WHERE DREAMS DIE

The most shilling dreams are those from broken and

Buried

In shallow graves as an example to them

Singing hymens in the cold, chokeing

In the stem

Who will dream next?

26 years caring born and skin

Weighing down assention

Hiding in plain site as materialistic

And ignore

Valued in silence amid conservation lest my

Own greatness leaks past my polar pretends

Walking slag that they may not see my

Gueenly posture

I have become smoke, bellowing out of

Hope chimney as a memory of the days

When hopes fire lit

In my pretences I cannot pretend not

This 26years old born quake and crake in the same of surrender

My breath stinks of death and

I bleed more and more when I

Word loss meaning when words hidden

It will 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 which I was becoming and mo

Yet I have neither the strength nor the space

For the baggage on my heart is too

Run with and the

I hear more shrilling of broken dream

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 they are

I whisper to them

They cry to me

They malnourished

One night I fear they shall hear the same scream here

For it seem to my s

My pretence has made me our own shallow grave

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