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 cold,choking,

On the stench of rotting hope.

Who will dream next?

Twenty six years carrying bones and skins

Weighing down my ascention.

Hiding in plain site as materialistic.

And ignorant, that they may not make,

An example of my dreams.

Veiled in silence amid conversations,

Lest my

Own greatness leaks past my porous pretence

Waling sluggish that they may not see my

Kingly posture

I have become smoke,Bellowing out of

Hopes chimney as a memory of the days

When hopes fire lit.

In my pretence I can not pretend to not

Smell this burning dreams

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

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

I believe more and more when I become more like them.

Words lose 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 rip 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 bargage 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 broen and bleeding dreams.

My pretence saves me yet another day

I lay my dreams side 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 here,

Where they seemed to be safe.

For it seems to my suffocating dreams

My pretence has made me our own shallow grave.