WHERE DREAMS DIE

The most shrilling of screams are those for broken and bleeding dreams,

Buried in shallow breath as an example to them that tried to dream

Singing hymns in the cold, corking on the stench of rotting hoping

Who will dream next?

19 years carrying bones and weighing down my ascension

Hiding in plain sight as materialistic

And ignorant that they may not make

An example of my dream

Veiled in silence a mid-conversation,

Lest my own greatness licks past my porous presence

Walking sluggish that they might not see my queenly posture

I have become smoke

Bellowing out of hope chimney as a memories of the days

When hope fire light

In my presence I cannot pretend to not smell this burning dreams

This19 year old bone quake and crack in the hope of surrender

My breath stinks of breath of death and lies,

Normal to those unlike

I breathe more and more as I become as them

Words loose meaning and beauty is hidden a way

It will be beautiful to run but nobody runs anymore

How I desire to the edges of this world and weep

To rip my skin wail for who I was becoming

Yet I have neither the strength,

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 shrilling screams of broken and bleeding

My patience saves me yet another day

I lay my dreams aside as pillow and lie my head on them

At least they are closer to my mid-way

I whisper to them

They are malnourish but alive

One night I fear they shall hear the same scream here

For it seems to my suffocating dream my patience has made me our own shallow grave