WHERE DREAMS DIE

The most shrilling of screams are those from broken and bleeding dreams

Buried,

In shallow graves as an example to those who try to dream

Singing hymns to the cold, choking on the stench of rotten core

Who will dream next?

19 caring bones and skin weighing down my assertion.

Hiding in clean side as materialistic

And ignorant, that they may not make

An example of my dream.

Veld in silent amid conversation,

Lest my own greatness leaks past my porous pretense

Walking sluggish that they might not see my queenly posture

I have become smoke

Bellowing out of hope strimny as a memory of the days

When hopes fire lit

In my pretense, I cannot pretend to not smell this burring dreams

This 19year old bones queck and crack in the shame of surrender

My breath sting of death and lies, no more to those unlike

I bleed more and more and I become like them.

Word hide meaning and beauty is hidden on them

How I desire to run to the ages of this world and whip

To rip my skin wailing for I was becoming and mourn for who they force us to be

Yet, I have neither the strength nor the pace

For the baggage at my sword is too heavy to run with

And the tears on my heart to heavy to hold

I hear more shrilling screams of broken and shrilling dreams

My pretense saves me yet another day

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

At least they are closer to my mind that way

I whisper to them

Next day they cry to me

They are malnourished but alive

One night I fear they shall here the same scream here

Where they seem to be safe

For it seems to my suffocating dreams

My pretence have made m3e our own shallow grave.