



Issue 21
October 2021

Dead
On A
Doorstep

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Contributors

Ethan Stone
Josef Desade
Edweird Cheese
Camo Salve
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Icarus

The Song
Ethan Stone

Have you heard the nightmare song
That creeps upon a breeze;
Rumbles through the houses;
Crinkles through the trees;

Have you heard the nightmare song
That's hurried and insane;
Like animals before the storm;
Like thoughts inside your brain;

Have you heard the nightmare song
Sung deeply by the dark;
Heard the best by the dogs;
That then in turn shall bark;

Have you heard the nightmare song
Joined with motley choir;
Fueled by the fears of men;
And spread like wildfire.

Whispers
Josef Desade

Under sleepy skies
Movement the eye tries to deny,
Flicker...flicker...
Turn of the cards,
Memory imprinted upon broken shards,
Waxen face and stitched lips,
A farewell cast to the wind's crisp kiss,
Letters painted upon a cracked board,
Through the eye of a needle desperately seeking
words,
A truth...a whisper...a graceful adieu,
A fumbled thought form we misconstrue,
Zephyr; skin gently caressed,
A remembrance, held close to breast,
Unacknowledged trepidation,
Vision dilated,
A glimpse of Stygian shores beyond,
Upon whose waves mortal flesh wanned,
A breath expelled, ruminations amiss,
Tears shed to an awaiting abyss.

Myla Ann
G. Edweird Cheese

We were happy, her and I, with the world at our
command,
The love I loved was more than love for my beautiful
Myla Ann.
We laughed too loud, we loved too much and for this the
gods would not stand.
For this transgression, they struck her down, they stole
my Myla Ann.
I fear I may have lost my mind, I dare say I could not go
on,
Without my darling Myla Ann, there would never be a
dawn.
In the darkness she would come to me, a specter in my
dreams,
There my ghostly Myla Ann would whisper all her
secrets unto me.
She told me what I had to do, to be with her again.
So I awoke and went and grabbed my tools, following
her plan.
Through the night I never stopped, thinking of Myla
Ann.
Til, after hours, I lift the top and finally take her hand,
I hold her close and adore her more than you will ever
understand,
We'll make love before heading home, just me and Myla
Ann.

Haze Remover
Camo Salve

That pink stuff, a scent
Makes you cough and cry
Swipe a fly, a speck, elbows
Bent into an unnatural pose
Eyes stare through silk
What's on the other side?
Blue milk
The last of the ghost won't
Get off, come, exacerbating
Breathes so deep, lungs wry
Tight cough, the inhale
A little bit of strawberry, a little
Wail goes the night as you breathe with fright.

That pink stuff, a scent
The ravens roost
The ghost is gone but the scent remains
In your nose, brain...the goop!

The Real Horror
Porcelain Rose Depino

Creepy guys with chainsaws and dolls that come
to life

Are nothing compared to the terror that you
cause me.

The lies, the drugs, the sex
Are the things you believe will hold you up in the
end,

Pathetic if you ask me...I cannot feel sorry for
you,

The real horror is knowing that you are just
coming back to rip our hearts out again.

You haven't gotten the help you need,
But you got the vacation you wanted, right?
I hope it was worth throwing away your family,
Burning every bridge that you have built over 14
years,

But it's hard to believe that you suddenly care,
That you are ready to come home.
You understand that you will live the punishment
of a prisoner,

Being chained in the dark, damp cellar seems
almost more appealing
Than listening to another false apology followed
by a string of tantrums and lies,
You will wear the cone of shame when you
return to the real world,

Your “friends” will leave you once they realized
you slipped up,
Leaving all that evidence out in the open,
Funny that insta-karma got you so quickly,
Remember when you told your dad that I was
whoring around,
You wanted him to check my phone, right?
Well we checked yours...checkmate.
The real horror is I have a sneaking suspicion
voicing this does not matter to you,
Maybe public humiliation and a prison sentence
seems like the only solutions left.

Ramble on about things, almost as bad as a
prolonged jump scare,
I mean it’s great to let the adrenaline rush a bit,
But once you settle down, it’s horrifying to be
riled up again,
I do not know if our hearts can take another one
of your episodes,
That’s what keeps me up at night,
The thought of reliving the last few months with
you...the last few years with you,
I would like to believe my speck of optimism,
But even humanity makes it hard to believe in
happy,
The real horror is I do not think I am ever going
to be okay.

Tartarus

Icarus

You're alone in a labyrinth of your mind,
Where there's nothing but mirrored walls,
Reflecting past failures,
Stuck in this morbid disillusionment shrouded
around you,

A roller-coaster that never gives you a thrill,
But rather the fear of sickness that lies within
you.

Now you run endlessly,
As your fear adulterates the truth with fiction,
Making you feel helpless and worthless.

You're stuck in this abyss of madness,
A pit of Tartarus you carved out for yourself.
A world that closed the curtain on a better life,
Leaving you addicted to the results of constantly
consistent failures.

There are no boons to life,
Nor bartering you can offer in lieu of this eternal
damnation.

So now you wear your crown of thorns,
As your feet bleed on the path of broken glass,
This is your endless, horrid nightmare for your
unspeakable sins.

Thank You!

Thank you for this month's contributors,

Ethan Stone
Josef Desade
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Camo Salve
Porcelain Rose Depino
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Thank you for everyone who took the time to download Dead On A Doorstep! I encourage you all to share it with your friends, or burn it with a Samhain offering, or give it out to trick-or-treaters!

Dead On A Doorstep is a monthly indie press, featuring New England native poetry/prose. If you are interested in contributing to a future issue, please send submissions to DOADNE@gmail.com. Be sure to follow us on Facebook at facebook.com/doadne, or on IG [@Dead_On_A_Doorstep](https://www.instagram.com/Dead_On_A_Doorstep).

November – Winter Haiku's
December – Open Topic (Open to all U.S. Residents)
January – Editor Choice Yearly Recap