Where dreams die

The most shearling of screens are those from broken.

Buried.

In shallow grave as an example to then that tried to dream.

Singing hymn in the cold, chocking

On the stench of resting hope

Who will dream next?

26 years carrying bones and skins weighing done my assertion.

Hiding in plain site as materialist and ignorance that they may not make an example of my dram

Veil in in silence a mind conversation lest my

Own greatest link past my polar pretense

Walking sluggish that my not see my kingly features

I have become smoke bblowing out of

Hope chimney as a memory oaf the days

when hopes fire lit

in my pretense I can’t pretend to not smell this burning dreams

this born old quick and cracking

te same of surrender

my blood stings of death of lies normal

to those unlikers

I bleed more and more when I become like here

It would be beautiful to run but nobody wants to run anymore

How I desire to learn to the wages of this world and weep

To reap my skill for who I was becoming for who they force us to be

To heavy to hold

I hear more sheering of broken and dreaming big

I lay my dreams aside as pillow and lay my head on them

At least they are closer to my mind

I whisper to them

They cry on me

They are malnourished but alive

One night we shall hear the same thing here,

Where they seemed to be safe

For it seems to my own shallow game