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Going Down

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Going Down

This is the guy in the white fastback Mustang commuting to work on a Wednesday morning.

This is the woman with wooly brown hair in the passenger seat of the white fastback car who goes down on the man who is driving like hell, passing a van, passing four cars, passing a bus on his way to the job on a Tuesday or Wednesday morning.

These are the thousands who rise before dawn, clip on their badges and climb on the bus, or jump in their cars if they’ve got enough gas, heading up north to their nut-numbing jobs, when a Mustang swings past and a woman goes down on a man growing famous for driving full blown into Monday, or Tuesday, morning.

This is a pattern of acting out on the only road through the Hanford Works, a.k.a. the ends of the earth, entertaining the masses en route to the site where they’ll suit up in white, alert for alarms, locked in a gate, protected by guards, in a plant that makes high grade plutonium stock for government bombs to protect us from harm on a typical Tuesday morning.

This is the landscape of sagebrush and dust that can hold its secrets for only so long till they spill and spill, but for now and instead the woman goes down on the man driving fast, we cop our looks while they rocket past and the rest of us feel...not closer to death, but further from life as we slow at the gate for security check on another Wednesday morning.