

Danse Macabre

by Javed Hayat

Between the commercials, the local news is rampant with fusillade of bullets going raving mad, driven by some Machiavellian brainfuck, or bombshells smiling down with angels in black; emoticons of solid metal and pride.

But you would put your faith in technology. It never misses out on finesse, metamorphizing death into alphabets, numbers, sweet vocals and what not; in pixels, tiny digital blocks on the screen, the microcosm that redefined the very idea of living and dying in the post modernistic sense of the word. Death as an idea to be served at a greater density and at a longer wavelength than ever possible; though the word was once meant to be whispered is something we have long forgotten.

It's simply an electronic device that receives television signals and displays them on a screen, but it smells like napalm; the burnt wings of the flightless in HD embracing stardom, in nameless multitudes. And yes, it's never personal, it's always the idea.

Flip the channels around and you would know that men have fought and died on various frequencies, just a question of degree, in the name of an idea, and factions formed; each tracing the roots of their faith to the age old notions of a God and a Devil, trading one with the other and vice versa. Together, they form the great white noise of the universe, fading into oblivion, one pixel at a time, while the Gods with fiddlesticks forever frown upon you.

Reminder of what life would be like if there were no commercials.

