

## The Deer and I by Amber Minhas

Beside the rough, sharp blackberry bushes, deer can be glimpsed,  
Eating juicy berries or soothing their heated fur against comforting, cold leaves.  
Eyes are golden, skins silky,  
Hair, soft as cool mist,  
Hooves, smoother than crisp paper.

Around the elegant deer, lie clumps of fresh, emerald-green grass,  
Friendly forget-me-nots are thriving, sweet scents filling the air.  
Oak trees have settled in, tall and commanding,  
Water, icy and refreshing, rests in streams and Holes Bay.

Later, I return and observe,  
The timid, milk chocolate coloured doe I have seen before,  
Glossy, cinnamon-speckled fur still sleek and radiant.  
Standing there in full glory, regarding me with respect.  
It is like I'm locked in a cage of sadness, watching the creature roam freely,  
In awe of how its presence gives me hope.