



Issue 12
January, 2021

Dead
On A
Doorstep

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Contributors

Alexis Behrmann

Ashley Congdon

Icarus

Pasta Fagioli

Rebecca Morin

Dank

Bianca Racine

Porcelain Rose Depino

Camo Salve

Teddy Ren

Josef Desade

Yumiko King

A Note On The Issue

Welcome everyone to our Editor's choice recap issue! January 2021, officially marks one year of Dead On A Doorstep's existence! I would like to thank everyone who has taken the time to check out our monthly issues, as we built a reader base from the ground up. The amount of support we have received has been amazing, and so we thank each and every one of you for showing your love!

This issue are some of my favorites from the past year, as well as an exquisite corpse featuring nine writers.

We would also like to congratulate Alexis Behrmann, for winning our submission of the year contest, and with that we shall begin with her!

-J Desade

Four Times

Alexis Behrmann

Four times.

Four times the rights to my own body were taken from
me.

Four times my voice was ignored.

Four times the words “no” and “stop” carried no weight.

My voice was trampled, overlooked, laughed at.

My attempts to halt the acts from continuing were
named “feeble”,

“weak”, and “not enough”.

I was blamed for all of them: they were all my fault.

I was drunk, and flirting with him. I was high, and fell
asleep.

I was wearing leggings that showed off my ass.

No one ever took my side, and defended me.

I attempted to press charges once.

Only once, because every other time, everyone said no
one would believe me.

There would be too many holes in my story, because I
“didn’t try to stop them”.

The one time I trusted that someone would finally be on
my side,
help me, it fell through.

My only witness changed her story the day the state
troopers talked to her.

Charges were dropped by the system because there was
not “enough evidence”.

The only thing they could do to him was suggest he find
another place of employment.

He still works there.

The other three times it went unknown by most.
Only close friends knew about the incidents, and even
then, they still said I didn’t do enough.

They are no longer my friends.

I have horrible, horrible nightmares about them, and
their faces flood my vision every time I’m drunk.

But how do you find help when everyone you trusted to
help, broke you more, and told you it was your fault?
How do you trust yourself to talk about it when the only
time you can is when you’re shitfaced, and can feel the
emotions that demolish your heart when you’re sober?
How do you get over it, when you still relive it in your
dreams; when you’re alone every anniversary: August,
December, January, and June...

How do you get over it, when you’ve been convinced it
was your fault?

You were the one who should have done more to stop it.

You should have screamed.

You should have fought back.

You should have told the authorities.
You shouldn't have let them get away with it.
It was your fault, all yours, no one else.
You should be ashamed of yourself.
I do not want to hear that shit any more.
I did everything I could.
I am no longer ashamed of myself, or what happened.
I own it, let it make me stronger.
I am not a victim, I am a survivor.
None of you can take that away from me, no matter how
much you may try.
I am a survivor.
I am a warrior.
I am a fighter.
I survived.

Phosphenes

Ashley Congdon

I left a piece of me at every turn,
With every breath,
I sent my devotion into the wind,
At all of our favorite spots,
Hoping you'd find your way back,
I prayed to every soul in my peripheral,
That someone would tell you I still exist.
Hansel, and Gretel would be proud of my trail,
Even if you only follow it to sabotage it,
Dismantling it quicker than I laid it down.
The only time I see you is in my phosphenes,
But my vision doesn't come back as fast anymore,
I'll drive my palms into my eyes until it doesn't come
back at all,
At least then,
I'll have you for always.

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.

Chorea

Pasta Fagioli

I always had to beg you for it,
While you offered it to everyone else.

I didn't realize my habits

Or yours.

My shadow frightens

The shit out of me.

I laugh.

What appears to be

Birds in the distance

Are merely insects in front of my face.

You pretended you couldn't see me

Through the chain-links

When I went to see you

Behind those bars.

I didn't

Grow up with you,

I grew

Away from you.

If I were into mindless things,

I would have already won.

Her youngest,

Face down in the rocks and dirt,

Before the stitching of the empire.

I've become extremely close
With my bed but nobody's allowed
To be sicker than you;
Not realizing at the time
That each and every one of
Those moments would end and fade away,
Like your long red
And loose flowing blouse,
Under the pines,
In the forest park.
The sky overcast and windy.
The smell of rain.
Before storm-like.
Your hair blowing like
A ripped and tattered flag.
I couldn't make eyes
With the bag handler.
My flight raped me
And my arrival was
Another kick in the teeth.
Blood white porcelain.
Tooth clogged drain pipes.
I have no control.
I can't fix anything.
I'd like to write.
I'd like to write my death

And about all the times
I've done it before.
I sit outback
Listening to gunshots
Down the avenue at 4 am
While smoking and reading a book.
I'm probably the only person
Holding a book in this city at the moment.
I look at the faces
On the walls of my kitchen
And I listen to the hurt
And read the memoirs and letters
From the younger me
And all his past lives.
I left you
In a twenty-year hole.
There's no way
That you'll ever be able
To crawl out of it
And I tilt back
To my heels,
Smiling from ear to ear,
Levitating away from my mask.
I'm bored.
You've expelled
All comfort,

Need
And want.
Your disgusting,
Filthy cognacs' no longer
Sit near the front door.
No more of your
Cycles dripped
Throughout the hardwoods.
I remember
Your low-rise hips,
Cropped black top
And the beads of rain
On your tight stomach.
Those days
Are so far gone,
They might as well
Have never existed.
I'm at War
And this isn't about you.
This is about me.
I wasted my time
With all of you.
I'm tired of waiting.
My work is done.
You didn't know your roles.
There is no value.

Thumb-flicks white
Crystal crumbs from nose,
Walking away
Like a happy bear
Flailing limbs and exposing
What's hidden behind clear sight,
Chasing
The sun and the setting.
The clock
Is breaking my heart
And the harvest
Is creeping up on me,
Much like the dead.
Dirty bitches
Always get
What they want.
Me,
I can't even tell
What time of day it is.
I've become
So pathetically comfortable
With rejection
That it puts a smile
On my face.
Most of the time
I don't see it coming.

Sometimes
It's easily predicted
From miles away.
I'm out here
Struggling,
But in a different way.
A way you have
Never had to worry about.
Panic
In my blood.
I want to feel
The way I felt before.
I remember
You smelling like lentils.
So sick of mating rituals
And the fucking mating games.
I'll be
Spending some time
With an old ghost tonight.
Despite my
blurred vision,
Everyone is influenced
By someone or something.
I don't even
Know you fucking people.
I had my fun.

I've got shit to do.
You don't know
What alone is;
Everyday
In the straight of my ribs,
Wondering if
I'll make it home alive.
How long can
I be strung along?
I pleased you...
Everybody else
Got their cocks sucked.
There's a place for me.
I just haven't found it yet.

Untitled

Rebecca Morin

My eyes sting at the sight.
Crumpled bags and scattered elastic bands tossed like
leaves in the fall.
I see the carcass of a needle and it stabs me in my heart
like it stabbed him in his arm.
Flashbacks jump start my normal frenzies and all I can
see is myself weeping.
I only see myself begging to bring them back and
begging you to stop.
I see tears and my screams echo in my ears like sirens.
A demon I can not get rid of, a villain I can't fight.
I just get to watch.
Watch your body turn to a skeleton and your eyes fade
in and out of life.
I watch you sleep all day and then I sit as you scream
that I'm just insane.
Like this demon hasn't taken you from me, like he's not
to blame.
My tears could drown us both and you'd use it to blame
me for your pain.
Location history says Hartford and your Facebook says
that you think the girl dressed like a whore is cute.

You yell at me for finding peace in other people's
company because I am not here with you,
and then while I'm here, I sit by myself in angst.

Wondering how a trip to get a dutch takes three hours.

It's an endless night and a forever nightmare.

Trying to please someone who can only be pleased by a
needle in their arm or a drip in the back of their throat.

Planning a future with a stranger hoping my lover will
come back.

Crying myself into emotional comas and screaming my
feelings even if no one hears me.

My hands move towards you and I've lost control.

The look on your face makes me feel like a monster.

Now I'm drowning in my tears again and it turns out
that dealing with monsters,
it makes one out of you.

The Three S' Dank

When I was a young boy, my father once told me: Son, never leave the house until you shit, shower, and shave. The 3 s' he called them. Well lately I'm doing this self help thing, and so I've started doing sit-ups at sunrise. But it seems to me, this is too many s'. So I sit down, and seek a solution to the situation. I certainly can't skip the shower. That would be silly. Subjecting others to suspicious smells, of sweaty socks, and other savory, salty secretions, is social suicide. The shave is situational for sure. But suppose I see a sexy senora strolling down the street? How can I suavely seduce said subject with all this unsightly scraggly stubble? A Sancho can never suspect such a surprise, so it's best to stay somewhat snazzy. To stifle a shit, could go south swiftly, leaving me in a sticky spot. Perhaps, if I skipped supper? Starvation seems a bit severe, but it might be a step in the right direction of a shapelier self. Well, sooner or later, I said screw it, sit-ups suck. There's simply no substitution for the 3 s' to suitably start the day.

My Hands

Bianca Racine

They are a diary of sorts.

They recite truth, rehearse lies, report experiences,
narrate stories, relate feelings.

But I bet you didn't know that they grip onto my secrets,
and hold on to them with a tight fist squeeze.

They are the base to the being that is me.

These vigorous wrists hold the veins that allow frigid
blood to flow.

They've been tinged too many times throughout the
years.

Lots of blues and blacks, some shades of purple,
dissolving yellows, disheartening reds.

They've been traced by dulled objects, sharp objects,
markers and pens.

By tongues, and teeth, bringing sensation and chills.

By the kisses of lips that bare pastels.

Palms on pins and needles, show what expression does
not land on my face.

They can be read like a story, on why I make lovers
haste.

They meet one on one, with those I have just met.

They deal with the devil, on a devils bet.

They are traced with romantic fingers, in the passion of
night.

And they are as hard as a rock when it's time to fight.

My fingers give away a secret code.

They flinch on the fire, and go numb in the cold.

They are sullied with the cum, of those that I did not
care.

They are yearning for the ones to whom are no longer
there.

These hands...my hands...are stained with death.

Casting me nightmares, that steal my breath.

Vanquishing all that makes me whole.

Leaving my body without my soul.

My hands are lucky they aren't in my head....

For you'd find my brain...strangled, dead.

Looks Remembered

Porcelain Rose Depino

As I walk by it every day
The stare of that tree
So lifeless and cold
Burns a hole in the back of my head
Why have I never noticed
The extreme Beauty
Of each curve
And of each distinct color
The bark is so worn
So tattered and so old
No wonder the branches scream for help
And they're spooky and crooked way
It was once kissed by life
But they suck the joy from her being
And it now contains nothing
But a mystery
Although the outside is dead
The inside holds the light
A soul lives beneath its wooden remains
And ceases to let go
How can she be so strong
Not even giving in to a human
Why doesn't anyone see her beauty

In the depth of winter
As I approach the lifeless wreck
A sense of warmth comes over me
I gaze up at the tree
And I swear I saw her cry
I wrapped my small arms around my sad friend
I whispered to her saying, “why is life so cruel”
I dropped to my knees with little breath to spare
And I sang till I could sing no more
So now if you walk by that tree
You can see the tears pouring down
The branches remain in the loving hold
And the wind sings my friend to sleep each winter
Beauty comes so often
But is never fully noticed
I will never forget the day
When the Beauty met the Beast.

As Dwarves Do Giants

Camo Salve

Sometimes I like to think, that after cumming from
masturbating,
my would have been child is awaiting me in the astral plane.
I wonder then, once dead, if I will be greeted by thousands of
my astral children; either embracing me for eternity, or tying
me down.

Screaming into my face, and assaulting me; as dwarves do
giants.

Either way, my soul will be tortured...and I await it with glee.

The speeding red Camaro's tires screeched loudly, as it
struggled to make the hairpin turn.

The rear wheels inevitably lost their grip, and the car slid off
the road, and over the side of the mountain.

“Can you believe the nerve of that fucking bartender
though?”

I could not.

Flapping a broken wing.

One hand on my cock.

Daddy's coming home.

Birthday suit.

Bang. Bang.

God dammit.

My eye! Again...

The Standard

Teddy Ren

What it is to be a man...is being silent in the worst times
of your life

Being patient during the longest moments of hell
And being kind, acknowledging that 80% of what you
do in this life for your woman or others...

they'll only receive....

and they'll never remember....

but you'll never forget

Being a man is allowing her to pay for herself, while
sneaking the money back in her purse

Being a man is understanding your responsibility to not
beat a subject, accept terms, and seek to eventually
change them

Being a man is slapping her playfully for being smart,
but kissing her to let her know to never change

Being a man is not accepting second class behavior...not
from her, not from the world, and making sure she never
has to handle it herself

Being a man is letting them hit you more times than
you'd like....and still, you come back

Being a man is having pride, because seeking it from
another is poor taste

But receiving it from others is a blessing

Being a man is knowing you need to cry, and waiting
for that single moment to do it with no witness

Being a man is knowing redemption and
forgiveness....and knowing the difference

Being a man is.....
is to have freedom in a cage.

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.

Le cadavre exquis boira le vin nouveau.

Josef Desade, Pasta Fagioli, Yumiko King, Ashley Congdon, Dank, Porcelain Rose Depino, Icarus, Rebecca Morin, and Camo Salve

The world has disappeared behind the swirling sands...a timeless dance...swirling...swirling...round, and round...devils pray at my side...a trinity of demons that see me through...

Pray for me my children...pray I make it safely...

Pater noster qui es in caelis...

A crossroad...burnt, and blackened...

Crosses line the pathway...

Bona uenia tua discretioni vestre...

This

is

the

sound

of

insanity.

Into the tunnel...faster...faster...headed towards a crimson light...headed into the world of dreams...bursting through like some horrid creature being brought to life...forcing my way through the womb...exploding into the world...

I paint my face slowly with the blood of the goddess...

The feast has begun...

Shadows, my companions, as the slithering souls climb
upon the table to be feasted upon...

I dip each piece in the blood of everyone I've ever
known...letting it soak in as my fellow diners
whisper...scream.

The main course has finally arrived, and I find myself
no longer hungry...

I watch in horror, as my own soul slithers to the
center...the shadows go into a gluttonous frenzy as they
tear it to pieces...and I just watch, for I didn't save room
for my own soul...

Tears stream down my face, and this is the sound of
insanity.

Vile excretions...the flesh is rotting...fucking rotting like
a whale laying in the summer sun...the tea cup is
wobbling...masturbatory offerings on the face of god...a
martyr to the sex industry...gas masked faces peer from
the holes in the floor...tip toe towards the bathtub...a
raging cunt, sunburned, and scabbed...water foul that are
enjoying watching our demise...killing time...just killing
time...take my hand, we'll run away...endless fuckery as
we sit in the corner...melancholy clowns fasten the belt
tight...auto-erotic asphyxiation...the slap of the belt...red
welts rise up against muddy waters...

What purpose is there...with top hat and cane, walk
down the red carpet...flashbulbs await...climb aboard,
the rail car is scheduled to depart...throw the sunglasses
on...ticket in hand...it's time to go...

You rest back in your chair – the anticipation of the ride
oozing from your ears – your legs warm, and numbing
from the reaction.

The cabin door opens, and she walks in and takes a seat
across from you.

You can see the white crumbs in her nose, and the dried
semen on her pant leg.

You both pretend to not know each other...she lights a
cigarette, and hums a crepid tune while licking your
soul from the distance.

Her eyes like a cancer – her crotch like a rifle sight.
You're uncomfortable, but familiar, and you know you
want to hurt her, again.

She hands you a fist full of fingernails...

You assumed it some sort of boon

But she's angry with you

And with these clippings, acursed you.

Feel regret for the first time

While your collarbone snaps like
an angry violin string

And so does she

Diving with no scuba tank,

With the pressure of the sea,
Caving in with no release.

With the pressure of the sea,
Caving in with no release.

Until finally, release came from within.

I let go of the fear, and panic that had been driving me
to survive, and accepted my fate.

The black tendril that had coiled around my ankle
continued to creep, spiraling up my leg, and tightened
its grasp.

There was no escape, I was going to die here, and now.
I opened my eyes, ignoring the sting of the salt water,
and looked up toward the now distant surface of the
water.

The light of the full moon that illuminated the night sky
was cascading down through the ocean, creating
beautiful rays of white light.

My mouth gaped open slightly in awe of the sight, and I
willingly took in a deep breath of salt water.

The intense burning sensation in my lungs was quickly
replaced with a feeling of euphoria, and serenity as I
gradually lost consciousness.

"Finally its over.

I can sleep now, and dream of happier times."

Or so I thought.

But it wasn't even five minutes before he started poking
me again.

“Babe. Not again.”

I whined,

“I can't go again.

I hurt too much”.

The room was dark with light only coming from random
cars passing by on the street.

Although I was facing away from him,

I could still feel the burn of his glaze on the back of my
head.

I could hear the smile in his breathing.

Without a sound, he poked me again...hard.

I let out a squeal, as I pushed him away.

“But you know you owe me,” he demanded, as he
wrapped his arms tightly around my stomach.

Ughhh....my one weakness, tummy rubs.

“That's so not fai...”

I couldn't even get the words out, and he was at it again.

By this point, he had one hand on still on my belly, but
the other hand had migrated upwards onto my throat.

I could feel him leaning in towards my ear as if to
whisper sweet nothings to me.

But before he could speak, he ripped a strong, loud fart.

With a chuckle, he said “now that's some good butt
stuff”.

So hesitate no more,
Give into the unholy touch.
A carnal desire that our naked body
yearn to indulge.
A desperate penetration that bares
No haven for love, but rather for lust.
Lust has always brought me comfort.
While love has left me half alive.
Call me reckless for the way my body moves.
But the taste of you brings me back to life.
The sound of your pleasure is heavenly,
And my body knows it all too well.
Suck out all of the doubt in myself,
Fuck me back to life I promise I won't tell.
I'd love to see the wealthy murdered in the street by the
poor...
Strangled to death, crying as their life ends.
Realize what we do to the most vulnerable.
Fuck these bootstraps, I'd rather put a knife in your
heart, you walking cesspool.....
Oh, sorry that was just a smell test.
Ever since the war my mirror plays tricks on me.
[*whistling]
...oh
Tea is ready!!

Thank you !

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Alexis Behrmann
Ashley Congdon
Icarus
Pasta Fagioli
Rebecca Morin
Dank
Bianca Racine
Porcelain Rose Depino
Camo Salve
Teddy Ren
Josef Desade
Yumiko King

Thank you to everyone who took the time to download Dead On A
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I encourage you all to share it with your friends, or leave it in 2020,
or take it sledding !

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England native poetry/prose. If you are interested in contributing to a
future issue, please send submissions to DOADNE@gmail.com. Be
sure to follow us on Facebook at facebook.com/doadne, or on IG
[@Dead_On_A_Doorstep](https://www.instagram.com/Dead_On_A_Doorstep).

February – Rebirth/Crippling Depression
March – Philosophy Of Life
April – Open Topic