

Civil War at Parliament Hill Playground

“Come down: you aren’t yet five!” She doesn’t stir,
astride her look-out tower still, this spy
from the maternal camp; a rampart
of hands, of hair, defends her ears.

And all those other Sunday fathers, *mes*
semblables, mes frères, half-axed already, slumped
beneath a slide, must mount their one-way stair,
a scaffold’s: here our executioners,
our daughters, aren’t yet up for sliding down,
unless trumpets of pardon silver the sulky air.

JAMES GREENE