



ZANE POEMS 2020/21



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 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



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

Prue Leith CBE DL

Cookery writer and restaurateur

Illustrations by Tony Husband



Reg Charity No 1112949

ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Dear Reader

As we near the end of 2020, a year not one of us could have predicted would be quite so tumultuous, I'm reminded more than ever of the significance of hope. For the people of Zimbabwe – who are devastated by hunger, poverty and a system devoid of democracy, decency and honesty – hope is often all that is left to them.

Never more relevant than now are the words of Dr Martin Luther King:

“Everything that is done in the world is done by hope.”

This collection of poems is particularly dedicated to those supported by ZANE who never forgo hope. It is because of your generosity, as a loyal ZANE supporter, that they know hope and kindness prevail.

You enable our ZANE team to bring comfort, aid and dignity to those who would otherwise be forgotten and die lonely deaths due to lack of food and medicine.



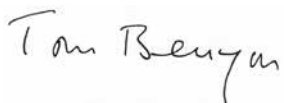
Tom Benyon OBE

They are the innocent victims of Zimbabwe's spectacular fall from grace: thank you for remembering them.

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

I hope you enjoy this collection of poetry.

With my warmest wishes,



Tom Benyon OBE

PS Please know that through your generosity, this poetry book recoups its production and distribution costs many times over.



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

**HRH Prince Michael
of Kent GCVO**

Quotes to Commemorate the 75-year Anniversary of VE Day

“I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat.”

Winston Churchill, House of Commons, 13 May 1940

“You ask, what is our policy? I can say: It is to wage war, by sea, land and air, with all our might and with all the strength that God can give us; to wage war against a monstrous tyranny, never surpassed in the dark, lamentable catalogue of human crime.”

Winston Churchill, House of Commons, 13 May 1940

“Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say, “This was their finest hour.”

Winston Churchill, House of Commons, 18 June 1940





“Never in the field of human conflict has so much been owed by so many to so few.”

Winston Churchill, House of Commons, 20 August 1940

(In response to Churchill's fine oratory, one Spitfire pilot quipped, "I thought he was talking about our mess bill!")

“Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force! You are about to embark upon a great crusade, toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you.”

Message from General Dwight D Eisenhower to the Allied troops on the morning of D-Day, 6 June 1944

“It was a different world then. It was a world that required young men like myself to be prepared to die for a civilisation that was worth living in.”

Harry Read, British D-Day veteran

“Your name is unknown. Your deed is immortal.”

Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Moscow

Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

Arthur Hugh Clough



Bravery

“But the man who most truly can be accounted brave is he who knows best the meaning of what is sweet in life and of what is terrible, and then goes out undeterred to meet what is to come.”

Pericles

For the Fallen

(Excerpt)

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

Laurence Binyon

The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui

(Excerpt)

If we could learn to look instead of gawking
We'd see the horror in the heart of farce,
If only we could act instead of talking
We wouldn't always end up on our arse.
This was the thing that nearly had us mastered;
Don't yet rejoice in his defeat, you men!
Although the world stood up and stopped the bastard,
The bitch that bore him is in heat again.

Bertolt Brecht



Here Dead We Lie

Here dead we lie,
Because we did not choose
To live and shame the land
From which we sprung.
Life, to be sure,
Is nothing much to lose,
But young men think it is,
And we were young.

AE Houseman

The Son

I found the letter in a cardboard box,
Unfamous history. I read the words.
The ink was frail and brown, the paper dry
After so many years of being kept.
The letter was a soldier's, from the front –
Conveyed his love and disappointed hope
Of getting leave. It's cancelled now, he wrote.
My luck is at the bottom of the sea.

Outside the sun was hot; the world looked bright;
I heard a radio, and someone laughed.
I did not sing, or laugh, or love the sun,
Within the quiet room I thought of him,
My father killed, and all the other men,
Whose luck was at the bottom of the sea.

Clifford Dymont



“I am not what I ought to be, I am not what
I want to be, I am not what I hope to be in
another world; but still I am not what I once
used to be, and, by the Grace of God, I am
what I am.”

Rev John Newton, former slave ship captain and trader, and
author of the hymns “How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds”
and “Amazing Grace”

The Old Country

If you don't stay bitter
and angry for too long
you might finally salvage
something useful
from the old country

a lazy half sleep summer afternoon
for instance, with the whoof-whoof
of grazing cattle in your ears
tails swishing, flicking flies away
or the smell of newly turned soil
with birds hopping about
in the wake of the plough
in search of worms
or the pained look of your father
a look that took you all these years
and lots of places to understand

the bantering tone you used with your
grandmother and their old laugh
that said nothing matters but death

If you don't stay bitter
and angry for too long
and have the courage to go back
you will discover that the autumn smoke
writes different more helpful messages
in the high skies of the old country.

Charles Mungoshi



“Oh life is a glorious cycle of song,
A medley of extemporanea;
And love is a thing that can never go wrong,
And I am Marie of Romania.”

Dorothy Parker

“The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore, all progress depends on the unreasonable man.”

Bernard Shaw

“The various modes of worship, which prevailed in the Roman world, were all considered by the people, as equally true; by the philosopher, as equally false; and by the magistrate, as equally useful.”

Edward Gibbon

“Ever since human beings crawled out of the slime, they have conducted an endless experiment to prove that money, sex and power will bring happiness in their wake. Yet there hasn’t been a single case where this experiment is known to have succeeded. In any other scientific field, such a failed experiment would long ago have been abandoned, yet men and women are still ploughing on trying to make this hopeless experiment work.”

Søren Kierkegaard

...the old complaint Sir
...are you refering to
my wife ?!



“How d’ye do and how is the old complaint?”

Lord Palmerston’s reputed greeting to all those he did not know

“If I got rid of my demons, I’d lose my angels.”

Tennessee Williams



Give it me Grandad, let me
do it for you



“I sometimes sense the world is changing almost too fast for its inhabitants, at least for us older ones.”

HM The Queen, during a tour of Pakistan, 8 October 1997

You know that thing you’ve
been talking about doing for
ages?... I’ve done it?!



“If you want something said, ask a man.
If you want something done, ask a woman.”

Margaret Thatcher, “People Magazine”, 25 September 1975

Before you complain about today’s politicians, take a look at this 1774 letter from a Southampton MP to his constituents. Apparently, some of his voters had asked him to speak up for their interests in Parliament on the subject of excise duty.

“Gentlemen

I received yours and am surprised at your insolence in troubling me about the excise. You know what I very well know, that I bought you.

And I know well what perhaps you think I don’t know, that you are now selling yourselves to somebody else.

And I know what you don’t know, that I am buying another borough.

May God’s curse light upon you all.

May your houses be as open and as common to all excise officers as your wives and daughters were to me when I stood for your scoundrel corporation.”

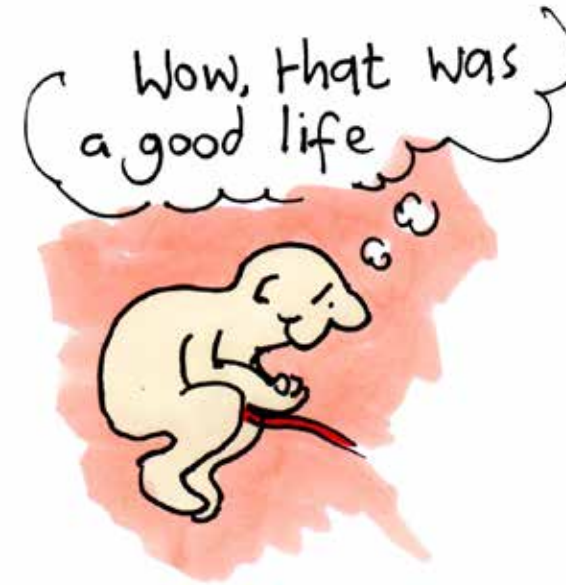
Anthony Henley MP

Exactly! You gave them
to me to look after...so why
is it my fault?!



“Thence Mr Battersby the apothecary, his wife, and I and mine by coach together, and setting him down at his house, he paying his share, my wife and I home, and found all well, only myself somewhat vexed at my wife’s neglect in leaving of her scarf, waistcoat, and night-dressings in the coach today that brought us from Westminster, though, I confess, she did give them to me to look after, yet it was her fault not to see that I did take them out of the coach.”

The Diary of Samuel Pepys, 6 January 1662



The Reversal

“The most unfair thing about life is the way it ends. I mean, life is tough. It takes up a lot of your time. What do you get at the end of it? A death. What’s that, a bonus? I think the life cycle is all backwards. You should die first; get it out of the way. Then you live in an old age home. You get kicked out when you’re too young, you get a gold watch, you go to work. You work forty years until you’re young enough to enjoy your retirement. You do drugs, alcohol, you party, you get ready for high school. You go to grade school, you become a kid, you play, you have no responsibilities, you become a little baby, go back into the womb, you spend your last nine months floating... and you finish off as an orgasm.”

George Carlin



Helen of Troy

(Excerpt from Dr Faustus)

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flies!
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena...
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

Christopher Marlowe

And Were You Pleased?

"And were you pleased?" they asked of Helen in Hell.
"Pleased?" answered she, "When all of Troy's towers fell,
And dead were Priam's sons, and lost his throne?
And such a war was fought as none had known;
And even the Gods took part; and all because
Of me alone! Pleased?
I should say I was!"

Lord Dunsany



Where?

You are in love with a country
Where people laugh in the sun
And the people are warm as the sunshine and live and move easily
And women with honey-coloured skins and men with no frowns on their faces
Sit on white terraces drinking red wine
While the sea spreads peacock feathers on cinnamon sands
And palms weave sunlight into sheaves of gold
And at night the shadows are indigo velvet
And there is dancing to soft, soft, soft guitars
Played by copper fingers under a froth of stars.

Perhaps your country is where you think you will find it.
Or perhaps it has not yet come or perhaps it has gone.
Perhaps it is east of the sun and west of the moon.
Perhaps it is a country called the Hesperides
And Avalon and Atlantis and Eldorado:
A country which Gauguin looked for in Tahiti and Lawrence in Mexico,
And whether they found it only they can say, and they not now.
Perhaps you will find it where you alone can see it,
But if you see it, though no one else can, it will be there,
It will be yours.

ASJ Tessimond

Three Tame Ducks

There are three tame ducks in my backyard
Dabbling in mud and trying hard
To get their share, and maybe more,
Of the overflowing barnyard store,
Satisfied with the task there're at
Of eating and sleeping and getting fat.
But whenever the free, wild ducks go by,
In a long line streaming down the sky,
They cock a quizzical puzzled eye
And flap their wings and try to fly.

I think my soul is a tame old duck
Dabbling around in the farmyard muck,
Fat and lazy, with useless wings.
But sometimes when the north wind sings
And the wild ones hurtle overhead
It remembers something lost and dead,
And cocks a wary, bewildered eye
And makes a feeble attempt to fly.
It's fairly content with the state it's in
But it isn't the duck it might have been.

Kenneth Kaufman



Sometimes a Wild God

Sometimes a wild god comes to the table.
He is awkward and does not know the ways
Of porcelain, of fork and mustard and silver.
His voice makes vinegar from wine.

When the wild god arrives at the door,
You will probably fear him.
He reminds you of something dark
That you might have dreamt,
Or the secret you do not wish to be shared.

He will not ring the doorbell;
Instead he scrapes with his fingers
Leaving blood on the paintwork,
Though primroses grow
In circles round his feet.

You do not want to let him in.
You are very busy.
It is late, or early, and besides...
You cannot look at him straight
Because he makes you want to cry.

The dog barks.
The wild god smiles,
Holds out his hand.
The dog licks his wounds
And leads him inside.

The wild god stands in your kitchen.
Ivy is taking over your sideboard;
Mistletoe has moved into the lampshades
And wrens have begun to sing
An old song in the mouth of your kettle.

"I haven't much," you say
And give him the worst of your food.
He sits at the table, bleeding.
He coughs up foxes.
There are otters in his eyes.

When your wife calls down,
You close the door and
Tell her it's fine.
You will not let her see
The strange guest at your table.

The wild god asks for whiskey
And you pour a glass for him,
Then a glass for yourself.
Three snakes are beginning to nest
In your voicebox. You cough.

Oh, limitless space.
Oh, eternal mystery.
Oh, endless cycles of death and birth.
Oh, miracle of life.
Oh, the wondrous dance of it all.

You cough again,
Expectorate the snakes and
Water down the whiskey,
Wondering how you got so old
And where your passion went.

The wild god reaches into a bag
Made of moles and nightingale-skin.
He pulls out a two-reeded pipe,
Raises an eyebrow
And all the birds begin to sing.

The fox leaps into your eyes.
Otters rush from the darkness.
The snakes pour through your body.
Your dog howls and upstairs
Your wife both exults and weeps at once.

The wild god dances with your dog.
You dance with the sparrows.
A white stag pulls up a stool
And bellows hymns to enchantments.
A pelican leaps from chair to chair.

In the distance, warriors pour from their tombs.
Ancient gold grows like grass in the fields.
Everyone dreams the words to long-forgotten songs.
The hills echo and the grey stones ring
With laughter and madness and pain.

In the middle of the dance,
The house takes off from the ground.
Clouds climb through the windows;
Lightning pounds its fists on the table.
And the moon leans in.

The wild god points to your side.
You are bleeding heavily.
You have been bleeding for a long time,
Possibly since you were born.
There is a bear in the wound.

“Why did you leave me to die?”
Asks the wild god and you say:
“I was busy surviving.
The shops were all closed;
I didn’t know how. I’m sorry.”

Listen to them:

The fox in your neck and
The snakes in your arms and
The wren and the sparrow and the deer...
The great un-nameable beasts
In your liver and your kidneys and your heart...

There is a symphony of howling.
A cacophony of dissent.
The wild god nods his head and
You wake on the floor holding a knife,
A bottle and a handful of black fur.

Your dog is asleep on the table.
Your wife is stirring, far above.
Your cheeks are wet with tears;
Your mouth aches from laughter or shouting.
A black bear is sitting by the fire.

Sometimes a wild god comes to the table.
He is awkward and does not know the ways
Of porcelain, of fork and mustard and silver.
His voice makes vinegar from wine
And brings the dead to life.

Tom Hiron



The Washing Never Gets Done

The washing never gets done.
The furnace never gets heated.
Books never get read.
Life is never completed.
Life is like a ball which one must continually
Catch and hit so as it won't fall.
When the fence is repaired at one end,
It collapses at the other. The roof leaks,
The kitchen door won't close,
there are cracks in the foundation.
The torn knees of the children's pants...
One can't keep everything in mind. The wonder is
That beside all this one can notice
The spring which is so full of everything
Continuing in all directions – into evening clouds,
Into the redwing's song and into every
Drop of dew on every blade of grass in the meadow
As far as the eye can see, into the dusk.

Jaan Kaplinski

Half-Past Two

Once upon a schooltime
He did Something Very Wrong
(I forget what it was).

And She said he'd done
Something Very Wrong, and must
Stay in the school-room till half-past two.

(Being cross, she'd forgotten
She hadn't taught him Time.
He was too scared at being wicked to remind her.)

He knew a lot of time: he knew
Gettinguptime, timeyouwereofftime,
Timetogohomenowtime, TVtime,

Mom, Dad, I've just been to
the place of notimeatalltime



Timeformykisstime (that was Grantime).
All the important times he knew,
But not half-past two.

He knew the clockface, the little eyes
And two long legs for walking,
But he couldn't click its language,

So he waited, beyond onceupona,
Out of reach of all the timefors,
And knew he'd escaped for ever

Into the smell of old chrysanthemums on Her desk,
Into the silent noise his hangnail made,
Into the air outside the window, into ever.

And then, My goodness, she said,
Scuttling in, I forgot all about you.
Run along or you'll be late.

So she slotted him back into schooltime,
And he got home in time for teatime,
Nexttime, notimeforthatnowtime,

But he never forgot how once by not knowing time,
He escaped into the clockless land for ever,
Where time hides tick-less waiting to be born.

UA Fanthorpe

They May Rail at This Life

They may rail at this life – from the time I began it
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such lips and such eyes
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of the orbs in the skies
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,
They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.



In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.
But though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that Isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
Why – this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare,
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

Thomas Moore



Self Pity

I never saw a wild thing
sorry for itself.
A small bird will drop frozen dead from a bough
without ever having felt sorry for itself.

DH Lawrence



*Only half of this great poem was published two years ago,
and so my apologies to WH Auden:*

The Secret Is Out

At last the secret is out, as it always must come in the end,
The delicious story is ripe to tell to the intimate friend;
Over the tea-cups and in the square the tongue has its desire;
Still waters run deep, my dear, there's never smoke without fire.

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.

For the clear voice suddenly singing, high up in the convent wall,
The scent of the elder bushes, the sporting prints in the hall,
The croquet matches in summer, the handshake, the cough, the kiss,
There is always a wicked secret, a private reason for this.

WH Auden

As Much As You Can

And if you can't shape your life the way you want,
at least try as much as you can
not to degrade it
by too much contact with the world,
by too much activity and talk.

Try not to degrade it by dragging it along,
taking it around and exposing it so often
to the daily silliness
of social events and parties,
until it comes to seem a boring hanger-on.

Constantine P. Cavafy



Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

There are two days in every week
about which we should not worry,
Two days which should be kept free of fear and apprehension.

One of these days is YESTERDAY,
With its mistakes and cares,
Its faults and blunders,
Its aches and pains.
YESTERDAY has passed forever beyond our control.

All the money in the world cannot bring back YESTERDAY.
We cannot undo a single act we performed;
We cannot erase a single word we said.
YESTERDAY is gone.

The other day we should not worry about is TOMORROW
With its possible adversities, its burdens, its larger promise.
TOMORROW is also beyond our immediate control.



TOMORROW, the sun will rise,
Either in splendour or behind a mask of clouds,
But it will rise.
Until it does, we have no stake in TOMORROW
For it is as yet unborn.

This leaves only one day – TODAY.
Any man can fight the battles of just one day.
It is only when you and I add the burdens of those two awful eternities
– YESTERDAY and TOMORROW –
That we break down.

It is not the experience of TODAY that drives men mad.
It is remorse or bitterness for something that happened YESTERDAY
And the dread of what TOMORROW may bring.

Let us, therefore, live but ONE day at a time.

Anonymous

Bathsheba

How long, how long
will we sing this song
How long...

Raped Bathsheba
Given a name
But no voice
Just another
Naked beauty
Broken
A footnote in a
Famous man's story

Boy David
Turned Goliath
Powerful man king
Snatching at flesh
That wasn't his
To take
And Oh, oh, oh
She had no stone to fell him

The fame of
David's name.
His lust known
His rape

His murder:
"You are the man...
yes you are the man."
His lavish atonement
His grief
His poetry
His lineage
Writ large for perpetuity

Bathsheba
You share the blame
Of his shame
Your child taken.

How wild was David's grief
How deep and wide
David's repentance...
'Wash me as white as snow'
Bathsheba's cries unheard
Bathsheba's grief unwritten
Bathsheba's rape unredeemed
Bathsheba's stain unwashed
Wife of a murdered husband
Mother of a stolen child
Forced to drink
Again... and again...
The bitter cup

All the women,
Yes, all the women
Whose bodies are used
As weapons of war,
All the footnotes
In powerful men's stories,
All that share the blame
Of man's shame.
All the nameless,
The blameless
The wordless
Raped women
Line up... line up
Fill our ears with your voice.
Bathsheba's story is your story
We hear you.

How long, how long will
we sing this song
How long...

Broken, naked woman
Broken, naked, man
Redeem us.

Milly Sinclair
(Milly is Tom and Jane Benyon's
youngest daughter)



Sonnet 29

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

William Shakespeare

Memory

As memories fall like autumn leaves
from even the mightiest of the trees,
I think I know who you may be
and why you mean so much to me.
So in my mind I try to stir
thoughts of what we once were
and yes, we were, I think I know,
that in my arms I watched you grow.
My boy, of course it's you,
memories may fade
but... love is true...

Tony Husband



The Way Through the Woods

They shut the road through the woods
Seventy years ago.
Weather and rain have undone it again,
And now you would never know
There was once a road through the woods
Before they planted the trees.
It is underneath the coppice and heath,
And the thin anemones.
Only the keeper sees
That, where the ring-dove broods,
And the badgers roll at ease,
There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods
Of a summer evening late,
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools
Where the otter whistles his mate,
(They fear not men in the woods,
Because they see so few.)

How odd... google maps says
there's a road here



You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old lost road through the woods.
But there is no road through the woods.

Rudyard Kipling

Musée des Beaux Arts

About suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position; how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just
walking dully along;
How, when the aged are reverently, passionately waiting
For the miraculous birth, there always must be
Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating
On a pond at the edge of the wood:
They never forgot
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life,
and the torturer's horse
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Breughel's *Icarus*, for instance: how everything turns away
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green
Water; and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

WH Auden



The Wanderer

(Excerpt)

...Therefore, go forth, companion: when you find
No highway more, no track, all being blind,
The way to go shall glimmer in the mind.
Though you have conquered Earth and Charted Sea
And planned the courses of all Stars that be.
Adventure on, more wonders are in Thee.
Adventure on, for from the littlest clue
Has come whatever worth man ever knew;
The next to lighten all men may be you...

John Masefield



Rain

Rain, midnight rain, nothing but the wild rain
On this bleak hut, and solitude, and me
Remembering again that I shall die
And neither hear the rain nor give it thanks
For washing me cleaner than I have been
Since I was born into this solitude.
Blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon:
But here I pray that none whom once I loved
Is dying tonight or lying still awake
Solitary, listening to the rain,
Either in pain or thus in sympathy
Helpless among the living and the dead,
Like a cold water among broken reeds,
Myriads of broken reeds all still and stiff,
Like me who have no love which this wild rain
Has not dissolved except the love of death,
If love it be towards what is perfect and
Cannot, the tempest tells me, disappoint.

Edward Thomas



The Triumph of Time

(Excerpt)

I shall never be friends again with roses;
I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note grown strong
Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes,
As a wave of the sea turned back by song.
There are sounds where the soul's delight takes fire,
Face to face with its own desire;
A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes;
I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.

The pulse of war and passion of wonder,
The heavens that murmur, the sounds that shine,
The stars that sing and the loves that thunder,
The music burning at heart like wine,
An armed archangel whose hands raise up
All senses mixed in the spirit's cup
Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder –
These things are over, and no more mine.

AC Swinburne

Tired of Speaking Sweetly

Love wants to reach out and manhandle us,
Break all our teacup talk of God.
If you had the courage and
Could give the Beloved His choice, some nights,
He would just drag you around the room
By your hair,
Ripping from your grip all those toys in the world
That bring you no joy.
Love sometimes gets tired of speaking sweetly
And wants to rip to shreds
All your erroneous notions of truth
That make you fight within yourself, dear one,
And with others,
Causing the world to weep
On too many fine days.

God wants to manhandle us,
Lock us inside of a tiny room with Himself
And practise His dropkick.
The Beloved sometimes wants
To do us a great favour:
Hold us upside down
And shake all the nonsense out.
But when we hear
He is in such a “playful drunken mood”
Most everyone I know
Quickly packs their bags and hightails it
Out of town.

Hafiz

*Engraved on the pendulum of a clock
in St Lawrence Church, Bidborough, Kent:*

Time's Paces

When as a child I laughed and wept,
Time crept
When as a youth I dreamed and talked,
Time walked
When I became a full-grown man,
Time ran
And later as I older grew,
Time flew
Soon shall I find when travelling on
Time gone.
Will Christ have saved my soul by then?
Amen

Henry Twells



Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.



Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on that sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas

Slum

A slum is where somebody else lives,
Help is what others need.
We all want to be the priest, social worker, nurse,
The nun in the white habit giving out the soup –
To work from a position of power,
The power being
That we are not the shuffler in the queue
Holding out the bowl.

But there is one way into the Kingdom
To be found out in our poverty.
That is why the citizens are a job lot –
Unhappily married, the feckless mother of eight,
The harlot no longer young,
The lover of little girls, the sexually untameable,
The alcoholic, the violent, and those whose drink is despair.

Show me not, Lord, your rich men
With their proud boasts of poverty and celibacy.
They are too much for me.
Hide me from those who want to help
And have strength to do so.



Only those who get on with their lives
And think they have nothing to give
Are any use to me.
Let your bankrupts feed me.

Monica Furlong

Growing Older

I want the mornings to last longer
And the twilight to linger.
I want to clutch the present to my bosom
And never let it go.
I resent the tyranny of the clock on the wall,
Nagging me to get on with my day.
I am a time traveller,
But a traveller who would rather walk than fly.
And yet, it's joyous getting older,
The major battles of life are over.
Though minor skirmishes may still occur.
There is an armistice of the heart
A truce signed with passion.
To forgive becomes easier
And reason takes the place of strife.
There's one more hurdle left for crossing
Though you're reluctant to approach it.
If you have lived your life with love
There will be nothing at all to fear,
Because a warm welcome awaits you
On the other side.

Sir Harry Secombe



The Tempest

Act 4, Scene 1

Our revels now have ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
as dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

William Shakespeare



Three Celtic Prayers

1. Be Thou between me and all things grisly,
Be Thou before me in all things mean,
Be Thou between me and all things gruesome
Coming darkly towards me.
- 2: Thou my soul's healer
Keep me even.
I am tired, astray, and stumbling:
Shield Thou me from snare and sin.
- 3: ...mayest Thou Thyself, O God of life,
Be at my breast, be at my back,
Thou to me as a star, Thou to me as a guide,
From my life's beginning to my life's closing.





Ecclesiastes 3 (King James Version)

- 1 To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
- 2 A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
- 3 A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;
- 4 A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
- 5 A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
- 6 A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;
- 7 A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
- 8 A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.
- 9 What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboureth?

- 10 I have seen the travail, which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it.
- 11 He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.
- 12 I know that there is no good in them, but for a man to rejoice, and to do good in his life.
- 13 And also that every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labour, it is the gift of God.
- 14 I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him.
- 15 That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past.
- 16 And moreover I saw under the sun the place of judgement, that wickedness was there; and the place of righteousness, that iniquity was there.

- 17 I said in mine heart, God shall judge the righteous and the wicked: for there is a time there for every purpose and for every work.
- 18 I said in mine heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts.
- 19 For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast: for all is vanity.
- 20 All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.
- 21 Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?
- 22 Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

Christmas Song

Above the weary waiting world,
Asleep in chill despair,
There breaks a sound of joyous bells
Upon the frosted air.
And o'er the humblest roof-tree, lo,
A star is dancing on the snow.
What makes the yellow star to dance
Upon the brink of night?
What makes the breaking dawn to glow
So magically bright –
And all the earth to be renewed
With infinite beatitude?
The singing bells, the throbbing star,
The sunbeams on the snow,
And the awakening heart that leaps
New ecstasy to know –
They all are dancing in the morn
Because a little child is born.

Bliss Carman



Prayer

No Coming to God without Christ

Good and great God! How sho'd I feare
To come to Thee, if Christ not there!
Co'd I but think, He would not be
Present, to plead my cause for me;
To Hell I'd rather run, then I
Wo'd see Thy Face, and He not by.

Robert Herrick

O Lord, penetrate those murky corners
where we hide memories and tendencies
on which we do not care to look,
but which we will not disinter
and yield freely up to you,
that you may purify and transmute them:
the persistent buried grudge,
the half-acknowledged enmity
which is still smouldering;
the bitterness of that loss
we have not turned into sacrifice;
the private comfort we cling to;
the secret fear of failure which saps our initiative
and really is inverted pride;
the pessimism which is an insult to your joy, Lord;
we bring all these to you,
and we review them with shame and penitence
in your steadfast light.

Evelyn Underhill

In these difficult days, it is important to hold on to the fact that we human beings are resilient and always have the capacity for hope. This poem by ASJ Tessimond is remarkably apt for a pandemic world.

Day Dream

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 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



Psalm 73: 23–26

Yes, I am always with you;
You hold me by my right hand.
You guide me with your counsel,
And afterward you will take me into glory.
Whom have I in heaven but you?
And earth has nothing I desire besides you.
My flesh and my heart may fail,
But God is the strength of my heart
And my portion forever.



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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 Olunga
Former Zimbabwe International Cricketer



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

Deborah Bronnert CMG
UK Ambassador to Russia
and former UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe,
2011–2014



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



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



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

Without your support ...

Bridget*, 88, is a widow. Her husband served with the RAF in the 1950s before moving to Rhodesia in the early 60s.

There were no children. Bridget's husband tragically committed suicide in the mid-80s, and then the vicious hyper-inflation of 2008 destroyed her pension and small savings.

Bridget suffers from acute dementia. Of course, Zimbabwe's government provides no support – without the ZANE team, this vulnerable, elderly lady would be stranded. Through our partnership with the UK services charities, ZANE was able to secure Bridget a grant and we now look after her welfare. ZANE pays her bills, arranges transport to take her shopping, and organises care and assistance for her deteriorating health.

Bridget is just one of hundreds of pensioners who ZANE assists. We are a relational charity: so much of what ZANE does is to provide love, compassion and support to those with no one else to turn to. ZANE's dedicated team in



Zimbabwe is only able to do this because of the generosity of ZANE's loyal supporters. Your donations enable ZANE to provide so much more than financial aid; they enable ZANE's staff to give time and affection to those for whom we care.

Your generosity gives dignity and hope to the desperately lonely and forgotten.

Bridget says: ***"I don't know what I would do without ZANE's care, love and assistance. Please thank your donors from the bottom of my heart."***

* Names and photos 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.
3. **ZANE** was the Telegraph Group Overseas Charity of the year.
4. **ZANE** is looking after around 600 aged and frail veterans and their widows. These people fought for the Crown in the Second World War, Malaya, Korea and Aden. Without ZANE, they would be living with insufficient food and no healthcare.
5. **ZANE** runs education programmes in a high-density suburb assisting women and children living in extreme poverty.
6. **ZANE** funded the first clubfoot correction programme in Zimbabwe. Thirteen treatment centres have been established and over 3,900 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

RESPECTING YOUR DATA

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) or by:

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





Zimbabwe A National Emergency

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

Reg Charity No 1112949



What a difference your donation makes!

Please detach form and post in an envelope to:

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



Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Registered Charity No 1112949

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

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

Please complete this form and send it to: ZANE, PO Box 451, Witney OX28 9FY

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

If a specified project is fully funded, donations will be used where most needed.

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

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

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- Want to cancel this declaration
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Completed name and postal address required above for a Direct Debit

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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
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Name and full postal address of your bank or building society

To: The Manager	Bank/building society
Address	
Postcode	

Name(s) of account holder(s)

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Branch sort code

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Bank/building society account number

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Service user number

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

Signature(s)

Date									

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DD15

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Or please debit my Debit/Credit Card for £

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Start date Expiry date Issue No