

# Cache

*by* Ginnah Howard

Could I cache your kisses?

Run them stuff-jawed  
to some dark stash. Braid blisses  
of these cornucopian dawns  
to hang vaulted in golden hoards.  
Safe deposit certain smiles,  
line them for winter  
on warehouse walls.

How many seasoned,  
how many green  
cords of warmth would I need  
to get through April's  
final storms?

Secure from February snow,  
I could be a prodigal spender;  
what would I care of income, outgo?  
Risk extravagance,  
sipping these sweet liqueurs  
to tipsy dance  
till frogs, spring dervish.  
Then peep out like crocus,  
a winter stowaway impervious.

