



Issue 16
May, 2021

Dead
On A
Doorstep

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Contributors

Josef Desade

Ashley Congdon

Daniel Kearns

Edward Crossman

Porcelain Rose Depino

Domonic Westry

Sarah Kerendian

Icarus

Scene Set
Josef Desade

A devilish thought, a yearning sound,
Exhale; a halo slipping from lowered crown,
Playful and coy under blood stained sheets,
Taste of heaven, lash of hell; a soul acquiesced,
Histrionic didactic, a pantomime of sighs,
Delving into depths beneath sorrowful eyes,
An act of submission, scene set, and cut,
A wilted flower, a stroke of luck,
Limpid and luminous; salacious and hyper aware,
A bond between animalism and after care,
A glimpse of the sacred, a forbidden kiss,
A metaphor whispered from parted lips...

Blissful Ignorance
Ashley Congdon

My body is weak, but I feel strong,
The smoke swirls around us,
Like a vortex of euphoria,
I trace the track marks on your arm,
Like I'm reading braille,
Come to find out,
The way to your heart really is through your veins,
I'm not living, but I'm not dead either.
Maybe that means I've failed in both realities,
I walk in the New England winter,
As the warmth in my veins makes me forget the frostbite,
Making it to the wishing well in the town square,
I throw my only coin in it,
Wishing to save myself.
By the time I return home,
You already have the lighter under the spoon,
Nodding off as the sweet nectar bubbles over,
I guess it's easy to sleep,
When everything feels like a pillow,
We won't remember this tomorrow,
But at least we won't have regrets.

Untitled

Daniel Kearns

The goddess arched her back, threw her head back and let out an ecstatic scream as yet another orgasm surged through her body. She gasped for air and looked down at the chiseled abs of the sexy beast of a man beneath her. Sweat dripped down her neck, to her breasts, and she watched a single droplet form at her nipple and fall onto the heavy scar tissue on his bare chest.

“What a hideous disfigurement for an otherwise perfect body.” She thought to herself. Suddenly realizing that she had been staring, she turned her eyes to meet his enamored gaze. “It’s alright” he assured her in a deep and calming tone. “Everyone stares at first. I expect no sympathy.”

Sympathy hadn’t even crossed her mind, and she was a bit surprised by the assumption that she would pity him. “That wound is nauseating. I should change the subject.” She thought to herself. “Hey, I’m gonna go grab a glass of water.” The woman announced as she casually but gracefully rolled off of him, and out of bed. S/he nakedly strutted to the door, leaving a trickling trail of sweat and cum as she went, glancing back at him suggestively as she rounded the corner into the hallway. “The kitchen is down the hall to the right,” he called out to her.

The long hallway was well decorated with scenery paintings on the walls and dimly lit by flickering artificial candles on either side alternating every couple of yards. The hard wood floor was scarcely visible and felt cool on her bare feet, appearing to get colder as she walked. As she neared the end of the hall she saw an archway on

each side. She peeked to the left as she went to hook a right to the kitchen, but stopped when something caught her eye.

She was looking into a bare, empty room. Nothing on the walls, no appliances or furniture other than a plain wooden table in the center, with a small black shriveled object in the center. Curious, she approached slowly, trying to identify the object. It looked like a decaying part of an animal, black and withering; holes and tears throughout. “Is this?” She muttered to herself. “My heart,” he responded. She turned around startled to see the man had walked in behind her. He started to monologue.

“It was damaged years ago by a woman much like yourself. I carried it for years unaware of the damage, until one day I realized it was rotting and decaying inside of me. I gathered up what strength I had left, and tore it from my chest and placed it here to display. I’ve been looking for someone to help me heal it ever since to no av...”

She was quickly losing interest, and her mind, and eyes began to wander. He continued talking as she traced his naked body up and down, resting on his prick. She thought back to the way he had ravaged her body all night, and her mind was delighted and relieved by it. “God damn, he’s still talking,” she thought.

“Do you want to fuck on the table?”

She interrupted him.

He was unsurprised by yet another girl who didn’t care.

“Of course”

he replied with a delighted smirk.

Lustful Cravings

Edward Crossman

2am, and I crave you.
Wishful thinking, dreams of you here with me.
Slow realization, I picked you up last night.
Not beside me, thought remnants remain of your ubiquitous.
I search for you, longing for my lips to caress you.
I find you, bathed in the golden glow of a tiny bulb.
Your sheer shroud shows the naked truth of your beauty.
I grasp, fingers skim across your sleek skin.
I peel your pellucid attire off your radiance.
I can lay you down gently,
or heat your entire being.
Spreading you hard, with prejudice.
No thought, hot passion.
I take you whole.
Piece after piece,
hands slick with your oils.
You touch my tongue, and I tremble with pleasure.
You fill the empty void of the endless pre-dawn hours.
Evidence of our tryst litter the floor,
Evidence of our tryst stain my grin.
Fulfilled, I moan with delight.
You are gone, our rendezvous complete.
But I know I will take you again and again.
I'll pay your price every time.
You are my weakness.
You are my desire.
You are my lustful cravings.
What would I do without you?
Oh, how I need you,
My Kraft Cheese Singles!

I'm Not Good At Lust

Porcelain Rose Depino

I've never been any good with sex,
Maybe because I am very in tune with my primal instincts,
In my mind, you fuck to reproduce,
I've never been any good with intimacy,
Maybe because I was neglected most of my life,
In my mind, no one ever stays around long enough,
I've never been any good with communicating,
Maybe because my words continues to be misconstrued,
In my mind, we only have limited words to speak,
I've never been any good with lust,
Maybe because my job has desensitized me,
In my mind, pretty hurts and image isn't everything.

I wish I could feel these feelings like everyone else,
But I am not envious.

It makes it easier to walk away, to forget,
It is easier to fight off my demons, and avoid addictions,
Without lust, I was able to find what I truly needed emotionally,
A friend, a guardian, a protector,
Without communicating, I was able to find what I needed spiritually,
Peace, understanding, synchronicity,
Without intimacy, I was able to find what I needed physically,
A sense of space; a respect of my self-worth, a strength within
myself.
Without sex, I was able to find what I needed psychologically,
Trust, loyalty, but most of all, love.

Untitled

Domonic Westry

His body began to perspire, not from exertion but from the thoughts her lips beckoned her considered. It was new territory for him, being completely immersed inside the barriers of his lust filled imagination. Her soft lips perfectly curved, sent shivers throughout him. He could only imagine how her lips would feel, moist and tender against the skin. He smiled, if she only knew he thought. He ventured deeper into his mind, leaving a trail for her to follow. Praying she would find his clues enticing enough to lower her guard and allow him to separate the barrier erected since her birth. Her eyes were like mirrors reflecting the danger he saw within himself, like a grenade he could it at any moment. Her wheat brown hair lit up as the incandescent light beamed on her, her soft skin bright as a gem but even the seven dwarfs have never come a diamond so beautiful nor so rough. He paused taking a deep hit from his bowl, holding it in, letting the THC marinate the walls of his lungs. As he released the miasma of smoke, he coughed hard trying desperately to keep calm. Thoughts of her in a white t-shirt that fell just low enough to see the full curve of her figure, heat radiated thru him. He swallowed, eyes tracing her round ass fingers gripping it. Her lips moist ready to feed his steady groaning desire, to taste her flesh and use the entirety of his long seductive tongue to wisp away her problems and leave her lap as wet as the ocean is deep. To slide himself within her, sucking and nibbling from clit to labia. To slowly and firmly work the moans out of her, to make her heart pound intensely, to make her hands rigid and pale from gripping his neck keeping him in place. Rolling her hips against his lips, her perfect ass in his clutches.

Her entire body quaked and convulsed with the magnitude of an earth quake, her toes cracked from being curled to hard. Joy emulated from him, clearly he was pleasing her. She stopped him panting, eyes drunk with admiration and lust, she kissed him. She had to, he more than earned it in her mind. She spread her legs wide toes pointing back, as if to say, Fuck me. He obliged her every wish, there wasn't anything he wouldn't do to please her, to make her waking thoughts ever focused on the imprint he would leave on her body. This time he would make her flood on a level so divine Noah himself would drown in the abyss of absolute ecstasy. He grabbed her ankles, returning to finish making her pussy quiver. His tongue covered her entirely she shuddered, he used his thumb to gently rub her clit. Torturing the little man on the boat with ceaseless waves of fluttering and sucking, he pulled away biting her inner thighs kissing her skin leaving a trail of ambrosia leading back into its source. His cock was solid, completely unshakable, strong like an oak and just as thick. He longed to feel her tongue against his shaft, to clench his teeth as she devoured every inch. As if she understood his desires she took him in her hand, looking deep in his eyes she asked "Baby, are you ready?" Her voice like a sirens call but before he could answer he found himself already as deep in her mouth as she could take. It was even better than his wildest dreams could devise, and more addicting than heroin. Her hands massaged his currently throbbing cock, teasing him with firm soft licks, sliding her lips along his shaft. Eyes fixed on his never blinking full of "you like that baby" and wild amusement. In apparent mutual agreement they separated, standing now removing piece by piece the remainder of clothes left on. They gawked at each other the universe was quiet save for the massive pounding of their hearts and chaotic thoughts that were itching to break free. She walked to a nearby chair, her eyes like fire and her bodies the matches about to ignite. She put her knees together arched her back moaned while she looked back

whispering, "daddy, get the fuck insiiii. Her voiced trailed into a short shriek, he was on her. Both hands gripping and smacking her ass pulling her hard against him and she and he thrust into each other. He pushed down on the small of her back contorting her even more. He felt like a God, she felt like a refreshing dip on a hot summer day wrapped in silk and drenched in an assortment of chocolate and caramel. She looked back at him excited, amused, challenged. He caught her at every switch, bodies like smoke, elegant and beautiful to gaze upon. He picked her up turning her in midair, wrapping her incredible soft tight thighs around his waist. Hips still slamming into her while she rolled back against him, sweats beaded his brow and covered their bodies like the morning dew, causing the air to chill and goosebumps to increase each pleasure. "Lemme ride you! She moaned body trembling from the prior attack on her body, she ached already but she was having too much fun to stop now. She could finally test the limits of her skill and give someone the inner sociopath vixen confined by what society says women should be. She slammed him on the bed kissing on his neck biting hard, she grazed her soaked tight pussy back and forth on his member firmly pressing against him. She laughed in her mind as she cracked a Cheshire like smile, "He doesn't even know what I'm about to do to him." In one swift motion she enveloped him, hands still on his chest. Rocking slowly pendulum in form, he lightly gasped. He moved his hands toward caressing her ass but before he could she grabbed him by the wrist, trapping his hands above his head just as she began pound herself down on to him. Fluid and fast she was, he could do nothing but close his eyes and smile as he face struggled to keep from moaning or biting his own lips.

Awakened To Lust From The Dead
Sarah Kerendian

She awakened, then died.
Nothing left but the tears she cried.
Fear, shame, anger, guilt,
Apple doesn't fall too far from the tree.
Root of this poem, is lust is blind and evil as can be,
No she can't sleep,
Trazodone her way out.
Flashbacks of the night, day in, day out.
October 11, 2020 she sold herself to the devil.
Hocus pocus right in Salem.
Snake eyes appear in the graveyard,
She died that day, when she seen the snake that morning.
She knew deep in her heart she fell at the devil's feet,
Now forever haunted, snake eyes,
All she can see is warning...warning...warning.
Don't dare step near,
The fallen forever alone hoe is right here.
Bye bye, my sweet dearest friends,
Truth is the snake that lives in thy veins.
That's why they all run run run, far away,
As so does she.
Hidden away from humanity is a better place to be,
As she burns away the fake cold, hard cash,
In the fire pit.
She wakes up to every day feeling shame, and guilt.
She's nothing but haunted from her actions,
With a dark eclipse, Salem stranger.
Her whole world flipped in a flash,
Danger calls her name, you're right, she will never ever be the same.

Snakes bite, poisoned soul,
Devil welcomed her right at home.
Forever and ever, a ghosted soul,
Roaming alone, deep into the hollow woods she goes.
Don't be surprised if she died,
Cause she already did.
Sorry kids,
This snake has shed her skin.
As another day begins,
The sun shining down,
She says out loud
"What a glorious morning, it makes me sick!"
All she knows herself to be,
Is a sorrow, fallen whore.
As the raven flies by, all she can do is wait.
To crawl back in her cave, and never wake up,
Thinking to herself,
Hocus pocus,
Out of focus,
You put a spell on her,
You know who you are!
She's getting closer and closer to the shooting stars,
Wait and see, she's fallen from heaven to hell,
Right into your dreams.
Forever an unsolved twisted mystery.

Carnal Atrocity

Icarus

This night the ebony canvas was clear,
No starlight to illuminate our paths.
I exhaled the smoke, as I observed a maiden,
In a silky white dress covered in blood.
She shook with fear,
While her stiff pale eyes wept beneath the cross,
Reliving that moment over again,
Where the hand she had once adored so, became the executioner of
her innocence.

A carnal hunger, unsympathetic to objections, nor innocence.
An innocence that was rendered and left bereft on the floor.
Now his sins are bathed on her skin, and soaked into her dress.
The darkness she never dared to imagine laid within,
Nor should have endured the villainous intentions within.
As this acrimonious whisper torments her soul,
You are callous, and unaffiliated by how you harrowed her
innocence.

Sadly, now all she can do is plead for her last breath to come,
To blissfully forget the feeling that day,
As a man blocked her airway,
While she cried and begged for the nightmare to end.

Lubricious Musings, or A Dead Bed Of Roses
(An excerpt)
Josef Desade

“I love you...” There was a sudden deafening silence, as her master dropped the whip to the ground, and stared at her.

“Love...” He scoffed,” Do you think this is about love? I am a libertine, silly child. I come from the ilk of men like Caligula, Sade, and Wilmot. Do you think that a man such as I gives a single cum shot about love? I derive my pleasure from that which makes me discharge; by using insolent tools such as you, my engine feeds it’s endless hunger; until the devil himself takes me to see the pleasures beyond this realm. You are nothing but a rag with which I wipe myself clean, after spilling my seed. An ottoman on which I kick the dirt from my boots. I find pleasure in the taste of your tears, and the knowledge that I own you, as one would a dog. As you beg for more, I am off to my next conquest. You were made to serve; your nature created you to cower at my feet slut. Whores like you, are a dime a dozen, and easily supplanted for misbehavior. Do you think for a moment that I have not procured others? You beg as if you are worth something, that you are special, but what has been special about your pathetic life? Were you to leave here, you would have no purpose, for your sole purpose is subject to my whims, and desires. My dear, dear Damali; after all this time, you feel you have the right to talk to me of emotions? To dishonor everything you have been taught, with such childish fancy? You are but the shit in the field I tread upon. You cannot even bring yourself to walk out that door, without being commanded to do so; for you are my property. And now, I have grown tired of you.”

The old woman watched from the shadows, and he ordered her to prepare a room. With that, he let loose her restraints, as she fell on her face to the floor. Retrieving the whip from the ground, he lashed her until she thought she was to die. Grabbing her by her hair, he dragged her from room to room, his boots landing blows upon her body. Stopping in the kitchen, he took a moment to slide the lock on the basement door. Throwing it open, he tossed her broken, and bruised body to the bottom of the stairs. Unge had joined them, and as they dragged her through a labyrinth of ancient hallways made of stone, whispering voices rose from behind the walls. Forcing Damali to her knees on the dusty floor, beside a neat stack of bricks, he had leaned down so that his face was all she could see. Distorted with anger, he looked like a demon, as he jeered at her.

“I had such high hopes for you Damali, alas, you have let me down. I have had Unge prepare for you, a room in which you will spend the rest of your days. In it you will have a bed of roses...the petals are for your rose tinted dreams of love, and the thorns are the harsh reality of your naive emotions.”

Thank you!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Josef Desade

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Daniel Kearns

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Domonic Westry

Sarah Kerendian

Icarus

Thank you to everyone who took the time to download Dead On A Doorstep!

I encourage you all to share it with your friends, or make your sub recite it, or take a gander while your partner is tied up!

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. Be sure to follow us on Facebook at facebook.com/doadne, or on IG @Dead_On_A_Doorstep.

June – Open Topic

July – The Beauty of America (Open to all US residents)

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