

## Rosemary

Suzanne Vega

Do you remember when you walked with me  
Down the street into the square?  
How the women selling rosemary  
Pressed the branches to your chest,  
Promised luck and all the rest,  
And put their fingers in your hair?

I had met you just the day before,  
Like an accident of fate,  
In the window there behind your door.  
How I wanted to break in  
To that room beneath your skin,  
But all that would have to wait.

In the carmen of the martyrs,  
With the statues in the courtyard  
Whose heads and hands were taken,  
In the burden of the sun;  
I had come to meet you  
With a question in my footsteps.  
I was going up the hillside  
And the journey just begun.

My sister says she never dreams at night  
There are days when I know why;  
Those possibilities within her sight,  
With no way of coming true.  
Some things just don't get through  
Into this world , although they try.

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With the statues in the courtyard  
Whose heads and hands were taken,  
In the burden of the sun;  
I had come to meet you  
With a question in my footsteps.  
I was going up the hillside  
And the journey just begun.

All I know of you  
Is in my memory  
All I ask is you  
Remember me.