

## **Dried Paint**

Broken bones on concrete.  
If in waiting lies the cure,  
I'll pause my heartbeat.  
Just a few more breaths to endure.

Once the mist laid upon  
streets littered with fragments,  
it remained there until dawn  
and attracted me like magnets.

Stopped the blizzard in my mind.  
Frail fingers with mine intertwined,  
scraped the dried paint off the road  
and somehow it turned into gold.

Go carve this date into stone.  
The waiting belongs to the past.  
Arise and climb your thrown.  
A resilient soul will forever last.