



COLLEGE OF HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES

SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES, LITERATURE AND COMMUNICATION

DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

BY

CHEPTOEK BELINDA R.M

REG: 20/U/4175/PS

PROJECT TITLE: POETIC HARVESTS

A project Submitted to the Department of Literature in Partial Fulfilment of the requirements for the award of the Degree of bachelor of Art with Education of Makerere University

JUNE 2023

DECLARATION

I, Cheptock Belinda R.M, hereby declare that this project is my original work: I have not plagiarized anybody's work neither have I hired anybody this work for me.

NAME: CHEPTOCK BELINDA R.M

SIGNATURE: 

DATE: 30th June 2023

ENDORSED BY PROFESSOR DANSON SYLVESTER KAHYANA, PROJECT
ADVISOR.

 30/6/2023

DEDICATION

To my gentle readers, this collection is for you. Each word, each line, and each poem has been crafted with the hope of touching your hearts and igniting your imaginations. I humbly offer these poems as a gift, hoping that they will resonate with you, evoke emotions, and inspire you to explore the beauty of the written word.

Lastly, to the creative spirit within me, thank you for never ceasing to whisper in my ear, for pushing me to delve into the depths of my soul, and for allowing me to find solace and meaning in the art of poetry. This dedication is a tribute to your unwavering presence and the endless possibilities you offer.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I would like to take a moment to express my heartfelt gratitude and acknowledge the individuals who have contributed to the completion of this creative writing project. Without their support, guidance, and inspiration, this endeavour would not have been possible.

First and foremost, I would like to extend my deepest appreciation to my Lecturer, Danson Sylvester Kahyana my mentor and guide throughout this creative journey. Your unwavering belief in my abilities and your invaluable feedback have been instrumental in shaping and refining my work and I would also like to extend my sincere appreciation to Hillary who believed in my abilities and gave me all the courage I needed to do this work. Your belief in me has been a driving force.

I would also like to express my gratitude to my family and friends especially my dad, Mwanga Michael for his love, and unwavering support which has provided me with the foundation and motivation I needed to embark on this creative endeavour.

Table of Contents

DECLARATION	Error! Bookmark not defined.
DEDICATION	3
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT	4
PART I.....	7
INTRODUCTION	7
THE OBJECTIVES OF THE PROJECT.....	8
SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PROJECT.....	8
PART II.....	9
THROUGH INNOCENT EYES.....	9
MY HAIR, MY HERITAGE.....	11
UGANDAN HEALTH HORRORS.....	13
POTHOLES	16
STUCK ON YOU	18
FOR GRANDPA	20
FOREVER WITH YOU I BELONG.....	21
TO MY BEST FRIEND.....	23
TO YOU, MY LOVE	25
NATURES SYMPHONY	27
THE IRON SHEETS SAGA	29
"THE ABSENCE OF HER"	31
THE MELODY OF MY NAME	33
ODE TO MY EYES.....	34
THE LONELY MAN	36
I SEEK TO KNOW HEAVEN	38
THE PAIN BENEATH MY TEARS.....	39
FAR FROM HOME.....	41
WHEN TOMORROW COMES	43

THE TEARS THAT NEVER DRIED	44
HAIL MY HOMELAND KAPCHORWA	45
BEHOLD! THE NILE	47
GOODBYE, MY LOVE.....	49
THE LADY IN GREEN	51
FOR WELIKHE HEARTIE	53
FOR TOGO.....	55
LOST IN LONELINESS	56
THE BETRAYAL OF TRUST.....	57
BRANCHES OF FOREVER.....	58
A RED ROSE	60
PART III	61
FOUR STYLISTIC DEVICES THAT ARE DOMINANTLY USED IN THE POEMS.....	61
IMAGERY.....	61
METAPHORS	65
REPETITION	67
PERSONIFICATION	69
RHYME.....	71

PART I

INTRODUCTION

This project is made up of thirty (30) beautifully crafted pieces which range from a variety of genres like elegy, ode, free verse and many more and some of the themes I centred on are hate, love, nature, death, suffering and so many more that are deployed in the poems just like a symphony composed of various movements, these poems offer a harmonious blend of voices, styles, and emotions. Each piece stands on its own, a glimpse into a different world, but together they form a cohesive tapestry that reflects the diverse hues of the human experience.

THE OBJECTIVES OF THE PROJECT.

To share my personal experiences with other people who will be able to read my work.

To entertain the people who will read my work.

To inspire the young people out there who intend to do creative writing.

To express my feelings that I couldn't say out verbally.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PROJECT.

The significance of this project is to show other people about the beauty of creative writing and how interesting it is to be part of the creative writing class.

Another significance is to provoke other people to challenge me in the writing project in order for them to open up and execute their hidden talents for example creativity in writing.

To Express how I feel about the world, inside and outside my head

To show my writing and creative ability at the end of the creative writing.

Creative writing project helps me to develop my own unique voice

To help people discover who they are through the poems and stories.

Creative writing project is significant because it helps me to share my perspective without limitations.

I plan to execute it in different ways for example by making the good use of literary devices to clearly bring out the messages in the project so as to make it also appealing to the reader.

PART II

THROUGH INNOCENT EYES

In the eyes of a young person,

The world is vast and new,

A place of endless wonder,

With magic to explore.

Each day is full of promise,

And anything can be,

A dragon or a princess,

A pirate on the sea.

The world is full of colours,

Of red and blue and green,

And every single flower,

Is the prettiest they've seen.

The sky is always changing,

From dawn to starry night,

And every single cloud,

Is a wondrous sight.

The world is full of people,

With stories to be told,

And every single one,

Is worth more than gold.

In the eyes of a young person,

The world is bright and true,

And we can learn so much,

From the way they see it too

MY HAIR, MY HERITAGE

My hair is a crown of curls,

A halo of black-gold glory,

That speaks to all who see me,

Of my proud, ancient story.

I am a daughter of the sun,

With a skin kissed by its light,

And hair that coils and bounces,

A symbol of my might.

With every twist and turn,

My hair tells a tale,

Of generations of strength,

That will never fail.

My roots run deep and true,

In a land that's rich and wild,

And my hair is a testament,

To the beauty of my tribe.

So, when you look upon me,

And wonder at my hair,

Know that it's a reflection,

Of the heritage I bear.

My afro hair is my crown,

A sign of my power and grace,

And I wear it with pride,

In this beautiful, blackened space

UGANDAN HEALTH HORRORS

In the hospitals of my land,
A tragedy unfolds each day,
As corruption and neglect
Make life and health slip away.

The sick and the injured,
Lie helpless on the floor,
As doctors and nurses,
Stand idly by the door,

No medicine, no equipment,
No hope for those in pain,
Only the sound of weeping,
As more and more lives wane.

Expectant mothers die in labour
Babies never get to cry,
As the darkness of despair,
Spreads beneath the hospital skies.

How can we bear this burden?

This weight of loss and grief,

As we watch our loved ones suffer,

And pray for some relief

We need a change, a transformation,

In the way we treat the sick,

A new commitment to compassion,

And the courage to be quick.

For every life that's lost,

Is a story left untold,

A dream that is left unfulfilled,

A love that is left untold.

Let us rise up from this darkness,

And light a flame of hope,

For the sick, the injured, and the dying,

For the ones who can not cope.

May our hospitals be beacons,

Of healing, love and care,

And may we never forget,

The lives that were lost in despair.

POTHOLES

On the roads of my country,

Potholes lurk and lie in wait,

Causing havoc and destruction,

As cars and buses meet their fate.

These gaping holes in the pavement,

Are more than just an inconvenience,

They're a danger to our safety,

And a symbol of government indifference.

For years, we've cried out for action,

For repairs and maintenance to be done,

But our pleas have fallen on deaf ears,

As potholes multiply and continue to stun.

Now we take to social media,

To show the world the truth,

Exposing corruption and neglect,

And demanding action, in our youth.

We post pictures and videos,
Of the potholes that we face,
We tell our stories of frustration,
And plead for change, with grace.

For every pothole on our roads,
Is a risk to life and limb,
A challenge to our economy,
And a blight upon our nation's skin.

So let us raise our voices,
And call for justice and repair,
Let us demand accountability,
And show the world we care.

May our roads be smooth and steady,
Free of potholes and debris,
And may we never forget,
The power of our voices, united and free.

STUCK ON YOU

I'm stuck on you, my love,

Like a magnet to its mate,

You are the one I'm certain of,

My heart is sealed by fate.

You're the light in my life,

That shines through the darkest days,

With you, I feel no strife,

And my heart sings with joyous praise.

I'm stuck on you, my dear,

Like a rose to its stem,

You are the one I hold near,

And my love for you will never condemn.

With you, I feel complete,

And my heart swells with love,

I'm stuck on you, my sweet,

And you fit me like a glove.

So know that you are cherished,

And forever in my heart,

For I'm stuck on you, my love,

And we'll never be torn apart

FOR GRANDPA

Gone is the light of a gentle soul,

Whose love and kindness made us whole,

He lived a life that touched many hearts,

And now in our memories he'll never depart.

Though he's gone, we'll remember him still,

And his memory in our hearts we'll fill,

For he's left behind a legacy of love,

That will shine on us from up above.

FOREVER WITH YOU I BELONG

In your arms I feel complete,

With you, my heart skips a beat,

Together, we can conquer all,

And our love will never fall.

In your eyes, I see my future,

And I know, our love will nurture

Forever with you, I belong,

Our hearts beating like a love song.

In your embrace, I feel at home.

And our love has endlessly grown,

With you, I can face anything,

Our love will always bring.

Our journey together will never end,

As lovers, partners and best friends,

Forever with you, I belong.

Our love, an eternal bond.

I'm grateful for the love we share,

A love beyond compare,

Forever with you, I belong.

TO MY BEST FRIEND

To you my dearest friend, I dedicate

This bouquet of love, thanks and admiration,

For you are a true friend, So rare and great,

Whose love and care have no limitations

Your heart is like a garden full of grace,

Were Rose's blossom and sweet fragrances spread,

Your smile, shines bright lighting up every space.

And brings joy to all those who you have led,

Your kindness and compassion, like a stream,

That flows with a gentle force and soothing sound.

Your words of wisdom like a beam of light.

That shines so bright and helps me when I'm bound.

In every step of life, you have been my guide.

With you by my side, I have nothing to hide

Oh! How I cherish our friendship so pure,

And how I thank the heavens for this gift,

For you are my friend for eternity.

And our bond, no one can rift.

So here is to you, my rock, my friend, my light

May our friendship grow stronger day and night.

TO YOU, MY LOVE

To you my love, I come each night,

A haven of comfort and sweet respite,

With sheets and pillows, oh so soft,

And a mattress that holds me aloft.

When troubles come and bring me down,

I turn to you my love, to Wipe away my drawn,

Your warmth and coziness, like a hug,

Wrap me up like a snail, in its rug.

Oh! How I cherish our moments alone,

In your embrace, my heart has grown,

Your silence, like a balm to my soul,

Calms me down, makes me whole.

In dreams, I travel far and wide,

With you by my side, I can confide,

My secrets, my fears, my hopes and dreams,

And in your comfort, nothing is as it seems.

To you my love, I give my heart,

For your my solace, my counter part

A faithful companion, that's always there,

To share my joy, my pain, my every care.

NATURES SYMPHONY

In fields of gold, where sunflowers sway,

The world is bright, and new each day.

The breeze is light, and soft like silk,

And life's sweet nectar, we all drink.

The stars above, like diamonds gleam,

As if the sky's a vast, grand dream.

The moon, a pearl, up high it glows,

As if a secret it wants to disclose.

The ocean's waves, they crash and roar,

Like lions fighting on a shore.

And seagulls soar, like paper planes,

Across the blue, in search of gains.

The mountains rise, so tall and proud,

Like giants who've roamed this earth allowed.

Their peaks, they touch the sky so blue,

As if they want to be there too.

The desert sand, it burns and glows,

Like embers in a fiery glow.

The wind, it howls, like a lonesome wolf,

In search of prey, to feed its soul.

The city's streets, they bustle and churn,

Like a machine that never does turn.

The people rush, like bees in hive,

In search of honey, to keep alive.

Life is like a grand parade,

Where everyone's a part, it's made.

And like a puzzle, we all fit,

Together we make, a perfect bit.

So, let us live, like every day,

Is one that's meant to brighten our way.

Let us love, and spread our wings,

Like birds that soar, in search of springs.

THE IRON SHEETS SAGA

In the land of Karamoja, where the sun beats down,

Where cattle roam free, and the winds blow around,

There was a story, a tale to be told,

Of iron sheets stolen, before they could unfold.

The sheets were meant for the poor, the vulnerable, and weak,

To give them shelter, a place to sleep,

The government had promised, to make their lives better,

To lift them out of poverty, to ease their struggle.

But some saw an opportunity to make a quick gain,

To sell the sheets, and enrich themselves in vain,

So they stole them away, in the dark of the night,

Leaving the poor to suffer, in the morning light.

The community was outraged, they cried out in pain,

They demanded justice, for this heartless gain,

The authorities acted, they searched far and wide,

To catch those responsible, to turn the tide.

The iron sheets saga, it echoes in time,
A reminder of the struggle, of those left behind,
Of the need for compassion, for justice, for all,
For a world where the poor, are not left to fall.

So let us remember, the torture of Karamoja,
To stand with the poor, in their struggle and their trauma,
To work for a world, where justice and peace,
Are the hallmarks of progress, and our efforts never cease.

"THE ABSENCE OF HER"

The world still turns,

But it feels so wrong,

As if a piece of me has been torn,

A love so pure, a bond so strong.

I walk the streets,

But they feel so strange,

As if I'm wandering, lost and estranged,

From a home that no longer remains.

Her voice echoes in my mind,

A lullaby from a distant time,

Memories flicker, sweet and kind,

Of a love that was truly divine.

But now she's gone, and I'm left alone,

To navigate this world on my own,

Without the woman who made me whole.

The tears may come, but so will the light,

As I hold her love, with all my might,

And know that she's still with me, in sight.

For though she's gone, her spirit lives on,

And I'll carry her love, until my time is done.

THE MELODY OF MY NAME

Belinda, your name rings so true,

Elegant, like the morning dew,

Luminous, like the stars above,

Intriguing, like a timeless love,

Noble, like the oak tree tall,

Dazzling, like a diamond's thrall,

Ardent, like a passionate flame,

Belinda, you're more than just a name.

ODE TO MY EYES

Oh, eyes of mine, gleaming with delight,

In your gaze, a world takes flight.

In depths of colour, secrets reside,

Revealing tales of joy and pride.

Your windows capture life's grand scenes,

Sunsets painted in vibrant dreams.

Reflecting wonders, both near and far,

Guiding me like a guiding star.

Through laughter's sparkle and tears that fall,

You've witnessed every rise and fall.

With every blink, a story unfolds,

A testament to the tales untold.

Oh, precious eyes, my soul's true mirror,

In your radiance, my spirit grows clearer.

With gratitude, I sing this ode anew,

For the gift of vision that I find in you.

THE LONELY MAN

Seated, solitary, lost in thought,

Pale, hungry, dirty, his rags long-forgot.

Beneath the scorching sun he sits and waits,

Begging for scraps, his fate left to the fates.

His hair, a tangled web like spider's thread,

Eyes red, forlorn, with tears that long have bled.

His cheeks, once wet, now dry as desert sand,

A lonely man, a castaway on land.

He pleads for water, yearns for just one meal,

His fate unknown, his pain too real to conceal.

A broken soul, with nothing left to lose,

Left to wander, forgotten and confused.

Oh, how the world can be so cruel and cold,

For those like him, with stories left untold.

May we have hearts that never lose their sight,

For those i

n need, whose hope is still in flight

Tears, flowing endlessly

Emotions unleashed for all to see.

A testament to love and pain,

An expression of the soul's refrain.

I SEEK TO KNOW HEAVEN

In realms untold, where whispers sway,

I seek heaven beyond what people say.

Golden gates beckon, secrets to unfold,

Mysteries untangled, a tale yet untold.

Angelic voices guide, their ethereal grace,

To know heaven beyond human embrace.

Infinite realms where souls take flight,

Beyond earthly bounds, in celestial light.

Oh, heaven, beyond words that confine,

In your essence divine, I long to align.

Journeying deeper, where truth resides,

Seeking heaven's treasures, beyond mere guides.

THE PAIN BENEATH MY TEARS

With every tear that falls like rain,

A story of heartache and strain.

A broken heart that yearns to heal,

A love that's lost, a pain that's real.

Yet tears can also bring relief,

A release from sorrow, a way to grieve.

A cleansing of the heart and mind,

A pathway to peace that's hard to find.

So let the tears fall where they may,

For they're a sign of life's bouquet.

Of joys and sorrows intertwined,

Of love and loss, of hopes and dreams combined.

For tears are not a sign of weakness,

But a symbol of our human meekness.

A reminder that we're not alone,

That others share our hearts bemoan.

So let the tears fall, my dear,

For they'll cleanse your soul and clear

The path ahead, so you may see

A brighter tomorrow, a happier destiny

FAR FROM HOME

In an alien land, so far from home,

A tiny girl feels so alone.

Surrounded by sights and sounds so strange,

She longs for the familiar to ease her pain.

Big girls roam the halls with ease,

Their confidence towering like ancient trees.

She hides away, too shy to speak,

Her heart in turmoil, her spirit weak.

But hope arrives on a shining beam,

A friend to defend, to help her dream.

Together they walk, side by side,

Through the challenges they'll abide.

New subjects to learn, so much to see,

Her mind alive with possibility.

From a village far away she came,

A spark of hope, a rising flame.

So let her shine, let her grow,

A flower in a world of snow.

For though she's small and new in school,

Her spirit's strong, her heart so full.

And as she blooms, she'll find her place,

In this alien land she'll find her space.

With friends to guide her, she'll find her way,

And a brighter tomorrow will soon hold sway.

WHEN TOMORROW COMES

Dear one,

When tomorrow comes and I'm no more,

Remember I loved you

When the sun shines bright up the skies,

Remember I was brighter!

When it dawns and the moon smiles

High above the night sky,

Remember my smile was bigger

When they all say they love you,

Remember I loved you more.

THE TEARS THAT NEVER DRIED

Alone every night, I weep bitterly,

Tears wet my pillow, drawing maps of misery,

Etched deep within my heart is a scar

That refuses to heal, leaving me ajar.

In heaven, there's rejoicing, but on earth, there's grief

Oh, how I wish we could find relief!

To never witness the world's dark side,

But rather bask in the sun, moon, and stars' light.

Mother never got to see you grow

But I did, and I hope you now know

That though we pray you're in a better place,

The pain lingers on, tears still streak my face.

HAIL MY HOMELAND KAPCHORWA

A land blessed with nature

Where Sabiny dwell, on hills so green and brown.

With Sipi falls, a wonder to behold,

And waters pure, that quench the thirst of old.

Cheptegei, Kiplimo, names renowned,

Champions of Olympics, on sacred ground.

With every stride, they leave a lasting mark,

Their strength and speed, like lions in the dark.

Chebet, Kibet, Chelimo, names so sweet,

Like honeycomb, a melody so neat.

Kiplimo and Cheptoek, names of might,

As swift as eagles, taking to the flight.

And in this land, our women graced with charm

With beauty and hard work, they bring the calm.

Our men, like runners, strong and full of zeal,

With love and passion, a heart that's real.

Oh, Uganda, your people, your land,

A treasure trove, beyond the grasp of sand.

A nation rich, in beauty, strength and pride,

Forevermore, our hearts will ever abide.

BEHOLD! THE NILE

Naturally endowed you are!

your beauty sings.

Glistening in the morning sun

With the fresh water,

You bless the countries you walk through

The wildlife prides in your protection

Bubbling from your source and

By thirsty hills you hurry down

Gracefully flowing and consecrating

The hungry with food.

Many pilot from around the world

To feel your vicinity

They envy your beauty

But they can never possess you.

They must cherish you!

Innocent as you are,

You bless yet they curse you

But the one who made you

Will protect you with

With me

GOODBYE, MY LOVE

The time has come for us to part,

Our love, once strong, now torn apart.

As tears fall down like autumn rain,

Our hearts are heavy with the pain.

The words we spoke are bittersweet,

As we try to hide our defeat.

But deep inside, we both know well,

Our love has reached its final spell.

The memories we share will last,

A bittersweet reminder of our past.

The moments we spent, now gone by,

Like stars that fade and slowly die.

But though we're now so far apart,

Our love will always leave a mark.

For every beat of my heart will be,

A testament to what you mean to me.

So as we say our last goodbyes,

I'll hold you close and close my eyes.

And in that moment, we'll be one,

Before our journey is truly done.

Goodbye my love, my heart, my friend,

May our paths cross once again.

Until then, I'll hold you in my heart,

And pray that we'll never truly be apart.

This separation may be hard to bear,

But love will always linger in the air.

And though our journey may have come to an end,

Our love will never truly bend

THE LADY IN GREEN

In a green dress that flowed like nature's stream,
Stood a woman who seemed like a living dream.
Her beauty was such that it could not be tamed,
A force of nature that could never be named.

Her eyes, like pools of emerald green,
Drew me in with a power unforeseen.
Her smile, like the sun on a summer's day,
Lit up the world in a dazzling array.

Her hair, like a crown of glory
Framed her face in a stunning cascade.
Her skin, like the leaves on a verdant tree,
Radiated a glow that was heavenly.

She moved with a grace that was beyond compare,
Like a deer in a meadow, light as air.
Her laughter, like a melody in the breeze,

Filled my heart with a joy that would never cease.

In that moment, I felt as if I had seen,

The very essence of what it means,

To be alive and to be free,

To embrace the beauty of humanity.

For in that woman in the green dress,

I saw the wonder of nature at its best.

And I knew that no matter where life may lead,

Her beauty would always be a shining seed.

FOR WELIKHE HEARTIE

In the stillness of the night,

I hear the whispers of your light,

A gentle breeze that softly blows,

Reminding me of how life goes.

You were my companion in laughter and tears,

A friend who shared my hopes and fears,

With a heart of gold and a soul so kind,

A light that shone from deep inside.

Your smile could fill a room with joy,

Your presence was a precious buoy,

A beacon of hope, a ray of light,

In the midst of the darkest night.

Though you have left this world behind,

Your memory lives on in my mind,

A legacy of love and grace,

That time nor distance can erase.

So rest now, my dear friend,
In heaven's sweet embrace,
For though you are gone,
You will forever hold a special place.

And as I look up to the sky,
I know that you are soaring high,
Free as a bird, at peace once more,
In a place where pain exists no more.

Farewell my friend, until we meet again,
Your legacy of love will never end.

FOR TOGO

Togo my furry faithful friend, with you by my side, my heart does mend, Your wagging tail,
your big wet nose, Your eyes that sparkle, as bright as a rose.

You greet me each day, so full of joy, A loyal companion, my four-legged boy, your love is
endless, your spirit kind, A constant comfort, so hard to find.

We walk and play, and chase each other round, your energy boundless, your spirit unbound,
Through the fields and forests, we run and roam, My Rookie by my side, I'm never alone.

You listen attentively, to every word I say, your unconditional love, a precious bouquet, in
times of sorrow, you offer consolation, With purest love, and deep affection.

Togo, my loyal furry friend, I thank the stars, for bringing you to me, to tend, I hope that you'll
stay by my side, Till the end of time, and beyond the divide.

Your love is a constant, like a beacon in the night, A precious gift, that brings me delight, thank
you for being my dog, my Togo, my heart sings your name, like a melody, so sweetly.

LOST IN LONELINESS

As the night descends with its cloak of black, and the silence echoes like a heart attack,
Loneliness creeps in like a cold embrace, constricting your heart, leaving no trace.

No friendly voice, no loving touch, all has deserted you, leaving you to clutch at the remains
of a life that's lost, as the cruel winds of fate have tossed

You to the ground, leaving you to bleed, with no solace to find, no aid to plead, as you're
drowning in a sea of despair, and nothing but your tears to bear.

The darkness envelops you, the emptiness too, as you wander aimlessly, not knowing what to
do, the weight of your loss, crushing your soul, leaving you parched, with no one to console.

But dare not give up, for there's a light, that shines even in the midst of darkest night, and
though it may seem like an impossible quest, hope can still rise within your breast.

So hold on tight, and don't let go, for there's a world out there waiting to show, that even in the
midst of all the pain, Joy can still rise like a beautiful refrain.

THE BETRAYAL OF TRUST

My anger burns like coals of fire,
Consuming all with an unquenchable desire,
Fuelled by the injustice of those in power,
Who steal and cheat with every passing hour?

My rage is like an angry lion,
Roaring and fierce with each defiant scion,
Fed by the corruption of those who lead,
Their selfishness and greed causing you to seethe.

Their actions are an affront to all that is right,
Their lies and deceit keeping you up at night,
For how can they sleep with such a guilty heart,
When they tear their own people apart.

My hate is like a fire that cannot be quenched,
A burning passion that cannot be drenched,
Against those who exploit and oppress,
And leave the poor in dire distress

BRANCHES OF FOREVER

Our love is like a tree so grand,
Roots entwined beneath the land,
Growing taller year by year,
Withstanding every storm and fear.

Like branches reaching for the sky,
Our love extends, it does not die,
Strong and steadfast in its hold,
A love that never will grow old.

With leaves that rustle in the breeze,
Our love's sweet song sings through the trees,
A melody of hope and grace,
A love that time cannot erase.

And just as seasons come and go,
Our love endures, it does not slow,
Ever-changing, yet still the same,
Our love grows brighter with each day's flame.

So let our love be like a tree,

Tall and true, wild and free,

A love that stands the test of time,

And weathers every storm and clime.

A RED ROSE

All I want is you,

My love, a red rose so true,

Blossoming in the morning dew,

A beauty that shines anew.

Red like the passion in my veins,

Your petals, bright as the morning's reigns,

The freshness of your scent, delightful,

A fragrance so sweet and insightful.

Though your blooms may fade away,

You remain in my heart to stay,

A symbol of our love's enduring sway,

Forever with me, come what may.

PART III

FOUR STYLISTIC DEVICES THAT ARE DOMINANTLY USED IN THE POEMS.

IMAGERY

The first stylistic device has been dominantly used in the poems is imagery, imagery is a literary device that uses sensory details to create a mental image in the reader's mind. In the poem, "Through innocent eyes" I used vivid and descriptive language to paint a picture of the world through the eyes of a young person. For example, "The world is full of colours, of red and blue and green, and every single flower, Is the prettiest they've seen." This creates a visual image of a colourful and beautiful world that the child is able to see through their eyes. And through this, we get to see the world through a child's eyes because they are young, naive and innocent and they don't know the evils of this world.

Another aspect of imagery is viewed in the poem "To you, My Love," the poem uses vivid and sensory language to create images of comfort, such as "sheets and pillows, oh so soft" and "your warmth and coziness, like a hug." The repetition of the phrase "to you my love" throughout the poem emphasizes the speaker's devotion and affection for their loved one which is the bed.

We also see imagery in the poem "The Absence of Her" In this poem, the I use imagery to depict the feeling of loss and loneliness after a loved one's passing. For example, "I walk the streets, but they feel so strange," and "Her voice echoes in my mind, a lullaby from a distant

time." This image helps to tell a reader about the state of the person grieving the loss of their loved ones, the reader is also able to feel what the person grieving is feeling.

Imagery is brought out in the poem "The pain beneath my tears" in a way that that I use imagery to describe tears and their significance. For example, tears are compared to rain, which creates a powerful visual image of the tears falling from the eyes. The poet also describes tears as a "cleansing of the heart and mind" and a "pathway to peace," which helps to convey the emotional release that tears can provide.

The poem "The Lonely Man" also deploys imagery as a dominant stylistic device I used to bring out the intended message to the reader in a way that vivid imagery helps to paint a picture of the lonely man and his surroundings, which evokes a strong emotional response from the reader. For example, the description of the man's appearance, his tattered clothes, and his tear-streaked face help to create a vivid image of his suffering. He has no one to be by his side and he is so lonely, hungry and dirty that no one wants to get close to him. So imagery creates mental pictures to the reader and emphasizes the state at which the man is living in. Through this image, we are able to tell that the lonely man is suffering and this evokes feelings of sympathy from us.

The poem "Hail my homeland Kapchorwa" is indeed rich in vivid imagery that paints a picture of the beauty and culture of Kapchorwa, Uganda. For example, the poet uses visual imagery to describe the landscape of Kapchorwa, portraying it as a place of green and brown hills, where the Sipi falls are a wonder to behold. This imagery creates a picture in the reader's mind of the lush and varied natural beauty of the reader. I also used tactile imagery to describe the water in Kapchorwa as "pure," which evokes a sense of cleanliness and refreshment. This sensory detail

helps the reader feel as though they are actually there, experiencing the water's freshness for themselves. Additionally, the poem contains auditory imagery, particularly in the description of the names of the athletes from Kapchorwa. The names of Cheptegei, Kiplimo, Chebet, Kibet, Chelimo, and Cheptoeck are described as "names so sweet, like honeycomb, a melody so neat." This metaphorical comparison creates an auditory image in the reader's mind of the musicality of the names, which is not only pleasant to hear but also emphasizes the beauty and cultural richness of Kapchorwa. My use of imagery appeals to the reader's senses and helps to create a vivid picture of Kapchorwa's landscape, people, and culture. The imagery helps to establish an emotional connection between the reader and the place being described, inviting them to explore and appreciate Kapchorwa's unique qualities.

The poem "Potholes" mirrors imagery as one of the dominant stylistic devices used in the poem in a way that vivid imagery helps to describe the impact of potholes on the roads of the speaker's country. One example of imagery in the poem can be found in the line, "These gaping holes in the pavement." This phrase creates a visual image in the reader's mind of the large and deep potholes that are causing so much damage and danger. The word "gaping" also implies a sense of emptiness or hollowness, emphasizing the extent of the damage caused by these potholes. Additionally, the phrase "causing havoc and destruction" uses imagery to convey the severity of the problem and the chaos that potholes can cause on the roads. By using powerful imagery, the poet helps the reader to fully understand the impact of potholes on the roads of the country, making the message of the poem more impactful and effective

The poem "Stuck on You" uses vivid imagery to convey the depth of the speaker's love for their partner. One example of imagery in the poem can be found in the line, "You are the light

in my life, that shines through the darkest days." This metaphorical image paints a picture of the partner as a source of brightness and hope, even in times of darkness and despair. The use of the word "light" creates a visual image in the reader's mind of a glowing, radiant presence that brings comfort and joy. The phrase "darkest days" emphasizes the extent of the hardship that the speaker is imagining, making the impact of the partner's presence even more profound. Through the use of powerful imagery, the poet effectively conveys the depth and intensity of their love for their partner.

In the poem "For Grandpa," we see imagery as one of the dominant stylistic devices employed. Imagery has been used to describe the impact of a loved one's passing. One example of imagery in the poem can be found in the line, "He lived a life that touched many hearts." This phrase creates a visual image in the reader's mind of the loved one as a person who had a positive impact on the lives of many people. The image of a life that "touches hearts" emphasizes the emotional significance of the loved one's existence, and their legacy as a source of love and inspiration for others. Through the use of powerful imagery, the poet conveys the impact that the loved one had on those around them, and the enduring nature of their memory.

The poem "The Iron Sheets Saga" uses powerful imagery to convey the harsh reality faced by the poor in Karamoja. The description of the sun beating down, the winds blowing around, and the cattle roaming free, sets the scene of a rugged and unforgiving landscape. The stolen iron sheets were meant to provide shelter for the vulnerable and weak, but their theft represents the heartless gain of those who seek to enrich themselves at the expense of others. The community's outrage and cry for justice are depicted as a powerful force that demands accountability from those responsible. The poem reminds us of the struggle of those left behind, and the need for

compassion and justice for all. The imagery used in the poem paints a picture of a world where the poor are left to suffer, and the struggle for justice and peace is ongoing

METAPHORS

Metaphor: This is a literary device that compares two unlike things, suggesting that they are similar. In the poem, the author uses metaphor to compare the world to a place of endless wonder and magic. For example, "A place of endless wonder, with magic to explore" This suggests that the world is not just a physical place, but also a place of limitless possibility and imagination.

Metaphor: This is a comparison between two things that are not alike, used to help create a vivid image or idea in the reader's mind. For example, in "The Betrayal of Trust," the metaphor of anger being like "coals of fire" helps to create a vivid and intense image of the speaker's emotions. The anger and rage in the poem are compared to coals of fire and an angry lion, respectively. This use of metaphor creates a vivid image of intense emotions that are difficult to contain. The comparison of the anger to coals of fire suggests a slow but steady burn that builds up over time, while the comparison to an angry lion suggests a ferocious and unrelenting force that cannot be tamed. The use of these metaphors effectively conveys the depth of the speaker's emotions and their frustration with those in power who have betrayed their trust.

Metaphor: The poet uses metaphor to convey the emotions and experiences of the speaker. For example, tears are compared to a "river flowing free" and a "sign of life's bouquet," which suggests that tears are a natural part of the human experience.

The second poem, "My hair, my heritage," also uses two common literary devices: metaphor and personification.

Metaphor: This poem also uses metaphor to compare the author's hair to a crown of curls. This suggests that the hair is not just a physical feature, but also a symbol of power, beauty, and pride. For example, "My hair is a crown of curls, A halo of black-gold glory, that speaks to all who see me, Of my proud, ancient story."

The poem "The melody of my name" is full of metaphors, comparing the name Belinda to various things that evoke positive and beautiful qualities. For example, the name is compared to morning dew, stars, a timeless love, an oak tree, a diamond, a passionate flame, a spell, the sunlit sea, a blooming rose, and a sweet perfume. These comparisons create a vivid image of the beauty and allure of the name, suggesting that it represents a person who is full of grace, poise, and radiance, and is a treasure to behold. The use of metaphor can make a poem more memorable and impactful, as it helps to create an emotional connection between the reader and the subject matter

In the poem "My hair, my heritage" uses metaphor when they describe their hair as "a symbol of [their] might" and "a testament to the beauty of [their] tribe." Here, the author is comparing their hair to a symbol and a testament, respectively. By doing so, the author is suggesting that their hair is more than just hair; it represents their cultural heritage and identity, which is something much deeper and more profound. This use of metaphor allows the author to convey complex emotions and ideas in a simple and evocative way

REPETITION

Repetition - The repetition of a word or phrase, used to emphasize a particular point or create a specific effect. According This poem uses repetition to emphasize the speaker's love for Hillary and its enduring nature. For example, "Loving you is my heart's only chime, yearning for your love, forever mine," and "Oh, Hillary, my love so true, in moments spent with you, I knew."

In the poem "A Red Rose," the phrase "come what may" is repeated to emphasize the enduring nature of the speaker's love, Imagery: The poet uses vivid imagery to paint a picture of the lonely man and his surroundings, which evokes a strong emotional response from the reader. For example, the description of the man's appearance, his tattered clothes, and his tear-streaked face help to create a vivid image of his suffering. The repetition of the word "lonely" and the phrase "left to" reinforce the idea that the man is abandoned and without hope.

In the poem "To you, My Love," The repetition of the phrase "to you my love" at the beginning of each stanza serves to highlight the central theme of the poem, which is the speaker's deep and unwavering affection for their significant other. By repeating this phrase, the speaker reinforces their love and devotion, while also creating a sense of intimacy and familiarity between themselves and their beloved. This repetition also gives the poem a rhythmic quality, drawing the reader's attention to the speaker's emotions and making the poem more engaging and memorable

Repetition is used in this poem “Branches of forever” to emphasize the lasting and enduring nature of the love between the two individuals. The phrase "our love" is repeated throughout the poem, emphasizing the idea that the love is a shared experience that both parties feel and contribute to equally. The repetition of the phrase also reinforces the idea that the love is constant and unchanging, like a tree that grows steadily over time and withstands the tests of nature. Additionally, the repetition of certain phrases, such as "withstanding every storm and fear" and "our love endures," creates a sense of rhythm and consistency in the poem, reinforcing the theme of stability and longevity in the love between the two individuals

The poem “My Love's Endless Bliss” uses repetition to express the speaker's unwavering and intense love for their partner, Hillary. The repetition of phrases such as "my love so true," "with you," "each moment," and "I'll love you more" emphasizes the depth and constancy of the speaker's feelings. This repetition also creates a sense of rhythm and flow in the poem, evoking the idea of a steady and enduring love.

PERSONIFICATION

According to Tairako (2018) and Ko (2018) personification is an attribution of human characteristics and / or emotions to non-humans or inanimate objects, or abstract ideas

Personification as a stylistic device is the attribution of human characteristics to non-human objects or animals, helping to create a more vivid and relatable image. For example, in "Branches of Forever," the tree's "roots entwined" and "branches reaching for the sky" are personified to help create a more vivid image of the speaker's love that is so strong like a tree and with every strength a tree has, the person's love for their partner is as strong as the tree. This helps to beautify the poem making it attractive for the reader to read and understand the message being conveyed.

In the poem "My hair, my Heritage" I use personification as a stylistic device to personify their hair, suggesting that it tells a story and has a life of its own. For example, "With every twist and turn, my hair tells a tale, of generations of strength, that will never fail." This gives the hair a sense of agency and personality, making it more than just a physical feature. The afro hair just speaks for itself because a person can know your roots and origin and that's all rooted in Africa

In the poem "Far from home" I used personification as a stylistic device to personify hope as a "shining beam" and a "friend" that helps the girl to dream and overcome her challenges. This personification gives hope a tangible quality, which makes it easier for the reader to understand and relate to.

In the poem "Nature's Symphony," one of the dominant stylistic devices is personification. The poem personifies various elements of nature, such as the ocean waves as "lions fighting on a shore" and the wind as a "lonesome wolf."

In the poem "To you, my love," there are several examples of personification used to describe the bed as a comforting and supportive companion. The mattress is said to "hold me aloft," as if it has arms to support the speaker. The sheets and pillows are described as "oh so soft," as if they have the ability to feel and provide comfort. The bed is also compared to a snail's rug, wrapping the speaker up like a hug, and providing warmth and coziness. These descriptions give the bed human-like qualities, making it a comforting presence in the speaker's life.

In the poem "My Hair, My Heritage," personification is used in the poem when they describe their hair as a "crown of curls" and a "halo of black-gold glory." By using these human-like descriptions, the author attributes human-like qualities to their hair, making it seem alive and almost divine. This creates a sense of reverence towards the hair, emphasizing its importance as a symbol of the author's cultural identity

RHYME

Rhyme is a literary device that involves the repetition of similar sounds in two or more words. In poetry, it is one of the most dominant device employed in the poems above.

The poem "To you, My Love" utilizes a rhyme scheme, which adds to its lyrical quality and reinforces the sense of unity and completeness in the speaker's relationship with their beloved. The poem follows an ABAB rhyme scheme throughout, with each stanza comprising four lines. In the first stanza, the words "night" and "respice" rhyme, while "soft" and "aloft" rhyme in the second. In the third stanza, "hug" and "rug" create a slant rhyme, which means that they don't match perfectly but share some similarity in sound. The fourth stanza features the words "grown" and "own," while "soul" and "whole" rhyme in the fifth. Finally, in the last stanza, the words "heart" and "part" rhyme, and "there" provides a simple and effective end rhyme. The consistent rhyme scheme creates a sense of rhythm and musicality, which reinforces the poem's theme of the speaker's love and devotion to their partner. The use of rhyming couplets creates a sense of unity and harmony between the lines and the stanzas, mirroring the closeness of the relationship described in the poem. The use of slant rhymes, such as "hug" and "rug," adds to the sense of harmony in the poem while also introducing an element of surprise and delight. Overall, the rhyme scheme in "To you, My Love" helps to reinforce the sense of intimacy and tenderness in the speaker's relationship with their beloved, adding to the poem's emotional impact

In the poem "Branches of Forever," there is the use of end rhyme by repeating the same sound at the end of certain lines. For example, "land" and "withstand" both end with the sound "-and." Similarly, "sky" and "die" both end with the sound "-y." This repetition of sounds creates a musical quality to the poem and makes it more memorable.

In the poem "A Red Rose," there is an employment of end rhyme. For example, "true" and "anew" both end with the sound "-oo," while "delightful" and "insightful" both end with the sound "-ful." This repetition of sounds gives the poem a rhythmic quality and helps tie the different lines together

In "The Betrayal of Trust" poem, the poet has used rhyme by having words with the same sound at the end of certain lines. For example, "fire" and "desire" in the first line, "lion" and "defiant scion" in the second line, and "right" and "night" in the fourth line. This repetition of sounds creates a musical quality to the poem and helps to make it more memorable and to emphasize the speaker's anger and frustration towards those in power who have betrayed the trust of the people

In the poem "For Welikhe Heartie," which is a tribute for a friend who has passed away has rhyme words like words "light" and "blows" in the first stanza rhyme with each other, as do "tears" and "fears" in the second stanza, "joy" and "buoy" in the third stanza, and "grace" and "erase" in the fourth stanza. Rhyme helps create a musical quality to the poem and can add emphasis to certain words or ideas.

In conclusion, the above stylistic devices or poetic devices are the dominantly used ones in the poems however without undermining, there are other great poetic devices employed in the poem for example similes, lineation, punctuation, diction, symbolism, alliteration, hyperbole among others that have also enhanced the work