

# 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

