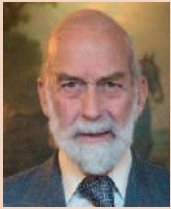




ZANE POEMS 2018/9



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

HRH Prince Michael of Kent CVO



I am deeply impressed with the work of ZANE; one of those charities that make a little money go a long way.

Baroness Royall of Blaisdon

Former Labour Leader of the House of Lords



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 that focuses on building relationships. ZANE staff ensure that every penny raised is

used to deliver results.

HMA Catriona Laing CB

UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe



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



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 Affairs Editor of the BBC



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

Rt Hon David Cameron

Former Prime Minister

Illustrations by Tony Husband



Reg Charity No 1112949

ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Dear Reader

We hope you will enjoy ZANE's latest anthology of poetry.

Today, I am reminded of these words from Nelson Mandela:

"After climbing a great hill, one only finds that there are many more hills to climb."

After the fall of Mugabe, the road ahead is more acutely uphill than ever before.

Zimbabwe's economy is past the state of collapse. The country holds vast debts to most of the world's banks and institutions while its people face desperate shortages of cash and rising prices. The weary silence from the West says all we need to know.

In fact, Zimbabwe is in an even worse state than it was before the change in leadership and recent elections. As ever, the governing class remains insulated from suffering whilst the poorest of the poor face hunger, poverty and despair.

Amidst the turmoil and uncertainty, ZANE quietly continues its lifesaving work.



Tom Benyon OBE

ZANE continues to pay the rent of those who would otherwise be on the streets; ZANE pays for the medication of those who would otherwise die; and ZANE is feeding those who would otherwise face starvation.

Our teams are expert in stretching each of your pounds as far as it can possibly go, all whilst providing comfort, advice and love.

ZANE staff let the people know that you care: that they have not been forgotten.

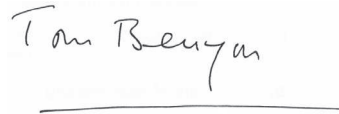
The impact of your generosity on the lives of the needy in Zimbabwe is immeasurable.

ZANE cannot save lives without your support. Your gifts mean we can give aid directly to those who need it most, and when they need it most.

ZANE couldn't do it without you. In the words of so many of our beneficiaries:

“You have saved my life. Thank you.”

Happy Christmas and my best wishes for the new year.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Tom Benyon". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style. Below the signature is a thin, horizontal line.

Tom Benyon OBE

PS: Please note that through your generosity, our poetry book promotion recoups its cost of production many times over.



Prayer

Please God, make me the person my dog thinks I am.

Endless invention, endless experiment,
Brings knowledge of motion, but not of stillness...
Where is the Life we have lost in living?
Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?

From "Choruses from the Rock", TS Eliot





The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

From "The Ladder of St Augustine",
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Behind the corpse in the reservoir,
behind the ghost on the links,
behind the lady who dances
and the man who madly drinks,
under the look of fatigue,
the attack of migraine and the sigh,
there is always another story,
there is more than meets the eye.

From "At Last the Secret is Out",
WH Auden

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart.

Edward Young



We are the pilgrims, master; we shall go
Always a little further: it may be
Beyond that blue mountain barred with snow,
Across that angry or that glimmering sea,
White on a throne or guarded in a cave
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men were born: but surely we are brave,
Who take the Golden Road to Samarkand.

From "The Golden Journey to Samarkand",
James Elroy Flecker

Cecil Rhodes

Following the removal of the Rhodes statue from Cape Town University, there are cries from the foolish to have it removed from Oriel College Oxford because Rhodes was a “genocidal racist”.

They would be puzzled to learn, however, that at Rhodes’ funeral in 1902, the hills were lined with thousands of Ndebele tribesmen chanting: “Our Father is dead!” And perplexity will mount further with the news that three weeks after his funeral, the Ndebele chiefs agreed to guard Rhodes’ grave – and they did so for decades afterwards.

The reason for this was that during the bloody revolt of the Ndebele against the South Africa Company in 1896, Rhodes, unarmed, entered rebel territory to parlay. Sitting amongst the rebels, he came to appreciate their grievances and he promised reform, which led to the leading chief to call him “Peacemaker”. In fulfilment of his promise, he bought back from British settlers 100,000 acres of prime farming land and gave it back to the Ndebele. Later that year, he resolved to make the building of trust between whites and blacks a major part of his work.

Nigel Biggar, Regius Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology,
University of Oxford



A Hand in the Bird

I am a maiden who is forty,
And a maiden I shall stay.
There are some who call me haughty,
But I care not what they say.

I was running the tombola
At our church bazaar today,
And doing it with gusto
In my usual jolly way.

When suddenly, I knew not why,
There came a funny feeling
Of something crawling up my thigh!
I nearly hit the ceiling!

A mouse! I thought, how foul, how mean!
How exquisitely tickly!
Quite soon I know I'm going to scream
I've got to catch it quickly.

I made a grab. I caught the mouse,
Now right inside my knickers.
A mouse my foot! It was a HAND!
Great Scott! It was the vicar's!

Roald Dahl

More tea vicar!



Endgame

This is my dilemma... I am dust and ashes... frail and wayward, a set of predetermined behavioural responses... riddled with fears, beset with needs... the quintessence of dust and unto dust I shall return... But there is something else in me... Dust I may be, but troubled dust, dust that dreams, dust that has strange premonitions of transfiguration, of a glory in store, a destiny prepared, an inheritance that one day will be my own... So my life is stretched out in a painful dialectic between ashes and glory, between weakness and transfiguration. I am a riddle to myself, an exasperating enigma... this strange duality of dust and glory.

Richard Holloway



Good and Clever

If all the good people were clever,
And all clever people were good,
The world would be nicer than ever
We thought that it possibly could.

But somehow 'tis seldom or never
The two hit it off as they should,
The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever, so rude to the good!

So friends, let it be our endeavour,
To make each by each understood;
For few can be good, like the clever,
Or clever, so well as the good.

Elizabeth Wordsworth

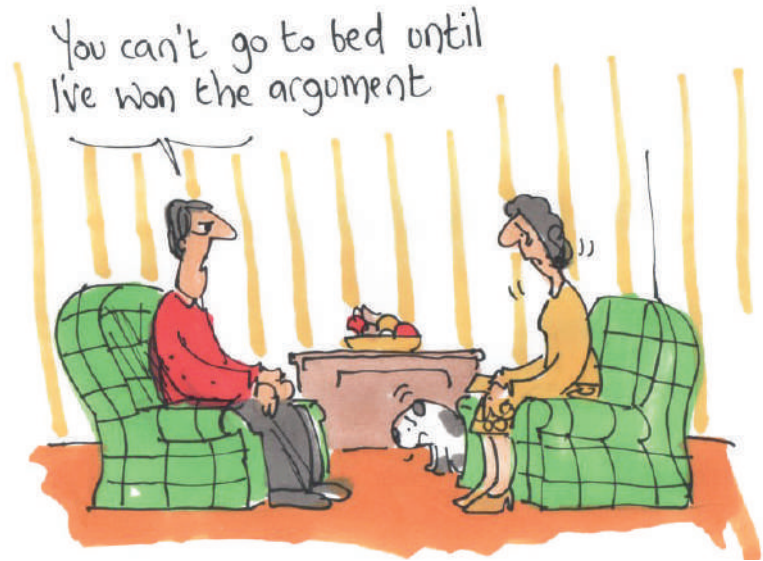
Men and their Boring Arguments

One man on his own can be quite good fun
But don't go drinking with two –
They'll probably have an argument
And take no notice of you.

What makes men so tedious
Is the need to show off and compete
They'll bore you to death for hours and hours
Before they'll admit defeat.

It often happens at dinner parties
Where brother disputes with brother
And we can't even talk amongst ourselves
Because we're not next to each other.

Some men like to argue with women –
Don't give them a chance to begin.
You won't be allowed to change the subject
Until you have given in.



A man with the bit between his teeth
Will keep you up half the night
And the only way to get some sleep
Is to say, "I expect you're right".

I expect you're right my dearest love.
I expect you're right my friend.
These boring arguments make no difference
To anything in the end.

Wendy Cope

Song for Zimbabwe

Once there were songs sung,
Sung against the breath
Of the wind.
On brown faraway hills,
Under deep blue pools
And in enclosed caves.
Songs of myth,
Songs of legend.

Songs about the steady thrum of life,
About the first hunt
And the bush
The rain
The harvest
The summer
The food.
Songs about love
And the serenity of life.

Then there came songs
Of mourning,
Of regret
As an identity was stolen.
Songs of death, hate,
Delusion and fear.

Then there were songs
That filled townships
With beats of freedom and love.
Songs of patriotism,
Songs that muffled
The noises of guns,
Of screams
And explosions.

Songs that touched
The desolate villages,
That created a spark within the silence.

With a burst of lightning
Songs of celebration came,
Of freedom,
Nationality
And
Reconciliation.

Now what song do I hear?
Do I understand?
All songs are distortions.
Help me sing a song
About you
And me
And this, our troubled nation.

Barbra Breeze Anderson



A Christmas Poem

At Christmas little children sing
and merry bells jingle,
The cold winter air makes our hands
and faces tingle
And happy families go to church
and cheerily they mingle
And the whole business is unbelievably
dreadful, if you're single.

Wendy Cope

The Real Meaning of Christmas

Each Boxing Day, my mother would take out her pen and pad,
And estimate the cost price of those Christmas gifts we'd had,
From relatives and family friends. And when the sum fell short,
Of the monetary value for the various gifts she'd bought,
She'd write it in her ledger. Underlined in red.
So, Aunty Bertha, Mrs Bridges – to my mum, they were now dead.
“A pair of socks for twenty pence! A slinky half as dear!
I'll tell you this for nothing, son – they're getting nowt next year.
I bought that cow some Matchmakers, not just mint, but orange too
And all I have is ankle socks – I hope she gets the flu.”

This reckoning became, for me, the point of Christmas tide,
A view which has not altered in the years since my mum died,
A special time of nastiness, vindictiveness and greed,
And of pigging out on turkey until your insides bleed,
The punch-ups outside Argos in the sales which never end,
Those saccharine injunctions from John Lewis that we just spend.
On vacuous appurtenances – a bright green reindeer cardie!
And the Channel 4 Christmas address by some deranged jihadi,
The drivel on the telly. Fake bonhomie, fake cheer,
Fake love, fake compassion – and those two words you scarcely hear,
Absent from our winterval lest someone take offence –
Jesus Christ. Oh, Him! Yes – rings a bell. In some half-forgotten sense.



And yet as I grow older I can now discern a reason,
For this strange, misshapen jamboree we call the “festive season”.
For month by month and without fail, we give it our best shot –
Then Christmas-time reveals to us everything we’re not.
Everything we could be – should be – but always fall short,
In our frailties and our failures. That’s the lesson, yearly taught,
And as the snowman slowly deliquesces on the lawn,
The cattle still are lowing, the snail is on the thorn,
We are not yet forsaken: somehow from up above, He watches...
... amused, appalled, distraught – who knows?
Yet still we have his love.

Rod Liddle

The Sending of Five

Five potent curses
I send: the first love, which frequently
Drives men to suffer
Uncouth hair transplants.

The second riches:
Bringing in their train
The envy of friends
Expressed in these words:
“It’s all right for some!”

My third curse is fame:
May you become a sport
For reporters, may
The dull quote you, may
Crank think they are you.

My fourth: Contentment.
Hugging you, white grub,
In a fat cocoon
That the cries of men
Cannot penetrate.

And last: a long life:
May you live to be
Called “The Grand old Man”,
Smiling at you, may
The young sprain their jaws.

Vicki Raymond



Bedsit

By the one-bar electric fire
In the one room
Someone else, somewhere calls home.
The grease stain from a badly packed chow-mein
Spreading on the knee of my jeans,
Rock music is spilling into the unwarmed air
From a transistor on the floor.
I'm drinking coffee.
And in how many rooms
Around the fringes of the capital
Do other girls eat mock-Chinese food,
And, coffee-drugged,
Sit up late on floor cushions
Discussing what he said last night,
And how they lost a pound or two by missing lunch three
Days last week.
And how they'd look without a fringe.
And, having talked their hearts away,
Walk, haloed by the streetlights,
Back to their own one-room world,
Looking to the next night's conviviality
To take away the pain
Of the never-ending
Search for something more?

Sue Elkin

When I Could Remember

I can just about remember
When I could remember everything
Of the thoughts in my head
And the pleasures they could bring.

But I know the darkness now
And it is getting darker still.
My mind it seems is closing down
And not of my free will.

Please sit with me and hold my hand
To let me know you understand.
Although my mind is not so clear
I'm still me and I'm still here.

Tony Husband



They Had It Coming

The South East Asians,
they were made to cry,
Look at their eyes all
narrowed up and ready to bawl.

Black Africans:
Obesity wouldn't suit them.
There's a grace about
their slenderness.
Their children would be naked
without a covering of flies.

Indians are perfect for begging
in ragged clothes
and falling dead on the streets
without too much sensation.
There are so many of them
that death is no longer a problem.



Middle Easterners, South Americans,
they were made to look anguished,
the mother crying to God,
the children just crying.
Earthquakes provide opportunity for this.

White Westerners were made to laugh
in fast cars with beautiful friends.
They were made to drink and spend money.
Do not disturb the balance of nature.

Steve Turner

Hunger

I come among the peoples like a shadow.
I sit down by each man's side.
None sees me, but they look on one another,
And know that I am there.
My silence is like the silence of the tide
That buries the playground of children;
Like the deepening of frost in the slow night,
When birds are dead in the morning.
Armies trample, invade, destroy,
With guns roaring from earth and air.
I am more terrible than armies,
I am more feared than the cannon.
Kings and chancellors give commands;
I give no command to any;
But I am listened to more than kings
And more than passionate orators.
I unswear words, and undo deeds.
Naked things know me.
I am first and last to be felt of the living.
I am Hunger.

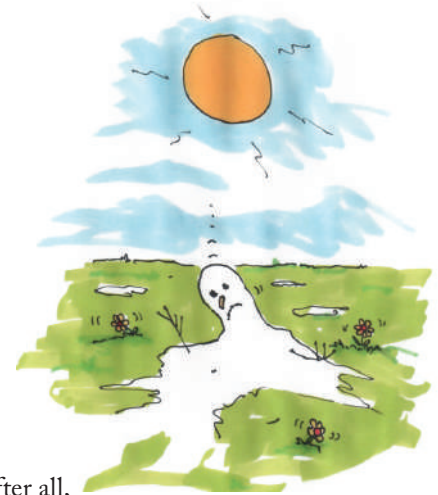
Laurence Binyon



On Picnics

at the going down of the sun
and in the morning
i try to remember them
but their names are ordinary names
and their causes are thighbones
tugged excitedly from the soil
by French children
on picnics.

Roger McGough



Sometimes

Sometimes things don't go, after all,
from bad to worse. Some years, muscadell
faces down frost; green thrives; the crops don't fail,
sometimes a man aims high, and all goes well.

A people sometimes will step back from war;
elect an honest man, decide they care
enough, that they can't leave some stranger poor.
Some men become what they were born for.

Sometimes our best efforts do not go
amiss, sometimes we do as we meant to.
The sun will sometimes melt a field of sorrow
that seemed hard frozen: may it happen for you.

Sheenagh Pugh

At the Cenotaph

I saw the Prince of Darkness, with his Staff,
Standing bare-headed by the Cenotaph:
Unostentatious and respectful, there
He stood, and offered up the following prayer.
“Make them forget, O Lord, what this memorial
Means: their discredited ideas revive;
Breed new belief that war is purgatorial,
Proof of the pride and power of being alive;
Men’s biologic urge to readjust
The Map of Europe, Lord of Hosts, increase;
Lift up their hearts in large destructive lust;
And crown their heads with blind vindictive Peace.”
The Prince of Darkness to the Cenotaph
Bowed. As he walked away I heard him laugh.

Siegfried Sassoon



An Indiscriminate Act of Kindness

She came from the cold, wet
Dropped her luggage bags
Looked the concierge in the eye
Said, "I need a room for the night,
But I don't got no money,
Would you take payment in kind?"

He said, "It's all right.
I got a room here, you can share mine,
Make the bed in the morning and that'll do fine.
You can change in the bathroom,
Hang your clothes on the line."
A tear came into her eye,
She thought, "How could he be so kind?"

She sat down on the bed with a needle...
He said, "I'd hate to see you bleed,
I'll fetch a warm towel,
I'll sit with you 'til you're dry."
She started to cry,
Said, "Why? Why? Why?
Why? Why? Why?"

Consider it an indiscriminate act of kindness.

She was cold turkey,
He was holding her hand,
She said, "I was ruined by a man,
This was never in my plans.
I dreamed of men who loved me,
Together we'd see the world.
Somehow I lost myself among the insults
They hurled."

"I am sure you're a wonderful woman,
And someday there will be someone...
So just relax now, it's important you are calm."

She said, "How is it that you can see past me as I am?"

Consider it an indiscriminate act of kindness.

"When you took your chances,
It's as if you placed a bet.
And sometimes this is the reward you can get.
I was always taught
If you see someone defiled,
You should look them in the eyes and smile,
And take their heart, no better yet
Take them home, home, home."



She awoke early in the morning
Made the bed, gathered up her clothes to leave
Saw the concierge curled on the settee,
Said, "What you did for me was hard for me to believe."

"I was just doing what was right,
No one who knows love could leave you out there on such a night.
If you can help someone, bear this in mind.
And consider it an indiscriminate act of kindness."

Foy Vance

The Penalty of Love

If love should count you worthy, and should deign
One day to seek your door and be your guest,
Pause! Ere you draw the bolt and bid him rest,
If in your old content you would remain.
For not alone he enters: in his train
Are angels of the mists, the lonely quest,
Dreams of the unfulfilled and unpossessed.
And sorrow, and life's immemorial pain.
He wakes desires you never may forget,
He shows you stars you never saw before,
He makes you share with him for evermore,
The burden of the world's divine regret
How wise were you to open not! – and yet,
How poor if you should turn him from the door.

Sidney Royse Lysaght



Goodbye to the Villa Piranha

Prepare the journey North,
Smothering feet in unfamiliar socks,
Sweeping the bathroom free of sand, collecting
Small change of little worth.

Make one last visit to the tip
(Did we drink all those bottles?) and throw out
The unread heavy paperbacks, saving
One thriller for the trip.

Chill in the morning air
Hints like a bad host that we should be going,
Time for a final swim, a walk, a last
Black coffee in the square.

If not exactly kings
We were at least francs bourgeois, with the right
To our own slice of place and time and pleasure,
And someone else's things.

Leaving the palace and its park,
We take our common place along the road,
As summer joins the queue of other summers,
Driving towards the dark.

Francis Hope



Daydream

One day people will touch and talk perhaps easily,
And loving be natural as breathing and warm as sunlight,
And people will untie themselves, as string is unknotted,
Unfold and yawn and stretch and spread their fingers,
Unfurl, uncurl like seaweed returned to the sea,
And work will be simple and swift as a seagull flying,
And play will be casual and quiet as a seagull settling,
And the clocks will stop, and no one will wonder
Or care or notice,
And people will smile without reason,
Even in winter, even in the rain.

ASJ Tessimond

Look Closer

What do you see nurse, what do you see?
Are you thinking when you look at me,
A crabbit old woman, not very wise,
Uncertain of habit with faraway eyes
Who dribbles her food, and makes no reply,
When you say in a loud voice,
“I do wish you’d try!”
Who seems not to notice the things that you do,
And forever is losing a stocking or shoe,
Who quite unresisting, lets you do as you will,
With bathing and feeding, the long day to fill.
Is that what you’re thinking, is that what you see?
Then open your eyes, you’re not looking at me.
I’ll tell you who I am, as I sit here so still,
As I move at your bidding, as I eat at your will,
I’m a small child of ten, with a father and mother,
Brothers and sister who love one another.
A young girl of sixteen with wings on her feet,
Dreaming that soon a true lover she’ll meet;
A bride now at twenty, my heart gives a leap,
Remembering the vows that I promised to keep;
At twenty-five now I have young of my own,
Who need me to build a secure happy home.
A woman of thirty, my young grow so fast
Bound to each other with ties that should last;



At forty, my sons will soon all be gone,
But my man stays beside me to see I don't mourn;
At fifty, once more babies play round my knee:
Again we know children, my loved one and me.
Dark days are upon me, my husband is dead,
I look at the future and shudder with dread,
For my young are all busy, with young of their own
And I think of the years and the love that I've known.
I'm an old woman now and nature is cruel,
Tis her jest to make old age look like a fool.
The body it crumbles, grace and vigour depart,
There is now a stone where I once had a heart.
But inside this old carcass, a young girl still dwells.
And now and again my battered heart swells.
I remember the joys, I remember the pain,
And I'm loving and living life over again.
I think of the years, all too few – gone too fast,
And accept the stark fact that nothing can last.
So open your eyes, nurse, open and see,
Not a crabbit old woman, look closer –
See me!

Phyllis McCormack

Born Yesterday

Tightly folded bud,
I have wished you something
None of the others would:
Not the usual stuff
About being beautiful,
Or running off a spring of innocence and love –
They will all wish you that,
And should it prove possible,
Well, you're a lucky girl.

But if it shouldn't, then
May you be ordinary,
Have, like other women,
An average of talents:
Not ugly, not good-looking,
Nothing uncustomary
To pull you off your balance,
That, unworkable itself,
Stops all the rest from working.
In fact, may you be dull –
If that is what a skilled
Vigilant, flexible,
Unemphasised, enthralled
Catching of happiness is called.

Philip Larkin





Written in Northampton County Asylum

I am! Yet what I am who cares, or knows?
My friends forsake me like a memory lost.
I am the self-consumer of all my woes;
They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.
And yet I am – I live – though I am toss'd.

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dream,
Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best
Are strange – nay, they are stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never trod –
For scenes where woman never smiled or wept –
There to abide with my Creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie –
The grass below: above, the vaulted sky.

John Clare

Rich Man

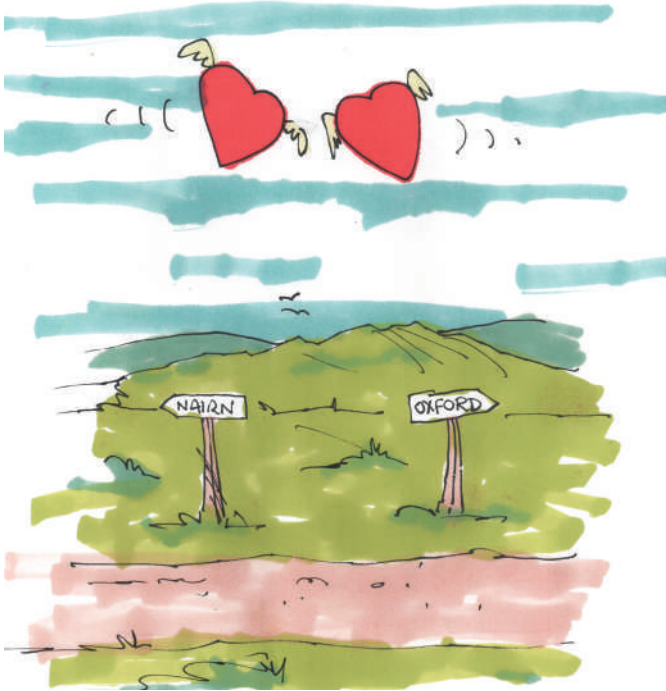
Rich man, rich man, who are you?
Do you seek the Christ child too?
In your palace and your court,
Life is busy, life is short.
Have you time to go away
To find a baby in the hay?
Can you get your camel through
The needle's eye, as you must do?

Rich man, rich man, you've come far.
Where did you learn to trust a star
Instead of turning to a king
To guide you in your wandering?
Rich man, how did you grow wise
In spite of all your kingly guise?
Who taught you to play your part,
To bring an educated heart
To the stable in the west
So you could kneel there and be blessed?

Elizabeth Rooney



A couple of our younger friends, hesitant about making a marriage commitment – one living in Oxford, the other in Nairn – coincidentally heard the following poem being read on the radio. It dawned on them both that they had found the right person and married without further ado.



The Confirmation

Yes, yours, my love, is the right human face.
I in my mind had waited for this long,
Seeing the false and searching for the true,
Then found you as a traveller finds a place
Of welcome suddenly amid the wrong
Valleys and rocks and twisting roads. But you,
What shall I call you? A fountain in a waste,
A well of water in a country dry,
Or anything that's honest and good, an eye
That makes the whole world seem bright. Your open heart,
Simple with giving, gives the primal deed,
The first good world, the blossom, the blowing seed,
The hearth, the steadfast land, the wandering sea.
Not beautiful or rare in every part.
But like yourself, as they were meant to be.

Edwin Muir

Candles

The days of our future stand in front of us
Like a row of little lit candles –
Golden, warm, and lively little candles.

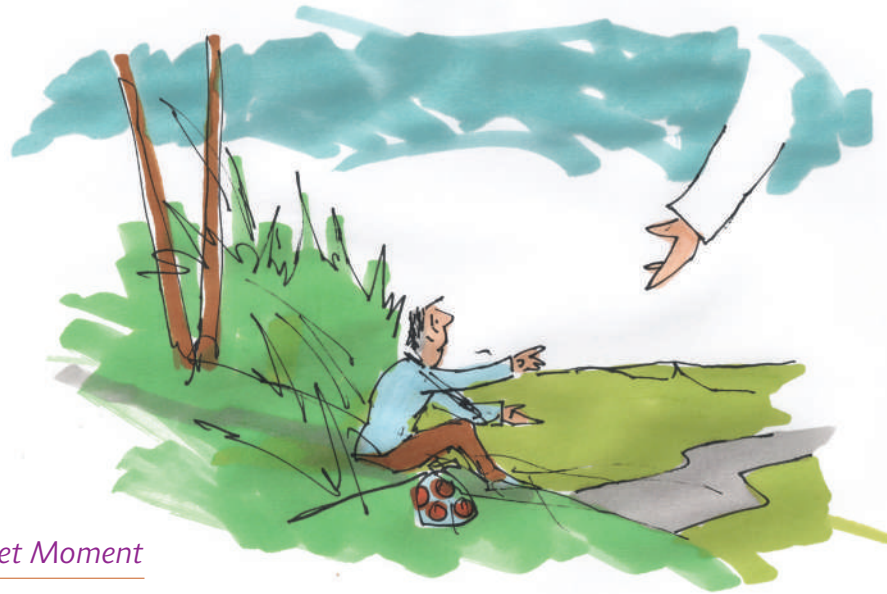
The days past remain behind us,
A mournful line of extinguished candles;
The nearest are still smoking,
Cold candles, melted and bent.

I do not want to look at them: their form saddens me,
And it saddens me to recall their first light,
I look ahead at my lit candles.

I do not want to turn back, lest I see and shudder
At how fast the dark line lengthens,
At how fast the extinguished candles multiply.

Constantine P Cavafy





Quiet Moment

Deliver me from my own shadows, my lord, from the wrecks and confusion of my days.
For the night is dark and thy pilgrim is blinded;
Hold thou my hand
Deliver me from despair.
Touch with thy flame
The lightless lamp of my sorrow,
Waken my tired strength from its sleep.
Do not let me linger behind counting my losses.
Let the road sing to me of the house at every step.
For the night is dark and thy pilgrim is blinded.
Hold thou my hand.

Rabindranath Tagore



To My Mother

Most near, most dear, most loved and most far,
Under the window where I often found her,
Sitting as huge as Asia, seismic with laughter,
Gin and chicken helpless in her Irish hand,
Irresistible as Rabelais, but most tender for
The lame dogs and hurt birds that surround her –
She is a procession no one can follow after
But be like a little dog following a brass band.

She will not glance up at the bomber, or condescend
To drop her gin and scuttle to a cellar,
But lean on the mahogany table like a mountain
Whom only faith can move. And so I send
O all my faith, and all my love to tell her
That she will move from mourning into morning.

George Barker

Piano and Drums

When at break of day at a riverside
I hear the jungle drums telegraphing
the mystic rhythm, urgent, raw
like bleeding flesh, speaking of
primal youth and the beginning
I see the panther ready to pounce
the leopard snarling about to leap
and the hunters crouch with spears poised;

And my blood ripples, turns torrent,
topples the years and at once I'm
in my mother's laps a suckling;
at once I'm walking simple
paths with no innovations,
rugged, fashioned with the naked
warmth of hurrying feet and groping hearts
in green leaves and wild flowers pulsing.

Then I hear a wailing piano
solo speaking of complex ways in
tear-furrowed concerto;
of far-away lands
and new horizons with
coaxing diminuendo, counterpoint,
crescendo. But lost in the labyrinth
of its complexities, it ends in the middle
of a phrase at a daggerpoint.

And I lost in the morning mist
of an age at a riverside keep
wandering in the mystic rhythm
of jungle drums and the concerto.

Gabriel Okara



How to Hide Jesus

There are people after Jesus.
They have seen the signs.
Quick! Let's hide him.
Let's think; carpenter,
fishermen's friend,
disturber of religious comfort.
Let's award Him a degree in theology,
a purple cassock
and a position of respect.
They'll never think of looking here.
Let's think;
His dialect may betray Him,
His tongue is of the masses.
Let's teach Him Latin
and seventeenth-century English,
they'll never think of listening in.
Let's think;
humble,
Man of Sorrows,
nowhere to lay His head.

You're looking for Jesus?
Oh dear... which one, the carpenter,
the fisherman? You need to be
more precise...



We'll build a house for Him,
somewhere away from the poor.
We'll fill it with brass and silence.
It's sure to throw them off.

There are people after Jesus.
Quick: let's hide Him.

Steve Turner



The Other

There are nights that are so still
that I can hear the small owl calling
far off and a fox barking
miles away. It is then that I lie
in the lean hours awake listening
to the swell born somewhere
in the Atlantic
rising and falling, rising and falling
wave on wave on the long shore
by the village that is without light

and companionless. And the
thought comes
of that other being who is awake, too,
letting our prayers break on him,
not like this for a few hours,
but for days, years, for eternity.

RS Thomas

Ascension Day

The holy and relentless bell
Rolls from the church beyond the lea;
Oh do not let me tire of You
Who never tire of me!

Here, to an organ thinly wailing,
With trembling hearts and voices failing,
Old ladies cry their meagre fears
Knowing He hears.

The backs that bend at age's rod,
The poor whose only wealth is God,
Arthritic fingers knot in prayer
Summon Him here.

Oh not the clever, good and brave,
Only the fools He came to save,
Only the sinners and the sore
Knock, and are answered at His door.

Priscilla Napier

Love

Love bade me welcome, yet my soul drew back,
Guiltie of dust and sinne,
But quick-ey'd love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd anything.

“A guest,” I answer'd, “worthy to be here”;
Love said, “You shall be he.”

“I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on thee.”

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
“Who made the eyes but I?”

“Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.”

And know you not,” says Love, “who bore the blame?”
“My dear, then I will serve.”

“You must sit down,” says Love, “and taste my meat.”
So I did sit and eat.

George Herbert





Thanksgiving

I thank thee God that I have lived
In this great world and know its many joys:
The song of birds, the strong sweet scent of hay,
And cooling breezes in the secret dusk;
The flaming sunsets at the close of day,
The hills and the lovely, heather-covered moors;
Music at night and moonlight on the sea,
The beat of waves upon the rocky shore,
And wild, white spray, flung high in ecstasy;
The faithful eyes of dogs, and treasured books,
The love of kin and fellowship of friends,
And all that makes life dear and beautiful.

I thank thee too, that there has come to me
A little sorrow, and sometimes defeat;
A little heartache and the loneliness
That comes with parting, and the word “goodbye”;
Dawn breaking after weary hours of pain
When I discovered that night’s gloom must yield,
And morning breaks through to me again.
Because of these, and other blessings poured
Unasked upon my wondering head,
Because I know that there is yet to come
An ever richer and more glorious life,
And most of all, because thine only Son
Once sacrificed life’s loveliness for me –
I thank thee, God, that I have lived.

Elizabeth Craven

“The term is over: the holidays have begun. The dream is ended: this is the morning.”

And as he spoke, He no longer looked to them like a lion; but the things that began to happen after that were so great and beautiful that I cannot write them.

And for us, this is the end of all the stories, and we can most truly say that they all lived happily ever after. But for them, it was only the beginning of the real story. All their life in this world and all their adventures in Narnia had only been the cover and the title page: now at last they were beginning Chapter One of the Great Story, which no one on earth has read: which goes on forever: in which every chapter is better than the one before.

From “The Last Battle”,
CS Lewis





Epitaph

Even such is time, which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
And from which earth, and grave, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

Sir Walter Raleigh

Epilogue

I have seen flowers come in stony places,
And kind things done by men with ugly faces,
And the Gold Cup won by the worst horse at the races,
So I trust too.

John Masefield



David, aged 76

This could be me: it could be you.

In an all-too-familiar tale, David Maxwell* was forcibly removed from his farm in 2002. This was the farm where he was born, and where he had always lived and worked. Without notice, several invaders arrived, handcuffed David as if he were a criminal and threw him in the back of a lorry. He never saw his possessions again.

David moved to a friend's farm and worked there until the same thing happened to them. He then spent a number of years in Harare working as a builder. When the work dried up, David found himself destitute and penniless.

David found shelter in a wooden cabin and walked an old lady's dog in return for some food. He describes this chapter of his life as a "painful blur" and his memories are vague. The sadness in his eyes is clear when he recalls the challenges he faced. Eventually, an old friend told David about ZANE, and a place was found for David in a retirement cottage. ZANE also provides a small monthly grant towards food and utilities.

**names have been changed on grounds of security*



“The kindness of people at ZANE and those in the local community who have become my friends is overwhelming. I never thought I’d feel such happiness again.”

David recently made the painful journey back to his farm to find it looted and effectively destroyed.

“The farm was my pension. I lost everything my family had worked for overnight. I’ve applied for compensation, but what’s the point? A leopard does not change its spots.”



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 ZANE generously.

Matthew E K Neuhaus

Former Australian Ambassador to Zimbabwe



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** provides aid, comfort and support to 1,800 impoverished pensioners with nowhere else to turn. Only those genuinely in need of assistance receive it.
2. Donors can choose which area of **ZANE's** work they wish to support.
3. **ZANE** was recently the Telegraph Group Overseas Charity of the year.
4. **ZANE** is looking after over 600 aged and frail veterans and their widows. These people fought for the Crown in the Second World War, Malaya, Korea and Aden. Despite their loyal service to the UK, the overwhelming majority are living with insufficient food and limited healthcare.
5. **ZANE** runs education programmes in the high-density areas assisting women and children living in extreme poverty.

If you want to save a life t

support ZANE

- ZANE** funded the first clubfoot correction programme in Zimbabwe. Eleven treatment centres have been established and over 3,000 children have received treatment to date.
- ZANE** funds the provision of prosthetic limbs for victims of landmine explosions and treatment for people with hearing loss.
- ZANE's** funds are subject to rigorous audits and **ZANE** is proud that since its foundation it has never lost money to collapsed banks, middlemen or corruption.
- 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."

e then please support ZANE

www.zane.uk.com

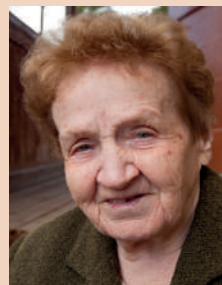
RESPECTING YOUR DATA

We like to keep you updated with ZANE's work and will keep your details so we can contact you in the future about our activities and how you can support us. ZANE will never share your details with any third party. If you would rather not hear from ZANE in the future or would like to hear from us less, please do get in touch to let us know. You can do this by:

- calling 020 7060 6643
- emailing info@zane.uk.com
- writing to us at Freepost RSBR-YLRX-UBUH, ZANE, PO Box 451, Witney OX28 9FY.

Further information on how we use and protect your personal information, together with details of your legal rights in relation to it, can be found on our Privacy Policy. You can view this at:
www.zane-zimbabweanationalemergency.com/policies.asp





What a difference your donation makes!



Zimbabwe A National Emergency

You can make a donation by phone or online
020 7060 6643 www.zane.uk.com

Reg Charity No 1112949

Please detach form and post in an envelope to:
Freepost RSBR-YLRX-UBUH, ZANE, PO Box 451, Witney OX28 9FY England
if you use a stamp, ZANE will be very grateful for the postage saved.



Please help the people of Zimbabwe continue to get vital aid and support

2851018

Zimbabwe A National Emergency Registered Charity No 1112949

You can make a donation by phone **020 7060 6643** or online **www.zane.uk.com**

Title _____ Initials _____ Surname _____

Address _____

Postcode _____ Tel _____ Email _____



Registered with
**FUNDRAISING
REGULATOR**

Please tick if you are happy for ZANE to send you updates by post , by email

Please complete this form and send it to: FREEPOST RSBR-YLRX-UBUH, ZANE, PO Box 451, Witney OX28 9FY

Preferred use of gift: Trustees' Discretion , Pensioner Work , Impoverished Communities

giftaid it

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

SEE OVERLEAF FOR DONATING BY DIRECT DEBIT

I would like to make a regular gift via Direct Debit of £ every month OR £ quarterly OR £ annually. Please debit the above amount from my account on or around the (tick as appropriate) 1st or 15th of (month)

ZANE:
Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Instruction to your bank or building society to pay by Direct Debit



Please fill in the form and send to: ZANE: FREEPOST RSBR-YLRX-UBUH, ZANE, PO Box 451, Witney OX28 9FY.

Name and full postal address of your bank or building society

Service user number

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------------|
| To: The Manager | Bank/building society |
| Address | |
| | |
| | |
| Postcode | |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8 | 3 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 5 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|

Reference

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|
| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|

Instruction to your bank or building society

Please pay ZANE Direct Debits from the account detailed in this Instruction subject to the safeguards assured by the Direct Debit Guarantee. I understand that this Instruction may remain with ZANE and, if so, details will be passed electronically to my bank/building society.

Name(s) of account holder(s)

| |
|--|
| |
|--|

Signature(s)

| |
|------|
| |
| |
| |
| Date |

Branch sort code

| | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|
| | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|

Bank/building society account number

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|
| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|

Banks and building societies may not accept Direct Debit Instructions for some types of account.

DD15

DONATE BY CHEQUE OR CARD

I enclose a cheque for £

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

Mastercard Visa Amex CAF Debit Name on Card

Card no

Start date Expiry date Issue No Security Code