

Where do I belong?

There is a darkness deep within me which resurfaces every now and then. Its absence makes me feel lost and its presence alone. I do not recognise myself with or without it. In my dreams, I find myself running away from something; perhaps it is that darkness I am running away from, but I never really see what it is; Sometimes, I find myself flying away from it all, all the worry, fear, darkness. I fly up to the moon, and there I see an angel; I don't know who she is, but I sit with her and somehow, all those miles away from home, sitting with a stranger, I feel peaceful. But that dream frightens me too; I worry that I will stop beating my wings and fall, will drop all the way down into the open arms of the darkness which is waiting for me down there. But what scares me more is that I might willingly let myself go; I might give in to the familiarity of the abyss. Because once a soul has been touched by the demon, it forgets what life was like without it. It forgets the feel of love, laughter and warmth. Being in the light makes me feel like I am missing a part of me. I yearn for the darkness just as much as I crave the moonlight. Where do I belong? I do not know.

Atheism

A word I've been pondering over all my life. If I go by the literal meaning of Atheism, which is a lack of belief in the existence of God, then I can confidently say that I am an atheist.

Then why does this word bother me so much? Why am I never confident enough to call myself an atheist?

Every time I listen to songs like Arziyaan, a canzonet about how a man gives himself up to God for saving, I find myself tearing up. Every time I visit a holy place, I find my heart aching to stay there. These are the times when I question myself the most. If I don't believe in the existence of God, then why do I feel this way?

But I think I recently found an answer to rest my musings. The reason I feel this way or the reason people believe in God is that they want to feel protected. In my life, despite being surrounded by a lot of people, I still feel utterly alone and desperately need a support system. When I was a kid, my support system was my parents, but as I have grown up, I can't keep relying on them forever, can I? I have my own battles to fight. And amidst this, I find myself alone and helpless, and I am tired of feeling this way. The concept of "God" gives me hope. It makes me feel like if I fell, someone would catch me. And even though I know that I am on my own, the fleeting realization of not being unguarded re-energizes me. It gives me a feeling of euphoria that can bring anyone to tears.

It's the support we crave, not the God.