

Issue 14
March, 2021

Dead
On A
Doorstep



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Contributors

Josef Desade

Sarah Kerendian

Icarus

Ashley Congdon

Porcelain Rose Depino

Daniel Kearns

Rebecca Morin

A Moment Held, A Moment Gone
Josef Desade

What is redemption?

Judgment reserved

Profound?
What is profound?
There is nothing.

We search for profound meaning in a life created on
Hollywood sets...only to find sluts seeking redemption
for sins...Prepackaged, and manufactured to be like all
the rest...

And we spiral down...

spiral down...

spiral down....

round and round...

spiral

down...

Perhaps death would truly be best...to feel Hell's caress
and experience something truly blessed...in obsidian
nights we become withdrawn...a waking dream that
carries on and on and on...

Silently lapping waves, lanterns reflecting in the water,
as the stones are worn smooth, a moonless sky above,
prayers sent to the abyss, as we petition whatever listens
for small favors...the stones end, and our feet licked
clean, the waters rising...flickering lights...wandering
streets with no names...blurring vision, and then
silence...silence...a reflex of a soul; reflection of a
shadow...waiting for something to happen...waiting for
something to matter, but why do the angels bow their
heads so? Where have the eyes gone that glimmered in
the cold? A barren expanse covered in a light dusting of
snow, that blankets all our woes, as we hold hands with
the skeletons under the floorboards, and whisper I told
you so....

Kick **kick** kick *kick* kick **kick** kick *kick*

Breakdown...in the wrong lane...silver strings plucked
from a harp...a twang as hearts are strummed...from out
of the darkness as a rhythm drops; ominous pace...blank
stares on the passing face(less)...bass...running towards
the sea...a confessional between you, and me...hallowed,
truly fated to be...a match extinguished by a flick of the
wrist, a whisp of smoke; a moment
diminished...hugging tight to each twist and bend, a
bruise we seek to mend, a breath of wind caught in a

bottle, opened to exhale life into tomorrow...Flickering
lights, all a dream...smoke signals...morse code breaking
through the darkness...travel on...travel on...though you
may slumber in the breath of angels...high up in the
clouds, floating free...stripped naked of all these
walls...through twists, and bends that greet our sleepy
eyes...travel on into the sun...

Ashes To Ashes, We All Fall Down
Sarah Kerendian

She lit the match, and burned everything around her.
Everything she touches turns to flame, then goes away.

Ash to ash.

Dust to dust.

Deep inside her core, she's rusting away.

Rusting away

Nothing, she became.

The Ego Of Man Icarus

Do not allow the folly of your tongue uttering my name,
or speaking of my past.

If you were not there to witness it, nor there in my
darkest hours,

Then you are not my judge, nor my jury.

Your aspirations are no loftier than mine,

For you have sinned as much as I.

If your mind is so obtuse that you cannot grasp the
magnitude of your hypocrisy,

Then you have failed as a person.

For you are the product of an unjustified ego,

That which has shattered many kingdoms,

That same Messiah that swore prosperity,

But who's works have wrought only ruins, and rubble.

Save those wretched cries of yours,

For it those lies will shatter your castle of glass.

Hold those stones that you wish to cast upon others,

For those hands lack the piety of Divine in the heavens.

Who do you believe yourself to be, to be worthy of
casting such aspersions?

Thus, hold your tongue, that which only belies false
truths, and ignorant prophecies.

Speak no longer, and allow others to berate you instead.

Dwell instead, upon your transgressions.
Think not of who you have seen hurt,
But of those whom you yourself have brought harm
upon.

The Sands Of Time

Ashley Congdon

We arrive into this world,
Content with only our basic needs.
Somewhere down the line we went terribly wrong.
The four horsemen pull our strings like marionettes,
Challenging each other to see who will triumph.

We fill this world with each of the seven deadly sins,
Yet somehow we are proud,
And call ourselves the most intelligent species.
With one out of every four Americans on a psychiatric
medication,
Our subconscious must know we have failed.

It's hard to take control of our world,
When it's the actions of others that alter our pathways.
The boy in homeroom who called you ugly,
Suddenly changes your reflection in the mirror.
Your mother who criticizes your parenting,
Now means that anyone giving you a compliment must
be a liar.

The teacher who corrected your work too harshly,
Made you delete your college application as soon as you
got home.

We complain that living is unbearable,
Then cry in our death beds.

We dream up ludicrous fantasies about how we will
continue to live on when we die.

Burning in hell, flying in heaven with a feast on our
tables, or even coming back as a fucking shrub.

Maybe we want to be miserable in both worlds.

It isn't until the sands of time deplete from the
hourglass,

That we realize our life wasn't ours.

Life Is...It Just Is Porcelain Rose Depino

My philosophy on life has become cynical
Maybe it's because I have seen the true horrors of the world
Or maybe it's because I have learned my whole childhood
was a disgusting lie
Either way, I don't think I am all that qualified to teach you
any life lessons
But I can tell you what I know...

Humanity is a dark place.
You may find a few worth while, but they will cut you down
in the end

You can't do anything for yourself anymore
Everyone wants to meddle in your business all the time,
nothing is private

Nothing is sacred anymore.

If you are going to live life, live it to the fullest

Break laws, take risks, but no one knows where to draw the
moral code line

And there are those, like myself, who just want the ride to be
over

We have grown exhausted from the turbulence

We have been wounded because we don't want to keep our
arms and legs in

It's important to stay humble and only fighting when you
know you can win

Play the game the best you can, and I don't mean maliciously

You are your only best friend and you will support you.

Cash rules everything, and the elite have the control

Everyone is going to die alone

So what are you gonna do about it?

Untitled
Daniel Kearns

"Why daddy?"

The little girl asked me for what must have been the 50th time this car ride. I had been tossing the question around in my head for too long now and she was getting impatient with my bogus answers and little jokes.

"This is your little girl." I thought to myself "She thinks you're the smartest man on earth. You cant tell her you don't know the answer and you cant change the subject. Shes too damned stubborn for that. Stubborn and sharp just like her father. She'll know if you're bullshitting, so think up something genuine and do it quick asshole."

Why, is a good place to start. Why are we here? The question is the answer i suppose. We spend our every waking moment in search of purpose; A reason to continue existing. Most people get lost looking and lose hope. If you ask me honey, that's backwards. You've got to make your own purpose every day. Pave your own way. I cant tell you what that is for you, but don't worry. You're a smart kid. You'll figure it out, just do the best you can.

I looked in my rear view mirror and saw an adorably puzzled look on her little face. "Oh" she said, cocking her head slightly. She turned to look out her window lost in thought and I returned my focus to the road ahead.

"Here we are" I announced pulling over on the right shoulder of the four lane road and parked the car. There was a lush, green, grassy field across the street to the left. Off in the distance there was a baseball diamond and the figure of a young beautiful woman walking toward the car.

"ITS MOMMY! ITS MOMMY!" the little girl screamed as she quickly and carelessly swung open the door on her left and jumped out. I saw the oncoming car speeding down the road at my little girl and I immediately realized how wrong I was earlier. "We do have a preset purpose in life and this is mine"

The little girl picked herself up off of the sidewalk confused. Her mother was a few feet ahead on her hands and knees, looking towards the road and crying. The girl turned to around to see her fathers mangled body in the road and a trail of blood leading up to a wrecked car across the street.

"I think he saved me" she concluded trying to piece together what just happened. "But why?" she thought and remembered the answer her father had given her moments earlier. " You'll figure it out. Just do the best you can."

Give Yourself Time

Rebecca Morin

My stomach on the floor while he's down on one knee,
My heart in my hands when my favorite people left me,
The tears I hid when I was bullied, and the screams
when I thought my whole world was crashing.

Every tear, every word vomit,

The boys who broke your heart, your first kiss, the
sweet boy that made you laugh,

That bitch that tried to steal your boyfriend, looking in
the mirror as I cried to whoever was listening to help it
all stop,

The songs that I had on repeat when I wanted to die,
The poetry about him, the poetry before that, the cute
guy that used to come into my job,

The eyes and sunflowers in every sketchbook I own,
The pain in your chest as his heart rate dropped,
All the air leaving your lungs when you remember she's
gone forever,

The look of disappointment in all of their eyes.

It makes you feel dead and alive but it's all your
metamorphosis.

It all eats at your inside and then helps you build it back
better.

It takes time and you must give yourself enough of it to
become the person that's going to make it.

The warrior is waiting. It's all a blessing or a lesson.

It's painful, it destroys you, but it also gives you the
strength (or insanity) to keep pushing forward like there
IS a light at the end.

Despite everything always dwelling in the darkness.

Create, crumble, drink, dance under the moon,

Kiss the cutie with the pretty eyes, draw, and write.

Do whatever it takes to jump start your soul back to life.

It's all for a reason.

Life is the journey to finding out what it is, why you're
here,

The exploration of what you have to offer this crazy
universe.

Whether your at peace or in pieces, make it worth it.

Thank you!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Josef Desade

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Ashley Congdon

Porcelain Rose Depino

Daniel Kearns

Rebecca Morin

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 therapist, or scream it to the heavens!

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New England native poetry/prose. If you are interested
in contributing to a future issue, please send
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April – Open Topic

May – Insatiable Lust