

# Poetry

[Profession](#), [Poet](#)



The Trees Winter trees laugh at humans because of their “ inability to shed the clothes of past seasons.” Clothed in pretense, humans choose to hide their weaknesses and imperfections. They would rather carry the heavy burden of covering up their imperfections than embrace them and achieve freedom. 2. I think “ past seasons” refer to the weaknesses, imperfections, and losses of human beings. Saturday 1. A Saturday for the speaker is spent doing household chores and taking time to relax. The speaker takes a bath, washes the pans and plates, and spends idle time sitting by the window. 2. On a Sunday evening, the cars that spent relaxation time in the countryside return to the city to bring their passengers back to work/school again. 3. Children play ragball on the streets on a Saturday afternoon. 4. Yes, the speaker is in the poem content. The speaker constantly refers to her/himself in the first person (i. e. I). S/he, for instance, “ have done [the] laundry,” is “ sitting by the window,” etc. Little Rich Boy 1. The little rich boy visits the speaker because he wants something from the speaker which his rich father can't give him. It was “ something more solid, something more - substantial.” 2. The boy receives something to suck, chew, and blow out in balloons - a gum, perhaps. 3. The speaker gives the boy the twist. 4. The boy didn't want the twist at first because he thought it was a cane, belt, or whip - things associated with physical punishment. A shumba is a kind of growling monster. Other Questions 1. The author employed language in a way that makes the poem accessible and easy to follow. Most of the words used are simple and have direct, literal meanings. The poem flows seamlessly from one word to another and from one sentence to the next, because of the simple vocabulary used. As a result, literal interpretations are easily obtained

after reading the entire poem. When used as symbolisms or metaphors, however, the underlying meanings of some words can be uncovered by making sense out of the whole line or sentence. While the poems tend to be deceptively simple, the different meanings derived from them should be synthesized to get the whole essence of what the poem talks about. The task of identifying a possible interpretation out of the different layers of meaning the poems possess is what makes reading Charles Mungoshi's poems exciting.

2. Once colonized by the British, Zimbabwe as a nation went through a lot of pain, struggle, and violence. After its independence in 1980, the country enjoyed economic success but, at the same time, experienced uprisings (against President Mugabe), health crisis (e. g. AIDS), and land ownership issues. In 1998, when the three poems were published, Zimbabwe participated in a war with Congo. Amidst this economic, social, and political background emerge the three poems of Charles Mungoshi. “ The Trees”, I believe, refers to the colonial past of Zimbabwe and calls for its citizens to let go of the hatred, pain, and losses of the past. Holding on to these negative feelings is a heavy burden which only gets heavier as time passes. It is necessary, therefore, to have a kind of undressing, an effacing of the negative feelings which clothe every Zimbabwean citizen. Only then can they achieve true freedom. Mungoshi writes this poem both as reminder and a promise of a bright future that results from moving on from the past. “ Saturday” and “ Little Rich Boy”, meanwhile, echo the social consequences of the economic growth Zimbabwe experienced in the 1990s. In “ Saturday”, Mungoshi observes the busy lives of city people and the more relaxed and contemplative life the countryside provides. As working class citizens,

Zimbabweans feel the need to have a break, and even to escape the clutches of the corporate world. In their cars they rush to the countryside for a much needed relaxation time. " Little Rich Boy" portrays a longing for something which gives meaning to life - something that has been taken away by economic development. Mungoshi reminds through this poem to hold on to the things which make life truly worth living.