

A Day to Remember

Marty Funcell – 4/29/09

I remember the sensual sight of her singing - and her passion
I remember seeing the sparkle in her eyes when I sang – my only fan
I remember her driving me home as we talked - and her laughing
I remember the sensitive, slightly shy sound of her voice
I remember listening to some music she created – a virtual band
I remember the freshly shampooed smell of her hair - maybe Selsun Blue?
I remember the touch of her soft face and the feel of her head in my hands
I remember the sweet, sweet taste of her lips - puffy and moist
I remember a Day. I remember you.