



Dead
On A
Doorstep

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Contributors

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Alexis Behrmann

Rebecca Morin

Ashley Congdon

Porcelain Rose Depino

Camo Salve

Edward Crossman

Faith Kemper

Courting Eternity

Josef Desade

She sat at the edge of the crashing ocean,
Staring into the dark abyss that held a simple harmonic motion,
Awaiting her lover, as the last of the daylight did fade,
Her love, a smile betrayed,
Her aura, the setting sun did set aglow,
Silhouetted against the dimming sky, and the winds that blow,
And as the fire was extinguished by the sea,
A pale figure on the horizon was seen,
Whose whispers trailed on the salty breeze,
Making her heart flutter, as the shadows did flee,
And when the night silently fell,
They created a bed, of sand and shell,
And between smiles, and sweet nothings shared,
For a fleeting moment they were paired,
From your flowing gown, grain by grain, the stars are put to the sky,
From your ivory pallor, the moon doth shine,
The weave of your golden hair, as strong as my bones are brittle,
Your touch, a shared committal,
In your arms I long to be,
As our eyes see the flow of eternity,
To dream the dreams of poets long dead,
To speak the words that have never been said,
And yet, at dawn we regretfully depart,
Swirling memories, and decaying hearts,
Whose tears create the primordial waters from whence life came,
So we can dance again, amid souls reclaimed,
Ever shall we meet for transient kisses,
Among the sweetest of reminiscences,
For your sands flow on, into the eternal night,

As your smile is all living creatures final sight,
For time, and death have never changed,
Fate hath decreed our love, preordained.

Four Times
Alexis Behrmann

Four times.

Four times the rights to my own body were taken from me.

Four times my voice was ignored.

Four times the words "no" and "stop" carried no weight.

My voice was trampled, overlooked, laughed at.

My attempts to halt the acts from continuing were named "feeble",
"weak", and "not enough".

I was blamed for all of them: they were all my fault.

I was drunk and flirting with him. I was high and fell asleep.

I was high and didn't do enough to stop her advances.

I was wearing leggings that showed off my ass.

No one ever took my side and defended me.

I attempted to press charges once.

Only once because every other time, everyone said no one would
believe me.

There would be too many holes in my story because I "didn't try to
stop them".

The one time I trusted that someone would finally be on my side,
help me, it fell through.

My only witness changed her story the day the state troopers talked
to her.

Charges were dropped by the system because there was not "enough
evidence".

The only thing they could do to him was suggest he find another
place of employment.

He still works there.

The other three times it went unknown by most.

Only close friends knew about the incidents and even then, they still
said I didn't do enough.

They are no longer my friends.
I have horrible, horrible nightmares about them, and their faces
flood my vision every time I'm drunk.
But how do you find help when everyone you trusted to help, broke
you more, and told you it was your fault?
How do you trust yourself to talk about it when the only time you
can is when you're shitfaced, and cant feel the emotions that
demolish your heart when you're sober?
How do you get over it when you still relive it in your dreams, when
you're alone, every anniversary: August, December, January, and
June....
How do you get over it, when you've been convinced it was your
fault?
You were the one who should have done more to stop it.
You should have screamed.
You should have fought back.
You should have told the authorities.
You shouldn't have let them get away with it.
It was your fault, all yours, no one else.
You should be ashamed of yourself.
I do not want to hear that shit anymore.
I did everything I could.
I am no longer ashamed of myself or what happened.
I own it, let it make me stronger.
I am not a victim, I am a survivor.
None of you can take that away from me, no matter how much you
may try.
I am a survivor.
I am a warrior.
I am a fighter.
I survived.

Untitled
Rebecca Morin

Kaleidoscope eyes make distraction from these demons.

Fooled one too many times, my lungs inhale toxicity, and rage starts
swimming in my veins.

Another bomb, an explosion I could've prevented and guilt always
stalks me to my home.

Uneasy bones lay unrested between these sheets and blood is
pressing up against these hurricane thoughts.

My coffin skin holds all of this in and soon I will be another bomb
that I could have prevented. Is this what I woke up for?

To have to breathe in all the chaos and have it rage wars inside of
me? To be riddled in confusion with thoughts of this future I
supposedly don't have?

Questions with no answers.

Problems with no way to solve them.

Vices with no cures.

A warrior with no victory.

This nightmare never ends and circles have become my best friends.

Patience for the storm to pass leaves me without any life left in my
vessel. A walking corpse in search for anything to make me feel
alive.

This is not half full or half empty.

It's in pieces.

Rust kissing the edges and stains discoloring what used to be
beautiful.

Scattered like dead petals for all the world to see.

They stroll by, staring, acknowledging what has been done, and then
they're gone.

The beauty is no longer.

The pain just grows stronger.

Now she lives in all the lessons her demons have taught her.

Phosphenes
Ashley Congdon

I left a piece of me at every turn,
With every breath.
I sent my devotion into the wind
At all of our favorite spots,
Hoping you'd find your way back.
I prayed to every soul in my peripheral,
That someone would tell you I still exist.
Hansel and Gretel would be proud of my trail,
Even if you only follow it to sabotage it,
Dismantling it quicker than I laid it down.
The only time I see you is in my phosphenes,
But my vision doesn't come back as fast anymore.
I'll drive my palms into my eyes until it doesn't come back at all.
At least then,
I'll have you for always.

Looks Remembered
Porcelain Rose Depino

As I walk by it every day
The stare of that tree
So lifeless and cold
Burns a hole in the back of my head

Why have I never noticed
The extreme Beauty
Of each curve
And of each distinct color

The bark is so warn
So tattered and so old
No wonder the branches scream for help
And they're spooky and crooked way

It was once kissed by life
But they suck the joy from her being
And it now contains nothing
But a mystery

Although the outside is dead
The inside holds the light
A soul lives beneath its wooden remains
And ceases to let go

How can she be so strong

Not even giving in to a human
Why doesn't anyone see her beauty

In the depth of winter

As I approach the lifeless wreck
A sense of warmth comes over me
I gaze up at the tree
And I swear I saw her cry

I wrapped my small arms around my sad friend
I whispered to her saying, "why is life so cruel"
I dropped to my knees with little breath to spare
And I sang till I could sing no more

So now if you walk by that tree
You can see the tears pouring down
The branches remain in the loving hold
And the wind sings my friend to sleep each winter

Beauty comes so often
But is never fully noticed
I will never forget the day
When the Beauty met the Beast

The Smell Of Barbecue Camo Salve

Casting rubber for prosthesis in the hot sun. Moving heavy dressers, cabinets, armoires, recliners covered in dog piss. My knuckles lifted out from the skin on my hands, twisting the skin. My sergeant didn't give a shit, yelling in Mandarin; furiously huffing gasoline, and pounding diet cokes.

The sun welts on me started to look like frogs...muppets with dejected faces screaming at me, reminding me of the sound of jets in the sky. The torque and creaking of my hips, my ass getting as hard as a boulder, and you know what else; if I still had the damned thing.

I moved every piece of furniture that day, and returned to base wrecked, the smell of barbecue as I entered the tent. But there wasn't any. Not a scrap of loin or bone. Dinner that night was mushroom soup, and mini hot dogs.

My muppets...I still have em.

What Is A Boy To Do?

Edward Crossman

A waking nightmare, true to form,
The ones that should care are forlorn,
Damned to bend and conform,
What is a boy to do?

The light recedes, darkness fills the void,
Innocence detected and destroyed,
I point out the enemy, but am labeled paranoid,
What is a boy to do?

My brothers die in foreign lands,
For reason no one truly understands,
For profits, our children are forever damned,
What is a boy to do?

Homeless soldier, helpless brother,
A crying baby holds her doped up mother,
All seek salvation, but no one bothers,
What is a boy to do?

Peace keepers keep the peace,
by keeping freedom out of reach,
'Slavery is independence' is what they teach,
What is a boy to do?

'The color of ones skin reveals the sin within',
There is so much wrong with that, I don't know where to begin,
This thought alone makes me cringe,
What is a boy to do?

Hapless and hopeless I stand alone,
While police brutality is condoned,
I serve time for getting stoned,
What is a boy to do?

We are born into state sanctioned slavery,
With the lie that all are equal, and absolutely free,
Can somebody please fucking tell me:

WHAT IS A BOY TO DO?

Natural
Faith Kemper

We know you're irreplaceable,
And we know what's not,
This dance ain't even traceable,
I forgot all the moves.

Your partner's erasable,
You've always known,
how to dance on your own.

So I'll find a seat in the crowd,
And I'll blend in easily,
Can you hear my applause now?
Can you hear it underneath?
God you look so good up there,
God I'm so proud of you,
I'll leave before curtain call,
Damn you're a natural

Kaleidoscope
Ashley Congdon

I finally found a vortex,
I don't mind falling into.
A stained glass masterpiece,
Where the broken pieces fit perfectly.
Even when the color pallet scatters,
It always comes right back together.
The symmetrical composition is courteous,
Each pattern taking a turn in the spotlight.
I swear I can hear EDM beating,
With every turn of the dial.
The eurythmic glow brings upon a stupor,
Giving me thanks I'm not color blind.

Flawless Seam
Josef Desade

A swan song; a crack in an otherwise flawless seam...

Fraudulent mimics of self expression, as you step into the masquerade, ever mindful of the eyes that watch...judge you...

For what would you be without your flock...sagging skin, and wrinkled flesh...cast the stone; a forgery of decorum...

Gold sceptre, and throne...disgraced, and pissed upon...vehement stare...

Who hurt you little girl...
Lost, wandering, beneath a veil...beneath your plastic mask...

Impropriety your evening wear; yet loneliness is your favorite shroud...a perfect fit...

Kiss your reflection...

Eggshell white...

Splintered...fragile...empty...

Thank You!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Josef Desade
Alexis Behrmann
Rebecca Morin
Ashley Congdon
Porcelain Rose Depino
Camo Salve
Edward Crossman
Faith Kemper

Thank you to everyone who took the time to download
Dead On A Doorstep!

I encourage you all to share it with your friends, as well
as print some out, and give a friend a paper cut...or hand
it out with face masks...or read it to a cat!

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