



Issue 8
September, 2020

Dead
On A
Doorstep

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Contributors

Porcelain Rose Depino

Josef Desade

Ben Sanchez

Ashley Congdon

Camo Salve

Self Aware

Porcelain Rose Depino

Under pressure to release my words,
But my mouth goes sour like milk curds,
I can't think fast enough for my voice to be heard,
So I do what I want, and I write like I prefer,
I don't listen to anyone's opinions,
Cuz when I do me, I make my own decisions,
I'm tired of people trying to control my every move,
When I stand up, I get called that bitch with the attitude,
But sorry, I'm not going to abuse my speech,
I only use limited words to teach,
Cuz there's never the opportunity for silence,
With all this chatter, it creates a blindness,
To what is truly simple, and beautiful,
The drama ripped down to the cuticle,
So like my cards told me, I'm gonna be fine,
As long as I stay on this definitive line,
So leave me alone, let me do my thing,
Cuz I know my abilities to rap, and sing,
All we have is time, so don't try to push me,
Cuz once I grab it, you won't be able to shush me.

Untitled

Josef Desade

Fingertips play a piano upon soft flesh,
Pressing lightly upon each key, gliding...rest,
Lifting up spread wings,
Through the endless ocean, tranquil dreams,
Over burning fields the hunter stalks,
Prey that weeps, doorways locked,
In the waning light a devilish grin,
Astral projection; thought forms within,
Manifesting a lustful whim,
A celestial infraction; delicious sins,
Static teeth, silent screams,
Flesh to flesh, over spilled seed,
Panting and tragic...breath in,
Swaying and silent...breath out,
Revelations and magic...breath in,
Sensual and violent...breath out,
Embracing a passing; symbolic,
Dining in darkness; melancholic.

Creation

Ben Sanchez

If I am to blame for the madness,
I endure within these lonely walls,
I am forced to ask, why was I fabricated into existence?
Into life?

To be the martyr for her sins?

Of the woman who conceived, and fondles me in ways that no hands
should,

Nor dare to tempt such foul desire to her kin,
Now she slumbers, sealed beneath the earth, and stone,
I hung upon this cross, justice unwrought,
Only to be forced to re-watch those moments she caressed.

I travel unwillingly through my scars,
A slave to the injustice of the universe, to the madness that consumes
me,

Only to stare at the stars in tears, weeping for salvation,
Screaming to the heavens, "But here I am!",
Despite these abhorrent aberrations that resurrect from their tombs,
Only bear witness to her sins, and know no rest beneath the ebony
skies.

Solace

Ashley Congdon

Even with a heartbeat quicker than a hummingbird,
You still wouldn't change your sadistic ways,
I could beat my fists in the dry wall,
Matching my heart rhythm perfectly,
And yours wouldn't miss a beat,
You flew my insanity in on a private jet,
A SWAT team helicopter couldn't convince me to be reasonable,
I'll even leave the door open for them,
When they're through with me,
You'll probably look at the tag on my toe as a price tag,
For all the things you think I cost you,
I don't expect you to get the message,
But maybe someone else can learn from your mistakes.

A Letter From Uzbekistan

Camo Salve

A letter; paid postage from Uzbekistan came to my door,
Passed through Samarkand; spirits withering on the floor,
Autopsied my soul, cut open whole,
Heaven's parking lot seems awfully full,
Heart on a wooden table; left of the butcher's block,
Skeleton keys, and ivory bone; zero chances to crack this lock,
The gates are found closed, as shadows collect,
Past lives; karma that we forget,
Shedding skin, never to recollect,
A heartfelt goodbye, to that which we neglect.

(Heaven's parking lot is full of car accidents, and dope sick drivers
anyway...overrated bullshit.)

Diloggun

Josef Desade

The horizon is on fire,
Thick smoke; funeral pyre,
Headed deep into the abyss,
To seek the serpent's gift,
The sky's gone out,
Darkness consumes all; doubt,
Stillness; no time for second thoughts,
Carrion tricksters; take the lessons taught,
At the crossroads you meet; iron cross in hand,
Elegua awaits you upon the sand,
Which of the compass points to take,
Signed in blood; fate,
To the serpent at the shore,
Birthplace of all lore,
Carried in under cover of darkness by the waves,
Facing karma, will your soul be saved,
Diloggun; ten fold test,
Back to Earth, dust to rest.

Thank You!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Porcelain Rose Depino

Josef Desade

Ben Sanchez

Ashley Congdon

Camo Salve

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 make your sub read it as
a punishment...or leave it at a protest...or share it
with a snack!

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featuring New England native poetry/prose. If you
are interested in contributing to a future issue,
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