WHERE DREAMS DIE

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

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

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

Who will dream next?

26 years of carrying bones and skins weighing down my ascensions

Hiding in plan sites as materialistic

And ignorant, that they may not make

An example of my dreams

Veil in silence and convention

Let my own greatness leak past my porous presence

Walking slash that they may not see my queenly poster

I have become smoke

Bellowing out of hopes chimney as a memory of the day

When hope finally it.

In my present I cannot smell this burning dream

This 26 years old bone queke and crack in the shame of surrender

MY breath

I believe more and more when I become one of them

Words lose meaning and beauty

It will be beautifully to run but nobody runs anymore

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

To read my skin, for who I was becoming

Yet, I have neither the

I whisper to them

They cry on me

They are malnourished but alive

One night I fear they shall here the same screams here

Where they scream to be safe