

Issue 26
July, 2022

Dead
On A
Doorstep



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Contributors

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G. Edweird Cheese

Ashley Trainor

E.W. Farnsworth

Porcelain Rose Depino

Josef Desade

When I Haven't Felt Enough
Linda M. Crate

When I am walking through
the forest full of wise, ancient trees
i feel a calmness and a peace;

when i am dancing in the creek
or listening to crow song i feel at home—

there is a magic in nature that can
heal any fragmented part of my soul,
and sew it back together;

nature has always approved of my magic
and my wilds and my ferals and she has
never asked me to tone down my crazy
or be less of myself or to behave—

she approves of my soft waves as well
as my raging thorns ready to cut the hands
of any who would seek to rip me from my dreams,

and she has always given me the courage
to go on when i haven't quite felt enough.

**If Nature Is So Great, Why Has Humanity Spent Eons Perfecting
Indoors?
G. Edweird Cheese**

Give me four walls with a roof and I'll adore it.
Outside is abhorrent, not to mention stupid and boring.
It's always too cold or it's snowing, or too hot, or it's pouring.
What about nice sunny days? Well, here is your answer:
That sun that you love, just loves to give you cancer!
There's pollen in spring. There's disease on the wind.
And after you freeze during winter, it starts all over again.
Outside are crawly things that love to bite and to sting,
leaving big nasty rashes that itch like a bitch.
And if you're allergic, well, you can just forget about it.
Out there are huge hairy beasts that will turn you into a feast.
They won't cease or desist to make you cease to exist.
They will eat off your face and be pleased about it,
because nature's a bitch and just doesn't give two shits.
There's rabies and scabies and dingos eating our babies.
Outside is either colder than fuck or hotter than Hadies.
It's us versus nature in this life or death race.
Humanity's losing. It's extinction for second place.
So I'll stay inside where it's secure and it's safe.
Outside is the world's most dangerous space.
If you're smart, you will agree and heed my global warning.
Fuck the polar bears and thank the gods for global warming!

Untitled
Ashley Trainor

I used to dread the mornings,
When the sunbeams crawled through my window
After another sleepless night.
It tried to coax me outside
With the singing birds,
Those birds that I never could figure out
Why they're so fucking happy at dawn.
Maybe I was jealous too,
That suns can set themselves on fire,
And I don't have that luxury.

The breeze always taunted me,
Finding it amusing to force me to hug myself for warmth.
It only seemed to love me with my hands tied,
And struggling for oxygen.

When I realized that nature will never break a promise,
I was able to look into the lake,
And smile at my reflection.
I've memorized those once gibberish bird calls,
As if they were song lyrics.
The pollen dripping from the bees legs,
Glistens as equally beautiful as the spider web.

I didn't think I'd even be close enough to notice.
The dragonflies in love,
Have given me hope that I'll find the same one day.

I'll probably always block the ever changing clouds with a book,
But at least I'm here.

Deceptive Cadence
E.W. Farnsworth

Symphony of celestial light and sound
The sand hill cranes wading swelling king tide
Fallen earth harbors squidgy swampy ground
Where once fish leapt sparkling as they elide.
The twilight mingles shadows with the shades
As we bemoan our worries on the pier
Small matters blown like reeds of everglades
Beckoning ghosts and cold thoughts of the bier.
Why so sad as the heavens open wide?
So young you seem against the Pleiades.
I am the aged one whose numbers slide
Towards the yawning void of grim Hades.
Once I ruled unwisely with scepter crude,
Unruly seas I sought by sway to quiet.
You witnessed that folly and wept and smiled.
Ignoble spells failed to quell the riot.
So hubris always falls by sleight beguiled.
Shut the window and draw the heavy drape.
Think not reverses time can overturn.
We made our mortal measures to escape
In vain as wretched creatures born to burn.
To rise above the sea that lays us low,
Take now my hand and match me as I go.
Your weeping beggars what we've done below
In heat and now we change from fast to slow
And as we soar, let's revel in the glow
Of our sonic memorial echo.

Empty Since I Left
Porcelain Rose Depino

My feet do not feel the same since I left
This dark chill hangs to my bones since I left
My heart feels heavy since I left
The only place I feel at home.

The mud pulls my toes in to make me understand
The wind slaps my face to remind me I am alive
The rain cools me down to prevent me from overreacting

In the only place I feel at home.

Out in those woods I feel worth something
Laying under the stars I feel humbled
From the trees I learn to be a better person
Why must leave the place that makes me feel like home?

I have this severe emptiness since I left
I cannot explain it, but I now know what I deserve
I have the urge to give up this structured life I lead
Because I long to be barefoot in the place I feel at home.

They tell me it is just a vacation

They tell me I am dreaming if I think life could be so simple
But I know I belong to something more than this
I belong to the woods that make feel at home.

Untitled
Josef Desade

We sat in silence; we sat in the cleansing rain,
The chorus of crawling creatures greeting our ears and in the stillness the
darkness was complete,
No motion in sight, yet we felt all the eyes upon us as they silently
contemplated why we had arrived,
Quietly watching as the rain silently fell,
And we awoke upon a wind polished log that was slowly disappearing
beneath the shifting sands and set our eyes upon a timeless dance,
Where the moon courted the sun as the planets watched enraptured in a
celestial silence while waves serenely licked the shore before us.
We were spellbound, in awe as we sat beneath the abyss,
Its offspring calling to us from watery depths,
Wiping the features with each and every exhale...
Steady breathing...
In...out...
Inhaling the salty air as a slow drizzle began to fall on us,
And we saw beauty amplified from behind a veil of tears,
As we were one with the infinite possibilities; the infinite stories that played
out within our thoughts,
As we discovered that we were home...in ecstasy...in serenity...
The ancient waters reaching up to guide us back to forgotten recesses,
Primordial memories that had been forgotten, as mesmerized we had gazed
upon the eternal spiraling of the sun and the moon,
Forever chasing what lay at the end, if there was an end...
Although one was never within sight,
And the water reflected Luna's splendour as she graced the tide with a kiss,
As the cities and subways, the horns blaring beneath toxic clouds, men
fighting over scraps while their daughters sold their souls for a quick fix...
All the chaos and monotonous jobs...were seen for what they truly were,
Meaningless.

Every Color Of Beauty
Linda M. Crate

The daffodils and tulips
are running down the hill,
they have no fear of the
coming weather;

and so i am trying to be like
nature and throw myself
at the world and sprout in all the
places that i can because concrete
may not be the most comfortable of
homes but i have still seen flowers
grow there—

and the crows shout their joy and their
happiness and their rage and so will i
because we all have voices and stories
to tell,

and why should i be silenced by fear or misgivings?

i am going to paint myself like a sunset and shine in
every color of beauty.

Thank You!

Thank you to this month's contributors...

**Linda M. Crate
G. Edweird Cheese
Ashley Trainor
E.W. Farnsworth
Porcelain Rose Depino
Josef Desade**

Thank you to everyone who took the time to download Dead On A Doorstep! I encourage you all to share it with your friends, bring it to the beach or enjoy it in the shade of tree!

Dead On A Doorstep is a quarterly indie press featuring 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).

**October – Spooky Times & Folk Tales (Open to all worldwide)
January – A New Start (Open to U.S. Residents)**