

Poetry Series

**Alf Hutchison**  
**- poems -**

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## Alf Hutchison(8/7/1943)

I have a passion for poetry and verse. I have both written and committed to memory so much over the years.I believe that the pen is more powerful than the sword...

# 1 Lest We Forget Hunyani

It was on the last leg from Kariba to Salisbury on the 3rd of September 1978 that Air Rhodesia Flight RH825 sent a Mayday call. The aircraft 'The Hunyani' with fifty two passengers and four crew members on board was hit by a heat seeking Sam 7 missile. It had been fired by ZIPRA men...terrorists, guerrillas, combatants, comrades, cadres, freedom fighters, soldiers (depending on your viewpoint) 18 survived the crash but later the callous murderers shot and bludgeoned 10... one man, seven women and two young female children. Only 8 survived to tell of the horror they had witnessed.

## LEST WE FORGET HUNYANI

He lay in hiding like a snake in the grass,  
Black mamba, deadly, loathsome and crass,  
Waiting in ambush, his expression quite bland;  
Russian Sam seven clutched tight in his hand.

Kariba's Air Rhodesia, flight eight-two-five,  
Passed overhead, but would never arrive.  
Now homeward bound, merely minutes in flight,  
Caught in the eyepiece of his missile's rear sight.

One Sam seven missile struck like lightening,  
Mayhem on board was horrendously frightening.  
Downed in the name of freedom's dark cause,  
Cadre, 'freedom fighters'...Satan's fine whores,

Twas a miracle that eighteen would even survive,  
But sadly only eight would arrive home alive,  
Ten surviving adults now fell dead to the floor,  
Butchered by savages all a-thirsting for gore.

Followed by two children, aged eleven and four,  
Bludgeoned by Blacks "Just to even the score"  
"For stealing our land" one Black comrade said,  
"We shall not stop killing, until all Whites are dead"

To the memory of passengers, pilot and crew,  
To the survivors who battled to start life a new,

Like Rev. John da Costa, let us never forget,  
Upon all brave Rhodesians may the sun never set.

Rhodesia... birthplace of my heart and my soul,  
Its destruction was ZIPRA's ultimate goal;  
So September the third of Seventy Eight,  
Remember 'Hunyani'... and its heinous fate.

Alf Hutchison

## 2 Don'T Blaspheme.

Written as a wall plaque.

WHEN YOU ENTER THIS DOMAIN,  
AND YOU WISH HERE TO REMAIN,  
I ASK YOU PLEASE THEN TO REFRAIN  
FROM USING MY LORD'S NAME IN VAIN.

Alf Hutchison

### 3 Painting On Auction

She gazed on me through pale blue eyes,  
Sweet lady in the frame,  
Her beauty caught in a flash of time,  
Fair damsel without name,

Soft lips of ripe strawberry red,  
So vulnerable, so alone,  
White skin, pale and flawless,  
Fragile as China bone;

Her trussed up golden layered hair,  
Coiffured to near perfection;  
Jewelry draped about her neck  
A priceless pearl collection

Tears I now see in her eye,  
This lass I had never met  
Her haunting countenance for sure  
Is one I'll nere forget.

The gavel woke me from my trance,  
The auctioneer's voice so bold  
"Your priceless painting, Satan,  
Is now officially sold."

Life is like that work of art,  
Painted in shades of leaven,  
Focusing on the untold riches,  
On earth and not in Heaven.

Alf Hutchison

## 4 The Lone Piper

Alone upon a hilltop,  
Stood a piper boldly grand,  
A soldier far away from home;  
Scotland his homeland.  
Sunset now behind him,  
A lonely silhouette,  
Hands upon the chanter,  
So passionately set.  
The finest of the finest,  
The pride of Scotland's best,  
Black Watch Regimental medals,  
Blazoned upon his chest,  
Hot sun, not a hint of breeze,  
To sway his pleated kilt.  
His stoic comrade's passion,  
Would never ever wilt.  
Troops standing at attention,  
In the valley far below,  
Heard the haunting melody,  
As the tune began to flow.  
"Amazing Grace how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me,  
I once was lost but now am found,  
Was blind but now I see"  
In perfect rank and file they stood,  
Firearms reversed and still.  
Lamenting sound filled the air,  
Pipes melancholy shrill.  
That Piper in the dying light,  
Piped as nere before,  
Haunting melody of pipes,  
Brought shivers to the core.  
Proud Scots, courageous men,  
True soldiers one and all,  
Called to war by their King,  
They answered to the call.  
They had come to honor heroes,  
Those who'd lost their lives,  
Men who'd left behind

Parents, children, wives;  
Tears welling in the eyes,  
Of those courageous men.

When would the next man die?  
Not who, or why... but when.  
Alf Hutchison

Alf Hutchison



## 7 Do You Know My Lord?

Do you feel the pain of nails, thrust through your tender hands,  
Do you feel those evil thorns, a crown twisted in bands,  
The excruciating agony, of iron pierced through your feet,  
The shame of being spat upon, on a Roman pebbled street,

Do you feel that wretched whip, draw blood upon your back,  
Hear the scourge's mocking cries; the whip's report and crack.  
Do you share His anguish, when by God He was forsaken.  
Disciples all but one had fled, as His righteous life was taken.

Have you carried His cursed cross, for just a pace or two,  
Have you heard His cries, His pleas, bourn down in time to you.  
Have you ever wept aloud, for this price He paid for sin.  
Do you believe He died for you and His Spirit dwells within.

If your heart, spirit, mind and soul, have never felt His sword,  
Then without doubt my friend, "You know not...my precious Lord"

Alf Hutchison

## 8 Master Jack

Master Jack was old and grey; time had passed him by,  
Wizened hands betrayed his age, still a glint lay in his eye;  
Physique so very frail now, had fought a thousand 'wars',  
Waiting now upon God's will; Jack's life had lost its cause.

The souls of those who'd mattered; were now long in their graves,  
Fond memories of times gone by, crashed over him in waves.  
His children had all forsaken him; forsaken him every one,  
Embarrassed by his manner, and the sharpness of his tongue,

Tears fell upon his trembling hands, as he gazed on them with love,  
These hands had been God's gift to him, from heaven up above;  
Hands that blessed the Lord almighty; gave thanks for all their food,  
Those hands had even built their home, beside the forest wood.

Hands carved their wooden furniture; and planted crops to sell,  
When drought had struck the barren land, they dug for him a well,  
Skilled hands had caught his children, emerging from the womb.  
Seven boys, and three small girls; now adults in full bloom.

Gnarled hands from manual labor, digits enflamed and sore,  
Busy hands made impotent; were functioning no more,  
Spastic hands, arthritic hands; worked now 'to the bone',  
Not one soul to help him farm; Master Jack prayed all alone.

"My Lord I have to thank you, for these two hands of mine,  
The countless tasks accomplished, through your two gifts Devine",  
Calloused hands now pressed in prayer; "I wish new turf to roam",  
Soulful eyes glinted heavenward, "Please Lord... take me home"  
Alf Hutchison

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## 9 God's Promise

God's promise in His rainbow,  
To Noah eons past,  
Is echoed down the ages,  
Throughout His world so vast.

God speaks to us through His Word;  
And nature in strange ways,  
Entreating us to do one thing,  
"Just give to Me your praise".

What you have, He can remove,  
In the twinkling of an eye;  
He can bless you if He wishes;  
Choose how you live or die.

He blessed Noah and his family,  
Cursing those who refused to know,  
To a sinful world He leaves a sign,  
Timeless wisdom... in His rainbow

Alf Hutchison

# A B C

ABC

Aware are we of our sins,  
Because of the fall of man,  
Christ, the bearer of those sins  
Died in His Fathers plan.  
Eternal life, given free  
Forgiven by His grace,  
Grace that man should ever be  
Humbled and in his place.  
Indescribable, pain for us He bore,  
Jesus Christ upon the cross;  
Killed by those He came to restore,  
Lest they should end as dross.  
My home in heaven is secured  
Now He is with The Father,  
Our home by precious blood procured  
Promised by Abba Father.  
Quickly He promises to return,  
Return for His joy and pride  
Safe with Him, and not to burn,  
The Church- His awaiting Bride.  
Unless Jews repent and change their ways,  
Victory denied by dogma,  
Will never know His wondrous praise,  
Xenolithic Jews in Christian magma;  
Yeshua; The Christ, our shared messiah  
Zealously we await our King  
...our Lord and our Mashiah.

Alf Hutchison

# A Lion Roars

Come with me, hold tight my hand,  
Whilst I show you my beloved land,  
Africa's blood washes through my veins,  
From Bushveld glades to savanna plains.

Have you ever heard a lion roar,  
Been close enough to touch his paw,  
Stared eye to eye, smelled his breath,  
Observed razor teeth of instant death;

And then that roar...that numbing sound  
Sending tremors through the very ground.  
A lightening swipe of five sharp claws;  
No video this, you can't press pause.

Reality life, your minutes numbered,  
Certain death... your life encumbered;  
But that day twas not meant to be,  
God's heaven had no need of me.

A shot rang out...a sound so sweet,  
The king of beasts lay at my feet,  
This was no trophy, no great prize.  
My life...his death...no compromise.

Alf Hutchison

# A Mother's Thoughts

Written Mother's day 2009

What thoughts that day...went through your mind?  
Sweet gentle lady; born one of a kind,  
Unique child of God, unlike non other;  
Virgin birthed Christ; His earthly mother.

Within you the mysteries, of God did unwind;  
What thoughts that day...went through your mind?  
Nurturer, teacher; devotedly humble;  
Attending God's will; never a grumble.

Unmercifully beaten, and heinously whipped,  
In His own blood, on the stone way He slipped;  
What thoughts that day...went through your mind?  
Man's inhumanity to man; so cruel and so blind.

A sun-darkened day; a global earthquake,  
Hearts all atremble; from graves dead awake,  
God's crucified Son; pierced, lifeless you find;  
What thoughts that day...Went through your mind?

What motherly thoughts... Went through your mind?

Alf Hutchison

# A Time

## A TIME

A time of tribulation great,  
Is coming to this world;  
A time of war and horror,  
To man will be unfurled.

A time given to make peace,  
As men, man to man;  
A time that mere men forfeited,  
Opting war's expedient plan.

A time draws near in Israel,  
Of war with Iran;  
A time now heralds Lucifer,  
His holy war to fan.

A time we, not too long ago,  
Fought wars to end all wars;  
A time of final war now looms;  
Damnation, sinful cause.

A time, times and half a time,  
Daniel saw in a vision,  
A Time, three years and a half,  
And Jerusalem's division.

A time is here, with us now  
Too late to turn around,  
A time that Prophets talked about,  
Forsaking hallowed ground.

A time, when fallen men look back  
Upon their sinful past;  
A time when mankind will recall,  
Babylonians...nuclear blast.

Alf Hutchison

# A Vulture Flies

A vulture flies on Azure blue Skies,  
Africa's 'Cordon Bleu' of flesh demise;  
Whilst relentless sun heats up the land,  
Flight feathers now by thermals fanned,  
Lifting him ever higher and higher,  
Beyond cloud base his prime desire,  
Up to freezing heights of air so rare,  
Wings outstretched... just circling there.  
With a keenly eye he surveys the land,  
African savannah, picturesquely grand,  
This insatiable bird in all its substance,  
Seeking carrion waste in great abundance,  
Predator Lions now have left their kill,  
Hyenas and Jackal, eaten well their fill,  
All seek shelter from the broiling sun,  
Whilst scavengers supreme...land one by one.

Alf Hutchison



# Abortion

At the moment of conception,  
God's miracle is sown,  
The seedlings of an unborn child,  
Within that womb are grown,

New life is very sacred,  
We have no right to take  
That embryo from it's haven;  
For our great God has spake.

"Thou shalt not commit murder"  
Moses wrote His words in stone,  
That fledgling soul cannot fight back,  
Defenseless, harmless, and alone.

A time will come, there is no doubt,  
When you stand before the Lord;  
On judgment day you cannot hide,  
From the wrath of God's great sword.

Do not harm that unborn child,  
You will pay then for your sin,  
When you begged for that small life,  
To be murdered from within.

Alf Hutchison

# African Missionary

I am a wanderer in this nomadic land,  
To whom can I lend a helping hand,  
To make dark lives a little lighter,  
Be a bastion of peace; not a fighter.

This Darkest African, void of light.  
Transient Nomads constantly fight.  
Forsaken by God it appears to be;  
Africa is not the land of the free.

Never shall I pass this way again,  
Witness sadness, poverty and pain,  
Man's blatant inhumanity to man,  
Let me be of help now... whilst I can.

Alf Hutchison

# African Pirates

Freedom fighter or terrorist? Depends whose side you're on,  
Africa's 'freedom fighters'... proud pirates everyone,  
No freedom was ever gained for Black folk's kith or kin,  
Their fight was not for liberty, but to loot now from within.

Robert Gabriel Mugabe, Africa's pirate supreme,  
Thieving and plundering are his passions it would seem;  
But in this act he's not alone, for Grace is worse by far,  
They aught now both to be rolled, in feathers and hot tar,

Nestle buys their tainted milk from Grace's stolen farm,  
But a Nestle spokesman says "We are doing you no harm"  
Millions of protestors will never eat their produce again,  
Tainted now forever more, by Grace's shame and pain.

Whilst pirates in Somalia, wreck havoc on high seas,  
Grace Mugabe sets her sails, to tramp on whom she please,  
Africa, land of black pirates, from Suez to Cape Town,  
Their thirst for ill-gained riches, is truly world renown.

There is not one place in Africa, that is free of piracy,  
From the great Sahara desert to the azure warm Indian Sea,  
With license now to plunder, these swashbucklers everyone,  
Are destined to destroy our Africa ...our paradise in the sun.

Alf Hutchison

# African Queen

Dedicated To a South African poet on Poemhunter...Cindy Kreiner Sera

With carefully chosen words she draws,  
On an African canvas which she adores,  
Then paints her pictures in colorful hues,  
Light shades of darkness, to bluest of blues.

Compassion lies deep within her bone marrow,  
For our parched land, its pain and its sorrow,  
From Africa crying with its aches and pains...  
To the joy that comes, with the blessed rains.

She holds South Africa in the palm of her hand,  
Passionately dedicated to God's beautiful land.  
Cindy Kreiner Sera, is our poets dear name,  
Seeking no glamour, neither fortune nor fame.

A poetic genius, both humble and wise,  
Worthy, we all think, of a Nobel Prize.  
An equal to Cindy, has yet to be seen,  
Our precious poet...our African Queen.

Alf Hutchison

# Africa's Hungry Children

A photograph appeared on the cover of TIME magazine in 1994...a malnourished dying child trying to crawl to a UN aid post a kilometer away...watched over by a vulture just waiting for the child to die...

Kevin Carter zoomed his camera lens, that day in '94,  
A starving child in Sudan, was knocking at death's door,  
One vulture and one journalist; both mere meters away,  
Both with different agendas; but a dying babe their prey.

A world stood aghast and horrified, by that photo in the Times,  
Starvation's morbid clock unveiled, its ticking and its chimes,  
But two would reap the benefit of this poor child's demise,  
Sudan much needed food and aid... and Carter, a Pulitzer Prize.

We dare not stand in judgment; for we were never there;  
Africa is an angry land; fermenting poverty and despair,  
"Don't touch the sick and dying" Kevin Carter had been told;  
He abandoned that poor child, as other scenes did unfold.

Plagued by haunting vivid memories, of Africa's en-rapt pain,  
Those abandoned starving children, surely drove this man insane,  
He observed first hand, our tragic land, we seldom comprehend;  
Driving him, just three month hence... his tormented life to end.

Lord when will the suffering cease, in Africa so sublime?  
Will ever we be a land, free of hunger, strife and crime?  
Will the image of Kevin's photo, open up our ailing eyes,  
And open up our deaf ears...to our hungry children's cries?  
Alf Hutchison

MT 19: 14 But Jesus said, 'Let the little children come to Me, and do not forbid them; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Alf Hutchison

# Aids Orphans

Should the young children  
Suffer for our sin,  
Does it not grip your trembling  
Heart within,

Most folk now are hard of heart,  
Oblivious of their plight,  
"It's not my fault, nor can I help  
It's really not my fight".

Statistics on their plight we read;  
Of millions dying every year,  
Dying, hungry, naked and alone.  
Does mankind really care.

If all the orphaned children,  
Were laid side by side;  
They'd circumnavigate the globe;  
A highway ten feet wide.

Alf Hutchison

# Author Or Poet?

Author or Poet?

When I write my thought on paper,  
Forbid that I should write free verse;  
Author or Poet, what shall I be  
Driver of hearse... or giver of life.

Authors writhing in anguished pain  
Resurrecting rhyming verse again,  
Doolittle said "I think she's got it"  
"Beam me up Scotty, into the rocket"

Things are improving, it's started to gel  
From now on in things have to fare well.  
Balancing out, it's started to rhyme,  
Poets have done this since dawning of time.

But woe is me... what can I do,  
To really impress the poet in you.

Paper is canvas, soft and serene,  
Snow white flesh...uniquely clean;  
Untouched it waits whilst I prepare,  
With eyes transfixed in poet's stare;

What juice will flow from brain to ink  
What joy to bring, what odes to sing,  
Contrasting words of black and pink,  
When will the 'word bee' deliver it's sting.

The question I ask... are you author or poet  
The words a ball... what way do you throw it;  
There are many skins on the proverbial cat;  
Maybe, just maybe, I've shown you that.

Alf Hutchison

Alf Hutchison

# Battle Of Blood River

Sixty four wagons in laager; the night mist cold and bland,  
These Boers were merely farmers, going north in search of land.  
Surrounded now by Zulus, their presence was foreboding,  
Twenty thousand warriors; drumming, shouting, goading.

Laagered Boers for many days, upon their knees had prayed,  
"Lord help us in our hour of need, for we are so afraid",  
At noon they made their covenant, with Spirit, God and Son,  
Being hopelessly outnumbered; two score and ten to one.

First light of coming morn, the fog was slowly lifted,  
The warring drums crescendo, to battle cry had shifted.  
Boer spread out upon the ground, shielded by his wagon.  
They lay as executioners; this was no day for flagon.

Boer's wives were not at liberty, to fire upon the foe,  
They stood beside the men, their hearts vexed full of woe.  
The thunder of the muskets, the battle tempest fanned;  
Flintlock barrels loaded, by females trembling hand,

Woman loaded muskets, with powder, shot and waste,  
Tamping down each barrel, with calculated haste,  
The noise of battle deafening, its smoke a screen of white;  
Confused bewildered warriors, left the battlefield in flight.

Respite to reload muskets, to take stock of the dead,  
Not one Boer was missing; they counted every head.  
Now soon the killing ground, slow stream of Zulu blood  
Would by the time of nightfall, be a scarlet river flood.

With sun now at its zenith, bloody battle resumed afresh.  
Impi warriors advancing; human skulls adorned their flesh,  
Brandishing their assegais', shield, spears and their staves,  
Three cannons tore into their ranks; yet still they came in waves,

When the heat of battle ended, and the smoke spiraled away,  
Three thousand dead drugged warriors, on battlefield there lay.  
One thousand more lay wounded, proud dignities offended;  
Brave Boers to their feet arose; and to Zulu wounds attended.



God had given them the victory, these farmers' kith and kin  
For not one of His was lost, whom He had laagered in  
He had kept them from the Philistines, for they all loved to pray,  
And they still love and honor God, their Victor ... to this day.

Alf Hutchison

Alf Hutchison

# Blinkers

Edmund Burke wrote "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing". I wrote this in response to some comments on my poem 'African Pirates'

Though we turn the other cheek,  
Let it never make us weak,  
For the blinkers that we wear,  
Are the testimonies we bear.

See man's inhumanity to man,  
Then expose them while you can.  
Are you righteous or a sinner?  
Let not evil be the winner.

Most today have tunnel vision,  
'Involve me not', their firm decision,  
'It's not my fault, I do not care'  
'I'm not thieving silverware'

Please do not let evil prevail,  
From your eyes now take the veil,  
Stand your ground and boldly fight,  
Fight against evil... with all your might.

Alf Hutchison

# Christmas Morn

Angels flew about that night,  
Beneath that star shining bright,  
Beckoning Shepherds "your Saviors here"  
"Go in haste and do not fear",  
So they fled into the still black night,  
With a star alone to give them light.  
Guiding them to that blessed cave,  
Honored by man He'd come to save.  
It was upon this hallowed morn,  
To a virgin, Jesus Christ was born,  
Whilst Jesus lay on a bed of straw,  
Shepherds gazed on him in awe,  
God had chosen humble men to see,  
The incarnate Son of the Trinity;  
God incarnate born forth to man,  
The start of His redemption plan.  
So when you kneel on Christmas day,  
Close your eyes and to God you pray,  
Thank Him for His gift of Grace,  
Born to be sacrificed in your place.

Alf Hutchison Christmas 2009

Alf Hutchison

# Clock Of Ages

The clay beneath her muddy feet, welled up between her toes,  
A squeal of unencumbered bliss, from her young soul arose,  
Dancing in the rain alone, arms spread-eagled wide,  
An aged mother looking on, shook her head and sighed.  
"Remember well these carefree times...before the clock of ages chimes".

Alf Hutchison

# Crown Of Thorns

Crown of Thorns

Acacia, crown of desert thorn.  
No priceless pearls or Gold  
Upon Christ's head was borne,  
To Calvary's cross I'm told.

Void of gems in shades of Tourmaline  
Only blood crimson crown of red.  
Twas not the richest crown ere seen,  
But hideous thorns instead

Those thorns of sin stand in our place,  
Representing thee and me  
For ere Adam fell from Godly Grace  
No thorns grew on that tree.

Alf Hutchison  
Good Friday 2009

Alf Hutchison

# Dad

To the memory of my Dad  
John Sandison Hutchison

"Son... I have bad news for you,  
Your father died today",  
"Sorry...we'll send you home"  
Was all he had to say; .

I left my soldier comrades,  
On the back of an RL  
In that hot Zambezi valley,  
The land we knew as Hell.

Frank my friend had told me  
That 'Cowboys do not cry; '  
'Not in front of their horses'  
Came my choking sad reply

I cried that whole trip home,  
Remembering what Frank said  
'Cowboys definitely do not cry'  
So this soldier cried instead.

I loved my Dad so dearly,  
He was never meant to die,  
So many words unspoken,  
And now he's gone...but why?

So if you have a father,  
Love him, make him smile,  
God has only loaned him to you,  
For just a fleeting while.

Alf Hutchison

# Death On A Tree

'Father please take this cup from me',  
Echoed His cry from Gethsemane,  
He prayed aloud and He did fret  
Droplets of blood ran down as sweat,

Take this poison, please let me be,  
Let me not hang from a cursed tree,  
Sorrowful now, and in deep prayer,  
He waited for His betrayer there.

Three times on guard Peter had slept,  
Whilst his savior prayed, bled and wept,  
His Lord three times again he'd spawn  
Before sunrise on that fateful morn.

"Not My will but the Father's be done"  
God had requested the death of His Son,  
Jesus now obedient unto death on a tree,  
Obediently He died...to save you and me.

Alf Hutchison

## Did I Say Something Wrong?

Forgive me; did I say something wrong,  
Your countenance has changed; no smile.  
Pushed now to a depth, I don't belong.  
Your plaything, for just a fleeting while.  
Long gone, your voice of lovebird song;  
When you would go that extra mile  
Was I born to be your sounding gong,  
Rasping at my inner soul, metal to a file.  
Why did it end; did I do something wrong.

Alf Hutchison



# Eagle

Majestic he mounts the thermals high,  
Serenely sailing yon clear blue sky;  
Alone he circles, wings abreast  
Far above, his mountain nest.

Wingspan measuring thirty hands,  
Soaring eagle, surveys the lands,  
Can there have been a grander sight;  
Haast's splendent raptor in full flight?

Alas man has robbed us of this thrill,  
For sport he sought this bird to kill,  
For feathers fine to adorn his head,  
Birds a thousand lay cold and dead

World's largest raptor in days of yore,  
Haast's eagle extinct; flies no more.  
Mankind forever robbed of its cry;  
Gone now from New Zealand's sky

Another notch in mankind's gun,  
Just killing in the name of fun.  
See how men from every nation,  
Make mockery of God's creation.

A time is coming, and coming fast,  
When all wildlife will breathe its last;  
God's creatures we have failed to feed,  
Forsaking creation...in the name of greed.

Alf Hutchison

# Evolution

What manner of man thinks this world was created  
By an omnipotent, omniscient, all loving God?  
What manner of man thinks this world not created?  
By an omnipotent, omnipresent, all powerful God?

To think for one moment, we evolved from an Ape,  
That a mouse was once, some elephantine shape,  
And these in their turn, over millions of years,  
Evolved from amoeba, brings me close to tears.

What is the correct order, first chickens or eggs?  
Did they fly or they grope, on half evolved legs,  
Was the first chicken born legless and blind?  
Awaiting evolution to make up its mind.

Wise but ridiculous, foolish blind men,  
You swallow their lies again and again.  
Evolution is theory, not one scrap of fact,  
No hard evidence, by this theory is backed.

Satan is conning men, I do presuppose,  
For out of this theory, his religion arose,  
He blinds humanity, to a true God creation,  
Replacing God's work with absurd speculation.

The proton, the atom, and our magnetic force;  
Did they come into being as a matter of course?  
God's creation has precise order and symmetry,  
Woven into all things; from here to infinity.

Evolutionists believe we all came by chance,  
One legged people in a two legged dance,  
Slow to develop in some primeval soup;  
Darwinians have flown their proverbial coup! !

Alf Hutchison

# Friendship

Friendship

By Alf Hutchison

To whom do you turn when sad and forlorn?  
To a friend and thank the day she was born,  
For she'll listen to you, and she'll understand  
And in no time at all, your sad world seems grand.  
Friendships are precious so guard them with care  
That special someone whose secrets you share;  
Friendships are fashioned in heaven above,  
For faith in a friend...is the ultimate love.

Alf Hutchison

# Have You Seen?

Have you seen a dead man talking;  
Witnessed yet, a lame man walking,  
A man with blind eyes sees again,  
A leprous man... now void of pain.

Have you seen water turned to wine,  
Witnessed demons cast into swine;  
Young girls raised now from the dead,  
A mother cured ...on her death bed.

Have you seen Him walk on water,  
Feed nine thousand and not falter,  
Stopping a storm with one raised hand,  
Restoring sight with spit and sand,

Have you seen Him nailed to a cross,  
Mankind's gain, but Satan's loss,  
He bled and died for you and me,  
Bearing the sins of humanity.

Have you seen my precious Lord,  
Holding fast salvations sword;  
Beckoning you "Come trust in Me,  
From this time until... eternity"

Have you seen Jesus my Lord?

Alf Hutchison

# Holocaust

As seen through the eyes of those who witnessed first hand,  
and liberated the scenes of the Holocaust

The rain how it fell; the cadaver smell  
My eyes transfixed on that pit of Hell,  
Vapid flesh foul, horrendously bland.  
But why this carnage, I don't understand;

Retching, gagging, holding back the bile.  
I turn from the evil to rest for a while,  
From decomposing mothers, fathers and child;  
Satan's work, merciless, callously wild.

Laid out in graves grotesquely remorse,  
Lucifer's carnage has taken its course  
In a dance of death, contorted and thin,  
Thousands of bodies, bound together by skin.

Now sixty years passed, will I ever forget.  
That day when in person, with Satan I met;  
He showed me firsthand his evil, his sin.  
Flames of contempt still burn deep within.

Wise men instruct us 'we must never, forget',  
Upon the memory of them, 'let the sun never set';  
For six million Jews paid the ultimate cost,  
I know, I was there, at the great Holocaust.

Alf Hutchison

# I Must Try Haiku

I must try haiku,  
There is nothing left to do,  
But try something new,

Have I got it now?  
Should I not include a cow?  
I think not somehow.

This will take some time,  
I'm committing haiku crime,  
Not a verse should rhyme

So I'll start again  
And from rhyming I'll refrain  
Feeling quite inane

Doolittle said it thus  
By George I think she's got it,  
Con-que-ring hai-ku

See the setting sun,  
Reflect gold upon the sea,  
Clouds hold dazzling hue.

Alf Hutchison

## Job 22: 21

Commit to memory, that sacrosanct verse.  
Job pens in his book, concise and quite clearly,  
Spirit filled words, so succinct and so terse.  
God's inspired words, to be treated more dearly,

"Receive, I pray thee, the law from His mouth",

Now misquoting His Word, we need never fear,  
Commit it to memory; Job's message is clear,  
So listen to Job; wise, humble and smart

"And lay up His words in thine heart"

Alf Hutchison

Alf Hutchison

# K-Car

To the memory of the Rhodesian Helicopter Pilots and  
the 20mm cannon men one helicopter;  
known as K-car.....Killer-car.  
A formidable force in the Rhodesian Bush War.

## RHODESIAN K-CAR

'Chopper' pilot calmness,  
Cannon gunner's skill,  
Two minds in perfect harmony,  
Flew in now for the kill,  
Ten comrades in arms,  
Pinned down by enemy fire,  
Ambushed and compromised,  
Their backs now to the wire.

One pilot and one gunner,  
Men who knew no fear,  
S.O.S. came through to them,  
Urgent... but so clear,  
"K-car, Call sign Bravo, "  
"Contact, contact, contact!"  
Pilot with nerves of steel,  
And veraciously exact,

"We have you visual, four o'clock",  
Crackled in the pilot's ear  
He responded calmly "Roger  
Call sign Bravo... illuminate a flare"  
Flare lit up and in they flew,  
Oblivious of the danger;  
Twas deaths turn to roll the dice,  
With life their coin of wager.

Two hands upon the cannon grips,  
One finger on the trigger,  
Gunner's eye took a site,  
Through peep site to the jigger;  
Bullets ripped into the cockpit,



Of that killer-car machine,  
Barely two year out of school,  
K-car gunner... aged nineteen

Fire Force airborne pilot,  
Turned cannon to the smoke,  
Gunner pressed the trigger,  
And the dragon now awoke;  
Twenty millimeter cannon,  
Boomed forth volcanic life  
Spewing deadly rounds,  
Of instant death and strife.

No place for enemy to hide,  
From this matchless opponent;  
Terrorists now in full flight,  
Were gunned down in a moment.  
The Kill-car hovered overhead,  
Just six foot off the ground,  
Two enemy lay screaming,  
But from thirty dead...no sound.

Most men of war, whom I knew then,  
Have turned now to the Lord,  
They have turned into plow shears,  
Their weapons and their sword.  
Lord please teach us here in Africa,  
Love for one another;  
Take xenophobic intolerance from us,  
Teach us to love our brother.

Alf Hutchison

# Lonely

No-one now to share your dreams,  
To walk beside those mountain streams,  
To hold your ailing, trembling hand,  
To write sweet nothings in the sand;

No-one to whisper "I love you",  
To keep you warm the winter through,  
To share with you first buds of spring,  
To show their love in a wedding ring.

No-one at home for you to say,  
"I missed you my love, at work today"  
To sit together at evening meal,  
To tell each other just how you feel,

No-one there to forgive you gladly,  
All those times you behaved so badly,  
To visit your own sweet secret place,  
Suspended somewhere in time and space.

No-one knows how much you cared,  
Just you two and the time you shared,  
Memories now left of bygone years,  
The good times, bad, and all the tears.

No-one realizes just how lonely,  
When 'we two'... becomes 'me only',  
God loans us soul mates, for a fleeting while,  
Through His loving Grace...once again we'll smile.

Alf Hutchison

# My Friend

Please walk a while with me my friend,  
Along life's beach which has no end,  
Beside its oceans ebbs and flow,  
That special place where true friends go.

Hold my hand and watch the sea,  
And wonder why all birds fly free;  
Your inner soul may ask you 'why'?  
Don't shed a tear, no time to cry,

For God made every grain of sand,  
He made it bold, He made it grand,  
He made it thus, that you and me,  
Might wonder for eternity.

If I love you, and you love me,  
Then surely it was destiny,  
That you and I should be as one,  
To sail into that setting sun.

But for the while just be my friend,  
My love for you will never end;  
For time will set, of that I'm sure...  
Our sails towards God's heavenly shore.

Alf Hutchison

# Ode To Mary

Tired Mary, mouth so parched,  
To Bethlehem you had marched,  
Husband Joseph by your side,  
Attending well his blessed bride.

How felt you Mary, on that day,  
Shepherds leaving sheep to stray,  
Angels flying to and fro,  
The bleat of goat, a cattle's low;

The Son of God lay in a manger,  
Safely stored from mortal danger,  
What thought you Mary on that night,  
Seeing that new star so bright.

You must have known it was for Him,  
That God's star shone over Bethlehem,  
A town so small without innkeeper,  
No hotels, Inns or nightly sleeper.

Did troglodyte relatives welcome you,  
Into their rock hewn homes so few,  
Had other guests arrived therein,  
Filling the front room called "The inn"

Mary, they gave you pride of place,  
At the rear with animals was your space,  
Warm and safe from the cold night air,  
In that coziest spot, you laid Him there.

The Son of God, our Prince of Peace,  
Lamb of God laid on white fleece,  
Wrapped in cloth of white swaddling,  
Our Lord of lords and Priestly King.

You were with Him Mary, at His birth,  
Nurturing Him, all His days on earth,  
Witnessing His first and final breath.

So blessed were you...even unto His death.  
...even His death upon a cross.

Alf Hutchison

# Reality

In the crowd she passed me by;  
Through a land I'd never been,  
Might she be a mother, a housewife?  
Perhaps some beauty queen.  
Her teeth were almost perfect,  
White soldiers in a row,  
With ruby lips to frame them;  
In that land I did not know.  
Those stunning eyes still haunt me,  
So soft, so pale, so green,  
Truly the most stunning eyes,  
That I had ever seen,  
Her radiant smile, freely given me,  
Was etched upon my soul,  
Her selfless act of kindness,  
Had made my spirit whole.  
Then rudely wakened from my dream,  
I faced mortality;  
In a world that's forgotten how to smile  
...Here in reality.

Alf Hutchison

Alf Hutchison

# Remember 9/11?

Can you recall where you were, September nine/eleven?  
When all hell did break loose; from Kamikaze heaven,

In disbelief, you watched aghast... another plane, another blast.

Can you recall your disbelief, when Pan Am hit those Towers?  
Proud symbols to a decadent world, of capitalistic powers;

Twin phallic symbol monuments... to green backs, dollars, cents.

Can you recall those heinous scenes; gut wrenching, grim and dire?  
The New York skyline so unique, engulfed in smoke and fire,

This was no false illusion... Pandora's Box of mass confusion,

Can you recall saying farewell, to those who died in vain?  
Giving thanks to firemen; friends, you'd never see again,

Saluting unsung heroes... with your tears of grief and woes.

Can you recall the Israeli news; so grotesquely vile and sour?  
Palestinians singing in the streets; praising 'Islam's finest hour'!

Never will we be the same...Jihadist joy, now Islam's shame.

Can you recall having pondered, before that fateful flight?  
A second 'Viet Nam' would rage; with not an end in sight

Times have changed now in The West... Jihad won't let free man rest.

Can you recall when on your knees, praising God through prayer and song,  
Protect our nation, even though, in the eyes of God, we have gone wrong,

A Savior stands now in the wings...He is Lord of lords and King of kings.  
Choose now America, Hell or Heaven...or have you all forgotten...nine/eleven?

Alf Hutchison

# Rich Man

RICH MAN

A rich man told me just before he died,  
And I've no reason to think he lied,  
Of ships he'd sailed the seven seas,  
And flying fish on salty breeze,

To commoners he gave no tithe,  
This world was his alone to scythe;  
And scythe he did from dusk till dawn  
His laborers broken, bent and torn;

With nose held high he tarried forth,  
His countenance full of his self worth;  
Then came the reaper to his deaths door  
"I've come that I may settle the score"

And the reaper did of that I'm sure,  
Ceasing his evil for ever more;  
No more time for his lucre to swell,  
For he dwells now alone in the depths of Hell

Alf Hutchison

Alf Hutchison



# Salute To 'Author Unknown'

Salute to 'Author unknown'

"Is it not strange, that princes and kings,  
And clowns who frolic in circus rings,  
And common folk like thee and me,  
Are builders for eternity"?

"To each is given a book of rules,  
A block of stone and a bag of tools,  
And each must make ere time has flown  
A stumbling block or a stepping stone".

Unknown is the author of this fine thesis,  
But it's wisdom therein never ceases  
My salute to you poet friend unknown,  
For by these words, through life I've grown.

Alf Hutchison and Author unknown

Alf Hutchison

# Search For The Truth In These Nails...Three.

Search for the truth in these nails...three

This was the message God gave to me,  
"Search for the truth in these nails...three; "  
In a dream so bright, on a cloudless night,  
From His lips to my ears, gracious and free

The vision remains engrained on my life,  
A cattle train stationary; Jews in great strife.  
On wheels of steel in a vision surreal  
Cattle trained families; kids, husband and wife.

I walked on the ballast from train towards end,  
The coaches were straight; on the track not a bend,  
Soft crying I heard, but nere a loud word  
God's 'chosen' today, in the ovens would end.

The smoke from the engine spiraled gently aloft,  
The murmuring ceased and somebody coughed  
No succor for lip, on this final trip.  
There came now reciting of verse feint and soft.

I looked in the distance a light straight ahead,  
Twas the last of the couches, a wooden flatbed,  
Verse now I heard, as the song of a bird,  
Flew through the cold night to nest in my head.

Approaching the flatbed, the light blinding bright,  
A blood splattered arm burst into my sight,  
Wrist now impaled, to Cedar fast nailed.  
The shock of the moment near caused me to flight.

Jesus hung there and died there, for Gentile and Jew,  
But He's returning someday, for me and for you.  
To His supper fed, and His bride to wed,  
Twas the eternal promise He made to the few.

I awoke from my dream so wonderfully free  
So close and so near, God's coming to me,

He came not to curse, but leave me a verse  
"Search for the truth in these nails...three; "

Alf Hutchison

Alf Hutchison

# Soldier

A tribute to Rhodesia's Soldier Pioneers.

He held Dads medals in his hand,  
As they lowered his casket down  
A hole dug in that barren land,  
On the slopes of Salisbury Town.

Head bowed down towards the sand,  
Tears raining from his eye,  
On the Medals clutched within his hand,  
Like raindrops from on high.

He listened to the prayers and Word,  
And to the eulogy;  
No finer words had this lad heard,  
Of his only progeny.

Rhodesia was, in those first days,  
Untamed and fancy free,  
Dingaan was the black mans praise,  
King of M'tabele.

All the pacts and treaties broken,  
By Dingaan and his son,  
Treaties both penned and spoken,  
Now broken every one.

Rebellion grew against those white  
By blacks a thirst for war,  
Warriors vexing their great might  
Were fifty score, times four.

An assegai had pierced his chest,  
As he fought hand to hand.  
These 'Murungus' coming from the west,  
Unwelcomed in Black's land.

Proud medals from some distant war,  
His life's worth left to show,

Reminders of campaigns of yore,  
Fought for a land... he'd never know.

Alf Hutchison

# Sounds Of Distant Drums

Those African nights so dark and still,  
Star blazoned skies; a cricket's shrill,  
Smoke spiraling heavenward from the pyre,  
Hands facing palm ward towards the fire...

Eyes transfixed on dancing embers,  
Rhodesia is gone, but who remembers,  
Scattered all now, around the globe,  
Experiencing some, the pains of Job.

Africans angry; their bowels enraged,  
Roaring like lions, heinously caged,  
Answering the sounds of a distant drum;  
Changes in Africa were now just begun

Memories fond, bring a tear to my eye,  
Bygone 'super' days, now passed me by,  
Giving our all for the green and white,  
We were trained to kill; trained to fight,

Too many Rhodesians died in vain,  
Many still bear the scars, the pain,  
We sit now around our fires with chums  
Reminiscing the sounds of distant drums...

Alf Hutchison

# South African Drums

## South African Drums

Do you hear those drums my boy, asked a father of his son,  
They are the drums of Chaka, gathering each and every one;  
Hear those xenophobic drums, beating deep within your soul;  
Beating for us blacks umfaan, for foreigner's bell to toll.

They are beating for us blacks, my son, to answer to the call.  
It is time for all the foreigners, either bold or great or small,  
To finally pay the price, for the 'evil' they have done,  
Neither shall we rest at night... until there is not one.

No, not one of them left alive, in our ancestral land,  
Their blood flows warm and crimson, like Kalahari sand.  
We have no care for others, nor matter what they think,  
We have to rid our hallowed land of their repugnant stink.

Foreigners took from us a bitter land, to turn it into honey,  
They took from us our bartering; introduced us to their money.  
Doctors healed us with their medicines; but not Sangomos way  
They preached of one called Jesus Christ...to Him we ought to pray

They made a vow upon this soil; they will not turn a sod,  
Until they have built a church, to honor their great God,  
Their God is not ancestral... we mock, He has no power;  
Fetch my assegai, and my shield: its now their final hour.

Our ancestral god 'nkosi', by Sangomos we are told,  
Made us fearless warriors, steadfast, strong and bold  
So fetch my faithful spear umfaan, dip it in the blood,  
Time to wipe out all of them; White chewers of the cud.

Bulala! Bulala! Kill them every man, his wife and child;  
Kill, kill my ebony son, the strong, the meek and mild.  
Hold well your spear and your shield, hold them high aloft,  
Fill your empty spirit son, upon the blood we've quaffed.

Then our ancestral god 'nkosi'...at the setting of life's sun,  
Will reward us for each foreigner; having left alive not one.

We then shall bask and hunt again, with bow, stone axe and club,  
Whilst the 'evil' the foreigners brought...returns to virgin scrub.

Alf Hutchison

Alf Hutchison



# Sweet Mystery Of Mystries

O Sweet Mystery of mysteries

O sweet Mystery of mysteries,  
That a friend should die for me;  
O sweet Mystery of mysteries,  
Whose blood now sets me free.  
O sweet Mystery of mysteries,  
I was blind, but now I see,  
O sweet Mystery of mysteries,  
Lord, I give my life to thee,  
O sweet Mystery of mysteries,  
The awesome branch of Jesse,  
O sweet Mystery of mysteries,  
Whose name makes demons flee.  
O sweet Mystery of mysteries,  
My Lord and God, how can it be?  
O sweet Mystery of mysteries,  
Nailed upon that cursed tree,  
O sweet Mystery of mysteries,  
That you bled and died ...just for me.

Alf Hutchison

# The Greatest Love Story Ever Told

He died for you, He died for me,  
He died for His friends on Calvary.

Alf Hutchison

Alf Hutchison

# The Truth

Men worship political correctness; true curse of Babylon,  
Accepting all religions now, lest it offends someone,  
Lord they have blasphemed, the true meanings of Your word,  
Scriptures have been altered, to mean things quite absurd,

They teach there is no sin now; no-one has gone astray,  
And there is no need for Jesus, a ransom price to pay.  
Man now says that Genesis, is only just a myth,  
That You never created animals, on the day of the fifth.

Bold preachers are a rarity, who would die preaching the cross,  
Instead we have false teachers, babbling heresies and dross;  
The gospel of Christ crucified, they now no longer tell,  
Why should there be a savior; for there is no fiery Hell.

Divine and Holy Scripture, would in latter days be mocked,  
The foundations of Your Church, would be unfathomably rocked,  
We are inundated with new courses, and secular books to read,  
Few now savor your divine word, and its truths therein to heed.

But Jesus Christ upon that cross; He bled and died for me,  
MY Free gift of grace from God; Sacrificed on Calvary,  
He suffered hanging there; my sins upon his shoulders,  
Plus the sins of all mankind; the weight of a million boulders.

He saved me on that fateful day, from eternal life in Hell,  
I am now saved from damnation, and I can witness well,  
Of Someone who loved me so; He would even die for me,  
My Jesus Christ and my Lord; Sacrificed to set men free.

The truth is that same Jesus Christ; Who suffered death upon a tree,  
God resurrected from the grave...and now... He's coming back for me.

Alf Hutchison

# Three Curs'Ed Nails

Three curs'ed nails  
by Alf Hutchison

It only took three curs'ed nails, by the hands of evil man.  
It only took three curs'ed nails to hang Him to `the tree;  
It only took three curs'ed nails, thrust through this godly Man;  
It only took three curs'ed nails and He died to set me free;  
It only took three curs'ed nails to prove His love Devine; '  
It only took three curs'ed nails to give me `eyes to see'  
It only took three curs'ed nails to change this heart of mine;  
It only took three curs'ed nails to prove...Jesus died for me.

Alf Hutchison

# Unknown Soldier

To the memory of all who have fallen in war.  
At the going down of the sun,  
And in the morning ...we will remember them

## UNKNOWN SOLDIER

"Where have all the soldiers gone, "  
"Gone to graveyards everyone; "  
Peter Seeger's sung melodies...  
A grieving mother's sad memories.  
Our mother's sons gone to war,  
Repeated untold times before,  
Gone to fight for kith and kin,  
Each mother's heart broken within.  
Waiting for that 'gram' to arrive,  
Your son is not coming home alive;  
'Your son is missing presumed dead',  
That is how those telegrams read.  
Now buried deep, so far from home  
Beneath some foreign turf and loam.  
A Bayoneted rifle marks the hamlet,  
Atop the butt, a mangled helmet,  
No 'dog tags', neck laced identity,  
An unmarked grave... for eternity.

Where is the sanity of it all,  
Where is the sense of it all,  
"When will we ever learn,  
When... will we ever learn."  
Alf Hutchison

Alf Hutchison

# What If?

GAL 5: 22 But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness,

What if?

What if we were incapable of love?  
Or to see the beauty in a snow white dove,  
What if this life simply held no joy,  
No playful shenanigans of a baby boy,  
What if in this life we had no peace?  
Just a greed to own the Golden Fleece;  
What if mankind harbored only blindness,  
No long-suffering and zero kindness;  
What if we just lived and died,  
Were never truthful, but always lied.  
What if in this life there was no hope,  
Just a scaffolding and hangman's rope  
What if we possessed no goodness;  
No faithfulness nor loving-kindness  
What if we spent our lives in fears  
Of addicts, drunks and sexual queers,  
What if we had lived in the time of Lott,  
God destroyed Gomorrah, but mankind forgot.  
What if I tell you "Its now taking place,  
This world degenerates at diabolical pace"  
What if Sodom and Gomorrah returns as 'old sod',  
Again man will witness... the awesome wrath of God! ! !

Alf Hutchison

# Where Are The Men Of The Fighting Fifth?

Where are the men of the fighting fifth?  
Prime men without fear nor shame,  
Where are the men of the fighting fifth?  
Their proud dying flame...forgotten by name,

Where are the men of the fighting fifth?  
Resplendent in green 'cammo' gear,  
Where are the men of the fighting fifth?  
Brave warriors devoid of all fear,

Where are the men of the fighting fifth?  
Some with the hearts of King Saul,  
Where are the men of the fighting fifth?  
Who answered the call... and gave it their all

Where are the men of the fighting fifth?  
Honored by none... for a job well done,  
Where... please tell me where are  
Rhodesia's ....men of the fighting fifth?

Alf Hutchison

# Wings Of An Eagle

Lord grant me the wings of an eagle,  
Allow me to soar upon high.

Lord grant me the wings of an eagle,  
Allow me to float in Your sky.

Lord grant me the wings of an eagle,  
Allow me... in your Rapture to fly.

Alf Hutchison



# Zimbabwean Drums

## Zimbabwean Drums

The drums are calling you old man, and grow louder by the day.  
They are calling you to judgment, it's now your time to pay,  
For the wrongs you've done Zimbabwe, the trust which you betrayed.  
So hear those drums a pounding, hear well, and be afraid!

The drums are calling you old man, and grow louder by the day.  
For The cries of those you murdered, simply will not pass away,  
In a land we called Rhodesia, Twas truly 'God's own land',  
You trashed it with your gluttony and evil thieving hand.

The drums are calling you old man, and grow louder by the day,  
You starved your kinfolk of their food; the meek, your favored prey,  
With all your years of tyranny and lavish trips abroad.  
Their proud heritage you squandered, through patronage and fraud.

The drums are calling you old man; and grow louder by the day  
For your fellow brothers in Africa, are now ashamed to say.  
That Cholera, poverty and starvation, are the heritage you've left.  
But help won't come from cowardly Africa; it will come now from the West.

The drums are calling you old man, and grow louder by the day;  
Twas not the world that brought you down, but Christians who could pray.  
God heard the prayers of His saints to stop you in your pride,  
The gates of hell, I believe, are broad and high and wide

The drums are calling you old man, and grow louder by the day,  
The drums have sound their verdict; listen well to what they say,  
For they foretell of your demise, and they have much to tell.  
So hear the drums, old man, and listen to them well.

The drums are calling you old man, and grow louder by the day  
Your 'war vets' will abandon you, to flee another way  
Now listen to those drums old man their message is not vague  
They are pounding out across the world "We'll see you in the Hague! ! "  
By Alf Hutchison inspired by an unnamed e mail

