



Issue 13
February, 2021

Dead
On A
Doorstep

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Contributors

Camo Salve

Icarus

SofiBee

Porcelain Rose Depino

Edward Crossman

Rebecca Morin

Josef Desade

Jeff States

Ashley Congdon

No Makeup Camo Salve

“You lying, stupid, son of a bitch!”

“Exactly, and a door that is both bloated AND a frail old rubber granny, might as well be a coffee table”...

...There was a wave of laughter cascading over the desert sky. I had lost the card game and stepped outside to take a huff of gas. The nonsense words I quoted turned slowly into chicken balk...

I made a phone call over to the lodge, looking for a request to burn...

caulked my self and belched to Meredith “book me a session with Alex – no make up”

The Gypsy In The Crypt Icarus

Her death should have been a cathartic experience.

Sadly, it took on the form of despair.

Soon the night is layered deeply in an obsidian
blanket.

Church bells ring gently into sanguine midnight.

You lean your back on your mahogany coffin,

Slowly drowning yourself in cheap liquor,

While you quietly shiver all alone in despair.

You have absolutely no one.

No home, no hovel or hill to call shelter.

Nothing but your rugged suitcase and the paths
ahead with nothing but the unknown leering back.

The eagerness in your heart perished with her,

Leaving you to wallow in your own self-pity,

As the life of shelter is ripped from your grasp,

Violently you are flung into reality, like a baby bird
from the nest.

With no wings to slow your descent,

Though destruction was never the true intent of the
cosmos,

Her departure was imminent, her life fated to be
ephemeral before it had even started.

Yet her life and actions have torn your sanity
asunder.

Pieced back together like a broken vase,
Whole anew, yet now with a more fragile beauty.

Not all in life is set in stone.

Yet you wallow in your own misery.

A toxic brew to swallow down,
You imbibe the misery that prevents you from
venturing onwards from this pale cemetery.

Domestication
SofiBee

I feel your weakness
My Valentine wolf
When your blood pumps
Full of honey
You are fatally drawn by the moon
Claws are ready
Yet – you burry
Golden head in the snow
One more day
Holding to pieces
What you found
Obscene and adored
At the ice hard surface
Deeper once more
In reflection of stars
You are feral with love

My Baby Girl

Porcelain Rose Depino

The day she left was the day I changed
Unable to understand what has come over me
I feel colder now that the wind blows through the
hole in my chest

My ears bleed with every note of silence

It isn't the same without her here

I miss her laugh, her smile

She is my puzzle...I like puzzles

I examine each clue in order to solve the mystery
that is her

Lara Croft trying to free the white queen

I am but a child myself

Maybe I need the space, the separation...for a little
while

Allow her to come back to me

If she loves as I do her, she'll come back

Why am I lying to myself?

I have no purpose without her

I have no reason to live

So I made the first move

Every little way I can show her I love her

I do them
I want to be her security blanket
I want to be her safety
For I am her momma
And she is my baby girl.

Damnation To Salvation

Edward Crossman

You're a specter in the shadows that only I can see,
My constant companion, constantly demanding,
constant commanding.

I can always hear your angelic voice, whispering
your sweet lies, like honey over jagged shards of
glass.

I saw your treachery, but the numb was like a home
to me, a sanctuary.

Lies! It was a cemetery.

A place for me to die, my own private suicide.

Slow and on the sly.

A place where I was replaced and some stranger
was now wearing my face.

You're always within reach, your willing hands
begging to please, but your touch is diseased.

You're leprosy. Rot and decay is all you achieve.

You made me believe in the fallacy that you, and
only you, loved me.

No one else, only you.

Say a lie enough times, and it becomes true.

They all tried. They begged, and they cried. And I
just denied.

Denied.

Denied.

Denied.

Denied.

If there was a problem, it was theirs, never mine.

And of course you agreed. It's them, not us.

So I conceded you're the only one I can trust.

And I needed you to be near, to feel that rush.

It was a need that outweighed everything else.

Including myself.

Especially myself.

So, for you I put my life on a shelf.

I became the only witness to the sickness I inflicted
on myself.

But since those long past days of vomit and candy,
When the music was the only reason people could
stand me.

Your influence waned and could no longer
command me.

I've grown stronger the longer I admit that you
damned me.

Though you may never really ever truly leave me
in peace.

You will be a constant reminder that salvation's
always within reach.

Untitled
Rebecca Morin

A world filled with fools and I'm number one...

Dipping my feet into your chaos makes it run
through my veins, but I still repeat it.

I always crave the burn, and then when you vanish
again I freeze.

My torture is on the hands of both of us because I
show you my scars like a slap in your face.

It stings, doesn't it?

Watching someone unravel and nothing you can do
will fix them.

In the process of saving you, I destroyed myself.

I think that I invite you in just to make you regret
my hello, just like I have so many times with yours.

You did it.

Darkness no longer needs to call my name, because
it is my friend.

My heart is cold forever, because of your
distasteful flaws.

I've learned to call them that.

Your manipulations,

Your sword like words that leave the ugliest scars.

Those are Andres' "flaws" because they are never
going to go away.

Even fourteen months after our final goodbye you
still tried to lie, and manipulate me, and got mad
that my response was insanity instead of
hopelessness.

You spent what felt like a lifetime,
Torturing me, and making me feel small, and
uncomfortable.

And now it's your turn.

Do you like the feeling of not being in control?
I can do anything I want, and say anything I want,
and I'm not going to stop because Starlife doesn't
like what I'm saying.

I won't fall asleep crying because you don't love
me.

I won't scream in agony,
I will scream in hysterics, and in awe that I found
someone with no metamorphosis.

Me?

I won't stay crazy forever...

I will travel

Go back to school

Learn new ways

I will heal in time to live to see my grandchildren,
But you, old friend,
You'll be a lonely old man with needles, and cut up
straws as your companions.

The sound of voicemails will be your friend,
Because no one wants to dip their feet in your
chaos anymore.

Same old act to try and ruin another life by your
poison.

That's all you are.

I used to believe in the will to change.
The hope that things will be better in the end.
Because everyone deserves that.

But not you.

You don't, and things won't be better later.
People who destroy other human beings don't
deserve hope.

Front to everyone all you want,
But I know the truth.

And you will see.
I promise.

A Moment Held, A Moment Gone (Misplaced Breath)

Josef Desade

A hollow roar, between snow covered hills...
Into the valley beyond frosted windowsills...
Through sleepy hamlets, and empty roads...
Contemplation among forgotten bones...
Harmony found, as father winter blows...
Flushed skin,
and
numb toes...
A whisper on the wind...
Confessing all of our sins,
To the sacred sky that listens attentively,
As we yearn for a connection mentally,
Rebirth...
The phoenix risen...
Eager flesh, awaiting the first incision...
AS we drape ourselves in silicone, and rust...
Our senses illusory, unable to trust...
Our own souls violent cries,
For it has been so long since we saw a blue sky...
Screaming into the endless abyss,
A puff of breath, a misplaced kiss.

Untitled
Jeff States

I feel a hollow vortex of cold in my soul.
It's tearing through me, ripping me apart.
The coldness freezes my insides and nearly
stops my heart as the icicles it throws it to
my mind perforate it and warp it
beyond recognition.

They say a man is a miserable pile of secrets and all I
can say is they're not wrong.
The whirlwind picks up my sins and whips them back at
me with all the force it can muster,
and the discordant noise is the sweet song of absolution.

My eyes are Crimson, as are my hands.
Let the storm come and wreck me.
I stand my ground before the dervish and welcome it
with open arms, asking it to free me from these bonds.
The sound is loud, the wind is swift, but soon, peace
awaits.

Remembering You

Ashley Congdon

"I love you! I wish I could go with you",
Were the last words that you spoke to me.
Never did I dream,
That this is the way it would be.

The smell of peanuts,
And diet coke burps,
Will forever be remembered,
No matter how much it hurts.

Your comforting bear hugs,
In your big red Marlboro jacket,
Wrapped forever around me,
Until time no longer allows it.

Thank you!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

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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 to
the IRS, or use it to start a fire to keep warm!

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March – Philosophy of Life

April – Open Topic