Boxes
By Priscilla Aydelott

My grandson says his ears hurt when his eyes are open.
I know what he means.
But it's my eyes that hurt, to see all that we do not see, especially how profits play over people today. We should know better.
The power of money can never measure up to the power of love, imagination and truth but many pretend it does.
I want to tell my Davi boy that no one asked us. After all, we use big boxes for play: homes, zoos, and sometimes, racetracks.
But they built the detention centers out of big boxes with money's permission. No one asked us if we wanted to repeat the horrific times in history where we detained humans: Hitler's camps for Jews, our camps for Japanese, reservations for Natives, and now these new centers for immigrants. I thought the due process we built into our legal system would prevent the illegal detentions that happen every day.
I want to see the balance sheets and name the corporations who profit from people kept in cages. But they hide in boxes named Nasdaq and Dow Jones. They don't want us to see the dirty food and water, or the children, children like you, my boy, crying. They don't want us to ask why taxpayer money, millions more than the real estate market commands, goes to purchase these big box centers for torture, holding tanks for pain. Punishment centers for people who do what humans do and have always done, look for a better life.
Data centers are siblings to detention centers, like your brothers are to you. Again, no one asked us what we think about big boxes holding data at a cost of water in amounts we can't even imagine, water we need for food and firefighting, not to mention a cool drink on a summer day, with summer getting hotter and hotter and fires getting bigger and bigger. And electricity, my Davi, electricity that everybody uses. Data centers to detain and contain all our info, info so easily accessed that search warrants are not needed.
You have asked me to help build rainbowy towers of your dreams, and we have played games with your beloved dinosaurs and wild animals, and somehow I now give you these hateful giant boxes, buildings that celebrate the dollar over the democracy so many of our ancestors fought for. I am sorry, my Davi boy. I don't know how this went so far and so wrong. Please, my grandson, forgive me. You asked me to hold up your rainbowy tower and I failed.