We Never Will Be Gods

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by

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In school, we’re taught the soft spot—expected to find comfort in Achilles’ heel or Superman’s kryptonite. They’re just like us.

we imagine, rejoicing in their weakness, willing Lex Luthor or Paris of Troy to discover the truth we already know, prove the hero human.

But Achilles doesn’t die from an arrow; he’s still living now, here, thousands of years after the war has ended. And Superman doesn’t stay buried, no matter what the Batman movie says. Gods and Superheroes always find a way to resurrection. Don’t kid yourself—

Doomsday is the fate of humans. We are mortal to the end, if not because of our planet or parents then because our weakness is hubris, the fatal flaw buried deep in our heart. We secretly wish the hero to die, cheer when the greatest among us stumbles. Glued to the news—when the golden boy loses his luster we take comfort, dancing in our own dull glow.