**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, choking on the sting of rotten hope

Who will dream next?

Nineteen years carrying bones and skin weighing down my ascension

Hiding in plain sight as materialistic

And ignorant, that they may not make next line

An example of my dreams

Veiled in silence amid conversation,

Lest my own greatness leaks past my porous pretense

Walking sluggish that they may not see my queenly poster

I have become smoke,

Bellowing out of hopes chimney as a memory of the days

When hopes fire lit

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

This nineteen year old bones 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 like them

Words lose meaning, and beauty is hidden away

It would be beautiful to run but nobody runs anymore

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

To read my skin, wail for who I was becoming and morn 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 lie 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 scream here,

Where they seemed to be safe.

For it seems to my suffocating dreams, my pretense has made me our own shallow graves.

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