



Issue 17
June, 2021

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On A
Doorstep

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Contributors

Sarah C.T.

Icarus

Rebecca Morin

Porcelain Rose Depino

Josef Desade

Sarah Kerendian

John Webb

The Un-rooted Soul-dier
Sarah C.T.

Just after the eclipse.
It's cold.
Rain fills the gaps of time where I,
am minus, him.

With a wayward swagger, he enters the room.
Finely chiseled outstretched arms rub rays of sun
onto my skin.

I don't ask where he's been.
The short answer would be
Where he hasn't
I take him in.
I take him in 'til organs shift and
Thoughts lay reclined.

Creating memories that are
Rushed like timed exams
Few and far between yet,
Fond.

Far from a vagabond this man commutes through
covert operations
Enabling situations and legwork of miles most
leave unseen
From inner city streets
To the remote off-beat where you need high beams
I take Broad to Park and park to Amity Street
While interstates and airline gates,
Single serving dinner plates navigate his way home.

Lost in a dial tone
Cryptic memorandum and elusive undertones
vibrate my phone
Erotic pulses between my thighs
I may just be his concubine
You know how
Good girls like bad guys and
I tend to walk a straight line
That is, with a hustle close by.

He keeps a low profile and wears a go getter
mentality on both sleeves
Approach all situations with heed and totes
proficiency like a pendulum
With the law of permittance at his hands and feet
And punctuality at its peak.
Blink, and he's gone
The Un-rooted Soul-dier
Forlorn.

(In memory of Scott Wilson)

**Truth Beneath the Pearly Night
Icarus**

You robbed me of my heart and mind
beneath the midnight skies,

A simple truth I wish to cast into the abyss of
nothingness,
The void where my true self lays murdered
by my own
hand,
Yet, through your lips I was reborn,
A sweet taste that was flourished beneath
the moon by the silent lake,
A place we dared no man to stand,
Nor allowed them to imprint,
For it was ours, and ours alone.
And although through you, I found myself,
You've unlocked a passion from deep within,
That I've longed to feel
and inked in my pages of words.
Though my heart feels feeble from this truth,
It's through these trials of fear I've learned to be brave.
A facade of courage for which I no longer
yearn,
A casual lust the opposite of my goals and
intentions.
So let us no longer despair,
Nor remain silent in our lips' true desire.
Where our garments are no longer white,
As we are bathed in our sins and virtues,
Leaving our hearts vulnerable to our
innermost truths
and demons.
A path I no longer desire to hesitate upon,
Even if the world bear witnesses the flaws of
our broken silence.

Untitled
Rebecca Morin

One thing no one (but my mom) tells you is that healing hurts just as bad, if not more than what you need healing from. The battle continues even once the sun shows itself. You find out who you truly are. You find out what brings the heaviness in your chest, and why the sharp pain in your heart happens when you see something that hurts your feelings. You learn just how many feelings you have, despite your effort to hide it all with a smile, or stupid jokes. Everything you learn in this stage of becoming who you were always supposed to be, hurts like hell. You find out that the friends you put first, put someone else first. That the people you want to spend time with, fill their time with other people. You find out that life really isn't fair and to the world, it doesn't really mean a goddamn thing

when your feelings are hurt. People will say they understand you and not even realize that they're contributing to your heartache.

Strength has always been something everyone knew I had from an early age, and because of that, that's all people expect from me.

What no one realizes is that that's not all I have. I have the ability to catch a difference in your vibe, I notice how you stop calling me as much, how the texts get shorter, and how your energy changes from the last time I saw you. I notice everything and feel even more. I

long for a friendship or relationship where I get the same thing I have always given out. I guess all I'm trying to say is that I'm proud to be healing and evolving, but it's ripping my emotions to shreds. If I seem distant it's because I'm questioning everything and everyone. It's not personal. I'm just tired of my energy being wasted on things that make me sad. I might be emotional, I might be too passionate, I might be something else; but I'm finding out what I am. Nothing is what it seems. I'm learning to understand that my expectations are always set higher than what people are capable of, and that it is no one's fault but my own. The pedestals I placed these people on are beautiful, but they're starting to crumble. The only thing I have to learn, is to accept all of it, and that's the real journey.

I Just Might Have To Tap Out Porcelain Rose Depino

You know, I am getting really sick of all the bullshit

The lies, the manipulation, the neglect...

Just found out recently that my whole childhood was a lie

And I gotta be honest...I haven't been handling it very well

I started drinking more and talking less, and participating less and
gaming more

I only go out when I have to go to work or need groceries

Does anyone ever ask me if I'm okay?

No.

No one fucking cares.

Everyone is lazy, selfish, and easily butt hurt.

If you have nothing for them, they have nothing for you.

I mean tangible things...because in this day and age materialism is
everything.

Oh...and not being able to think for yourself seems very popular as
well.

Technology is in the hands of children at a very young age and it is
manipulating them.

I am watching my own stepdaughter being eaten alive by it.

You know...it kills me to know that she would rather learn things
from strangers online, than hear a page from my book.

It kills me that she has a father trying to be in her life, who she wants
nothing to do with.

All I have wanted is my father to be there for me.
I would kill for that opportunity, but I realized at a young age that
you cannot make anyone change.
You cannot make people do things they don't want to do.
And no one cares about the truth.
Truth to them is what you see online, what you see in the media,
what corporations tell you.
But the truth, is life is just suffering and you too have all been lied to
your whole lives.
If life is only living for yourself, then what's the point in doing this
anymore?
And since that's the way we are headed, I think this might be my
first tap-out.

Cigarette Burns & Cut Scenes
Josef Desade

A barren hollow tomb.

Cracked and ashen knuckles.
Two days stubble.
The steeple whispers lies
Nicotine stained, shifty eyes
Confessions to a setting sun
An early grave in the bottom of a bottle.
Shallow breaths, youthful smile
Hairpin turns, cheap whores
Painted face, broken dreams
Vibing to the rhythm.
A hollow pact.
A feverish dream.
A view of the grave.
Cigarette burns and cut scenes.
Fishnet thighs and wasted lives.
ON her knees, a mother cries.
Watching headlights pass by
Animal eyes and flattened flesh
Cigarette smoke in every caress.
Poetry at the stroke of a brush
Fading city lights and broken trust.
Shattered friendships come and go
Strangers entering the fold.
Shadows, shades, broken guitar strings
Youthful hope and engagement rings.
Wishes gone with summer flings
Caterpillars gaining wings.
Shouting from up on high
Live so you never die.
Growing to a faster pace
Transcendence, just a taste.
Prayers to a lost faith

As we scratch and claw at the cage.
Confined.
Limitations.
Idle fancy.
An illusion.
A misplaced passion
Broadcast on a television screen
All an irretrievable dream.

Fast Scars Are Cars
Sarah Kerendian

Vanishing far far far away into the deep dark forest.
Away from humanity, material, technology.
She has found peace within the trees, birds, and the moss she lays
her head on.
For the one she loved the most, has died in a horrific car crash back
in 1993.

Fast cars, sudden crash.

Her heart stops.
Her dreams wither away in a flash.

Driving is death in her paralyzed eyes and stubborn mind.
Nature is her soul.
Yet her fears forever roam.
Flashbacks haunting her as she walks on a path, no man has traveled.
Up above a crow flies by, her only friend at this dark time.

She's better off alone in thy woods, cause people are judgmental.
And deep down she's so sentimental.
Sensitive as baby deer.
Invisible with endless fear and pain.
As she walks away deep into thy forest, into the unknown fog.
Disappearing, fading slowly.

Numb to the core, as the crow follows her through the deep forest
fog.
Disappearing just like that,
For nothing ever lasts.

If These Tears Could Talk...
John Webb

If these tears could talk...
What would they say?

I believe they would say that I have in fact seen the horror. I have in fact seen the hurt. I do feel all alone in this vicious battle of emotional despair.

These tears would also tell you that so few have fallen from joyous occasions. That less than a few were happy tears. That sounds so sad...that's because it is.

Happiness is merely a fairy tale I've read about in a book, or seen on a screen. How pathetic is that? Imagine being that heart that longs for acceptance, being so selfless, but always wondering if you are the only one that feels this way.

What if you really are trapped in this world to be tortured daily,
To be emotionally broken til your time expires.
What a sad, sad existence that would be.

Hi, my name is John, and this is me.

Masturbatory Epithets **Josef Desade**

Full moon, fluttering moths
Turn it down, riding coattails
Kerouacs, polite hacks
Round the bend heaven grinned
Pink hair and pierced clits
Too deep, too deep
Go back to sleep.
Hush.
Lock your windows.
Open your doors.
(Sad)istic voyeurs
Honest lawyers
Junksick well-doers.

Too deep, too deep
Go back to sleep.
Hush.
God didn't come through.
God didn't come through.
God didn't cum.
Erect and at attention.
Crucified and full of pretension
Cuddles and suspension
Still no comprehension
Fucking and cigarettes
Masturbatory epithets
Shadows that are absent
Go to sleep, among fragments.

A Reason For Tomorrow
Icarus

If tomorrow comes,
I hope I wake up at dawn,
To watch the sunlight gently kissing your skin.
And though I know I'm not first
to hold your hand,
Nor to hold your heart,
I'll be your last.
Through every struggle, despite failures or triumphs,
I will bask in the radiance that is your sunset.
When you lay down peacefully on my chest,

Know that within my arms it will always
be warm and safe.
Till then a goodnight kiss I will bestow
upon your lips,
And hopes that tomorrow comes once again,
It naught for more than to experience
that radiant smile of yours just one second more.

Thank you!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Sarah C.T.

Icarus

Rebecca Morin

Porcelain Rose Depino

Josef Desade

Sarah Kerendian

John Webb

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 bring it to the
beach, or fold it into an origami swan and sail it on a pond!

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England native poetry/prose. If you are interested in contributing to a
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July – The Beauty of America (Open to all US residents)

August – Forgotten Things

September – Open Topic (New England residents)