WHERE DREAMS DIE

The most shirring of scream are those broken

Buried,

In shallow grave is an example to them

Singing hymn in the cold choking,

On the stench of rotting hope

Who will dream next?

26years carrying bones and skin

Weighing down my assumption

Hiding in plain size in materialistic and ignorance

Veiled in silence amid conversation rest mind

Own greatness leaks my porous pretence

Walking sluggish that may not see my

Seeing my queenly feature

I have become smoke bellowing

Hope chimney

When hope s fires leaks

In my pretence I can not

Smell these burning dreams

These 26 year old bone quake and crack in the shame

My breath stings of death and lies normal to those unlike us.

I believe more and more when I become like you

Words loss meaning

It will be beautiful to run but nobody run anymore

How I desire to run to the ages of these worlds and weep

To leap my skin wale for who I was becoming and mourn for who they

Yet I have neither the strength nor the pace,

For the baggage in my soul is to heavy run with

To heavy to hold

I hear more shriving screams of broken and

My pretence save me for another day

I lay my dream a side and my head on them

At least there are closer to mind.

I whisper to them

Their cry on me.

They are malnourished but alive.

One night I fear their shall hear the same screams here.

Where the

For it seems to my suffocating dreams

My pretence has made me our own shallow grave