



Issue 20
September, 2021

Dead
On A
Doorstep

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Contributors

Edward Crossman
Craig Richard Reichenbach
Porcelain Rose Depino
Josef Desade
Icarus
Camo Salve

For My Kind Of People

Edward Crossman

I'm here to pay tribute to the fallen and the forgotten folk.
The ones who are laughed at, but never get the joke.
The freaks left behind, the fanatics, and faggots.
The altruistic alcoholics and those with a stack a day habit.
The losers and lovers, the liars and thieves.
The agnostics and the atheists and those that just can't believe.
I'm here to remind you of those that never had a chance.
The weirdos at the party who are never asked to dance.
All the lesbian leaders and homosexual heroes,
Who set the old world on fire like proficient pyros.
This is for all the kids at the top of the shit list.
The polyamorous punk rockers and misunderstood misfits.
I stand united with the heathens who revel in sin.
The black sheep left out in the cold, longing to get in.
I'm here for the queers and the queens and the kings with a kink.
The lost and the lonely, left behind on the brink.
All those pushed to the edge and shoved in the corners.
The neurotic natives and the fantastic foreigners.
Those called stupid and slow, the spaz and the idiot.
For the kids who are laughed at for their disorders and deficits.
The moron and tard, the dumb, blind and deaf.
The ones slowly picked apart until they have nothing left.
Those with black and broken hearts worn out on their sleeve.
The wicked and wild who reject the Amerikan dream.
I see the invisible, the broken, the lost, the dead and the damned.
Shoulder to shoulder with these people, my people, united we stand.

Meeting of The Minds

Craig Richard Reichenbach

Hello, my old friend,
It's good to see you again,
My heads been fuzzy and unclear,
The welling of surmounting tears,
Time has passed us by,
It's you that I cannot hide,
I acknowledge you and your existence,
Here's my fortitude and resistance,
Fore, yes, you are a part of me too,
There's no amount of running away from you,
You challenge me to the highest degree,
My bedfellow, I decree,
Like a monkey on my back,
Just waiting for that opening to attack,
You warp and placate the mind,
It's trouble, you manage to find,
Let me make this abundantly clear,
It's you, I no longer fear,
You see, I am a strong and solid man,
I am living my life the best that I can,
My journey, welcome aboard,
You don't need to like me, I can politely show you the door,
You are that darkness which lays within,
I need to embrace you and make my amends,
I will no longer ignore you or shut you out,
You're the part of me that I can't do without,
Why must I be one or the other?
Which one do I allow to smother?
While embracing you, I embrace all of me,

It's our journey of life to fulfill our prophecy,
The melding of positivity and negativity,
The grand design and all its possibilities,
To find the center, equal balance,
To form an unwritten alliance,
To find the middle ground,
To feel more resound,
For me, it's all or nothing at all,
Memories and events, I can recall,
In a whole, my nature is good,
I am finally being understood,
To know my value and my worth,
The fruits of my labor, here on Earth.

But You Are The One Who Made My Heart Bleed

Porcelain Rose Depino

I have lost countless hours of sleep,
I have lost many hours of work,
I have lost all of my sanity,
But you are the one who made my heart bleed.

My husband is empty inside...lost.
My in-laws are broken...torn up.
My rodents are sad...patiently waiting.
But you are the one who made my heart bleed.

I have tried to communicate with you,
I have tried different methods to get the help you need,
I have tried to be what you need...a friend,
But you are the one who made my heart bleed.

You are self-destructive, manipulative and untruthful,
You are petty, childish and hateful,
You are vengeful, negative and explosive,
You hate yourself, but do you even know why?
You cannot love your father if you do not love yourself,
You cannot love your grandparents if you do not love yourself,
You cannot eat, sleep, breathe, live...if you do not love yourself,
You cannot be my friend...until you love yourself.

I am still searching for my baby girl...the one I had two years ago.
She was bright, beautiful, lovable, mature,
But you are not her...I don't know who you are,
I can't even look at you...the disappointment makes me sick.

So I hear you hate me...that I am a whoring tramp,
You want me gone...your father needs to choose,
How low do you have to be as a person?
To make him choose between his happiness and his suffering?
He struggled your whole existence to get you the things you need to
grow,
Gave you every last cent to clothe and feed you,
Your last words to him still stabbing his heart,
You are the one making his heart bleed.

I hope one day you take the time to read the poems I've written for
you,
Some good, some sad,
But it hurts me to admit that my gut feeling says you don't even
care.

I hope you find what you need where you are going,
I cannot make this journey with you, nor do I want to,
You've burnt every bridge I've made to get to your heart,
So with deepest sorrow, I have to say goodbye,
Because you are the one who made my heart bleed.

Meatgrinder

Josef Desade

Deathbed orations,
Excursions into the meatgrinder.
Gut wrenching...spiraling...transcending.
Pulsing flesh, throbbing to a slow drum,
Raw
Pulp
Raw
Pulp
Pulsing...
Slipping with arms outstretched,
Trance-like rhythm...
Smoke burns from distant pyres, as it flirts with the sky,
As twilight descends...
The hillsides bathed in a milky gray...
Among sleeping giants...
Among sleeping giants...
Rest your head.
The bus stations empty.
Stained plexiglass,
Our dreams carved in frantic scratches,
Graffiti of worn and wasted lives,
Nothing but a former baby and an aspiring corpse,
The creak of an old rocking chair,
Its paint worn and forlorn.
Relics of better days,
Cold ivory in the nursery,
Porcelain smiles,
Stained by the rolling tide,
Rising and falling,
The petals drift to the floor in silence.

Lovers Fool

Icarus

You tasted defeat at the hands of your demons and cowered away,
Sabotaging everything within your grasp,
Shoving your face in your vices.

How pathetic you've become,
Giving into the whispers of demons,
Knowing

You had it all.

And because the powers that be exiled you from the life you were
used to,

You diminish someone's innocence,
Just so you can feel something even if it costs the love she has for
you.

Your ignorant mind has failed to see the ramifications of your selfish
desires.

You anesthetize your heart and soul so you feel no guilt,

No remorse for what evil your hands have wrought.

And so she stands there viewing herself as if she has no worth in this
cursed world.

All because you felt the need to feed your empty void with her light,
Leaving her empty and hollow in the process.

So tell me this you coward soul,

Was her sinking to the bottom,

Begging for your sadistic love,

Worth it all?

Existential Crack Pipe

Camo Salve

Oh, I once had greasy hair,
So greasy I gave indigestion to a bear,
With a face from David the Gnome,
I was an adolescent troll,
But then I wen to the city,
To get a degree and cop a feel on some titties,
And ended up on the street,
Clean shaven, with uneven feet,
And starvation did me good,
My ideal weight I found while living in the woods,
But to Skid Row I went,
To try and make it, with waist bent,
Over and over I danced,
Sometimes the mood would strike me and I would prance,
As movie execs filled my strings,
Hoping to get a peek of that thing,
But I left it all behind,
For an existential crisis I did find,
And into the desert I went,
With a crack stem I was lent,
And in that empty expanse I found,
I was into leather and being bound,
And for a couple hundred a week,
I now lay at an 80 year old heiresses feet.
Woof.

Thank You!

Thank you for this month's contributors,

Edward Crossman
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Thank you to everyone who took the time to download Dead On A Doorstep! I encourage you all to share it with your friends, or send it back to school, or let it burn in the September heat!

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.

October – Nightmares & Spooky Shit
November – Winter Haiku's
December – Open Topic