



Issue 4
May 2020

Dead
On A
Doorstep

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Contributors

Camo Salve

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Sydney Jane

Josef Desade

Porcelain Rose Depino

Jeff States

Kevin Young

Faith Kemper

Luna Pearl

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This issue marks our first issue with a theme. The theme, "The State Of The World Today", was chosen. With the world going through a chaotic phase in the history of the world, here are the thoughts of this month's contributors...

What Do We Believe Camo Salve

What do we believe?

We believe in waving flags, and protests in the street,
Loaded guns, and the marching of troop's feet.

What do we believe?

We believe in the left, and the right,
In a middle ground that constantly fights.

What do we believe?

We believe in standing for equality for all,
While presidents are busy hitting golf balls.

What do we believe?

We believe that we are unique,
That we should keep foreigner out of our streets.

What do we believe?

We believe in god, and the devil,
In good ol' backyard revels.

What do we believe?

We believe in tourniquets, and shooting dope,
That another drop of alcohol will give us hope.

What do we believe?

We believe in back alley abortions,
While politicians carry out extortion.

What do we believe?

We believe in conspiracies that hide in every shadow,

Silenced by the loading of ammo.

What do we believe?

We believe that we have undeniable rights,
At the expense of those out of sight.

What do we believe?

We believe in free trade,
In sirens that start off air raids.

What do we believe?

We believe in freedom for all,
As a widow lowers her gaze beneath a shawl.

What do we believe?

We believe in liberation,
Children starving from lack of rations

What do we believe?

We believe in puppet regimes, and railway stations,
Pink hair, pronouns, and uninhibited sensations.

What do we believe?

We believe we are almighty,
But we could change our ways slightly.

What do we believe?

We believe we are an empire fallen,
As our leaders take notes from Hitler, and Stalin.

What do we believe?

Untitled

Zen Zoon

I saw a twinkle of twilight, twisted in the tremoil
trembling in victory, reversing the rehearsal, and
warding off misery. Uniformed meltdown, proportionate
to the collapse. I saw the wrinkle wink sly smile,
stopped my heart from racing like a child. Started
cruising, and came to a perfumed conclusion. As dead
as the meat I eat, I will digest, and regress into the
cradling trees.

So carry me...

Bury me...

Savory, salivary, succulent, and juicy.

Parched, and starved by your corporate lunacy. Crushed,
and dissolved dreams, and drEaling it. Lost, and found;
scabbed, and peeling it.

Healing it.

Stealing it.

I'm feeling it, and sealing it; I'm bleeding, and freeing
it.

On holiday, on Monday, twice the lie formed into
hazard pay. Outside doors closed, personally nothing is
owned. Not even what you can afford. So sad, I giggle.

Learned to be sick, and mental.

Elephant.

Radar.

Hugs, and flowers.

Death in cradles.

Bugs n powers.

Magic in the madness of wasting work hours. Eternal sleep awaits, was I ever even awake? Waking dead, working hard; playing alive like the long dead stars. You have it all, but say you're bored. Consuming garbage you can't afford. Revealing only what you want seen, only the finest gourmet bullshit for the unclean queen.

Breathe

Sydney Jane

BREATHE

The thought tears through my foggy brain

IN

How am I even stressed right now?

OUT

When they've stripped me of my responsibilities

IN

Until further notice

OUT

Until things are back to normal

GET UP

Sunlight peeks in through the blinds

GET DRESSED

What's the point?

EAT

Old pressures

PINCH

Why couldn't you eat something better?

MOVE

If you don't do it today, you won't do it tomorrow

SIT

How does the sun look the same?

STARE

The sky is blue, and the grass is green, just like they
should be

READ

Slip into another world for a minute

SLEEP

I would if I could, but the world's upside down

BREATHE

There it is again

IN

Chest tightening, stomach turning

OUT

Another day.

We Were Sick With Laughter 1.1

Josef Desade

We cut the deck to the Ace of Clubs as we drove through the winding roads. It was a gamble as we peeled back the thick cotton blanket of fog and saw the houses that all watched from the hills like hundreds of silent, unblinking eyes. Timeless, a relic of simpler times. An old song played on the radio, keeping rhythm with the windshield wipers as the rain fell from ancient branches like tears, watching the past being swallowed by the future. Rotting logs and sagging shelters, the rain beat down on tin roofs as the forest sang a mantra. The noise of horns and tires squealing hovered beneath a layer of exhaust off in the distance...ever consuming, edging near. A tug of war between the present and the past as the ominous spectre of silicone and rust waited with bated breath for its chance to take it all. To bury it beneath the cold steel and unfeeling asphalt, to wipe the landscape clean. We stopped on a quiet shoulder along a forgotten stretch of road, pine needles creating a carpet which our feet softly padded as we took in the crisp morning air and looked up at the heavens that lay before us, stretching infinitely for as far as the eye could see. Here things were still free, still how they were meant to be...unchanged for millenia; perfect since it came out of

the sea. A tiny island of paradise within an ocean of scrap metal; transistors and capacitors, circuits and leads, that showed no emotion...no beauty, as it left the world sterile and took away its green. Stripped of its life you could almost hear it scream within hidden valleys and forgotten groves, where beneath the mist it hid from prying eyes, as it held on to what little was left before death had crept forth from behind the veil. We were intruders here...a dark omen...witnesses to a hope; a memory, that fled the footfalls of the pale horse named Humanity. We were part of a society of lost dreams, broken thoughts...a place where nothing was certain. We had forgotten how to breathe...how to pace ourselves and with the loss of that knowledge we had spiraled into the depths of collective depravities as we sped towards a gaping abyss. What was beyond that abyss we never bothered to ask, never bothered to question, because we believed that we knew better than our predecessors...we could conquer nature. With our birth we marked a turning point, nature in all her eternal life could not maintain and began to succumb to the destructive force it faced. The Goddess that gave us life, eaten by her children. Never enough, ever consuming, as we ate her flesh...drank her blood...leaving only scraps to be picked apart by scavengers until we wiped every last trace from the Earth, because we knew better.

Our State Today...

Porcelain Rose DePino

We all started as a fiery, little ball of innocence. We were full of curiosity, and raw emotion. Never afraid to ask questions, always excited to meet new people. We clung to our guardians in times of fear, and fought for the dreams we had. We believed we could overcome any obstacle. We trusted that we would always be safe.

When we were kids, we were never concerned about vanity. No makeup on, and everything with mixed matched. We somehow knew that we were supposed to look awkward, and out of place.

And when we hit teenagers, from there, it got more awkward. We were forced to put down our toys, and look to the future. At this time, we were melded, and molded into what society wants us to be. Traditions began to fade, as we became reclusive, judgmental, and irritated. We weren't old enough to be taken seriously, but we weren't young enough to get our own way. We then hit adult age, and we either changed to appease no one, or became engulfed in stifling obedience...that brainless, dragging life.

And that's where we are stuck now. We keep our heads down, headphones in...because damnit, we don't want another pointless conversation. We can't handle different. We can't handle weird. We believe in the dishonesty of our authorities, and our news broadcasters; because it's easier to pretend that we are all okay. We spew lies, and empty compliments, in hopes that we will get that positive attention, we have been searching for. We no longer find the time to check on the ones who care, but give up everything for the one who is packed, ready to go. We take "try", and "do" to terrifying levels...overthinking every action done, words said, and emotion felt. All the while, our subconscious is quietly convincing us to screw it all up, the second life starts to become unbelievably good.

Barren Lands

Jeff States

The last leaf from a dead barren tree silently falls to the
earth.

The last vestige of a long life gone without a sound to
mark the passing.

How terrifying to think how similar we are.

Here We Are

Kevin Young

Well here we are.

Who would of thought? Day 1 to 14 was a breeze for me. Now I'm asking the world to breathe for me. I used to think going outside, and enjoying the planet was what happiness was all about. Now I can't look out my window without those thoughts coming over me. Will the world get better? Day 15, those feelings set in. I need air. I may not be at risk, but am I wrong to care? So much of my life wasted until this point, but so much accomplished in just a recent, and short amount of time. Maybe this was my "good ol' days"? It can't be...life must go on. For all of us. We have come so far as a human race, to not face another hurdle. Love is more important than ever, right now. Love was never about just being there in person. A lot of my life I have loved socially distant. It's easy for me this time around. I've made mistakes. I have regrets, and I've ruined relationships I will never get back, but if anything the current state of the world has taught me, is that all of that doesn't matter now. What matters is how we treat each other going forward. Making sure complete strangers know that they exist. Talking each other off of a cliff. This is how we will get through this. Complete,

unconditional love. The doomsday people can talk away, but I promise that we will live another day. Yes, here we are. Ready for a new way of life? Maybe, maybe not. One day at a time it is. But, the fear stuff is always for the birds. The world I see is beautiful, with nothing but beautiful people. Virus free. Hate free, and filled with laughter. A virtual hug, is better than nothing at all. Waving six feet away, is better than nothing at all. We will survive. I promise you that. Yes, here we are, better than ever.

Reverse Window Watcher

Faith Kemper

What are you ignoring in crisis?
What are you paying attention to?
Do you remember what you came here for?
Remind yourself, who are you?

Is your focus direct or radial?
“My tech is better than yours”
Dragons are a dying breed,
So I’m living for my hoarde.

Broadcast every empty thought,
“Nah nah, boo boo, gimme your shit”
Shut your apoca-lips,
I’m having none of it.
But I’ll take all that you got,
Broadcast every empty thought.

You’re not a demon,
You’re not a name,
You’re not a caltrop,
To a horse’s shoe.
Mayhaps survivor,
No causes soldier,
Mayhaps a bump in the hill your daddy died on.

What are you ignoring in crisis?
You missed the call for a yellow suit,
What does your flesh remember?
Why should I care what happened to you?

Deterioration nation,
Gas mask costume, no filtration.
This is not the world's end,
Message delete; message send.

What are you ignoring?
What are you paying attention to?
What are you ignoring?
What are you paying attention to?

Just Six Feet

Luna Pearl

Six feet. A lousy six feet. That's all it took before all hell broke loose! What is six feet...just a number –maybe ten measly steps...maybe more.

Who gives a damn? Well I guess we all do now. You may wonder why I'm blithering on...well I'll tell you. Six feet was all it was supposed to take to prevent mass chaos.

Why did nobody listen?

Isolation Station

Sarah Kerendian

Trust no one. Mask it out. Sanitize even your eyes. Don't criticize. Covid 19 is the new rat poison; people dropping dead left, and right. Flesh to flesh. Cough to cough. I see in thy eyes, a nightmare has come to life. Run if you must. Even the air you can't trust. People going insane. Fighting over toilet paper...I shake my head in disgust, as I walk away thinking...Adam and Eve used fucking leaves. It's time for people to start praying, get down on your knees. This is only the beginning my dear friends. The enemy is among us. Shield yourself like Zelda, cause Honey were living in HellAAA!

Thank you!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Camo Salve
Zen Zoon
Sydney Jane
Josef Desade
Porcelain Rose Depino
Jeff States
Kevin Young
Faith Kemper
Luna Pearl
Sarah Kerendian

Thank you as well, to everyone who took the time to download this! I encourage you all to share it with your friends, as well as print some out, and give them to a nurse...or tape it to a bus stop...or use it to line a litter box.

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