

A Loss And A Leap Forward

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Sorrow is heavy. It cannot be ignored or put in a box, to be dealt with later.

It comes in fragments and waves that drown me without warning.

Even now a year later, I still hear the moment I picked up that call—his voice, cracked and broken, echoing in my mind.

“I have taken poison.”

In those few seconds, what could I have said to stop him from ending his life?

That day had started like any other. I was at my mother’s house, recovering from dengue fever. My body was fragile, my energy low; and I was relying on my mother to care for my son. He had recently had a minor fall that had left a bruise on his leg. But it was nothing to worry about.

I told myself that staying away for a month at my mother’s house was necessary for recovery. For all of us—my husband, my son, and me. My husband had agreed. Or at least he said he did. I did not realise then how alone he must have felt in our absence, or how the growing silence in our home was taking a toll on him.

When the phone rang that afternoon, I thought it was a routine call. We had been talking daily, exchanging updates about our son, my health, and his work.

