



Dead
On A
Doorstep

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Contributors

Craig Richard Reichenbach

Porcelain Rose Depino

Edward Crossman

Rebecca Morin

Icarus

Josef Desade

Welcome To Me
Craig Richard Reichenbach

The Earth quakes, the floor is shattered,
From one pitfall to another, the mind scatters,
 Sinking lower than low,
 Getting lost in the undertow,
 Adrift out to sea,
I only hope someone can save me,
 Fire pits of Hell,
 Yet, no one can tell,
 Lost and afraid,
 Dancing in the shade,
 A veil between me and you,
So thick one cannot break through,
 The walls, slowly closing in,
 The negativity is at it again,
 It says that I am not enough,
 I feel weak and not so tough,
Shredding away at my bodies continence,
 Destroying my confidence,
 This is the battle waged,
 Fighting it day by day,
 Yet, here I am,
 I still stand,
Trying to discover and claim what I can,
Building up the pieces that create a stable ground,
 A place where my sanity can be found,
 To reach out and try,
To figure out the where's and why's,
 To collapse only to rebuild again,
 For this mind and body to mend,

Grasping hold of what ever serenity that can be found,
Searching for that middle ground,
To feel the sunlight upon my face,
To find my tender and safe place,
Fear and paranoia sears the brain,
I am amazed that I've been able to maintain,
Wading through the darkness on my own,
My thoughts telling me that I am alone,
I am ugly and no good,
Incapable of doing what I should,
Taking me through an undercurrent, which is my life,
Weighing me down with the enormity of strife,
Wanting my breath to leave my body and leave me cold,
Chattering in my ear that I am getting old,
Every bit of negativity begins to rise,
This energy is no surprise,
Delusional mindset,
Trying to make me forget,
The person that I truly am,
That my life is not a sham,
That I can believe,
I can receive,
Even in and out of my darkest hours,
I am filled with an illuminating power,
A daily struggle, yet, I win,
I come back even stronger, again and again,
I know who I am today,
I can open up and have my say,
I can challenge negativity's core,
I can swim and make it to the shore,
The sun does fill me with thy grace,
Shines all around me with a comforting embrace,

Clearing the clouds in my minds sky,
Giving me permission to reach out and try,
I may be older, I am wiser too,
Just for today, to myself I am true,
Self acceptance of all that I am and who that I can be,
With the willingness, love and determination to discover all of me.

Must Not Be Worth Your Time
Porcelain Rose Depino

You have forgotten once again
The things I keep telling you
All the lessons I keep sharing with you
Must not be worth your time
I cry to you the pain I feel
Shake with anxiety because I cannot get the
words out anymore
The exhaustion building up
Must not be worth your time.

The number of meals that would not go down
The hours spent tossing and turning
The months of loneliness
Must not be worth your time
I isolate because I trust no one
I love only when I drink
I am happy only when I am close to death
Must not be worth your time.

But I am not mourning myself
I am not concerned about my well-being
I am not worried about where I am headed
I am not worth your time
I mourn the loss of faith you have in yourself
I am concerned for your self-esteem and physical health
I am worried about the path that leads you to suffering
You are someone worth my time.

Forget
Edward Crossman

Like a cloud of smoke swirling in my glass stem,
These moments are a haze that fade from memory.
I went to the edge and fucked around again
And forgot the man I was supposed to be.

Those things I did, those things I said,
Those things I just can't seem to recall.
I'm not sure where I am or where I went,
I'm not sure I am even me at all.

With spike and stack I can waste my time.
Waste my day and slowly fade away.
I can forget I forgot to keep my promises.
I can forget all about the pain.

I can forget I forgot to forget.
I can forget who I was and who I want to be.
I can forget I forgot all my regret.
I can forget what it's like to be me.

Please Remember Rebecca Morin

There's a special place inside you that hold the unknown. The things your brain acts like never happened, the words you "never" heard, the hate that you felt from them, the sadness you couldn't bare, the promise you broke, the times you swore on everything to prove a point, and the things that put holes in your heart. We become these people and each of us looks back wondering how we became these monsters. How we let certain things happen and certain paths unravel in front of us when we were positive that we wouldn't ever. I am a firm believer that everything molds you. The snack you ate when you got home from school, the way it felt to be kissed for the first time, even the way you like your coffee. They mold you and bend you in different ways to form the masterpiece. What I finally am beginning to grasp is that the unknown molds you too. It can crack you right down the middle and then you're stuck there wondering how this has happened to you. Suffering becomes home and stinging eyes feels normal. Losing your voice from hyperventilating becomes more than a drastic thing. Being lonely in a room full of people, having to run to the bathroom so no one sees you cry, or wearing makeup for days to hide your red puffy eyes. Everyone asking you what's wrong and offering to help you. Planning out the message back because you don't know how to explain what's going on. Telling them you'll be okay because you don't want to push them away or feel like a burden. It hides and your body feels its chaos. It experiences it. As time goes on there comes a point when healing is needed in order to stay alive, and when that happens, it's almost like your body accepts the unknown and welcomes it. Your brain starts remembering. You realize that there are versions of you hiding with it, that your eyes stinging comfortably is from the endless nights of crying til the sun came up.

You lost your voice when no one around you would listen to your voice. They wouldn't give you the time long enough to explain how much you wanted to die. You are lonely in a room full of people because you don't even know who you really are. You feel like a burden because you've been burdening yourself your whole life. Your hands shake because there has been adrenaline running through them from the rage of your experiences crushing you. Healing is a process and it's a life choice. It hurts more than anything that's ever happened to you, but you will never be yourself if you don't do it. You will never accept love from anyone, or be able to say no without feeling guilty. You will create more things to heal from by not setting your boundaries. Cause more pain, more chaos, and more negativity. Don't stop though. Soon the light will shine on all of your pieces and you'll be grateful that you are alive. Start this journey. Beauty shines through those that keep fighting. Please remember.

Forgotten Oath Icarus

You claimed your love for her is unconditional,
You were supposed to love her, while she lay in her cradle,
Eyes opening for the very first time.
To time she blossomed into a gorgeous maiden,
And yet still you forgot your role as parents.
You suffocate the life out of her and naively call it love,
And when she screams and shouts her truth,
You silence her by putting her beneath you.
And even so, even after all her heartache,
She finally broke out of the iron shackles you placed on her.
Even when her voice echoed to the heavens,
You try to tug upon the strings of fate like you're some grotesque,
twisted puppeteer of her life.
Fortunately your ignorant words will no longer work on her,
There are no cries for wolf,
Nor lies that will deceive her.
So lay in your bed of thorns,
For your ignorance has cast her into the gaping maw of the
unknown,
All because you have forgotten your oath as parents.

Newborn
Josef Desade

We traveled to the ocean, to the ancient shore,
Through stone gateways and corridors,
A wall of flame engulfing the road behind us,
As the twilight heavens turned to radiant fields of violets, and poppies,
That whispered lullabies to the dwellings that passed us by,
A coyote leads the way back, along the serpent trail,
Where the mamba sways,
Dripping venom from its fangs,
Down into the inky depths,
Where unfathomed monsters play.
Relentless...thunderous...
The roar as the serpent laps at the waves,
Moving with the tides, as ancient mantras are prayed,
Into the fog; step by step,
As the world turns white, and discordant strings are plucked,
As the salty waves caress us from out of sight,
With a flick of its head, we are sent flailing like newborns,
Back to the mother...
Back to the nurturer...
Our lover...
As all the windows remain shuttered against the flood,
Our life force; sacred blood,
Forgotten hymns to the origin of life,
Through the corridor; along the blade of the knife,
Have we reached an end?
Have we reached an end yet?
Chasing shadows, we never catch,
Let us forget yesterdays tomorrows,
Lest we lose ourselves within time,
Dancing in skeletal arms,
Hush, rest now; safe from harm.

Thank you!

Thank you for this month's contributors,

Craig Richard Reichenbach

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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, forget where you left it in a park, or take it for a swim!

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.

September – Open Topic

October – Nightmares & Spooky Shit