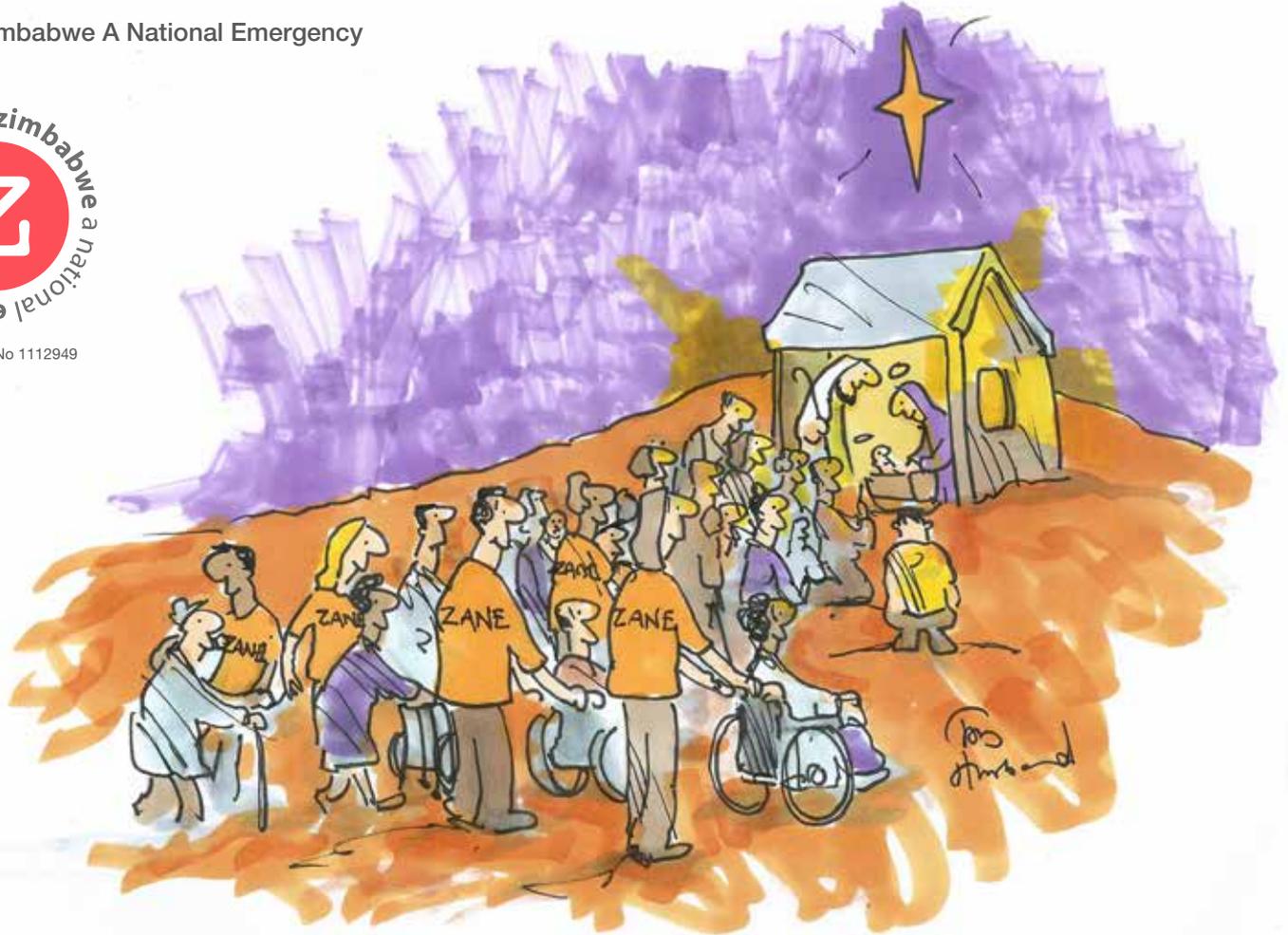


ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency



Reg Charity No 1112949



ZANE POEMS 2016

Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions
Meditation XVII

No man is an island,
entire of itself;
every man is a piece of the continent,
a part of the main.
If a clod be washed away by the sea,
Europe is the less,
as well as if a promontory were,
as well as if a manor of thy friend's
Or of thine own were.
Any man's death diminishes me,
because I am involved in mankind;
and therefore never send to know
for whom the bell tolls;
it tolls for thee.

John Donne

You cannot bring about prosperity
by discouraging thrift.
You cannot strengthen the weak
by weakening the strong.
You cannot lift the wage earner
by pulling down the wage payer.
You cannot further the brotherhood of man
by encouraging class hatred.
You cannot help the poor
by destroying the rich.
You cannot keep out of trouble
by spending more than you earn.
You cannot build character and courage
by taking away a man's initiative
and independence.
You cannot help men permanently
by doing for them what they can and
should do for themselves.

Attributed to Abraham Lincoln

“Think where men's glory most begins and ends, and say my glory was I had such friends.”

Dear Reader

We hope you enjoy ZANE's latest Christmas poetry anthology.

The plight of those helped by ZANE grows ever more acute as Zimbabwe faces a “perfect storm”: the political parties are split, the army and the police divided. There is a famine but the rest of the world is preoccupied with its own problems. Meanwhile, the country is descending with increasing rapidity into a “failed state” and violence is never far away. Zimbabwe used to be called the “bread basket of Africa”; today it is a basket case. The Mugabe government has run out of excuses as to why this has happened but the reality is that state corruption and gross mismanagement are reaping vicious whirlwinds of hunger and misery. These factors are devastating the poorest of the poor.

Through its programmes, ZANE looks after the needs of many thousands of people. It's easy to fall into the trap of thinking that the people we care for are just statistics, but they are not “clients” or “customers”. They are certainly not “shirkers” or “scroungers”, nor are they blips on a screen. All served their country well – and often served in the UK services too. They paid their dues to the last penny.

The reason for their terrible predicament is that during the great inflation of 2003–09, the government robbed them blind. Many lost all their capital and savings. Until then, they had walked proud – but then, as champion boxer Mike Tyson once said, “Life comes along and hits you in the face.”



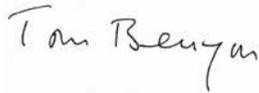
The people we assist all have names, and many have led courageous and adventurous lives. Most are today old and frail, and bewildered as they face such a dark, dangerous and uncertain future. They have no time left to rebuild their lives.

Thanks to you, ZANE is able to help them in their darkest hours.

ZANE's staff treat all those they are privileged to care for with the highest respect – for there but for the grace of God go we all.

I hope you enjoy the anthology.

Yours sincerely

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Tom Benyon". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above a horizontal line.

Tom Benyon OBE

PS: Please don't forget that ZANE has never lost money to corrupt middlemen or bankrupt banks. Through the generosity of our donors, we anticipate that this anthology will raise many times the cost of its production and distribution.

When an independent consultancy reviewed ZANE's systems, it reported to trustees that: "ZANE thrives on its responsiveness, flexibility and lack of bureaucracy. Operationally ZANE is frugal, focussed and effective in delivering aid to the needy."



Memory

I'm looking for my wallet and my car keys,
I had them just this morning as I recall:
Just as soon as I can find my wretched glasses
Which are missing from the table in the hall.

You see, I've got a date for lunch today with someone
But I haven't got a clue where I should be,
Or whom it is that I'm supposed to meet there.
I'm sure I wrote it in my diary. Oh! Silly me!...

I left it on the table in the study...
Or did I leave it outside in the car?
I remember the last time that I drove it
Was to that "Memory Enhancing Seminar"!

Now I can hear a far-off, distant ringing
In so familiar and persistent a tone,
It'll probably be the person that I'm meeting
Calling my fancy, brand-new phone.

That's four rings and still I haven't found it,
I've looked behind and under each settee.
I've searched in every cupboard in the kitchen,
I'll never find it: that's plain enough to see.

(continued)

Click!

“This is (Frank) and I’m so sorry not to answer
So leave your number and your message at the tone
And I’ll do the utmost to remember
To call you back as soon as I get home.”

Beep!

“It’s (June) and I’ve been waiting for an hour
Outside the pub and standing in the rain,
I thought you loved me but I was mistaken,
I never want to speak to you again!!...”

I know that voice, it sounded so familiar,
And that name, it surely rings a bell.
Now I must concentrate: where was it?
Wallet, car keys, mobile phone, what else?

Oh, what the hell!

Anon

The Bath

Broad is the Gate and wide the Path
That leads man to his daily bath;
But ere you spend the shining hour
With plunge and spray, with sluice and show’r –
With all that teaches you to dread
The bath as little as your bed –
Remember, whosoe’er you be,
To shut the door and turn the key!

I had a friend – my friend no more! –
Who failed to bolt his bathroom door;
A maiden aunt of his, one day,
Walked in, as half submerged he lay!
She did not notice nephew John,
And turned the boiling water on!
He had not time, not even scope
To camouflage himself with soap,
But gave a yell and flung aside
The sponge, ’neath which he sought to hide!
It fell to earth I know not where!

He beat his breast in his despair,
And then, like Venus from the foam,
Sprang into view, and made for home!
His aunt fell fainting to the ground!
Alas! They never brought her round!
She died, intestate, in her prime,
The victim of another's crime;
And John can never quite forget
How by a breach of etiquette,
He lost, at one fell swoop (or plunge)
His aunt, his inheritance, and his sponge.

Harry Graham



When did you last take a look at any of our inner cities on a Saturday night?

The Pig

It was an evening in November
As I very well remember,
I was strolling down the street in drunken pride,
But my knees were all a-flutter,
And I landed in the gutter
And a pig came up and lay down by my side.

Yes, I lay there in the gutter
Thinking thoughts I could not utter,
When a colleen passing by did softly say,
“You can tell the man who boozes
By the company he chooses” –
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

Anon



Hair Today, No Her Tomorrow

"I've been upstairs," she said.
"Oh yes?" I said.
"I found a hair," she said.
"A hair?" I said.
"In the bed," she said.
"From a head?" I said.
"It's not mine," she said.
"Was it black?" I said.
"It was," she said.
"I'll explain," I said.
"You swine," she said.
"Not quite," I said.
"I'm going," she said.
"Please don't," I said.
"I hate you!" she said.
"You do?" I said.
"Of course!" she said.
"But why?" I said
"That black hair," she said.
"A pity," I said.

"Time for truth," she said.
"For confessions?" I said.
"Me too," she said.
"You what?" I said.
"Someone else," she said.
"Oh dear," I said.
"So there!" she said.
"Ah, well," I said.
"Guess who?" she said.
"Don't say," I said.
"I will," she said.
"You would," I said.
"Your friend," she said.
"Oh damn," I said.
"And his friend," she said.
"Him too?" I said.
"And the rest," she said.
"Good God!" I said.

"What's that?" she said.
"What's what?" I said.
"That noise?" she said.
"Upstairs?" I said.
"Yes," she said.
"The new cat," I said.
"A cat?" she said.
"It's black," I said.
"Black?" she said.
"Long-haired," I said.
"Oh no," she said.
"Oh yes," I said,
"Oh shit!" she said.
"Goodbye," I said.

"I lied," she said.
"You lied?" I said.
"Of course," she said.
"About my friend?" I said.
"Y-ess," she said.
"And the others?" I said.
"Ugh," she said.
"How odd," I said.
"I'm forgiven?" she said.
"Of course," I said.
"I'll stay?" she said.
"Please don't," I said.
"But why?" she said.
"I lied," I said.
"About what?" she said.
"The new cat," I said.
"It's white," I said.

Brian Patten

Annus Mirabilis

Sexual intercourse began
In nineteen sixty-three
(which was rather late for me) –
Between the end of the Chatterley ban
And the Beatles' first LP.

Up to then there'd only been
A sort of bargaining,
A wrangle for the ring,
A shame that started at sixteen
And spread to everything.

Then all at once the quarrel sank:
Everyone felt the same,
And every life became
A brilliant breaking of the bank,
A quite unlosable game.

So life was never better than
In nineteen sixty-three
(Though just too late for me) –
Between the end of the Chatterley ban
And the Beatles' first LP.

Philip Larkin

From: The Lay of the Last Minstrel

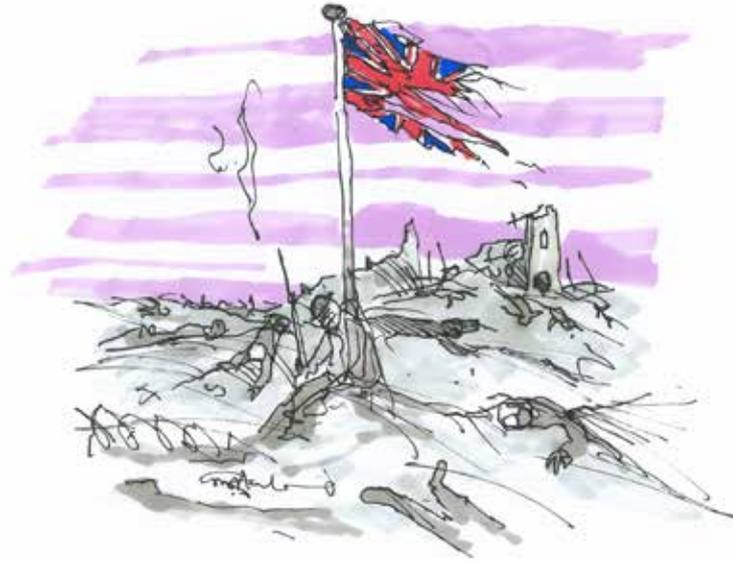
Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott

From: The Return

If England was what England seems
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd drop 'er! But she ain't!

Rudyard Kipling



Flag

What's that fluttering in the breeze?
It's just a piece of cloth
that brings a nation to its knees.

What's that unfurling from a pole?
It's just a piece of cloth
that makes the guts of men grow bold.

What's that rising over a tent?
It's just a piece of cloth
that dares the coward to relent.

What's that flying across a field?
It's just a piece of cloth
that will outlive the blood you bleed.

How can I possess such a cloth?
Just ask for a flag my friend.
Then blind your conscience to the end.

John Agard

The world has many problems, and as the media shifts its gaze from crisis to crisis, ZANE's job is to ensure that the plight of Zimbabwe's poor is not forgotten. The following poem reminds us of this issue.

War Photographer

In his dark room he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he
a priest preparing to intone a Mass.
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries
of this man's wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white
from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
he earns his living and they do not care.

Carol Ann Duffy

A Silhouette

His eyes are see-through.
Through them I see
a yawning empty bread bin
a fridge stands
astounded
by its chilling emptiness
a stove, cold,
sits huddled in a corner
finds nothing to warm up
for mice swept the pantry
before seeking refuge
in refuse pits
in the neighbourhood.
Cockroaches left jackets
on hangers of webs
bills are forming
a small mound
on a formica table.

Yet – whenever I ask
How he is doing
he replies:
“Fine. And you?”

Julius Chingono



Waiting

I count the falling frangipani leaves.
Early April, the nights are growing cold;
the scent of wood smoke sours as neighbours burn
their household rubbish; every now and then
a discarded aerosol can explodes
triggering memories of another time,
another place, another war.

So quickly do they change from fluid green
to yellowish, to desiccated brown;
and yet, the drop, the clatter, ages takes;
takes ages: either way. In terminal
cymes some flowers remain, as white as wax,
mingling the bitter sweets of paradise
with odours of anxiety.

Like sharpening blades on steel the plovers cry
as homeless people wander near their nests
waiting for news, waiting for results. Who
will it be? These falling leaves remind me
that the day has come and gone for ballots
to be counted, results announced, and I'm
afraid that change will never come.

John Eppel



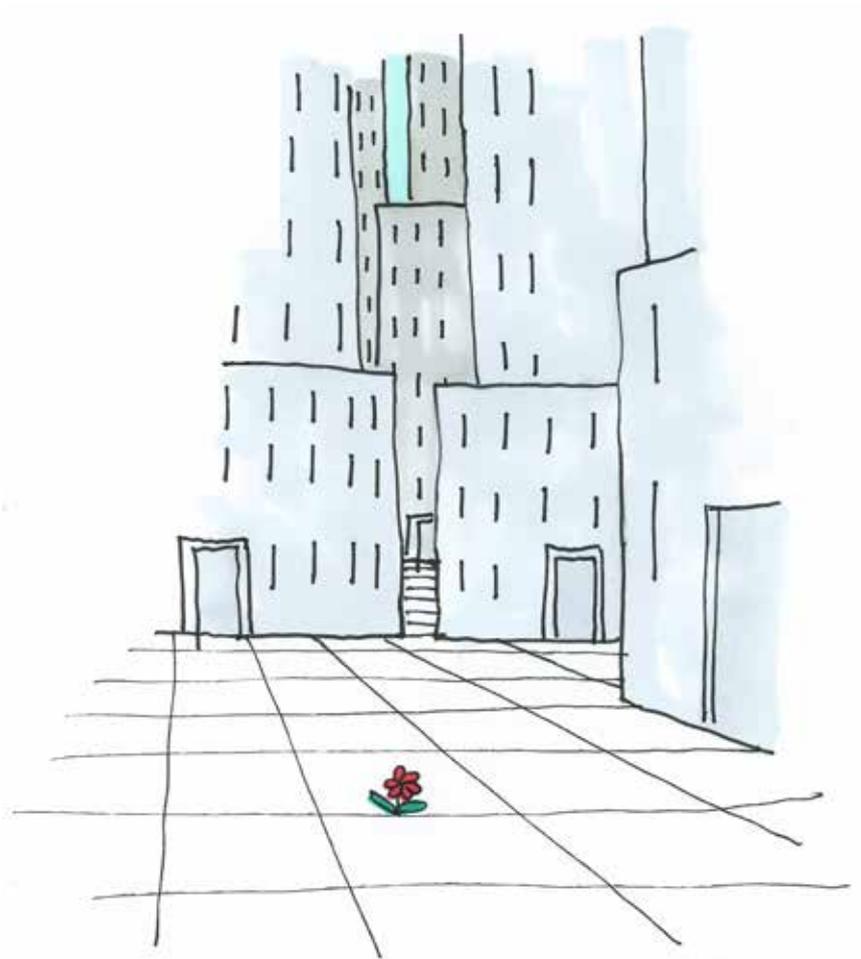
Inexpensive Progress

Encase your legs in nylons,
Bestride your hills with pylons
O age without a soul;
Away with gentle willows
And all the elmy billows
That through your valleys roll.

Let's say goodbye to hedges
And roads with grassy edges
And winding country lanes;
Let all things travel faster
Where motorcar is master
Till only Speed remains.

Destroy the ancient inn-signs
But strew the roads with tin signs
"Keep left", "M4", "Keep Out!"
Command, instruction, warning,
Repetitive adorning
The rockeried roundabout.

(continued)



For every raw obscenity
Must have its small “amenity”,
Its patch of shaven green,
And hoardings look a wonder
In banks of floribunda
With floodlights in between.

Leave no old village standing
Which could provide a landing
For aeroplanes to roar,
But spare such cheap defacements
As huts with shattered casements
Unlived-in since the war.

Let no provincial High Street
Which might be your or my street
Look as it used to do,
But let the chain stores place here
Their miles of black glass facia
And traffic thunder through.

And if there is some scenery
Some unpretentious greenery,
Surviving anywhere,
It does not need protecting
For soon we’ll be erecting
A Power Station there.

When all our roads are lighted
By concrete monsters sited
Like gallows overhead,
Bathed in the yellow vomit
Each monster belches from it
We’ll know that we are dead.

John Betjeman

I was persuaded to recite the following poem to a row of aged aunts when I was about five... It seems appropriate to add this for our new initiative, ZANE Kids.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up at the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
“O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful pussy you are!”

Pussy said to the Owl, “You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?”
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows
And there in a wood, a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.



“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?” Said the Piggy, “I will.”
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Edward Lear

(A “runcible spoon” was named after a friend of Lear, one Robert Runcie, who was the under butler to Lord Derby. The spoon in question was curved with a cutting edge, and doubled as a fork: I’ll bet you didn’t know that!)

*The following lines were written over 150 years ago.
As slavery of all sorts is flourishing – as is bonded labour –
this poem is still relevant today.*

From: Song of the Shirt

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread –
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sings the “Song of the Shirt”!

Work! Work! Work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work–work–work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It’s O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

Work–work–work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work–work–work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you’re wearing out,
But human creatures’ lives!
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of Death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own –
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh! God! That bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!



Work–work–work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread – and rags.
A shattered roof – this naked floor –
A table – a broken chair –
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

Oh! But for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread –
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, –
Would that its tone could reach the Rich, –
She sang this “Song of the Shirt”!

From: A Hymn: O God of Earth and Altar

From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men.
From sale and profanation
Of honour and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord.

GK Chesterton

It is easy to fall into the trap of discussing those we help in terms of "statistics". The statement below is made in the film "I, Daniel Blake", and it is one that could be echoed by all the recipients of ZANE's aid. There but for the grace of God go we all: we owe them respect.

"I am not a client, a customer nor a service user. I am not a shirker, a scrounger, a beggar nor a thief. I am not a National Insurance number nor a blip on a screen. I paid my dues. Never a penny short, and was proud to do so. I don't tug the forelock but look my neighbour in the eye. I don't accept or seek charity. My name is Daniel Blake. I am a man, not a dog. As such, I demand my rights. I demand you treat me with respect.

I, Daniel Blake, am a citizen, nothing more, nothing less.

Thank you."

The Benefits of Death



Too often at funerals, I hear men and women cursing death. But death is a gift from the Most High and one cannot curse that which comes from Him. Does the word “gift” seem incongruous to you? It is nevertheless the absolute truth. If death was not inevitable, man would have wasted his whole life attempting to avoid it. He would have risked nothing, attempted nothing, undertaken nothing, invented nothing, built nothing. Life would have been perpetual convalescence. Yes, my Brothers and Sisters, let us thank God for having made us this gift of death, so that life is to have meaning: of night, that day is to have meaning: silence so that speech is to have meaning: illness, that health is to have meaning; war, that peace is to have meaning. Let us give thanks to Him for having given us weariness and pain, so that rest and joy are to have meaning. Let us give thanks to Him, whose wisdom is infinite.

From “Leo the African” by Amin Maalouf

ZANE is financially assisting over 600 aged veterans who served the Crown in the Second World War, Aden, Korea and Malaya. On 1 September 2016, the "Times" editorial stated: "... the whole of society has obligations to those who served in the armed forces..." We hope that these frail people who survived conflict will not be forgotten.

As we are privileged to live at a time of relative peace, we are inclined to forget the trauma of bereavement. This poem from the American Civil War describes the black misery of loss.

Come Up from the Fields Father

Come up from the fields father, here's a letter from our Pete,
And come to the door mother, here's a letter from thy dear son.

Lo,'tis autumn,
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind,
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang and grapes on the trellis'd vines,
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were lately buzzing?)

Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous clouds,
Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful, and the farm prospers well.

Down in the fields all prospers well,
But now from the fields come father, come at the daughter's call,
And come to the entry mother, to the front door come right away.

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps trembling,
She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly,
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd,
O a strange hand writes for our dear son, O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only.
Sentences broken, *gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,*
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint.
By the jamb of a door leans.

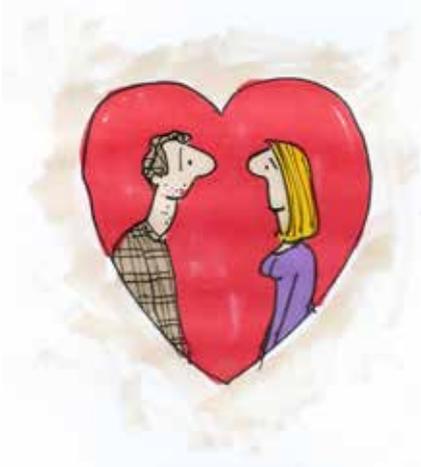
Grieve not so dear mother, (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs,
The little sisters huddle round speechless and dismay'd),
See dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.
Alas poor boy, he will never be better, (nor may-be needs to be better, that brave and
simple soul),
While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,
She with thin form presently drest in black.
By day her meals untouched, then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from life escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

Walt Whitman

Apparently all wounds to the breast proved fatal in the American Civil War – a war that killed more American soldiers than the total deaths in the First and Second World Wars, Vietnam and since then.





The Look

Strephon kissed me in the spring
Robin in the fall.
But Colin only looked at me
And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest, Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
Haunts me night and day.

Sara Teasdale

From: Little Gidding

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.
Through the unknown, unremembered gate
When the last of earth left to discover
Is that which was the beginning;
At the source of the longest river
The voice of the hidden waterfall
And the children in the apple-tree
Not known, because not looked for
But heard, half-heard, in the stillness
Between two waves of the sea.
Quick now, here, now, always –
A condition of complete simplicity
(Costing not less than everything)
And all shall be well and
All manner of things shall be well
When the tongues of flames are in-folded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.

TS Eliot

As You Came from the Holy Land

As you came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

How shall I know your true love,
That have met many one,
As I went to the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?

She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath so divine a form
In the earth or the air.

Such a one did I meet, good sir,
Such an angelic face,
Who like a queen, like a nymph, did appear
By her gait, by her grace.

She hath left me here all alone,
All alone, as unknown,
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
And me loved as her own.

What's the cause that she leaves you alone,
And a new way doth take:
Who loved you once as her own,
And her joy did you make?

I have lov'd her all my youth;
But now, old as you see,
Love likes not the falling fruit
From the withered tree.

Know that Love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past;
He is blind, he is deaf, when he list,
And in faith never fast.

His desire is a dureless content,
And a trustless joy;
He is won with a world of despair,
And is lost with a toy.

Of women-kind such indeed is the love,
Or the word love abused;
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excused.

But true love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning;
Never sick, never old, never dead,
From itself never turning.



Hope

“Hope” is the thing with feathers –
That perches in the soul –
And sings the tune without the words –
And never stops – at all –

And sweetest – in the Gale – is heard –
And sore must be the storm –
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm –

I’ve heard it in the chilliest land –
And on the strangest Sea –
Yet – never – in Extremity,
It asked a crumb – of me.

Emily Dickinson

Fireworks

Write it in fire across the night
Some men are more or less all right.

Wendy Cope



Come, and Be My Baby

The highway is full of big cars
going nowhere fast
And folks is smoking anything that'll burn
Some people wrap their lives round a cocktail glass
And you sit wondering
Where you're going to turn.
I got it.
Come. And be my baby.

Some prophets say the world is gonna end tomorrow
But others say we've got a week or two
The paper is full of every kind of blooming horror
And you sit wondering
What you're gonna do.
I got it.
Come. And be my baby.

Maya Angelou

Ebb

I know what my heart is like
Since your love died:
It is like a hollow ledge
Holding a little pool
Left there by the tide,
A little tepid pool
Drying inward from the edge.

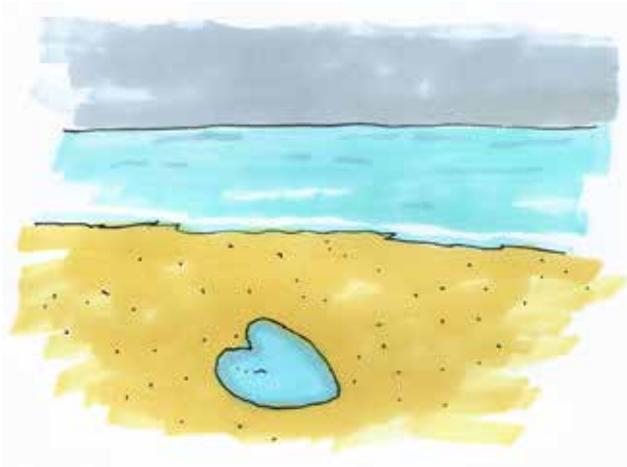
Edna St Vincent Millay

Whatever You Want

Tell me right away if I'm disturbing you,
he said as he stepped inside my door,
and I'll leave at once.

You not only disturb me, I said,
You shatter my entire existence,
Welcome.

Eeva Kilpi



After Apple-Picking

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough
And held against the world of hoary grass.
It melted, and I let it fall and break.
But I was well
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,
And I could tell
What form my dreaming was about to take.
Magnified apples appear and disappear,
Stem end and blossom end,
And every fleck of russet showing clear.
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
And I keep hearing from the cellar bin
The rumbling sound
Of load on load of apples coming in.

For I have had too much
Of apple-picking: I am overtired
Of the great harvest I myself desired.
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.
For all
That struck the earth,
No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,
Went surely to the cider-apple heap
As of no worth.
One can see what will trouble
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.
Were he not gone,
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,
Or just some human sleep.

Robert Frost



Dreams

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

Langston Hughes

From: The Garden of Proserpine

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap;
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die to-morrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

AC Swinburne

Be Kind

we are always asked
to understand the other person's
viewpoint
no matter how
out-dated
foolish or
obnoxious.

one is asked
to view
their total error
their life-waste
with
kindliness,
especially if they are
aged.

but age is the total of
our doing.
they have aged
badly
because they have
lived
out of focus,
they have refused to
see.

not their fault?

whose fault?
mine?

I am asked to hide
my viewpoint
from them
for fear of their
fear.

age is no crime

but the shame
of a deliberately
wasted
life

among so many
deliberately
wasted
lives

is.

Charles Bukowski



When You Are Old

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his head amid a crowd of stars.

WB Yeats



Hallelujah

Everyone should be born into this world happy
and loving everything.
But in truth it rarely works that way.
For myself, I have spent my life clamouring toward it.
Hallelujah, anyway I'm not where I started!

And have you been trudging like that, sometimes
almost forgetting how wondrous the world is
and how miraculously kind some people can be?
And have you too decided that probably nothing important
is ever easy?
Not, say, for the first sixty years?

Hallelujah, I'm sixty now, and even a little more,
And some days I feel I have wings.

Mary Oliver

From: In Memory of WB Yeats

Follow, poet, follow right
To the bottom of the night,
With your unconstraining voice
Still persuade us to rejoice.

With the farming of a verse
Make a vineyard of the curse,
Sing of human unsuccess
In a rapture of distress.

In the deserts of the heart
Let the healing fountain start,
In the prison of his days
Teach the free man how to praise.

WH Auden

At David's Grave

Yes, he is here in this
open field, in sunlight, among
the few young trees set out
to modify the bare facts –

he's here, but only
because we are here.
When we go, he goes with us

to be your hands that never
do violence, your eyes
that wonder, your lives

that daily praise life
by living it, by laughter.

He is never alone here,
never cold in the field of graves.

Denise Levertov

With the utmost respect to the democratic process in the US, it might well raise its game. Below are some of the noble thoughts of previous presidents. I hope the president-elect, Donald J Trump, will take note:

I hold the precepts of Jesus, as delivered by himself, to be the most pure, benevolent and sublime which have ever been preached to men.

Thomas Jefferson

We have grown in numbers, wealth and power, as no other nation has grown. But we have forgotten God.... Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us!

Abraham Lincoln

We all should pray. We should ask the fulfilment of God's will. We should ask for courage, wisdom, for the quietness of soul which comes alone to them who place their lives in His hands.

Harry S Truman

No greater thing could come to our land today than a revival of the spirit of religion – a revival that would sweep through the homes of the Nation and stir the hearts of men and women of all faiths to a reassertion of their belief in God and their dedication to His will.... I doubt if there is any problem... that would not melt away before the fire of such a spiritual awakening.

Franklin D Roosevelt

You can't explain free government in any other terms than religious. The Founding Fathers had to refer to the creator in order to make their revolutionary experience make sense; it was because "all men are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights" that man could dare to be free.

Dwight D Eisenhower

Every president has taken comfort and courage when told as we are told today, that the Lord will be with thee. He will not fail thee nor forsake thee. Fear not, neither be thou dismayed.

John F Kennedy

History has also demonstrated that the people do not prosper where the rulers of their nation are godless...

Lyndon B Johnson

Tolerance, understanding, love – let us pray for all of these because we need them as people.

Gerald R Ford

In our rapidly changing world, we need to cling to things that don't change: to truth and justice, to fairness, to brotherhood, to love and to faith.

Jimmy Carter

We all have souls and we all have the same problems. I'm convinced more than ever that man finds liberation only when he binds himself to God and commits himself to his fellow man.

Ronald Reagan

I have learned what I suppose every president has learned and that is that one cannot be president of our country without faith in God and without knowing with certainty that we are one nation under God.... God is our rock and our salvation...

George H W Bush

I have always been touched by the living example of Jesus Christ... He was asked what is the great commandment? And he answered... "You shall love your God with all your heart and... You shall love your neighbour as yourself."

Bill Clinton

In this country we recognise prayer is a gift from God... In prayer we're reminded we're never alone in our personal trials or individual suffering.

George W Bush

There is no religion whose central tenet is hate.... we are asked to reconcile with bitter enemies or resolve ancient hatreds. And that requires a living, breathing, active faith....

We know as well that whatever our differences, there is one law that binds all great religions together.... Jesus told us "to love thy neighbour as thyself".... It is an ancient rule, a simple rule, but perhaps the most challenging. For it asks each of us to take some measure of responsibility for the wellbeing of people we may not know or worship with....

Barack Obama

23rd Psalm

(The King James Bible)

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff
they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the sight
of mine enemies: thou anointest my head
with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life: and I will dwell
in the house of the Lord forever.

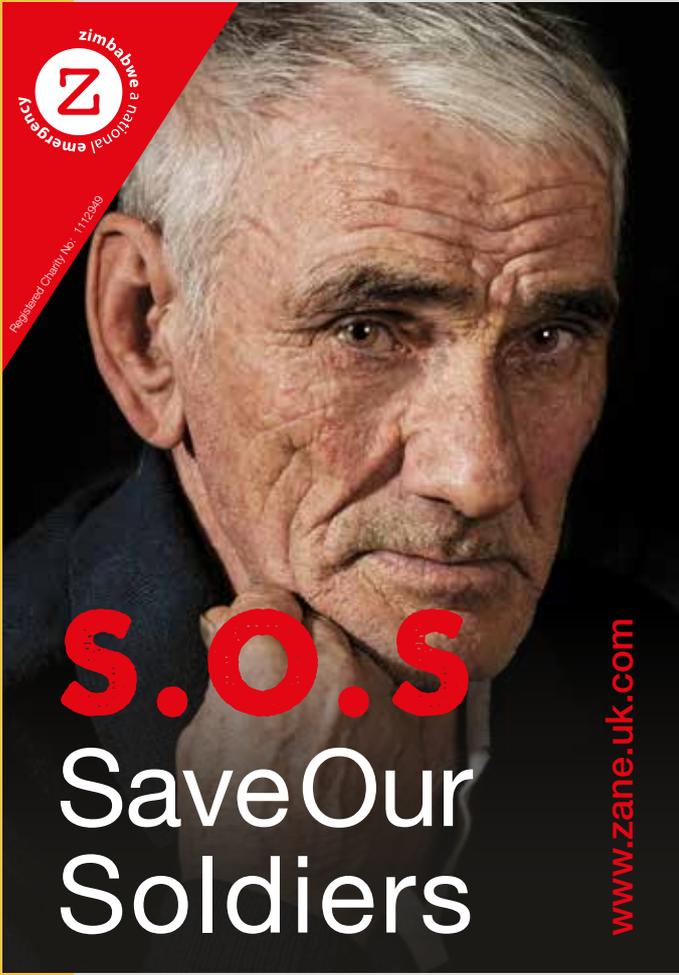
Christ Lives On (It's Christmas Day)

In the darkness of the winter
in the evening of the day
Bethlehem was full of wonder
tears of truth you heard them say
in a manger in a stable
at the feet where Mary lay
choirs of Angels started singing
Christ lives on, it's Christmas day.

Wise men cried he is the saviour
stars were shining clear and bright
heralds spread the birth of Jesus
people came from far and wide
gifts of joy the people praised him
tears of grace you heard them pray
angels singing in the heavens
Christ lives on, it's Christmas day.

Hallelujah bells are ringing
hallelujah it's today
we'll rejoice in all the pleasure
as he washed our sins away
we'll take love and understanding
faith and hope and charity
tell the children of the future
Christ lives on, it's Christmas day.

Charles M Moore

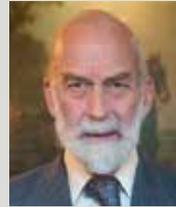


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Save Our
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www.zane.uk.com



I have supported ZANE for many years as they do excellent work amongst the vulnerable in Zimbabwe.

HRH Prince Michael of Kent cvo



ZANE is one of the most impressive charities I have seen. The charity provides practical support to the most vulnerable people and does so in a way that caters for their mental and physical needs. ZANE has a dedicated team which focuses on building relationships. ZANE staff ensure that every penny raised is used to deliver results.

HE Catriona Laing cb

UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe



I have seen a little bit of ZANE's work on the ground and from what I have seen it is very, very impressive . . . ZANE is one of those lovely organisations that make a little bit of money go a long, long way. ZANE is a good cause and the money is properly and well spent.

John Simpson cBE

World Editor of the BBC



The people of Zimbabwe have so very little to be thankful for, but the great work done by ZANE is bringing relief and improved health to many who had no hope for a better tomorrow. Organizations such as ZANE are critical in providing

assistance to those in need.

US Ambassador James D McGee (Ret)



ZANE's work in Zimbabwe quite simply provides a lifeline to those who are least able to help themselves. Their committed, inspirational team works hard to ensure that every penny raised goes to where it is needed most.

HE Deborah Bronnert CMG

Former UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe, 2011-2014



As a Zimbabwean who has represented my country on many occasions, I am saddened by the state of my beautiful homeland. If it wasn't for ZANE, the situation would be worse for many thousands of desperate people blighted by hunger, lack of access to education and ill

health. ZANE provides a lifeline to these people and its efficiency and effectiveness is commendable.

Nick Price Zimbabwean Professional Golfer

Reasons to

- 1 **ZANE** builds a personal relationship with every one of the 2,600 elderly, often very lonely, people to whom we give aid, support and encouragement. Only those really in need of assistance receive it.
- 2 **ZANE** provides the only social services network in Zimbabwe. Where help for the poverty-stricken is needed, ZANE staff draw support from a range of sources, including family members in Zimbabwe and overseas.
- 3 Donors are able to choose which aspect of **ZANE's** mission they plan to support.
- 4 Recently **ZANE** was the Telegraph Group Overseas Charity of the year.
- 5 **ZANE** is in effective partnership with all the UK Services' charities, supporting over 600 ex-service men and women and their widows. These veterans served the Crown in WW2, Korea, Malaya and Aden.

If you want to save a life

support ZANE

6 ZANE runs training initiatives and supplies seed-funding to enable self-help businesses and food production in impoverished communities in Zimbabwe.

7 ZANE funded the first clubfoot correction programme in Zimbabwe. Eleven treatment centres have been established and over 2,110 children have received treatment to date.

8 ZANE receives no aid from the government and relies wholly on support from private donors.

9 An independent consultancy reviewed ZANE and the report stated: “The charity thrives on its responsiveness, flexibility and lack of bureaucracy. Operationally ZANE is frugal, focused and effective in delivering aid to the needy.”

then please support ZANE



ZANE’s work in Zimbabwe provides an essential lifeline of support for those who cannot help themselves. It is a wonderful charity and the money goes where it’s needed.

Lord Hastings of Scarisbrick CBE
Chairman, ZANE Council of Reference



ZANE does an excellent job for the people of Zimbabwe. I wish the charity really well.

Rt Hon David Cameron
Former Prime Minister



ZANE does invaluable, literally lifesaving work in Zimbabwe in providing essential support for those who can no longer help themselves - especially amongst our senior citizens. As ZANE extends its fundraising activities to Australia,

I am pleased to endorse the importance of its work and guarantee that the money raised goes where it is needed most. I encourage fellow Australians to support them generously.

Matthew E K Neuhaus
Australian Ambassador, Australian Embassy, Zimbabwe



What a difference your donation makes!



Zimbabwe A National Emergency

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Please tick the box below and make this gift and any donations made in the future, or made in the past 4 years, worth 25% more with Gift Aid. Gift Aid is reclaimed by ZANE from the tax you pay for the current tax year. Your address is needed to identify you as a current UK taxpayer.

I am a UK taxpayer and understand that if I pay less income tax and/or Capital Gains tax than the amount of Gift Aid claimed on all of my donations in that tax year, it is my responsibility to pay any difference.

Date _____ Signature _____

Please notify ZANE if you

- Want to cancel this declaration
- Change your name or home address
- No longer pay sufficient tax on your income and/or capital gains

Please consider leaving a gift to ZANE in your will. Tick here for further information

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cheque payable to "ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency" or please debit my Debit/Credit Card for £ _____

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