WHERE DREAMS DIE.

The most shrilling of screams are those of broken and bleeding dreams

Buried,

In shallow graves as an example to them that try to dream.

Singing hyms choking

On the strench of rotting hope

Who will dream next?

26 years carrying bones and skin

Weighing down my assention

Hiding in plain side as materialistic

And ignorant that they may

An example

Veiled in silence amid conversation ,

Lest my

Own greatest leakspast my porous pretence

Walking sluggish that they may not see

My queenly posture

I have become smoke

Bellowing out of

Hopes chimneyas

When hopes fire lit

In my pretence i cannot pretent to not

Snore this

This 26 yr old bones quake and crush

My blood skinks of bread and lies,normal to those unlike us

I bleed more and more when i become

Words lose meaning and beauty is

It would be beautiful to run but would be

How i desire to run to the edges of this world and weep,

To rip my skin to wail for who i was becoming and moan for who they force to be

Yet i have the strengh nor the pace,

For the baggage on my soul is too heavy

Run with and the tears in my heart

To heavy to hold

I hear more shrilling screams of brokr

My pretence saves me,

Yet another day,

I lay my dreams aside and lay my head on them

At least they are closer to my mind that way

I whispered to them

They cry on me.

They are malnourished but alive .

One might i fear they will hear the same screams here,

Where they seemed to be save

For it seem to my suffocating dreams

My pretence has made me my own shallow grave.