**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 tried to dream.

Singing hymns in the cold choking.

On the stench of rotting hope.

Who will dream next?

21 years carrying bones and skins

Weighing down my assent ion.

Hiding in plain sight as materialistic

An ignorant that they may not make

An example of my dreams

Veiled in silence amid conversation, lest my

Own greatness leaks past my porous pretence

Walking sluggish that they may not see my queenly posture

I have become smoke bellowing out of

Hopes chimney as a memories of the days

When hopes fire lit

In my pretence I cannot pretend to not

Smell this burning dreams

This 21 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 lose meaning and beauty is hidden away

It would be beautiful to run but nobody run anymore

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

To reap my skin wail for who I was becoming and moan 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 tears to my heart

Too heavy to hold

I hear more shrilling screams of broken and bleeding dreams.

My pretence 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 here,

Where they seems to be safe

For it seems to my suffocating dreams my pretence has made me our own shallow graves.