

I'm newly arrived in El Paso, Texas and unfortunately for me, I have settled near very busy railroad tracks. Despite the fact that the gates are down, the lights are flashing and the bells are ringing, train whistles blow all day long and throughout the night. The noise is so loud, it hurts.

I repeat. The noise is so loud, it hurts.

The residents of my neighborhood are under siege. We are being assaulted, around the clock, by noise. The railroads are waging low-intensity warfare against us, for no apparent reason.

I have the means and the ability to flee, but I refuse. I choose to stand and fight. This letter to you is the first salvo in my counter-attack.