**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 tried to dream.

Singing hymns in the cold, choking on the stench of rotten hope.

Who will dream next?

23 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, amidst conversation,

Lest my own greatness licks past my porous presence.

Walking sluggish that they may not see my queenly posture,

I have become smoke,

Bellowing out of Hope’s chimney as a memory of the days

When Hope’s fire lit

In my presence, I cannot pretend to not smell this burning dreams

This 23 year old bones, quake and crack in the shame of surrender

My breath stinks of death and lies, common to those unlikers.

I bleed more and more when I become like them.

Words lose meaning, and beauty is hidden away.

It would be beautiful to run, 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 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 pretense has made me our own shallow grave.

Work by,

Consolata Akoth.