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Tags: [war](#), [plants](#), [countryside](#), [violence](#)
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An orange grove. Its sweet flowers. Walking on sparse patches of grass in amongst the trees and then reaching down to poke at the delicate grey-green mould blooming on fallen fruit. Sugary juice lures wasps. Dust floats up. A zinc fence borders the biggest trees and runs the length of a neighbouring driveway which leads to a recently built bakery. Fragrance of fresh bread slips into the air, over the houses and down to the car park in the town centre where people are busy selling stuff from the backs of trucks.

This morning, the gentle mix of it all, things working well, voices destined to disappear within the week.

So, then, this memory will be compressed. It will be one of the only ones to remain. Into the palm, squeezed. Its origins could be anywhere, but anyway, it's a 'transitional moment'. It will pass.

Now, like the clappers, you will run in any direction.

Okay. You will stop. You will add something. Something will be taken away. The 'operation will be limited'. Something. Something.

Out of the sky printed notes like fortune cookie promises will flutter down to obliterate all sense of meaning. The country will be burnt black by the dragon's fiery breath and any option is going to be terrible. But the suggestions are couched in thoughtful terms: 'Leaving should be immediate. Your safety is our concern'.

In the distance, brown hillsides get tapped in surgical ways until they nearly collapse. Roads are the next to be re-organised. In the ensuing free-for-all, someone will ask the old joke question (a small, passive voice is all that is required in the circumstances):

Q: Why was the border crossed by the chicken?

A: So the other side could be reached.

There will be a sucking sound, followed by repeated clicking and some whooshes. You might be yelling, but due to the extraneous noises no-one will have realised. A million engines will be tuned to the same frequency and

pass through your head.

The day will turn to night. There will be an 'extraordinary rendition' of the moon.

'Inside' and 'outside' will amount to pretty much the same thing.

Yet for all the obvious problems associated with this, it should be admitted that it was your personal choice, out of all the possibilities on offer, which led you into this predicament.

Therefore, there will be, regrettably, no right of complaint.

All correspondence from the sender will be returned.

The law hasn't been followed.

By this stage, you will have a black shadow around your mouth. You will be held back by men with dirty hands. Your shirt with a cartoon of a smiling girl will be creased and rucked and pushed up under your breasts. Your teeth will glisten with surprise. You will no longer hear anything. Your hair will be like an oil slick on a dark sea, stretching behind you for kilometres. The air everywhere will be unbelievably hot.

Over by the large building, a tattered red book with stickers and photos, shoes on a rock nearby.

Once your house has been removed, you will have to think of ways to delay your memories.

The thought of the orange grove is no longer available.

'For 50 metres all around the peach trees have been shredded, their fruits scattered on the ground in a tangerine puree.'

You will have the choice to stay or go.

Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Brent Clough.