WHERE DREAMS DIE

The most shrilling of screeams are those from broken and bleeding dreams.

Buried,

In shall as an examples own graves

Singing hyms in the cold, choking

On the stench of rotting hope.

Who will dream next?

26 years carrying bornes and skin

Weighing down my ascencion.

Hiding in plane site as materialistic

And ignorant ,that they make

An example of my dream

Vailed in silent a mid conversation,lest my

Own greatness leaks past my porous pretence

Walking sluggish that they may not see my.

Queenly posture

I have be come smoke belowing out of

Hopes chimney as a memory of the days

When hopes fire lit

In my pretence I cannot pretend to not

Smell this burning dreams

This 26 year old bornes quake and crack in the shame of surrender

My breath stings of death and lies,norma lto those unlikers

I bleed more and more when I become like them

Words lose meaning and beauty is hidden away

It would be beatiful to run but nobody runs anymore

How I desire run to the ages of this world and weep,

To reap my skin ,to wail for who I was becoming and mourn for those they us to become

Yet I have neither the strength nor the pace

For the baggage on my soul is to heavy to

Run with on tear on my heart

To heavy to hold

I hear more shrilling screams of broken and bleeding dreams.

My pretence saves me yet another day.

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

Atleast they are closer to my mind that way.

I whisper to them

They cry on me

They are malnourished but alived

One night I fear they shall the same screams here,

Where they seamed to be safe.

For it seems to my suffocating dreams

My pretence has made me our own shallow grave.