If

Anne Clark

Imagine
Imagine if
What would happen
What would happen if running on empty
Seemingly forever
The car crawls to the umpteenth fuel station
Still out of sight, joining the motionless caterpillar of cars
Traffic snaking, tailing back for miles
Imagine
Imagine if the afternoon turned to evening
And as you approach the entrance
Fists fly as the green plastic can is wrestled over
And subsequently spilled across the great tarmac
Mixing blood and petrol
Imagine
What if the price became so high
It was only available to those who could afford it
Those who the governments decide take priority
Imagine it is rationed by the litre
Security guards, then eventually soldiers patrolling the pumps
Imagine
Then it all stops
... then it all stops
Imagine
Imagine all the silence
imagine all the silence
After the rioting, the killing, the madness
Silence
... silence
What would happen next
Traffic snaking
Tailing back for miles
Imagine if
What would happen (what would happen...)
Mixing blood and petrol
Then it all stops (then it all stops...)
What would happen next
Imagine all the silence
Imagine all the silence
Imagine all the silence.

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