

## A Dark Wind Blew

By Dean Meredith

What was that?  
The wind said  
As it breathed  
... Death  
Into the room  
And weaved  
A withered foot  
And limped  
Candle lit  
... Unholy  
In the gloom  
It said ...  
Rush away  
Be gone  
Be gone  
And soon  
A storm of thoughts  
Thundered on  
And rained ...  
Over the moon  
Old dead wood  
Creaked and moaned  
Grinding teeth ...  
Through skin and bone  
Blood sparks flew  
From rusted nails  
Windows shrieked  
The banshee wailed  
Beautifully done son  
Beautifully done  
The darkness ...  
Will help you see

## Bambi

By Dean Meredith

It is night and the jungle lives  
Excited monkeys chatter  
Birds call and answer  
A full moon colours leaves trees grasses - green  
A brownish mist rises, thick from the earth  
A musty smell wafts through ferns palms  
Spider webs stretch heavy with insects  
Thirsty mosquitoes hang in the heat  
The backdrop - a veil of black  
A doe-eyed deer creeps cautiously into a clearing  
A city of eyes, look on, afraid to blink  
The deer meanders, alone, lost  
Breathing slows  
Heartbeats synchronize  
Noise tails off  
Cross-hairs focus  
Silence  
Then the quick flick of a switch  
And a great bright light makes day from night  
Shocked, dazed  
The little fawn freezes in hot white fear  
Three hard fingers squeeze triggers  
Raw instinct sets in, the deer thinks to bolt  
Its knees wobble, and trembling, it stumbles  
Slowly falling like a floating feather  
And crumples into the ground  
The sound of gunfire echoes around and dies  
A wailing cry rings out  
Another and another  
Until a frenzied cacophony rages from the boughs  
And not a hunter is heard  
As they silently drag the fresh lifeless form  
And the blood runs free still warm as it flows  
Over grass and leaves and sticks like paint  
To moss and clay on the soft moist floor  
Then quick as they came they are gone again  
And it is dark once more

## Crimes by Starlight

By Dean Meredith

And she visited  
Like it was old times  
And they were nervous  
Like it was old times  
But the kisses  
Were deep  
And untroubled  
And it should have stopped there  
But it hadn't  
And his mistake  
Was hers  
And they were criminals  
And they were  
Just right  
But broken  
And the moon  
And all the stars  
Were just right  
But broken  
And he smiled  
Like life would never end  
And she smiled  
Because she was happy  
And life  
Seemed like  
Death  
Again

**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.