo

Kuba tegukulisa jjobyo.

Nzikiriza nkuyimbire akayimba

Akokwebaza anti omukwano gwo

Guntambuza nga'talaba

Okukira omukadde ayonsa

Maama wange omulungi,

Gwe munyenye yange

Gwe sanyu lyange

Kubyonkoledde byona

Nsiima Maama

Ninkugonza mukaikuru

Ruhanga akuhe omugisa

If there's anyone I would do anything for

Without hesitation

It is you Maama .

## **PART III**

### **STYLE**

In this project, I've written poems only and I've used different of address for example epistolary address (this is done in form of a letter) and it's used in my poem entitled "Dear Society", satire, narrative poetry, parody which imitates the serious manner and characteristic features of a particular poem and in my work, I've imitated Maya Angelou's poem entitled Call Letters Mrs. V.B and Mark Kennedy Nsereko's NEW COMER and so forth.

As far as this project is concerned, i've put much emphasis on the rhyme scheme and most of the poems have rhyme. Basically sound has been one of my major center of focus and sound devices like anaphora, consonance, assonance, alliteration have been employed. However much sound devices are there, I've also employed different literally or stylistic devices such as metaphors, similes, imagery, symbolism, personification and so forth so as to clearly communicate.

#### Rhyme

In the poem entitled NO WAY FOR A THIEF, Rhyme is one of the linguistic and stylistic strategy I've employed. Rhyme refers to the repetition of sounds from word to word or line to line and it occurs when two or more words have matching sounds. As far as rhyme is concerned, it is sound that determines it not word. In the poem, the first stanza, there's an end rhyme "ay" ...."The skies are grey

They've found you holding a tray

Without direction to help you find a way

But it ensure you captured along your way"

The rhyme employed in the poem actually in both first and second stanza creates musicality.

Rhyme captures the reader's attention through the rhythm and also unifies the poem because of the echoes produced within the lines.

In the poem entitled THE INTELLIGENT YET SHEEPISH WOMAN, different linguistic and stylistic strategies were employed that's to say the title of the poem is an oxymoron, two terms are joined yet they're incompatible or contradictory but makes sense when closely scrutinized. In the title, we have intelligent and sheepish, these two terms are contradictory when joined but the meaning is simply got when looked at closely that's to say intelligent sheepish woman.....it tells that the woman through whatever he is doing is intelligent but so stupid unknowing. I chose this strategy because it gives a hint about what is in the poem and captures ones attention. I also chose it because it reflects a number of mixed attitudes.

### Simile

A simile is another device employed in the poem entitled THE INTELLIGENT YET SHEEPISH WOMAN. It being a direct comparison involving the use of "like' and "as" to compare two things. In the poem, the eighth line, ".....like crazy baboons in a jungle" a simile s employed to compare the love of humans to animals since animals are crazy when it comes to love. It's employed for the readers to draw vivid images in their minds to simply understand the message in the poem. The device makes the poem interesting and appealing to the reader.

### **Symbolism.**

Symbolism is another linguistic and stylistic device where a symbol is used to represent something and in the poem, a rock is used to represent the hardness of the persona's heart that it

can't easily be shaken or easily taken up by someone. Symbolism makes it simpler for the reader to relate and communicate the message in the poem clearly.

### **Metaphor**

A metaphor is used in the poem *I WAS THE GIRL* basically in comparison, in the first stanza third line of the poem, a metaphor is used "...I was a Marabou stork" this metaphor is used to basically show the situation the speaker in the poem was in, she used to get edibles to rubbish. This metaphor clearly eradicates the situation the speaker in the poem was in.

### **Diction**

Diction is the choice of words and how they're used in the poem and in the poem called *WHEN LOVE BREAKS YOU*, it has a starting line of "...one soul one heart..." Diction is the linguistic and stylistic strategy employed. Diction refers to the choice of words and how they're used. In this poem, the diction used encapsulates the prevalent theme of broken trust. This is well articulated through the carefully chosen words to depict the depth of brokenness in the persona's heart and soul.

The poem focuses on the mental health of the persona. The emotional diction shows persistent pain of a heart break that's to say "addicted to hate" it shows that it's because of a bad experience that the persona no longer sees, feels, thinks and knows about future because she perceives it all as a mystery, nothing is straight forward with her heart. The diction shows what happens to a heart broken soul, it becomes disillusioned and weary. Diction as a style in this poem is used to deliver the message in the poem clearly.

## **Personification**

I also employed personification as a stylistic device where a non-living things is addressed as though it's living or given characteristics of living things and this is evident in the death poem entitled 2ND DECEMBER 2017 (The Unforgettable flight In Night).