

# Teena Marie, Ivory (A Tone Poem)

How supple your lips  
The kind that were meant for kissing  
I remember you  
Warm and brown and how your lips invited me to dine  
Candles lit I still burn mine every night about a quarter past three

There is a memory that lives and breathes  
And flows through my veins like a good drug  
The thought of your lips slightly parted  
Beckoning the kiss that I wished I could try out on myself  
To see if it was good enough for you

Into the cave where lust and love become one  
You beloved meet me half way  
Filling my nights and days to such extent  
That I still quiver involuntarily

As you snap your fingers  
And I come running  
I remember you  
You are the artful dodger

Do you remember me  
They call me Ivory