



Issue 6  
July, 2020

Dead  
On A  
Doorstep

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Doorstep**

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# Contributors

Andrew Bayless

Camo Salve

Pasta Fagioli

Josef Desade

Josh Davis

Kevin Young

E.W. Farnsworth

Larry Hoyles

Porcelain Rose Depino

## A Note On The Issue

Seeing as July is the birth of the United States as we know it, the July issue has been opened up to contributors from any state, and not just reserved for New England writers. We plan to make this a tradition, with two issues a year that are open to all U.S. residents.

Enjoy!

-J Desade

# **Silence Of The Moment**

## **Andrew Bayless**

Quiet.  
Blackness

Void.

I fill it with thoughts of my friends and days of neverwere.

The God is within but true connections I am without.

To never melt into the sea.

To never be in accord.

To never be in step.

A quiet perdition it is to be in.

Asterion looks out the window from the Labyrinth and dreams of all  
he could have been.

Come, Athenian.

Make my day.

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## Camo Salve

Pork Chicken Beef Fish Fruits Vegetables Plentiful Men Women  
Doctors Teachers Presidents Scholarly Respectable Flag Salute  
Defend Freedom Explosion Rocket Moon Human Brilliant Children  
Grandparents Hug Warm Military Hot Rod Parade Bliss Big House  
Bigger Fence Swimming Pool Green Grass Sprinkler Barbeque  
Mortgage Wife Vacuum Heels Hollywood Hitchcock TV Color Bugs  
Bunny Leonard Nimoy Charlton Heston NRA Stevie Wonder  
Universe Master Hard Camouflage Work Fast Amtrak Train  
Mercedes Ford Tesla Commute Democracy Travel Bourbon Street  
Golden Gate Empire NYSE Sky Scraper Skyline Leader Boss  
Fortune Retirement Death Burial Prayer Landlord Jesus Orgasm  
Spaghetti Dinner Soil Erosion Bruce Springsteen Boring Water  
Sewage Cotton Picker Pancake Waffle Whipped Lynched Ashes  
Egyptian Roman Monument Testament Amazon White Cock Black  
Blood Enslaved Invasion River Helicopter Kill Nazi Commie Arab

Poppy Russian Cash Crop Global Control Fake Cop Mustard Gas  
Anthrax Fart Tank Strangle Noose Polio Iron Lung Internment  
Japanese Large Terrified Belly SpongeBob SquarePants Street  
Beggar Plane Crash Projects Faggot Beaten Mortal Kombat Prison  
Pipeline UFO Alien Coverup Nicotine LSD Mary Jane Mind Warp  
Ape Mouse Experiment Shooting Puberty Closed Fascist Fist Black  
Eye Whiskey Winston Marlboro Magic Mushroom Charles Manson  
Cloud Nuke Flat Earthquake Olympic Bulldozer Ocean Rise Drip  
Coffee Daily Grind Behind Oil Spew Decapitated Native American  
Head Scalped Android New Nike NBA NFL CTE CIA NSA Ring  
Shiny Apple Recording Address Location Mask Vaccine Haircut  
Coronavirus Cough AR-15 Garbage Dump Full of Rotting Food Red  
Hat Completely Bullshit Poison Chanukah Christmas Thanksgiving  
AIDS Hate Mary Poppins Pie. But a Jimi Hendrix Guitar Solo is a  
spoonful of sugar that makes the medicine go down.

# 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 heals,  
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.

# Prima Materia

## Josef Desade

What is she staring at? The wind's fingers, playing the fabric of her pants as if a harp, subtle shifts, and vibrations in the silence of the night. Sand swirling into the air, a reveling dervish, yet there was not a single solitary sound. Off into the unforgiving darkness, towards a horizon beyond the parted curtain of sight, but what is there? A glimpse of something beyond the snow white sand, beyond the rocks that jutted out; as if teeth, within the monstrous mouth of the eternal ocean? Waves licking the shore like a salivating canine; hunger. Lips moving; inaudible vociferation. A solitary snail gliding along; a trail of honey, remnants of the luster of its soul. Its body burns from the stinging sea; but it is oblivious, and free, one thought within its mind, persist. On the maiden stares; motionless...emotionless...as the wind traces her features; the sand sparkling, as it caresses her pale face, beneath the cruel sliver of Luna's smile, that flickered from the abyss above. Weather worn wood beneath warm flesh; stripped of color, slowly calcifying, skeletal remains. But what is she staring at? The snail has faded into the infinite, a glistening trail the only record of its burden; its tragedy left untold. Silently staring into a mystery with no end; the night forges on.

# Long Way Home

**Josh Davis**

Help me find that long, long road,  
Where nothing seems as cold,  
As the day I lost my way,  
Help me find the new day...

Yes, here I am,  
I'll take the long way home,  
Refuse to be turned around,  
I'll be home, just may take me awhile,  
But here I am,  
I'll take the long way home...

Felt alone, the day I lost my way,  
And now I'm looking for one's helping hand,  
Just a point in the right direction,  
And maybe on day I'll find my way...

Yes, here I am,  
I'll take the long way home,  
Refuse to be turned around,  
I'll be home, just may take awhile,  
But, here I am,  
I'll take the long way home...

# What I'm Fighting For

## Kevin Young

What I'm fighting for is more than fighting for injustice. I'm not fighting to be "right". I'm fighting for those left out to die, alone. Those picked last every single time. Those told no over and over again. I'm fighting for those who are told to "man up, be a man". Those who are bullied because they were born into society's version of "weird". I'm fighting for our rights to be offended. It's okay to be offended. Offended by war, hate, poverty, bullying, oppression and racism. Being sensitive is human nature. Man or woman. The ability to feel in a world that tells you its wrong to feel is a powerful thing.

What I'm fighting for is the ability to question societies rights and wrongs. Wake up, go to work, pay bills and die. If that is what is supposed to be right in the world than id rather be wrong. It's okay to be wrong. It's okay to change who you are at any age. We are all growing day after day. Year after year. All we can try and do is be the best version of you. I'm fighting for those called ugly simply because of how they were born. Placing each other into categories since the second we came into the world simply because of how they were brought here. Simply because society tells them what is beautiful. Everyone is born beautiful. Ugly is learned. Racism is learned. Hate is learned. Bullying is learned. What I'm fighting for is the outcasts, loners and drifters searching for what the meaning of life is to them. I'm fighting for those who don't feel entitled. Those who just want to live and live for who they are... A god damn miracle.



# Who Cares? (A Sonnet)

## E.W. Farnsworth

“Holly, in a hundred years, who will care?”  
Near trestle tables two red maples spread.  
Two boys with butcher knives and asses bare  
Accost red virgins hot beneath the shed.

“The greatest loss is to stop your bleeding.”  
“Does it fit inside? How else can you know?”  
The red-haired virgins blush but keep reading.  
Social rules are boring—and wicked slow.

“Keep your back straight and your knees together!”  
The whip cracks and black male grackles rise high.  
Glued to letters are Holly and Heather.  
Each lays one hand on the other’s warm thigh.

Their boys have deployed to shed their red blood.  
Each girl has missed her second period.

# **Living In The Dark**

## **Larry Hoyles**

"How did I get here?" she asked.

"You don't remember?" I saw the confusion on her face.

"No, I don't. Please tell me."

I looked at my hands, unable to find the usual words. It was hard to keep doing it, each time just as heartbreaking as the last. I finally looked up at her. Tears welled in her eyes.

"Don't do that," I said. "Come here and lemme talk to you."

Taking her hand, I led her to the side and we sat. Pointing at the entrance, I asked, "Do you see them? They keep coming. Look at their eyes. The hopelessness."

She watched as they came, an unending parade. Her eyes narrowed as if she remembered something, and then the confusion again as she looked back to me.

"I don't understand," she said. "Who are they?"

I took a breath. "They used to belong to the majority, thinking everything was okay."

"What do you mean? Please..." Her pathos was heartbreaking.

Again I stared at my hands and continued. "All these people were once under the illusion that the world is just fine and that humanity is mostly concerned with the well being of others. That people are basically good. That being real is the norm. That the system works for the innocent and governments are designed for the benefit of everyone. They thought they could trust life at face value."

I could see that she understood so far. Her tear filled eyes pushed me for more.

"Look at them closely," I said. "Everyone that you see has learned, through much pain and betrayal, that people are monsters who wear masks, and that they will kill in a moment for the most trivial reasons. They've learned that love is a lie, filled with cruelty and deceit. That governments align to destroy the weak. That selfish outlook is the normal way, and that evil dominates and prevails. They know the truth now, and they accept it. They are coming here to be with people like themselves. To have a place where they belong."

A tear escaped and fell to her cheek. I gently pushed it away with my hand. She stared at the ground.

I asked, "Do you understand?"

She glanced at the line of people, and then looked at me. "Yes, I believe so. But please tell me when I got here. Why can't I remember arriving?"

I took another deep breath and resisted the urge to look away. "Because you are like me, baby. You didn't arrive. You were born here."

# **I Don't Know (Maybe I'm Crazy)**

## **Porcelain Rose Depino**

I think my life has turned a new leaf.  
I don't know.

Maybe I'm just crazy.

I've had a lot of time to myself lately.

No one to talk to, go places with.

But I noticed that people have been treating me differently.

Like...it's not a bad thing.

It's almost like they finally realized that I am an adult.

They no longer interrupt me when I speak.

They apologize if they do.

It's just a weird feeling for me.

Is this the calm before the storm?

Or am I finally getting old?

Was I not paying attention before?

Or did I finally kick the right set of nuts?

Long exhale. Cloud of smoke.

I mean...I've had the same ideas for years.

I've been doing the same line of work, same style projects.

It's the same motivation and charm.

I am the same person.

But why is it different now?

I don't know.

Maybe it's just the acid talking.

# Hell or High Water

**Josef Desade**

Beauty decays; nothing good can escape the inevitable unraveling, as the hourglass sands fall silently in this shithole existence, that we call reality. Friends to enemies, lovers to strangers, victims to abusers; all swinging on a pendulum, the blade grazing our necks, as we stick them closer for some sense of satisfaction that never comes. Premonition; a hunch, that it is all a futile effort. We prostrate before onion-heads, propped up on altars that we create for a sense of soul; humbling ourselves to be anointed in revelations that allude us. Woe; we find nothing but tribulations, and the ministrations of those with a propensity to degrade, and enslave. False prophets that ignite a sense of hope, just to lead us down a Stygian path; where the clean exterior is unwrapped, revealing the shit that lies within. For that is the lesson we learn; beneath each beautiful layer, we find a slow rot, disguised as something sweet. Heart to heart, nothing but lamb to the slaughter; emptiness our reward, come hell or high water.

# Throwness

**Andrew Bayless**

The Ancient One bursts forth from the egg.  
The Glorious Son of Zeus knows the  
bounty of the Foam-Born Goddess.  
The Fire meets the Water  
The Dust becomes the Earth.  
The Bull finds the Cow.  
The Flowers bloom from the Dead.  
The Wine is consumed by the Revelers.  
The artist performs for the audience.  
The dance draws them all together.  
Sway, hips!  
Sway with the motion of the cosmos for it  
is all the ox-shed that witnesses the  
conception of the savior.  
Love is the whole of the world.

# **Filomena**

## **Pasta Fagioli**

Filomena, Filomena,  
I'll never forgive myself  
If I don't tell you how I feel.

Filomena, you're beautiful  
Beyond anything  
That ever scratched my eyes.

Filomena, I'll write for you,  
Words and visions  
And recipes with lyrics and red wines.

Filomena, the poem  
Does make sense,  
You just haven't made sense of it yet.

Filomena, Filomena,  
Your oiled saddle  
And leathered scent  
And your skin fresh and airy;  
Your body all to mine.

Filomena, take me  
Away from this unknown,  
Washing all away,  
Cleansing the filth  
And mending the broken.

Filomena, be still with me



And your wounds  
I'll tend for eternity.

Filomena, Filomena, our mother guided us with ways of old, traditions, pines and smoke. We crossed the rocky brook in search of concealment, shelter and flesh, and I wanted your flesh more than anything on this earth. Your hands softly healing my fever and I, in return, slowly dressing you for sleep. We rested for the morning's hunt, prepared the dogs and etched the plan in earth. Soon you'll be in enemy territory amongst the countless; rows of people in fear-driven ration lines. I'm a butcher by trade and that will be of value to us both.

Filomena, I changed your name and I wait for your sickness to leave you. I wonder why you were lonely. Be sure, we will find our way home. Do you have any idea how jealous...you with those other men? You, Filomena, cheated yourself, like when you go back and it's good but not the same. We drive during the low sun, your smile, gingival display, and sunglasses pushing back your gorgeous dark hair. The sunbeams surround you like an aura and an angel and you're so close.

Filomena, Filomena, You gently caress and pull your garment, up from behind, forcing the crevice of your desiring, fueling my urges. I've preyed upon you a hundred times in my sleep. My breath as my grandfathers, thick, crisp and fragrant. My whiskers at length with yours. We never need power when we're in the dark and when we're together we do it our way. No worries, fuck the rest of the world. Our lives are beautiful. I'll cover you. You can wash it off in the morning.

# Thank you!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Andrew Bayless  
Camo Salve  
Pasta Fagioli  
Josef Desade  
Josh Davis  
Kevin Young  
E.W. Farnsworth  
Larry Hoyles  
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, as well as print some out,  
and send it by courier pigeon...or mail it furiously to your senator...or tie to to  
some fireworks before setting them off!

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](mailto:Desadeist@gmail.com). Past issues can be found in  
the PDF section at [www.josefdesade.com](http://www.josefdesade.com). Be sure to follow us on Facebook  
at [www.facebook.com/doadne](http://www.facebook.com/doadne)!

\*The contributions from Pasta Fagioli this month, are to be included in an  
upcoming book of his entitled Chorea. Be sure to check him out out Amazon!  
\*Happy birthday to this month's contributor, Kevin Young!