



Issue 10  
November, 2020

Dead  
On A  
Doorstep

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# Contributors

Camo Salve

Alexis Behrmann

Porcelain Rose Depino

Josef Desade

Icarus

Ashley Congdon

Rebecca Morin

# Muscle Wolf Camo Salve

I sleep so soundly, especially in a bed full of bodies...it's what I'm used to. I've been told I make these little hiccup noises...I can only imagine them popping from my mouth when I dream of muscle wolf...he comes, and goes, a little aloof, but he's mine...when we spend time.

It's such a pleasure to start with playful bites on the head, and neck...go down south to belly, via chest. To tear his ears off, methodically remove his white guts...my first for which I was a methodical white covered slut.

Such a heavy, hard chest...pecs like plastic gets me wet...melts my snowman, it's the best. His arms would dangle from the shoulder, and he'd just take it, so bold.

Flayed, and loose; I'd move back up to the neck, my mouth, his body, intertwined as a car wreck.

He flails, and flops, and never complains. My muscle wolf I always lust after...

And he lusts after pain.

**Untitled**  
**Alexis Behrmann**

Something about the leaves falling,  
Something about the chill in the air,  
Something about the crispness in the morning,  
Something about the thought of snow coming,  
Makes it harder to deal with the fact that you are gone,  
Makes it harder to pretend you could one day come  
back  
Makes it harder to keep the facade that I'm okay.

# **Winter Jeans, Wet Pants (It's all really the same)**

## **Porcelain Rose Depino**

My dreams for this winter? Never really thought about it. Well besides the fact that I hate wet jeans. Fuck the snow. Never understood the point of it. It's cold, and the days are dark. I'd rather just sleep the months away...make up lost time in the spring. Well, I mean if you enjoy winter sports, it is perfect for you. I've just never been all that coordinated.

My winter sport...lying in bed with my man, and forgetting the world exists. All while never wearing pants. No wet pants, makes me happy. You are all out there digging out your cars, and throwing snowballs. "Ha-ha! This is way better!" I giggle as I choke on my hot chocolate. I'm standing naked in the window, with nothing but a dim red light in the background. Stabbin' fever in upon us...oh, you've never heard of it? It's somewhat of a purge for those of us who hate the winter. There is nothing to do, nowhere to go. You're trapped in your house. So instead of being alone, you trap yourself with all the people you "love". You all take turns feeding each other drugs, and booze...until the rage escapes. That's when the fun begins.

We start cutting apart each, and every chord that connects us. We stab each other, shame each other, and abuse each other. This goes on from the first snow, to the first bud.

It has been four years since I have participated in winter.

I still have PTSD...not to mention a disdain, and sickness towards everything. As trees start to die, and the rainy cold moves in, I know I need to hide. I need to go inside, and find ways to protect my family. They are fortunate enough to never know that pain. Now that I think about it, my winter dream may be security, and safety. Love, passion even. Still, it all comes back to winter jeans, and wet pants. It's all really the same.

**Beside The Screams of Roses, and  
Daffodils  
Josef Desade**

Under dreary skies the world mourns,  
A moment of reflection; a time to learn,  
Shattered against the cold, the fires ablaze,  
A breath of life, to stave off winter's malaise,  
And, as the embers sparkle like iridescent jewels, we  
pray,  
For whatever is listening to see us through the day,  
For long is the road of November's caress,  
As from the sea, the cold winds transgress,  
Through fabric, and flesh; biting to the bone,  
Seeping through the mouse holes, and cracks within our  
homes,  
To take us in its grasp, for just one dance,  
As behind our backs, winter blues advance,  
Upon a barren landscape the world holds still,  
Silent, besides the screams of roses, and daffodils,  
With aching bones, we ponder deep,  
And find solace in dreams, and the warmth of sleep.



# Winter Dream

## Icarus

O' my fellow poet,  
How I watch you quiver like the naked trees in the icy  
wind,  
As you struggle with your tired eyes,  
The twilight, and evening bell of the altar rings,  
Tolling out its harsh directives into the soft, snowy  
countryside,  
While you lay in your tundra prison,  
Slowly painting the frigid pale sheet from soft ivory, to  
dark crimson,  
I watch, as your eyes well with tears that carry away  
your bodies last reserves of heat,  
Listening to you quietly whisper your final words of  
comfort,  
Unfortunately, your time has come.  
Your clock has struck the point of no return,  
So dream away to the times of winter festivities.  
Of a time where the rum tasted like sweet Nirvana,  
Back to the times where darkness was never to be found  
in your heart,  
Only the burning passion of love, and tranquility,  
The astounding, and profound wonder of what lay in the  
wintry night.

So breathe out your last words on this winter solstice,  
As I hold your hand, and you depart to your afterlife of  
sombre slumber.

Don't let fear take safe harbor in your soul a moment  
longer,

For there is nothing left to fear.

Let us say goodbye, and live an eternity in whatever  
afterlife awaits,

And dream once more, of winter.

# Untitled

## Ashley Congdon

You pull my nerves like it's tug of war,  
Unfortunately, you're winning cause you take all of my  
strength,

You play hopscotch on the synapses of my brain,  
As if I'm not unbalanced enough already.

I can only get away, if I want to go out in the snow,  
The cold hits harder than the bass in my headphones,  
But I don't feel it.

Maybe, my hearts been frozen way too long,  
And it's turned my body numb.

My breath is cold,  
Blowing smoke ring halos,  
Somehow it warms me,  
Maybe, I'm not alone.

I feel like a ghost wandering in a perpetual fog,  
But, even ghosts need a home.

My tears shake the ground harder than an earthquake,  
Freezing before they hit the snow,  
I'm sure their trail will last longer than my footprints.

The watercolor sunset, a gothic rainbow of sorts,  
Reflects on the ice like a stained glass masterpiece,  
I get distracted, and slip,

Maybe I'll stay here to see how the starlight reflects,  
Or until someone finds me, and makes me their ice queen.

# Untitled

## Rebecca Morin

Blizzard thoughts make hell look like paradise,  
But the chill in those frozen bones was home,  
Icicle eyes make them want to run and hide,  
Her soul was missing, and her heart is an old stone.

They all wanted her to know the cold,  
No one cared if their games caused her pain,  
Except now frost is what holds her very throne,  
Curse the day darkness flooded her veins.

Daggered eyes shake you in your mind,  
Maybe you will be her next mess,  
To feel the freeze that no one sees,  
The reason cold never lets her rest.

# Silence

## Josef Desade

The silence of winter evening...an onyx sky above where not even the stars gaze upon us...they used to laugh, twinkling away...but one by one they all perished. Burning out until they shared the same fate that we all face...dust blowing in the cosmic winds of eternal emptiness. The cruelty of it all...smoke drifts off towards the distance...a slight breeze as if someone was lightly breathing on our necks...a shiver, and then the knowledge that someone...something...is watching when we are alone...black, and white...shades of gray...stumbling through memories, as we begin to question our own recollect. Was it everything we convinced ourselves it was? A little too late to turn back once you open your eyes...you can't go back...you feel that tugging at your sleeve; shadows creeping past your door...the whisper in the silence of the night...the ticking of a clock somewhere in the cruel abyss before us, that tells us in the end we are alone. We find ourselves alone to face infinity. Silence, except for the voices in your head, as you lay drifting, never to rise again.

No chorus of angels.

No trumpets hailing your arrival to an ethereal plane. No savior.

Just...

Emptiness.

Somewhere, a clock is ticking.

**Untitled**  
**Alexis Behrmann**

I always wondered how I didn't catch on to who you  
really are,

Now that I'm away from you, I've realized,  
You're a lot like the winter in New England,  
Cold-hearted, and closed off in the morning,  
Loving, and warm in the afternoon,

This weather causes health issues for me,  
So why wouldn't the living, breathing version of it do  
the same?

# Thank You!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Camo Salve  
Alexis Behrmann  
Porcelain Rose Depino  
Josef Desade  
Icarus  
Ashley Congdon  
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, as well as print some out, and use them as bedding for your rat cage, or make a quilt for the homeless, or share with some friends over some cocoa.

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](mailto:DOADNE@gmail.com). Be sure to follow us on Facebook at [facebook.com/doadne](https://facebook.com/doadne), or on IG @dead\_on\_a\_doorstep.

Our December issue will have a theme of "Greed".

Submissions close November 25, 2020.