**WHERE DREAMS DIE.**

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

**Buried,**

**In shallow grave as an example to them that try to dream.**

**Singing hymn in the cold chocking on the stench of rotting hope.**

**Who will dream next?**

**16 year carrying bones and skin weighing down**

**Hiding in plain sight as materialistic**

**And ignorant, that they cannot make**

**An example of my dreams**

**Veiled in silent amid conversation,**

**Lest my own greatness leaks past my porous pretends**

**Walking sluggish that they may not see my queenly posture**

**I have become smoke,**

**Bellowing on a hopes chimney as a memory of the days,**

**When hopes fire lit.**

**In my pretends I cannot pretend to not pretend this burning dreams,**

**This 16 years bones quake and crack in the shame of surrender**

**My breath stings 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 is beautiful to run but nobody runs anymore**

**How I desire to run**

**To rip my skin, wail for who I was becoming and to mourned for who they force us to be**

**Yet, am neither the strength nor the pace,**

**For the baggage on my soul too heavy to run with**

**And the tear on my heart too heavy to hold.**

**I hear more shrilling scrams of broken an**

**My pretends saves me yet another day**

**I lay my dreams aside as a pillow and lay my head**

**At least they are closer to my mind that way**

**I whisper to them,**

**They cry no me**

**They are malnourish but alive,**

**One night I fear they shall hear the same scream here,**

**Where thy seems to be safe**

**For I seems to my suffocating dreams,**

**My pretends had made me our own shallow dream**

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