**WHERE DREAMS DIE**

**The most shrilling of screams are those from broken and bleeding dreams.**

**Buried,**

**In shallow graves as an example to them that tried to dream.**

**Singing hymns in the cold, chocking.**

**On the trench of looting hope.**

**Who will dream next?**

**Twenty six years carrying bones and skin**

**Weighing down my assertion.**

**Hiding in plain sight as materialistic**

**And ignorant, that may not make**

**An example of my dreams.**

**Veiled in silence and a mid-conversation, lest my**

**Own greatness liks my past porels pretends**

**Walking straggish that they may not see my**

**Queenly posture**

**I have become smokes, barrowing out of**

**Hopes chimney as the memories of the days**

**When hopes fire lead**

**In y relent, can not pretend to not**

**Smell this burning dreams**

**This 26year old born quake n crack in the shame of the surrender**

**My blood shriks of death and lie, normal to those unlikers.**

**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 leap my skin, wail for who I will be coming and mourn for who the force us to be**

**Yet I have neither the strength nor the paste,**

**For the begrudge of my soul is too heavy too**

**Run with and the tears to my heart**

**Too heavy to hold**

**I hear more shrilling screams of broken and breeding dreams**

**My pretense save 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**

**Hey cry on me.**

**They are malnourished but arrive.**

**One night I fear they shall hear the same screams here,**

**Where they seemed to be saved.**

**For it seems to my suffocating dreams**

**My pretense has made me our own shallow grave.**