WHERE DREAMS DIE

The shrilling of screams are those from broken and bleeding dreams.

Buried,

In shallow graves as an example to them that try to dream.

Singing him in the cold, choking

On the stench of rotting hope

Who will dream next?

Twenty six years carrying bones and skin

Weighing down my ascension.

Hiding in green sight as materialistic

An ignorant, that they may not make

An example of my dreams

Veiled in silence amid conversation lest my

Own greatness licks past my chorus pretense

Walking sluggish that they may not see my

Queenly postures

I have become smoke, bellowing out of

Hope chimney as memories of the days

When hopes fire lit

In my presence I cannot pretend to not

Smell this burning dreams

This26 year old bones quack and crack in the shame of surrender

My breath stinks of death and lies, normal to those unflickers

I believe more and more when become like them

Words lose meaning and beauty is hidden away

It will be beautiful to run but nobody runs away

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 pace,

For the baggage on my soul is too heavy to

Run with and the tears on my heart

Too heavy to hold

I hear ore shrilling screamed of broken and breathing 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 we shall hear the same screams here,

Where they seem to be safe

For it seems to my suffocating dreams

My pretense has made me our own shallow grave