**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 hyms in the cold,chocking on the the stench of rotten hope.

Who will dream next?

22years carrying bones and weighing down my ascension

Hiding in plain sight as materialistic

And ignorant , that they may make,

An example of my dreams

Veiled in silence amid conversation,

Lest my own greatness leaks past my porous pretense

Walking sluggish that they may not see my queenly posture

I have become smooth,

Belowing out of hope’s chimney as a memory of the days

When hopes fire lit

In my pretence , as I cannot pretend to not smell this burning dreams

This 22 year born 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 everyone

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

To reap my skin, wails for who I was becoming and mourn for who they force us to be

Yet ,I have neither

I more shrilling screams of broken ans bleeding dreams my pretence saves me yet another day

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

Atleast they are closer to my mind that way

I whisper to them

They cry to me

There malnourished but alive

One night I fear they shall hear the same screams here

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