

Appeal to the Heavens

By Karamvir Singh

Why do I look towards the sky?

At times of inner anguish, moments begin to mesh, and all the troubles of the world begin to crash down like waves with malicious intent.

Whirling, uncertainty thrashes, creating a vortex, one where many stand at its apex.

Secluded and isolated, battered and buffeted, a desire to escape draws the gaze upwards.

The sky, devoid of the torrent below, remains vast and distant.

Between its blues or blacks, its array of oranges or reds, the sky while changing is always the same.

It holds a beauty that is so serene it seems like the streams of light are the making of the heavens.

So why is it that I look towards the sky?

There are no answers and only more questions, like the kindling of a fire with an abundance of air. It burns and burns, burning brighter, until there is nothing but warmth and light. Yet, the shadow it casts grows into a beast of darkness, baring its fangs in utter silence; hungering for the chance to strike.

The heavens are a fixture of the land above, a chandelier. Yet it fails to illuminate the world, the heavens turn its back on the people below, leaving them to face the beast that roams undetected, but ever present.

This beast, amongst its gluttonous hunger, stalks the abandoned plain of Earth. As heaven shines its brilliance elsewhere, this beast creates its own hunting ground, one cloaked in anguish and sorrow. Its inhabitants forced to live in a realm void of warmth or familiarity, like a hearth snubbed out to allow the cold of the night to seep in.

These people find themselves suffocating, the ashes of their world begin to fill their lungs and cause them to falter. They begin to hesitate; their judgement clouded, and they wonder why the world has come to this?

They seek refuge, like a piece of dust floating in the wind, tossed and turned, disoriented and disarrayed.

They cling to the only solace they can find, they look above, they look towards the sky.

It is futility incarnate, an ambition with no result, a quest with no completion.

However, why is it the heavens refuse to respond?

Stumbling and lost, I look for answers, but there are none to be found.

The heavens have long since moved to pastures of promise, aiming to ignite a flare of elegance and serenity. A place where only a few shall ever reach and fewer still shall ever conquer.

Like molten magma coursing through the Earth's crust, my body begins to steam as my veins strain.

The heavens have forsaken me.

Some say it a result of faith or a claim of merit. While others argue there is no point in existence in the first place, so one is free to define the heavens as they see fit. None of which seem apt to articulate my interpretation, none seem to fall inline neatly and organized.

Exasperated, I let out a heavy sigh, attempting to release the pent-up animosity in hopes of clearing my mind. This never-ending cycle of questioning draws no conclusion and only seems to leave me more scattered than I began.

Collapsing, I ponder giving into my turmoil and allow the crashing waves to swallow me whole. To allow the beast to pounce and complete its hunt. To allow the wind to carry me away. To release my restraints and allow the woes that surround me to break through the thin line of protection that is me.

Thus, the troubles of the world launch their assault. Closing in and creeping into my mind, they aim to consume everything, destroy all that is defined as me.

They thrash and pummel, scratch and claw, buffet and billow.

Until the final stroke that would shatter my perception of me takes aim, it grazes like an arrow notched, poised to kill. As it strains in anticipation, a small glimmer holds it at bay.

Slowly, the flooding of my mind recedes like the waves on the beach. The madness begins to back away like a beast exposed to open flame. It retreats as wind blown away by a train on course to its destination.

I stand tall, unceremoniously jutting from the face of the Earth.

I attribute this strength to the one attribute of myself that emboldens my struggle: defiance.

The heavens are nowhere to be seen, I scoff expecting no less.

Smirking I stand resolute, a symbol of silent protest, challenging the very heavens to besmirch my claim.

Only a select few can articulate peering into the sky. Those who acknowledge the heavens not as a goal but an adversary. It is an answer that must be forged through processes of unforetold magnitude. A culmination of a lifelong pursuit of integrity and gritty survival.

That derivation, that definition is one sculpted by the hands of man, ultimately being the path that they embark on towards the future.

It is a statement of defiance, the resolve of singularity.