WHERE DREAMS DIE

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

Buried,

In shallow graves as an example to them

Singing hymning the cold, chocking

On the stench of rotting hope.

Who will dream next?

26 year caring bones and skin

Weighing down my assentation

Hiding in plain sight as materialistic

An ignorant, that they may not make

An example of my dreams

Veiled in silence amid conversation, lest my

Own greatness leaks past porous pretends

Walking sluggish that they may not see my

Queenly poster

I have become smoke, bellowing out of

Hopes chimney as memory of the days

When hope’s fire lit

In my pretense I cannot pretend to not

Smell this burning dreams

This 26year old bones quake and crack in the shame of surrender

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

I believe more and more when I become like them

Word loose meaning and beauty is hidden away

It would 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 barges of 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 pretense saves me yet another day

I lay my dreams aside 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 be suffocating dreams,

My pretense as made me our own shallow grave