**WHERE DREAMS DIE**

The most shrilling of screams are those from broken and bleeding dreams.

Buried,

In shallow graves as an example to them that try to dream.

Singing hymns in the cold chocking on the stench of rotting cop

Who will dream next?

21 years caring bones and skins weighing down my ascension

Hiding in plain sight as materialistic

And ignorant, that they may not make

An example of my dreams

Veiled in silence amid conversation.

Lest my own greatness leak past my chorus pretense

Walking sluggish that they may not see my queenly posture

I have become smoke,

Bellowing out of hope’s chimney as a memory of the days.

When Hope’s fire lit

In my pretense I cannot pretend to not smell this burning dreams.

This 21 year old born quack and crack in the shame of surrender

My breath stinks of death and lies, normal to those unlikers

I bleed more and more when I become like them.

Words lose meaning and beauty is hidden away

It will be beautiful to run but nobody runs anymore

How I desire to run to the edges of this world and weep

To rip my skin,

Wail for who I was becoming and mourn for who they face us to be

Yet, I have neither the strength nor pace,

For the baggage on my soul is too heavy to run with

and the tears on my heart too heavy to hold.

I hear more shillings screams of Brocken and bleeding dreams

My pretense saves me yet another day, I lay my dreams a side as a pillow and lay my head on them

At least they are closer to my mind that way

I whisper to them.

They cry on me

They are malnourished by alive.

One night I fear they shall hear the same screams here,

Where they seem to be safe.

For it seems to my suffocating dreams

my, pretense as made me our own shallow graves

**Work done by Cellinah Robi**