

# Maureen McGovern, I Remember

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