

# SNATCHES OF VERSE

by Vortex

## Christmas 1975

Bells ring harmony and sing of peace:  
The fight for pride and privilege does not cease.

## White South African Dream

(January 1976)

Forgetting awhile the trials of the poor  
And the battle on our distant border,  
We were watching a film of the Second World War,  
Were amazed at the 1940 thrust, the order  
And cyclops-power of the tanks of the 'Huns'.  
'How could the French have been so blind?'  
We asked. Then we heard the thump of the guns,  
Battering our streets, opening our mind.

## Mr. Veracity

He handled all questions with confidence,  
For his tactics needed no defence:  
The aim of his acts was perfectly clear.  
His men hadn't **taken part** in the war:  
They had done no more than **participate**.  
They hadn't **fought**—they had followed their fate.  
Nor had soldiers **crossed** the border:  
They had just **been** over, to maintain order . . . . .  
Neither right nor sense sustained the fox,  
So he slithered through on paradox.  
His followers praised his expertise;  
But alert opponents took their ease  
In the thought that a man has had his day  
When his 'waarheid' is just verbal play.