



Issue 27  
October, 2022

Dead  
On A  
Doorstep

# Dead On A Doorstep

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## Contributors

Josef Desade

E.W. Farnsworth

G. Edweird Cheese

Porcelain Rose Depino

**Untitled**  
**Josef Desade**

Eyelid flutters...violet light...blackthorn and honeysuckle blooms at night...the Goddess broken, upon bent knee...sanctity; an illusion that flees...steel collar...pale neck bent...wrapped in chains; sighing and spent...flesh; blood and sweat...sacrificial wine, martyred next...a myriad of fables...a collection of tales...the moral of which humanity always fails...inscribed by forgotten hands...a book upon a pedestal stands...cut flesh; an alphabet of blood...awaiting a fresh start; a biblical flood.

**Incisors Minding**  
**E.W. Farnsworth**

Your slippery mouth and tongue invade my sleep  
I writhe but cannot rise as I am bound  
Along the slimy ground I slowly creep  
While you devour, your chewing makes no sound.  
How long I'll wait, I cannot estimate  
So, terrified, despair I where I lie,  
Your meal delectable and consummate  
Halloween treat and trick for me to die.

I said no prayers before I ventured in.  
Nor did I look for you but me you snared.  
Others may moan when mired in baleful sin  
I thought I might escape—but your teeth bared.

So like this Eve, I feel the Devil's due  
Incisors minding flesh without a clue.

## **Season Of Ritual Sacrifice**

### **G. Edweird Cheese**

The harvest moon rises, boundless, blood red in the sky.  
The wild, wicked wolf responds with a blood curdling cry.  
There's a dreadful feeling of despair on the air that can't be  
denied,

So begins the savage season of ritual sacrifice.

Naked and painted, the necromancers chant and they sway.  
They pulsate in perversion, their dark desires of sex, death, and  
decay.

The Master cries for carnage, and they obey with an orgy of  
pleasure and pain.

Come celebrate the carnal season of ritual sacrifice.

Cadavers crawl, dirt falls, as they escape from their burial plots.  
The caustic corpses that rise run rampant with ruin and rot.  
Oozing mucus and maggots and pus mixed with fowl smelling  
snot.

The dead dance this decaying season of ritual sacrifice.

The darkness descends as morbid monsters rise and begin to give  
chase.

The horror ascends as you're ripped savagely screaming from  
your hiding place.

Eyes bulge, bleed, and burst as they behold the blackened  
oblivion of It's face.

Gory games played this gruesome season of ritual sacrifice.

**Energy Vampire**  
**Porcelain Rose Depino**

“Daddy, I can’t sleep. I think there are monsters in my closet. I am  
really scared. Can you go check for me? Daddy, are you there?  
Daddy?! DADDY?!”

His voice was never heard again that night  
But I wish I may, wish I might  
Paint you a picture to give you some insight  
About the horrible demon that I saw that night  
It was unbelievable, I was living a lie  
So I had to dig deeper, I knew I needed to pry  
Every lie, cry, high that had been applied  
I recognized as my demise

So I crept down the hall to try to get a closer look  
I was in too deep, struggling to unhook  
Drowning in things I seemed to overlook  
That last bit of hope, he finally took  
My energy, faded  
My memory, jaded  
My reality, shaded until gone  
But in the game you play, I was never your queen  
You always made me your pawn

”Don’t look into his eyes! He’ll suck out your soul! He’s just a  
vampire...empty heart of stone!”

So I took a peek through the crack in the door  
Some felt different, I didn’t see this before  
I had this feeling, the need to know more

That's when I'd seen the razor drop to the floor

Oh the gore

The white of his face I couldn't ignore  
All the rage spewing from this wild boar  
The horror bleeding out of all his pores  
And that's when he locked eyes on my frozen corpse  
He smiled, 'oh baby girl, I didn't see you there  
No need to worry, you looked scared  
I just need to shower and fix my hair  
Why don't you just wait for me right downstairs'  
He declared, before shoving me out of his lair  
My fingers crushed in the frame, but he didn't care  
I don't believe in God, but I said a prayer  
Hoping that this cross was no longer mine to bare

"Don't look into his eyes! He'll suck out your soul! You're just a  
vampire...so I had to let you go!"



**Witness**  
**Josef Desade**

There is a great beast out there, the cat tells  
me over the roar of the wind,  
Ears perked up; concern in his eyes, as he  
listens to the din,  
Stumbling; head to the stars,  
An absence, near and far,  
The beast rolled forward; a bank of fog  
pushed into the sky,  
Over the treetops, ocean waves did fly,  
A haze on a darkened horizon; the wails of  
spirits passed by,  
As strength gave out; fallen to my knees, I  
cried,  
Watching; a solitary witness to gods,  
Impermanent; the divine softly nods,  
Rooted beyond flesh; chilled to the bone,  
The beast advances toward an unknown  
home,  
Confined; subject to a spatial groan,  
A celestial being, leaves a mortal body  
forlorn.

**Ridge Riding**  
**E.W. Farnsworth**

Ridge riding dark nights  
Along rows of power lines,  
Her red hair flies behind  
To the place Herb Bullitt climbed  
High and arced low with jagged blue flames,  
Ears smoking.  
She places flowers.  
Sirens far off,  
She climbs on and guns it,  
Feeling free  
As her wild machine careers and flies.

## **My Special Friend**

### **G. Edweird Cheese**

I have a very special friend, a special friend indeed.  
He's a very special type of friend, the type that only I can see.  
He tells me all his secrets, he whispers in my ear.  
He tells me special things to do, things that only I can hear.  
He always likes to tell me how I'm handsome and I'm smart.  
He's the one who helped me cut out that kittie's heart.  
He's always by my side, so I'm never left alone.  
He's the one who suggested we torch that ladie's home.  
He's always so happy, so full of joy and life.  
He's the one who gave me this sharp and shiny knife.  
I'm laughing as he's telling me what next we should do.  
My special friend and I are going to have some special fun with  
you!

# **Thank You!**

Thank you to this month's contributors...

**Josef Desade**  
**E.W. Farnsworth**  
**G. Edweird Cheese**  
**Porcelain Rose Depino**

Thank you to everyone who took the time to download Dead On A Doorstep!  
I encourage you all to share it with your friends, stuff in in a jack'o'lanterns  
mouth, or give it out to trick-or-treaters!

Dead On A Doorstep is a quarterly indie press featuring poetry/prose. If you  
are interested in contributing to our final issue, please send submissions to  
[doadne@gmail.com](mailto:doadne@gmail.com). Be sure to follow us on Facebook at  
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**January – A New Start (Open To All US Residents) \*Final Issue**