



Issue 5
June, 2020

Dead
On A
Doorstep

Dead On
A
Doorstep

Issue 5
June 2020

Contributors

Porcelain Rose Depino

Rebecca Morin

Josef Desade

Dank

A.J. Ferreira

Edward Crossman

Camo Salve

Devin Ryan

Sarah Kerendian

Psychological Breakdown

Porcelain Rose Depino

Figuring out a person is like trying to solve a homicide.
The way you need to break them down, how you pull things apart.

The maps lead you nowhere.

The witnesses do not want to speak.

You spend endless hours combing their profiles, pictures,
videos...only to find things you

didn't want to know because it hurts just looking at it.

Someone you trusted revealed the lies under accounts you never
knew about.

Things you believed to ring true are now shattered remains of faith
and hope.

You want to believe that you have changed them for the better...that
they aren't the

person everyone says they are.

But optimism can only get you so far.

Everyone knows that the light burns out eventually.

We grow tired and dizzy from been handcuffed to the same loop.

But that's what it means to get older, right?

That's what we get to look forward to as an adult, right?

I have social anxiety now.

I have no friends.

I don't want to be touched.

I don't want to leave my bed.

But then I met you and things became different.

I realized that you are the motivation I've been searching.

You are the reason I strive to be a better person.

The spark of abstract thinking that makes me want to teach.

Someone worth the added headache.

Someone you don't mind losing a little sleep over.

Someone you can't get out of your head, no matter how mad you
are.

Someone worth dying for.

Someone worth living for.

Untitled

Rebecca Morin

I'm laying here in darkness,
Thinking how you took all the light.
While I'm sitting here missing you,
You're probably thinking of other girls tonight.
I know you too well old friend,
You soothe your wounds with vulnerable hearts.
The first mistress that said one word to you,
Became your victim and this is the start.
Soon you'll have tons of attention,
From different girls tall and wide.
All to make you numb to the fact,
That you left a diamond behind.
Karma is going to get you this time,
After everything that you've done.
You'll end up reeling the wrong one in,
And a whole new hole in your chest will come.
There was a queen in your hands asshole,
And instead of sitting beside her.
You took her crown and made her feel small,
And you created a creature of fire.
She molded a new crown from the flames,
And she'll never be burned ever again.
Monsters of darkness are her companions now,
And Lucifer has become her best friend.
Watch where you walk in your frailness
The glass is there for you to walk on now.
Making you bleed as you watched her do,
And it's her turn to enjoy the sound.

Black magic and wicked spells,
All in chants with your sad name.
She went through the war you put her through,
Only her sword will put yours to shame.

Witness

Josef Desade

We watched a fox die this evening,
Slaughtered as thousands of witnesses glimmered in the sky,
Feeling our frailty; as it whimpered and howled,
Gasping for air, as time moved forward,
Ever marching on,
As it struggled to pull air into its fragile lungs,
A cool rain trickled down,
The possibility of life in each, and every drop,
As we laid upon our backs, and gazed up to the stars,
Slowly it grew silent, as our companion issued it's last breath,
And nothing happened,
Absolutely nothing.

The stars continued their cold stare,
As the trees still whispered secrets in the air,
And the shadows still crept throughout this night,
As Luna gave the gift of her light,
And we thought we should give a eulogy, but no one did,
Just laid in the dirt and contemplated our sins,
And when the scavengers took our dear friend,
We did not weep; our tears were our own to keep.

The Three S' Dank

When I was a young boy, my father once told me: Son, never leave the house until you shit, shower, and shave. The 3 s' he called them.

Well lately I'm doing this self help thing, and so I've started doing sit-ups at sunrise. But it seems to me, this is too many s'. So I sit down, and seek a solution to the situation.

I certainly can't skip the shower. That would be silly. Subjecting others to suspicious smells, of sweaty socks, and other savory, salty secretions, is social suicide.

The shave is situational for sure. But suppose I see a sexy senora strolling down the street? How can I suavely seduce said subject with all this unsightly scraggly stubble? A Sancho can never suspect such a surprise, so it's best to stay somewhat snazzy.

To stifle a shit, could go south swiftly, leaving me in a sticky spot. Perhaps, if I skipped supper? Starvation seems a bit severe, but it might be a step in the right direction of a shapelier self.

Well, sooner or later, I said screw it, sit-ups suck. There's simply no substitution for the 3 s' to suitably start the day.

Nightingale

A.J. Ferreira

The light feathered
Softly over the
Grassy hillside
As the moon
Came into place
In the evening sky.
A bird on
The oak tree
Near the creek,
Far from the hill
Called out
In glorious song,
And even
The crickets
By the water
Ceased their chirping
To feast
Their ears on
Such wondrous sound.
The moon was full
And this bird was
Praising in it's song
To the light
By which
It traveled;
Only to
Give up it's perch and
Take to
The night sky.

Untitled

Edward Crossman

We seem to have to decide between deceit, and a lie.
As if morality is such a hard word to define.
And I find as we try; we fail, and we flail
in the dark, like the blind, and we don't even care.
Like a cancer, a virus, a parasite, a plague;
we feed on our host til it's dead, and decayed.
And yet we don't stray, we stay straight on our course; dead ahead.
In our wake we toss them circus, and bread.
Or instead, a new enemy to fear, and to dread.
The talking heads feed the beast, with Exhibit A, Exhibit B.
With the expectancy we don't see, what it all really means.
We're lost out at sea, we're torn at the seams,
on the edge of a precipice, that echoes our screams.
And in the cold light of day, who can truly say,
they have all the answers, to hold the darkness at bay?
All I know is, I know I don't know a thing.
I wish we could burn it all down, and start all over again.

As Dwarves Do Giants

Camo Salve

Sometimes I like to think, that after cumming from masturbating, my would have been child is awaiting me in the astral plane. I wonder then, once dead, if I will be greeted by thousands of my astral children; either embracing me for eternity, or tying me down. Screaming into my face, and assaulting me; as dwarves do giants. Either way, my soul will be tortured...and I await it with glee. The speeding red Camaro's tires screeched loudly, as it struggled to make the hairpin turn. The rear wheels inevitably lost their grip, and the car slid off the road, and over the side of the mountain.

“Can you believe the nerve of that fucking bartender though?”

I could not.

Flapping a broken wing.
One hand on my cock.
Daddy's coming home.
Birthday suit.
Bang. Bang.

God dammit.
My eye!
Again...

Conspiracy or Science: What Is More Terrifying?

Devin Ryan

What is more terrifying, the conspiracy or the science? With the pandemic raging through the world like a wildfire it was only a matter of time before conspiracy theories began fabricating about the disease's origin. The most popular conspiracy, as with most diseases, is that this was man made and intentionally released. The medical and scientific community however say that it is a natural occurrence. Honestly though I'm not sure what is more terrifying a thought.

First, let's look at the Covid-19 pandemic and why it is unique. The disease seems tailor made to bring us to our knees and make us vulnerable. It preys upon our very strength. The thing that has made us the dominant species on earth is being exploited to bring us to the edge of destruction.

Humans have survived this long because we are an aggressively social species. Think about it:

We do not have sharp claws or hard exoskeletons. We are not poisonous nor venomous. We are not the fastest or the strongest. Instead, we as a species survived by becoming collectives that were more powerful as a whole than we ever could have been individually.

As we have progressed and founded our civilization, we have reeked absolute havoc on the environment. We have poisoned the waters and the air. We have deforested huge swaths of land. We have been responsible for the extinctions of entire species. Now with Covid-19, the only real way the medical community can come up with to help prevent the spread of the disease is quarantine, stay at home orders, and social distancing. The main reason for that is the incubation period of between 1-14 days with the average being 5 days. That means someone could be infected and work a full work week before realizing they are sick and the whole time be spreading it. Seemingly healthy people can now become carriers of this lethal disease, effectively increasing infection rates. If the conspiracy theories are true, then this disease was created in a lab by scientists, most likely as a biological weapon. Some have even gone so far as to say that the disease was created by the Chinese government and used against the recent string of political protesters. As with all stories involving this type of theme the disease became more than they could control and spread beyond their intended targets to spread across the globe. This is scary but also sadly would not surprise anyone if it were true. So, with this disease seemingly tailor made for us we have to look at what is more terrifying to think about. That we have become so destructive to the environment that nature has basically

evolved a disease custom tailored to take us out. This is the stuff of horror films. That nature itself has become sentient enough to recognize our species as a danger and to target us. It would be even more terrifying as this is the first time this had happened.

So, in my opinion I think the scientific explanation is actually far more terrifying than the conspiracy theories. That could go a long way as to why the conspiracy theories gained so much traction so fast. Also, with everyone stuck inside relying on the internet for all forms of social interaction they would be exposed to them more.

Death Wish

Sarah Shahine Kerendian

She rose from the fire, they all say,
If they only knew the underworld of the dark, she faces day by day,
Crippling fears,
Crippling spine,
Her sight of true love, has gone blind,
Day in, to day out,
Her traveling mind always seems to take her higher, and higher,
Closer to the warm, flickering fire,
With so much tensed up passion, and desire,
She wonders off into a dream,
Her being gazes into a stream,
A stream of lost emotions,
Rippling,
Crippling,
Tripling,
Into a lost sea,
She lost the Golden Key,
To the heaven's gates,
Her reflection once so pure,
not so, anymore,
Be careful what you wish for.

Untitled

Rebecca Morin

My eyes sting at the sight. Crumpled bags and scattered elastic bands tossed like leaves in the fall. I see the carcass of a needle and it stabs me in my heart like it stabbed him in his arm. Flashbacks jump start my normal frenzies and all I can see is myself weeping. I only see myself begging to bring them back and begging you to stop. I see tears and my screams echo in my ears like sirens. A demon I can not get rid of, a villain I can't fight. I just get to watch. Watch your body turn to a skeleton and your eyes fade in and out of life. I watch you sleep all day and then I sit as you scream that I'm just insane. Like this demon hasn't taken you from me, like he's not to blame. My tears could drown us both and you'd use it to blame me for your pain. Location history says Hartford and your Facebook says that you think the girl dressed like a whore is cute. You yell at me for finding peace in other people's company because I am not here with you, and then while I'm here, I sit by myself in angst. Wondering how a trip to get a dutch takes three hours. It's an endless night and a forever nightmare. Trying to please someone who can only be pleased by a needle in their arm or a drip in the back of their throat. Planning a future with a stranger hoping my lover will come back. Crying myself into emotional comas and

screaming my feelings even if no one hears me. My hands move
towards you and I've lost
control. The look on your face makes me feel like a monster. Now
I'm drowning in my tears
again and it turns out that dealing with monsters, it makes one out of
you.

Thank you!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Porcelain Rose Depino

Rebecca Morin

Josef Desade

Dank

A.J. Ferreira

Edward Crossman

Camo Salve

Devin Ryan

Sarah Kerendian

Thank you to everyone who took the time to download this! I encourage you all to share it with your friends, as well as print some out, and make a paper airplane...or share it with your doctor while you get your Covid-19 test, or hide it in a bowl of jello.

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.

Past issues can be found in the PDF section at

www.josefdesade.com.

Also, follow us now on facebook! (www.facebook.com/doadne)