WHERE DREAMS DIE

The most shearling of screams are those from broken bleeding dream

Buried

In shallow graves as

Singing hymns in cold, choking

Who will dream next?

Twenty six years caring bones and skin

Weighing down

Hiding in plain site as materialistic

And ignorance that they may not make

An example of my dream

Veiled in silence and conversation

Lest my

Own greatness leaks past my porous pretense

Walking sluggish that the not see my

Kingly posture

I have become smoke out bellowing out of

Hope chimer as a memory of the day

When hope fire lit

In my pretense I cannot pretend to not

Smell this burning dream

This 26 year old bones

It would beautiful to run nobody runs anymore

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

To rip my skin wall for who I was becoming mourn for

Yet , I have neither the strength nor the pace

For the baggage on my soul is too heavy to

Run with and tear on my heart

Too heavy to hold

I hear more shrilling screams of broken and bleeding dream

My pretense saves me yet

At least they are closer to my night that way

I whisper to them

They cry on me

They are malnourished but alive

One night I fear they shall

For it seems to my suffocating dream

My pretense as made me our own shallow grave.