

The Officer Did Nothing to Hurt Me

by Kalin - Tuesday, June 28, 2016

<https://kalinbooks.com/wordpress/2016/the-officer-did-nothing-to-hurt-me/>

The officer did nothing to hurt me that night.

I looked like someone who had stolen a DVD player.

It's easy to argue that I was not harmed,

that I'm just being a baby.

I should be thankful he realized I was the wrong guy.

I should be thankful I'm not black.

They have it much worse.

I should be thankful I didn't flinch in fear.

I'd probably be dead if I had.

The officer did nothing to hurt me.

He did not hit me.

He did not lie to my boss or a judge.

He did not steal my money or possessions.

He didn't even arrest me,

for looking like someone who had stolen a DVD player.

The officer followed all the proper procedures.

No jury would call it brutality.

All he did was give me the most terrifying moment of my life.

Most people don't know what it feels like to stare down the barrel of a gun and see a shaky finger hugging the trigger.

I looked like someone who had stolen a DVD player.

My most degrading moment.

He declared in one swift motion that my life could never be worth as much as a DVD player.

Every day I see that weapon, and his finger hugging the trigger.

I've come to terms with the fact that I will never escape that moment.

It will be with me until the end.

Forever reliving a two minute period from my younger days.

But it wasn't the officer who hurt me.

It wasn't the gun that hurt me,

or the trembling trigger finger, or being forced to lie on the ground.

What hurt me were my friends and family who continue to stand behind law enforcement,

who would rather have me in pain for the rest of my life, or see me dead,

than to live in a world where their DVD player might get stolen.