WHERE DREAMS DIE

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

Buried, in shallow graves as an example to them that try to dream.

Singing hymns in the cold, chocking on stench of a rotting hope

Who will dream next?

22 years carrying bones and skin weighing down my ascension

Hiding in plain sides as materialistic

And ignorant that may not make

An example of my dreams

Veil in silence are mild in conversations

Lest my own greatness licks past my porous presence

Walking sluggish that they may not see my queenly posture

I have become smooth, bellowing out of my hopes chimney as a memory of the days

When hopes lit fire

In my pretense I cannot pretend not to smell this burning dreams

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

My breathe stinks of death and live, normal to those unlike us

I blink more and more when I become like them

Word lose meaning and beauty is hidden away.

It will be beautiful to run but nobody runs anymore.

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

To rip my skin and 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 o my soul and the tears of my hear too heavy to hold

I hear most shrilling and broken dreams bleeding dreams

I lay my dreams aside as a pillow my head on them

At least they are close 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

For it seems to my suffocating dreams my pretense has made me our

Own.

Work done by **Edith** **Jepleting**.