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 hymns in the cold, choking on the stench of rotting hope.

Who will dream next?

20 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 pretence

Walking sluggish 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 pretence, I cannot pretend to smell these burning dreams

These 20 year old bones quake and crack in the shame of surrender

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

I bleed more and more when I become like them.

Words lose meaning, 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 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 baggage on my soul is too heavy to run with

And the tears on 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 a pillow and lay my head on them.

At least 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 screams here,

Where they seemed to be safe.

For it seems to my suffocating dreams,

My pretence has made me our own shallow grave.

Work done by:

Joy Wahome.