

LISA LOW

## **STORING THE SUMMER'S DAY**

She wants to take a break from drab; she wants to fly south with the clouds, fast as pillared ships, steaming toward diamond shores away; she wants the wind to drive her hair, the way it drives the long torn tails of weeping willow stems; she wants to sing with meadowlarks, parading wet-footed down stalks of summer grass; soon she'll go back to drab, to the grey barren walls of her cell, but for now her eye takes in the lawn, in all its green silk gardens dressed, and keeps the sight hidden, boxes of gold pressed into memories' crannies; grand wealth stored for savouring later.