

# Sarah Brightman, 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 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,  
Light and noise and  
Bees and boys  
And days.

I remember days,  
Or at least I try.  
But as years go by  
They're 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.