

I Remember

Maureen McGovern

I remember sky
It was blue as ink
Or at least, I think
I remember sky

I remember snow
Soft as feathers,
Sharp as thumbtacks,
Coming down like lint
And it made me 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 coatracks,
Spread like broken umbrellas

And parks and bridges, ponds and zoos,
Ruddy faces, muddy shoes,
Light 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