



Issue 28  
January 2023

Dead  
On A  
Doorstep

# Dead On A Doorstep

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# Contributors

Icarus

Porcelain Rose Depino

G. Edweird Cheese

E.W. Farnsworth

Linda Crate

Rebecca Morin

Josef Desade

## Shoot;ng Stars ;N The Ra;n Icarus

In spite of what we've been through,  
Never wave your white flag high up in the heavens.

There is no closure,  
No safe haven to be found in surrendering.  
You're worth so much more than  
these whispers that enter your ears.

Don't let them turn your dreams into nightmares,  
Nor disrupt your visions meant to  
shape you into the person  
you were destined to become,  
A destiny intended to have an affect on so many others  
around you, in turn shaping their futures for the better as  
well

Embrace your scars my kind little voyager,  
You're everything to someone out there.

Cut the rope that awaits to choke and entangle you,  
So many can watch you rise above  
your demons.

Travel to the lands far beyond,  
Where your bare crave to discover the feeling of the  
land,  
And know the ease of soft grass.

Don't let these storms hinder your growth,  
Nor threaten the worth you hold for this world,  
So no matter what,  
Be a shooting star in the rain.

## **I Am Tired Of Starting Over**

### **Porcelain Rose Depino**

It's getting really old.                      This new start thing.  
I HATE IT! Every year feels like a "new start".

Every year a new job.

Every year a new search for the "American Dream".  
A new relationship.  
Every year around this time...my birthday. Every year  
wondering if I have gotten anywhere close to  
where I want to in life. And every year realizing none of  
this is worth it.

I waste all my time and energy slaving  
away at someone else's dream.

All the while everyone is mad at me for being  
miserable.

"You should be happy for what you have"

"I would kill for what you have"

Really? Because this life is killing. It's not at all  
glamorous. My life is boring...stuck at a  
dead end.

Thirty years...what do I have to show for it? Too many homes to count, so many relationships destroyed, the family that actually cared are dead...

I have become an angry, joyless adult. I deserve better than how I am treated.

But I know I won't find better than what I have now.

Just stuck in limbo. Forced to wait around for death.

“She must not love herself, if she feels this way”

I love myself TOO MUCH to live this way. The wheel of insanity poses a problem for even for the strongest of people. But you all are too busy living it up to realize who is really suffering for your enjoyment.

I don't need a new start.

I need a final chapter...a resolve.

**A Fresh New Start**  
**G. Edweird Cheese**

So we have come to our journey's end, and I shall go the  
way of all flesh.

You may leave my cold corpse where it falls, here,  
dead on a doorstep.

I won't need it where I'm going. It is garbage I won't  
miss.

It's baggage I don't need as I embrace the dark abyss.  
I'll travel through the void to uncharted destinations.

Past strange nameless worlds contained in  
unascertained constalations.

Don't you dare spare a tear for me, for this is far  
from my last goodbye.

I'll wear this jesters grin as I place my face between  
the barrel and the deep blue sky.

In this infinite journey, the first step is the hardest  
part.

I'll trade in my golden ticket and ride this bullet train  
all the way to a fresh new start.



# **Zep Tepi: A Song Of Universal Praise**

## **E.W. Farnsworth**

These glyphs in cerements dark mask history  
Crysalis code tokened by super-intelligences,  
Project future races eons wandering.  
A spaceship from the universe's edge  
Redemption comes, not plenary but whole.

Sentients or machines, or both, regard news  
Stitched by bones, slipped in granite pyramids,  
One special crypt reserved, wisdom's tomb  
Waiting as sand and wind wear slowly  
Naphtha and oils, the four canoptic jars.

No images or demotic scripts adorn  
Passages swept of meaning, harboring  
Grinning skulls, gold trinkets, braided hair  
And codes of life recombinant, carbon  
Melded with silicon in rich trace blends.

The map to guide Arcturus to the edge  
Recaps prophecy of ending humans,  
Hominins, hominids and androids  
Not artificial intelligences,  
Cyber creatures eclipsing all before.

Behold the giant pharaonic frame,  
Model of golem abominations,  
Yet figure for the future form and fee  
Indwelling thought expurgated but free:  
She who found and broke my meta cipher.

Mind, great and indivisible, foresaw  
Not details but grand designs, a strange being  
I might have killed for sport from jealousy.  
Poisons and machines I fashioned as feints  
Protecting severed remains, wrapped in shrouds.

Greatest secret is fraud of relevance--  
Who thought Arcturus plausible? The blind,  
Who see most always while keen eyes dazzle  
And miss the signs and waypoints of the gods  
Such as I was and am through visioning.

Launched from a mountain top, a space ship flies  
Through darkest, coldest space to regions far  
Where laws of planets do not hold at all.  
Through intergalactic strife the ship runs,  
Gathering like minded beings enroute.

Finding the edge, Arcturus breaks right through,

Returning through all-redeeming space to  
    Instantiate Zep Tepi, Eden—now  
    A figment, forgotten in vainglory,  
    A little sphere I made to contain life.

On Earth I spawned the green revolution  
Exploding numbers of humans globe-wide.  
A million Earth years wandering, mankind  
    Settled to grow armies along rivers  
    Paying tribute to Pharaohs on the Nile.

When Arcturus returns to reclaim the land,  
    Blasted and radioactive from bombs  
So long, half-lives past and verdant again,  
    Genetic material shall compose  
    Consciously creative excrescences.

Purified by passing portals of doom,  
Arcturus, battle-proud, time conqueror,  
Shall have produced indomitable seed  
    To sow a race to war impervious  
    Because inured to only self defense.

Conquest like Intergalactic Empire  
Vainly tried will be eschewed as evil,  
Hygienic and healing will they come,

To find a pristine landscape, fresh water,  
Fish and game aplenty and no humans.

Cycles of ages churn ash into flesh,  
Sinews and blood, signatures of glory,  
Not only of gods but processes too,  
Complex yet with not one unintended  
Consequence, and not any errant turn.

My embalming contained leaf tobacco,  
Emblem of global Egyptian conquest,  
My colonies and gross infrastructure  
Transformed primitives into demigods,  
Who prideful sought my complete overthrow.

Weapons I had they knew little about,  
Disease and famine, pestilence and war.  
They fell in multitudes yet surged anew  
Learning nothing, alas, not fearing me.  
I cut them down by not so subtle means.

To pave the way for Arcturus, I as  
Pharaoh and god cleansed all the universe  
Not on the egress way, but the ingress,  
After Arcturus passed the last frontier  
Where all things whole are inverse reflected.

Such reversals are a great god's privilege,  
Extending far reaches of time and space,  
Taking risks no human would dare to take,  
Suffering indignities unworthy  
Of godhead, or super-intelligence.

My human form perished from dread disease  
That gave opportunity to masses  
Who burned my annals and tore temples down,  
The story of which is contained in codes,  
Purposed to foil temporaneity.

Arcturus's invincibility  
Stemmed from lessons I learned studying Man,  
For gods can learn and thus improve their seed.  
Creating creative beings yields much,  
Like software generating like software.

What joy when I first observed an insight  
Spring from the mind of my own dear offspring!  
Eventually I built the future  
Loc Phuket and his close associates,  
Yet my mind's hands shaped them, not these frail bones.

As my code is broken, I'll live again,

Infecting brains in the distant future.  
I, with no need for physical union,  
Shall corporate greater envisioning  
Than any I saw or even dreamed of.  
Codes can contain ciphers within riddles.  
Pharaohs are not what they seem to humans.  
Voyages, however distant, are mind casts  
A long line falling on a deep, dark pool,  
My mummification unraveling.

# **The Phoenix Rising From Every Chaos**

## **Linda Crate**

endings are really new beginnings  
in disguise,  
but i was so caught up in everything  
i so deeply felt that i didn't realize  
that when you let me go  
i could start anew;  
for the longest time i resisted it  
wanted nothing more than the comfort  
of your arms and for you to love me again—  
looking back on it, i don't know if you  
ever did love me; i think they were just words  
you said to keep me there but nothing you ever felt—  
when i finally recovered from the ending and  
began again i refound my magic, i reclaimed my  
voice and my power; and i began to rebuild  
myself piece by piece—it was difficult to grow  
a new heart, but i managed it; you weren't wrong  
when you said i was strong but i doubt you knew  
how strong i truly was and you probably expected  
me to simply lay in that shallow grave—  
yet i never could allow anyone to have that sort  
of power of me, defiant and wild and feral i am not  
the sort of bird you could tame; i was never meant to

be your chickadee i am the phoenix rising from every  
chaos.

**Less And Less**  
**Linda Crate**

it was a new start in a new town,  
and i wasn'tt really sure how  
to take it;  
never lived on my own before  
outside of college  
when my roommates were there  
by name only and i pretty much spent  
every day by myself—  
sometimes i am fine because i am  
extremely independent,  
but some days are heavy and long;  
a new start in a new town is something

i think i need now because this place  
hasn't grown on me in all the years  
I've lived here i have come to like it less and less.



## **Moments**

### **Rebecca Morin**

I have these moments. Sometimes a song triggers them, other times it's just a general feeling of belonging wherever I am. Tragedies have plagued my name, my family, in all the ways that it can. The overwhelming feeling of wanting to disappear made home in my bones more than I can count. The holes in my chest have grown bigger with time from longing for people that can't come back. Breathless panic attacks and gasping for air when I remember each one of their laughs. I've spiraled out of control in search for anything that numbed the pain of living without them. I have been broken by more people than I can count, stepped on, pushed around like a puppet, and had to get back up by myself. A mere robot programmed to bring joy to other people and not to myself. I've loved hard and trusted even harder. I see the light in others darkness even if it taints me. Drinking all of their poison so they don't have to choke on it. I am grateful for everything because it made me tough enough to survive what I've been plagued with. The simple fact that I'm still here writing, singing, smiling, laughing, and finding things to be grateful for, is a lot more than others can say. I'm alive and trying. Slowly but steadily on my way to a life

where peace exists. On to a life that is mine. I can see the light in my own heart for once and I know this is where I'm suppose to be. Learning, growing, healing, and being molded into who I was always supposed to be. My angels taught me til they went home and I will miss them everyday for an eternity. Their souls, their lessons, their messages are in my heart. It's becoming easier to feel at home in my own body, because even though I can't see them, I know that they're here. In the last few years I finally got to a point where I want to be alive. The darkness comes and goes but, for the most part I don't want to disappear anymore. I want to thrive. I want to laugh and love people. I want to do the things that I love, and share them with the rest of the world. I want to share my story and help others that think it's the end for them. I thought it was the end for me too. And now I'm writing this, with happy tears on my cheeks, because the start of whatever this chapter is, feels so much better than any of the others. When I thought I wouldn't make it, I did. I survived. I conquered. And I will continue to.

## **Vibrations**

### **Josef Desade**

It is like a slow and silent death,  
Our souls yearning for solace and rest,  
Ideals and dreams smashed upon the floor,  
As we lay them to rest and close the door,  
Unsure of the crossroads that lay in wait,  
Sometimes it feels like a cruel joke of fate,  
On our hands and knees sweeping up our hopes,  
Desperately searching ourselves for a way to cope,  
But when we look within we find ourselves alone,  
Left with an empty plate and bare bones,  
So we collect the pieces among silent entreaties and  
sanguine desire,  
And hang them like trinkets upon piano wire,  
An aspiration; a vibration on a cosmic pool,  
A silver thread that unwinds from the spool,  
Weaving a tale that forms within the heart,  
Creating the story of a new start.

# Thank You!

Thank you to this month's contributors -

Icarus

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Josef Desade.

Normally this is the spot where we would have a silly little bit encouraging you to share this with others. We sincerely hope that you do share it with others, for poetry is a gift to the soul. We would like to thank everyone who has ever contributed to this little press and we wish you all the best.

This has been the final issue of Dead On A Doorstep in its current incarnation. For the past three years we have seen some amazing support and we sincerely thank you all!

Dead On A Doorstep is a quarterly indie press featuring poetry/prose.

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