

Issue 25
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Dead
On A
Doorstep



Dead On A Doorstep

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Contributors

Icarus

G. Edweird Cheese

Kyle Slater

Camo Salve

Sidney Lofton

Rebecca Morin

Josef Desade

E.W. Farnsworth

Porcelain Rose Depino

Repainted Canvas

Icarus

Deep within the obsidian night, these false
messiahs play god.

Such is their delusion that they believe
themselves both judge and jury.

I speak my truth, regardless of unpleasantries.

The ravenous pack of cynics and critics draw
ever closer to cast their stones upon me for my
indifference in this life of conditioned souls.

Born into a spiraling world of chaos and pain,

A world with no sense of justice,

No civility,

Just a mad society that slowly repaints the canvas

white,

With foolish attempts to hide every shade of

black and red that had tainted our home.

Yet, here I am,

My path is marked by crimson, slowly dripping

from my flesh.

Yet I still utter only a darker truth that they fear
and cast to the black abyss.

So cast your stone for my indifference,
Place the blackthorn crown upon my head,
Throw me into the devouring flames,
Where their red, yellow, and orange dance to the
tune of my agonizing scream,
Beat me until I'm black and blue,
Suffocate me until my flesh becomes violet,
But no matter what injustice you spread into this
world, false gods,
Just know my truth will outweigh your
ignorance.

For my words will be the whispers of darkest
truths.

Self Aware

G. Edweird Cheese

I'm an anarchist artist who doesn't have a muse.
A misfit musician out of step with life's tune.
Coming in second place just means I'm the first
to lose.

I'm surprised I haven't fallen apart with all my
loose screws.

I don't care enough to call myself a nihilist.
Too much of a coward to be a suicidalist.
I may be the bottom of the barrel, but I'm at the
top of the shit list,
and I feel too damned crappy to be pissed about it.

I'm a wretched writer at a loss for words.
An apathetic alien forgotten on a foreign world.
The strangest of strangers stranded in a strange
land.

An amputee in need of a leg up or a helping
hand.

I'm the grand marshal of this idiot parade.
I'm a hundred pounds of stupid that's barely
contained.
I am what I am and that's the only thing I'm sure
of.

Self awareness makes me the world's smartest
moron.

Untitled
Kyle Slater

She lies like sipping water,
She loves like burning flames,
She moves like winds of gusting,
She blooms like Hawthornes' May,
He lies like gasoline,
He loves quick like a flint,
He moves like autumn leaves,
He blooms like nothing is,
They don't lie when together,
They don't love anymore,
They move like East-Coast weather,
They bloom only in lore,
They mix like rust and cola,
They break like sands of time,
They mend like Band-Aids on slit wrists-
of kids who said "I'm fine",
They fake it like they're happy,
They pray the end is soon,
They bond over the feeling-
they both have-
Impending doom,
They fight like little kids,

They play like symphonies,
They swim inside each other-
like they're swallowed by the sea,
They heal like it's their job,
They steal but one last breath,
I feel as if they'd work it out-
if they had any left.

Goodnight, Pee Dog

Camo Salve

Goodnight, Pee Dog

Trickle trick drip into the bucket from butt
Soaked in sweat, green soft flesh and a sandwich
mutt

Honey, butter, cereal, cream, the lame family
brigade again

It seems to me that a headache, a lump, a nub, a
black toe

Spreads into the soul from the eyes and then...
Well then, then you can't communicate. I forgot
how to mourn

Lie to myself about Christ, give the middle finger
and scorn

A sheet of drywall, a smelly Shiatsu, a nutty
California special, no
Longer than five inches would have given me
longevity.

It is 730am at some Market St. Diner garbage
hole. Overpriced.

Or it is 9pm in a Little Tokyo Honda Mall sushi
slow motion...

Christ. You told me he kept you bipedal, but
made you lame.

Language delay, as I curse the air with slurs from
a mild mistake.

I wish I was a hot wing, a family pack of pissers
peeing, dripping, sipping
The command of being best in show.

Whores, Liars and Friends

Sidney Tyler Lofton

What can I say
most days just aren't mine
but I have a bottle of wine
and a couple smokes
some all man brothers to ease my soul
maybe I should leave my mind alone and just get
high
something in me aches
and I can't pinpoint it
is it the same for you?
And why don't these words just flow anymore
I feel trapped inside myself
with a million atomic bombs going off in my
chest
all this fucking I don't even know what
all wanting to explode
but it stays contained
I'm just one of many fools
who claim to be a poet
and lets make it perfectly clear
I am a fool
I drink to much
I smoke to much
I lose myself in women I can never fully have

I've blown my mind
on so much LSD
it would paralyze most of you
I consorted with
whores
liars
and
fiends
thieves
murderers
and
junkies
to fully understand ones life
you must destroy it
break it down to its base
crawl in the gutter and get dirty
become one with the people
and the city
the city at night is so beautiful
and sometimes
I just want to grab it
and fuck it
not even a how's ya mama an em?
Violent unrestrained lust
but I never will
I'm too timid meek and small
I'll sit in the corner and drink to much
maybe I'll mouth off and start some shit
maybe I'll just sit and write and say fuck you all

my friend told me the other day
to stop writing in the first person
I told him to go fuck himself
I think I handle criticism well
and yes I know this is full of spelling errors
I'm drunk and don't care
and if you would like to be the one to point this
out
here's my reply go fuck yourself
I've never really drank wine
I must say I like it
nice mellow buzz
the more I drink the easier the words come
and goddamn how I miss you
and our driveway passions
of sweet southern summer nights
when it was still simple
like we were asleep in the sun
I know what I want to say
but I can't get my head right to say it the words
just jumble
and don't make sense
they never come out the way I envision
them grand glorious paintings
all done with words
haha yeah right this is chicken scratch mutha
fuka
I'm just a lost little man
who shits on paper and calls it poetry

Bukowski would be proud
and I totally agree I can't do the 9 to 5 bullshit
selling my soul for a check
I'll shoot myself first
no more
I'll eat a gauge or suck a tail pipe
I can't do it
bosses are gnats on a camping trip
thanks Willy
my bed is like a womb and I just don't care
beyond my happiness anymore
I know in my gut what's worth it
but as life has taught me
I'm not but hey my ego will survive
and my armor will rival the brilliance of god.

Queen Of Darkness

Rebecca Morin

Tongue tied when I try to tell you.
My heart is now black and blue.
Eyes turning darker as every moment passes.
You weren't supposed to make me feel used.

Every time I open the gates in trust,
One of you stabs me right in the back.
Promising love and admiration to the queen,
It always ends with my heart going back to black.

Emotions are buried and the numb takes over,
And then everyone hates who I am.
I never asked for graveyard memories,
A broken soul or to feel at home with the
damned.

Never wanted anything in all my life,
But for the warmth to make home in my heart.
Knives in my chest and bombs in my brain,
Have apparently been my destiny from the start.

Queen of darkness, broken wings,
Venomous screams haunting the night.
The light inside her was magic,
But placed in the wrong hands, it died.

Fungal
Josef Desade

The faces are distorted, blown by an angry breath
that comes from behind the plaster and sheet
rock,

Reaching through the barriers...the curtain
pushed aside with an all knowing smile.

The fangs are hidden beneath layers of fur,
endless as it spreads along the floor...

Up the bookcases and into the hall,
Trailing along each and every wall as the spider
watches from beneath...

Eyes gleaming as it gives your nose a kiss...

Illuminated by a fungal violet moss,
Dull greens, radiant crimson shades as the veil of
light is parted and spread,

Each beam stroking...soaking...polluting as the
wind howls...

The faces are blending with the past, forlorn and
faded...the casket is center stage.

Peaceful rest...porcelain skin...cracked
bone...reflections looking back...climb on
in...cemetery echoes...the bark of the dog...the
bite of the bark...

Limbs reaching for the heavens but only a raven
looks back...

Patterns upon patterns, pulsating as the sparrow
sings.

The Hunchback of Notre Dame

Kyle Slater

She's Esmeralda- with beauty untamed, he's hero
Phoebus-
but slightly more vain, they love each other-
that fact can't be changed, but I'm Quasimodo-
loving her brings me
pain, I'm happy she's happy-
but can't I be too?,
tell Phoebus ta leave us- pray they ta be through,
please just say you
love me- and ill pray that
it's true,
but I'm not him-
so I guess there's no more I can do... my heart is
broken pieces-
I will never be the same, it's love you or leave
you-
cause to see you brings pain, you told me you
loved him- now I go locked away,
my feelings I hide them-
like the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

**How Vivid Everything Looks Wrapped In
Silence
Sidney Tyler Lofton**

It's 7:41
listening to the heater
try to hum away these early winter blues
I want to be righteous
I want to be indignant
but it seems that the cold has gotten to these
bones tired beyond belief
the capacity for these soft simple praises is gone
and I find myself sitting here trying to shake this
chill
my heart hurts and so does my brain
Empty words
and
bullshit
It's just a matter of time
We ride the wave of the first connection
To the first orgasm
And then crash against the rocky shore
And we realize
that even though it seems meaningless
It only serves to make us stronger
Tempered & Battle ready
To be jaded is a luxury
An armor
Your salvation

Against the inevitable
there was a strange release
in those words never spoken
an eerie calm of nothingness
and a silence
that still permeates the air
discombobulation
stumbling around
waiting for the
flow
to return
how vivid everything
looks wrapped in this silence.

Deep Black Water

E.W. Farnsworth

On the edge of the void, she lost her mind,
Fell and her hand hit rows of famed prints
Glass everywhere and when she came to
Blood all over the hall, an emergency call
And back to the hospital for another romp.

Tentacle rigs with lights, beeps and sirens,
A room in a ward, buffed linoleum floors
Polishers whining and low sounds paging
Occasional screams. Are they yours?
Again on the edge of the void, she drowns.

New spring flowers, and poems from sad poets,
Laughter along the long passages with footsteps,
Empty pedestrian greetings and hollow smiles.
A tentacle cuff squeezes hard then releases
“You could not wait to get back here?”

Not her physician but the hospitalist,
Orchestrator of the institutional horror,
Her retinue like a Greek chorus dancing,
Her hands like butterflies. Escape? Perhaps,
But where? and for how long? Narcotic sleep?

None from outside come. Shades always drawn,
Level by level she descends, not really caring,

And who should know on what ledge she waits
Finally tucked in her coma? Infinite questions
With answers composed in deep black water.

Hello Porcelain Rose Depino

To whom it may concern:

First and foremost, my name is Porcelain. Porcelain is who I am and who I have chosen to be. I constantly ask you to respect my decision. I have told you that I understand if you have a hard time calling me 'Porcelain'...that you can call me "Rabbit" or "Rab". I feel you make it a point to ignore what I am asking for...you to accept me for who I am. I dress loud, I love tattoos and piercings, I wear crazy hair...so what. I do not care how people perceive me. My uniqueness and creativity is an inspiration to everyone I associate with. The path to my success is untraditional and unconventional, but my method works best for me. I have my own views...though they may be different from yours. I deserve the respect of having my opinions heard. I have never asked you to agree with me, only to accept we disagree.

That being said...

I halted communication with you to get my mental health in check. You have caused me a lifetime of trauma, which you have never accepted. Years of mental, emotional, and

physical abuse...which are continuously ignored and denied. Everything I say is 'made up' or 'over-exaggerated'. But no one ever stopped to realize that my emotions have always been genuine. My whole life not a single human being has just shut the fuck up long enough for me to get a single point across. My whole life I have felt completely alone. My siblings turned against me because of lies. I cannot even have a one-on-one with my father. I lost out on knowing my grandparents before they died and struggle to make up for lost time with the extended family I still have.

I have severe depression...that will never go away. But I have learned my own coping mechanisms. It has been 5 years since I last cut myself. It has been 5 years since the last time I attempted suicide. It is truly upsetting when any person feels so unappreciated and out-of-place that they believe their own life is invaluable. You are a huge trigger of my depression. I thought short visits, here and there, I could handle. But nothing has changed. My outfit gets criticized, my accomplishments brushed over, and the preaching begins. I try really hard to accept you. But if I have to accept someone bullying me and trying to control my life, I politely decline.

I keep reaching out to you, explaining I need a friend not a parent. Being my friend does entail hitting me up on Facebook or texting my fiancée to get a hold of me. I appreciate you for taking care of my basic physical needs growing up. But that is the only way you have helped me. I had goals and dreams (all of which I have now accomplished on my own) that received little support. I was constantly accused of lying (a few situations were warranted) so my answers became 'I don't know' because it didn't matter what I would say. Now I am an adult, living my own life, and I still have to deal with the same controlling behavior.

I did change my phone number. My old phone died, so it was a perfect way to start my life fresh. The group texts were becoming obnoxious. They were taking up too much space on my phone and I could not remove myself from the group. The animal pictures...fine. I love me some doggos. But the bible verses...every day...not my cup of tea. A conversation I know we have had on countless occasions. Why should I constantly repeat myself for someone who will not listen to me? So I changed my number so I do not feel depressed when my own mother calls me by the person she wants me to be and not the person I am.

I did change my address.

My fiancée and I bought a house where we can be self-sufficient, grow our small businesses, and raise a family. A place where we can feel safe, hidden from the negativity of this world. Yes, I did not give you my address. I cannot have your negative energy in my home. Until things are fully worked out between us, you will not have my address. I hate receiving cards with my birth name on them. I do not appreciate Bible cards. A conversation I know we have had on countless occasions.

It hurts me when you say you know me so well. You don't know me at all. Knowledge only comes to a person who admits they know nothing. I do not feel like I can share anything with you because you think you know everything. You have the right to share your experiences and life lessons, but you do not have the right to force feed me your decision. You have never honestly shared your past with me, nor have you lived with me through my life. When asked "why", your response is "because I said so". Where is there room to have a conversation? I feel like I am wasting breath and energy going to a place where people make me feel out of place. So I created a family and home.

A family that makes me feel like I belong and a home I feel comfortable in.

Then again, I feel like writing you this letter is a waste of time. All my words will get twisted. All my emotions will be over-exaggerated. I will just continue to be your "problem child" daughter that constantly makes her mother cry. That's the pattern we have. That's the pattern we have always had. I have lived. I have learned. I have grown. Your job, as my mother, is simply to feed me, clothe me, and keep me out of serious trouble until I am eighteen. I left at eighteen, which is when it becomes my responsibility. I have been doing this without your help for almost twelve years. I have never served jail time. I have never had a substance abuse problem. I have not gotten pregnant. All things that you implied would happen to me. You know what I did accomplish?

Recorded not 1 but 2 albums

I am a published writer

My special effects makeup is featured in many photography projects

I have made my own beats

I worked on a movie set, both on crew and as an actress

I worked alongside Bo Bice, Jen Chapin, and
Eric Martin

I am a house mom/support system for a club full
of girls who do not get the support they need
from management

I teach dancers social skills, basic rhythm, dance
moves, and therapy techniques

I took on my fiancée's mentally ill child because
I know how she feels and I want to help her in
the way I needed to be help

At 29, I became a homeowner

A very close connection with my Nana, Papa,
and my aunts

I promote homeopathic healthcare, meditation,
and political/social awareness

I did these things. Me. No one else. I do not need
you to drive anymore. If you want to take this
trip with me, there will be no backseat driving. I
do have time for bullshit anymore.

The One and Only
Porcelain Rose

The Yurei

E.W. Farnsworth

Funai, the desert island, had been the family's funereal place for generations. Miyako's first journey there was to observe the services for her aunt, reputed to have been the concubine of the prince. She did as she was told by the officiating priests, who wore pure white robes signifying death and purity.

The ritual prayers and ministrations, the offerings of rice and incense seemed interminable to the young woman. She focused on the ceremony but in the august heat, ennui set in. The more she gazed at the lush display of hundreds of white chrysanthemums, the more her mind drifted to what she had heard about her fabled aunt's life.

As in a daydream, the torso and head of her newly departed relative hovered before her eyes. There was no mistaking her aunt's beautiful face and figure. Its head had long, black, tangled hair; it had neither hands nor feet. Blue, purple and orange flames flickered randomly around the pale, translucent image. Miyako saw concern in the yurei's eyes. It seemed frustrated by its inability to communicate.

The young woman felt the anguish of her dead aunt. On the bier, the white garment of the dead woman's body lifted slightly as the hot air lifted and subsided. The vision of her yurei continued, consuming the time remaining for the funeral.

The head priest shook Miyako out of her reverie. He sternly informed her, “The service is over. The funeral pyre will be lighted now, and all guests should withdraw to the area prepared for the feast.”

“I saw my aunt’s yurei in a vision during the ceremony.”

The head priest looked startled. His eyes widened. Then he shook his head.

“You must be mistaken. The rites were performed to perfection. The deceased’s soul would have been comforted. Your family paid a great deal of money to assure all would go well. Now go to the area of the feast. Forget what you thought you saw. It won’t be a problem. I wouldn’t mention anything about a yurei. The villagers will think you’re imagining things with no substance. You’ll be driven out or destroyed.”

“I know what I saw.” Her tone was defiant.

“Still, remain silent. It is best if you do.”

The head priest escorted Miyako through the torii gate and watched as she walked down toward the feast.

After the feast, most of the revelers embarked in boats and returned to the mainland. Miyako stayed on the island and slept as she her father had instructed her to do on a tatami mat on the floor of the main room of her family’s guest house. At two o’clock in the

morning, the yurei appeared before her. This time, the wraith spoke clearly.

“Miyako, my child, I’ve been wronged. The prince raped me and cast me away like an old shoe. His wife saw to it I was killed. I won’t be able to rest until I am revenged.”

“How am I, a mere mortal woman, supposed to avenge your death?”

“You are young and beautiful. When the prince sees you, he’ll want to enjoy you. That will give you the opportunity to get close enough to strike. Kill him. Then I shall be free. If you won’t do this simple thing, I’ll assure that you’ll be barren and all your would-be lovers will meet ill fortune.”

Miyako was terrified the yurei had put her in an impossible position. She wanted to protest, but the image of her aunt vanished. Sleep did not return for the young woman that night. She stepped out of the rustic house early and walked straight to the funeral site where only ashes remained of the body of her relative.

Contemplating the ashes was a middle aged man with a sword. Miyako recognized the man as the prince.

He was startled by the young woman.

“Who are you to disturb my contemplations?”

“Highness, my name is Miyako. I am niece to the woman whose body was burned here last evening.”

The prince appraised her. “Yes, I see a resemblance. I am sorry for our mutual loss. Your aunt was a great woman, beautiful and kind. Will you walk with me a moment?”

Miyako nodded, and as the prince walked, she kept up with his pace on his right side.

“Are you betrothed, Miyako?”

“No, Highness.”

“What would you say if I asked you to return to the mainland and accompany me to the court?”

“I’d have to defer to my father’s judgment and be commanded by him.”

The prince bristled at this thought, but he said nothing.

The two walked around the island, each lost in thought. When they returned to the pier where the prince’s boat was moored, he held out his hand and helped her to board. Immediately, his boatmen shoved off and rowed to the mainland.

“Take me to your father,” the prince commanded.

Miyako did as the man asked. Her father bowed low to the prince, uncertain what was happening.

“I would like to escort your daughter to the court. I’ll show her the culture of our country. Then I’ll bring her back to you. I’ll give you a purse of gold coins as recompense. Will that satisfy you?”

“My daughter’s virtue is beyond price, Highness. I would rather die than have her reputation besmirched.”

The prince nodded to his two followers. They took hold of Miyako’s father and pressed his head over so his neck was ready to receive the blade of the prince’s drawn katana.

Miyako said, “Please, Highness, spare my father. I will go with you. Father, I will return honorably. You’ll see.”

The prince sheathed his sword and ordered his men to release Miyako’s father. He gave the father a purse of gold coins. The old man wept as the prince led his daughter away.

The journey from Miyako’s village to the court in the ancient capitol city of Kyoto required a week. There the young woman was housed in the compound for royal concubines. The prince’s wife was jealous about the tender feelings the prince had for the niece of his former paramour. After the prince left the women’s quarters, she sought out Miyako and warned her not to steal her husband’s heart.

Miyako said, “If you provide a sharp knife, I’ll take my life rather than cause trouble in the royal household.”

The prince’s wife said, “There’s no reason to be hasty or violent. I’ll fetch you my knife, but you should only use it if you discover the prince has fallen in love with you.”

Miyako was glad to have the cold, steel blade, whose blade she honed sharp so it would split one of her hairs.

The prince ordered his concubines to prepare the new arrival to entertain him by reciting poetry and dancing. Miyako excelled as a pupil in the geisha arts. She had to be careful not to appear too proficient as she did not want to incite a general jealousy. Already she noticed that her great beauty was creating ill feelings against her.

The prince was importunate. He was anxious to have Miyako entertain him as soon as possible. Yet her special training took four weeks.

The prince ordered his wife to supervise the preparation of Miyako, threatening to have his wife’s head cut off if he was disappointed.

So the new concubine was pampered with scented oils and dressed in embroidered silk garments. Her black hair was bound with two sticks in the traditional

courtly way. Her face was painted white, and her lips were crimson. Her eye lashes and brows were colored with crushed lampblack. The night of her meeting with the prince, she was the image of the geisha from the old print masters.

The prince's wife led Miyako into the prince's bedchamber. There everything was prepared for a gracious evening. Sake had been heated to body temperature. A fresh bough of plum blossoms adorned the tea table. As the prince's jealous wife withdrew, she made a sign to Miyako to be sure to use the knife. Miyako nodded surreptitiously.

Miyako went through the motions of the perfect geisha. She prepared the prince's tea. She danced and sang for him. She recited poetry. As the evening wore on, the candles winked out until only one red candle remained burning. The prince rose from the mat on which he had been sitting and opened his kimono. He advanced on Miyako and began to embrace her.

With her head cocked to one side, the young woman thrust the knife up into the prince's torso with a savage twist that probed the man's heart. The prince fell on the floor. As he died, Miyako whispered in his ear that she had now avenged her aunt. She took the prince's pouch of coins as traveling money. After blowing out the final candle, she tidied herself and ran to find the prince's wife.

“Go to your husband quickly, for he's waiting for you.”

Miyako then went to the palace guards and said, “You had better run to the prince’s chamber at once, for he has been slain by his jealous wife.”

The court became a flurry of motion. Cries of alarm and lamentation filled the air.

Coolly, Miyako went to her chamber and tore off her fancy clothes. She wiped the makeup from her face and dressed in the humble garments in which she had arrived. She left through the back garden and ran as far away from the court as possible. By morning, she had climbed aboard a vehicle that was headed for Tokyo where she paid for passage on a fishing boat.

She gradually made her way back to her village. There Miyako was reunited with her father, who had despaired of ever seeing his daughter again. To celebrate her return, they went to Funai Island to enjoy a few days of quiet prayer and meditation.

On the tatami mat on the floor of their house, Miyako let her mind dwell on all that she had been through. News of the prince’s death had spread throughout the country. The execution of his wife was imminent as she was blamed for the murder. The wife had naturally protested, but her personal knife had been used to kill the prince. No one wanted to believe a lowly fisher woman from a rustic village would have had the temerity—or the motive—for the slaying.

At two o'clock during that first night on the island, the yurei of her aunt came to Miyako.

“Thank you for avenging my dishonor. I can now make the transition. Fear not as the emperor will not come for you. Instead, though, you must beware of the yurei of the prince’s wife. Anguished and confused, she will want revenge for your having caused her death.”

In her dream state, Miyako asked, “What can I do to propitiate the woman’s yurei?”

“Tell her your soul is protected. The prince may have raped me, but his wife was the agent of my murder. She didn’t know at the time I carried the child of her husband. If you tell her yurei this, she will know she has been beaten at her own game.”

Miyako’s aunt’s yurei vanished. Now the young woman waited for the arrival of the ghost of the prince’s wife.

*

Many years passed before the prince’s wife’s yurei came to exact her vengeance. Miyako had by then married a fisherman from her own village.

She was fishing at night using torchlight to attract fish and octopuses to the surface where her net snared them. Over the water, the pale glow of the yurei

appeared, with blue flames running up and down its noble features.

“At last, I’ve found you, treacherous creature! Prepare to suffer my wrath!”

“Highness, you lost your head not for murdering your husband but for killing my aunt and her unborn child.”

“What unborn child? Surely this is some sort of trick!”

“It’s no trick. My aunt conceived a child as a result of her rape by your husband. If she had lived, she would have borne an heir to the throne. You never could do that simple service for the empire. Consider that by killing my aunt, you also cut off the imperial line.”

The prince’s wife’s yurei looked shamed and dejected. Gradually, it disappeared against the night sky.

Miyako dipped her net into a boiling mass of fish. As she continued to fish, she prayed for her aunt’s yurei. She also prayed for the child growing in her own womb. She felt content to be the wife of a lowly fisherman. Her strength and skill using the knife had made revenge easy once she was close to her target. In the aftermath of the killing, she had been considered too insignificant for the court to pursue. Besides, the prince’s wife was a barren shrew who had no one’s respect. The emperor was glad to have had the excuse to behead her.

Thank You!

Thank you to this month's contributors.

Icarus

G. Edweird Cheese

Kyle Slater

Camo Salve

Sidney Lofton

Rebecca Morin

Josef Desade

E.W. Farnsworth

Porcelain Rose Depino

Thank you to everyone who took the time to download *Dead On A Doorstep*! I encourage you all to share it with your friends, plant it with some flowers or read it to the birds!

Dead On A Doorstep is a quarterly indie press featuring 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).

July – Nature (Open to U.S. residents)

October – Spooky Times & Folk Tales (Open to all worldwide)

January – A New Start (Open to U.S. residents)