**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?

26 years carrying bones and skin

Weighing down my ascensions

Hiding in plain site as materialistic

And ignorant, that they may not make

An example of my dreams

Veiled in silence amid conversation,

Lest my

Own greatness leaks past my porous pretends

Walking sluggish that they may not see my

Queenly posture

I have become smoke, bellowing out of

Hope chimney as the memories of the days

When hopes fire lead

In my pretence I cannot pretend to not

These burning dreams

This 26 years old bones quake and crack in the shame of surrender

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

I bleed more and more when I become like them

Words loose meaning and beauty is hidden away

It would be beautiful to them but nobody runs anymore

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

To reap 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 tears on my heart

Too heavy to hold.

I hear more shrilling screams of broken and bleeding dreams,

My pretence saves me yet other 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 its seems to my suffocating dreams,

My pretence has made me our own shallow grave.