

Christmas Snacks

By Dean Meredith

Yeah so cave and co
Bled their menace
Through my meat grinder
Brain on a hot salt
Rain dripping
Cloud covered
Liberating libatious
Beer soaked
Pizza perfect
Garlic fingered
Almost summer day
But I felt cool
Looked like a
Liquored up has-been
Throne back
From a barred room
Pathetic one hooker
Dance and I land
With a bounce
Like a fat king rat
All belly and whiskers
Tail in tact
Nose pointed
And a quirky
Little alley cat
Invites me home
To share her biscuits
She has me for dinner
I have her for dessert
Then she shows me
Her secret kitty stash
And she looks so cute
With those green almond eyes
And her I've got it walk
And her tail in the air
So I get down
And devour those bones

Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.

Sucking the marrow
Licking the best bits
Clean and dry
Then we pause
To develop our crazy smiles
And roll on our backs
And drift off like bats
As though it all was a
Dream of sorts
Where roles get blurred
And positions reversed
And it just don't matter
Who follows or leads
Coz that stuff just
Gets in the way
It's all about the music
And all about the song
And feeling
The words
They say

In and Out

By Dean Meredith

Needle goes in
Blood comes out
Hit goes in
Pain comes out

Rush comes in
Tide goes out
Days come in
Nights go out

Love walks in
Hate crawls out
Hate crawls in
Love walks out

Thirst creeps in
Hunger goes out
Worst creeps in
Best goes out

Cash comes in
Cash goes out
Bills pile up
Stash runs out

Users lob in
Dealers sell out
Family climbs in
Clock chimes out

Needle goes in
Blood comes out
Hit goes in
Pain comes out

Rush comes in
Tide goes out

Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.

Days come in
Nights go out

Dreams fly in
Dreams fly out
Debts add up
Time runs out

Collectors come in
Guns come out
Bullets go in
Blood runs out

Cold creeps in
Warmth seeps out
Fear sets in
Lights go out

Air comes in
Breath goes out
Death comes in
Soul gets out

Needle goes in
Blood comes out
Hit goes in
Pain comes out

Rush comes in
Tide goes out
Days come in
Nights go out

In Hoboken

By Dean Meredith

They'd been pokin'
Roun' Hoboken
Hopin' for
Some hillbilly grass

The locals jokin'
In Hoboken
'Bout them chokin'
An' fallin' on their ass

Few words were spoken
In Hoboken
An' they were tokin'
On fine hillbilly grass

Then they were chokin'
In Hoboken
Floatin'
Off their white lily ass

The locals jokin'
In Hoboken
'Bout them smokin'
An' chokin' on their grass

Their drought was brokin'
In Hoboken
With rain soakin'
An' runnin' down the glass

Coz they were smokin'
In Hoboken
An' they were tokin'
On fine hillbilly grass

All were jokin'
In Hoboken

Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.

'Bout the chokin'
An' floatin' off their ass

They were smokin'
In Hoboken
An' tokin'
On hillbilly grass

Yeah they were smokin'
In Hoboken
Token'
On fine hillbilly grass

Dean Meredith bio: Dean Meredith is an Australian poet, and short story writer. He is a graduate of the University of Western Australia; and his various works have been published in chap-books and journals domestically and abroad. Love, loss, and human nature are common themes. Major influences include Alfred Noyes, Sylvia Plath, Edgar Allan Poe, and WB Yeats. Dean's collected poems are due for release some time this year.