

Sixty Stories

"Anthem Red"

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This is my anthem.
It is painted on the bridge in spray paint and mud,
In failure and courage.
Broken bottles bed the ground where I stand
As painted runs down the limbs of my shaking hand.

Written in Anthem Red.

For a moment I feel free of my heavy tired thing
As I step back and view the stupid mess I made.
The air is so cold the paint stings
And threatens to stay stuck to my hand,
To this bridge and to this year.

Written in Anthem Red.

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