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of Anthony Richard Turton**

**A Collection of Poems that Speak from my Heart**

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**Where is our African Renaissance?**

What is the story of this land?  
From where people fled so fast  
What enduring mystery can be found?  
Through the swirling mists of the past  
Is there a tale of humankind?  
That speaks of hope at last  
Or are we locked in cycles blind?  
Doomed to fear, no shade that peace can cast

**Anthony Turton – Rwanda 2006**

**One Man's Freedom is another Man's Fear**

Locked within the TNT  
The Demon lies there lurking  
Urging to be unleashed  
By a soldier unsuspecting  
Like a glutton to feed  
On flesh soft, blood and bone  
Why do we feel this primordial need?  
To invade someone else's home

What have *they* done to drive *us* so?  
Into that limbo of no-man's land  
Beyond what I call that thin grey line  
Dehumanized lost souls  
Why does the unknown cause *us* to fear?  
Making us act this way  
Or do we think if we call *them* Gook's  
We can simply do as we may?

Why are we afraid of those aspirations so?  
As *their* yearning simply to be free  
Ignites in *us* that thing called fear  
Is there no place in there somewhere for me?  
What will it take for us to start  
To seek between us common ground?  
Or does the beat of Mother Africa's heart  
Doom us eternal, no peace to be found?

**Anthony Turton – Conceived during various  
operations but written up in 2006**

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**A Forsaken Camp in Africa**

I came to this forsaken camp  
Some time in mid-July  
The Corporals they all laughed at me  
“The Soutie’s sure to die”  
They made me fill in forms  
Until I shook with fear  
About my parent’s politics  
And if my brother’s queer

Here’s your golden Dog Tags  
You’ll be in combat soon  
And a piece of paper  
To say you left here sane  
But if you’ve got ambition  
And want a good career  
Just sign along the ..... line  
And join for fifteen years

**Jointly composed by soldiers in my tent while imbibing heavily on music from the Vietnam War era**

**A Cavalry Commander’s Lament**

The Eland’s gears they whined and ground  
The radio hissed and spluttered  
With a dust-choked voice I gave command  
“HE Action – Loaded!”  
A stallion’s kick as the breechblock surged  
And the Demon’s shell struck home  
Rending flesh from bone and breaking steel  
Claiming some poor Mother’s son

In the dark of night I shed my tear  
Unable to cry out loud  
Thinking of those poor lost souls  
How can we as a people be proud?  
But in the shadow of the dawn  
As the darkness yields to light  
An unspoken question nags as I yawn  
How can we escape this plight?

And so the small idea gets life  
Like a germinating seed  
Taking root in the ruins of a bombed-out place  
Among the rubble where our fears used to breed  
As we lead young men with aggression into war  
Girding the softness of their fleece  
Can we do what has ne’er been done before?  
Dare to think that thought called peace...

**Anthony Turton – Conceived on a forgotten Cold War battlefield in Africa, but finally given birth in 2006**