

## 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