

Issue 15
April, 2021

Dead
On A
Doorstep



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Contributors

Jocelyn Martinez

Icarus

Kaylee Trainor Desmond

Edward Crossman

Porcelain Rose Depino

Rebecca Morin

Sarah Kerendian

Josef Desade

Untitled
Jocelyn Martinez

You think you know her, but do you really?
Do you know who she is inside?
Or just the character she wants you to see?
Can you see past the mask she puts on every day?
Is she really keeping it together going about her days?
Or is she slowly dying inside, wishing the pain would
go away?
Can you see through the veil, and look truly madly
deeply into her eyes?
Some can see a sparkle glinting inside,
But is it really a sparkle?
Or is it flames of anger burning inside?
Hoping for the day when she can feel truly free,
The performance she repeats every day, is it her?
Or who she wants to be?
When the curtain closes, and they all cheer,
She made it through another day,
But when she washes off the makeup and puts the
costume away,
Does she feel like the award winning actress they think
she is,
Or just a scared small town girl in a Broadway play?

Lifeless Icarus

My Dear Brother,
I've watched you tango with death as you imbibed your
vices,
Trying desperately to numb the legion of your demons,
But if I may ask dear friend,
What was the cost for this momentary anesthetic
Are you so naive that you fail to see how far you strayed
from your Arcadia
Departing from your paradise due to weakness, and lack
of willpower,
And for what?
To lose your innate humanity?
Again, you drift away to the heavens lost in a daze,
As these fearful eyes weep.

But you're too deeply envelope by your ego to realize
you're beyond the point of departure,
Yet you confess to us your sins,
Of which you felt the need to utter to deaf ears that
manifested those heinous wounds,
Consistently enveloping in a horrid trance,
Still, you shackle yourself to this toxic clutch,
Sundering the last of the peace you held,

The rope of departure is wrapped around your throat,
And now the person you once were hangs beneath the
sullen sunset,
Lifeless, and forgotten.

Toxic Love
Kaylee Trainor Desmond

The love of toxicity was hopeless,
They went back to each other,
Even when it hurt them.

One broke themselves more than the other,
But they never showed it.
One cried by themselves,
While one laughed with other girls.
Never let yourself be in that positions,
Knowing you'll get hurt.

When your in love it hurts,
But you need to let go...
Before it drives you off the edge.

Five High-Ku
Edward Crossman

I have writers block.
My words seem to have failed me.
I cheat with Haiku.

Haiku should have theme.
Haiku should induce feelings.
I feel like a nap.

Haiku seemed easy.
Syllables in a pattern.
This shit is way hard.

Hours spent, blank screen.
This is the best I could do.
Must make that deadline.

I apologize.
You sat and read this whole thing.
Sorry, no refunds.

TBH
Porcelain Rose Depino

What is morality?

Morality is the difference of intentions, decisions and
actions...

Whether they are identified as proper or improper.

But how do we know what is or isn't proper?

Some of us learn morality through parental figures.

Others learn through their religion.

Some are self-taught.

While some who have already learned, come to find
they were lied to their whole life.

And yet, I stand in all of those categories...

Still confused, my patience wearing thin,

Just trying to fulfill the one destiny that we all know we
have...

To die alone.

It sounds to me that we got morality confused for
something else.

Maybe it was common sense.

Or that sickly feeling in the pit of your stomach.

Perhaps we use morality as an excuse to judge people
who are not like us.

I was told by one of my creation parts that I lacked
moral code.

That because I pierce my body and tattoo my emotions
to my skin,
I am a soulless heathen.

But I do not raise a fist, nor a word, in hate.

I care for my own.

I pay my way.

I do my job.

I do not lie, I do not cheat, I do not steal.

Is that not the moral code you taught me?

Yet it changes now to fit your needs.

Because I am doing everything you believed I could not.

My life with you then was a lie.

Seeing you now is still delusional, but less effective.

I live vicariously through your mistakes.

And I thank you deeply for my first apartment.

But I do not see you to be fit enough to teach on
morality...

Nor to reprimand me about my moral code.

There are a few people in the world that have earned
that honor.

Most a human culture is based on lies, betrayal, and
fear.

The government changes what is proper and improper,

People change what is proper and improper.

Morality is unrealistic.

Untitled
Rebecca Morin

Salt water falls from my eyes, as I write this.
The cloud over my head is starting to clear,
Ping pong thoughts of all of my darkest fears,
Flooding my brain as I sat there with no way to express
anything,
In shock, I let it all flood into my brain like venom, and
whatever light I have inside me still kept me from going
over the edge.

The edge that I usually run towards was pushing me
away,
Darkness finally consumed me, and I fought it off with
my sword and my armor, on the front lines.
My dad and my sister are my angels, and their lives lost
must have a reason.

Them dying in vain would be another tragedy, and I
can't allow that to happen.

I must break the generational curse,
Or try to with all that I have.

So many things in my life have made me wonder what I
did to deserve it, and the answer isn't that I'm a bad
person.

It's all been one huge lesson that I've ignored.
I've made excuses, and been lost in the pain.

I've tried to numb every memory,
Forget all the things the universe showed me,
Because I thought I couldn't handle it.
I was forced to face each, and every one of them, and
now I realize that it's all been to save me.
I couldn't save them, and that will be something that
will hurt forever,
But their mistakes...their failures...they saved me.
I was trying to be a hero, but the heroes were them.
I will never forget what they gave me while they were
here,
And now that they're gone, they are still teaching me.
Their absences broke me in so many pieces that all I've
tried to do is go numb.
With alcohol...drugs...men.
I've kept my armor on to face everyone and everything,
When I should've been fighting the need to feel numb.
I need to feel it, and let it run through me,
Let it teach me, and mold me.
My whole life I have wanted to disappear.
All the while I've become all the things that I'm afraid
of.
This is the key change.
The climax in my story.
For the first time I want to live.
I want to thrive.

I want to look in the mirror, and be proud of who I am.

I'm suiting up my armor, and taking out my sword.

I've been fighting the wrong enemy this whole time,
and now I'm ready to grow.

I'm ready to come for everything I deserve.

Everything I desire.

And I'm not letting anyone or anything get in my way.

I want to live, and now I will celebrate by doing just
that.

The phoenix is finally emerging again, but this time I'm
not afraid.

Before I used to fight the darkness from becoming who
I am.

Now the warrior is here, and now she's fighting to
accept everything,

And thriving even in the midst of darkness.

The darkness can be beautiful too.

All or Nothing
Sarah Kerendian

She had the whole world in the palm of her selfless
hands,
For she didn't know the evil of man.
Letting herself slip away day by day,
She became nothing but a fool herself.
A faded ghost to the ones she loved most.
Learning to love far away,
Deep inside all she can show you is sorrow and pain.
As the black raven flies among her,
They follow her like a shadow knowing her truth.
A mystery princess walking thy woods,
Who to blame, but herself?
A dusted old soul, lost book alone on an antique shelf.
To change is to die, is the title.
Walking away with guilt and shame,
A true firecracker she became,
The snakes and wolves tug at her, for she has fallen.
Walking away through the hollow woods is her calling,
As the ravens follow her soul,
Drifting away from humanity,
Nature is in her veins,
Sorry, but yes she went insane.
Free as a dove,

All she wanted was kindness in love,
Yet she lives in her selfish ways,
From rejection, hurt, guilt, anger...pain.
Dead, paralyzed to the world she has become,
A soulless heart that turned numb.
She will never be the same.
Heaven and Hell is where she fell,
Nothing matters anymore,
Oh, the stories she can tell.
For the devil is real,
for she is the next Jezebel.
Walking on fire,
If they only knew how bad she wants to change,
Yet there's a grip on her she can't escape,
Chained to the past,
All she can do is feed the birds,
And pray to god she will be free at last.

Untitled
Josef Desade

Sanctity...hallowed grounds...walking where shadows
are only found...cold embrace...echoes of
memories...reverberating; absent reveries...within a
scream, within a gasp...icy breath expelled...does
madness truly last...floating; seamless
dreams...excoriating voices, make up this
stream...diving deeper...running out of breath...grasping
for lucidity that was never meant.

Thank you!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Jocelyn Martinez

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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 read it to your spring garden, or dance with it in a rain puddle!

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).

May – Insatiable Lust

June – Open Topic

July – TBA (Open to all US residents)