

The Price of Empire

by Yasmin Elaine Waring

I saw three kids the other day
two girls and a boy
crouched in conspiracy
exchange the soft touch of liquid crystal screens
for the rough bliss of trucked-in sand
masking the concrete beneath.

The same Atlantic-blue in six eyes,
seal black locks of hair, not strands,
entangled all three
betraying their shared family.

Scanning the crowd
for more evidence of this multiplicity
among parents hovering
and children dangling
from the brightly-colored limbs
of a municipalacious jungle gym

I saw none.

Only tribes of one
sometimes two even
as forced companions fell apart
these three, the anomaly
outlasted the others at play.

Abandonment came late.

Departing only when
a disembodied voice
called them home
beyond the park's edge.

October 30

