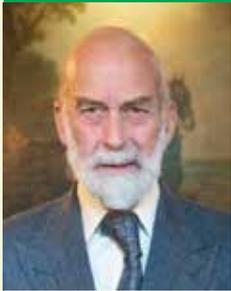




**ZANE POEMS 2019/20**



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

**HRH Prince Michael of Kent GCVO**



ZANE does fantastic work looking after vulnerable people in Zimbabwe and showing servicemen and women that they are not forgotten. They are professional, passionate and scrupulous about how the money is spent.

**HMA Melanie Robinson**

UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe  
Former Executive Director  
of the World Bank



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



Reg Charity No 1112949

## ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Dear Reader

As yet again Zimbabwe's inflation soars to one of the highest levels in the world, it's hard not to give way to despair. We are astonished to see that compared to President Mnangagwa's heroic mismanagement and corruption, Mugabe's dystopian rule appears relatively benign.

As the poor in Zimbabwe face a new wave of corruption and greed that brings more suffering and hunger, I'm reminded of a quote from Desmond Tutu:

"Hope is being able to see that there is light despite all of the darkness."

This collection of poems is particularly dedicated to our loyal ZANE donors whose unstinting generosity allows our workforce in Zimbabwe to work tirelessly to bring comfort and support to the country's poorest of the poor.



*Tom Benyon OBE*

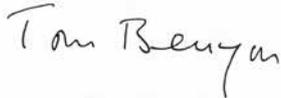


Our ZANE workers shine a light amidst the darkness. They are able to do this because ZANE's loyal donors enable our teams to bring dignity and comfort to the lives of thousands of innocent victims of Zimbabwe's fall from grace as it continues to descend into a corrupt and racist ruin.

Thank you for continuing to care, and for responding so generously to our ongoing pleas for help for the forgotten poor of Zimbabwe.

I hope you enjoy this ZANE collection of poetry.

Warm wishes,



---

Tom Benyon OBE

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

PPS: Not without reason, President Mnangagwa's nickname is "The Crocodile", hence the front cover of this booklet.



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

### *Let Us Be Contented*

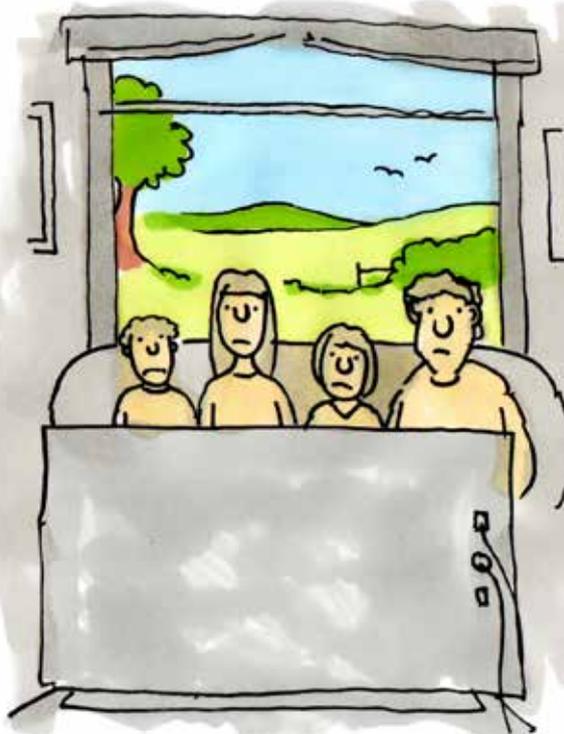
Let us be contented with what has happened and be thankful for all that we have been spared. Let us accept the natural order of things in which we move. Let us reconcile ourselves to the mysterious rhythm of our destinies, such as they must be in this world of space and time. Let us treasure our joys but not bewail our sorrows. The glory of light cannot exist without its shadows. Life is a whole, and good and ill must be accepted together. The journey has been enjoyable and well worth making – once.

Winston Churchill



## The Oompa-Loompas' Song

The most important thing we've learned,  
So far as children are concerned,  
Is never, NEVER, NEVER let  
Them near your television set –  
Or better still, just don't install  
The idiotic thing at all.  
In almost every house we've been,  
We've watched them gaping at the screen.  
They loll and slop and lounge about,  
And stare until their eyes pop out.  
(Last week in someone's place we saw  
A dozen eyeballs on the floor.)  
They sit and stare and stare and sit  
Until they're hypnotised by it,  
Until they're absolutely drunk  
With all the shocking ghastly junk.  
Oh yes, we know it keeps them still,  
They don't climb out the window sill,  
They never fight or kick or punch,  
They leave you free to cook the lunch  
And wash the dishes in the sink –  
But did you ever stop to think,  
To wonder just exactly what  
This does to your beloved tot?



IT ROTTS THE SENSES IN THE HEAD!  
IT KILLS IMAGINATION DEAD!  
IT CLOGS AND CLUTTERS UP THE MIND!  
IT MAKES A CHILD SO DULL AND BLIND  
HE CAN NO LONGER UNDERSTAND  
A FANTASY, A FAIRYLAND!  
HIS BRAIN BECOMES AS SOFT AS CHEESE!  
HIS POWERS OF THINKING RUST AND FREEZE!  
HE CANNOT THINK – HE ONLY SEES!

“All right!” you’ll cry. “All right!” you’ll say,

“But if we take the set away,

What shall we do to entertain

Our darling children? Please explain!”

We’ll answer this by asking you,

“What used the darling ones to do?

How used they keep themselves contented

Before this monster was invented?”

Have you forgotten? Don’t you know?

We’ll say it very loud and slow:

THEY... USED... TO... READ! They’d READ and READ,

AND READ and READ, and then proceed

To READ some more. Great Scott! Gadzooks!

One half their lives was reading books!

The nursery shelves held books galore!

Books cluttered up the nursery floor!

And in the bedroom, by the bed,  
More books were waiting to be read!  
Such wondrous, fine, fantastic tales  
Of dragons, gypsies, queens, and whales  
And treasure isles, and distant shores  
Where smugglers rowed with muffled oars,  
And pirates wearing purple pants,  
And sailing ships and elephants,  
And cannibals crouching round the pot,  
Stirring away at something hot.  
(It smells so good, what can it be?  
Good gracious, it’s Penelope.)  
The younger ones had Beatrix Potter  
With Mr Tod, the dirty rotter,  
And Squirrel Nutkin, Pigling Bland,  
And Mrs Tiggy-Winkle and –  
Just How The Camel Got His Hump,  
And How The Monkey Lost His Rump,  
And Mr Toad, and bless my soul,  
There’s Mr Rat and Mr Mole –  
Oh, books, what books they used to know,  
Those children living long ago!  
So please, oh please, we beg, we pray,  
Go throw your TV set away,  
And in its place you can install  
A lovely bookshelf on the wall.



Then fill the shelves with lots of books,  
Ignoring all the dirty looks,  
The screams and yells, the bites and kicks,  
And children hitting you with sticks –  
Fear not, because we promise you  
That, in about a week or two  
Of having nothing else to do,  
They'll now begin to feel the need  
Of having something good to read.  
And once they start – oh boy, oh boy!  
You watch the slowly growing joy  
That fills their hearts. They'll grow so keen  
They'll wonder what they'd ever seen  
In that ridiculous machine,  
That nauseating, foul, unclean,  
Repulsive television screen!  
And later, each and every kid  
Will love you more for what you did.

From "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory" by Roald Dahl

### *The Price of Fame*

Try not to meet us in the flesh  
We'll disappoint you if you do,  
Our dandruff and our garlic breath  
Are better tucked away from view.

Try not to catch us off the cuff  
We'll topple your romantic dreams  
Not concentrate or smile enough,  
You'll see us parting at the seams.

You hang our pictures, read our books  
Or watch us on the telly nightly,  
You've clocked our more despondent looks,  
Know if we're straight, or gay, or slightly.

Better to love us from afar  
Let distance tint your overview,  
Up close you'll see how crass we are;  
How disappointingly like you.

I learnt this lesson three years back,  
I sat in Hatchards signing books,  
A lady who had bought a stack  
Had flashed me several meaning looks.

“I’ve always been your biggest fan,”  
She fixed me with a gimlet eye,  
“I thought you such a clever man,  
But may I say, I hate your tie?”

Barry Humphries

Well, I hope your book is better  
than your tie...





### Apology

i want to apologise to all women  
i have called pretty  
before i've called them intelligent or brave  
i am sorry i made it sound as though  
something as simple as what you're born with  
is the most you have to be proud of when your  
spirit has crushed mountains  
from now on i will say things like  
*you are resilient or you are extraordinary*  
not because i don't think you are pretty  
but because you are so much more than that

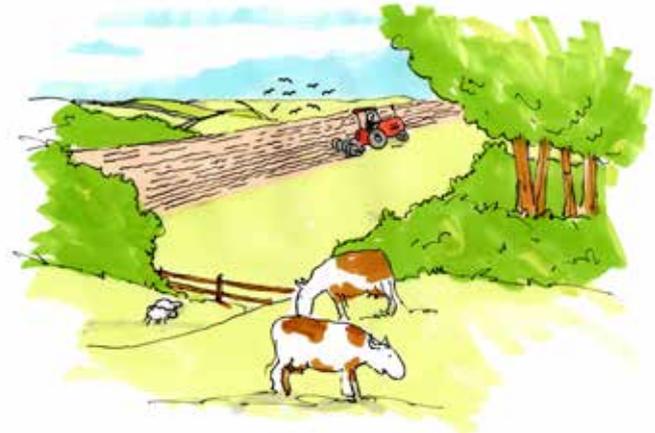
Rupi Kaur

### Pied Beauty

Glory be to God for dappled things –  
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;  
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;  
Landscape plotted and pieced – fold, fallow, and plough;  
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;  
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)  
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;  
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:  
Praise him.

Gerard Manley Hopkins



## The Moment

The moment when, after many years of hard work and a long voyage you stand in the centre of your room, house, half-acre, square mile, island, country, knowing at last how you got there, and say, I own this,

is the same moment when the trees unloose their soft arms from around you, the birds take back their language, the cliffs fissure and collapse, the air moves back from you like a wave and you can't breathe.

No, they whisper. You own nothing. You were a visitor, time after time climbing the hill, planting the flag, proclaiming. We never belonged to you. You never found us. It was always the other way round.

Margaret Atwood



## *My Native Land*

---

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,  
At 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.

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel", Sir Walter Scott

## *A Better Resurrection*

---

I have no wit, no words, no tears;  
My heart within me like a stone  
Is numb'd too much for hopes or fears;  
Look right, look left, I dwell alone;  
I lift mine eyes, but dimm'd with grief  
No everlasting hills I see;  
My life is in the falling leaf:  
O Jesus, quicken me.

My life is like a faded leaf,  
My harvest dwindled to a husk:  
Truly my life is void and brief  
And tedious in the barren dusk;  
My life is like a frozen thing,  
No bud nor greenness can I see:  
Yet rise it shall – the sap of Spring;  
O Jesus, rise in me.



My life is like a broken bowl,  
A broken bowl that cannot hold  
One drop of water for my soul  
Or cordial in the searching cold;  
Cast in the fire the perish'd thing;  
Melt and remould it, till it be  
A royal cup for Him, my King:  
O Jesus, drink of me.

Christina Rossetti

### A Man's a Man for A' That

Is there for honest Poverty  
That hings his head, an' a' that;  
The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a' that!  
For a' that, an' a' that.  
Our toils obscure an' a' that,  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;  
A Man's a Man for a' that:  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;  
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that,  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
His ribband, star, an' a' that,  
The man o' independent mind,  
He looks an' laughs at a' that.



A Prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, an' a' that!  
But an honest man's aboon his might –  
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Their dignities, an' a' that,  
The pith o' Sense an' pride o' Worth  
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth  
Shall bear the gree an' a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
It's comin yet for a' that,  
That Man to Man the world o'er  
Shall brithers be for a' that.

Robert Burns



### *She Walks in Beauty*

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's best of dark and bright

Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

Lord Byron



### St Peter

Impulsive master of misunderstanding  
You comfort me with all your big mistakes;  
Jumping the ship before you make the landing,  
Placing the bet before you know the stakes.  
I love the way you step out without knowing,  
The way you sometimes speak before you think,  
The way your broken faith is always growing,  
The way he holds you even when you sink.  
Born to a world that always tried to shame you,  
Your shaky ego vulnerable to shame,  
I love the way that Jesus chose to name you,  
Before you knew how to deserve that name.  
And in the end your Saviour let you prove  
That each denial is undone by love.

Revd Malcom Guite

## The Game: Christmas Day 1914

Dawn on a perishing day. The weapons freeze  
In the hands of a flat back four.  
The moon hangs in the air like a ball  
Skied by a shivering keeper.  
All these boys want to do today  
Is shoot, and defend, and attack.

Light on a half-raised wave. The trench-faces  
Lifted till you see their breath.  
A ball flies in the air like a moon  
Kicked through the morning mist.  
All these boys want to have today  
Is a generous amount of extra time.

No strict formations here, this morning;  
No 4-4-2 or 4-5-1  
No rules, really. Just a kickabout  
With nothing to be won  
Except respect. *We all showed pictures,  
I learned his baby's name.*  
Now clear the lines of this poem  
And let's get on with the game.

*It is so cold.*

*The lines of this poem are sinking  
Into the unforgiving mud. No clean sheet.*



No white penalty spot, this morning,  
The players are all *unknown*.  
You can see them in the graveyards  
In teams of forgotten stone;  
The nets are made of tangled wire,  
No Man's Land is the pitch,  
A flare floodlights the moments  
Between the dugouts and the ditch.

A hundred winters ago sky opened  
To the sunshine of the sun  
Shining on these teams of players  
And the sounds of this innocent game.  
All these boys want to hear today  
Is the final whistle. Let them walk away.

*It has been so cold. The lines  
Of these poems will be found, written  
In the unforgotten mud like a team sheet.  
Remember them. Read them again.*

Ian McMillan

## Little Gidding

*(Excerpt)*

Let me disclose the gifts reserved for age  
To set a crown upon your lifetime's effort.  
First, the cold friction of expiring sense  
Without enchantment, offering no promise  
But bitter tastelessness of shadow fruit  
As body and soul begin to fall asunder.  
Second, the conscious impotence of rage  
At human folly, and the laceration  
Of laughter at what ceases to amuse.  
And last, the rending pain of re-enactment  
Of all that you have done, and been; the shame  
Of motives late revealed, and the awareness  
Of things ill done and done to others' harm  
Which once you took for exercise of virtue.  
The fools' approval stings, and honour stains.

TS Eliot



*Lord Butler (RA Butler) was unable to recite the following poem without weeping:*

### Spring Offensive

Halted against the shade of a last hill,  
They fed, and, lying easy, were at ease  
And, finding comfortable chests and knees  
Carelessly slept.  
But many there stood still  
To face the stark, blank sky beyond the ridge,  
Knowing their feet had come to the end of the world.  
Marvelling they stood, and watched the long grass swirled  
By the May breeze, murmurous with wasp and midge,  
For though the summer oozed into their veins  
Like the injected drug for their bones' pains,  
Sharp on their souls hung the imminent line of grass,  
Fearfully flashed the sky's mysterious glass.

Hour after hour they ponder the warm field –  
And the far valley behind, where the buttercups  
Had blessed with gold their slow boots coming up,  
Where even the little brambles would not yield,  
But clutched and clung to them like sorrowing hands;  
They breathe like trees unstirred.  
Till like a cold gust thrilled the little word  
At which each body and its soul begird  
And tighten them for battle. No alarms  
Of bugles, no high flags, no clamorous haste –  
Only a lift and flare of eyes that faced

The sun, like a friend with whom their love is done.  
O larger shone that smile against the sun, –  
Mightier than his whose bounty these have spurned.

So, soon they topped the hill, and raced together  
Over an open stretch of herb and heather  
Exposed. And instantly the whole sky burned  
With fury against them; and soft sudden cups  
Opened in thousands for their blood; and the green slopes  
Chasmed and steepened sheer to infinite space.

Of them who running on that last high place  
Leapt to swift unseen bullets, or went up  
On the hot blast and fury of hell's upsurge,  
Or plunged and fell away past this world's verge,  
Some say God caught them even before they fell.  
But what say such as from existence' brink  
Ventured but drave too swift to sink.  
The few who rushed in the body to enter hell,  
And there out-fiending all its fiends and flames  
With superhuman inhumanities,  
Long-famous glories, immemorial shames –  
And crawling slowly back, have by degrees  
Regained cool peaceful air in wonder –  
Why speak they not of comrades that went under?

Wilfred Owen

## Choruses from the Rock

*(Excerpt)*

The endless cycle of ideas and action,  
Endless invention, endless experiment,  
Brings knowledge of motion, but not of stillness,  
Knowledge of speech, but not of silence;  
Knowledge of words, and ignorance of the Word.  
All our knowledge brings us nearer to our ignorance,  
All our ignorance brings us nearer to death,  
But nearness to death, no nearer to God.  
Where is the life we have lost in living?  
Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?  
Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?  
The cycles of Heaven in twenty centuries  
Bring us farther from God and nearer to the Dust.

TS Eliot



## *I Am No Good at Love*

I am no good at love  
My heart should be wise and free  
I kill the unfortunate golden goose  
Whoever it may be  
With over-articulate tenderness  
And too much intensity.

I am no good at love  
I batter it out of shape  
Suspicion tears at my sleepless mind  
And, gibbering like an ape,  
I lie alone in the endless dark  
Knowing there's no escape.

I am no good at love  
When my easy heart I yield  
Wild words come tumbling from my mouth  
Which should stay concealed;  
And my jealousy turns a bed of bliss  
Into a battlefield.



I am no good at love  
I betray it with little sins  
For I feel the misery of the end  
In the moment that it begins  
And the bitterness of the last good-bye  
Is the bitterness that wins.

Noel Coward



### Portrait of a Romantic

He is in love with the land that is always over  
The next hill and the next, with the bird that is never  
Caught, with the room beyond the looking glass.

He likes the half-hid, the half-heard, the half-lit,  
The man in the fog, the road without an ending,  
Stray pieces of torn words to piece together.

He is well aware that man is always lonely,  
Listening for an echo of his cry, crying for the moon,  
Making the moon his mirror, weeping in the night.

He often dives in the deep-sea undertow  
Of the dark and dreaming mind. He turns at corners,  
Twists on his heel to trap his following shadow.

He is haunted by the face behind the face.  
He searches for last frontiers and lost doors.  
He tries to climb the wall around the world.

ASJ Tessimond



### *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

WB Yeats

Gentlemen... Damn it... We need another  
War !!



## *The Next War*

The long war had ended.  
Its miseries had grown faded.  
Deaf men became difficult to talk to,  
Heroes become bores.  
Those alchemists  
Who had converted blood into gold  
Had grown elderly.  
But they held a meeting,  
Saying,  
“We think perhaps we ought  
To put up tombs  
Or erect altars  
To those brave lads  
Who were so willingly burnt,  
Or blinded,  
Or maimed,  
Who lost all likeness to a living thing,  
Or were blown to bleeding patches of flesh  
For our sakes.  
It would look well.  
Or we might even educate the children.”  
But the richest of these wizards  
Coughed gently;  
And he said:  
“I have always been to the front

– in private enterprise – ,  
I yield in public spirit  
To no man.  
I think yours is a very good idea  
– A capital idea –  
And not too costly...

But it seems to me  
That the cause for which we fought  
Is again endangered.  
What more fitting memorial for the fallen  
Than that their children  
Should fall for the same cause?”

Rushing eagerly into the street,  
The kindly old gentleman cried  
To the young:  
“Will you sacrifice  
Through your lethargy  
What your fathers died to gain?  
The world *must* be made safe for the young!”

And the children  
Went...

Osbert Sitwell

## Time to Go

As I lie here in my rotten den  
of damp and lice and rats and men,  
I dream I'm on the Low once more  
With you, the girl I so adore.

The skylark climbs and sings above  
And I see Hyde, the town I love,  
You whisper softly in my ear  
And drive away my darkest fear  
Of pain and death, of being alone,  
I'm lying here as the dying moan,  
So I close my eyes and think of you  
And all the harm that man can do.

To Ma and Pa, I miss you so  
And all the times we'll never know,  
The pub with Josh and George and Len,  
For I'll never see them, or it, again,  
'Cos as the whistle blew today  
And we leapt forth on death's foray,  
I took a shell, it split me so  
My life now fades, it's time to go.



As you stand here, so proud and free  
Please bow your heads, remember me.

Tony Husband

*Written in memory of Tony  
Husband's Great Uncle Joseph,  
who died on the Somme in 1916  
aged 23, and also of the 710 men  
from Hyde and Gee Cross who  
died in the First World War.*

## The Real Africa

The real Africa  
is the one they never show you.  
The real Africa is hidden beneath a  
vener of poverty and hunger and death; a cancerous mass on  
the face of the earth that the rest of the world term homogenous  
“Africa”. The real Africa is submerged underneath corruption and  
greed, underneath tyranny and an ostentatious elite, underneath the  
faces of the people they cannot feed. The real Africa is buried beneath  
shanty towns rife with dirt and disease, where children are forced to grow  
up much too quickly to survive. The real Africa is concealed under a no-  
man’s land of desert, bare and dry and unable to sustain green and healthy life.  
No, that’s not the real Africa. The Africa I know. The Africa that is reflected in  
the warm sunshine that you can feel burning inside you. The Africa that shines from a  
warm, spontaneous smile. The Africa that is at the heart of sky-high mountains and tropical  
jungle, of golden sand dunes and lush green grassland. The Africa that is at the heart of  
different peoples, different languages, different cultures, different identities who all  
call this land their home. The land where *moyo muti unomera pauno*;  
where roots take hold and don’t let go, solid as  
the baobab tree that has always been and will  
always be there, standing steady and solid  
against the menaces of time. My Africa  
is where my heart resides even when I  
am long gone and far away, where my  
mind drifts to across the distance of a  
never-ending ocean. The real Africa  
can be smelt the minute you step off  
a plane onto African soil and feel the  
air calling you, beckoning you home.  
The real Africa is the chaos and  
the calm that exist side by side  
as honking cars zoom past on  
streets that run parallel to  
cows grazing peacefully  
in a field. This is the  
real Africa, the one  
they never show.  
This is the place  
I call home.

Trishula Patel

## At Nights

At nights I sit here,  
Shading my eyes, shutting them if you glance up,  
Pretending to doze,  
And watching you –  
Thinking...

I think of when I first saw the beauty of things –  
God knows I was poor enough and sad enough  
And humiliated enough –  
But not all the slights and the poorness and the worry  
Could hide away the green of the poplar leaves,  
The ripples and light of the little stream,  
The pattern of the duck's feathers –  
Like a Japanese print –  
The dawns I saw in winter  
When I went shooting,  
The summer walks and the winter walks,  
The hot days with the cows coming down to the water,  
The flowers,  
Buttercups, meadowsweet, hog's parsley  
And the larks singing in the morning,  
And the thrushes singing at evening,  
When I went out into the fields muttering poetry...

I looked at the world as God did  
When first he made it.  
I saw that it was good.

And now at nights,  
Now that everything has gone right somehow,  
And I have friends and books and no more bitterness,  
I sit here, shading my eyes,  
Peeping at you, watching you,  
Thinking.

Richard Aldington



## All Things Tire of Themselves

All things tire of themselves,  
Be glad.  
Like passion,  
The demagogue's tongue,  
The revolutionary's fervour,  
The singer's joy,  
The heart's sadness.  
Be glad. Be comforted.

Be comforted  
That all things tire of themselves.  
For with recrimination and rancour  
Go longing for revenge,  
The tiny satisfactions of spite,  
Not only hope, despair also.  
And passion.  
All tire, tire of themselves.  
Be glad. Be comforted.

...and when you tire of  
Yourself, where do you go?...



Look how the sun hurries its last minutes,  
The ache wearies,  
The crying cannot go on,  
Though the smile fades.  
Remember the loved melody overplayed  
That falls apart,  
New words too loud and overused,  
Ceasing to make sense,  
But silence too  
That tires of itself.  
Be comforted.  
All things, all things.  
And passion.

Ah! How can that be, we wonder,  
How can such energy and joy  
Come to an end? It does.  
And love. It does.  
And sweet belief that chaos can be ordered,  
Faith people can be reasoned.  
It does. It does.  
All things tire of themselves,  
Childhood of its childishness,  
Youth of its certitude  
Manhood of its bravery.



And passion.  
Passion tires of itself. Be comforted.  
Be comforted.  
If confidence falters  
And holy grails fade,  
Unhappiness wearies also.  
The mocking wear their shrillness thin,  
Contempt withers,  
The sneer dissolves,  
Bored cynics expire.  
All things, all things tire of themselves.  
Be comforted and glad.  
All things.  
The city of its dreams,  
Evil of its tyranny,  
The long storm of its turbulence,  
Even sweet reason.  
And passion.

Ah! Can passion tire of itself?  
Can it ever be, we wonder,  
Happy with the heights,  
All images sharp and glowing,  
Language on edge,  
Our usage precise,  
Inventive, humour-bright,  
And all nerves ringing, ringing?  
But it can be.  
Passion does tire of itself.  
It does. It does.  
As all things do.  
Be glad. Be comforted.

And if madness follows,  
Will that not tire of itself  
As all things do? Be glad.  
For though no joy lasts,  
No pain lingers.  
Nothing is sustained  
But knowledge this is so.  
Be glad. Be comforted.

Arnold Wesker



### *Their Lonely Betters*

As I listened from a beach-chair in the shade  
To all the noises that my garden made,  
It seemed to me only proper that words  
Should be withheld from vegetables and birds.

A robin with no Christian name ran through,  
The Robin-Anthem which was all it knew,  
And rustling flowers for some third party waited  
To say which pairs, if any, should get mated.

Not one of them was capable of lying,  
There was not one which knew that it was dying  
Or could have with a rhythm or a rhyme  
Assumed responsibility for time.

Let them leave language to their lonely betters  
Who count some days and long for certain letters;  
We, too, make noises when we laugh or weep:  
Words are for those with promises to keep.

WH Auden

No... the journey to the top wasn't worth  
what I left behind...



### Was It Worth It?

“If someone had asked me if my career had been worth it,” she wrote in her biography, “in other words, worth the sacrifice made by me and members of my family, worth the separations, the agony of performing, of trying to keep perfectly fit, the undying battle against nerves, the strains and pitfalls of being a public figure, my honest answer would have to be ‘no’. The moments when the musical rewards have equalled the price one has to pay for them have been few.”

Opera singer Dame Janet Baker (quoted by Anthony Clare in “The Psychiatrist’s Chair”)

## *I Am The Ghost of Christmas Past*

“I am the Ghost of Christmas Past;  
I will stand at your side,  
here in Christmas present,  
and I will whisper, – remember,  
remember how it was –  
the family was all together then,  
all here, all together,  
alive to the spirit of Christmas Present,  
then – but Christmas Present now?  
I am the Ghost of Christmas Past;  
and I will keep on whispering,  
remember.”

I will hear the voice of the Ghost of Christmas Past;  
I will remember – its joy and its sorrow,  
But I cannot live there:  
So I will turn to him and say,  
“Be gone now.  
I have heard you,  
I want to embrace Christmas Present, –  
I want to be fully part of it:  
it will bring its own joy,  
it may even bring more joy  
than you, the Ghost of Christmas Past;  
can bring to mind.”

“I am the Ghost of Christmas Past;  
And I will keep on whispering,” he said.

“And I will ignore you,” I replied,  
as I turned my face away –  
towards the present.

Isobel de Gruchy



### The Old Familiar Faces

I have had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her –  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood.  
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces –

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are departed –  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Charles Lamb

## Piano

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;  
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see  
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings  
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song  
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong  
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside  
And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour  
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour  
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast  
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

DH Lawrence



From "The Times"

"I work hard to earn money in order to have environments which I never have time to enjoy."

Sir Peter Hall in "The Times", 20 June 1992

"When I think of all the time I wasted on those wretched press-ups."

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis (1929-94) in January 1994 on being told the nature of her illness - "The Times", 21 May 1994

"I felt I'd give up all the material things to be with someone who would love me for me."

Jennifer Capriati in "The Times", 27 September 1994



## A Peter Pan Culture

*"I just want to be a little boy and have fun." – JM Barrie*

The Western world's current drift from its Christian moorings into secular materialism has generated what can only be called a Peter Pan culture. Here, all the facets of Peter's childish egoism are encouraged to emerge and entrench themselves, and are treated as virtues when they do. In such a culture, it is hard to become a responsible adult, particularly in the realm of the emotions. It has been truly said that the greatest social problem of the modern world is extreme emotional immaturity masquerading as an adult lifestyle.

Today's world is full of people with adult bodies housing a juvenile, even infantile make-up – people, in other words, who just want to be little boys or girls and to have fun. Affluence allows childish self-indulgence to become a lifestyle from one's teens onwards, and the results in later life are painful.

JJ Packer



## Love of Fame

*(Excerpt)*

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,  
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in every heart:  
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;  
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.

Edward Young



### *Parable*

Some fishermen pulled up a bottle from the deep.  
It held a piece of paper,  
with the words:

“Somebody save me! I’m here.  
The ocean cast me on this desert island.  
I am standing on the shore waiting for help.  
Hurry! I’m here!”

“There’s no date. I bet it’s already too late anyway.  
It could have been floating for years,”  
the first fisherman said.

“And he doesn’t say where. It’s not even clear which ocean,”  
the second fisherman said.

“It’s not too late, or too far. The island Here is everywhere,”  
the third fisherman said.

They all felt awkward.  
No one spoke.

That’s how it goes with universal truths.

Wisława Szymborska

## Hope

Hope is with you when you believe  
The earth is not a dream but living flesh,  
That sight, touch, and hearing do not lie,  
That all things you have ever seen here  
Are like a garden looked at from a gate.

You cannot enter. But you're sure it's there.  
Could we but look more clearly and wisely,  
We might discover somewhere in the garden,  
A strange new flower and an unnamed star.

Some people say we should not trust our eyes,  
That there is nothing, just a seeming,  
These are the ones who have no hope.  
They think that the moment we turn away,  
The world, behind our backs, ceases to exist,  
As if snatched up by the hands of thieves.

Czeslaw Milosz

## The Apologist's Evening Prayer

From all my lame defeats and oh! much more  
From all the victories that I seemed to score;  
From cleverness shot forth on Thy behalf  
At which, while angels weep, the audience laugh;  
From all my proofs of Thy divinity,  
Thou, who wouldst give no sign, deliver me.

Thoughts are but coins. Let me not trust, instead  
Of Thee, their thin-worn image of Thy head.  
From all my thoughts, even from my thoughts of Thee,  
O thou fair Silence, fall, and set me free.  
Lord of the narrow gate and the needle's eye,  
Take from me all my trumpery lest I die.

CS Lewis

### *Do All the Good You Can*

Do all the good you can,  
By all the means you can,  
In all the ways you can,  
In all the places you can,  
At all the times you can,  
To all the people you can,  
As long as ever you can.

John Wesley

### *Ecclesiastes 9:10*

Whatever your hand finds to do, do it with all your might, for in the realm of the dead, where you are going, there is neither working nor planning nor knowledge nor wisdom.

### *Middlemarch*

*(Part 2, Chapter 20)*

That element of tragedy which lies in the very fact of frequency, has not yet wrought itself into the coarse emotion of mankind; and perhaps our frames could hardly bear much of it. If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence. As it is, the quickest of us walk about well wadded with stupidity.

George Eliot

## Poem of an Unknown Confederate Soldier

I asked for strength that I might achieve;  
I was made weak that I might learn humbly to obey.  
I asked for health that I might do great things;  
I was given infirmity that I might do better things.  
I asked for riches that I might be happy;  
I was given poverty that I might be wise.  
I asked for power that I might have the praise of men;  
I was given weakness that I might feel the need of God.  
I asked for all things that I might enjoy life;  
I was given life that I might enjoy all things.  
I got nothing that I asked for,  
But everything that I had hoped for.  
Almost despite myself, my unspoken prayers were answered,  
I am, among all men, most richly blessed.



## Snowflakes

*(Excerpt)*

Of all the snowflakes floating there –  
The million million in the air –  
None is the same. Each star  
Is newly forged, as faces are,  
Shaped to its own design  
Like yours and mine.  
And yet... each one  
Melts when its flight is done;  
Holds frozen loveliness  
A moment, even less;  
Suspends itself in time –  
And passes like a rhyme.

Clive Sansom

## *I Vow to Thee, My Country*

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,  
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;  
The love that asks no questions,  
    the love that stands the test,  
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;  
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,  
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

I heard my country calling, away across the sea,  
Across the waste of waters, she calls and calls to me.  
Her sword is girded at her side, her helmet on her head,  
And round her feet are lying the dying and the dead;  
I hear the noise of battle, the thunder of her guns,  
I haste to thee my mother, a son among thy sons.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,  
Most dear to them that love her,  
    most great to them that know;  
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;  
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;  
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,  
And her ways are ways of gentleness,  
    and all her paths are peace.

Cecil Spring-Rice



## *Give Us Courage*

Give us courage, and gaiety and the quiet mind.  
Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies.  
Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavours.  
If it may not, give us the strength to encounter  
that which is to come, that we be brave in peril,  
constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath,  
and in all changes of fortune,  
and down to the gates of death,  
loyal and loving to one another.

“Prayers Written at Vailima”, Robert Louis Stevenson



### *Stand at my Grave and Weep*

Stand at my grave and weep.  
I am not here. I am asleep.  
Like grass or flower or ripened grain,  
Like mist or cloud or autumn rain,  
My life is past, my time is done  
To dust and ashes I return.  
Yet hope there is for mortal man,  
For all who look to God again –  
Who gives to all men life and breath,  
And in Christ Jesus conquered death.  
Stand at my grave and just believe:  
In Jesus, life the dead receive.

Stuart Allen

## Mr Valiant-for-truth



After this, it was noised abroad that Mr Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same messenger as the other, and had this for a token that the summons was true, that his pitcher was broken at the fountain. When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then said he, "I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder." When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

"The Pilgrim's Progress", John Bunyan

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## And That Will Be Heaven

And that will be heaven  
And that will be heaven  
at last... the first unclouded  
seeing

to stand like the sunflower  
turned full face to the sun... drenched  
with light... in the still centre  
held... while the circling planets  
hum with an utter joy

seeing and knowing  
at last... in every particle  
seen and known... and not turning  
away  
never turning away  
again

Evangeline Paterson

## Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day,  
A voice, a chime,  
A chant sublime  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth  
The cannon thundered in the South,  
And with the sound  
The carols drowned  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!



It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent,  
And made forlorn  
The households born  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;  
“There is no peace on earth,” I said;  
“For hate is strong,  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!”

Then pealed the bells more loud  
and deep:  
“God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;  
The Wrong shall fail,  
The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth,  
good-will to men.”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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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  
Vice-President of Unicef



ZANE is a brilliant charity working in the failed state of Zimbabwe: caring for the old and lonely, providing medical treatment, supporting communities. You can choose where your money goes.

**Prue Leith CBE DL**

Cookery writer and restaurateur



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

## Mabel, aged 79

**“I only ever wanted to make a difference.”**

Mabel\* grew up on a remote farm, but from a young age she harboured dreams of working in the caring profession. Having a sister with Down’s syndrome influenced her career choice, and Mabel left school as soon as she could to work at Zimbabwe’s only mental health hospital. “I only ever wanted to make a difference,” she told us.

Mabel specialised in occupational therapy for psychiatric patients, a rewarding job that she loved and excelled at. She also cared for her mother and sister, dedicating her life to the wellbeing of others.

Now living alone, Mabel had been just about surviving on her small public sector pension until recently. However, with the introduction of bond dollars as the legal currency, the value of Mabel’s bank balance devalued overnight earlier this year. Suddenly, her \$90 a month was worth just \$7 and, as has happened to so many others, she could no longer pay her bills.



A friend from Mabel’s church who receives a monthly grant from ZANE alerted us to her plight and we were able to step in and help. Mabel told us, **“You answered my prayers, I didn’t know where else to turn. Thank you for being there in my darkest hour.”**

*\* Names have been changed on grounds of security*

# Reasons to support ZANE

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.
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5. **ZANE** runs education programmes in the high-density areas assisting women and children living in extreme poverty.
6. **ZANE** funded the first clubfoot correction programme in Zimbabwe. Eleven treatment centres have been established and over 3,780 children have received treatment to date.
7. **ZANE** funds the provision of prosthetic limbs for victims of landmine explosions and treatment for people with hearing loss.
8. **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.
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."*

If you want to save a life, then please support ZANE

[www.zane.uk.com](http://www.zane.uk.com)



Having grown up in Zimbabwe and after many years of involvement with ZANE, I can state categorically that it is an excellent organisation. The team on the ground know each individual they help, and they treat the old, sick and afflicted with kindness and compassion. I have no hesitation in recommending that you support this worthy cause.

### **Henry Olonga**

Former Zimbabwe International Cricketer



ZANE's work in Zimbabwe quite simply provides a life-line 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.

### **Deborah Bronnert CMC**

Former UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe,  
2011–2014

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Like any charity, we could not do our important work without being able to communicate with valued supporters like you. ZANE will never sell your details to any third party. You can find more information about how we use and look after your data and your rights, including what to do if you want to hear from us less or stop hearing from us, in our Privacy Policy. You can obtain a copy of this on our website ([www.zane-zimbabweanationalemergency.com/policies.asp](http://www.zane-zimbabweanationalemergency.com/policies.asp)) or by:

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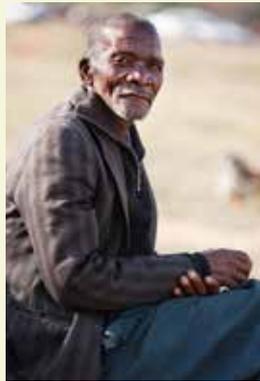




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