



My sister went with her family to watch a big motocross race in Washougal, Washington today. I was excited just to hear about it, since I'm a huge MX fan and even though I can't be there myself anymore, there's still a weird connection just in the knowledge that people I know and love are out there experiencing the big events. So, as morning turned to afternoon and I imagined my family out at the track, in the midst of all those wonderful sights, sounds, and smells that ~~was~~ were the backdrop to so much of my life, I was feeling pretty good.

And then, into this little six-person cell that cages me now, a cop came.

He started off with a smile and a friendly "How are you all doing?", though visits like this are unusual and if I were a different sort of person, I'd surely have perceived the menace behind his mask. ~~Instead~~, the reality only became clear to me when, still grinning, this malicious pig began a mini-rampage, ripping down all the "lines" and "curtains" we put together with scarce, scavenged resources to create some degree (or illusion) of privacy and personal space in this cramped little area where we're all forced to sleep, cook, defecate, and generally spend 80-90% of any given day. It's a small but meaningful thing we do, putting up our thin, translucent barriers that often take weeks or even months to ~~accumulate~~ accumulate the necessary scrap cardboard, linen, and re-purposed tape to try to attach it all to smooth walls with no glue, etc.. Then this smug, smirking swine trots in and gleefully trashes all of it in 30 seconds, leaving us not only actually exposed to one another, but also feeling psychologically "exposed", vulnerable and invaded, ~~starkly~~ starkly reminded that at any moment our fragile sense of stability or normalcy can be literally ripped away, without warning and for no reason but to remedy some cop's lingering sense of schoolboy inferiority by demonstrating his dominance over people even more powerless than he ever was as a bullied kid.

As all this was happening to me, my sister, brother-in-law, and niece were probably all shouting excitedly as the second moto began, their cheers drowned out by 40 screaming engines rocketing past them. They'd have no idea that at the same moment, their own relative (or anyone else) was being pointlessly assaulted. ~~Just~~ Just as none of us ever really grasp what hells, large and small, others are enduring at any given moment. Sometimes even right next door.

I wonder who won today's race? I'm sure my sis will tell me all about it later, but I think I'll probably not bother her with how the bulk of my own day went, though.