***WHERE DREAMS DIE***

The most shrilling are those from broken and bleeding dreams

Buried,

In shallow grave as an example to them that try to dream

Singing hymns in the cold chocking in the stench of rotten hope.

Who will dream next?

26 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

Vale in silence amid conversation

Lest my own greatness leaked

Walking sluggish that they may not see my queenly posture

I have become smoke,

Bellowing out of hope chimney as a memory of the days

When hopes fire lit

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

This 26years bones quake and crack in the shame of surrender

My breath stinks of death and life normal to those unlike

I breathe more and more when I become like them

Words loose meaning and beat hidden away

It will be beautiful to run but no one runs anymore

How I desire to run in the edges of this word and weep

To rip skin veil who 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 too heavy to hold

I hear more shrilling of broken and bleeding

My pretense saves me yet another day

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

At list 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 creams 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:

Mercy Rima.