

What If...
By Aidan Guernsey

If the factories stopped polluting
smoke that's poisonous fog...

The birds could sing
like flutes,
Happily,

The fish could swim
in water that smiles,
The same fish that fill our
empty stomachs

If we continue what we are doing,
None of this
will happen...

The birds will fly,
In a smoky sky,

The fish will swim,
In mucky water,

And we,
We humans
Will start to die;

stop.