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 stench of rotting hope.

Who will dream next?

Eighteen years carrying bones and skine weighing down assent ion.

Hiding in plain sites as materialistic

And ignorant that they may not make,

An example of my dreams

Veiled in silence a mid conversation,

Least my greatness leaks past my porous pretence

Walking sluggish that they may not see my queenly posture

I have become smoke,

Bellowing out of hopes chimney as a memory of the days, when hopes fire lit.

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

This 18 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 hidden away

It would be beautiful to run but nobody runs anymore

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

To rip my skin and wail for who I was becoming and mourn for who we

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 pretence saves me yet another day

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

At least I am closer to my mind that way

I whisper to them

They cry on me

They are mulnorished 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