

## What if....?

Emily Hinshelwood

What if this was really real, this Artist on the Moon?  
The spaceship's had its final safety checks this afternoon.  
The oxygen's been tested and the pressure valves are tight,  
the communication system's tuned and linked by satellite.

And what if Pontardawe's really live across the news  
and outside – stretched to Clydach – there are queues and queues and queues  
of people out to watch the capsule being blasted into space.  
The engine starts to fire. You see it light up every face.

And what if this small capsule, made of papier mache  
does shoot up from the arts centre and out of Swansea Bay?  
There's crowds formed from the Beacons to the very tip of Gower  
to see it travel at two hundred thousand miles an hour.

But what if she's so busy concentrating on some rhyme  
she shoots beyond the Moon, the Sun, to the very edge of Time.  
There's gazillions of galaxies stretched through outer Space  
with swirling, crashing thermo-nuclear fusions taking place.

And what if, on return, the Milky Way comes into view  
and on the very outer edge, a tiny speck of Blue:  
Our planet Earth, surrounded by its fragile atmosphere.  
The only place, in the whole of Space<sup>1</sup>, where life exists is here.

And what if, when she lands her lunar module on the Moon  
she faces planet Earth and sees.... the hurricanes, typhoons,  
the expansion of the deserts, the dying of the seas  
the UK seeing temperatures of 38 degrees.

The human race exploding onto every patch of land  
digging, dredging, drilling, trawling everything they can.  
And though these penetrations cause eviction, famine, war  
the crazy rush continues wanting more and more and more.

Though technically in space you shouldn't hear a single sound  
she hears the mantra: "Money is what makes the world go round"  
Yet the web of living creatures from the oceans to the skies  
is starting to disintegrate before her very eyes:

a steady drop of species  
as the temperature increases  
and the arctic pole unfreezes  
and the water level rises

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<sup>1</sup> as far as we know

every loaded raft capsizes  
and the bees and pollinisers  
getting killed by fertilisers  
and all politics divided  
and the blatant spread of lies – es  
people argue left and right  
day and night  
and fight and incite  
hate.

What if from the moon, the artist looks on at this  
this Shipwreck of a planet  
this heart attack,  
this speck of blue  
breaking, earthquaking  
in a vast universe of black.  
What if she says to herself  
What's the point in going back?

And technically, in space you shouldn't hear a sound  
but below the cry for money, something deeper from the ground  
a rumble, a thunder, a plate-shift of some kind  
it doesn't stop, it just keeps getting louder all the time.

When she half expects to see the planet going 'POP!'  
she clocks the young protesters shouting "NOW this has to stop".  
Children, youths and teenagers walk out of their exams  
and twenty/thirty-somethings pushing toddlers in their prams

erupting from their houses and pouring into town  
demanding something's done to bring the carbon footprint down  
"Don't fob us off with fairytales of economic schemes -  
It's time you stopped your foolishness so we can live our dreams'.

And what if more and more young people heard the call  
and from the moon, the artist saw the politicians stall  
and forty/fifty/sixty somethings stopped their current chore  
and older people grabbed their coats and headed for the door.

And what if, from the moon, she sees a rapid change of heart  
as all the people in the world decide they can take part  
Together we unite, but individually we say:  
What if... what if.... I can change the world today?"