

The bane of one's existence
Is watching paint dry
And I could try
To criticize and belittle the pigment
As it sets
From wet to dry
As the dye settles and stains
I could call it out for the pain
It causes and the lies
The lies in paint as it dries
The mask it creates may seem to deceive
And yet painting relieves
Spirit and mind
A cathartic release over time
As the brush blends
Or the roller rolls
Each coat adds color and depth
Color and depth
And takes the rugged to pristine
Its sheen shines bright
Harnesses light
And encapsulates the vividness of the sun!

Yet watching it dry is full of wickedness
I'm sick of this!
Paint is a medium not stealing our time
It's healing our lives
It captures moments inside
Its skin
Drying is only agony in an impatience mind
A mind of person with no time
But paint is a saint
And drying is trying to capture a moment for you
The least you could do
Is lend it a moment of two