

Shiv Kumar

Where have our Gods gone?

Video games are getting better and better, more and more realistic whilst we sit with the controller in our hands we can create circumstances which can make the character do things that he has no intension of doing. It's all in our hands, we are the gods who control the way the character walks, sits, lashes out at people, aims and trains a gun at others, kill terrorists, falls in love and even make babies and do things to protect the baby.

What if, now I am just becoming quite imaginative — what if, this whole thing that we call our world is a big video game for what we call gods or the god's fish bowl and there he sits beyond the stars and the open space at the end of the universe, sitting there churning the system around us, turning, swirling creating black holes and programming life and us. God's entertainment, blow hard into the bowl and meteors appear and the universe begins to expand. Now, now, why call them gods, and not super-beings that have a life span of several billion light years. Hindu mythology tells us that a year in human's life is a day in gods life and I say for these super-beings perhaps a fraction of a second.

What if, now I am being very imaginative, what if - these super beings having such a huge life span of billons of light years actually lived on earth and decided to go out for a stroll into space to the end of the universe. Space travel would be easy for them. Get into a capsule and just travel from one galaxy to the other. There is no worry about hunger as it is just 10 minutes since the last meal and they are into the next galaxy. Is that why humans speak of their return so often?

And is our lives controlled and are events controlled as well. How have we become so interconnected? Now the sea around Japan is contaminated with radiation, a fish caught in the coasts of India a year from now could not be trusted. Birth of a child may be controlled by erotic events triggering the act and who kindled the event, none other than Hugh Hefner sitting in his mansion in the United States with Pamela Anderson on his lap. And could death of an individual in London be decided by, say events in Korea. So he decided to answer the phone call from a client in Korea as he was about to leave his home, those 5 minutes of delay decided his fate and he dies in a car crash, whilst his wife says, 'Alas, if only he hadn't answered the phone he would still be alive'. And who is controlling all this or is it just events unfolding with no explainable reason – logic without any logic.

And why do I keep coming back, speaking about these super beings, which we know as god. And is that why we pray to them so that they would let us have a good ride in life and don't make us part of their entertainment. The video game, that these super humans play, sitting far-far away, watching events unfold. Like a child watching a fish bowl, tapping and jerking the exterior and laughing at the way the fish reacts. Or should I say, like a programme in a computer game. Controlling events and never the emotions; as that's the fun part, what fun could it be if there were no human emotions involved, linking up people and events, creating impossible circumstances, events that induce love, affections, hate, ego, pride, lust and madness. Impossible circumstances, making people meet and fall

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in love when there is no way they could ever get together; making people hate each other and making people kill each other.

And what if, now I am being extremely imaginative, what if – there is no such thing as super-beings or god and all that we create is of our own. We build machines that connect people as never before; we build gadgets that link us all together making the space we live in smaller and smaller. We create our own events and blame god for it and end up praying asking their forgiveness and favour.

Yet whilst I walk around in circles around the temple perimeter, the modern day me; praying with a mobile phone stuck to my ears – ‘a baby girl or boy this time definitely, oh god’, I say. Why do I feel so certain that my wishes would come true? All I did was pray to a black stone perched on a pedestal. I figure then that it is best not to be too imaginative and not think too much into gods existence cause then we could end up losing all our faith in life. Hope and dreams keep us alive and this faith triggers such hopes and life has always been about continuance.

Now that I am not being imaginative - Well, what can I say then, I guess God’s have gone nowhere; they are still living here somewhere, perhaps within our hearts. And is that why some of us end up soul searching much of our life.....