Playtime Principality

The bell sounds

Freeing tiny feet from their anchors

To swim freely out and into the playground

Amidst the soft loam and woodchips

Stout fingers securely plant themselves in the dirt

With the precision of tiny forks

Scraping away unwanted mushed peas and carrot

Silt and sand are welded into tiny huts

Their doors opened firmly

With the press of Daisy’s thumbs

The work is quickly completed

Minute villagers are ushered into their new palaces

Portly grubs

Their stomachs heavy with root

Are promptly stretched through

The beatles follow

Proud guardians of the rooves

Sit stamped into the mud

Like precious stones

Marking each home with familiarity

The pill pugs find their way last

Curled nervously into each other

In a mass of scales and antennae

They are gently shoved

And settled

How lucky this town is

To have such respite

From the hurricanes of sprinklers

And protection

From the underfoot

Of uncalculated plastic sneakers

How blessed these citizens are

With such a benevolent dictator

Daisy’s lips crack into a wide expanse of a smile

That droops

When a shadow looms suddenly over her kingdom

A Max has arrived

Eyes shifty and squinted

As he gazes at Daisy’s work

Swiftly

His claws rip and scoop

Minute screams like broken bells

Chime in Daisy’s ears

Her people wailing as they are dropped

One

By

One

Into the Max’s gaping jaws.

With a yowl

Daisy sounds the alarm

And a guard

Her glass beaded bracelets

And plastic pearls

Strung along her neck

Gleaming armour at the ready

To defend against the incoming attack

The guard speaks

Raising her voice

Like cold water cutting through stone

“Share”