**WHERE THE 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 hymns in the cold, chocking

On the stench on the rotten hope

Who will dream next?

Twenty six 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 amid conversation, lest my

Own greatness leaks past my porous pretense

Walking sluggish that they may not see, my queenly posture

I have become smoke, billowing out of

Hopes chimney as a memory of they days

When hopes fire lits

In my pretense I cannot pretend to not

Smell this burning dreams

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

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

I believe more and more when I become like them

Words lose 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 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 bugged in my soul is too heavy to

Run with and the tears to my heart

Too heavy to hold

I hear more shrilling screams of broken and bleeding dreams.

My pretense saves me yet another day.

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

At list 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 creams here

Where they seem to be safe

For it seems to my suffocating dreams

My pretense has made me our own shallow grave.