WHERE DREAMS DIE

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

Burried,

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

Singing hymns in the cold, chocking in the stench of rotten cope

Who will dream next?

Twenty two 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

Veiled in silence amid conversation,

Lest my own greatness leaks past my porous pretence

Walking sluggish that they may not see my queenly posture

I have become smoke,

Bellowing out of hope’s tuning as a memory of the days

When hope’s fire lit

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

This twenty two year old bones quake and crack in the shame of surrender

My breathe stinks of death and lies,

Normal to those unlike us

I bleed more and more when I become like them

Words lose meaning, and beauty is hidden away

It will be beautiful to run but nobody runs anymore

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

To rip my skin wail for who I was becoming and mourn for who they forced us to be.

Yet, I have neither the strength nor the pace,

for the baggage on my soul is to 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 pretence 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 they shall hear the same screams here,

Where they seems to be safe

For it seems to my suffocating dreams

My pretence has made me own shallow graves.

Work by,

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