THE POETIC VERSUS THE HISTORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE UGANDAN EXPERIENCE SINCE INDEPENDENCE

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A DISSERTATION SUBMITTED TO THE DIRECTORATE OF RESEARCH AND GRADUATE TRAINING IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT FOR THE AWARD OF THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS IN LITERATURE OF KYAMBOGO UNIVERSITY

OCTOBER 2024

DECLARATION

I, Immaculate Birwanya (Sr.), do hereby declare that this study is my original work and it has never been submitted to this or any other University for any formal award.

Signature: ..... Date: .....

IMMACULATE BIRWANYA (SR)

APPROVAL

I confirm that this dissertation, entitled, "The Poetic Versus the Historical Representation of the Ugandan Experience since Independence", was done under our supervision.

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DEDICATION

To my parents Mr. and Mrs. Richard William Kibirige who instilled in me the desire to study, my siblings and the Sisters of Mercy of the Holy Cross who have challenged me to never give up. May the Almighty God reward and bless you.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

It is by the grace of God that I have completed this study. I thank the Almighty God for the gifts of life, knowledge and for the help and support of different persons that contributed in various ways to the success of this study.

I am greatly indebted to my supervisors, Dr. Frances Ambrosia Nakiwala and Dr. Namirembe Theresa Frances for their guidance and supervision without which this dissertation would not have been possible. I greatly acknowledge your persistence, rich contribution throughout your supervision and for ensuring that I finish this work in time. May God bless you abundantly.

I also would like to express my gratitude to Sr. Genevieve D'Silva the Vicariate Superior of the Sisters of Mercy of the Holy Cross Uganda, and Sr. Lisa Mudoor for their constructive advice, financial support and all other forms of provision during the course of this study.

I would like to appreciate the entire department of Literature of Kyambogo University who have been a great source of encouragement during my course of study.

I am indebted to my friend Nakaweesi Shamim for all the discussions made in the initial stages of the project, for the enriching contributions and for encouraging me to believe in myself. May you live to support and encourage others. My sincere gratitude goes to my sister Sylvia Nakayiza for the unending support and encouragement that I can make it! Thank you, Allan and Sr. Juliet Nanyonjo, for keeping in touch and encouraging me.

To all the Sisters of Mercy of the Holy Cross, I am sincerely grateful for your prayers, patience and all manner of support.

And finally, I acknowledge you support and interest in my research work Dr. Benno Kreinebühl. Thank you for encouraging me.

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ABSTRACT

This is a comparative study of the poetic against the historical representation of the Ugandan post-independence experience. The recurring theme in the selected historical works is the futility of independence. Similarly, the poets whom I selected in the comparative analysis depict the same theme. This has intrigued me to do a comparative analysis with the view to find out which of these two accounts is more memorable and why. Thus, this study goes to prove that poetic representation is more intense than the historic one because of the poetic style employed. The study has three objectives, to: analyze the similarities between the historical and poetic representation of post-independence Uganda, discuss the poets' use of poetic elements such as imagery, poetic license, rhythm, brevity and verse form to portray Uganda's post-independence experience and identify the possible causes of the shattered dreams of a fruitful independence as explored by the selected poets. The study uses qualitative research methods which involved critical reading of the historical accounts of five prominent Ugandan historians since independence. It is this history that I compared with the experiences reflected in the selected poems. The study findings with regards to objective one reveal that there are similarities between the poets and historians accounts. In the second objective, the study findings reveal that the poets render the theme of futility of independence vivid and loud in their representation because they use a rich literary style. Thirdly, the poets reveal the possible causes of the shattered dreams of a fruitful independence that include over expectation, being unprepared, unequal distribution of resources, greed, governing with terror, war and destruction, corruption and mistrust. In conclusion, the style used by the poets in rendering the independence experience attests to the fact that literature teaches while delighting, thus, making it a powerful tool of communication.

CHAPTER ONE

INTRODUCTION

1.1 Introduction

This study was a comparative analysis of the artistic against the historic representation of the Ugandan post-independence experience. Ugandan historians and poets have both written about the occurrence of the futility of independence. This situation compelled me to compare and contrast their accounts with the view of discovering that poetry is a powerful media of instructing and delighting. Through the selected poets: Okaka Opio Dokotum, Henry Muwanga Barlow, Timothy Wangusa, Susan Kiguli Naluggwa, Kisa Kaggwa, Cliff Lubwa p'Chong, Grace Makumbi, Keith Mugadya, Julius Ocwinyo and Rahama Hassan, the study explored how the poets' representation of Uganda's political experience both in the past and the present rhymes with the historians' prosaic representation of Uganda's political landscape.

The study addressed the poets' use of style which involves verse form, brevity, imagery (figurative language such as symbolism, irony, rhetorical questions, allusion, metaphor, similes and personification). The style further involves use of rhythm through repetition, diction, rhyme and alliteration. Finally, the study considers the use of poetic license which refers to the deliberate deviation from grammatical conventions and natural rules in the exploration the central theme of Uganda post-independence experience of the shattered dreams of a fruitful independence.

1.2 Background to the Study

Many countries celebrate the day of the commemoration of becoming independent from other political powers because this celebration marks the maturity, self-identity and economic development realised. First world countries celebrate their independence with joy and pride. A case in point is France's Bastille Day which is celebrated on the 14th of July. This is the day on which a mob broke into a Parisian prison to mark the beginning of democracy and end of tyrannical rule. The 4th of July is equally celebrated in the USA to commemorate the adoption of the Declaration of Independence on 4th July, 1776. These countries celebrate because they see themselves becoming a nation, that formed their own language, culture and therefore having an identity. Unlike third world countries, these first world nations boast of economic development, technological advancement, security, stable political environments among others after attaining independence. In essence, they celebrate a dream that is come true.

Uganda is one of the countries that celebrate independence from the British colonialists, but it is a celebration of a few people, particularly those who have benefited like those who are in high positions in the government because they enjoy the fruits of the day, but the ordinary people do not appreciate this day because of failure to understand how this day came about and the lack of the cause for celebration.

Ugandans were very optimistic at the advent of independence. According to the independence speech of Milton Obote the then Prime minister of Uganda, the common dreams, expectations and aspirations of Ugandans included the following: peace, prosperity, expansion of international affairs and developing friendship

within the Ugandan border and outside, sustenance of the friendly nature and hospitality of the citizens. Furthermore, Ugandans also hoped to develop the old age customs of their forefathers, promote patriotism, as well as build a strong government and education system.

Much as they had great expectations, it must be remembered that Uganda was still greatly divided along religious and ethnic group lines (Tumusiime, *Uganda 30 years 1962 – 1992*, 31-33,38,58-59,82). Upon independence three parties developed and these did a lot to divide the Ugandans. The Democratic Party (DP), represented the Catholic population. Uganda People's Congress (UPC) was supported mainly by groups from the north and western parts of Uganda. The Kabaka Yekka (KY) was a Buganda nationalist party. In the pre-independence period because Democratic Party surprisingly, won the most seats in the parliament, but not a majority, Uganda People's Congress and Kabaka Yekka united to form the government, excluding the DP. Further still, upon independence Milton Obote, the leader of Uganda People's Congress, became the nation's first Prime Minister and Edward Muteesa the president (Tumusiime 31).

Tumusiime recounts the violent change of power in 1966 when Obote ousted Sir Edward Muteesa and the latter fled into exile to London where he died in 1969 (34). Afterwards, during a military coup on 25 January 1971 by dictator Idi Amin, Obote was deposed from power and Tumusiime cites 18 reasons given by Amin for doing this that include unjustified imprisonment of people without trial, lack of political freedom, frequent murders and robberies, high taxes and division of the army among others (41). Amin ruled Uganda with the military for the next eight years and carried out mass killings within the country to maintain his rule where many Ugandans lost their lives at the hands of his regime, many of them in the

north of the country (42-45). Aside from his brutalities, he forcibly removed the entrepreneurial Indian minority from Uganda, which left the country's economy in ruins (43).

Further on, Tumusiime narrates how in October 1978, the Tanzanian armed forces repulsed an incursion by Amin's troops into Tanzanian territory, then backed by Ugandan exiles, the Tanzanian army waged a war of liberation against Amin's troops and the Libyan soldiers sent to help him leading to the capture of Kampala and Amin fled with his remaining forces to Libya (50-51).

Amin was followed by the short-lived rules of Yusuf Kironde Lule and Godfrey Lukongwa Binaisa in 1979 and 1980 respectively. Their presidencies were short-lived because they were as Tumusiime says transitional presidents put "to fill the vacuum left by the departure of Idi Amin" (52) to calm Baganda and prepare for the return of Obote (57).

Obote returned to power in 1980 after winning elections which according to Karugire in *Roots of Instability* 'were rigged' (88) by the UPC and Mutibwa in *Uganda since Independence: A Story of Unfulfilled Hopes* terms the same, UPC stealing 'the elections from the victors (1992:139). In 1985, Obote was deposed again by 'his own army which had brought him to power' as narrated by Mutibwa (163) by General Tito Okello. Okello ruled for six months until he was deposed in January 1986 (174) by the National Resistance Army (177) operating under the leadership of Yoweri Museveni who has been in office for four consecutive terms.

The National Resistance Movement's assuming of power was a ray of hope for Uganda as a nation. Ugandans believed in Yoweri Museveni and his principles. He brought about a wave of change in the economy, security and social lives of

Ugandans. With it came freedom of speech, among other rights. However, this light dimmed slowly because of political insurgencies in some parts of the country like Kasese and Northern Uganda at the hands of the ADF and LRA headed by Joseph Kony respectively in which thousands of Ugandans lost lives and property.

This study appreciated that the history of Uganda after independence has been well documented by historians like Phares Mutibwa, Samwiri Rubaraza Karugire, A.B.K Kasozi, Justus Mugaju, and James Tumusiime. The history accounted by the above historians has also been captured in the works of the selected poets. The study has sought to argue that poetry has rendered justice to expressing the history of Uganda using elements which are intrinsic in literature as a discipline. Thus, to illustrate this view, the researcher did an analysis of the poetic rendition of history of Uganda since independence with special focus on the tragedy of Uganda, namely the theme of the futility of independence.

This research therefore aimed to analyze the independence experience through the literature lenses of poetry. The basis of the claim is fetched from both the sociological and formalist approaches, which argue that a work of literature imaginatively reflects the environment in which the text is produced. The following discussion reflects this approach and argued that the selected poems are mirrors of the Ugandan social political environment in a highly imaginative and most delightful way.

Background of Uganda

Uganda is one of the East African countries. Uganda before acquiring independence from the British colonialists in 1962 was made up of a number of autonomous kingdoms that lost their self-governance with the advent of the British

in their territories. The British amalgamated the kingdoms into what is Uganda today.

It has been noted that Uganda was not opened to the western world until the European explorers who 'discovered' a number of physical features that had been known to the Africans for centuries. These included John Speke and James Grant as early as 1862, then Samuel Baker and Henry Murton Stanley. These were followed by the Christian missionaries who came in response to the request of King Muteesa I to have Buganda Christianized. These were finally followed by the agents of imperial rule. As Samwiri Karugire Rubaraza in *A Political Story of Uganda* says, the actual colonization of Uganda began when the missionaries came since with their presence especially those from the Church Missionary Society, their home government was pressurized to give them protection which eventually made Uganda a British Protectorate (60). The missionaries were of two factions; The Church Missionary Society were not only Protestants but also British while the Catholic Missionaries of Africa were from French. These according to Karugire (65) imported into Uganda alongside their doctrines, 'national antipathies of Britain and France' (65). This led to these religious groups transforming into political factions with time that became characteristic of Uganda's political system for years.

The initiation of the independence process in Uganda can be traced back to the Bataka Union that existed since the 1920s and the Uganda African Farmers Union which was around since the 1940s. Surprisingly the activities of these organizations at this stage were centered only in Buganda and their two main objectives were to fight against 'the Asian monopoly in the processing and marketing of cotton and coffee, and secondly to struggle against the ruling oligarchy which had seized

control of Buganda since the 1890s' as stated by Karugire in *A Political Story of Uganda* (147). The two organizations masterminded two unsuccessful civil disturbances in Buganda in 1945 and 1949.

In 1952, the organizations metamorphosed into the Uganda National Congress (UNC), the first political party in Uganda which extended its activities to a country-wide level. Sadly, the congress did not find it easy to mobilize the whole country under one banner because the local grievances were exclusive in each region of the country, thus, it couldn't easily identify a cause on which to generate interest in its activities. Those who responded positively had a reason why. For example, in Toro it was accepted because of the land issues they faced there, that is, the land the Europeans took to establish tea plantations and the Queen Elizabeth National Park which they hoped to be helped to regain (Karugire 1980:149). In Acholi and Lango districts the chiefs were considerably unpopular since they were viewed as alien tools of oppression (Karugire 1980:150).

Issues continued to progress politically on the scene when the Kabaka refused to co-operate with the British government as required of him by the 1900 agreement since he sought to separate Buganda from Uganda after the announcement made by the colonial secretary Mr. Oliver Lyttleton in which he implied that the federation of the East African territories was being contemplated by the British government. He, the Kabaka, was exiled to Britain as a consequence (Karugire 1980:152-153). This sparked off an unprecedented uprising among the Baganda eager to defend their heritage. It led to the formation of the Progressive Party in January 1955 which sadly never spread its wings outside Buganda since it was conservative and based its motive of existence on the return of the Kabaka who was a regional leader. It ran into extinction by 1958.

According to Karugire in *A Political Story of Uganda*, the year 1959 saw the birth of the Democratic Party in reaction to the frustrating rejection of a catholic Matayo Mugwanya as Katikkiro (Buganda prime minister) by the Kabaka who had returned on 17th October 1955 (158). With time, there arose other parties, namely, United Congress Party (UCP) and Uganda National Movement (UNM).

The UNM boycotted non-African goods intimidated and administered violence against persons and property of those who refused to cooperate. The boycott enjoyed some period of success due to the long-standing economic grievances such as the unfair monopoly the European and Asian firms had on the processing and marketing of cotton and coffee, reaping high from the crops produced by the African farmers who were being paid far less while the prices on the world market were so high. The Africans' efforts to gain a foothold in the processing and marketing business were frustrated by the protectorate legislation which discriminated against Africans acquiring ginneries. The leaders of the boycott were eventually arrested and detained, thus bringing the situation back to normal (Karugire 1980:167).

Uganda People's Congress (UPC) was formed with Apollo Milton Obote as its leader and it was essentially non-Buganda. Till the eve of independence there had not emerged a political party which had purely national aims nor indeed national leaders. Each party was aiming at bringing down some section of the country but always at the expense of someone else.

By the beginning of 1960, the issue of gaining independence was very crucial. In the midst of this, Buganda agitated for a separate independence and other kingdoms also joined Buganda in asking the same demands which became one of the biggest

hurdles to a smooth changeover to the Africans. The other politicians were strongly against this plan.

Other obstacles encountered include the negative influence of religious and political factions to the running of district councils making it difficult for them to function. Another complication was the issue of boundary disputes concerning the lost counties between Bunyoro and Buganda which led to incidents of violence within these counties; Bukedia and Bugisu districts were fighting for ownership of Mbale town; the Sebei wanted to be independent of Bugisu district and the Bamba and Bakonjo were resisting the rule of the Batoro. As if this was not trouble enough, Buganda declared that she was becoming independent on 31st December 1961 but it turned out to be an empty plan. She went on to boycott elections in 1961 in which they unleashed violence on all who were for the voting that included slashing of crops, burning houses, maiming livestock and various other acts of arson. Despite all these and the subsequent fracas, Uganda became independent on 9th October 1962.

1.3 Statement of the Problem

This study was inspired by the observation that both Ugandan historians and poets write about the post-independence experience of Uganda and I was compelled to do a comparative study of the two accounts for evidence of the same. Studies have been done on Ugandan poetry since independence but these studies have focused on theme like human rights some have touched poetic devices used, but none has done any study on the representation of the futility of independence and this theme is common in poetry and historical accounts. This study focused on the poets and historians' rendition of the independence experience. For example, in her dissertation Julian Namiyingo (2014) analysis focused on human rights as an

aspect of Uganda's Independence, other researchers have paid attention to themes such as human rights, exploitation, hypocrisy of leaders, demand for social justice as well as poetic devices the poets have used to advance these themes, portrayal of governance and the specific literary style the authors have employed to describe the said themes.

This study focused on the poets' rendition of the independence experience in Uganda as a whole, so as to determine the environment in post-independence Uganda, the dreams and expectations of the masses, the problems that came along with independence, and finally determined the possible causes of a futile independence experience for most Ugandans.

1.4 Objectives of the Study

The objectives of this study will be to:

1. Identify the parallels between the historical and poetic representation of the futility of the shattered dream of independence in post-independence Uganda

2. Examine how the poets use poetic devices such as images and figurative language to make the representation of Uganda's shattered dream of independence so effective.

3. Analyze the possible causes of the shattered dreams of a fruitful independence as explored by the selected poets.

1.5 Research Questions

This research will be guided by the following questions.

1. What are the parallels between the historical and poetic representation of post-independence Uganda?

2. How do the poets use poetic devices such as images and figurative language to prove that Uganda's independence has been fruitless?
3. How do the poets intimate the possible causes of the shattered dreams of a fruitful independence as explored by the selected poets?

1.6 Scope of the Study

This study focused on examining the aesthetic renditions of the realities of Uganda's independence and the possible causes of the futility of independence in Uganda after independence in the selected poems of Okaka Opio Dokotum's poems, "Where is Peace?", "To The War Orphan" "Gulu Kids", "They have feasted themselves", "Song of a rebel", Timothy Wangusa's poems, "Ancient Oracle", "Song of Mukokoteni", "The State is my Shepherd: Psalm 23 Part II", "A Psalm of Lot", "The Flight", Susan Kiguli Naluggwa's, "Uganda", "Viewers may find these pictures disturbing", "Because I love this land", "The head tie", "Crazy Peter prattles", "Why Vultures Laugh", "Tempting a troubled past", Kisa Kaggwa's poem, "Kampala", Cliff Lubwa p'Chong's poem, "Living together", Grace Makumbi's poem, "The decay", Keith Mugadya's poem, "The civil servant", Rahama Hassan, "My mother", Henry Barlow's poems "My newest bride", "The leader that hung", "Building the Nation", "Uganda" and "Paper napkin" and Julius Ocwinyo's poem "I am not my brother's keeper".

1.7 Significance of the Study

The study contributes to the literature that analyzes Uganda's independence experience through the poetic lenses of Okaka Opio Dokotum, Henry Muwanga Barlow, Timothy Wangusa, Susan Kiguli Naluggwa, Kisa Kaggwa, Cliff Lubwa p'Chong, Grace Makumbi, Keith Mugadya, Julius Ocwinyo and Rahama Hassan.

The study creates an awareness of the state of affairs in post-independence Uganda and the possible causes of the failure to realise a fruitful independence experience in Uganda.

1.8 Operational Definition

Poetic: according to this study, the literal works that deviate from the grammatical rules and normal way of writing while using mentally striking features which communicate the intended messages powerfully.

Historical: this was taken to mean the recorded prosaic writings of the facts of what has happened in Uganda.

Representation: in this study means, the way the recorded message in the works of the historians and the poets is described.

Independence experience: as of this study was taken to refer to what Ugandans have experienced since they became a people on receiving self-governance from the British colonialists.

Futility of independence: was taken to mean that Ugandans have hardly achieved anything from being independent in post-independence times.

1.9 Literature Review

The futility of independence which forms the thrust of this research is not unique to Uganda. Many African countries and beyond have experienced this shattered dream. This is why this related literature is picked from different points of scholars. A lot has been and is still being said on this theme. The researcher read a number of books that included discussions of social critics, literary critics and academicians

in order to obtain relevant literature about the post-independence experience of Uganda.

Chinua Achebe in *The Trouble with Nigeria points out* those leaders who will either render independence productive or go to waste. The patriotic ones will look out for 'the happiness and well-being of' their 'country and all its people', demanding 'the highest standards of' their country 'and accept nothing but the best for and from the people', while on the other hand the unpatriotic ones' personal and selfish interests will lead to 'mismanagement and...social inequalities' within a nation (15). The above general comment by Achebe aptly applies to this study. Similarly, Ocwinyo, Mugadya, Kisa, Kiguli, Lubwa, Makumbi, Okaka, Barlow, Rahama and Wangusa voice out the painful experiences of Ugandans in post-independence times through the unwarranted deaths, destruction, poor living conditions, unsatisfactory services, insecurity and all evils as discussed in the following chapters.

In his book *Sowing the Mustard Seed: The Struggle for Freedom and Democracy in Uganda*, Yoweri K. Museveni says that the phenomena of usurping "power by minority cliques nullifies the whole idea of independence" because we cannot say that "we are independent if we are controlled by small groups of people ... we must let all sovereignty reside in the hands of the citizens of the country" (1997:197). He later on elaborates on what makes independence futile for many nations, "...the notion of many of the political leaders ...that being in power is a privilege... which in essence meant that those who were lucky enough to be in power had become rich overnight ... that was why there was such a mad rush for people to get in power regardless of what they plan to do there", being in power was "not a service to society" (206). These comments reflect the pertinent issues such as greed,

corruption, mistrust and unequal distribution of resources this study examines in chapter four on the possible causes of the futility of independence in post-independence Uganda.

Benge and Bangirana are Ugandan poets, editors and critics who have observed that Ugandan poets have mostly written about their experience. These two critics in the preface to the *Ugandan Poetry Anthology 2000*, argue that Ugandan poets have written about Uganda's happiness and jubilations, disillusionment, sufferings and exploitation. They assert that

> The poems from Uganda is an attempt to bring to the world's attention to the tears and cheers, the aspiration and frustrations, in fact the inalienable struggle with raw life, which the sons and daughters of Uganda have experienced and reflected upon over the various stages of their nation's historical development and social formation (viii).

In the text cited above, Benge and Bangirana highlight that Ugandan poetry mirrors the experiences of happiness and sadness, hopes and disappointments and struggles to survive of the Ugandans. This observation is correct as far as the selected Ugandan poetry of this research is concerned. Benge and Bangirana further on claim that the creative powers of Ugandan poets are influenced by the political, social and economic instability in Uganda (ix). Benge and Bangirana's assertion above, does not specifically point out that Ugandan poets depict Uganda's experience in post-independence times. This research, therefore, analyzes the subject of Uganda's post-independence and how it is portrayed by Henry Barlow, Timothy Wangusa, Okaka Opio, Rahama Hassan, Keith Mugadya, Grace, Makumbi, Cliff Lubwa, Kisa Kaggwa, Julius Ocwinyo and Susan Kiguli.

David Cook in his critical work *African Literature: A Critical View* while discussing the importance of a literary artist and work claims that a literary artist should strive to be relevant by reflecting the concerns of his society. He says;

> The burning importance of novels, drama, and poetry lies in the immediacy and force with which they convey our world to us. Its dilemmas and possibilities. We come to understand life around us more fully through the compelling interest with which literature communicates it to us (163).

In view of Cook's general comment about the importance of literary works to society, the poems of the selected poets reflect the social problems in post-independence Uganda through the style they use as discussed in the following chapters.

Chinua Achebe, while remarking on the artist's involvement in writing about the social, economic and political issues of Africa in his critical commentary, *The African Writer and the Biafran Cause*, acknowledges that the African writer cannot engage in writing literature for the sake of it, instead, he advises that the writer should write about his own society. He says

> ....any African who tries to avoid the big social and political issues of contemporary Africa will end up being completely irrelevant like that absurd man in the proverb who leaves his house burning to pursue a rat fleeing from the flames (78).

Indeed Okaka, Ocwinyo, Kaggwa, Rahama, Lubwa, Kiguli, Barlow and Wangusa have proved themselves relevant by reflecting on the political, social and economic problems of Uganda. Wangusa's persona in "The State is my Shepherd: Psalm 23 Part II" laments the high cost of living the people in post-independence Uganda have lived through. Wangusa goes on in the poem "The Flight" to elaborate on the exodus of Ugandans who have migrated to other countries in search of secure places to live in. In the same also Kiguli and Ocwinyo depict unfair treatment,

greed, corruption and human suffering in "Crazy Peter prattles" and "I am not my brother's keeper" respectively. These and other poems are analyzed in Chapter three and Chapter four with the view of critiquing the experiences of Ugandans in post-independence era and exploring the possible causes of failure to enjoy the fruits of independence.

Julian Namiyingo in her dissertation entitled, "A Critique of Governance in Ugandan Poetry: A Study of selected poems of Henry Barlow, Timothy Wangusa and Susan Kiguli", pertinently examines the portrayal of governance in aspects such as political instability, disrespect of rule of law, excessive love for power, corruption, vote rigging, and neglect of duty by public servants, wanton loss of human life, poverty and excessive involvement of security agents in political affairs in Kiguli's poetry alongside Barlow and Wangusa's poetry (1). Namiyingo's research also comprehensively analyzes the poets' portrayal of governance through the use of figures of speech such as; irony, personification, symbolism, imagery, illusion, juxtaposition and rhetorical questionsthe subject of governance. This study, therefore, focuses on the poetic representation of Ugandan experience since independence in the poems of Kiguli, Barlow, Wangusa, Okaka, Rahama, Mugadya, Makumbi, Ocwinyo, Kisa and Lubwa against the historical representation of the same. It also focuses on the poets' use of poetic elements such as imagery, poetic license, rhythm, brevity and verse form to portray Uganda's post-independence experience.

In her dissertation entitled, "Human Rights Advocacy in the Poetry of Contemporary Ugandan Women Poets: Susan Kiguli and Mildred Barya", Shallon Atuhaire examines how Susan Kiguli advocates for human rights in her poetry. Shallon's research investigates civil and political rights, rights of a child, rights

against torture and other cruel treatment, elimination of discrimination against women, economic, social and cultural rights and rights of all workers (2). It is commendable to observe that though she discusses human rights in Kiguli's poetry, she does not explore her works in relation to Uganda's post-independence experiences. The researcher agrees with her that Kiguli's poems handle social problems prevalent in Uganda, but this study, specifically focuses on the poetic representation of Ugandan experience since independence in the poems of Kiguli and other poets that include Barlow, Wangusa, Okaka, Rahama, Ocwinyo, Makumbi, Kisa and Lubwa against the historical representation of the same.

Emmanuel Ngara in *Ideology and Form in African poetry* expands the poet's role saying that,

> The poet speaks not for himself only but for his fellowmen. His cry id their cry which only he can utter. This is what gives it its depth. But if he is to speak for them, he must suffer with them, rejoice with them, fight with them. Otherwise, what he says will not appeal to them and so will lack significance (16).

Ngara claims that poetry has a social role and for the poets to be able to cry the cry of their society, they must strive to keep harmony between poetry and life. This role, Barlow, Makumbi, Rahama, Wangusa, Mugadya, Lubwa, Kiguli, Kisa, Ocwinyo and Okaka successfully play as will be discussed in the following chapters.

This study therefore illustrated the contribution made by the selected Ugandan poets in capturing the experiences in post-independence times in Uganda that reveal the impact of independence on the people of Uganda.

1.10 Theoretical Framework

Introduction

This study was informed by two theories, the sociological and the formalist underpinnings since it focused on comparing the historical works that record happenings in a society and the intrinsic nature in poetic works.

Sociological Approach

Murfin and Supryia in *The Bedford Glossary of Critical and Literary Terms* claim that the sociological approach argues that literature is a reflection of the economic, political and social context in which it is written or received (852). The study used the sociological underpinning to explain the overtone of historical accounts in the selected Uganda poetry. The study examined the artist's society revealed in the historical works to better understand the author's literary works and examined the representation of such societal elements within the poems.

The sociological theoretical framework is a branch of the Marxist criticism whose basic argument is that the text is not produced in a vacuum. It focuses on the economic and political elements of art, often emphasizing the ideological content of literature; because Marxist criticism argues that all art is political, either challenging or endorsing the status quo, it is frequently evaluative and judgmental. Therefore, study explored what Rene Wellek asserts quoting De Bonald who claims that literature manifests society (103). In the selected poems, the researcher explored the experiences that evaluate the post-independence Ugandan society the poets lived in and wrote about.

Formalist Approach

This study was also informed by the formalist theory which according to Murfin and Supryia claims that the literary devices in a text render it rejuvenating and effective (163). The researcher analyzed the poems paying special attention to the formal features of each text, the style: that included features such as irony, repetition, imagery, symbols, figure of speech and tone. The formalist critic does not analyze these features in isolation because he believes that what gives a literary text its special status as art is how all of its elements work together to create the reader's total experience.

The researcher used a careful step-by-step analysis and explication of each poem to explore the features within the poem that communicate the post-independence experience in Uganda using close reading. This was intended to understand how the various elements in the poems work together to effectively shape its effects on the reader. Since formalists believe that the various stylistic and thematic elements of literary work influence each other, the researcher believes that form and content cannot be meaningfully separated.

According to René Wellek and Austin Warren as stated in their work *Theory of Literature*, "the starting point for work in literary scholarship is the interpretation and analysis of the works of literature themselves" because all the elements necessary for understanding the work are contained within the work itself (139). This was put under consideration to determine how much impact the use of poetic devices has on the aesthetic beauty of the works produced by the Ugandan poets on post-independence experiences.

1.11 Methodology

1.11.1 Research Design

This research was based on content analysis and textual interpretation of the poetry of Okaka Opio Dokotum, Henry Muwanga Barlow, Timothy Wangusa, Susan Kiguli Naluggwa, Kisa Kaggwa, Cliff Lubwa p'Chong, Grace Makumbi, Keith Mugadya, Julius Ocwinyo and Rahama Hassan. which falls under qualitative research methodology. The poems were selected from Barlow's *Building the Nation and Other Poems*, Benge and Bangirana's *Ugandan Poetry Anthology,* Kiguli's *The African Saga* and Wangusa's *A Pattern of Dust; Selected Poems 1965-1990*. The researcher specifically analysed poems that address Uganda's post-independence experience and the other poems were left out of this study.

The research methods were mainly qualitative library based. Qualitative research methods were used because the study involved reading and analyzing both primary and secondary texts. The study utilized books and articles from Makerere University main library and Kyambogo Barclay's library. On the basis of the sociological literary theory, the researcher made an analysis of the historical texts on Uganda's post-independence experience as secondary sources and they helped in the textual interpretation of the main texts.

There was a comparison made in the way the poets and historians represent the post-independence experience of Uganda. Texts on literary style and language were studied in order to critically analyse the poets' use of literary style and language in view of Uganda's post-independence experiences they address. Other sources of data examined included; the Bible, online Journals and articles, Masters and Doctoral thesis.

1.11.2 Procedure

In carrying out the study, the researcher selected poems of Okaka Opio Dokotum, Henry Muwanga Barlow, Timothy Wangusa, Susan Kiguli Naluggwa, Kisa Kaggwa, Cliff Lubwa p'Chong, Grace Makumbi, Keith Mugadya, Julius Ocwinyo and Rahama Hassan that explore the post-independence experiences in Uganda, compiled and analysed relevant literature related to the study, examined and discussed the post-independence experiences addressed in each poem and identified similar occurrences in the historical works. The researcher then analysed the literary style; imagery, poetic license, rhythm, brevity and verse used in the presentation of the theme of the fruitlessness of independence in the poems and the possible causes of the futility of independence in the poems.

All the poems referred to in the main text have been appended to the thesis. Relevant texts on the Sociological theory, language and style and independence were also critically read and analyzed.

1.11.3 Organization of the work

This study is divided into five chapters following the procedure below; Chapter one is the introduction, Chapter two analyzes the first objective which is the parallels between the historical and poetic representation of post-independence Uganda, Chapter three identifies and analyzes the effective use of stylistic devices that include figurative language such as symbolism, irony, rhetorical questions, allusion, metaphor, similes, personification and imagery; and rhythm through brevity, repetition, diction, rhyme and alliteration to present Uganda's independence experience in the poem, Chapter four focuses on the suggested

causes for the failure to realize the independence expectations that include over expectation, being unprepared, unequal distribution of resources, greed, governing with terror, war and destruction, corruption and mistrust, and Chapter five is about the conclusion and recommendations.

CHAPTER TWO

PARALLELS BETWEEN THE HISTORICAL AND POETIC REPRESENTATION OF POST-INDEPENDENCE UGANDA

2.0 Introduction

In this chapter, the researcher shows the parallels between the historical and poetic representation of Uganda's independence. The political development in Uganda has been characterized by a movement from happiness to sadness. The selected poets depict the bloodshed, tyranny, disappointment, corruption, incompetence, greed, poor living conditions, destruction of natural resources and insecurity which has been part of the Ugandan experience since independence which is also reflected in the works of the historians.

2.1 Poets and Historians' Post-independence Experiences

The poets using imagery and hyperbole talk about the bad leaders that have ruled their subjects with tyranny, murdering them and turning the natural resources into dumping grounds for the dead bodies, a phenomena that is mentioned by the historians. Kiguli's poem, "Uganda", has a very good example of this where the persona says that

> The rivers froth blood
> Ghosts whisper in guttural voices
> Swarming the whole land (14-16). (Appendix IV).

In this poem, Kiguli with vivid images presents not only the defilement of water bodies by making them a dumping ground for bodies of murdered people, but also the fact that many people have been murdered in Uganda. The rivers and also implied the lakes that should be symbols of life have turned into means of depriving people of their right to life, not to mention the undermined economic social rights

of the malnourished and starving children and the families whose standards of living have deteriorated due to lack of food since they depend on the water bodies for food (fish) that is now contaminated and a source of income. While the poets create vivid pictures where they are able to appeal to the senses and feelings of the audience, the historians on the other hand report plainly similar issues of what has happened in independent Uganda, just adding to the information of the audience. In his book called *Roots of Instability*, Samwiri Rubaraza Karugire cites that there were frequent blood purges in the barracks and the army was efficient in shooting unarmed civilians (84), "the army looted, murdered and harassed civilians" (89), "villages were destroyed as were individual families" and once arrested, their "victim was never seen again" (90).

The poets further use diction and imagery to criticise leaders who segregate among the nationals, denying proper services to the poor and those not well-connected, and also fail to maintain the social services in the country. In 'Crazy Peter Prattles', Kiguli uses vivid pictures of how the subjects have been cruelly treated or rather unfairly denied proper and just treatment. For instance, the hospital bed of Tina crawled with maggots and eyes oozed pus because the doctor lacked gloves, are pointers to the leaders' failure to provide basic essentials and better services to the citizens in independent Uganda. The images created by the words 'maggot' and 'eyes oozing pus' are of people who have been neglected, left to rot and suffer agonizingly, sure indicators of a crumbled health institution, neglect and dehumanization of life. Samwiri Rubaraza Karugire in *Roots of Instability* reporting about the severe economic hardships that Ugandans experienced said, "hospitals lacked the most basic medicines, equipment and staff..." (86) and he repeats it to stress his point "...hospitals were empty of drugs and equipment" (92)

and further on he says, "the civil service" was "completely demoralised" among other deficiencies faced in post independence Uganda (95).

The poets' use of imagery and tone well to attack the bloodshed that has ravaged Uganda is also seen in Kiguli's 'Viewers may find these pictures disturbing', as well as Okaka's 'Song of a rebel'. The persona in 'Viewers may find these pictures disturbing' really uses disturbing pictures to recounts scary and vivid scenes that show the deplorable inhuman experiences and helplessness of the situation in Uganda at a certain period in time. The persona mourns the people who have been burnt to death in ambushes on vehicles in transit, 'Barbecued flesh...../ Desolate coach' (1-2)) possibly due to its occupants having been killed and it was destroyed and abandoned on the road. 'Grass grows through/ Open sockets/ Blades sprout/ To cover lone bones' (8-11) probably remains of the victims of violent death that are lying unclaimed and unburied in the bushes since there is nobody and probably no time if there was somebody, to accord the dead a decent burial, so, nature is more kind, growing to cover them up. 'A little girl/ Walks on four...../ She wears a crown/ Of roasting flesh/ And rotting remains' (13-17) she is a symbol of all who have been incapacitated and disfigured, scarred for life due to violent terroristic actions; and also a symbol of a broken down life and system, such as the family and social systems like the medical system that have broken down and can no longer uphold their people and the values they stand for. The poet writes of the many wars and violent acts the people of Uganda have been subjected to over years as said above that have broken the systems within the country and the victims have to live with the consequences all their lives.

In comparison, the historians' accounts just state the information plainly. For instance, Phares Mutibwa in *Uganda since Independence: A Story of Unfulfilled*

Hopes, records some of the chaos back in the 1960 when Uganda was not even a decade independent, '... many businessmen, lawyers, teachers, doctors and others from all walks of life (including students) were detained from time to time.... the shooting of Obote on 19 December 1969... seen as a natural calmination of the mounting feeling of anger, frustration and despondency in the country...many people died in Buganda during the 1966 crisis and there continued to be many violent incidents that caused loss of lives in the years following those incidents...during these years of Obote's dictatorial and barbaric regime' (67).

A similar scene is intimated in Okaka's 'Song of a Rebel'. The saying that *familiarity breeds contempt* holds true here where the singer cum persona is so used to violent acts such that he is rejoicing over his exploits that have led to the same kind of deaths as in Kiguli's 'Viewers may find these pictures disturbing', recounting above where innocent people are killed. For Okaka, they are no longer causes of guilt feelings. His choice of words that include kissing blood, spliting brains, waylaying, slaying, plundering, maiming, mutilating, massacre, causing mayhem among others, makes the poem's tone violent and aggressive. He says he kisses blood and according to Nabukonde Lucy Loice in her study on *Symbolism in Ugandan Poetry*, where she explores the symbolism of blood, in one instance she notes, it conveys mostly negative meanings, that is, pain, suffering and death (55).. The persona as noted in 'Song of a Rebel' proclaiming that he kisses blood, implying that he takes great pleasure in destructive violent actions since kissing is generally an intimate action done in love, which pleasure is expressed in the next words, 'and I can split brains!' (4) which conveys the persona's pride at being able to murder as if it is a hobby; 'I waylay and slay' (27) where waylaying calls to mind the many ambushes that have taken place for instance in Northern Uganda

through the works of Joseph Kony and the LRA rebels that have left many people slain; 'plunder and slander' (28) many people have been looted of their possessions, which is recorded by Karugire in *Roots of Instability*, the "governors were warlords, plundering and killing as they chose" (1996:80), "the army looted", "Ugandans who were not supporters of the UPC and whose properties the UPC functionaries coveted," (89,91) had their houses burnt down, and their cattle, goats and lands were expropriated; 'I mock and maim' (29) many have also been impaired physically leaving permanent disfiguration and massive destruction, which is stressed in the next words 'mutilate and massacre' (30) eventually causing chaos and disorder as indicated in the persona's words 'Mayhem is my motto' (31).

Further still, the way the poet makes the persona recount in vivid diction his exploits, is as if violence in Uganda is an action above the law. In both poems mentioned above of Kiguli and Okaka, there is the use nouns of destruction; guns, bullets and other harmful tools as symbols of murder, tyranny and torture that the people are faced with. Karugire in *Roots of Instability* (89) mentions thats as the acts of violence were being perpetrated, the government was powerless to do anything about it (80), the perpetrators were subject to no restraint whatsoever. The poets agitate, for the people have been deprived of life.

This agitation against death, denial of the right to life and uncertainity of the future is further developed in Wangusa's poem 'Ancient Oracle'. The dead deserve a decent burial but rather they end up lying in the open grass with the rain and worms cleaning the flesh back to the pores of the soil. Quoting the first and second lines of the poem, '...to your dead ones no more burial/ but commit them to their rest in the open grass' (1-2) continues to speak volumes about the multitudes of people that have lost their lives in wars, left to decay in the open due to insecurity and

being unmanageable in number, and those that have been murdered in cold blood with no trace of their whereabouts thereafter just because of the actions of terrorists and ruthless political regimes together with their security organs. This echoes what historian Ed. James Tumusiime in *Uganda 30 years 1962 – 1992* states,

> '...the security organs, private armies owing alliance to individuals... terrorised suspected opponents of the regime at will (they) were eliminated, ...thousands including women and young children were massacred and houses, farms and other infrastructure destroyed...(many) were arrested and taken to torture chambers in the Nile Hotel...many of these were never seen again (63).

Hence, though concurring with what Wangusa says, that many of the dead have remained un-mourned and with no epitaph marking their final resting place, the poetic rendition is more effective in communicating to the audience because of the imagery used. It intrigues the reader to think deeper and it creates pictures that we analyze as we read that help us understand better and affords us a glimpse in what has happened in independent Uganda as recorded by the historian, a sense of feeling as if we are there not only where the action took place, but present as it took place. Also, the poet's communication is more effective due to consistent application of a resigned tone and somber mood that strongly hints at the state of affairs being an ongoing occurrence done with unrestricted publicity.

The advent of a bride is always a habinger of peace and joy. Barlow in 'My newest bride' puts it, 'her embrace brought eternal bliss'. This is what the Ugandans expected at independence and Mutibwa summarises it, 'people hoped for a better future' (41), Mugaju in *Reforms 1986 – 1996, Kampala* says of it, 'the future looked quite promising' (1996:6), while Karugire notes, 'the people of Africa so much expected out of their new status... at the very least the people felt that their material welfare and their human dignity would be enhanced' (1996:1). While the

historians and Barlow the poet are communicating the same thing, the artistic rendition is more effective with the choice of words that are very intense in the joyful emotions they invoke in us.

As stated above in Barlow's poem 'My newest bride', Ugandans expected a life of peace and tranquility with a lot of tangiable benefits come independence, but instead the result is,

> She has decreed against any recreation
> Her dictatorial demands have usurped all leisure…
> Must I raise my voice in anger,
> And sharpen my arrows and spears,
> So my greedy neighbours may not snatch her from me? (48-54).
> (Appendix I)

The tone of this poem brings out the disappointment experienced by the nationals since in the long run, independence seems to have become a burden with the accruing terms and conditions that require the people to change their way of life, living in constant fear for their lives. People had to defend themselves which required them to become violent and thus a threat to each other. Barlow expressing this as shown in the above excerpt talks of "my greedy neighbours" (54) whom the persona fears will snatch the bride (independence) from him. Karugire in *Roots of Instability* records the intervention of the international community during hard economic times to make the life of the Ugandans better, but the materials given disappeared as soon as they landed at Entebbe airport only "to reappear on the black market at astronomic prices" (86).

The poets using imagery and satire criticise bad leaders in the poems 'Building the nation' by Barlow and 'To The War Orphan' by Okaka. In these poems both poets attack tyranny, corruption and dictatorship under which bad leaders lead their subjects. The leader who is having an easy life at the expense of the suffering

citizen is referred to by Barlow in 'Builiding the nation' also referred to by Okaka in 'The War Orphan'.

'Building the nation' begins with a satirical turn as the persona drives the PS to a meeting that is supposed to help build the nation but which is actually a luncheon. This poem exposes two parties in post-independence times who represent two strands of nation builders that are in most Uganda. On one side there are those represented by the driver (the local masses), those who work on empty stomachs, while on the other hand we have the high class being represented by the PS, the ones who eat extravagantly. It stresses the need for Ugandan leaders to create hope for those they lead rather than being hypocritical nation builders where they pretend to have the welfare of the masses at heart while in real sense they just want to capitalize on their efforts. That is, they are very busy squandering the public funds which can be used to rebuild the nation. The masses are the hardworking people whose benevolence is easily taken for granted by those in power. The PS goes to the meeting where important matters were supposed to be discussed but instead, he meets his friends and all they do is eating, cracking jokes and laughing. If we need to do well at nation building, we must respect everything that belongs to the state. We must not misappropriation the public funds, the working hours and the state assets like cars for our own comforts. The PS goes to feast using the government car, and after the meal he is driven back home. So, he wastes not only the public resources but also the working hours. The persona states

> Today I did my share
> In building the nation
> I drove a Permanent Secretary
> To an important, urgent function
> In fact, to a luncheon at the Vic (1-5). (Appendix I)

On the surface, the minister claims to be working hard attending a meeting where delegates would discuss issues to do with nation construction, yet it merely turns out to be a banquet. The persona goes on to list some of the items on the menu

> The menu reflected its importance
> Cold Bell Beer with small talk,
> then fried chicken and niceties
> Wine ....
> Ice Cream....Coffee (6-10).

The poet communicates concretely by letting us use our senses. For example, we can smell the coffee, see the ice cream, and even begin to salivate as we see the scooping. But all this is in vain, we are outside the dining room. Like the driver, we are being starved as we wait for the boss. This luxurious menu that the poor nationals cannot afford only remains in their dreams.

Furthermore, it reflects the worthlessness of the meeting where, in essence, serious issues concerning the nation's welfare were supposed to be discussed. The really working driver goes hungry and actually it's his services that are the backbone of national building. This is a reflection of what historian Mutibwa writes,

> '...ministers, party functionaries and top civil servants were enjoying a life-style that could only be attained by corruption (70). The class of *Wamabenzi* (Mercedes Benz owners) had emerged and the gap between the rulers and the common man' had amplified. (153)
>
> '...those who managed the economy of the country did not have the interest of the country at heart, (they) ... were united in one major exercise: milking the cow ...unprecedented plundering the country's wealth'. (153)

Resonating the same realisation Karugire also writes, '...whenever councils managed to meet, members often voted to increase their own allowances and very soon every local government in Uganda became bankrupt. Any pretence on their part to render services to their people had been abandoned' (1996:64).

Similar to Barlow who uses satire to show this incompetence and greed of the post-independent times leaders, Okaka in his poem 'To the war orphan' uses imagery to communicate it. The persona is a boasting shark who has confiscated for his own benefit all that was meant for those affected by the war. He feels no remorse in the face of their misery. He mercilessly brags,

> Do not part your hunger-cracked lips
> And plead-gaze at me,
> I serve the demanding god of Self...
> Please try and find an uncle
> To buy for you this cornmeal
> Although the World Food Problem
> Meant it for your hungry stomach
> But it was technically diverted
> And sold to me to resell to you...
> Forget about ...
> And all tribes of money that has been sent
> By our generous foreign friends...
> We received them on your behalf
> And have built with them
> Post modern commercial apartments
> With twenty four hour DSTV access,
> Living monuments of your plight...
> We have flown Brussels Air and BA
> On whirlwind tours of Europe and America!
> Forgive my frankness, but your tears
> Sour, as they may taste in your mouth...
> Has done much good to this country (4-37). (Appendix II)

The leaders, intermediaries of all the assistance meant to better the lives of the war victims have enjoyed an opulent lifestyle and charged the would be beneficiaries for the little that they channelize to them. Karugire in *Roots of Instability* mentions that officials and ministers confiscated materials such as basic medicines and essentials such as salt and soap from international donors as soon as they landed at the airport only to resurface on the black market exorbitantly priced during the time of severe economic hardships (86).

Further examining the poets' poetry works, we discover a difference in the tone that they employ. Where Barlow is sad, disappointed and confused by the outcome

of independence as seen in 'My newest bride', Kiguli is confrontational and bold in the haunting language she uses as can be seen in 'Tempting a troubled past'. In 'My newest bride', the persona questions the things that he is now forced to resort to to make 'independent life' livable. 'Must I toil and sweat without pause' (50) 'Must I raise my voice in anger' (52) 'Must I forfeit my treasured leisure/ Must I spend sleepless nights/ Must my flying hours of youth/ be spent in cold calculating thought/ Must I age before my years' (55-59), all signs of a disappointed person. The memories that Kiguli brings out tell us the bare truth of the bloodiness and repugnancy of what the people have experienced. She tells of fetuses extracted from wombs of pleading mothers, people trying to block out memories of incest at the instigation of lustful soldiers and memories of bayonets and guns used like toys.

While Okaka is bitter, Wangusa uses overt satire as each of them criticises the bad political regimes as in 'They have feasted Themselves' and 'The State is my Shepherd' respectively. The persona in the former poem cannot stomach the way the leaders have 'grabbed by fright and might the unfair share of what' belongs to the whole nation. The sad thing is that they have gone scot-free with all their crimes. This seems to have put the nationals in a hopeless situation of ever receiving justice for all the atrocities they have been subjected to. In the latter poem, the psalm being an allusion to Psalm 23 from the Bible that speaks of the shepherd who takes care of his sheep, it enumerates the things in which the state has failed to be a shepherd to the people. There is rampant insecurity, the economy is failing, salaries remain constant in spite of the expensive lifestyle and the people cannot development themselves thus failing to prepare for their senior years.

Barlow and Kiguli are nostalgic, haunted and hopeful in their identically named poems *Uganda*. They recount the beauty that Uganda was with the uses of imagery,

personification and metaphors. Barlow personifies the beauty of Ugandan nature. He talks of the streams that mischievously giggle, the ever-thundering waters are roaring, the plains are said to be silent, the sunset colours are smiles of farewell, while the thunderstorms are having pent-up anger; and the people are noted to be twinkling friendliness in the eyes, naked children are smiling at a stranger, while there is compassion and generosity at funerals. Kiguli employs metaphors to bring out the beauty of Uganda. She refers to Uganda as the heart of Africa, a star, Switzerland, an ocean of inexhaustible resources and the cradle of the Nile.

Later on, both poets lament the upheavals that have changed Uganda's face for the worst. While Barlow says that mercenaries have plundered and slaughtered the guts out of Uganda, Kiguli is more elaborate and notes that Uganda is an ocean of slime, its stripped of its beauty, its rivers froth blood, ghosts whispers swarm the whole land, the gun is the spokesperson, crimes are not tried, detention is rampant and genocide is no crime.

Finally, in the midst of all the chaos and uncertainty, both poets acknowledge the existence of a ray of hope for the Ugandans. Barlow gives reassurance of a better tomorrow through images of broken bones and festering wounds that will repair. He says '...the broken bones shall mend/ and the festering wounds shall heal/ Uganda once again shall be a smile' (46-48) while according to Kiguli gives an image of light which though covered by shadows manages to shine through,

> ...Amidst the illusive shadows
> shafts of light are hidden
> life will not die
> sanity will not be buried (26-29). (Appendix IV)

Of the two poets, while Barlow is mild in confronting the causes that have led to a tarnished Uganda, Kiguli is more bold as she cites vivid experiences that have left

the society deeply wounded. Barlow's creepy attack can be traced in four lines while Kiguli's magnifier is a whole three stanzas. While Barlow states

> the callousness and cruelty of *kondos*...
> Painful are the memories of Uganda
> Where mercenaries plunder
> They have slaughtered our guts through (31, 42-44).

That is, Ugandans live in fear, they are terrorized by robbers among others. Mutibwa states, "...the rise and expansion of *kondoism* (armed robbery by professional thugs called *kondos*) as a clear indicator of the economic crisis and economic plights in Uganda by April 1970, a condition that "caused general frustration and a sense of grievance against" the then government (69).

Kiguli states, 'The pearl lives in an ocean of slime' (12) which implies that on a largescale, Uganda is marred by violence and inhuman propagandas; 'A peacock stripped of beauty' (13) that is, Uganda is presented to no longer be as naturally and socially attractive and conducive as it was before due to activities that have degraded its natural and social beauty that included the results of deforestation, pollution and moral erosion; 'The rivers froth blood' (14) which figuratively points to the many people who have met their end in water bodies at the hands of others in Uganda; 'Ghosts whisper in guttural voices/ Swarming the whole land!' (15-16) an implication of the many people who have died without reconciling with the way they died, thus they are not resting in peace, so not leaving the living in peace.

Kiguli employs appropriate diction that brings out well the insecurity at different times in post-independence Uganda. When the persona says, 'The gun is the spokesman' (17), it literary means the use of guns has taken center stage in publicly resolving conflicts and grievances in the country. This rhymes with the happenings in Uganda during the month of May 2023 where a number of killings by security

personnel took place that included the shooting of minister Engola by his security guard, the shooting of a known blogger 'Jaja Iculi' by unknown assailants, the shootings of an Indian money lender by another security person, and a number of other security persons shooting and killing others. The persona goes on to point out that people are subjected to imprisonments without trial, 'The prison is the courtroom' (18), and they are held in custody 'Detention is the password' (19), mass killings go unchecked 'Genocide is no crime' (20). Kahyana in his work Negotiating *(Trans)national Identities in Ugandan* talking of such a situation says, in 'this kind of world, people live in continual fear, and danger of violent death' (2014:146).

Wangusa and Barlow seek remedy to the poor living and working conditions, in 'The State is my shepherd' and 'Paper Napkin' respectively. These poems communicate a condition of depression and exhaustion due to poor housing conditions in hovels, inability to afford a balanced diet, even a meagre meal and worse still, being incapable of retaining jobs that would have earned them a decent life. The poets acknowledge the poor living conditions of most people in Uganda where people live in abject poverty with no hope for anything to eat. Okaka also mentions war affected children living on verandahs or in the bus park in 'Gulu Kids'.

The condition in 'Paper napkin' by Barlow where the persona alerts the civil servant to run if he can when he is crumpled like a napkin and before he is discarded, torn to pieces is what historian Karugire in *Roots of Instability* records when he states the poor treatment the civil servants were subjected to with 'prompt and frequent transfers often by telephone to harder stations' (1996:60). What

mattered to them, 'civil servants', was not put into consideration, but they had to move according to the whims of the people in power. Barlow presents the activities that preceded independence, during the independence days and the times after independence. Before and during independence the people were euphoric but after this, life became hell. He presents to us a self-serving type of leadership in the post-independence times.

Wangusa, Barlow and Okaka in their poetry expose the plight of the proletariat when they mention 'kondoism' that had become a day-to-day phenomenon due to the harsh economic climate at a certain point in post-independent Uganda. While the persona in Wangusa's 'The State is my Shepherd says', '...though I walk through the valley of/ the shadow of Kivulu/ Yet will I fear no kondos, for/ the state is with me' (7-10), the persona in *Uganda* by Barlow comments on the cold-heartedness and brutality of *'kondos'*, and the persona in *They have feasted themselves* by Okaka recounts how the affluent *'kondos*, /eyes pouched/ with fatness, have growled and grabbed/ by fright and might/ their unfair share of what is' (26-29) for the masses. As already stated above, historian Mutibwa records, how food shortages sent prices skyrocketing which led to political disgruntlement among the most demoralized classes in the country, the urban workers and the working peasants, and the clearest indicator of the economic crisis and the plight of the people being the rise and expansion of 'kondoism' (69). Due to the rise of kondos, people lived in anxiety for their lives and their properties. When Wangusa writes 'though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Kivulu' (7-8), we can't fail to think of the valley of death in psalm 23 that speaks of lifelessness. This is the condition that kondoism brought on the life of the Ugandans during that that epoch. A lifeless state; a dead end in many affairs of their lives.

In the poem entitled "Why Vultures Laugh", Kiguli uses a heavily suggestive image of 'half-fired pots' being used to fetch fruits from the well of independence and a simile of birds of prey, the vultures, to show how Uganda was unprepared for independence manifested through the unsatisfactory, half-hearted and predatory activities of the nationals through the years. In lament the persona says,

> we have dipped
> half-fired pots
> in the well of independence
> like vultures sinking
> long beaks in the soft parts
> of a rotting carcass (1-6)

'Dipping half-fired pots' is a symbol of the mediocre, unsatisfactory attempts of the Ugandans, whom the persona refers to as 'we' with him or her inclusive, at taking charge of the overall affairs of self-governance as an independent country. For instance, Mutibwa records the division within the country's leadership, that is, between the president and one of his right-hand men in 1970 when Uganda was only nine years independent. He says, 'Obote (the president) blamed Amin for not disciplining his unruly soldiers and Amin blamed Obote for the hardships the ordinary people including soldiers were experiencing when he and his close associates were enjoying the rich booty of corruption' (74). Such squabbling is an example of the disunity and disorganization in independent Uganda instead of working together to manage the crises in the country then. This did not favour the country's development.

2.2 Conclusion

To sum up, the poets cited to a great extent effectively capture in verse a clear image of the state of affairs in Uganda since independence, exposing things that rhyme with the historical record of Uganda's history. The poets have delivered the subject matter of Uganda's post-independence reality through an artistic point of

view. They managed to expose among other vices incompetent and bad leadership, tyranny, bloodshed through indiscriminate murdering of people, the destruction of natural resources, wars, greed, corruption and disappointment.

CHAPTER THREE

STYLE EMPLOYED TO MAKE THE REPRESENTATION OF UGANDA'S POST-INDEPENDENCE SO EFFECTIVE.

3.0 Introduction

Both the poets and historians write about the experiences in post-independence Uganda. This chapter examines how the poets' use of stylistic devices such as symbolism, irony, rhetorical questions, allusion, metaphor, similes, personification, brevity, repetition, diction, rhyme and alliteration which make the representation of Uganda's independence so effective. *The Bedford Glossary of Critical and Literary Terms* defines style as the way an author communicates, along with how he chooses to present it (881).

The poems used in this chapter include; Henry Muwanga Barlow's 'My newest Bride', 'The Leader that Hung', 'Building the Nation', 'Paper Napkin', 'Uganda', Susan Kiguli's 'Uganda', 'Tempting a troubled past', 'Viewers may find these Pictures disturbing', 'Why Vultures Laugh', Okaka Opio Dokotum's 'Where is Peace?', 'Gulu kids', 'Song of a rebel', 'To the War Orphans', 'They have feasted themselves', Timothy Wangusa's 'Ancient Oracle', 'A Psalm of Lot', 'Song of Mukokoteni', 'The State is my Shepherd', 'The Flight', Kisa's poem Kampala, Lubwa's poem 'Living Together', Makumbi's 'The Decay', Rahama's 'My mother' and Ocwinyo's 'I am not my brother's keeper'.

3.1 Symbolism

Among the poets researched on, the poems of Barlow, Mugadya and Kiguli were used to show how symbolism is used by Ugandan poetry in revealing Uganda's post-independence experience. *The Bedford Glossary of Critical and Literary Terms* explains symbolism as something that, although it is of interest in its own

right, stands for or suggests something larger and more complex often an idea or a range of interrelated ideas, attitudes and practices (895).

Henry Barlow in 'My Newest Bride' uses the image of a wife, a symbol that concretely describe the persona's feelings toward independence. A wife is the person to whom a male gets intimately connected more than with anybody else, and with whom they become one. The same feeling that they have is what Barlow likens to what the Ugandans felt at the anticipation and reception of independence. The experience was like marriage: 'I would not...sleep nor rest/ Until she was my wife' (10-11). The people were expectant of the joy, of the freedom and fulfilment that independence would usher in, they expected to live an improved better life.

In stanza two, the poet thrice uses the word swore, which helps to reinforce the solemnity of the declaration and level of commitment that takes place at a marriage, and in this case, the importance that independence meant for the people of Uganda. He expresses the determination the people had, to gain independence at whatever cost, whichever way they could, even though it meant suffering, laying down their lives and stand deprived of their rights and freedom. To get a bride, a groom is ready to swear before the whole congregation to remain with her through thick and thin, in the good as well as hard times. The same happened to the Ugandans. At the dawn of independence, Ugandans were optimistic of enjoying life at its best. In his speech at independence in 1962 as reported in the Daily Monitor Newspaper, Sir Apollo Milton Obote states among other things that independence would usher in an outstanding experience in Uganda, the leaders would be exemplary and committed, and social services would be fulfilling (Tuesday, October 08, 2013 - updated on January 22, 2021). He believed that on attaining independence, the Ugandan government would maintain political stability, where law and order

would strictly be maintained, and the voters' confidence and freedom of individuals upheld. The economy would be safeguarded with a diversity of improved agriculture, industries promoted and favourable conditions for foreign investors maintained. He presumed the civil service would be efficient. It was a very intriguing, promising and desirable plan for the good of all citizens.

When independence finally came, the persona in 'My newest bride' states that he and his friends danced, laughed and drank. He was contented with the beauty of the bride. They saw the advent of independence as the fulfillment of all their dreams, the realization of all they had desired, thus the celebration and revelry during independence days. However, after independence, the bride did not look glamorous anymore. All hope was shattered. Barlow summarizes the sensation as follows: '...we no longer speak of love/ But only of problems.../ Must I age before my years' (46-47,60). This experiences rhymes what historian Mutibwa recorded when he said that at independence, "the people had hoped for a better future", but their leaders turned out to be dictators and ruthless administrators (41). Therefore, in 'My Newest' Bride, a poem of only thirteen stanzas, Barlow manages to compress the mood and the spirit that has characterized the life of the Ugandans for over five decades, that included eager anticipation, rejoicing and celebration and finally disillusionment. With the passage of time, the nation's material, moral, manpower and financial coffers were all drained, sapping the nation of its vital forces which left the nationals impoverished in many ways.

In the poem 'The head tie', Kiguli uses the symbol of the head tie, enumerating the different roles it plays in the life of the wearer, to express the various traumas post-independence Ugandans has weathered. The head tie has come to be the persona's next of kin since it has been there and seen her through the violent acts that left her

wears a crown/ Of roasting fresh/ And rotting remains" (12-13,15-17). The little girl symbolizes of all who have been incapacitated, disfigured and scarred for life. Her experience speaks of the many victims of wars and violent acts' who have to live with the consequences all their lives. According to Mutibwa, 'during Amin's regime, people ceased to fear death... children became used to seeing corpses lying around, so much so that it became common simply to jump them is one came across them in one's path without bothering to cover them up or report the matter to the police' (122). Thus, due to the death becoming an any minute, anywhere happening in Uganda, Ugandans at some point during post independence time became pyschological paralysed as they took brutal death as a normal.

A half-fired pot is an article that came out of manufacture incomplete and it can fall apart any time thereby rendering wasted its contents. Carrying such a pot is precarious with such a necessity as water that's required for human survival because there is a possibility of reaching home without a drop of this water. Kiguli in her poem 'Why Vultures Laugh' tells us this is what happened in independent Uganda: Ugandans were not and till today in many ways they have not adequately prepared themselves to harvest the fruits that come with independence symbolically portrayed here as a well open to all consumers. When she likens the dipping of pots in the well of independence to vultures sinking long beaks in a rotting carcass, it's a simile that suggests that something is the matter with the well itself for it is being compared to something revolting, a decomposing carcass. Just as Kahyana says, something in the extreme has happened in this 6-line stanza making the poet move away from looking at independence in glowing terms as a well, therefore something life-sustaining, to looking at it in negative terms (146-147). Thus, her inconsistency towards the subject, that is, it is as if independence

is both life-sustaining and sickening, is also evident in the portrayal of the speaking voice of the poem. The "we" people of the poem are portrayed as dutiful people who are trying to get the best out of independence, though with insufficient tools, the half-fired pots; yet on the other hand, they are compared to nauseating scavengers that feed on putrid flesh. This paradox suggests that the persona is disillusioned with independence. Exasperated with the state of affairs in independent Uganda, the persona sarcastically observes thus in the rest of the poem:

> At least the vultures harvest
> Chunks of stinking slippery flesh
> Which sail gently
> Down welcoming throats.
> But we have stayed by the well
> Soaked in frustration
> Our arms heavy stumps
> Our hearts shrivelled nuts
> As the water defies our pots
> Little wonder then
> The vultures laugh at us (7-17). (Appendix IV)

The pronouns 'we', "our", and "us" used imply that the community is involved in the procedure and state of affairs being described, that is to say, there is a part each member has played or is playing in making independence such a miserable let down. Thus, Kiguli's criticism does not spare both the leaders and the ordinary citizens who betray their obligation in building the Ugandan nation, take for instance, what Tumusiime says, the period between 1979 and 1980 where "many people were murdered or assassinated and no culprits were arrested...armed robberies and looting of properties was an everyday occurrence" (83). When elections were arranged in 1980, "Militon Obote who did not stand for elections in any constituency was declared the winner." This state of affairs that made the situation in Uganda degenerate is what Kiguli says makes the vultures laugh at us, for instead of improving and developing the country, people live in fear.

3.2 Irony

According to *The Bedford Glossary of Critical and Literary Terms*, irony is the contradiction between appearance or expectation and reality. The selected Ugandan poets through the use of irony in their poetic works also to expose the futility of Uganda's independence. The poems examined here include; 'Building the nation' by Henry Muwanga Barlow, 'Living Together' by Lubwa, 'My Mother' by Rahama and 'The State is my Shepherd: Psalm 23 Part II' by Wangusa.

For instance, the poem 'Building the nation' by Barlow criticizes the wastage, incompetence and indifference of the ruling class. The persona is also mocking his fellow countrymen who are involved in the mode of production only to feed the governing class. The third stanza that exposes the merriment of the PS and the pain of the driver stresses the agony and misery of the masses while the influential are enjoying themselves. Additionally, it also enhances the sense of being let-down that the nationals feel. Barlow's concern is also captured by Cliff Lubwa p'Chong also criticizes the greediness and selfishness of those who are better off materially, some of them enjoying wealth got from the expelled Orientals and do not think of or consider at all the plight of their fellow Ugandans who are struggling in his poem 'Living together'. In stanza two the persona wonders how those in monstrous houses and air-cooled offices relate with those who sweat it out in tatters, in the taxi parks and on the streets. This is what Tumusiime reports happened after Amin expelled the Asians from Uganda (83). He led to the creation of the so called "mafuta mingi", those who benefited from the properties of those expelled and the black- market trade that thrived during that time (83).

Rahama Hassan in his ironical poem 'My mother' tells that at 33 years Uganda glitters more than before, which suggests that the country is at a level where things

are glowing, but then soon afterwards Hassan contradicts himself when the persona says of Uganda, /mature have you become/ Yet you still shed tears/ (10-11). The phrase *you* 'still shed tears' indicates that from a certain point in time Ugandans began suffering, which time is clarified in the next line of the poem, /right from birth/, which implies that Uganda has never had respite from troubles since it became independent. The next lines stress the levels of suffering experienced in Uganda /your sorrows never end...the sad face you have/ your blood spilling/ (13,17-18) are consequences of your children's act. This is confirmed when we look at the chaos in different sectors of life in Uganda which were engineered by the Ugandans towards each other. For instance, Karugire in *A Political Story of Uganda* reports religious antagonism that brought a lot of unnecessary suffering as he cites cases where 'qualified catholic teachers were being transferred to remote areas and they were being replaced by unqualified (licensed) protestant ones simply because they were Catholics' (190).

Kasozi records in *The Social Origins of Violence in Uganda* among other evils suffered, the imprisonment and dismissal of journalists for reporting facts of what was happening in the country with the example of Ben Bella Elakut who in 1981 reported the tragedy of 'murder, destruction, vandalism, rape and complete disregard for human life' that was happening in West Nile (1994:178-179). This resulted in intensified suffering because for fear of the consequences, many crimes against Ugandans went unreported as Kasozi recounts. He further notes many other things done to the people in West Nile that made their suffering more intense such as 'the infrastructure' which was severely damaged, 'streets, houses and springs were stained with blood', people were driven into exile, 'government troops destroyed buildings, houses and animals'

'The State is my Shepherd: Psalm 23 Part II' by Wangusa is ironical by the way it doesn't reflect the genuine feelings of the persona. The persona seems to be heaping praises on the state for eagerly providing whatever he wants, but rather he is doing the exact opposite. He is criticizing the inadequacy and hopelessness of the social, political and economic provisions of the Ugandan state by ironically praising it for providing food, shelter, economic stability and security. Kasozi still rhymes what Wangusa says when he records the incidence whereby the state failed to offer security to its people in the 1980s in Uganda (179) Still reporting the happenings in West Nile he an instance when Alhaji Jabiri a prominent businessman believing that things were returning to normal returned from exile in Zaire, turned himself over to the police intending to settle down and live a normal life, but instead he was removed from police by the people who were meant to protect him and killed. Also, Chris Rwakasisi the then Minister in charge of Security in 1984 gave a perfect example of the government responsible for protecting its citizens becoming a threat when he warned the Arua district commissioner who was working to restore law and order in the region, such that the many West Nilers in exile could not risk returning home (179).

3.3 Personification

The Bedford Glossary of Critical and Literary Terms describes personification as the figure of speech in which human characteristics are bestowed upon anything nonhuman ranging from abstract ideas, inanimate objects and living organisms (683).

In 'The leader that hung', Barlow uses personification to communicate the futility of Uganda's independence. He personifies suspicion, trust, hatred, love, forgiveness and honesty. The leader who was once loving and trusted by his people

becomes suspicious. Eventually suspicion is said to have sharp and ugly teeth which give Trust a deep and vicious bite. Trust on the other hand is temperate and fights with gentle pleading words, beseeching the leader, but flies off when Suspicion now turned into fear bites harder, a personification of those Ugandans who have struggled to stand for justice and right but have eventually given up all in the face of intensified violence. Hatred then marches in and joins his father Suspicion in the fatal attack, experiences which Uganda has endured extensively on the politically scene. A case in reference is Bishop Janan Luwum who was accused of treason and publicly arraigned in a sham trial for smuggling arms, then later on killed in a staged accident by dictator Idi Amin though actual reason was being a vocal critic the latter and his regime's human rights infractions as stated by Kasozi (116).

Kiguli uses personification to reveal the futility of Uganda's independence. In the last line of the fourth stanza of 'Tempting a Troubled Past' personifies bayonets and guns, tools of torture. The persona not only calls them 'Audiences' but makes it possible for us to hear 'cheering bayonets and applauding guns' actions synonymous with people. The situation in independent Uganda reached such an extent that atrocities were a common occurrence on a large scale just like entertainment activities that gather crowds where people randomly cheer when delighted to encourage and congratulate the actors who in this case are the perpetrators of these crimes. In 'Viewers may find these pictures disturbing', she personifies vultures that we hear speak expressing their disgust at the horrific actions humans have done to each other. As they watch the carnage in and around a burnt coach, rather than take advantage of the free food provided them, the vultures seem to be sickened by the various stages of death the bodies and the still

live ones are in. They only say, 'Their blood be on their heads,' upon those Ugandans who have contributed to the death of the victims.

In stanza 7 of 'The Flight' by Timothy Wangusa, personification is employed to communicate the futility of the independence experience of Uganda. The persona talks of the 'god of asylum' to whom the migrant sacrifices endless sacrifice. Seeking asylum to many Ugandans is the only source of salvation they have if they are to live in freedom. Thus, asylum has taken on life as a life giver, an act known to only be managed by God the Creator. Take for instance the Asians who were expelled by Idi Amin Dada in 1972 most of whom were Ugandan citizens with no other citizenship at all, it was not easy to make a fresh start of the life they were used to, but many have not only survived but thrived to become multimillionaires possibly a fit they would not have managed had they remained in Uganda. James Tumusiime (82) in *Uganda 30 Years 1962 – 1992* records, 'Many people, particularly highly qualified ones…fled to other countries which would offer them opportunities…' and massive Asians were expelled in 1972 on racial grounds; (84) during Obote II regime, terror was unleashed on thousands of people at merely being suspected to be NRA sympathizers, and so many fled the country to neighboring countries and other parts of the world.

3.4 Metaphor

The selected poets use metaphor to subtly comment on the happenings on Uganda's experiences after independence in describing the futility of independence. In the poem 'Uganda' by Kiguli, the poet not only calls Uganda at independence the pearl of Africa, the heart of a continent that nurtures life, a star of a destroyed shelter, but also compares the goodness in it to the beauty in Switzerland and the vast resourcefulness of an ocean.

Pearl of Africa
Heart of this suckling continent
Star of this ravaged haven
Switzerland of mountainous glory!
Ocean of inexhaustible resources. (1-5)

But soon after calling all these positive experiences, she exposes how it has deteriorated with the comparison she makes of it being similar to an unprotected, exposed peacock that has lost all its beauty as it is exposed to rottenness and unhealthy conditions. "The pearl lives in an ocean of slime/ A peacock stripped of beauty" (12-13). The state Uganda has lived through that Kiguli is talking about is what Tumusiime mentions happened in Uganda in the first thirty years of independence, "a period of decay in which systems of accountability, the rule of law, independence of the judiciary and constitutional order had broken down (89). It was a period of lawlessness as there was no certainty in the law…various types of social indiscipline manifest themselves in the form of deficiencies in legislation and in the observance and enforcement of the law."

Okaka in the poem 'Gulu kids' compares 'independent Ugandans' and in particular the victims of Joseph Kony and the LRA rebels in Gulu region to neglected garden produce, a harvest, miserable things whose worth is not realized.

An harvest left to waste
And when the sky lets loose,
They shiver in antediluvian floods;
Tiny little miserable things
Each in the image of God (19-23). (Appendix II)

People whose potential and worth has not been realized, people who have been neglected. This is because the way they were terrorized and manhandled during the LRA insurgency was dehumanizing and they were left to the harsh weather conditions. Children living in villages in northern Uganda became known as "night commuters," walking miles every evening to the relative safety of the camps or towns in hopes of avoiding abduction. Kasozi recalls the nightmare that took place

in 1979 in Mbarara, Masaka and Mpigi districts during the ousting of Amin from power which relates to what took place in northern Uganda and Okaka recounts in 'Gulu Kids'. 'Crops were damaged and livestock killed; houses, factories and public buildings were gutted; school supplies, textbooks and writing materials were looted; food, furniture and clothes were taken from houses and shops; tools and equipment were taken from workshops ...towns were razed' (127). All these activities left the people defenceless and traumatized.

3.5 Rhetorical Questions

The Bedford Glossary of Critical and Literary Terms define a rhetorical question as a strategy authors use to elicit or impose a particular response from the audience (787). This means rhetorical questions are used for persuasion. Among the selected poets, Okaka, Ocwinyo, Barlow, Kiguli and Cliff use rhetorical questions in some of their poems on study to raise attention to the disturbing issues that have contributed to rendering futile Uganda's independence.

In his poem 'I am not my brother's keeper', Julius Ocwinyo employs rhetorical questions that highlight the plight of the poor due to indifference and individualism among the Ugandans since independence. The persona asks,

> Who told you
> I am
> My brother's keeper?
> Is it to become
> my brother's keeper
> I fought so hard
> To reach
> Here, where I am? (1-8). (Appendix X)

These questions point out the fact that the very persons responsible for the welfare of their fellow countrymen are the very ones who have neglected their duties. Rather, they are selfishly motivated and think only of themselves. They have managed through what they have termed 'fighting hard' to improve on their, their

conditions of living are far divergent from those of others. They live a posh life that the masses cannot afford in any way.

> ... If I am riding high
> In my Pajero
> In my Benz
> Or my Prado
> Is it me
> To blame? (15-20)

With the rhetorical questions, Ocwinyo goes on to tells of the corruption that is prevalent in post-independence Ugandan leadership campaigns where by voters are bribed with things as trifle as meat, plastic cups and plastic basins.

> Didn't you elect me
> Your eyes blind
> With the fumes
> Of yesterday's booze
> And your mouth remembering
> The savour
> Of yesterday's meat?
> Don't you recall taking...
> The plastic cup
> And the plastic basin? (21-32)

This is another indicator of the futility of Uganda's independence, people's freedom to vote leaders of their own choice without influence is tampered with through manipulation with these handouts. Kasozi reports about the 1980 elections how the UPC (Uganda People's Congress) party in order to get a landslide win bribed the people using essential commodities such as salt, sugar, paraffin, relief foods meant for the people in Karamoja and bicycles (140). They also used motorcycles ordered for the Uganda army and Uganda Transport Company buses were used to serve needs of the UPC during campaigns.

In his poem 'My Newest Bride', Barlow poses a number of rhetorical questions which all point at different experiences the Ugandans have had both before and after independence. In the question "Who paid the bride price I paid/ Not even having set eyes on the girl?" (15-16) Barlow gives us a glimpse of the eagerness

that filled the Ugandans with the prospect of becoming independent. In most Ugandan cultures before a man would start marriage, he would first visit the girl's home to verify the kind of person he wanted to commit to for life. It was rare for a man to pay the bride price without knowing the girl. Thus, Ugandans were ready for any kind of baggage that came with being independent provided they got independent. They had very high hopes enjoying a very good life after independence. In stanza nine, Barlow poses the questions /Why can't she be a bride forever?/ Why must she be like the others?/ Must she join the harem?/ (43-45) Everyone is happy with the bride and as said above a lot is expected of the bride in aspects that include development, social upgrading of the family, and economic advancing among others. With these questions being raised, it is an indicator that the expected outcomes and the reality are different.

When we look at stanza eleven, we encounter the dissatisfaction the Ugandans have with the way life is after independence made so mostly by some few who are benefiting more than the rest and even grabbing for themselves what belongs to others.

> Must I toil and sweat without pause,
> So our children can read?
> Must I raise my voice in anger,
> And sharpen my arrows and spears,
> So my greedy neighbours may not snatch her from me? (51-55).

This stanza highlights the fact that all Ugandans had expected to live a quality after independence, but that's not the case as is also indicated in stanza twelve. Many are toiling so much, foregoing and sacrificing a lot, trying to reach where others are, struggling to have what others have.

> Must I forfeit my treasured leisure,
> Must I spend sleepless nights,
> Must my flying hours of youth
> Be spent in cold calculating thought,

Must I age before my years,
So our homestead compares with others? (56-60).

Kasozi mentions a policy that Obote I and Amin after him exercised of "shifting wealth from rural to urban areas by appropriating and taxing peasant surpluses... to the point that broke the peasants' backs" (117). This shows the state benefitted from the sweat of the nationals, leaving them in with the minimum. Further on, Kasozi notes that from 1969, Obote embarked on an economic policy aimed at the state participating in business whereby "the government took over sixty percent of all companies, industries and financial institutions operating in the country" (90). Most of these institutions were privately owned and thus, the owners stood to lose and lost a lot once the state policy took effect.

In 'Building a Nation', Barlow cites a rhetorical question that clearly shows that the life of the common people who live in abject poverty in post independent Uganda represented by the driver is unsatisfactory in spite of the sacrifices they make in service. It's the driver being asked by his Boss who is coming from an 'important urgent function' which actually was a sumptuous dinner. The permanent secretary '...yawned many times in the back of the car/ Then to keep awake, he suddenly asked/ Did you have any lunch, friend?' (13-15). The very important person cannot remember his driver who is stuck in the car with pains of hunger. The populace's importance is rated by how they benefit those in power, their welfare comes as an afterthought.

The very title of the poem 'Where is Peace?' by Okaka is a rhetorical question and the poet goes on in the third stanza to reinforce this when he asks, 'Then why is there no peace?' (40)

after enlisting a number of things that are being done in Uganda to ensure that there is peace. It implies that in spite of all the attempts made at making Uganda as stable

as possible, there is still a long way to go to achieve real peace. This is further confirmed in the second part of Susan Kiguli's poem 'Because I love this land', where a number of rhetorical questions are raised that greatly trigger the reader's deep thoughts of the state of stability in post independent Uganda.

> How will we sing about old men's guts eaten out by hunger,
> old men's eyes closed for fear of watching axes tear the heads
> off their grandchildren?
> How can we explain missing ears, lips, noses,
> lone limbs traversing the land
> without their owners?
> How can we ever talk about these things
> without tumours of bitterness
> teeming in our hearts? (15-23).

These questions create a clear picture of the turmoil that Uganda has gone through over the years especially with the Kony insurgency where brutal atrocities were meted out to people of northern Uganda from 1988. As mention by Kasozi about the steps taken by Uganda's religious leaders in 1982, one of them being a letter from the orphans of Uganda read by Emmanuel Cardinal Nsubuga Ugandans were crying for peace, and another also being a letter he wrote to the persona of the National Assembly concerning the mass senseless murders and those rendered homeless in thousands (162).

Stanzas two, three and five of Kiguli's poem 'Crazy Peter Prattles' are rhetorical questions that query the meting out of injustice to the poor in comparison to the first-class treatment the "big people" in post independent Uganda receive. Stanza two questions why the doctor cannot get gloves to attend to the festering wounds of a patient, stanza three questions why the keys of the oxygen room could not be found to save Kasaija's only child and stanza five questions the judge's dismissing a rape case in which a seven-year-old was the victim. On the other hand, the sickness of a minister's child is hot news. This is further expressed by Cliff Lubwa

p'Chong who also employs rhetorical questions in his poem 'Living together' as a tool to question the disunity and unequal distribution of resources prevalent in post-independent Uganda. He raises inquires whether what we expected with independence of living together is true since the issue of the disparity between the rich and the poor which is so vast.

> Do I live together
> With the swells that flash
> In posh cars
> From monstrous houses...
> While I, in tatters, pull and push
> In a taxi park
> To go and sweep streets
> In the blazing sun? (5-16)

Kasozi notes, 'civil servants took advantage of their positions to rob the state... misappropriation of funds, misuse of foreign exchange and general dishonesty were practices by the very people who were supposed to enforce the law' (200). Such actions encouraged the widening of social inequality levels within the country.

3.1 Simile

The poets on study also use simile to portray the inept conditions in post-independent Uganda. As defined in *The Bedford Glossary of Critical and Literary Terms*, a simile is a direct comparison of two distinct things (847). The poems on study used to identify simile are 'Paper napkin (for Daudi)' by Barlow, 'Gulu Kids' by Okaka and *Living Together* by Cliff.

For instance, in 'Paper napkin (for Daudi)' by Henry Muwanga Barlow, the condition of the public servants at retirement is compared to that of a discarded useless napkin and it shouldn't be envied. He notes that during time of service, Ugandans give of their very best, but at retirement, they "...are crumpled like a used napkin/ And thrown into a garbage bin" (2-3). He goes on to warn them, "Pray

do not attempt to resist" (4) because possibly the consequences of a forced retirement can be demoralizing and one can easily lose lost your equilibrium since one finds oneself suddenly unemployed. Many people retire with nothing to show for the many years they have toiled and nothing to fall back to in their old age. Claiming for one's pension and other remunerations becomes sticking on their filthy fingers and a person can be destroyed in the process. For many independent Ugandans retirement and being out of service is a time of desperation.

While addressing the plight of the displaced post-independence Ugandans in 'Gulu Kids', *Okaka likens them to different creatures.* "Like a swarm of locusts/ They roam the streets" (4-5). The people being talked about appear to be in multitudes and purposeless, prone to cause vast destruction like locusts. He goes on to describe their actions, "Like untethered goats/ In mating frenzy/ During dry season" (6-8). They do not follow an organized structured life and they are unruly as it was the case in northern Uganda with the victims of the Lord's Resistance Army insurgency. He goes on to compare them to sardines in a tin loitering from street to street and they sprawl out at bus parks. That is, their life's potential has been greatly undermined.

Cliff Lubwa p'Chong in his poem 'Living together' recounts how independent Ugandans are living far contradictory lifestyles among themselves.

> Do we live together
> When we are
> Like children at play
> Shouting at one another:
> May your homestead
> Smell only of boiled beans
> And our homestead
> Smell only of fried meat? (29-36).

The standards of living in Uganda would have been the same since it was expected that with independence, all would enjoy a better standard of living, but the poor are very poor and the rich have it to the extremes.

3.6 Allusion

Some of the poets on study also employ allusion in their works to communicate Uganda's post-independence experience. According to *The Bedford Glossary of Critical and Literary Terms,* allusion is an indirect reference often to a person, event, statement, theme or work (78). Okaka in 'Gulu Kids', 'Where is Peace?' Wangusa in 'The State is my Shepherd: Psalm 23 Part II', 'A Psalm of Lot', 'The Flight', Kiguli in 'Because I love this land', 'Viewers may find these pictures disturbing', Ocwinyo in 'I am not my brother's keeper' and Rahama in 'My Mother' employ allusion.

Okaka in 'Gulu kids' alludes to the Bible in relating the harassed and helpless sheep without a shepherd talked of in Mathew 9:36 and the wolves talked of in Mathew 10: 16-36 in reference to the kids destabilised by the war in Northern Uganda. He says, "They roam the streets/ …sheep without a shepherd/ fleeing hungry wolves" (5,9-10).

Again, in his poem '*Where is Peace?'* Okaka recounts all things done where peace isn't and finally alluding to the Bible he points out where peace can be found. Isaiah 9:6 "…The Prince of Peace."

> Peace is of the heart
> And Peace is a person
> He is the Prince of Peace
> Who weighs hidden intentions of hearts
> Who alone can remove a heart of stone
> And put in its stead a heart of flesh (56-61).

Again in 'Gulu Kids', Okaka alludes to the Genesis 1:27 "God created man... in the image of God" in Bible in relation to the suffering victims of war as who are treated as less than the other human beings. "Tiny little miserable things/ Each in the image of God" (22-23). This is the plight of many independent Ugandans whose life is not valued. Who are exposed to vulnerable conditions due to political insurgencies.

'The State is my Shepherd: Psalm 23 Part II' the title of one of Timothy Wangusa's poems already indicates a Biblical allusion even before we read its contents. According to the Bible Psalm 23 is of the 'Lord, the Shepherd' and it narrates the things the shepherd does for his sheep which are all selfless. On the other hand, Wangusa's poem seems to claim the state is the shepherd like the one said of in the Bible, but rather the things it exposes the independent Ugandan nationals to, lead to a life of insecurity and terror. That is, "It leads" the citizens into paths of loans and pensions, for/ its international reputation's sake." They walk "...through the valley of/ the shadow of Kivulu" (7-8), where they "... fear no kondos" (9) (armed robbers) since "...the state is with" (10) them and "Its guns and pangas comfort" (11). All these have been experienced by Ugandans at a certain time.

The poem 'A Psalm of Lot' also by Wangusa is based on the Biblical story from Genesis 19 about the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. The poet relates the annihilation of people and properties in independent Uganda to the total destruction of the above two cities. The wars that have raged in Uganda levelled a lot of the development that had by then taken place and left many people dead.

Susan Kiguli's poem 'Because I love this land' also alludes to Jesus Christ of the Bible who was born as child, lived on earth, endeavored to bring people to the right

path of the Kingdom of heaven and suffered to death for the salvation of humanity. When the persona says,

> ...I will talk of other things
> of the man who hung naked
> on the tree and sweated sorrow for us.
> I will sing only of water and blood
> Flowing out of a side and a voice (26-30)
> that whispered "It is finished".
> ... a heavenly prince
> clothed in earthly tatters fighting
> swindlers in the temple of God.
> I think of a little child talking
> to bearded men about his Father's love
> ...that is the only way I can ever walk upright, (26-31,35-39,42).

Jesus is the only anchor that the independent Ugandans can rely on to hold onto life.

In 'Viewers may find these pictures disturbing', Kiguli employs biblical allusion that has its stem in at least four different scripture texts when the vultures are quoted to say, 'Their blood be on their heads' (6). The vultures have been watching the senseless murder of people who have been burnt in a coach, their flesh and blood are everywhere and it seems the vultures are overwhelmed by the disastrous actions of human beings on each other. In the second book of Samuel 1:16, King David says to an Amalekite who has not only assassinated King Saul but has also brought the sad news, your blood be upon your head', for he had 'slain the Lord's anointed'. In Ezekiel 33:4, the Lord says similar words to the prophet that should be a warning to the people if anyone was warned by the watchman's trumpet that announced impending disaster and he took no heed, that '...his blood shall be upon his own head'. The Jews also say of themselves similar words, 'His blood be on us and our children', in Mathew 27:25 after Pilate washes his hands to declare his innocence when he fails to convince them to let Jesus free since he is blameless. Paul also says to the Jews in Acts 18:16, 'your blood be upon your own heads...',

when they resist his words about Jesus Christ. All the above-mentioned scripture texts are warnings and curses that are to visit the persons upon whom they are directed but as the vultures look on the carnage, the warnings and curses have been fulfilled at some time in independent Uganda.

Julius Ocwinyo also uses biblical allusion in the poem 'I am not my brother's keeper'. This is embedded right away in the title which reminds us of Cain and Abel in the book of Genesis 4:9. The former had just murdered his brother and when inquiry was made as to the brother's whereabouts, he pretends to have no knowledge of even what happened. According to Ocwinyo, survival in Uganda is for the fittest and each is for himself or herself.

> ...Is it to become
> My brother's keeper
> I fought so hard
> To reach
> Here, where I am?
> If your lungs
> Are too weak
> To survive the climb
> Too frail to bear
> The rarefied heights
> Am I to blame?
> If I am riding high
> in my Pajero ...
> Is it me
> To blame?" (4-16,19-20)

A leader should be to be a brother who takes care of those led but it's not the case in independent Uganda. As Ocwinyo puts it, the voters are just manipulated as stepping stones to something better and bigger only for the "big men and women" in power. The persona enumerates the different forms of bribes used to elicit votes from people that include "the fumes/ of yesterday's booze/ .....meat/ ....the plastic cup/ ...the plastic basin" (23-24,27,31,32).

Biblical allusion is also used in 'My Mother' by Rahama Hassan. The persona talks of Uganda as being 33 years old and in spite of being mature, she is still shedding

tears. The Bible talks of Jesus who at the same age had accomplished a mighty mission of saving the world, but Uganda at the same age is still struggling and only has tears and sorrow to show.

Timothy Wangusa also employs allusion in his poem "The Flight" as he elaborates on the experiences in post-independent Uganda. The title itself alludes to two different incidents in the Bible where people had to flee for their lives, a situation that many Ugandans went through leaving their homeland as refugees and asylum seekers, many due to the political turmoil and many others economic reasons. Take the example of "Irene" a political activist who was forced to leave her home country after she was targeted by government forces because she criticized the Museveni regime (Pair Project). The flight in the title is an allusion that reminds of first of all the flight of Lot and his family from Sodom which because of its depravity was about to be destroyed (Genesis 19:1-38). Then the flight of Joseph and Mary with the Child Jesus from Bethlehem which posed the danger of death to the child, into Egypt which promised safety as recorded in Mathew 2:13-14. Another instance of biblical allusion in the same poem is stanza five when the persona recalls the crossing of the red sea experience (Exodus 14:22); "Dry up O River of my mother and father/ And let me cross on dry ground" (9-10). The Israelites were fleeing from Pharaoh and his army who wanted to slaughter the whole nation and in the case of Uganda many have crossed seas and borders, running for their lives.

3.7 Brevity

The selected poets employ brevity to strongly convey Uganda's post-independence experience by condensing their message in a few words and limited space.

Henry Muwanga Barlow's poem 'My newest bride' covers the period before, during and after independence in a space of 69 lines, approximately 420 words. It not only captures the struggles, anxiety, excitement and anticipation towards the achievement of independence; the great expectations, the jubilation and seeming arrival at the goal of being independent, but also the failure, limitations and disillusionment that followed soon after. Thus, just like the poem is brief, so was the short-lived excitement and fruits that the people had at being independent.

Before independence,

> I swore on the bones of my forefathers
> That I would neither sleep nor rest
> Until she was my wife, my betrothed…
> And what a bride price!
> Facing greener guns with stones,
> Long prison sentences without trial,
> Hunger strikes, deportation, the lot (9-11,17-20)

In the 35 lines of the poem 'Building the nation', we come face to face with the unproductive elite government officials in post independent Uganda who were having a good and comfortable life at the expense of all other nationals. They turn what is supposed to be meetings that discuss important matters concerning the state into banquets.

> I drove a Permanent Secretary
> To an important urgent function…
> The menu reflected its importance:
> Cold Bell beer with small talk,
> Then fried chicken with niceties,
> Wine to fill the hollowness of the laughs,
> Ice-cream to cover the stereotype jokes,
> Coffee to keep the PS awake on the return journey (3-4,6-11).

At the end of the meeting the permanent secretary says, 'I attended to matters of state/ Highly delicate diplomatic duties you know' (22-23). His conscience has been corrupted by money and power. The leaders do not feel guilty of their actions that deprive the nation of realising its visions.

In 'Paper napkin', Barlow uses 103 words only to tell of the unpredictable job security of a civil servant, determined by the whims of the bosses.

> When after giving of your very best
> You are crumpled like a used napkin
> And thrown into a garbage bin
> Pray do not attempt to resist
> Or stick on their filthy fingers.
> They will tear you to pieces
> And even incinerate you to boot! (1-7).

Being made redundant becomes a blessing in disguise to the civil servants who are saved from a system that doesn't care for their welfare or appreciate their contribution, and rather they reap a bountiful harvest as they become self-reliant, engaging in private service which offers more rewards and satisfaction.

'Uganda' is a 293-word poem that tells us the regression of the country from the once beautiful pearl of Africa. Before, both nature and human beings in Uganda were awe-inspiring, with a lot to offer, 'The splendor of cloud-wrapped mountains/ The mischievous giggles of youthful streams.../ The dark awe of impenetrable forests.../ The twinkling friendliness of the eyes/ Of the naked children smiling at strangers' (12-13,24,28-29), but now it's a rather, haunting place currently characterized by 'The strangling poverty of the villages .../ The callousness of the cruelty of the *kondos*/ ...where mercenaries plunder' (31,33,43).

The situation is overall stifling and scary where it is not only hard to make ends meet, but the brazen robbers do not encourage any development since destruction and deprivation of others of their hard-earned possessions is their sole target. Deforestation has become the order of the day with a vast amount of forests turned into financial empires. According to Rhett Butler, "between 1990 and 2000, Uganda lost an average of 86,500 hectares of forest per year" that "amounts to an average annual deforestation rate of 1.76%". Then "between 2000 and 2005, the

rate of forest change increased by 21.2% to 2.13% per annum" totalling, "26.3% of its forest cover, or around 1,297,000 hectares". The rivers and lakes have been polluted with wastes (1994-2006).

Okaka Opio also uses the limited space in poetry to lay bare the experiences of the violence and violation of human rights in post-independence Northern Uganda. *To the War orphan* is a 275 worded poem that narrates the miseries of the IDPs incarcerated in the camps and the advantage taken of their plight by the mediators of the kind or cash relief sent to them.

> Do not roll your tear-glazed eyes
> And look at me from the veranda of
> An IDP grass thatched hut,
> Do not part your hunger-cracked lips
> And plead-gaze at me...
> ...this cornmeal
> Although the World Food Problem
> Meant it for your hungry stomach
> But it was technically diverted
> And sold to me to resell to you...
> And all tribes of money that has been sent
> By our generous foreign friends
> To wipe your orphan-tears...
> We received them on your behalf
> And have built with them
> Post modern commercial apartments...
> Living monuments of your plight (1-5,9-13,20-22,26-27,28).

The so-called mediators have built themselves magnificent financial empires and live a luxurious comfortable life at the expense of the suffering masses. They even have no remorse for what they have done in spite of knowing the beneficiaries of the aid are still suffering from hunger to the extent of having cracked lips and they are orphans with nobody to turn to in their plight. Rather, they (the mediators) are reaping double effortlessly since they rob the aid given and go to the extent of selling it to the actual beneficiaries.

'Gulu kids' recounts the plight of the children of Northern Uganda in just 95 words who due to political instability are forced to take refuge on the town streets. These defenseless children of Gulu flocked into Gulu town every night to avoid being captured by the warmongers. They roamed the streets in their tens of thousands without any adults and could pile up on lit shop verandas and at the bus park, sleeping in the open, exposed to all weather conditions.

> They roam the streets
> ...sheep without a shepherd
> fleeing hungry wolves,
> Frightened chicks
> Dreading swooping hawks.
> They fill shop verandas... (5,9-13).

Okaka then used the 73 lined 'Song of a rebel' to enumerate the actions of the rebels in Uganda.

> ... I waylay and slay
> plunder and slander,
> I mock and maim,
> mutilate and massacre;
> Mayhem is my motto (27-31).

According to the persona, it seems at a certain time in independent Uganda chaos that included acts like kidnapping and disappearance without any trace, looting, defamation and harming irrevocably other people was a common occurrence.

Talk of using brevity in poetry to make serious points, Wangusa does it so excellently. He so powerfully covers the mood of independent Uganda experiences in a few words in his poetry.

For instance, in the poem 'Ancient Oracle', a poem of just 104 words in 11 lines, he captures the magnitude of the wars independent Uganda has seen where Ugandans have been killed in hundreds and thousands out in the open field.

> ...to your dead ones no more burial
> but commit them to their rest in the open grass

...from bones let rain and worms clear the flesh
...to feed the roots of trees and herbs and crops (1-2,4,6).

Such an abominable act towards the dead is due to where people have been killed in multitudes and there is no possibility of according them a decent burial probably due to the continuing war that offers no time for the rites.

In the 204 words of 'Song of Mukokoteni', Wangusa is able to expose the disparity of economy between the rich and the poor in independent Uganda. The poor have learnt to improvise using crude means to sustain life. The wheelbarrow has become a multipurpose savior in all situations.

My mukokoteni...
Miraculous automobile
From discarded timber
And junkyard tyre rim
Ingeniously fabricated
By Kufumba-Mutwe Afro Works....
My perennial Mercedes Benz
My ever-ready cargo plane...
Surviving where bulldozers break down
Ambulance of the crippled
Taxi-cab of the dying poor - ...
My only granary... (3,9-13,15-14,25-27,39).

The poor's struggle for survival and the rich's exotic lifestyle in Uganda are laid bare through the wheelbarrow's (the poor's) services to the wealthy. For the rich it carries lavish commodities. "...Into what kitchen have you not glimpsed/ Offloading opulent merchandise/ Too greasy for the blameless boot/ Of the family limousine/ What matooke shambas have you not ferried/ To mansions of executive stomachs" (28-33). It is the poor who have to bear the heaviest burden to ease life for the rich.

Using the 132 words of 'The State is my Shepherd', Wangusa enumerates the euphoria Uganda experienced in the initial days of independence, the anxiety of the Ugandans and the sliding of the economy.

... it makes me to lie down in a subsidized house.

It leads me into realms of political tranquility;
it restores my faith in a business future...
will I fear no kondos, for
the state is with me;
Its guns and pangas comfort me...
It fills my pockets with allowances;...
And I shall dwell in senior quarters for ever (2-4,9-11,14,18).

People are unable to develop themselves with the minimum income they have.

In 14 lines only, that is 121 words, 'The Flight' recounts the plight of all those who fled into exile. 'I must run with terror or pursued victim/ Towards the magic borders of the dream country/ ...I have fled that nightmare country' (3-4,11).

Susan Kiguli has also contributed greatly to chronicling the independence experience in Uganda's poetry archives where though compressed, it effectively communicates to the readers.

In the 137 words of the poem 'Uganda', we are led to the nostalgic remembrance of beautiful Uganda: 'Switzerland of mountainous glory! / Ocean of inexhaustible resources/ Cradle of the rushing Nile...' (4-6). This is followed by a narration of the regressive period Uganda has seen: 'The pearl lives in an ocean of slime.../ The rivers froth blood.../ The gun is the spokesman/ The prison is the courtroom/ Detention is the password/ Genocide is no crime...' (12,14,17-20). Finally, in the last part of the poem we discover that there is hope of recovery: 'And amidst the illusive shadows/ Shafts of light are hidden/ Life will not die/ Sanity will not be buried' (26-29), all in just a 29 lined space. The praises with which Kiguli inaugurates this poem give us an illusion of a country filled with potential for the best but the contrary is revealed in the next few lines, just like the next few years after independence ushered in a reign of terror in Uganda.

'Why Vultures Laugh' is a 17 lined poem that narrates Uganda's ill preparedness for independence which led to violent repercussions and subsequent disillusionment.

> We have dipped
> Half-fired pots
> In the well of independence...
> At least the vultures harvest
> Chunks of stinking slippery flesh...
> we have stayed by the well
> Soaked in frustration...
> Our hearts shriveled nuts (1-3,7-8,11-12,13).

However, brief this poem is it, captures the fact that we were not only ill-prepared for independence but we have still failed to gain what it's meant to benefit a people. According to Kiguli, we have all the possibilities to benefit the best from independence but we have just "stayed by the well".

In the 147 words of 'Tempting a Troubled Past', Kiguli reminisces about the trials of Uganda endured due to wars.

> ...fetuses extracted from
> Wombs of pleading mothers
> Frantically explaining that
> Their uteruses carry no guerillas...
> Attempting to block off
> Scenes of daughters made to
> Lie with fathers before
> Audiences of cheering bayonets and applauding guns (9-12,19-22).

Ugandans live scarred with memories of a multitude of atrocities they have been subjected to by their fellow nationals, things that reveal how heartless Ugandans have been to each other. They have not only done abominations but have ruthlessly led others into abominable acts.

3.8 Rhyme

The poets on study use rhyme which according to *The Bedford Glossary of Critical and Literary Terms* is "the repetition of similar vowel sounds" (790) not only because the repeated pattern brings the poem to life with its musicality and helps

the audience feel connected with the pleasant effect it produces but also because the repeated sounds work well together to emphasize the theme as they link one concept to another. Among the selected poets, thirteen poems of five poets were focused on. The poems 'My Newest Bride' and 'Uganda' by Henry Muwanga Barlow, 'Song of a rebel', 'Where is Peace', 'Gulu Kids' and 'They have feasted themselves' by Okaka Opio Dokotum, 'A Psalm of Lot' by Timothy Wangusa, 'Uganda', 'Viewers may find these things disturbing', 'Why Vultures Laugh', 'Tempting a Troubled Past' and 'Because I love this land' by Susan Kiguli, and 'Kampala' by Kisa Kaggwa.

Barlow uses a lot of rhyme in his poems while expressing Uganda's independence experience. In 'My newest Bride' end rhyme is employed in a number of sounds such as in the following groups of words: 'm' in /name, came, wisdom, freedom/ 'n' in /pain, again/ 'si' in /bliss, price, nights, breasts, lips/ 'ah' in /compare, forever, her, teacher, leisure, anger/ 'ti' in /beauty, rest, betrothed, lot, it, laughed, spelt, thought, sweet, danced, laughed/ and 'zi' in /forefathers, brothers, stones, eyes, breasts, friends, fevers, wives, others, pause, spears/. They elicit joy, excitement and raise our expectation as they conjure a good outcome of being independent which was the mood of the Ugandans before the arrival of independence, yet also they allude to the pain of unrealized dreams.

In the same poem, internal rhyme can be identified in the 'ah' in /Healer, killer/ /swore, before/ /her, fever, ever/ 'ti' in /cent, it/ zi in /bones, forefathers, guns, stones/ 'di' in /paid, bride/. The rhyme in these pairs of words creates a feeling of the pain the people went through due to the unrealized expectations of independence.

The poem 'Uganda' also by Barlow has end rhyme embedded in these words. That is, 'zi' in /Hills, mountains, streams, lakes, waters, skies, leaves, colours, thunderstorms, grasslands, eyes, strangers, weddings, villages, funerals, kondos, carriers/. They create a feeling of the freedom, joy and beauty Uganda enjoyed before independence and also the tough times experienced later on.

Rhyme is also extensively used by Okaka in his representation of Uganda's independence experience. Both internal and end rhyme in quite identifiable in his poetic works. In 'Song of a rebel' for instance there is end rhyme 'zi' in /Brains, mansions, slums, highways/ /waist, waste, haste, taste, paste, pat, granite, unsearched/ 'ah' in /brother, bother/ 'di' in /bid, did, nibbled, hunted/ 'si' in /whisks, twists, grass, barracks/ which all reinforce the themes of violence and disappointment that has characterized post-independence Uganda. The same can be said of the internal rhyme in these words of the same poem. The 'ah' in /Plunder, slander, wither, dither/ 'zi' in /loopholes, potholes, tears, rains, bullets/ 'ei' in /waylay, slay/ di in /hid, did/ 'l' in /awful, lawful/ and 't' in / mist, first.

Okaka's poem 'Where is Peace?' also contains words that rhyme. The end rhyme 's' in words /Talks, trucks, tactics, hearts, budgets, blasts/ 'z' in /jobs, conferences, capitals, debates, forums, strategies, signatures, cries, wishes, motives, words and the internal rhyming 'z' in words /Professors, papers, lexicographers, synonyms, antonyms/, all pointers of the delusional peace creation avenues employed that bear no lasting outcome in independent Uganda.

In the poem 'Gulu Kids', Okaka uses end rhyme z to highlight a number of conditions in post-independent Uganda. He points out the plight of the displaced and destabilized children when he uses such words /Loose, wolves, verandas/.

Their life being in danger as highlighted in the rhyming 'z' in the words /locusts, streets, chicks, hawks/ and they are existing under scary, insecure poor living conditions in the 't' rhyme in / street, waste/ and 'k' in /dusk, park.

When he elucidates on the greedy who have benefitted from independence at the expense of others in 'They have feasted themselves', Okaka uses end rhyme 'si' which communicates this in /filthiness, crooks, upstarts/ and in the internal rhyme 'ss', in these choice words /Vileness, filthiness/ 'd' in /feasted, air-conditioned, smeared, burrowed mobilized, bitumized, concave-bellied, trinketed, gramandized, fire-coated, dead/ that indicate the extremity to which greed reigns in independent Uganda. On the other hand, in the same poem the 't' rhyming words /banished, mattock-toothed, fat-necked, perished, fright, ripped/, the 'z' rhyming /hands, kondos/ and ing in /grumbling, groaning/ point at the pathetic conditions the disadvantaged Ugandans live through.

In 'A Psalm of Lot', Wangusa has both end and internal rhyme through which the persona communicates not only the bitterness the Ugandans feel at the violent atrocities they have been subjected to, but also the helplessness at the inability to halt the disasters that have taken place. The rhyming plosive 't' that sounds in the end rhyme in /He-goat, itched, terror-pelt, giant, feet/, the pain in 'ng' in the end rhyme in /weeping, wailing, piercing/, and in internal rhyme /hissing, wailing, running, bleating, inquiring, probing, doubting/ convey this.

A closer look at Kiguli's poetry also gives a glimpse in rhyme that has been used by the selected poets to communicate the futility of Uganda's independence. In the poem '*Uganda*' the end rhyme 'm' in /slime, courtroom, crime, 'd' in /motherland, homeland, land, blood, buried and 'z' in /resources, voices, branches, shadows

echo the cry for the lawlessness, corruption, delinquency and devastation at the revolting condition that Uganda has been subjected to.

In 'Viewers may find these pictures disturbing', Kiguli uses end rhyme to capture the grim conditions Ugandans have gone through that are not only disgusting but also a waste, hurtful and inhuman. The 'z' rhyme in /flags, bones, monkeys, remains, reigns and the 'n' rhyme in /crown, scene, in.

While describing the futile attempts Ugandans have had at reaping the fruits of independence, the Kiguli in 'Why Vultures Laugh' uses the 's' end rhyme in /Pots, parts, throats, nuts/ that communicates controlled anger at our ill-preparedness at making halfhearted attempts to commitment to development.

In 'Tempting a Troubled Past', Kiguli uses end and internal rhyme 'z' multiple times in /recollections, figures, memories, mothers, guerillas, pangas, butcheries, girls, soldiers, guns, souls and / fetuses, uteruses, scenes, daughters, audiences, fathers respectively. As the persona dredges up gruesome past experiences, the repeated sound raises in the readers or listener painful emotions of desperation, fear, anguish and revulsion at the atrocities Ugandans have endured. The same emotions are realized by the resounding internal rhymes 'ing' in /reminiscing, searching, jumping, blowing, pleading, explaining, dodging, clearing, attempting, cheering, applauding; and 'd' in / plagued, extracted, looted, deserted, used, dazed, tried, holed, tattered.

Kisa in the poem 'Kampala' uses the irritating 'z' sound to strongly communicate the condition of destruction, tearing apart and killing that has taken place in Uganda since independence in the ending sounds robbers, buildings, glasses, lawns, gardens, bottles, hills, trousers, windows. The fact that he repeats this sound

multiple times testifies to how massive and rampant were these actions in Uganda. Mutibwa reports, "Arua town, the West Nile capital had been completely destroyed...all household portable property remaining in Arua itself and the neighboring towns of Koboko and Moyo after their destruction had been looted" (137). Kiguli also reinforces this experience as she employs the same sound the end rhyme in "*Because I love this Land*" in the rhyming words; tears, ears, wails, babies, graves, heads, noises, owners, things.

3.9 Diction

Diction according to *The Bedford Glossary of Critical and Literary Terms* refers to the choice and phrasing of words suitable for verse (239). Some of the words the selected poets employ in some of the selected poems serve multiple purposes in communicating effectively Uganda's post-independence experience. Besides telling a persona's attitude towards the subject of a story and creating color and texture of the written word, they communicate to the Ugandan audience, they impact the reader's emotional response and create a tone that reveals the pain and disillusionment Ugandans have lived through. The poems that reveal diction include; 'My Newest Bride' and 'The Leader that Hung' by Henry Muwanga Barlow, 'Uganda' and 'Viewers may find these pictures disturbing' by Susan Kiguli Naluggwa, 'Gulu Kids', 'They have feasted themselves' and 'Song of a rebel' by Okaka Opio Dokotum, 'The State is my Shepherd: Psalm 23' by Timothy Wangusa and 'Kampala' by Kisa Kaggwa.

In 'My Newest Bride', Barlow's word choices capture the spirit and great expectation people had of independence. In the first part of the first line of the poem 'They came in hordes' is an attestation of the overwhelming interest people had in the knowledge that they were becoming independent, not just a few people,

but masses who represent the expectant spirit countrywide at the time, and then the second part of the same line, 'singing her name' is an implication that people foresaw only goodness out of becoming independent as a nation, as indicated in other choice expressions in the poem, that include, 'praising her beauty' (2), 'her soft charm was beyond compare' (3), 'her soft touch soothed all pain' (4), 'her words taught all wisdom' (5), 'her embrace brought eternal bliss' (6). Then to express the price paid to gain independence he terms it 'bride price'. The choice of this term is intentional to highlight the eagerness, love and great expectation Ugandans had of a future full of fruitfulness similar to the joy that fills a groom working for and awaiting his bride. The choice of words also to indicate how great the price was, are also very appropriate. That is, 'long prison sentences without trial' (19), 'hunger strike' (20), 'deportations' (20) and 'guns' (18), all just because an independent life 'was beautiful beyond compare' (27), it 'spelt beauty and joy forever' (30).

In 'The Leader That hung' also, Barlow chooses abstract nouns that personify human abilities that are clear manifestations of what has happened and continues to happen in Uganda. The 'Cancer of Suspicion' that has truly characterized interpersonal interactions. Suspicion is one of the reasons why the 2021 presidential candidate aspirants Robert Kyagulanyi and Patrick Amuriat faced it rough on 3rd November, 2020, their day of nomination for the post. The latter reached the nomination ground in Kyambogo barefooted after being kidnapped by the nation's security forces outside Najjanankumbi, his party headquarters, while the former even before he left the ground after nomination was badly roughed up, kidnapped and reached back home yet he was supposed to go declare his manifesto. What caused the hullabaloo! Possibly suspicions. He talks of 'Love slowly bled to

death'. The fact that eleven people came forward to contest for the presidential post for the 2021 presidential elections shows the discontentment and mistrust that has arisen among the Ugandans towards a political party that people looked up to as having brought peace as a sign of this. The persona tells us that 'Forgiveness was starved'. We know that when a person is starved, one of the consequences is death. In this case, the poem communicates to us that on a great extent there are mark that the wrongs done to one another in Uganda have been retaliated to in some cases leading to impairment and in worst cases to death. Take the case of Francis Zaake, an opposition member of parliament in Uganda, who was reportedly tortured in 2018 to the extent that today he uses clutches to walk. Further, the persona notes that 'Honesty slowly stupefied'. Halima Athumani reports in Voice of Africa that four top Ugandan governmental officials who work in the office of the Prime Minister were arrested for inflating COVID19 relief food prices, food meant for the most vulnerable amid the corona virus pandemic. In addition to this, she adds that officials in the office of the prime minister are no stranger to corruption and embezzlement of both government and donor funds.

In the poem 'Uganda' by Susan Kiguli, the poet chooses terms that reveal the changes for the worst that Uganda has experienced after independence. She tells us that Uganda which was once the 'Pearl of Africa' (1), has become 'an Ocean of slime' (12), its 'rivers froth blood' (14) and 'ghosts whisper' (15) due to the different wars and other violent murders that have claimed many lives in the few years that Uganda has been independent. The pearl has been 'stripped of beauty' (13), talk of deforestation and urbanization that have stripped the country of forests and the original wetlands have been modified mainly due to industrial development and small-scale farming. The poet calls 'the gun the spokesman' (17), 'the prison

the courtroom' (18), 'detention is the password' (19) and 'genocide is no crime' (20), funerals are 'a national celebration' (22). The New Vision of 9th July 2019 reported that among the violations of human rights in Uganda, torture assumes a lion's share of 70% reported abuses. The same paper stated that the Foundation for Human Rights Initiative's director Dr. Sekandi maintains that the so called 'safe houses' or ungazetted detention centers are thriving in Uganda. A good number of Ugandans have fallen victim of illegal incarceration and cruelty at the hands of both members of security forces and non-state actors for private gain.

There is appropriate diction employed in Kisa Kaggwa's poem 'Kampala' that captures the desolate condition of many towns in post war moments in Uganda in post-independence times. Kampala being the nation's capital would have been teeming with people, but talking of its streets, they are 'half deserted'; its buildings are 'forlorn', 'unpainted', 'bullet ridden' and instead of people working on them, they house vultures that have painted the windows with 'vulture waste'. The lawns are 'uncut', the flower gardens 'bushy' and littered with garbage. The people's talk is of 'armed robbers' and 'gunshots'. There is laxity and none is responsible for the public systems falling apart shown in the choice words 'potholes', 'sewage' that is 'gutting', pouring out, its contents 'pumping', signs of instability. There is no hope of things improving since there are signs of another 'coup'. The tribal based wars that Uganda has seen are hinted on in the phrase that tells of the awaited coup and 'change of language'.

'Gulu Kids', a poem by Okaka also makes use of appropriate diction while expounding the predicament of the children in Northern Uganda during the LRA uprising. The poet's choice of verbs, adjectives and terms paint a picture of the desperate situation the children went through and how defenseless they were. The

way they seek refuge in the town in the evenings has all the telling of people who are chased by danger since they 'burst into town' rather than enter it peacefully. He calls them 'Frightened chicks' which implies that there is danger that destabilizes them. They are compared to a 'swarm of locusts' and 'untethered goats', meaning they are in multitudes and unguarded possibly without the protection of their guardians. Their movement within the town is not coordinated since he tells us that they 'roam the streets' and their actions are equally disturbing, instead of sleeping 'they sprawl out'. He goes on to tell the reason of their camping in the town, that they are 'fleeing hungry wolves', 'dreading swooping hawks', phrases that confirm what is said above that they are running in fear from inevitable evil at the hands of the Lord's Resistance Army terrorists, fellow human beings who are after their lives. Conclusively, Ugandan in the Northern part of the country have lives through a time of terror that has traumatized everybody greatly.

In the poem 'They have feasted themselves' also by Okaka, appropriate diction is used to describe the corrupt officials who have benefitted themselves of public wealth which he calls 'their unfair share of what is ours'. He chooses rhyming and derogatory adjectives and nouns in describing the corrupt officials. He uses two contrasting adjectives, 'thin-necked upstarts' and 'fat-necked crooks' that emphasize the extent to which they enrich them. That is, figuratively they come to power financially lean, but with time they boast of multiple riches to their name. The choice of names used for them is appropriate in revealing the nature of their destructive activities towards the nation. They are 'mattock-toothed rodents', 'bullying old hands', 'cronies' and 'opulent kondos'. The phrase mattock-toothed rodents points out the fact that the few reaping from the wealth of Uganda are doing so illegally and causing a lot of harm to many. Their actions towards the nation are

described in ungraceful terms. They 'burrowed into our coffers', 'trinketed themselves with craft and graft', 'gormandized', 'growled and grabbed', they are 'gobbling'. The term burrowed calls to mind the destructive foraging of animals into things when and where you least expect them to attack. Trinketed is a verb derived from the word trinket that refers to a cheap ornament. In this case, it refers to the officials who have sold themselves short by use of illegal methods. The term gormandized tells us that they have taken for themselves in excess the common goods and services that they are expected to protect and administer well, which action is emphasized in the choice verbs used, growled and grabbed. They have led the nation to 'grumbling and groaning' which had been expected to be a 'no go' chapter in independent Uganda.

Okaka employs appropriate use of diction in 'Song of a rebel' to express the devastation done by the rebels; the horror of the experiences Uganda has gone through from different rebel groups' activities. The rebels 'split brain', 'waylay', 'slay', 'plunder', 'slander', 'mock', 'maim', 'mutilate', 'massacre'. The rebel calls himself 'a robot', 'the hunter', 'the hunted', 'the victor', 'the victim'.

In Wangusa's 'The State is my Shepherd: Psalm 23', choice words are used that generally imply the life that every Ugandan would have hoped for in post-independence time, a life that has remained a dream. The state is referred to as a 'shepherd' from whom we expect protection and care for the people. Living in a 'subsidized house', experiencing 'political tranquility', 'allowances', 'increments', 'promotions', 'senior quarters. The poet appropriately uses words that point at things that have become a nightmare for Ugandans, that is, the 'kondos' which means armed robbers, 'guns', 'pangas' and 'devaluation'.

There is appropriate diction used in 'Viewers may find these pictures disturbing' by Kiguli, words that capture the experiences with rebels especially the LRA activities that brought untold suffering and loss of lives. Talking of killed people, they are 'barbecued flesh', and the bus is a 'desolate coach' due to the fact that its occupants have been massacred. There is use of appropriate words that reveal that the dead are denied decent burial; their remains lie in the wild and 'grass grows' and 'blades sprout' through and on their remains. The verbs 'grow' and 'sprout' are used in relation to the condition of the remains of the dead to imply that these people weren't buried since nobody was in position to carry out the burial, possibly because all others faced a similar ending having fallen victim to the same fate, or they are in hiding. Of a little girl who would be pampered like a princess and given all comforts, 'she wears a crown of rotting flesh and rotting remains.'

3.10 Repetition

The selected poets use repetition to emphasize and amplify feelings and ideas about the post-independence experiences in Uganda. The poets repeat words, phrases, lines or even stanzas to make their messages clearer and more memorable. The poems that reveal repetition include; 'My Newest Bride' by Henry Muwanga Barlow, 'Where is Peace' and 'Song of a rebel' by Okaka Opio Dokotum, 'Mukokoteni' and 'The Flight' by Timothy Wangusa, 'Kampala' by Kisa Kaggwa, 'Living Together' by Cliff Lubwa p'Chong, 'The Decay' by Grace Makumbi, 'My Mother' by Rahama Hassan and 'I am not my brother's keeper' by Julius Ocwinyo.

Barlow in 'My Newest Bride' uses repetition to capture the joy and hope that filled the Ugandans at the reception of independence. In stanza five he repeats the word 'laughed' twice in /We danced and laughed/ /And drank and laughed again/ and then he goes on to inflate it and stress the mood at the time of independence in

stanza six when he says repeats it using the same root word but with a different ending in, 'laughter spelt beauty and joy forever'. In stanza five again there is the repeated 'throbbed', 'The drums 'throbbed', they 'throbbed' for a week' that also serves to stress the same point of independence having been eagerly awaited and a lot having been expected from it.

In his poem 'Where is Peace?' Okaka repeats the word peace forty times. The way he repeats it emphasizes how desperate the Ugandans are for peace, true and lasting peace. It also serves to emphasize the elusiveness of peace in spite of all the measures and attempts at it and to stress that unless Ugandans are committed to being peacemakers, they will only remain in the realm of ideas and dreams of peace. The illustration below is an extract showing the frequency of the word 'peace' in this poem.

We've heard a lot about peace
We know so much about peace
Except we have no peace.
Professors have read to us papers
Analysing the dynamics of peace
Lexicographers have defined for us peace
With synonyms and antonyms,
International NGO experts
Have held for us workshops on peace,
Yet we have no peace.
We have had peace talks
Opened peace offices
Bought four-wheel drive peace trucks
And created new peace jobs,
...
All in search of peace,
....
And psychomoral matrixes to peace
But not the substance of peace.

We are tired of peace theories
Peace strategies
Peace cries
And peace wishes
Without peace.

If rebels says they are fighting for peace
Government is fighting rebels for peace
religious leaders are preaching for peace
Cultural leaders are sleepless for peace
Citizens are crying for peace,
Our neighbours are anxious for peace,
Then why is there no peace? (1-14,22,27-40)

Throughout 'Song of a rebel' by Okaka, the word brother is repeated six times. First of all, it is used in a way that the persona reminisces regretfully to his brother his background, the things he treasured before he became violent actions he carries out. In a way, the persona is voicing out the disillusionment that has become the face of many Ugandans with time. He claims that violence is the only way of life he knows. That is, it has become the only reality they know, they cannot comprehend a life away from it. Thus, "Do not call me back brother/ /my feelings are entombed" (41-42).

The word 'mukokoteni' in the poem 'Song of Mukokoteni' by Wangusa is repeated seven times. Mukokoteni, is a Swahili word for a small, open cart. According to the poem it is the only means of transportation that the persona has to transact business. Its repetition stresses the high prevalence of poverty which is the plight of the poor Ugandans who have resorted to improvising since they cannot afford the minimum means of transport available to those enjoying the fruits of independence.

In the poem 'The Flight' also by Wangusa, the word 'country' is repeated four times. The first two times and the last time when the persona uses it, he sounds disgusted by the pain, disillusionment and betrayal experienced within the country. 'That is no *country* to be born or buried/ That is no *country* where to sow or build a granary/ ...And when I have fled that nightmare *country*' (1-2,11). The third time echoes the hope many Ugandans have of finding in a dream country what has

eluded them at home, thus, many Ugandans are in diaspora. 'And I must run with terror or pursued victim/ Towards the magic borders of the dream country' (3-4).

In the poem 'Kampala' by Kisa, the words Kampala, garbage, dust, star, falling, dirt and dung are repeated. Besides being the title, the word Kampala is repeated twice. By specifically naming the place the poem is about and repeating it, the readers' attention is drawn not only to the reality of the things being talked about having happened in a definite place, but also to what is being talked about not being fiction. The word 'garbage' is repeated five times. In line 18, it is repeated thrice and in line 25 it is repeated twice where in both cases it's the sole occupant of the whole line. The term dust is used four times. In line 19 it is not only repeated thrice, but it stands alone on that line. The fourth time it appears it's the sole occupant of a whole line on line 26. The word dirt and dung appear twice in the same lines in line 20 and line 27, and the term falling recurs thrice in the last two lines. The way these expressions are repeated in relation to Kampala communicates the overwhelming desecration to the capital city. That is, they reveal the destruction, decay, lawlessness and disabuse that happened in Uganda symbolized by Kampala for decades.

The poem 'Living Together' by Cliff has the word 'live together', 'living together' repeated in every stanza of the poem. In five stanzas the phrase is embedded within inquiries that seek to know whether there is any living together going on among the nationals where the persona points out with examples how Ugandans are not united as he stresses the problems of Ugandans being selfishness, economic disparity and tribalism, while in the sixth stanza it is used to make a statement that there is no living together taking place.

In the poem 'The Decay' by Grace, the word 'look' is repeated seven times, once in the first and third stanzas, thrice in the second stanza and twice in the last stanza. To look is to observe, direct one's attention on something or examine closely. The persona uses it every time he is calling his audience's attention to an aspect of immoral deterioration he wants to emphasize and awake our sensibilities to. In the same poem the phrase 'fruits of morals' is repeated twice, that is, in the first and last stanzas and then inflated in the second stanza to 'immorality'. The repetitious spotlight on morals serves to stress the same concern that there is degeneration going on in the quality of our society that needs attention. The word 'shame' is also repeated thrice in the poem and then inflated to 'shamelessly' in the last stanza. It's an appeal to develop a sense of remorse for the degradation that has invaded the society and our contribution in it.

Rahama in his poem 'My Mother' repeats the word 'mother' thirteen times, the word 'Africa' twice and 'African' also twice, the word 'Uganda' thrice, the word 'children' thrice and the word 'blood' four times. He calls to mind the filial relationship that would exist among the people who belong to one family in this case Uganda. With the multiple repetition of the phrase mother in relation to Uganda, it's a strong reminder that Uganda as a country should have been nurturing life like a mother does. Its children, the citizens are at discord with one another and this disunity is felt in the violent activities taking place in different parts of the country.

In the poem 'I am not my brother's keeper' by Ocwinyo, the phrase 'my brother's 'keeper' is repeated twice. Just like in Rahama's poem '*My Mother*', the repeated reference to the filial relationship that is expected to be present serves to highlight

its non-existence. Instead of being each other's defender and preserving one another's life, selfishness and individualism are the norm.

3.11 Alliteration

Alliteration is the repetition of the initial consonant sounds of words. Alliteration is normally used to create mood or tone, at times it delivers comic effect and other times it emphasizes the meaning contained in those words. As stated in *The Bedford Glossary of Critical and Literary Terms*, poets "use alliteration to create powerful musical effects and to highlight and emphasize key words, concepts and relationships" (77). Barlow in 'My Newest Bride', 'The Leader that Hang', 'Building the Nation', 'Uganda' and Okaka in 'Gulu Kids', 'They have feasted themselves' and 'Song of a rebel', repeat identical consonant sounds either at the beginning of a line or within a line in their poems to emphasize the experiences of Ugandans in post-independence times.

In 'My newest Bride', Barlow uses a number of alliterating sounds in his endeavor to describe Uganda's expectations out of independence. He uses the alliterating **h** that has a soothing effect in his endeavor to describe the peace that the Ugandans felt as they awaited independence in / **h**ordes, **h**oarse /. There is the use of alliteration in / **b**eauty, **b**eyond / / **s**mile, **s**pelt, **s**pend, **s**leepless / as the persona enumerates the all-consuming goodness of independence and the impact it already had on the people during the waiting that places it as a must achieve experience in the freedom of Uganda.

The repeated alliterating sound of '**f**' throughout the whole poem in 'The Leader that hung' in /**f**lowed, **f**ertile, **f**ed, **f**ought, **f**ear, **f**lew, **f**ill, **f**ather, **f**atal, **f**illed, **f**or, **f**orever, **f**orgiveness / brings to mind the evils that suspicion and hatred have bred

among the people of Uganda rather than the fruits of love and trust that we hoped for with independence.

In 'Building the Nation', Barlow use alliterating **s** throughout the poem in **s**ecretary, **s**mall, **s**tereotype, **s**uddenly, **s**traight, **s**ecretly, **s**miling, **s**limming, **s**aid, **s**eriously, **s**tate, **s**tomach, **s**uffer, **s**umptuous. The repeated use of it creates a hissing sound of controlled anger that the Ugandans have experienced at the betrayal of their leaders who have reaped big and enjoyed the fruits of independence with little exertion at the expense of their fellow nationals who are actually laboring for 'the big' shots.

When Barlow uses the alliterating **s** in the poem 'Uganda' in **s**plendor, **s**treams, **s**erenity, **s**ilence, **s**himmering, **s**tar-filled **s**kies, moon-**s**ilvered, bird-**s**ong, **s**miling, **s**unset, **s**trangers, **s**trangling, **s**hamelessly, **s**uppleness, **s**uggestive, **s**laughtered, **s**hall, **s**mile, he not only recounts the beauty, innocence, culture, nature and joy that pervaded Uganda but also tells of the destruction that has been done to it since independence by the Ugandans themselves. The destruction of Uganda's beautiful nature since independence is strongly felt and visible in the devastation of Mabira Forest Reserve and the silting of Lake Victoria. Gerald Tenywa records Vincent Lubwama a resident of Nagojje telling Sunday Vision, "I have never seen this kind of destruction in Mabira. Illegal loggers and charcoal burners are not sleeping…taking advantage of the situation to exploit the forest…we are seeing more chainsaws in the forest…the sound coming from the forest is like a maize mill". Sudhir Byaruhanga also reports in Daily Monitor of how the security forces clashed with rioters who had been provoked by plans of the government to give away a quarter of Mabira Forest Reserve's 300 square kilometers to Mehta Group to grow sugar canes. Jacky Achan in her article also reports Tom Okello Obong

the National Forestry Authority Executive Director saying in New Vision, "Water is now flowing on the surface", since the wetlands where it would have gathered have been destroyed and "...in the process it is carrying soil into the lake because the area has been cleared of vegetation...our lakes will become so shallow and no economic activity will take place. Rivers have dried up too" (February, 2018).

In 'Gulu kids' by Okaka, the resounding **d** in **d**escent, **d**usk, **d**uring, **d**rying produces a revolting and dismal effect on the reader as the persona enumerates the plight of the "night commuters" who are forced to leave the comfort of their homes hoping to avoid abduction by the rebels. The repeated **f** sound in **f**rom, **f**ar, **f**lung also creates a sinister air to the situation that surrounded the people of northern Uganda and rendered it unsafe to live in their own home. Human Rights Watch in 2003 reported, "... in early February 2003, more than 1000 children were sleeping each night in Gulu town and about 3000 people, the vast majority unaccompanied children sought safety at Lacor Hospital...they seek refuge on verandas, in the bus park, on church grounds and in local factories before returning home again each morning.

A closer look at 'They have Feasted themselves' also by Okaka reveals alliterating **gr** in **gr**anary, **gr**aft, **gr**umbling, **gr**oaning, **gr**owled, **gr**abbed and **g** in **g**ormandized, **g**obbled that reveal controlled anger and pain at the impunity with which government officials have robbed the nation. An example is the shocking allegations unearthed by the commission of inquiry that grilled 130 Uganda Government officials and members of the civil society of the financial mismanagement and inappropriate expenditure of the global funds meant for the severely sick.

In 'Song of a rebel' another poem by Okaka, there is alliterating **h**, **v**, **wh** and **w**, sounds that combine to strongly bring out the painful reminiscing of the simplicity of life that was, the sudden change to a hard violent life that yielded passing satisfaction and power, and the painful irrevocable consequences lived with thereafter.

> I once **h**ad a **h**ut, brother,
> where I gave my wife a pat... (8-9)
> I am now the **h**unter and
> The **h**unted:
> the **v**ictor and the **v**ictim (16-17)
> the **wh**irlwind made a twist
> in my life and with a **wh**am
> showed me the **w**iles of **w**ar -
> wafted me to the **w**ild jungles...
> My heart was nibbled
> by **w**orms of **w**ar (12-15, 19-20).

3.12 Conclusion

In conclusion, through deployment of style, Henry Muwanga Barlow, Timothy Wangusa, Okaka Opio Dokotum, Julius Ocwinyo, Kisa Kaggwa, Rahama Hassan, Grace Makumbi, Keith Mugadya, Lubwa and Susan Naluggwa Kiguli effectively portray Uganda's state in post-independence times characterised by destruction, dissatisfaction, death and outlandish experiences. Both the historical records and poetic works recount the traumatic experiences of Uganda since independence, experiences that are indeed indescribable, however, poetry has the ability to record them in a creative way using style. As seen in the discussion above, style helps the poets to highlight corruption, political instability, discrimination, torture, poverty, humiliation and other atrocities in Uganda. Style therefore, not only provides aesthetic value to the reader but it's also the means through which the reader comes to grips with the different evils that characterise Uganda even after it became independent.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE SUGGESTED REASONS FOR THE FAILURE TO REALIZE THE INDEPENDENCE EXPECTATIONS

4.0 Introduction

According to the selected poets, Uganda has not benefitted from independence as it had been anticipated. They point out a number of reasons why Uganda's independence has been a failure that include over expectation and being unprepared, unequal distribution of resources and greed, governing with terror, war and destruction, corruption, disunity and mistrust. The poems used in this chapter include; "Song of a rebel", "To the war orphan", "They have feasted themselves", "Where is peace?" and "Gulu kids" by Okaka; "The Leader that hung", "My newest bride" and "Uganda" by Barlow; "Mukokoteni", "The State is my shepherd" and "The Flight" by Wangusa; "Why vultures laugh", "Uganda" and "Crazy Peter prattles" by Kiguli; "My mother" by Rahama, "The Decay" by Makumbi and "I am not my brother's keeper" by Ocwinyo.

4.1 Over expectation

Barlow observes that Ugandans surely amplified their expectations from independence. In 'My Newest Bride', he captures the spirit of despondency among the post-independence Ugandans at the failure of realizing the benefits that they had hoped to achieve from independence. They had believed that conditions in the country would be perfect. With the title itself, the persona points to having had other brides before (previous regimes, in particular the colonial masters) who possibly never fulfilled what he is looking for in a bride, but now he is acquiring a new one 'who holds' the key to what he is searching. But is this the case? No. He discovers she is like all he has experienced before and quite unsatisfying. A case

in relation to this is the 2020-2021 political campaigns and elections that had raised so much hope among the Ugandans for 'a new Uganda'. It was 59 years after the reception of independence, people had experienced that things cannot be perfect, but they surely believed that without fail everything would be differently handled, there would be justice, conditions of living would be better, the top most leadership would change, a dream that never materialized.

The failed realization of the expected fruits of independence is further affirmed by Rahama in his poem 'My Mother', written on the occasion of Uganda's 33 years of independence. 'Uganda my mother!/ ...33 Years old are you/ ...Yet you still shed tears/ Right from birth/ Your sorrows never end' (7,9,11-13). He complains that Uganda has experienced miseries throughout the years of independence.

4.2 Not prepared for independence

Kiguli in the poem 'Why Vultures Laugh' argues that Ugandans were unprepared for independence. The proclaims,

> We have dipped
> Half-fired pots
> In the well of independence (1-3).

This is a genuine observation because the things happening in the country and the way leaders exercise their authority, all show Ugandans were over-exuberant but unprepared for independence. They were divided on tribal, religious and political grounds and they were not ready to work together.

The country generally wasn't ready for self-rule because it lacked empowerment and institutions to enforce self-rule. On top of that, there were continuous struggles for power with regime after regime coming into power through the use of arms, which resulted into many deaths, stifling of development and erosion of patriotism,

all of them rendering the independence experience futile. Tumusiime notes that at independence, a divided Uganda was "placed in the hands of a hurriedly formed coalition of leaders who had nothing in common but to get independence (31).

4.3 Unequal distribution of resources

As shown above, Ugandans expected all to benefit equally the fruits of independence, something that remained in dreams, but as Achebe puts it in *The Trouble with Nigeria*, 'the advantage of the few' in power has become 'the corner-stone of public policy' (16). Those in power determine how affairs in the country are to run.

Kiguli in 'Crazy Peter prattles' shows clearly that the poor suffer gravely while the rich swim in luxuries and privileges. She notes how 'the minister's ailing son... makes boiling news' while '.... Tina's hospital bed crawled with maggots/ and her eyes oozed pus/ because the doctors lacked gloves', '... Kasaija's only child/ died because the man with the key/ to the oxygen room was away' and '...queues/ of emaciated mothers clinging to/ babies with translucent skins/ faint in line...' (8-14). A nation where people are denied a just treatment and access to basic medical care is yet to realize the benefits of independence.

Grace Makumbi also in her poem 'The Decay' points at the unfair distribution of resources as a contributing factor to Uganda's failure to realize the fruits of independence. She observes that 'the remorseless bourgeois/ His pockets bulging with stolen wealth/ Going past the poor/ Belly pregnant with accumulation/ Going past the needy/ Weighed down by avarice/ Going past the peasant' (15-21).

Ocwinyo too in the poem 'I am not my brother's keeper' cites the persona boasting of his wealth to the poor, an indicator of the imbalance in the sharing of resources among the people; 'If I am riding.../In my Pajero/In my Benz/Or my Prado/Is it me/To blame' (15-20).

4.4 Greed

According to Okaka, the fruits of independence would be a reality but for what Chinua Achebe in 'The Trouble with Nigeria' calls 'Institutionalized robbery of the common people...by their public servants' (23). The greedy claim every benefit for themselves at the expense of others. In the poem 'To the war orphan', the persona claims in line 6 that he serves a demanding god of self and because of this he has diverted to himself all the aid in kind and money that was sent by donors to alleviate the plight of those who suffer. This is a reality in Uganda where many in positions of leadership are very well establish with a lot of wealth compared to the people they serve who are struggling to survive. In lines 10, 11 and 12 he tells that the free cornmeal that was met for the hungry stomachs of those starving ended up in his possession to be resold to the beneficiaries; in lines 18 to 28, he confirms that the monetary aid from generous foreign friends was used to construct post-modern commercial apartments which consequently benefit the persona and in lines 29 to 41, the plight of war victims that has generated a lot of sympathy from the donors is a means of more assistance flowing into the hands of the greedy that is continuously taken advantage of such that the poor souls are encouraged to maintain the miserable state.

In the poem 'They have feasted themselves', Okaka again affirms the same, greed, when he calls those who have unjustly acquired things 'opulent kondos' who 'have growled and grabbed/ by fright and might/ their unfair share of what is ours' and

in the process they have 'ripped off the threadbare petticoat/ that hides the nation's marabou-stork thighs.'

4.5 Governing with terror, war and destruction

Governing with terror, war and destruction is another cause of the failure to realize the expectations of independence in Uganda as cited by the poets on study. In the poem 'Song of a rebel', the persona boasts of the atrocities he has committed that have led to the stunting of life and conditions in Uganda after independence. He says, 'I waylay and slay/ plunder and slander/ I mock and maim/ mutilate and massacre/ mayhem is my motto' (27-31). These actions were a reality in Uganda for years through the wars and insurgencies that caused massive deaths, destruction and loss of properties, and for years there was no development possible for all was chaos.

Wangusa in 'The State is my shepherd' also sarcastically affirms the turbulence within Uganda at some time when in stanza two of said poem he says '...I fear no kondos, for/ the state is with me;/ Its guns and pangas comfort me' (9-11). He actually meant the activities of the state scared the living hell out of him.

In the same vein, Barlow in the poem 'Uganda' reports the things that Uganda enjoyed in the past that now remain a haunting memory since they have been overshadowed by the terror caused by violent rulers, the presence and activity of the 'armoured troop-carriers', 'kondos' who are callous and cruel and mercenaries who plunder and slaughter. The actions of these arms of terror have rendered the people silent, broken and with festering wounds.

Kiguli also in the poem 'Uganda' confirms that war and destruction have contributed to the failure in realizing the expected fruits of independence. The

third, fourth and fifth stanzas clearly summarize the crippling conditions Ugandans have weathered.

> The pearl lives in an ocean of slime
> A peacock stripped of beauty
> The rivers froth blood
> Ghosts whisper in guttural voices
> Swarming the whole land!
>
> The gun is the spokesman
> The prison is the courtroom
> Detention is the password
> Genocide is no crime.
>
> Darkness in broad daylight
> Funerals a national celebration (12-22).

Surely, minimal progress has thrived in such conditions except what Barlow says in the poem 'The leader that hung' that suspicion became a scary reality which eventually lead to fear that also in turn led to hatred among the people. To the leaders in Uganda, these have sooner or later

> filled the leader's heart with crippling fear
> Which unhindered to the tips of his toes.
> They turned his eardrum so it could hear
> Lies where truth was spoken
> And malice where none was meant.
> They tinted his eyes so he could see
> Cunning and intrigue in every soul;
> His tongue they coated with sleek lies.
> His thoughts were conditioned by an invincible
> Craving ambition for absolute power forever.
>
> Love slowly blend to death
> Forgiveness was starved
> And Honesty slowly stifled (18-30).

4.6 Corruption

Corruption is another reason why the fruits of independence have evaded Ugandans. In 'Crazy Peter prattles', Kiguli notes that people are denied justice in the land possibly because money exchanges hands to cover up the truth. For instance, she observes that, '...the man with the white mane/ and black robe/ whose

mouth stores the justice of the land/ ushered a rape case out of court/ because the seven year old/ failed to testify?' (19-24). This is an infant, a child who should be cared for and protected by all means. These are mere excuses to cover up corruption and bribery at work at the expense of the citizens' welfare.

The cause of all these woes and more in independent Uganda is clearly summarized in the strong painful words of the persona Okaka's poem 'They have feasted themselves', '...they have burrowed into our coffers.../ (6) gormandized with daylight impunity/ (12) gobbled.../the opulent kondos... have growled and grabbed/ by fright and might/ their unfair share of what is ours' (26-29). Without shame the leaders of the country who hold power and have access to the nation's finance are said to have enriched themselves. Thus, national concern for development and the people's welfare remain not worked on.

4.7 Disunity

The is an English saying that united we stand, divided we fall that hold true to the experience of Ugandans' failure to benefit from independence as captured by Lubwa in 'Living Together' and 'I am not my brother's' *keeper* by Ocwinyo.

Ugandans being nationals in the same country are brothers to each other and like siblings in the same country they should be concerned about the good of Uganda as a whole, mindful of each other's welfare but that is not the case. The persona in 'Living Together' is aware that they are members of the same family as he says, 'do I live together/ with my brother' (1-2), an indication that there should be unity among them. He is aware that the rift between the brothers who are supposed to live together is so wide that they have failed to reconcile (23-24), one of them is 'cold and poor' (25) while the other is 'warm and rich' (26). Lubwa uses the

persona to point out that the division between the Ugandans is can't even be reconciled by the fact that they belong to the same political party, that is, there are even divisions within a single party where they should be united as one.

According to Lubwa, the division is further widened by the fact that Ugandans are competitive and do not love each other seen in their not wishing good to each other. He says they shout at each other 'like children at play' (3) wishing the other a worse life (33-36). Such an ill-intentioned and divided nation can not enjoy the fruits of independence that include unity and love.

Ocwinyo in 'I am not my brother's keeper' uses the persona to argue with his audience concerning their supposed responsibility to their brothers. The persona asks, 'who told you/ I am/ my brother's keeper? (1-3). He argues that his struggles in life are for his personal benefit not meant to sustain and improve on the life of anyone else (4-8). The selfishness of the persona points at the disunity among Ugandans who would have been selfless so that they develop together. The use of 'my' in (16-18) as the persona boasts about the vehicles he uses for his personal conveyance serves to stress this concern of disunity. They are personal possessions and for personal gratification not meant for common use.

4.8 Mistrust

Also contributing to the failure to realize the fruits of independence in Uganda as expressed by the selected poets is the presence of mistrust among the people. Due to the unrealized promises and expectations of independence, people have naturally developed mistrust of each other. In his poem 'Where is peace?', Okaka points out that a lot has been said and done in the name of realizing peace but still peace evades the country. People no longer trust the words of those in authority.

Further still in his poem 'Gulu kids', the young feel unsafe even in their own homes yet with independence Ugandans knew there would be security for all. Wangusa in 'The Flight' uses a persona who expresses the loss of trust in the security provided by the motherland Uganda which he calls the 'nightmare country' (11), where he feels insecure and he flees to distant lands seeking asylum. Rahama in 'My Mother' asks, 'When shall your children talk to one another...' (21), a question with which he points out that the Ugandans mistrust one another and it causes loss yet they have a solution that can bring peace to all. Rather than engage in dialogue, they resort to violence yet 'No benefit lies in their/ Flowing blood!' (23-24).

Ocwinyo too in 'I am not my brother's keeper' begins with the question 'Who told you/ I am/ my brother's keeper?' (1-3) and ends with the same question 'Who told you/ I am your keeper?' (38-39). The brother is not bothered about the welfare of his brother, he is only concerned about his personal well-being. That is, for the Ugandans, it's survival of the fittest and using others for one's advancement in life.

The selected poets to expose some of roots of the problems in post-independence Uganda have used their poetry which is a difficult task because it involves critiquing Uganda's past and present regimes, prominent institutions and leaders. Besides, discussing Uganda's post-independence experience involves invoking powerful emotions of disappointment, anger, deficiency, fear and humiliation which are a result of Uganda's troublesome experiences such as political instability, corruption, poverty, exploitation and oppression, to mention but a few. These poets have effectively portrayed perturbing post-independence experiences at the heart of Uganda.

CHAPTER FIVE

CONCLUSION AND RECOMMENDATIONS

5.0 Introduction

This study set out to analyze the independence experience in Uganda's poetry of selected poets: Okaka Opio Dokotum, Henry Muwanga Barlow, Timothy Wangusa, Susan Kiguli Naluggwa, Kisa Kaggwa, Cliff Lubwa p'Chong, Grace Makumbi, Keith Mugadya, Julius Ocwinyo and Rahama Hassan. It explored the poets' representation of Uganda's political experience both in the past and the present in the post-independence era and how it rhymes with the historians' prosaic representation of it. It addressed the poets' use of images and figurative language such as such as symbolism, irony, rhetorical questions, allusion, metaphor, similes, personification and imagery; and rhythm through brevity, repetition, diction, rhyme and alliteration in the portrayal of Uganda's political experience. Then, the study also analyzed their exploration of the shattered dreams of a fruitful independence.

5.1 Summary of the findings

The study observed that the poets Okaka Opio Dokotum, Henry Muwanga Barlow, Timothy Wangusa, Susan Kiguli Naluggwa, Kisa Kaggwa, Cliff Lubwa p'Chong, Grace Makumbi, Keith Mugadya, Julius Ocwinyo and Rahama Hassan capture well the high expectation the Ugandans had as they awaited and received independence but have failed to realize in independent Uganda.

The study clearly shows that the historians' record of the memoirs of Uganda's independence rhyme correctly with the expositions of the same by the poets. The poets as do the historians reveal that bloodshed, tyranny, disparity in distribution

of resources and services, destruction of nature among others have been part of Uganda's experience since independence.

The poets' use of style reveals vividly in memorable ways the happenings in independent Uganda that offer the reader a close to first-hand experience of the excitement and hope the Ugandans had, then the betrayal and disappointment they experienced afterwards once the dreams of independence didn't materialize. The picture Henry Muwanga Barlow draws in the poem 'My Newest Bride' of the groom and the society around awaits a bride reveals the high hopes the people had as they looked forward to independence. they expected joy, freedom, peace and an improved better life which the poem further reveals never materialized.

The poets' use of symbolism helps reveal the life-threatening slim opportunities and sickening experiences in post-independence Uganda. The head tie in Kiguli's poem 'The head tie' through the recounting of the different uses the owner puts it to helps reveal the various hardships endured in post-independence Uganda. The little girl whose flesh is rotting in Kiguli's 'Viewers may find these pictures disturbing' symbolizes the various victims and effects of the many wars and violent acts that have left indelible marks in their lives. Keith Mugadya in the poem 'The Civil Servant' uses the thin shirt the civil servant is putting on and the dangers of nature he is working under to symbolize the severe unfavorable conditions the Ugandans are working under.

The poets' use of irony helps us censure the inadequate leadership and hopeless conditions in Uganda. In the poem 'Building the nation' by Barlow, the poet reveals the greed and incompetence of the governing class while the common people are in agony and misery. Cliff Lubwa p'Chong in 'Living Together'

criticizes the selfishness and greed of the wealthy who never stop to consider the dilemma of those in tatters. Poem 'The State is my Shepherd: Psalm 23 Part II' by Wangusa reveals the inadequacy of the state to make basic necessities affordable for the people.

The poets' use of personification helps reveal the disillusionment, tyrannical rule, horrific and violent experiences in post-independence Uganda. In the poem 'My newest bride' by Barlow, the excitement in waiting for independence is revealed in the eagerness with which a bride is anticipated but due to not yielding the expected is detested. In the poem 'The Leader that hung' also by Barlow, the perpetrators of torture, instigators of mistrust and those who fight for justice and rights in Uganda are revealed through the personified bayonets and guns that are noted to be applauding just like crowds on a function, the massive extent of their being put to use in Uganda is revealed. In 'Viewers may find these pictures disturbing' a poem by Kiguli, the vultures that speak as they feed on carcasses of the victims of rebel activities stress the amount of blood that has been shed in post-independence Uganda. In the poem 'The Flight' by Timothy Wangusa, the personified God of asylum reveals the exodus of the Ugandans that has taken place in post-independence Uganda due to the political instability in the country and searching for better employment opportunities that the country has failed to provide its people.

The poets' use of metaphor is helpful in exposing the deterioration of nature and the people in post-independence Uganda that has advanced over the years. Susan Kiguli in the poem 'Uganda' first unfolds its beauty, then later on tells of how it has lost its beauty as she calls it a stripped peacock.

The poets' use of rhetorical questions helps to highlight the troubles the Ugandans have faced since independence. Julius Ocwinyo's poem 'I am not my brother's keeper' expresses how corrupt, selfish and neglectful of their fellow countrymen's affairs the well-off are in Uganda. In 'My Newest Bride', a poem by Henry Muwanga Barlow, we get a glimpse of how expectant Ugandans were of independence and the dissatisfaction and betrayal they have experienced in the ensuing years. The rhetorical question in the poem 'Building a nation' by Henry Muwanga Barlow reveals the substandard life many Ugandans are living in spite of the sacrifices they make in service. In the poem 'Where is Peace' by Okaka Opio Dokotum, the rhetorical question confirms that there is no peace in post-independence Uganda. This is further confirmed by the rhetorical questions in Susan Kiguli's poem 'Because I love this land' that points out the atrocities done in Uganda that include maiming and slaughtering people. In the poem 'Crazy Peter prattles' also by Susan Kiguli, the rhetorical questions expose the unjust way the poor are handled in reception of services in comparison to the VIPs of the country that include being denied proper medical care, justice in court and appropriate media coverage. This is further still shown in Cliff Lubwa p'Chong's rhetorical questions in the poor 'Living Together that confirms the vast disparity between the rich and the poor.

The poets' use of similes helps in revealing the hard times Ugandans have endured in post-independence times. In the poem 'Paper napkin (for Daudi)' by Muwanga Barlow, we learn that the civil servants like a useless used napkin are desperate at retirement with nothing to fall back on. In the poem 'Gulu kids' by Okaka Opio, the people displaced by war are compared to locusts, they are purposeless and their life totally destabilized. The poem 'Living Together' by Cliff Lubwa p'Chong

reveals the contradictory life styles of the people of Uganda who would rather have enjoyed a good standard of living, but some are poor while others are extremely rich.

The poets' use a lot of Biblical allusion helps more to highlight how all is not well in post-independent Uganda. In the poem 'Gulu kids' by Okaka Opio, the defenseless war victims, people fleeing rebels are related to the sheep harassed by wolves that are talked of in Mathew 9:36 and Mathew 10:16-36. Talking of how peace has evaded Ugandans in 'Where is peace?' A poem also by Okaka Opio, the poet points out where actual peace can be found in Jesus, as related in Isaiah 9:6. Again Okaka alludes to the image of God in Gen 1:27 in which we were all created, as talks of the victims of war in post-independent Uganda who are treated as less than their dignity deserves in the poem 'Gulu Kids'. Right from the title he uses for the poem 'The State is my Shepherd: Psalm 23 Part II', Wangusa alludes to Psalm 23 in the Bible. He reveals that far from being like the Good Shepherd who bestows love on the sheep, the state has failed the Ugandans since they are surrounded by insecurity and terror. Further still, in the poem 'A Psalm of Lot' also by Wangusa, as he alludes to the Biblical story of Lot in Gen 19, the poet reveals the destruction in Uganda of people and property as he unveils the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. Susan Kiguli in the poem 'Because I love this land' as she alludes to Jesus Christ of the Bible reveals Jesus as the only solution to Uganda from the unrighteous way things have turned out for the worst. In the poem 'Viewers may find these pictures disturbing' also by Susan Kiguli, the Biblical allusion 'their blood be on their heads' that calls to mind 2Sam1:16, Ezekiel 33:4, Mathew 27:25 and Acts 18:16 helps to reveal the bloodbath that has visited Uganda at different intervals.

5.2 Recommendations

This study examined the poets' use of poetic style in revealing the post-independence experiences in Uganda particularly which show that Uganda's independence has been fruitless. It has been riddled with corruption, political instability, discrimination, torture, poverty, humiliation and bloodbaths. The research did not explore the poets' representation of the fruitful experiences in post-independence Uganda except the brief mention of the hope for a better Uganda that appears in Kiguli's poem 'Uganda' and Barlow's poem 'Uganda'. There is room for further investigation on how literary style in Ugandan poetry has been used to identify the fruitfulness of independence.

This research sought to identify the parallels between the historians and the selected poets on the representation of Uganda's post-independence experience. The findings suggest that much of what is recorded in historical works has been chronicled by the poets but in a condensed way and because poets employ literary style, their representation is very vivid and memorable. Education institutions in Uganda should expose learners more to Ugandan poetry because it instructs a lot about Uganda's history besides entertaining.

The research focused on twenty-eight poetic works of ten Ugandan poets which was a very wide area and the researcher couldn't exhaust the richness in these works on the subject of Uganda's post-independence experience. There is more room for in-depth study on any of the selected poets for any further studies on Uganda's independence experience.

The research explored the possible causes of the futility of independence in post-independence Uganda as represented by the selected poets and found out that

mistrust, greed, over expectation, not being prepared for independence, corruption, disunity, unfair distribution of resources and war are among the possible reasons. Future researchers can further explore Ugandan poetry to find out the measures that have been taken or the suggested ways to overcome to overcome these blocks.

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APPENDICES

Appendix I: Henry Muwanga Barlow's poems

My newest bride

They came in hordes singing her name
Voices grew hoarse praising her beauty
Her charm was beyond all compare
Her soft touch soothed all pain
Her words taught all wisdom
And her embrace brought eternal bliss.

Moved to fever pitch, I swore,
I swore before the gathered village,
I swore on the bones of my forefathers
That I would neither sleep nor rest
Until she was my wife, my betrothed.

It was a fever, as virulent a fever as you ever saw,
For I ask you my friends, my brothers,
Know you of a fool
Who paid the bride price I paid
Not even having set eyes on the girl?

And what a bride price!
Facing greener guns with stones,
Long prison sentences without trial,
Hunger strikes, deportation, the lot!
But I paid, I paid every cent of it.

At last she came, my bride came!
The drums throbbed, they throbbed for a week.
The village sang and drank,
We danced and laughed,
And drank and laughed again.
She was beautiful beyond compare!

Her sparkling eyes,
Her firm warm breasts
Her beautiful smile and merry laughter
Spelt beauty and joy forever.

When I touched her hand
Currents raced tingling through me.
I kissed her,
All was oblivion but those lips.
Oh! she was so beautiful!

But alas! Alas my friends,
Time, that tireless teacher,
Time, the insatiable killer of joy,
And patient healer of all fevers,
Taught me my bride was a woman!

Alas she is a woman,
A woman like my other wives,
Why can't she be a bride forever?
Why must she be like the others?
Must she join the harem?

We no longer speak of our love
But only of problems and work, work, work!
There is no longer time for thought or rest
She has decreed against any recreation
Her dictatorial demands have usurped all leisure.

Must I toil and sweat without pause,
So our children can read?
Must I raise my voice in anger,
And sharpen my arrows and spears,
So my greedy neighbours may not snatch her from me?

Must I forfeit my treasured leisure,
Must I spend sleepless nights,
Must my flying hours of youth
Be spent in cold calculating thought,
Must I age before my years,
So our homestead compares with others?

Oh that I could divorce you!
But God forbid! How could I say so!
Oh! Uhuru my love, my sweet,
You are my bane, my life,
I love and hate you,
Your clutch is unrelenting
Uhuru my love, my Freedom.

The leader that hung

When love and trust from the people he led
Flowed to him and warmed his heart, and
When he, in turn, loved and trusted his people
He blossomed and was magnificent.
But one day that Cancer of Suspicion
Within his heart was roused from its light sleep.
In the fertile soil of a leader's position
It was fed and it grew at an alarming rate.

One day Suspicion opened its sharp and ugly teeth
And gave Trust a deep and vicious bite.

Trust fought back with gentle pleading words
Beseeching the leader throw out Suspicion.
But Suspicion, now grown into fear, bit harder.
Trust spread his wings and flew out bleeding.
To fill his place vicious Hatred marched in
And joined his father in fatal attack.
Masters of their craft, they set to work.
They filled the leader's heart with crippling fear
Which unhindered to the tips of his toes.
They turned his eardrum so it could hear
Lies where truth was spoken
And malice where none was meant.
They tinted his eyes so he could see
Cunning and intrigue in every soul;
His tongue they coated with sleek lies.
His thoughts were conditioned by an invincible
Craving ambition for absolute power forever.

Love slowly blend to death
Forgiveness was starved
And Honesty slowly stifled.

Building the nation

Today I did my share
In building the nation.
I drove a Permanent Secretary
To an important urgent function;
In fact to a luncheon of the Vic.

The menu reflected its importance:
Cold Bell beer with small talk,
Then fried chicken with niceties,
Wine to fill the hollowness of the laughs,
Ice-cream to cover the stereotype jokes,
Coffee to keep the PS awake on the return journey.

I drove the Permanent Secretary back.
He yawned many times in the back of the car
Then to keep awake, he suddenly asked,
Did you have any lunch, friend?
I replied looking straight ahead
And secretly smiling at his belated concern
That I had not, but was slimming!

Upon which he said with a seriousness
That amused more than annoyed me,
Mwananshi, I too had none!
I attended to matters of state.
Highly delicate diplomatic duties you know,
And friend, it goes against my grain,
Causes me stomach ulcers and wind.

Ah, he continued, yawning again,
The pains we suffer in building the nation!

So the PS had ulcers too!
My ulcers I think are equally painful
Only they are caused by hunger,
Not sumptuous lunches!

So two nation builders
Arrived home this evening
With terrible stomach pains
The result of building the nation
- different ways.

Uganda

(With apologies and deep appreciation to Walter de la Mare for Creating 'Arabia')

Painful are thoughts of Uganda
Where now Nuba rules in blood
Amidst silent and pained anguish
Under her glorious skies.
Dark are the hearts of her people
That cheer the princes of Nuba
Riding armoured troop-carriers,
Rattling, in midnight gloom.

Poignant earlier memories ...
They haunt me-the people, the country
The cheering green of inviting hills
The splendor of cloud-wrapped mountains
The mischievous giggle of youthful streams
And the quiet serenity of blue lakes
The roar of ever-thundering waters
And the silence of vast shimmering plains at noon.

They haunt me-
The beauties of my country haunt me
The black depth of star-filled skies
And the moon-silvered banana leaves
The bird-song-filled mists of dawn
And the smiling farewells of sunset colours
The pent-up anger of thunderstorms
The dark awe of impenetrable forests
And the billowing waves of grasslands.
They haunt me-my people haunt me.

The abandon of their happy laughter,
The twinkling friendliness of the eyes
Of the naked children smiling at strangers.
The vain extravagance of the weddings

And the strangling poverty of the villages
The compassion and generosity at funerals
And the callousness and cruelty of *kondos*.

And oh! Those drums-those bewitching drums!
The drummers' flitting hand flirting shamelessly
Tickling the responding tautness of the skin
The suppleness of suggestive waists
Flowing effortlessly from the unmatchable
Rhythm of agile feet in the dust!
The Bwola, the Dingi-Dingi, the Nankasa
It haunts me – her music haunts me!

Painful are the memories of Uganda
Where mercenaries plunder
They have slaughtered our guts through.
But one day our guts shall sprout
The broken bones shall mend
And the festering wounds shall heal.
Uganda once again shall be a smile!

1978, Ethiopia

Paper napkin
(for Daudi)

When after giving of your very best
You are crumpled like a used napkin
And thrown into a garbage bin
Pray do not attempt to resist
Or stick on their filthy fingers.
They will tear you to pieces
And even incinerate you to boot!

Rather, celebrate and shout for joy;
For humbler tasks like growing broilers
Or looking after your hogs in a pigsty
Will reward you with more joy and peace
Than helplessly listening to the speech
That cost you a sleepless night,
Researching, drafting and polishing,
Falsified and murdered by a fool
To cover his indolence and stupidity!

Appendix II: Okaka Opio Dokotum's poems

Where is Peace?
Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,
whose mind is stayed on thee:
because he trusteth in thee Isaiah 26:3

Peace does not reside in conference tables and
delegate signatures, but in the hearts of men Richard Ntiru

We've heard a lot about peace
We know so much about peace
Except we have no peace.
Professors have read to us papers
Analysing the dynamics of peace
Lexicographers have defined for us peace
With synonyms and antonyms,
International NGO experts
Have held for us workshops on peace,
Yet we have no peace.
We have had peace talks
Opened peace offices
Bought four-wheel drive peace trucks
And created new peace jobs,
We have heard of big conferences
Attended by big people
In big world capitals,
We have had big debates
In big forums,
We've heard of military strategies
Religious lobbies, cultural tactics
All in search of peace,
We've learnt the psychological
Sociopolitical, socioeconomic
Sociocultural, culturalpolitical
Religiosocial, economicultural
And psychomoral matrixes to peace
But not the substance of peace.

We are tired of peace theories
Peace strategies
Peace cries
And peace wishes
Without peace.
If rebels says they are fighting for peace
Government is fighting rebels for peace
religious leaders are preaching for peace
Cultural leaders are sleepless for peace
Citizens are crying for peace,
Our neighbours are anxious for peace,
Then why is there no peace?

Let's weigh our hearts
On the scales of truth,
Let's pour our motives
Through the truth sieve,
Let's breathe our words
Into the intention detector,
Let's sit a sincerity test
And see if peace is in our hearts.
Peace is not in signatures
Peace is not in big conferences
Peace is not in intellectual prowess
Peace is not in great oratory
Peace is not in big NGOs
Peace is not in huge budgets
Peace is not in bombs and blasts;
Peace is of the heart
And Peace is a person
He is the Prince of Peace
Who weighs hidden intentions of hearts
Who alone can remove a heart of stone
And put in its stead a heart of flesh.

20th June 2003
Unyama, Gulu, Uganda

To The War Orphan

Do not roll your tear-glazed eyes
And look at me from the veranda of
An IDP grass thatched hut,
Do not part your hunger-cracked lips
And plead-gaze at me,
I serve the demanding god of Self
Who owns my granite soul.
Please try and find an uncle
To buy for you this cornmeal
Although the World Food Problem
Meant it for your hungry stomach
But it was technically diverted
And sold to me to resell to you.
The destination was always you
But in the land of the zombies
It must first be sanctified
Before your eyes can see it.
Forget about the dollars, euros
Pounds, yens, deutsche marks and
And all tribes of money that has been sent
By our generous foreign friends
To wipe your orphan-tears
And shelter your fluidie bones,
We received them on your behalf

And have built with them
Post modern commercial apartments
With twenty four hour DSTV access,
Living monuments of your plight.
Sorry that you've lost all kith and kin,
War is like that, but your plight
Has attracted global sympathy
And quite a bit of quid with which
We have flown Brussels Air and BA
On whirlwind tours of Europe and America!
Forgive my frankness, but your tears
Sour, as they may taste in your mouth,
Has done much good to this country.
Please, wipe not the mucous from your nose
As I take your shocking image in this
Professional betacam video camera of mine
For showing to our good donors.
Waste not your breath to curse at us,
We died long ago; perhaps your generation
Will save this nation, if you can survive!

Unyama, Gulu, Uganda

16th June 2003

Gulu Kids

At the descent of dusk
They burst into town
from far flung villages
Like a swarm of locusts.
They roam the streets
Like untethered goats
In mating frenzy
During dry season.
Sheep without a shepherd
Fleeing hungry wolves,
Frightened chicks
Dreading swooping hawks.
They fill shop verandas
Like sardines in a tin,
From street to street
Wherever a light glows.
At the bus park
They sprawl out;
An harvest left to waste.
And when the sky lets loose,
They shiver in antediluvian floods;
Tiny little miserable things,
Each in the image of God.

21st June 2003
Hotel Kakenyero, Gulu

They have feasted themselves

They have feasted themselves
upon vileness and filthiness
in air-conditioned public buildings
and smeared us with their *pupu*.
The mattock-toothed rodents who
burrowed into our coffers have now
mobilized earthmovers and made
bituminized highways to our
concave-bellied granary.
They have trinketed themselves
with craft and graft and
gormandized with daylight impunity
gobbling from the fire-coated pot
like hyenas on dead game.
And now their horns are stuck there
braving the hot steam of enquiries,
irremovable and defiant
unless the pot breaks – that is!
These bullying old hands, the cronies,
these fat-necked crooks
even thin-necked upstarts
have banished shame perpetually
and perished the word 'morality'
stirring the once-covered cauldron
of grumbling and groaning.
The opulent *kondos*, eyes pouched
with fatness, have growled and grabbed
by fright and might
their unfair share of what is ours;
ripped off the threadbare petticoat
that hides the nation's marabou-stork thighs
pulled off the last layer of her puny privacy
and made in her an incestuous exploration.

And now, fellow countrymen, a moment's freeze;
They are standing up for the final toast over her still body.

Song of a rebel

I was born in grass;
I live in grass;
I kiss blood
and I can split brains!
And dither in the barracks,
I junket in mansions
and wither in slums.
I once had a hut, brother,

where I gave my wife a pat
while drinking *liralira*;
then -
the whirlwind made a twist
in my life and with a wham
showed me the wiles of war -
wafted me to the wild jungles.
I am now the hunter and
the hunted:
the victor and the victim.
My heart was nibbled
by worms of war
stuffing it with stone;
hard-granite.
I fill the potholes and
loopholes of
neo-colonial highways
with thick red tar!
I waylay and slay,
plunder and slander,
I mock and maim,
mutilate and massacre;
Mayhem is my motto.
The gloomy clouds of July
stay still – crying without
tears, scared of
rains of bullets and
showers of shells.
Thick mist and strange
lists, rough whisks
and death twists
obscure brother from brother.
Do not call me back brother
my feelings are entombed;
my soul entailed
where I the act first did;
later hid, and bye bye
to my wife did bid.
Do not blame me brother,
do not hold your waist
and sigh,
I have not gone to waste;
I do the awful lawful!
My hideous is unsearched
Why? Listen!
My kith and kin
pour libations of blood
on the altar of war!
Do not blame me brother,
Do not anger me with your bother;

I am not in haste
to leave the sweet taste
of war for mother's simsim paste,
I am a robot -
I sustain war allowance!

Appendix III: Timothy Wangusa's poems

Ancient Oracle

Hence forth to your dead ones no more burial,
But commit them to their rest in the open grass
Under the tall totem tree beyond the kraal.
From bones let rain and worms clean the flesh
Back into the pores of the soil, its sweetness
To feed the roots of trees and herbs and crops.

From an elder's or a warrior's skeleton save the skull,
And in a branch of tha sacred tree fix it high,
That in ages to come, when the children fret,
You shall to that Family Tree bring them -
Show them their past, and predict their future.

Song of Mukokoteni

Mukokoteni
Mukokoteni
O my mukokoteni –

My chariot of fame
My Apollo 9 to the stars
My VC 10 to global capitals
My Concord jetliner
To dream continents and oceans

Miraculous automobile
From discarded timber
And junkyard tyre rim
Ingeniously fabricated
By Kufumba-Mutwe Afro Works

O my legs of vegetable and metal
My perennial Mercedes Benz
My ever-ready cargo plane
My sputnik to brand-new planets

My elephant of the metropolis
My donkey of the suburbs
My ass of the slums

O my all-weather masterpiece
My champion of panya roads
My roadmaster of side-ways and backways
Venturing where amphibious tanks dare not
Surviving where bulldozers break down

Ambulance of the crippled
Taxi-cab of the dying poor -
Into what kitchen have you not glimpsed

Offloading opulent merchandise
Too greasy for the blameless boot
Of the family limousine

What matooke shambas have you not ferried
To mansions of executive stomachs
What miles of forest not spirited away
To cities of charcoal mountains

O mukokoteni
Mukokoteni
My Mukokoteni

My only granary
Of chance cassava for supper
My ray of cosmic hope for tomorrow
My springhead of endurance yesterday
Never to be outdated
By man or robot or politics –

Long live you
Under Mukokoteni Operators' Union!

The State is my Shepherd

Psalm 23 Part II

The state is my shepherd, I shall not want
it makes me to lie down in a subsidized house.
It leads me into realms of political tranquility;
it restores my faith in a business future.
It leads me into paths of loans and pensions, for
its international reputation's sake.

Yea, even though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of Kivulu,
Yet will I fear no kondos, for
the state is with me;
Its guns and pangas comfort me.

It preserves for me a bank account, in the
presence of devaluation;
It fills my pockets with allowances;
my salary overflows.

Surely increments and promotions shall follow me
all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in senior quarters for ever.

A Psalm of Lot

By the ashes of Sodom
And of Gomorrah, Lord,

Behold me weeping,
By the ashes of men
One nimbler than he-goat

Not a breath
Not a trace
Where at threshold hands itched
Beyond sacrifice to touch
The origin of flame

Then at God-time
The terror-pelt
And I
Suddenly
Legs of feather
And head of giant
Running and running and
Beating the air
With gaze fixed on
Demented shadow
Beside me running and
Beating the air
While at my back
The noise of doom
Hissing and wailing
And amid the tumult, O God,
The costly halt of inquiring feet.

And this, Lord, the outline
This the beloved face that
Thenceforth I have dreaded and
Encountered in all my dreams
The pained look forever piercing
Forever probing and doubting the
Obedience and love -
This the God-planted pillar
In the burnt-out valley to proclaim
The eternity
Of the backward glance …

The Flight

That is no country to be born or buried
That is no country where to sow or build a granary

And I must run with terror or pursued victim
Towards the magic borders of the dream country

Hide me O Frog in your slimy belly
Till the dreadful goblin has passed

Shrink down O Tree of my mother and father
And let me climb into your branches

Dry up O River of my mother and father
And let me cross on dry ground

And when I have fled that nightmare country
And I shall never seek re-birth in this world

But upon an altar on the bank of the great river
Burn endless sacrifice to the god of asylum.

Appendix IV: Susan Kiguli Naluggwa's Poems

Uganda

Pearl of Africa
Heart of this suckling continent
Star of this ravaged haven
Switzerland of mountainous glory!

Ocean of inexhaustible resources,
Cradle of the rushing Nile
Where rain and shine
Are locked in a passionate embrace.
Oh, seat of the crowned crested crane
How you suffuse me with beauty!

Suddenly
The pearl lives in an ocean of slime
A peacock stripped of beauty
The rivers froth blood
Ghosts whisper in guttural voices
Swarming the whole land!

The gun is the spokesman
The prison is the courtroom
Detention is the password
Genocide is no crime.

Darkness in broad daylight
Funerals a national celebration
Whispers in motherland
Whimpering deers in homeland.

Yet the children are perched on the branches
And amidst the illusive shadows
Shafts of lights are hidden
Life will not die
Sanity will not be buried

Viewers may find these pictures disturbing

Barbecued flesh
Desolate coach
The vultures have stayed away.
Red flags
Fly on the grey hearse.
'Their blood be on their heads'
The vultures say.

Grass grows through
Open sockets

Blades sprout
To cover lone bones.

A little girl
Walks on four
Eating with monkeys
She wears a crown
Of roasting flesh
And rotting remains.

The owls have the cock by the beak
Silence reigns.
The owls fly to the scene
Eyes wheeling in
supplication.

Because I love this land

I hold a thousand tears
in the cup of my skinny hand.

I carry ten thousand wails
in the deep hollows of my ears.

I host a million bloated babies
in the deep brown of my eyes.

I house ten million graves
in the curls of my thinning hair.

I have stored pouches upon pouches of pus
in the blisters of my heart.

II

So we do not talk about them
Those others wrapped in rebel and state crossfire.
We do not sing about them.
How can we sing of things we do not know?
How will we sing about old men's guts eaten out by hunger?
old men's eyes closed for fear of watching axes tear the heads
off their grandchildren?

How can we explain missing ears, lips, noses,
lone limbs traversing the land
without their owners?
How can we ever talk about these things
without tumours of bitterness
teeming in our hearts?
No wonder we are silent.

III

I will not talk about them
I will talk of other things
of the man who hung naked
on the tree and sweated sorrow for us.
I will sing only of water and blood
Flowing out of a side and a voice
that whispered "It is finished".
I can't think about glory
Wrapping darkness in a shroud
And storing it in an eternal grave.
I will think of love of a heavenly prince
clothed in earthly tatters fighting
swindlers in the temple of God.
I think of a little child talking
to bearded men about his Father's love
I will sing of the victory
of love embracing love
that is the only way I can ever walk upright.

The head tie

I wear a head tie
a legacy from mother
the center hold of my being.

She covers the scar
on my temple
where the police fist
dashed me across the wall.

Sometimes I tie her
around my waist
to mourn the dead
lest sorrow rob me
of my only possession
an upright frame.

She is my next of kin
she houses the blood
of my old father
which was vomited
by his protesting chest
against a bullet.

She is my baby's cot,
the shelter
against wet or dry,
the nipple which baby gnaws

when hunger wakes up at dawn.

Crazy Peter prattles

So what is the hullabaloo
about the minister's ailing son
that he makes boiling news?

How come it was not even whispered
when Tina's hospital bed crawled with maggots
and her eyes oozed pus
because the doctors lacked gloves?

What about Kasaija's only child
died who because the man with the key
to the oxygen room was away?

I have seen the queues
of emaciated mothers clinging to
babies with translucent skins
faint in line
and the lioness of a nurse
commanding tersely
"Get up or leave the line".

Didn't I hear it rumoured that
the man with the white mane
and black robe
whose mouth stores the justice of the land
ushered a rape case out of court
because the seven year old
failed to testify?

Anyway I only remember these things
when I drink
they are indeed tipsy explosions.

Why Vultures Laugh

We have dipped
Half-fired pots
In the well of independence
Like vultures sinking
Long beaks in the soft parts
Of a rotting carcass.

At least the vultures harvest
Chunks of stinking slippery flesh
Which sail gently
Down welcoming throats.

But we have stayed by the well
Soaked in frustration
Our arms heavy stumps our hearts shriveled nuts
As the water defies our pots
Little wonder then
The vultures laugh at us.

Tempting a troubled past

Reminiscing on bits of paper
War plagued recollections
Of a foggy past.
They pick their teeth
Searching for hidden laughter
At the semblance of frightened figures
Jumping on one leg at gunpoint.

Blowing away intrusive memories
Of fetuses extracted from
Wombs of pleading mothers
Frantically explaining that
Their uteruses carry no guerillas.

Dodging recollections of rusty pangas
Looted from deserted butcheries
Used to hack away at the world of
Dazed little girls
To make entrances for lustful soldiers.

They cough clearing phlegm from their throats
Attempting to block off
Scenes of daughters made to
Lie with fathers before
Audiences of cheering bayonets and applauding guns.

They swallow saliva
Attempting to swallow a stubborn past.
They have tried their best
To stuff holed hearts with dry cotton wool
And stitch tattered souls.

A mother rocks her little girl to sleep
With the daily promise.

Appendix V: Kisa Kaggwa's poem

Kampala

A windy evening
And I wander through certain half deserted streets of
Kampala
Passing forlorn buildings, unpainted. Bullet ridden
Where disillusioned lovers dwell
With little to offer, but sin and woe.
And little talk.
"Mr. Ssewankambo survived armed robbers…
you heard the gunshots?"
Forlorn buildings
With opaque window glasses,
Dirty with vulture waste, and neglect
Besides uncut lawns
Bushy flower gardens
Filled with empty rusty tins, cans, broken liquor bottles
Used toilet paper, cigarette butts.
Ahead are the barren beautiful hills.

Garbage, garbage, garbage
dust, dust, dust
dirt, decay and dung.

On potholed roads of our city
I turn up my trousers
Along cathedrals with tinted glass windows
Alongside raw sewage, gutting and pumping itself out.

Garbage, garbage,
dust,
dirt and dung.

I am moving in Kampala by the hyacinth filled lake
Victoria
Unreal city;
Waiting for another coup, and change of language;
Along the seven hills of Revelation
Poor city
Falling, loud no more
Oh, falling, falling…

Appendix VI: Cliff Lubwa p'Chong's poem

Living together

Who's that who talks
Of living together
And giving
And receiving from one another?

Do I live together
With the swells that flash
In posh cars
From monstrous houses
Atop Kololo, Muyenga... hills
To air-cooled offices
Where they do not sweat
Though entombed,
While I, in tatters, pull and push
In a taxi park
To go and sweep streets
In the blazing sun?

Do I live together
With my brothers
Sporting pot-bellies
Who drive around
To collect rentals
For houses grabbed from Orientals?

Has living together
Reconciled Okello and Okot
When Okello is cold and poor
And Okot is warm and rich
Because they belong to the same political party
And are on the same electoral roll?

Do we live together
When we are
Like children at play
Shouting at one another:
May your homestead
Smell only of boiled beans
And our homestead
Smell only of fried meat?

Go and find out
If there's living together
Then come and tell me again!

Appendix VII: Grace Makumbi's poem

The decay

Insects bite at the prime,
pests feed at the dime;
parasites take advantage.
Look, now, there's decay;
decay at the fruits of morals.

Brother, look at your sister (your wife too),
Shame on you!
Mother, look at your son (your husband too),
Shame on you!
Look at the innocent
Watching nudity and obscenity on TV;
Shafts of immorality piercing the young,
Polluting their silent pools of innocence,
Emitting madness into the world.

Look at the remorseless bourgeois:
His pockets bulging with stolen wealth
Going past the poor.
Belly pregnant with accumulation
Going past the needy.
Weighed down by avarice
Going past the peasant.

Look at that lady walking;
Half-naked,
Shamelessly exposing her privacy in the name of fashion.
Woman with a mission!
Dragging men into pools of shame,
Misery and death.
Look at that cynical executioner
Happily exterminating the bleeding fruit of morals.
Jolly good fellow!
Smiling, as he swings his deadly dagger,
To sever the world of its innocence.
Will he blush on enthroning his comrades,
Guilt and immortality?

Appendix VIII: Keith Mugadya's poem

The civil servant

High noon, blazing sun beats down,
Searing his shoulders
Through the thin shirt.

He slowly trudges over to
The tree shade
to savour his midday meal:
Thick slices of air,
Delicately flavoured with dust.

Sleep creeps on him, transporting him to
A banquet.

He is waited upon, hand and foot,
Manservants and waiters flit about.
'Yes Honourable Minister,
As you wish, Honourable Minister.'
With a start, he awakes
To the growling of
His belly.

He rolls over, stretches and yawns,
And heads back to the office,
Picking his teeth with
The feigned air of
A satisfied man.
Ready to serve God and country

Appendix XI: Rahama Hassan

My mother

Mother, Mother!
Mother Uganda
Uganda my country
Pearl of Africa
You glitter
More than before
Mother, Uganda my mother!
I know, yes I know
33 Years old are you
Mature have you become
Yet you still shed tears
Right from birth
Your sorrows never end
Ooh mother!
Mother, my mother!
The sorrows you bear
The sad face you have,
Your blood spilling
Are consequences of your children's acts.
Mother, my mother!
When shall your children talk to one another
Instead of violence?
No benefit lies in their
Flowing blood!
Only the white man's
The one who sells them arms.
Listen mother!
Your children have forgotten
The African way that solves differences
Brothers, sisters
Blood is flowing, mother is bleeding!
Stop! Stop the blood!
Engage dialogue, African ideal
Then all shall be happy, joyful and
All will proclaim "pearl of Africa, glitter!"

Appendix X: Julius Ocwinyo's poem

I am not my brother's keeper

Who told you
I am
My brother's keeper?
Is it to become
My brother's keeper
I fought so hard
To reach
Here, where I am?

If your lungs
Are too weak
To survive the climb
Too frail to bear
The rarefied heights
Am I to blame?

If I am riding high
In my Pajero
In my Benz
Or my Prado
Is it me
To blame?

Didn't you elect me
Your eyes blind
With the fumes
Of yesterday's booze
And your mouth remembering
The savour
Of yesterday's meat?
Don't you recall taking
With an eagerness feverish
And unbidden
The plastic cup
And the plastic basin?

If you suffer-
Staring up-
The caustic stench
Of my flatulent emissions
Am I to blame?
Who told you
I am your keeper?