



Issue 1
February, 2020

Dead
On A
Doorstep

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Contributors

Bianca Racine

Camo Salve

Leala Daigle

Josef Desade

Zen Zoon

Teddy Ren

Porcelaine Rose Depino

Brandon Jones

Michael Dassel

My Hands

Bianca Racine

They are a diary of sorts. they recite truth, rehearse lies, report experiences, narrate stories, relate feelings.

But I bet you didn't know that they grip onto my secrets, and hold on to them with a tight fist squeeze. They are the base to the being that is me.

These vigorous wrists hold the veins that allow frigid blood to flow. They've been tinged too many times throughout the years. Lots of blues and blacks, some shades of purple, dissolving yellows, disheartening reds. They've been traced by dulled objects, sharp objects, markers and pens. By tongues, and teeth, bringing sensation and chills. By the kisses of lips that bare pastels.

Palms on pins and needles, show what expression does not land on my face. They can be read like a story, on why I make lovers haste. They meet one on one, with those I have just met. They deal with the devil, on a devils bet. They are traced with romantic fingers, in the passion of night. And they are as hard as a rock when it's time to fight.

My fingers give away a secret code. They flinch on the fire, and go numb in the cold. They are sullied with the cum, of those that I did not care. They are yearning for the ones to whom are no longer there.

These hands...my hands...are stained with death. Casting me nightmares, that steal my breath. Vanquishing all that makes me whole. Leaving my body without my soul.

My hands are lucky they aren't in my head....

For you'd find my brain...strangled, dead.

Untitled Camo Salve

I heard that after last night you were speaking about me. About my pants, and my hair and how you "didn't know what I was doing" -

Save for the fact that a friend of ours; a once, could have been potential ex of mine, if I was where I am now then - presents himself this way, and has for so long, and yet you speak of him with upward inflections, mutating into laughter, how he warms your heart. Why not me, when we have known each other longer? Why not me when after the death we have seen, and the hugs we share. are you a washed up reality TV star? Are you anxious about constant nights alone on a roof, with the thought of cancer tickling your organs reserved to the back of your brain, in hopes you can continue to live life "your way". Impressive how you have never changed, you are one of my favorite sculptures, emerging from stupendous plants and pretend radiation of red lights, enlightening me with the wailing sounds of ghosts, cold, and forcing their way between the cracks in the window - cracking the glass cold.... I am now cold to you because I heard that after last night you were speaking about me. I refuse to stay inside all night like a dog waiting for the master to return from dinner, only with a woman that he'll certainly pleasure, as my hairy ass wishes for the warmth of the edge of the bed. I do not desire a whirling AC unit, constant. I desire the darkest demons of the night surrounding me, even if it leads to our annihilation. Why not me, after the death we have seen? seems like you really like reality TV. Seems like you were speaking about me...

Communist Pornography

Leala Daigle

The housecats whiskers grow as long as the width of her body.
If she grows fat, her whiskers will grow as long as her gut protrudes.

Don't mean to be rude
She's just bound to be like that
Stupid and fat.

The housecats spawn can multiply her being by a hundred, in a
matter of years.

If she grows to be a whore, even if she's poor, she will give birth to
five female kittens, whom in return each will birth five more, and for
each five more to be born.

I don't mean to mourn.

The slut will impose the slut on her daughter, with an absentee father

We call this communist pornography.

These cats don't belong to you or me.

Instead they are praised, their heir is ablaze.

Shut me up and kick my knees,
Yell at me.

Tell me I must pay an expensive fee, for neutering is not free.
Send all gold back to you, to destroy blithe genes that forsake thee.

Look into the kitties eyes so green.

Cat memes

Grumpy cat

Cat in the hat

We can't get enough of these lovely cats.

Though remember....

They don't belong to you.

Nor do they belong to me.

They are a product of communist pornography.

Shall I go on....

Shall I forsaken a sacrilegious song?
Can I tell you how they start them off young.
On the TV
Media junkies
In educational facilities
Even at raves.
There are endless possibilities
To sell your soul to what is untold
Call me the Antichrist, but he's already came and done...
Jesus Christ
The Jehovah's Witness
It's really no ones business
The Talmud
The Quran
The Bible
Hallowed be thy name, for the devils won.
Currency
China
Atomic bombs
Trayvon Martin
Let's not ruin the fun.
Cats hate dogs, and the dogs never won.
Emotional undertone
Ruffled fur
Scratching posts
Kitty dope
It's ALL been done.
And the communist pornographers just yell...
Run kitty, run kitty, run kitty run.....

A Toast

Josef Desade

Repent...repent...just change your view,
Follow the motions; express no personal constructions...
No opinion outside the hive...
After all, we are your mind.
Tune out, and flip the switch,
Soak it all in, here, let us tag that wrist...
Saturated...masochistic...
Post traumatic, and narcissistic...
Just a soul...
Just a stain...
Third eyes blind to the charade.
Existence...post mortal visions...
Seen through the eye of a syringe...
Acidic fluid...intentions singed...
Seen in the eye of an angelic fall...
No arms with which to crawl.
Upon missing limbs, and butterfly wings,
Insects, and the innocence of children that sing...
Beyond the womb, and astral travails,
Within our soul, the story we tell...
To empty auditoriums, and shadows that listen...
We raise a toast, to a future christening...
When poets lay still in the ground,
Their words are left to be found.

●●TheSkagDrag ●●
Zen Zoon

○ur bones the mast,
Our hearts, our souls, our burning black flag,
Locked in our rib cages,
The outcast is contagious,
We'll outlast the wrinkles in our own faces,
We trudge in the mud to lose rat races,
Never know the truth because,
We ripped out those pages,
Hand over heart- collapse the vein,
Our blood pumps rust,
Our clothes are crust,
All we know of love is pain,
Lover~ make me gag,
You love the way I take it,
Suffer~ the skag rag,
Take the bent and break it,

» We're dopes, we're six six sick,
To crave this grave we dig,
Were we ever born?
Did we ever live?
All I know is I A|V| |^|icked.

Untitled Zen Zoon

See, I got this tension in my temple where the Gods battle,
God for the flame of a candle.

When I made a fist, and beat my chest,
The doors opened to a heavenly hell quest.

I fell and tumbled, hurling faster,
Shook my demons, as angels shattered.

In landing – my feet standing in a sand pit of dreams,
I waited, cascaded slow, as a demon ripping at the seams.

Where I sink in peace, cause the ground ain't no fool,
It told me outright, I'm not as sturdy as I seem, and you ain't easy to
rule.

And so, my story goes...

I sit with my eyes as slits watching, and waiting,
For those who love, to defeat those who kill.

The Standard

Teddy Ren

What it is to be a man...is being silent in the worst times of your life

Being patient during the longest moments of hell

And being kind, acknowledging that 80% of what you do in this life for your woman or others...they'll only receive....and they'll never remember....but you'll never forget

Being a man is allowing her to pay for herself, while sneaking the money back in her purse

Being a man is understanding your responsibility to not beat a subject, accept terms, and seek to eventually change them

Being a man is slapping her playfully for being smart, but kissing her to let her know to never change

Being a man is not accepting second class behavior....not from her, not from the world, and making sure she never has to handle it herself

Being a man is letting them hit you more times than you'd like....and

still, you come back

Being a man is having pride, because seeking it from another is poor
taste

But receiving it from others is a blessing

Being a man is knowing you need to cry, and waiting for that single
moment to do it with no witness

Being a man is knowing redemption and forgiveness....and knowing
the difference

Being a man is.....is to have freedom in a cage.

Memoirs Of A Broken Doll Porcelaine Rose Depino

My name is Porcelain. That was not my name when I was born.

What was it?

That's what they all ask me, but my answer remains the same.

It doesn't matter what it was before. That is not who I am. I never got the opportunity to become that person. It was a life that was decided for me.

Growing up was awkward, uncomfortable for me. I believed that different was wrong, and generic was right. I believed that I had to go about my future the same way everyone else did...get good grades in school, graduate, go to college. Getting a job you hate, and wearing uncomfortable clothes seemed easy, because I did it my whole life. It wasn't until I graduated, and broke off the chain, that I realized I had been living a lie. I had no idea who I was, but I knew that it wasn't the person I had been forced to be. Confusion engulfed me. The confusion turned to co-dependency. The co-dependency turned to depression, and loneliness, which led to harming myself, and attempting to take my own life. I had an out-of-body experience that day. I was looking down at my own body saying,

This is not who you are. This is no longer your name. This is no longer your life. You need to change.

I got the name Porcelain from my co-workers, back in 2012. I had just started working as a dancer in a local strip club. The club was located in the inner-city, and I was one of three white girls that worked there. Not only was I young, and fairly talentless, but my tan line glowed in the blacklight. The girls quickly noticed, and started picking on me.

Ha ha, look at her. Porcelain.

Offended and embarrassed, I took a few weeks off to collect my thoughts. When I came back, I made the decision to change my stage

name to Porcelain. The girls no longer made fun of me. As time went on, I started to grow more into myself. I was becoming more involved, and more popular in the entertainment scene. Porcelain was now my music name as well. But it didn't occur to me that Porcelain was who I wanted to be all the time, until June 2016. I was performing at my first festival, when I met this kid who changed my life. I introduced myself as Porcelain, and quickly explained that it was only my stage name. That's when he stopped me.

Who do you want to be? Screw what everyone else says. You have the choice. What do you want me to call you?

And just like that, the light bulb clicked on. That was the day I decided I was going to be called Porcelain from now on. Not everyone has been supportive with my name change. People who knew me from my past life, like old classmates, exes, and longtime friends, I have had to shut out of my life because they refuse to call me Porcelain. But the lack of support that hurts the most, is from my immediate family. I understand that my parents took the time to pick a name for me, and they did it out of love. I am truly appreciative of that. But I have grown severely uncomfortable with my birth name, so much, that I now become physically sick when someone refers to the name. It does not matter whether I have support or not, Porcelain was a name born into rough times, in order to be raised into something that stands for strength, and positivity. Porcelain is known for being fragile, but it cuts deep when it is broken. But Porcelain's broken pieces are put back together with gold, to keep its elegance. Just like I have been doing my whole life. Just like I will continue to do.

No Third Act

Brandon Jones

Blankets in no particular arrangement
Casts of empty containers, leftovers
The sound of voices breaks through the static

Flickering thoughts wander
Dimmer than the lights passing by
Half the time spent, more curious minds

And here I'm wondering, if I'm just an idiot

Temptations lost, as time has stolen identity
Pray tell, wish you well, but the fuck stay away

Limits reached, mere year ago
A frigid chill down the spine, matched the temperature outside

Pulsating vibrations through memories least be known
Combining sensations grew, can't bes, weak keys owned

Stuck here pondering, if I'm just pathetic

No third act coming, lights won't be coming down
Television still flashing, distracting just enough

A pathetic and disgusting life, laid out behind me
Alarm clock blaring, must be morning again

Clothing scattered like fallen leaves
Dollar signs weigh on my eye lids

I'm late again...

Works gonna hate me.....

Fuck!

They're gonna fire me, aren't they?

I must be an idiot.....

Untitled

Michael Dassel

"Penguins

are known to do an action called "self anointing". In this ritual, male penguins will take their fecal matter and "anoint" themselves by rubbing it deep into their feathers. This is done to attract females, who seem to thoroughly enjoy the male who smells the most. Skipper and Ping, two homosexual penguins in a Berlin Zoo either stole or "adopted" an egg in August of 2019.. In this scatological party the more heterosexual birds dance within, I wonder if Skipper and Ping participate in the same actions. I plan to investigate this at a later time and think fondly of all Penguins, regardless of sexuality, self anointing in lovely scatological, pseudo De Sadist, perhaps even GG Allin related

joy"

Thank You!

First, and foremost...thank you to our contributors on this first issue,

Bianca Racine
Camo Salve
Leala Daigle
Josef Desade
Zen Zoon
Teddy Ren
Porcelaine Rose Depino
Brandon Jones
Michael Dassel

Thank you as well, to everyone who took the time to download this. I encourage you all to share this with your friends, and/or print it out and give it to a stranger, or leave it at a bus stop, or give it to your mom...whatever floats your boat! #supportlocal

-J Desade

Dead On A Doorstep is a monthly indy press, featuring New England native poetry/prose. If you are interested in contributing to a future issue, please contact Josef Desade, at Desadeist@gmail.com