***WHERE DREAMS DIE***

*The most shrilling of screams 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 hope.*

*Who will dream next?*

*Twenty-six years carrying bones and skin 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 in conversation*

*Lest my own greatness leaked past my porous pretense*

*Walking sluggish so that they may not see my kingly 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 not to smell these burning dreams*

*These 26-year-old bones quake and crack in the shame of surrender*

*My breath stinks of death and lies, normal to those unlike us.*

*I bleed more and more when I become like them*

*Words loose meaning, and beauty is hidden away.*

*It would be beautiful to run but nobody runs any more*

*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 force us to be.*

*Yet, I have neither the strength nor the pace*

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

*And the tear on my heart too heavy to hold.*

*I hear more shrilling of broken and bleeding dreams.*

*My pretense saves me yet another day.*

*I lay my dreams aside 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 but alive*

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

*Where they seemed to be safe.*

*For it seems to my suffocating dreams,*

*My pretense has made me our own shallow grave*

***Work done by Dyreen Daisy Nyaboke***