**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 hymens in the cold, chocking.

On the stage of rotting hope.

Who will dream next?

Twenty six years carrying bones and skin,

Weign down my assertion

Hiding in plan 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 pretence

Walking sluggish that they may not see

My queenly posture

I have become smoke, bellowing out of

Hopes chiming as a memory the days

When hopes fire lit

In my pretence I cannot pretend to

Not smell these burning dreams

This twenty six year old bones quake and crack in the shame of surrender

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

Words loose meaning and beauty is hidden away

It would be beautiful to run nobody runs anymore

How I desire to run 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 is too heavy to

Run with and the tears in my heart

Too heavy to hold

I hear more shrilling screams of broken and bleeding dreams.

My pretence saves me yet another day.

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

At least their 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 scream here,

Where they seemed to be saved

For it seems to my servocating dreams

My pretence has made me our own shallow grave