**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 try to dream

Singing hymns in the cold, chocking,

On the stench of rotting hope

Who will dream next?

Twenty six 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 amidst conversation, lest my

Own greatness leaks past my porous pretense

Walking sluggish that they may not see my

Queenly posture

I have become smoke, bellowing out of

Hope’s chimney as a memory of the days

When hope’s fire lit

In my pretense I cannot pretend to not

Smell this burning dreams

This twenty six year old bones quack and crack in the shame of surrender

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

I believe more and more when I become like them

Words lose meaning and beauty is hidden away

It would be beautiful to run but nobody runs anymore

How I desire to run to the ages 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 the 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 more shrilling screams of broken and bleeding 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 they shall hear the same screams here,

Where they seemed to be safe.

For it seems to my suffocating dreams,

My pretense has made me our own shallow grave.