WHERE DREAMS DIE

The most shrilling of streams are those from broken and bleeding dreams.

Buried,

In shallow graves as an examples to them that try to

Singing hymns in the cold, chocking

On the stems or rocking hope

Who will dream next?

26 years carrying bones and skin

Weighing down my assentation

Hiding in clean site as materialistic and ignorant, that they may not make

An example of my dreams

Veiled in silence amid conversation lest my

Own greatness list my porous pretense

Walking slags that they may not see my

Queenly posture

I have become smoke, billowing out of

Hopes chimney as a memory of the days

When hopes fire lit

In my pretense I cannot pretend to note

Smell this burning dreams

This 26year old bones quick and cracking the shame of surrender

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

I bleed more and more when I become like them

Words loose meaning and beauty is hidden away

It would be beautiful to run but nobody runs any more

How I desire to run to the ages of this world and weep,

To rip 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 badges on

Run with and the ties to my heart

Too heavy to hold

I hear more shrilling screams of broken and reeving dreams

My pretense 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 mind that way.

I whisper to them.

They cry on me.

They are my nourished 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.