**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?

20 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

Veil in silence are mild in conservations,

Lest my own greatness licks past my porous presence

Walking sluggish that they may not see my queenly posture

I have become smoke, bellowing out of hope chimney as a memory of the days

When hopes fire lit

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

This 20 year old bone quake and crack in the shame of surrender

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

I breathe 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 edges 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 cheers 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 at them

At least they are close 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 ipretence has made me our own shallow grave.

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