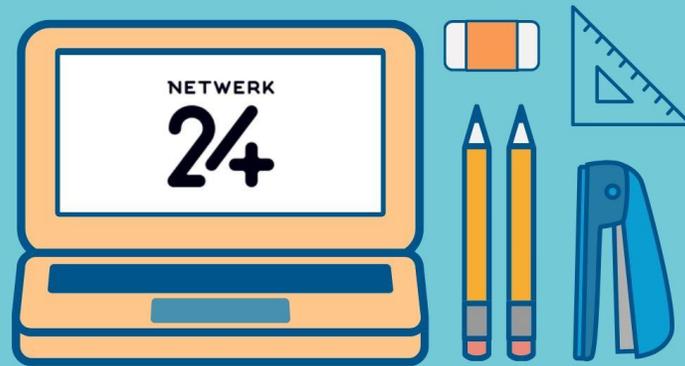


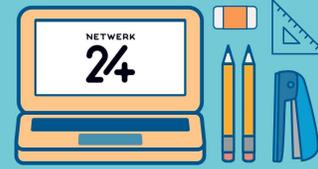
# #MYSKOOL

AANLYN HULP

*vir matrieke*



# ENGELS



# Poetry: Alexandra

## Alexandra

### Type:

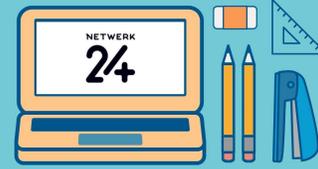
**Protest Poem:** Draws attention to inequality and social ills. Directed at the corruption and moral injustices by the Apartheid Government in SA. Deals with problems like squalor, violence, death, poverty, exploitation and black people's quest for identity and a sense of community.

**Praise poem:** A poem in which the good qualities of something/ someone is praised. In this poem he mixes praise with criticism.

**Structure:** 4 stanzas, unequal length. No fixed rhyme scheme.

**Mood:** Sombre/ accusing

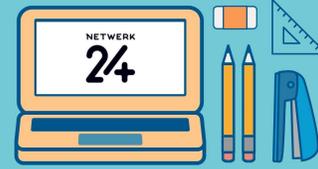
**Tone:** reproachful (blame)/ pleading



## Poetry: Alexandra

Were it possible to say,  
Mother, I have seen more beautiful mothers,  
A most loving mother,  
And tell her there I will go,  
Alexandra, I would have long gone from you.

But we have only one mother, none can replace,  
Just as we have no choice to be born,  
We can't choose mothers;  
We fall out of them like we fall out of life to death.



# Poetry: Alexandra

And, Alexandra,

My beginning was knotted to you,

Just like you knot my destiny.

You throb in my inside silences

You are silent in my heart-beat that's loud to me.

Alexandra often I've cried.

When I was thirsty my tongue tasted dust,

Dust burdening your nipples.

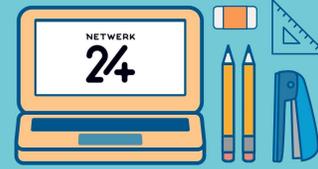
I cry Alexandra when I am thirsty.

Your breasts ooze the dirty waters of your dongas,

Waters diluted with the blood of my brothers, your children,

Who once chose dongas for death-beds.

Do you love me Alexandra, or what are you doing to me?



# Poetry: Alexandra

You frighten me, Mama,

You wear expressions like you would be  
nasty to me,

You frighten me, Mama,

When I lie on your breast to rest,  
something tells me

You are bloody cruel.

Alexandra, hell

What have you done to me?

I have seen people but I feel like I'm not  
one,

Alexandra what are you doing to me?



# Poetry: Alexandra

I feel I have sunk to such meekness!

I lie flat while others walk on me to far places.

I have gone from you, many times,

I come back.

Alexandra, I love you;

I know

When all these worlds became funny to me

I silently waded back to you

And amid the rubble I lay,

Simple and black.



# Poetry: Alexandra

<p><b>Alexandra</b></p>	<p>Alexandra is <b>personified</b> throughout the poem as a mother figure, the poet is her child. He expresses longing for political freedom.</p>
<p>Were it possible to say,</p>	<p>If it were possible</p>
<p><b>Mother</b>, I have seen <b>more beautiful mothers</b>,</p> 	<p><b>Apostrophe</b>: addresses the “mother” directly. Stereotype mother: soft, kind, nurturing, warm-Alexandra is the opposite. <b>More beautiful mothers</b>: travelled to more beautiful places</p>
<p>A <b>m</b>ost loving <b>m</b>other,</p> 	<p><b>Alliteration</b> of m: soft soothing sound like the other mothers are soft and nurturing</p>
<p>And tell her there I will go,</p>	<p><b>Consonance</b> of l: soothing like a mother should be</p>
<p>Alexandra, I would have long gone from you</p>	<p><b>Assonance</b>: To emphasize that he would have left if he could. <b>Apostrophe</b>: addresses her directly</p>

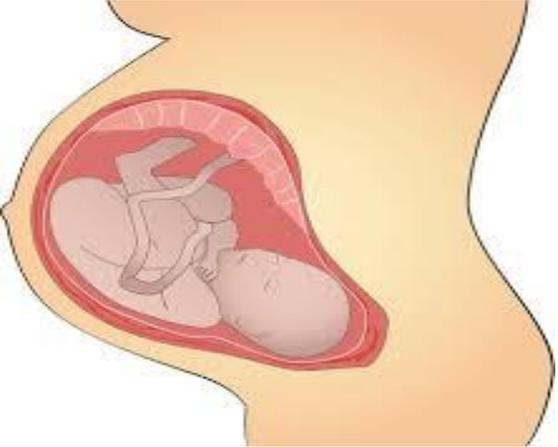


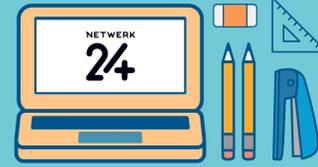
# Poetry: Alexandra

<p><b>But</b> we have only one mother, none can replace.</p>	<p><b>But:</b> indicates that what he wished for in stanza 1 is not possible</p>
<p>Just as we have no choice to be born,</p>	<p>We cannot choose whether or not we will be born</p>
<p>We can't choose mothers;</p>	<p>You don't choose who your mother will be. Note the uncomplicated language usage.</p>
<p>We <b>fall</b> out of them like we <b>fall</b> out of life to death</p> 	<p><b>Simile:</b> Both birth and death are <b>accidental</b>/ beyond our control. From the moment we are born, we start the process of dying. The mention of easily falling into death also indicates the dangerous political times.</p>



# Poetry: Alexandra

<p>And Alexandra,</p>	<p>Starts stanzas with conjunctions; 'but' and 'and'; indicating a continuous train of thought.</p>
<p>My beginning was knotted to you,</p> 	<p>Like a foetus attached to its mother with an umbilical cord, he is attached to Alexandra Knotted: attached A foetus relies on its mother for growth, food, protection- he relies on Alexandra for a living &amp; future</p>
<p>Just like you knot my destiny,</p>  <p>shutterstock.com • 310989119</p>	<p>His destiny is determined by her. The fact that he was born is Alexandra has shaded his life path. He cannot escape his destiny, because he cannot be more than what he was born to be.</p>



# Poetry: Alexandra

You **throb** in my inside silences



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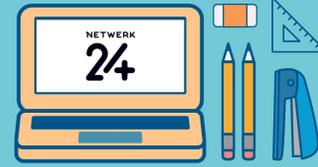
**Throb**: beating with a strong, regular rhythm, pulsating. Usually used to describe pain.  
The fact that he is from Alexandra makes him unable to obtain inner peace.  
She pulsates where he needs silence and peace

You are silent in my heart-beat that's loud to me.

Does not support what he is passionate about.

Alexandra often I've cried.

Been sad because of Apartheid and what it has forced Alexandra and her population to be.



# Poetry: Alexandra

<p>When I was thirsty my tongue tasted dust</p> 	<p>Alliteration: T: harsh sound; harsh circumstances. A mother is supposed to quench her child's thirst at her breast- provide in his basic needs, yet all she gives him is dust.</p>
<p>Dust burdening your nipples.</p> 	<p>Not the mother (Alexandra's) fault. She is unable to feed him anything but dust because that is all she has.</p>
<p>I cry Alexandra when I am thirsty</p>	<p>When babies are thirsty their mothers feed them. This mother is unable, because of political situation.</p>



# Poetry: Alexandra

Your breasts ooze the **d**irty waters of your **d**ongas



Donga: a gully formed by running water. She does not have nutritious breastmilk that flows from her breasts like other mothers, her breasts ooze, like a wound, dirty donga water. **Alliteration** of “d”; harsh sound

Waters **diluted** with the **b**lood of my **b**rothers, your children



**Diluted**: weakened by adding water to another solvent. In this case the water is diluted with blood. Is their blood worth so little it makes the water weaker?  
His brothers: comrades during the struggle, inhabitants of Alexandra.  
**Alliteration**: b- harsh

Who once chose dongas for death-beds.



The people died on the streets due to poverty and political unrest. They could not be buried properly for the same reasons.

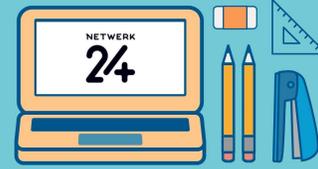
Do you love me, Alexandra, or what are you doing to me?

**Rhetorical question**: doubts the mother’s love.



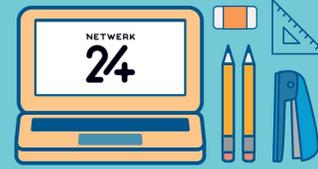
# Poetry: Alexandra

<p>You frighten me, Mama,</p>	<p>Opposite of what a mother is supposed to do. She should comfort when something else frightens him.</p>
<p>You wear expressions like you would be nasty to me,</p> 	<p>Her facial expression indicates meanness.</p>
<p>You frighten me, Mama,</p>	<p><b>Repetition</b></p>
<p>When I lie on your <b>breast to rest</b>, something tells me</p>	<p><b>Assonance:</b> One should find rest at your mother's breast, but he is apprehensive.</p>
<p>You are bloody cruel.</p>	<p>The inhabitants experienced poverty, unemployment and no political freedom.</p>



# Poetry: Alexandra

Alexandra, hell	
What have you done to me?	Rhetorical question
I have seen people but I feel like I'm not one,	He regards himself as inferior, doesn't even feel like part of the human race. Apartheid government enforced the idea that black people were worthless by not allowing them a proper education, political freedom etc.
Alexandra, what are you doing to me?	Continuous tense, she is still doing this to him.



# Poetry: Alexandra

I feel I have sunk to such meekness!	He feels he has become submissive and weak.
I lie flat while others <b>walk on me</b> to far places. 	There is a change pf mood and tone- he is no longer pleading, but has come to accept his identity. <b>Walk on me:</b> humiliating/ oppressing
I have gone from you, many times,	He has left, seen the world
Alexandra, I love you;	His reason for coming back- Alexandra is part of his identity, he loves her despite her mistreating him.
I know	
When all these worlds <b>b</b> ecame funny to me	Every other place seems strange- he does not fit in anywhere else.



# Poetry: Alexandra

I silently waded **b**ack to you



Returns, humbled. Waded: to walk with effort through water or another substance that makes walking difficult.

And amid the **rub**ble I lay,

The rubble refers to the neglected township but also the wreckage of the speaker's life during that political era.  
Repetition of B sound: emphasizes the last and most important word of the poem.

Simple and black.

He is what he is because of Alexandra. Despite hardships, rejection and political oppression, he will stay. He has accepted his destiny and identity. He was born black during Apartheid, therefore he cannot be anything more. It has affected his self-esteem and destiny.