

Excerpt from: May I be Freed Please  
by Papia Bawa

One day, I happened to read Richard Conniff's article: 'Why God Created Flies'. Interesting though I found it, I was specially drawn to one of his observations that: "Flies are our fate, and one way or another they will have us." Since I had nothing better to do that day, I decided to write down my observations on Conniff's observation! Here is the result.....

How demeaning it is to be equated or related to flies in any way, shape or form! Perhaps it is the writer's idea of a joke or an attempt at subtle humor. Looking beyond the obvious however, I cannot deny the all-encompassing truth underlying this simple and seemingly frivolous statement. It is a comment on the inevitability of death: the enigmatic, dark secret that lies beyond the invisible. Who has not pondered occasionally about the final destination of this journey we call Life? Death is the gateway to whatever lies beyond the limits of our endurance. Many of us harbor secret desires to live forever, or at least prolong our existence. It is such among us, who are most aware of the transient nature of life. It is such among us who lament. It is such who believe that "flies are our fate...." To all such, including Richard Conniff, I would like to say that although our destinies may sometimes not be what we want them to be, and it may seem that we live in a preordained bubble, we do not share our fate with the flies.

History is witness to the ability of humans to survive the ravages of time. Humanity's quest for immortality is neither foolish, nor impossible to achieve. Our deeds make us immortal as we live in the memories of those we leave behind. Death cannot wipe away or erase the pictures we etch on the tapestry of time. Each of us is a painter, and we have a vast array of colors to choose from: the colors of love, friendship, and compassion, hate, jealousy and passion. The spectrum of human emotions is more colorful and enduring than the rainbow. Death is inevitable, but so is Life. Life and Death: two sides of the same page: humanity. Flies will be our fate only if we choose to give them that power. If we endeavor we may never share the same fate. We have the choice to be immortal, flies don't. So come on flies, we are ready... for you can feed upon our bodies, but never touch our souls!

Photo : PAPIA BAWA ( Kruger National Park, South Africa)



The above is a part of my creative work-in-progress titled: **This, That and What Not**. It is a compilation of poems, creative non-fiction and short stories.