



Issue 9  
October, 2020

Dead  
On A  
Doorstep

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# Contributors

Josef Desade

[www.josefdesade.com](http://www.josefdesade.com)

Icarus

IG - @icarus882

Faith Kemper

<https://vimeo.com/yansaiyan>

Edward Crossman

Ashley Congdon

Amazon - Ashley Congdon

Camo Salve

Porcelain Rose Depino

[www.shitshowproductions.org](http://www.shitshowproductions.org)

Rebecca Morin

# **Sacred Pneuma & Forsaken Blood**

## **Josef Desade**

A eulogy penned in wintry hues,  
A silver cord from which dreams of wisdom  
imbued,  
Soft, and fleeting; a silent breath,  
Gentle, and soothing; a warm caress,  
That brings one to ponder this mortal coil,  
And souls reborn in fertile soil,  
Cyclic exertions from an endless sea,  
Nourishing waves lapping an eternal tree,  
That blooms in splendor, anima, thy roots  
are life,  
Delivering serenity from an endless night,  
From ashes we spill, naked and frightened,  
From trepidation enlightened,  
As we kick, and scratch for some corporeal  
sense of self,  
Shards of dreams; on glass we've knelt,  
Beneath apostate saviors with cold stares,

Windows stained by messianic nightmares,  
In deserts of unknown age,  
Perfumed by the scent of burning sage,  
The carrion bird takes flight,  
To fade away white,  
Back into a canvas of ivory threads,  
Skins that serpents have shed,  
An eggshell from which infinity flows,  
Pulled back home by the undertow,  
To memories from before the flood,  
Sacred pneuma, and forsaken blood.

# **Mortality**

## **Icarus**

Fallen,

I've watched, silently as your ignorance consigns your mortality over to death,  
As you follow the whispers of poison,  
Entrance by which lies in the flask,  
Stumbling upon a path of long crumbled  
solace, and peace,  
Only to watch the bridge of paradise  
crumble down,  
Facing self-retribution for sins never  
atoned, and responsibilities absconded  
from,  
Casting out every bit of empathy your soul  
held,  
Refusing to heed every diminutive voice of  
love, and reason,  
But now it takes a toll,  
Watching you lay in the grave, lonely,

Knowing it was your vices that broke you  
as the bell of departure rings beneath the  
night,

In the end, all I can reminisce about is the  
final dance you had with life,

Before you hang beneath the crimson sun,  
Pale...and silent.

# Summoning The Unknown

## Faith Kemper

I don't know what my last words will be, but I  
hope that they're I love you,  
Seance didn't work,  
Need the number for the busters,  
Haunted by the fact,  
There ain't much left to ride for.

I write my mother obit in my sleep,  
She ain't dead yet, but I ain't allowed to  
dream's peace,

Peace I don't know what it means,  
Love, I hate the word.

Can't be tryna love the world,  
Can't be decked in dress, an pearls,  
Less be decked right in your pearls,  
Can't be tryna see no girls,  
Can't be tryna be a girl, no.

Can we even die free?  
Everyone still left, wants to be buried in a  
Hefty,



How much we got to take to get some sleep  
again?

Xanny, benz, weed, booze to forget me again?  
Watch you take your piece for your peace, and  
memory again,  
Edging off the pain to find a piece of when we  
used to be.

I don't want to die,  
But I gotta lie down,  
I've been dream walking everywhere I been  
hurt in this town,  
Mind's eye bloodshot, flying gets you wired,  
Boy are my arms tired.

I might want to die,  
But you can't go home,  
Til you make one of ya own,  
I'm not like you,  
My futures still unknown.

**(Im)Mortality**  
**Edward Crossman**

I've lived a dozen lives, can't say it's really  
worth it,  
I've died a dozen times, and every one was  
perfect,  
Soft, and sweet like baby's breath,  
I find my peace in the endless depth,  
The calm embrace of a silent death,  
It's the only thing in life that's certain.

Living is the hardest part, dying is a breeze,  
And when I finally do depart, I'll find other  
worlds than these,  
Through time and space, through the  
infinite,  
I'll just exist with no significance,  
Death is promised, but I never perminate,  
I may be gone, but I swear I'll never leave.

We run to and fro, like little ants, eyes  
constant on the clock,  
And when we go, we are so surprised that  
the world refused to stop,  
Our constant need for validation,  
Is just an exercise in ego masturbation,  
With no deeper sense of self-realization,  
That mortality's a croc.

As we go into the deep beyond, well past  
this mortal coil,  
We will be freed, and can abscond with our  
worthless mortal toil,  
Becoming one with the abyss,  
Joining in one consciousness,  
The only constant to exist,  
We are beings truly made immortal.

# **Leviathan Blossoms**

## **Ashley Congdon**

I was damned from my first cry,  
My fate left to chance,  
This may be the only time,  
Where balanced scales cause uncertainty.

I don't have the courage to choose the  
correct tattoo,  
Or the color of my clit ring,  
Being expected to choose the branding of  
my soul,  
Seems cruel of a God to expect.

I'd ask the Pisces heroin for advice,  
If I wouldn't wind up chasing my tail such  
as him,  
A Piscean duality couldn't tip my scale  
either way,

But perhaps we can be the rulers of a limbo  
most alluring,  
With leviathan blossoms at my feet,  
I could finally dance in peace.

It must have been known I would  
sympathize with the devil,  
Falling in love with his flaws,  
I certainly wouldn't flourish as a servant in  
the silver city,  
Sitting on a shelf awaiting answers I'll  
never find.

## **A Word Of Advice**

### **Camo Salve**

When digging a grave, or digging up a grave, there are simple things to remember:  
A change of underwear, seeing a corpse can  
titillate,  
For sometimes one's nerves get the best of  
them on a blind date.

Remove the eyes, whether dead or alive.  
I'm hot, but I'd rather be a mystery to my  
lover.

People are judgmental, be sure to caress  
under night time cover.

Under dirt roads, deserts, marsh lands, or  
lakes; the more rotten they are, the more to  
discover, and the more to taste.

Do I have a screw loose or do...Oh, right.  
Some gloves, a shovel, some muscle, some  
time.

A taste of heaven, found in putrefied slime.  
A prayer within a kiss,  
Elbow deep as I fist.  
Missionary, for the heaven I wish to  
glimpse,  
Face down to see the devil; no need to pay a  
pimp,  
As the dawn signals the rising sun,  
Fuck...that was fun.

# **Enduring The Storm**

## **Rebecca Morin**

Poisonous thoughts, and venom tears hold hands in this  
existence,

Hopelessness took shelter in my chest, and it made me  
empty.

Death is always just a nightmare to wake up from,  
Only cured by the embrace of your loved ones.

Until the day it becomes reality, and in those moments,  
Sometimes many moments after,

You hope it claims you next,

The darkness seeps into every word you speak,  
Every relationship you build, and every movement of  
your bones,

The grief makes your body sick,

But it shows you the value of a moment,

The treasure of a memory,

The regret in taking someone's love for granted,  
Time passes, and years feel like seconds, and centuries  
in the same,

You forget the warmth of their embrace, and how it  
feels to swim in their laughter,

A lifetime of their presence, and all that's left is time to  
bleed,



How can something that happens to everyone remove  
your soul from your body, before it's your turn?  
The hole in your chest screams to be filled, but nothing  
ever fits there,  
Inadequately, you search for whatever you can find to  
the point of overflow,  
And as you look into the eyes of the stranger staring  
back at you,  
The emptiness creeps in somewhere else,  
There is nothing to be filled,  
You are a stranger to all that you were, and never will be  
again,  
Grief always makes a home inside the broken, and then  
grief becomes a way of living,  
You just learn to live with the ache in your stomach,  
The burning in your eyes when they enter your mind,  
And the guilt for all the things you could've done better,  
You bleed...  
You remember...  
You forget...  
You cry, and scream.  
Wars rage inside you,  
Storms attack your every thought,  
Until it's you.  
Until your absence causes storms in the minds of others,

And they are a stranger to all they ever have been, or  
ever will be,  
You bled, and now it's your turn to make them do the  
same,  
Until it's their time to wreak this same havoc on  
someone else's soul,  
Still, I don't understand.  
How can something that happens to everyone, remove  
your soul from your body?  
Your heart from your chest?  
Your mind from any semblance of peace?  
The answer is almost as bad as all that comes with it.  
Nobody, not even the brightest of souls,  
The most contagious of smiles,  
Or the innocent, can live forever,  
And we all must endure the storm.

# **I Hope I Die (A Poem on MorTality)**

## **Porcelain Rose Depino**

I remember the vivid arguments.  
My ex, and I would always have the same  
fight.

Would you live forever if you had the  
option?

Obviously, when you are a kid, you want to  
live forever.

But we were two twenty year old's  
screaming at a party.

We were on a vampire kick...  
Watching, reading anything we could find.  
But I think he took it far more seriously  
than I did.

I liked the darkness, the seduction, the  
blood.

I was fascinated by the extreme nature of it  
all.

I understood that none of it was real.

It has been seven years since then.  
And I feel even stronger about wanting to  
die.

With every passing year, life stabs harder.  
Our bodies hurt more; our mind remembers  
less.

I couldn't imagine being stuck at eighty  
years old for the rest of my life.

If I died today, things would stay the same.

You forget that history repeats itself.  
I am not afraid of missing anything, so I just  
go with the flow.

It is honestly something to look forward to.  
Our true destiny in the end.

# **Hollow Pumpkin**

## **Faith Kemper**

You took up the place in my heart that I'd  
reserved for myself,  
Then you brought only pain, and rotted me  
from the inside,  
So I hate you for being all I have left,  
You don't heal, you neglect.  
You don't care, you forget.  
You don't drive, you regret.  
I had to put all comfort out of my mind,  
Can't sleep with a teddy,  
Can't mind bed is empty,  
All emotion washed away,  
You make me want to fucking clean myself.  
This song is for your demons,  
Who are kinder than you,  
If I was smarter, I'd have listened to them  
when they told me the truth,

If I was smarter I'd be able to take care of  
you,  
If I was thinner you might take care of me  
too,  
But I'm thinking this is about all I can do,  
About all I can lose,  
Is the life that I choose,  
And I'm ready.

# Thank You!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Josef Desade  
Icarus  
Faith Kemper  
Edward Crossman  
Ashley Congdon  
Camo Salve  
Porcelain Rose Depino  
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 hand them out to trick-or-treaters...or burn in a Samhain ritual...or enjoy over a cup of hot cider!

*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 [www.facebook.com/doadne](http://www.facebook.com/doadne) or on IG @dead\_on\_a\_doorstep. Our November issue will have a theme of "Winter Dreams". Submissions close October 25, 2020.