**WHERE DREAMS DIE**

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

Buried,

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

Singing him in the cold , chocking

On the stench of rotting hope

Who will dream next?

Twenty-six years carrying bornes and skin

Weighing down my assentions

Hiding in plain site as materialistic

And ignorance that they may not make

An example of my dreams

Veiled in silence amid conversation, lest my

own greatness leaks my porous pretence

Walking sluggish that they may not see my

queenly posture

I have become smoke , bellowing out of

Hopes chimney as a memory of the days

When hopes fire lit

In my pretence I cannot pretend to not

Smell this burning dream

This 26 year old born quack and crack

My breath sting of death and lives, normal to those unlike us

I believe more and more when I become like them

Words loose meaning and beauty is hidden away

It would be beautiful to run but nobody run anymore

How I desire to run to the edges of this world and weep

To read my skin, wail for who I was becoming and mourned 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 my tears to 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 list they are closer to my mind that way.

I whisper to them.

They cry on me.

They are malnourished but alive.

one night fear they shall hear the same screams here

Where they seem to be safe

For it seem to my suffocating dreams

My pretence has made me our own shallow grave.