



Issue 2
March, 2020

Dead
On A
Doorstep

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Contributors

Camo Salve
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Danielle Lonergan
Zero Roze
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Struttin Camo Salve

The clock is ticking...
Tick tick tick
Midnight reveries, nocturnal emissions
Girl sitting on a bench...
Tap tap tapping her fingers
Splintered wood, broken dreams
She is **yelling** about the climate, and poisoned gas
Agent orange
How our species
won't
last.
I ask her if she ever had kalimari
Blank stare
Staring...
Still staring...
Staring...
Asks me if I'm even listening
The **clock** keeps on ticking...
Tick tick tick
But, yes girl I'm listening.
Non-binary, don't call me girl
Accusing stare from beneath a mop of blue hair.
Didn't mean to offend, we are all just **human**.
They ask for a smoke...
Sorry, but all I have is this joint.
Watch as they take a toke

Sorry to disappoint
And the **clock** keeps on ticking...

Tick tick tick

Struttin down the street
Midnight **reverie** to my feet.

Cats...

Yowling.

Dogs...

Howling.

A drunk stranger scowlin
I ask him, *Hey man what's wrong?*

He hiccups, and moves on
And the **clock** keeps ticking...

Tick tick tick

Carbon emissions.

Faux dictators.

Missing volitions.

Discrimination.

Taxes.

Treason.

When will the world listen?

Skipping down darkened roads

Beneath the radioactive glow

As stars twinkle in the sky

Waiting for us to say goodbye

And the

Clock

Keeps

Ticking.

Enough
Porcelaine Rose Depino

Do I tell you enough that I love you? Or do I tell you
too much?

Do I do enough to help you? Or am I just standing in
your way?

Do I truly make you happy enough? Or am I just a side
quest?

Do I pleasure you enough? Or am I too inexperienced?

I have a false sense of worth
I do not understand if I belong or where I fit in
It I even fit in at all
It is not your fault.

Do I pay for enough things we need? Or do I pay too
little?

Are my hugs long enough? Or is my affection lacking?

Do I clean up enough? Or am I a cyclone?

Do I speak up enough? Or am I too distant?

I'm sorry that I second guess myself
I've learned to feel like everyone's burden
They make me their scapegoat; their toy
Unappreciated, unnoticed, never enough.

Am I sounding too insecure? Or have I not gone enough
in depth?

Are you entertained by senseless rambling? Or have you
heard enough of my voice?

Do you want to take care of me? Or do you already have
enough stress?

Do you want me to sleep next to you? Or do you not
have enough space?

You make me feel like I am enough for something;
someone

You make me feel confident enough to tell you *I love*
you

Every morning when I open my eyes
Every second, that I look at you.

I am loyal enough to hold you through the night, every
night

I am strong enough to ask for assistance when I need it
I am hardworking enough to help us move forward, and
grow

I love you enough to spend all eternity by your side.

Shit Pistol
Josef Desade

Shit pistol

Self imposed prison

Terms may be subject to change

Love; tableau impressions

Scene set. Scene set.

Action.

Shoot em up

Sheets stained with cum, and tears

Shoot em up

Jesus wept, but not for me

The nativity scene is set

Born again, to blood and sweat

Jesus wept, but not for me
Jesus wept, but not for me

Hands bear the mark

Soot stained

Excrement beneath unkempt nails.

My mother wept when she saw my face
Clawing, and tearing out of her womb

Skin and sin.
Powdered rouge.
Facsimile of stitched flesh
Torn muscle, and atrophied limbs
My reflection wept.

Wolf in sheep's clothing
Climbing through

Phallus in hand
As I am cumming too

My reflection crawling through.

Untitled
Danielle Lonergan

After years suppressing so many fears,
Not yet understanding why, with so many tears,
Currently her heart grieves,
She hears happy news that her heart solemnly receives,
Joyous, confusion, avoidance, depression all in one,
Photographic evidence makes her come undone,
It is then she is able to realize,
Suppression is only a disguise.

Too Far To Be Nowhere

Zero Roze

We've come too far to be nowhere. This began in the BCs but it's going to end here. You knew, and I got told, this world isn't fair. Why that is so was never made perfectly clear. Now is the time to put ourselves out there regardless of fear. We've got nothing left to lose except what little foresight we use to get a glimpse of what comes next; the totalitarian industrial complex; like the spirit world's cast a hex, and now we're vexed because we can't fight in unity an enemy no one can see, and in which most don't believe. We must keep the faith and work toward a world where we're on the level with gods, guns, and government, and when we regain our awareness the illusion will unravel. They are waging war against weaknesses they've created in us. They've made us suspicious of ourselves while they remain inconspicuous. They've made us self-conscious while they remain self-righteous as they devour our minds from the first moments we understand their hostile words. They may as well have stolen our lives because they taught us and told us and forced us to know we exist to do what they tell us, and dignity dictates we die before we live that lie; or maybe in life, if we choose, we can rise on high so far into the great blue sky where by and by there is no time to try to unify; we will be star stuff and know each other as such, and we will gently fall down upon life like clouds of meteor dust, whereby we will open our own minds to the light and before we know it there will be no fight. There will be peace, harmony, love, light, cancer cures, and restful nights. People. People. We've so far to go and have not even left yet. We're trapped in this net, on the interwebz, or in our schools, or at our jobs, with our friends, under the lies, under the money, under the debt. Drag to me your regret. Bring me your hate before you forget. Refresh your mind and retain this; they've got mechanized uniforms animated with flesh. Under

silly hats cops got computer chips and protocols with no mercy nor emotion. We are attempting to penetrate codes. The code of command. The code of honor. The code of camaraderie. They are not really siblings in the human family- they lost humanity; for they cannot respect their badge and love their fellow man simultaneously. They are united in greed; short sighted, misinformed and militant for worthless money. Melted down minds replaced with sensors, hydraulics, 1's and 0's, hardware, software, weaponry, and a code of behavior. A code of reaction. A code of action. They are barely human. They were born of our fear and indoctrinated by the desires of men to greedily take and never give back. We cannot trust nor support gun wielding hearts gone black. The FBI stands by to let crime do as crime might, and we fight the good fight, but they target us for jeopardizing, with truth, their position as the guardians of the false order. None of this could happen without copious amounts of dishonesty or astronomic amounts of stolen money created fraudulently. My devotion is to the ocean of wisdom and starry notions of freedom; and dreams, like a fish desires land and sky; to evacuate this tragic kingdom and get to a place where our past cannot be traced and you- brothers, sisters, friends, cousins, children, elders, and lovers- will have escaped our doomed fate. While the money takes away. And the lies make it ok. Nobody knows the way. We're scared, lost, alone, and wandering perilously close to a sterile tomb. Remain calm. There's a fisioning molecule in your neck. There are pharmaceuticals in your spine, leaching through your back; there are uranium babies in Iraq, and at home in a soldier's flak jacket. We are losing the oceans to acid- it's about to get real placid; when the water is dead, the forest is gone, and the food is no good, the grass will glow; the soft vibration of the ocean's ghost qi will hum lifelessly and eventually the scorpions will starve. The planet will drift silently through the galaxy.

**Homage To Erica Jong's Needlepoint
So Much More, and Less
Leala Daigle**

As to lovers
As to mothers and daughters
Fathers and sons
There's always bad blood in the soil
At the foot of the pretty pink sunshine
Leading to Heaven's gates.

So he said:
*I never felt loved by you either
Maybe you should ask yourself how much you really love me!*

No dear can't you see?
What I feel for you, is so much more than simple love
Will ever be, and
So much less.
I don't love you, I love you so much that the word love does
not do my feelings justice.
It's beautiful what I feel at times for you
I never want to lose this taste.

And sometimes I feel nothing for you at all...
You are but the air, very real, but never thought of.
You are all things I give no recognition to, or care about.
Like the cobwebs in my basement,
Or the pattern on my tongue.

Even then at times, I hate you so much:
That it's more than hate I feel for you, and much less than
love
Like the taste of dirt.

The word hate is a joke, compared to how I feel for you
Yet I guess I can say simply, rudely, and disgustingly
I hate you to hell, and want to see you burn at times.
Nonetheless, I love you so much more than I could possibly
hate you.

Neither of these feelings truly hate or love
The taste of them, always lingers on my tongue, more or less.

You are soaked in my bad blood, and there's the prettiest rose
Stapled to your hands.

I, the undertaker of the flesh you left on this Earth
When you said goodbye.
I prim carefully this blood red rose, as I staple it to your dead
hands,
and kiss your cold lips.

I will always adore you
Loathe you
And forget you

All at once.

Dear Satan
Gigi Slater

Dear Sinful Lord,

You've claimed me at a young age.
I was 9 when we first sang together,
laughed together,
cried together,
and felt the worst pain imaginable together.
I haven't been the same since then.

Thanks to you.

Darkness

Coldness

Numbness

Aloneness...

That's all I've been feeling for the past 16 years.

It's my own fault though.

I like it this way.

I love to feel nothing.

I live for the emptiness.

I welcome it. I fucking crave it.

I would rather bury myself with all of my hurt than let anyone
see me crumble.

Drown myself into a dark abyss of
pain, and suffering; then bear my soul to anyone.

To the fakeness of friends.

The dishonesty of family.

And the ruthfulness of society.

My demons run deep. Deeper than I can even dig.

Deeper than the center of the universe.
I learned how to grow up at an age where many would be just
learning how to run their own bath.
I was already making dinner for me and my siblings.
Doing laundry, cleaning, and making sure we had our
homework done.
But this was nothing compared to the pain I endured. The
constant beatings that everyone seems to forget I got.
All from pissing the bed, talking back, or even when my
sister's didn't listen or acted up,
I would get beat instead.
Belts, brooms, fists, spoons,
even being burned from the end of a cigarette.
Still not the worst pains I've ever felt.
But you wouldn't understand.
You won't be able to feel my pain.
Feel my sorrow.
Understand my reasons.
Because frankly I don't even know how the hell I'm doing it.
How I can still continue living, breathing, smiling, fucking
laughing with this cruel so called world.
A world where they give life in prison to drug dealers,
but a slap on the wrist to rapists.
So thanks Beelzebub, for fucking me in all kinds of kinky
ways.
I appreciate it asshole.

Fool Of Tricks
Sarah Shahine Kerendian

Sly tricks dealt her way, she has no clue that he's a fool.
He flips a card, tricks her pretty eyes,
God sure was showing her that ace was all a lie.
Deeper in the game, feeling no pain; finding out that he
is a lost bottle of hope.
In her heart she's dying slowly,
She can barely cope.
I fell in love with a fool,
Now you're looking at two.
As she sips into the poison of lost dreams,
Her eyes finally see the truth.
She wakes up; it's too late.
Cause the Joker left, and she's lost,
Trying to figure out the entire game.

**My Eyes Are Up Here
Michael Dassel**

33/M/Bombay Beach, CA



*“I think it was TS Eliot who said:
America only has 3 cities; New York, San Francisco,
and New Orleans. Everywhere else is Cleveland.*

*He’s not wrong, but Mr. TS has never had the majesty to
be free to take a hot piss in the high desert of Southern
California, next to a man made sea, which basically
became a chemical spill on a gorgeous Sunday
morning.*

True freedom in Cleveland, bitch.

Thank you!

Thank you to this month's contributors,

Camo Salve
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Josef Desade
Danielle Lonergan
Zero Roze
Leala Daigle
Gigi Slater
Sarah Kerendian
Michael Dassel

Thank you as well, to everyone who took the time to download this. I encourage you all to share this with your friends, and/or print it out and give it to a cat, or leave it in a urinal, or give it to a crossing guard.

-J Desade

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