



Issue 18
July, 2021

Dead
On A
Doorstep

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Contributors

Joel P. Bark

Icarus

Porcelain Rose Depino

Josef Desade

Josh Davis

Edward Crossman

Where Buffalo Roamed

Joel P. Bark

(Spokane, WA)

Corn rows

Country roads

Head rush hour

Traffic jams

Thoughtless folk Deprogrammed

Barefoot souls sold predammed

Disney princess kissing toads

She don't care the Uncle Sam knows

Sandbox fornication

Boardwalk circle scams

Desktop desolation

It's never gone quite like they planned

The brand you drink

The brand you breathe

The brand you smoke

The brand you bleed

High heel teenage blitzkrieg

The same small town you'll never leave

Tight black pants sideways caps

Cargo shorts yoga mats

Hose blood off of a baseball bat

The dope fiend or the diplomat

I think it's probably best if we all leave.

The Faltering Land
Icarus
(North Windham, CT)

Tell me America,
If you are so beautiful then why is your soul bathed in the blood of
your children?
Speak to me,
Tell me the reasons behind these demon's atrocities.
Help me see the wisdom of their madness,
For I consistently fail to grasp the reasoning of their murderous
hands.
They're quick to pull the trigger and sign our names upon our
graves,
But never for our freedom.
Something that society is far too familiar with,
Yet in response, we ignite justice with rage that we can no longer
tame.
A foolish ignorance that has divided us all,
Leaving us walking with our face turned to the heavens,
Hoping our voices are finally heard.
They cry for justice,
Yet power severs their right to speak with the fire of guns.
Their voices drowned in a hail of bullets,
Seems like conscious topics turned the world into flames,
Severing the minorities' freedom and bringing this world to shame,
Many fall on their knees,
Screaming while their kin are violently cast into eternal sleep.
Slowly turning us into monstrous abominations,
Our sympathies become myth and our war becomes a legend.
So tell me America,
Why do you let them become so acquitted,

So accustomed to ignorance and chaos?
For it's your silence that has brought us to an era of bloodshed.
A willingful ignorance to the atrocities committed around you will
become your own downfall.

I'd Just Rather Tell You The Truth
Porcelain Rose Depino
(Windsor Locks, CT)

Beauty in America is all superficial.
Anything we've ever though was beautiful is torn down, or put
behind a fence.
The people who live here aren't themselves anymore...
All these trendy diets, and cosmetic surgeries,
All these kids look far older than me...
With their nose jobs, and their boob jobs,
But beauty is only skin deep.
None of them can hold a personality, let alone a conversation.
All the bleach is going to their heads.
Those vegan diets are preventing proteins from reaching their
already dying brain cells.
But we will force our idiocy on our children,
And make them hold the torch that will inevitably be our downfall.
The beauty we focus on is always vanity.
How we look in front of other people.
What we wear, what we drive, who we date.
We are always wanting...
"Needing"
More.
Need a bigger house.
Need a bigger car.
All the while, you all are destroying the thing I love the most.
The only thing that is worth a damn on this god-forsaken planet...
The ground you walk on.
The only time I find peace is when I am hidden deep in the forest.
Lost with only the sound of the wind in the leaves to guide me.
Mud coating my bare feet, small rays of sun piercing my eyes.
The occasional rock or root to throw me off my path.

But you all take that from me,
For your own selfish gain.
You mock me for my sadness, never really understanding my pain.
That's why I prefer the beauty of silence.
I love the beauty of solitude.
The true beauty of America is being one with nature,
Being one with yourself.
But everybody is too blind to see that truth.
We are all too busy hating ourselves, and taking it out on others.
You can call me a pessimist,
But I just rather tell you the truth.

Lonely Spaces
Josef Desade
(Manchester, CT)

On winding roads beside moonlit trees,
On the breath of a sweet summer breeze,
Under starry skies that smile upon lonely fields,
As Mother spins the seasonal wheel,
The trees burst to life in heavenly hues,
As snow capped peaks, serve as a silent muse,
To the touch of the brush in the painter's hand,
That uncovers tales of old from desert sands,
Which under regal skies stretch to churning waters,
That fed our sons, and daughters,
Not in the uncaring cities is beauty found,
But in ancestor's words, that left us spellbound,
Whispers around campfires that are told,
As human imagination unfolds,
And following a breadcrumb trail, we tread to secret groves,
Through bayou, and ancient mangrove,
Through fields of gold that span the view,
Vibrant flowers, and morning dew,
We find America's beauty in lonely spaces,
And within each and every one of our smiling faces,
In momentary silence, and fleeting caresses,
In nature's awe-inspiring expressions.

Only Born American
Josh Davis
(Jefferson City, TN)

My son born free and American, lives and breathes free.
My son, it cannot be said the same, about how you will die.
My son, may now and forever; never know what it means to be
American...

You were only born American,
Unfortunately that means a few things; but only in forgotten
memories.

My son, you were only born American,
All in all, a vote and a voice, go hand in hand,
Thrown to the streets, like a silent empty can,
You may never hear democracy's cry.
Voice silenced with no answer, don't ask why,
Because we are all only born American.

My son born free and American, lives and breathes free.
My son; democracy, the single cry heard round the world died today,
My son, may you and your children come to know,
What it means to be American.

You were only born American,
Unfortunately that means a few things; but only in forgotten
memories.

My son, you were only born American,
All in all, a vote and a voice, go hand in hand,
You may never hear democracy's cry.
Voice silenced with no answer, don't ask why,
Because we are all only born American.

My son born free and American, lives and breathes free.
My son; let no line ever be drawn, but if one has been, cross it
boldly.

My son, that is what it means to be American,
May you always remember and never forget.

Amen.

Untitled
Edward Crossman
(Hartford, CT)

Out of many, one,
An ever changing mosaic made of broken, jagged pieces.
Never finished, always evolving.
Like a charming alcoholic Aunt,
A checkered past breeds distrust,
But a will to do what's right, leads to an optimistic future.
She acknowledges the blood on her hands,
Spilt in ignorance and fear.
Lessons learned,
Redemption always found with the next generation.
She was born independent and fierce,
The product of losers, bastards, and cheats.
That rebel heart still burns within her,
And she does it her way.
Convictions held strong,
With a willingness to admit failure.
Her potential, a hopeful beacon to the world.
A light to guide the tired, the poor, the huddled masses yearning to breath
free.
Her voice rings true the sound of liberty,
And she holds close those willing to die for it.
She wears her flaws for all to see.
Perfect in her imperfection.
She is beautiful,
Not despite her scars,
But because of them.
A reminder of who she is today is better than who she was yesterday.
And who she will be tomorrow can still be better yet.

Thank you!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Joel P. Bark

Icarus

Porcelain Rose Depino

Josef Desade

Josh Davis

Edward Crossman

Thank you to everyone who took the time to download Dead On A Doorstep! Our July issue is one of two issues each year that is open to submissions from the entire U.S.

I encourage you all to share it with your friends, or tie it to a firework and launch it, or burn it over a backyard bonfire!

Dead On A Doorstep is a monthly indie press, featuring New England native poetry/prose. If you are interested in contributing to a future issue, please send submissions to DOADNE@gmail.com. Be sure to follow us on Facebook at facebook.com/doadne, or on IG [@Dead_On_A_Doorstep](https://www.instagram.com/Dead_On_A_Doorstep).

August – Forgotten Things

September – Open Topic

October – Nightmares & Spooky Shit