WHERE DREAMS DIE.

The most shrilling of scream are those from broken and bleeding dreams

Buried, in shallow grave as an example to them that try to dream

Singing hyms in the cold , choking on the stench of rotting hope

Who will dream next

26 years of carrying bones and skins weighing down my ascension

Hiding in plain sites as materialistic

And ignorant , that they may not make

An example of my dreams

Veil in silence amid conversation

Lest my own greatness leaks past my porous pretence

Walking slagish that they may not see my queenly poster

I have become smoke,

Bellowing out of hope’s chimney as a memory of the day

When hope finally lit.

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

This 19 years old bone quake and crack in the shame of surrender

My breath stinks of death and lies, normal to those unlike us

I believe more and more when I become of them

Words lose meaning and beauty

It will be beautiful to run but nobody runs anymore

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

To read my skin, for who I was becoming and mourn for whom they force3 us to be

Yet, I have neither the strength nor the pace,

For the buggage in my soul is too heavy to run with

And the tears on my heart to heavy to hold

I hear more shrilling screams of broken and bleeding dreams

My pretense saves me yet another day

I lie 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 seemed to be safe

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