

Ivory (a Tone Poem)

Teena Marie

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