**WHERE DREAMS DIE**

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

Buried,

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

Singing hymns in the codes, chocking.

On the stench of rotting hope.

Who will dream next?

26 years carrying bones and skin

Weighing down my ascension.

Hiding in plain sight as materialistic

And ignorant, that they may not make

An example of my dreams

Veiled in silence amid conversation, lest my

Own greatness leaks past my porous pretense

Walking sluggish that they may not see my

Queenly posture

I have become smoke, bellowing out of

Hopes chimney as the memory of the days

When hopes fire lit

In my pretense I cannot pretend to not

Smell this burning dreams

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

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

I bleed more and, more when I become like them

Words loose meaning and beauty is hidden away

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 who I was becoming and mourn 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 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 as 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 hear,

Where they seemed to be safe

For its seems to my suffocating dreams

My pretense has made me own shallow grave.