



Issue 3
April 2020

Dead On
A
Doorstep

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Contributors

Josef Desade

Leala Daigle

Porcelaine Rose Depino

Camo Salve

Faith Kemper

Sarah Kerendian

Spin

Josef Desade

One indisputable fact...this world is crazy. Electric impulses -
Overcrowded, overstimulated; speeding organic growth, spiraling to
a faster, and faster pace, as the keys are played. Wind them up faster,
as the scenery becomes a blur, and yet, faster and faster we go,
spinning round and round, as history passes us by, the past, and the
future blending in a speeding present, and then it all
stops.

We find ourselves tumbling to the ground in a free for all, our souls
shredded as our bodies smash to the ground, torn muscles, shattered
skulls. We gaze into the distance, our vision clouded; as the sun sets
behind what were once great cities, empires fallen to dust, and we
remember being a child. Green fields,
blue skies;
the dream buried beneath steel and smog,
and we exhale our breath,
as a breeze kicks shit in our face; watching life speed by, as we
become the dust of the past, and the world keeps on spinning.

Our existence a tiny pinprick;
a footnote lost within spatial static,
broken glass;
as we exhale our last breath.
A reflection in the tear of a child
Mourned in momentary bliss
Forgotten, with a loving kiss.

Ken Doll

Leala Daigle

This has my mind
Wandering
Wandering
Wandering...
Black and blue
Have you got a sick dolly?
Wolves teeth blaring,
Are you a sick
Sick dolly?
Do you seem a bit floppy,
Sick
Bastard
Wandering got you my mind...
Wandering
Wandering
Wandering
Wolves ears laid back upon her
Silver fur
Her teeth blaring
It's the full moon
And you're howling

She jumps on top of you
Her breasts rub upon your bare
Chest

The wolf sinks her teeth into

You sick sick dolly
Let me fix you
I see a dirty bastard
That needs a bath...

This is a job for a wolf,
Your blood fills my bath tub
Oh dear dolly you got my mind
Wandering
Wandering
Wandering
I wonder what your heart
Tastes like,
So I can know
The taste of your hate
And love for me.
She-wolf, love making, murder, full
moon howling.

This has my mind
Wandering
Wandering
Wandering.

Bloody paw prints in the snow.

My Shadow, Deep Inside Of Me

Porcelaine Rose Depino

It's always dark, inside of me
You'll never see the light of day
What you wish, think, or do
Won't matter as much as what you might say

My shadow, deep in the dark
My shadow holds my true heart
My shadow is all you will see
My shadow, deep Inside of me

My emotions always change
From happy to sad, alone to brave
My mind goes from place to place
High as mountains and deep as caves

My shadow, deep in the dark
My shadow holds my true heart

My shadow is all you will see
My shadow, deep inside of me

The light goes dim
My mind goes blank
My heartbeat stops
My blood runs cold
Where's my shadow?

Untitled

Camo Salve

I was a teenage slut. I got everything I ever wanted, and when I didn't get what I wanted, well that...that, just didn't exist. Those who stood in my way for sex, power, money, and control...over everything, were killed. Brutally murdered they were. I smelled like cum and blood

Sediment

Irony

Foul chalky buildup in your mouth
closing your throat gently, as I walked by you.

I smoked too. I loved every bit of it. I would like to think of myself as a true patriot to feminism. I was like a grand junction, the one leading a pack of blind toddlers to a sea full of seeing-eye puppies. A general controlling every vagina on the planet, with a rotary gun nailed down into the bedrock of the moon. Man was my target practice. I was the biggest, bad bitch to be buried under Mother Gaia. And I regret nothing.

It was a revelation to be papered, pampered...to see tears of another human soul well up, and spurt from the confines of fleshy ducts.

It was here

I was here

Wounded.

My record chart had not yet been number one, but I'll get to that part. The only people that ever really cared were those guys..."SO LONG FIORES" I screamed, as the helicopter raised me from the battlefield. Leaving lumps of my flesh in the ground, a true war veteran, first full female infantry.

Autistry, A Poem.

Faith Kemper

All you know is we have something you don't.
Some of you think it's beautiful and
Some of you think it's disgusting,
But most of us are certain it makes no difference at all,
And acknowledging that reality that terrifies you the most,
You look at our art, and our souls,
And you say to yourself, and your coworkers,
"I could do that. I could paint that. I could be that."
But you *CAN'T*, can you?
Because there's something to be said for accepting original,
As a fabrication over being original,
There's plenty to be said for being atypical,
And it's not for you to say.

Queen of Fire & Ice

Sarah Kerendian

In her euphoric icicle cave, she ponders through.
Pacing back, and forth,
Mind racing,
Not knowing what to do,
But shutting out the chaos of insanity,
She has become broken and insane herself...
Getting colder...
Older...
She's become the Queen of ice.
The dark night soldier betrayed her trust,
So she put a spell on him; never to love again.
The only love he will ever know is hers,
Frozen to his mind, body, soul,
Forever bitter cold.
As she chuckles away,
The icicles cave sways,
Back and forth,
As she looks up to the north with a devilish grin,
And shouts out,
If you only knew where I have been,
Through hell,
Through sin,
She's not the same anymore,
As she screams and cries...says her endless goodbyes.
Her rage has become fire,
Slowly one by one her icicles are slowly melting,

The cave of ice is caving in on her,
Fire and ice she became,
She became her own war,
Oh, she has been here before,
Queen of fire and ice,
Lives within her endless core,
Be careful, you may crave for more.

Untitled

Leala Daigle

Can't you see,
You cannot place,
So much expectation on your common man,
Evil or good.
For he is just a man,
Left to his devices, not understood.
He is the cool lake,
The skin of snakes,
He is the vulnerable moon,
Admiring,
The beauty of Venus.

For he cannot love you,
The way you want him to.

He loves you,
In the way he knows.

So fragile,
She was a kitten on his hot tin roof.

He hurt her,
So he made himself cold,
While growing old.

And he thought,

Her waves dominated him.

His heart,
At her mercy.

He never knew,
The moon moved her waves.

How much
She too
In love
Enslaved by
By him.

For he cannot love you,
The way you want him to,
And she only knows love,
The way she knows.

Restless Thoughts, Lustful Somnambulism

Josef Desade

Oh, to taste a thousand deaths upon bended knee,
Eyes wide; drowning within temptation's sea,
Head lowered; bound by this devilry,
Tasting the bittersweet honey of debauchery,
Butterfly kisses; lash of the belt,
Euphoric tears; heavenly welts,
Rising and falling; a tide between spread legs,
Whispered pleas; for blissful sensation beg,
As the stage is set; the curtain drawn,
Flesh, the canvas, carnal desire is bestowed upon,
A shudder, a whimper; spent and sighing,
A little death; a ritual, purifying.

*(Restless Thoughts, Lustful Somnambulism first appeared in Horror
Sleaze Trash e-zine.)*

Thank you!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Josef Desade

Leala Daigle

Porcelaine Rose Depino

Camo Salve

Faith Kemper

Sarah Kerendian

Thank you to everyone who took the time to download this! I encourage you all to share it with your friends, as well as print some out, and feed it to your fish...or share it with your grandfather, or stick it to a cactus for someone to find.

Dead on a doorstep is a monthly indy press, featuring New England native poetry/prose. If you are interested in contributing to a future issue, please contact Josef Desade, at Desadeist@gmail.com. Past issues can be found in the PDF section at www.josefdesade.com