**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 o the stench of rotting hope.

Who will dream next?

22 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 in conversation lest my own greatness leaks past my porous presence.

Walking sluggish that they may not see my queenly posture

I have become smoke, billowing out of hope’s chimney as a memory of the days

When hope’s fire leaked

In my pretenses I cannot pretend to not smell this burning dreams

My breath stinks of breath and lies normal to those unlikers

I bleed more and more when I become like them

Words lose meaning and beauty is hidden away

I t will be beautiful to run but nobody runs anymore

How I 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

This 22 years dreams quake and crack in the shame of surrender my breath stinks of and lies

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 presence 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 presence has made me our own shallow grave

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