The Rocket

by Arun

Straight up like a rocket on Diwali night. The sound of a speeding train, a fury of sparks shot through the barrel and the rocket speeding towards the sky. A delight for those watching and a rush for the one on fire.

Mother told me that I would go to the moon. But she did not tell me that on Diwali night, the moon hid himself on the other side of the sky.

When it looked like I would go higher than any other in the sky, the sparks stopped. I was not going up anymore. There is a moment when, before the fall, you find yourself weightless, defying the laws of gravity.

And then I started to fall. The roar was silenced and the sparks were reduced to glowing embers. I fell --- head downwards.

The most painful thing when you are heading down is not the thought of where you are going to hit the ground or how hard, but how long it takes.

It took me an eternity to fall.

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