

# Deifying Gravity

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This gravity thing, I reckon, is enamored with me. It loves me so much that it has fettered me with itself. It doesn't leave me. Every time I try to go away from it, it pulls me back. There is an uncanny relation between us-unfathomable. It feels good to me; being honest. It doesn't make any demands. It is just there for me as a sentinel. People come and go but it is always there for me. It makes me feel that there is something, really extant, in this world that loves me irrespective of the circumstances around my girth.

At the time of my heyday, when I was jumping with ecstasy and euphoria, it was there to provide me a bit clemency and leeway and therefore allowed me to **jump as high as I craved**. But on the other hand, during the time when I plummeted into an abysmal well of excruciating pain, **it pulled me down, with love**, tried to pacify me, soothe me and made a facile path for my tear drops; it was trying to alleviate my pain.

People have made their own gods. They deify idols, relics, icons and what not; all the materialistic things, they consider them as god and revere them. They are premitting the divine things lying in front of their nose. I consider gravity as my god.

