

I Remember

Nancy Wilson

I remember sky
It was blue as ink
Or at least I think I remember sky
I remember snow
Soft as feathers, sharp as thumb tacks coming down like lint
And it made you squint when the wind would blow
And ice like vinyl on the streets
Cold as silver, white as sheets
Rain like strings and changing things like leaves
I remember leaves
Green as spearmint, crisp as paper
I remember trees
Bare as coat racks, spread like broken umbrellas
And parks and bridges, ponds and zoos
Ruddy faces, muddy shoes
And nights and noise and bees and boys
And days
I remember days
Or at least I try
But as years go by, they're a sort of haze
And the bluest ink isn't really sky
And at times I think I would gladly die
For a day of sky
Sky, sky, sky