

Evanescence
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E V A N E S C E

*(v.) to slowly disappear or fade
away.*

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The day I decided to take my life was a Sunday.

It was raining today – I could hear the wind blow from outside, cold emanating off of it in a way that almost seemed human – and the dreary rain that followed; its droplets beating down so hard on the window pane it threatened to shatter. I welcomed the feeling in, because, like any other day, emptiness weighs the most.

Suicide is inevitable for everyone. It's like taxes or the rising of the sun. It is unavoidable even in itself, and so to make peace with it you must accept the inevitable. It is inescapable. Life is the slowest form of suicide so by committing suicide, not will it be to destroy myself, but to put myself back together, like I am slowly eroding but never rejuvenating. It's like saying, "I am full yet starving."

Suicidal thoughts aren't just, 'I want to die' Suicidal thoughts are, "Dear Mom and Dad, I hope you know I was trying," because trying is enough. Suicidal thoughts are the feeling of being closed by the walls of words and I, I am a boy who is haunted by things that aren't alive.

When I die, death will have already found me. It will whisper in my ear and tell me, "It's okay, your fight is over." Even if there wasn't really anything to fight. It will take my hand like it sees me, all of me, even the parts I think aren't worthy of love.

Love, I understood, was something granted – not given.

When I was smaller, I used to send notes under my parents door when they were angry with me, apologizing for whatever I had done wrong, or hadn't done. The week after my sister passed away, I'd pushed a letter underneath my fathers door. I hadn't heard a word from him since the hospital.

"I'm sorry I was being annoying, we can go to the park if you want, or watch a movie – you can choose it, or if you need help we can choose it together," I'd written.

Two hours later I sat, still, criss-cross – hands folded in my lap clutching the small green dinosaur my older sister had given me for my 6th birthday. When my dad finally pushed down the handle and opened the door he glanced at me, and for a moment there, I'd thought we'd shared an understanding. Then my father picked up my dinosaur and walked away.

Maybe I waited. Maybe I pushed myself to my feet, my fingers rubbing against the threadbare rug and ran after him. Maybe I did neither.

I was angry when you died. You gave me your world and then you left it. And I shouted at death like it could hear me, and it would tell me "I'm sorry I'm not who you thought I was."

What is loss? A question depending on belief – in narrative and the fact as to whether or not loss demands explanation. Somewhere between the versions of myself, I used to think differently, the way children imagined it – that I could be everything all at once, a painter, a writer, a learner.

I wanted to be kind, once. I wanted to matter, to be the type of child that didn't break under anger or disappointment. I wanted to be clever but not in the "think before you speak" type of clever but in the kind that settles in your chest. I envisioned being *brave*, despite there never being a direct meaning to the word.

The lion's share of adults depended on *What if's*? As though it were an upper hand, like it was something to gain, that if you believed it, it could be real. What if it doesn't work out? What if it does? The kind of questions they retort when they expect an easy answer.

Nonetheless, I *am* lost. Lost being the past tense of lose, and to be lost is the evidence of losing myself long before I noticed.

Memory is formed with the help of language and understanding it – the intimacy of placing your thoughts outside yourself, all the while they continue to live inside you.

"Are you alive or just existing?" Lyle Ferguson – the professor across the street – had asked me. The answer sticks in my throat, clogging up the space where words should be. There'd been a time where I'd have laughed at him from where I was sitting in the cloisters, because shouldn't you go where you feel the most alive?

"Living is the rarest thing in the world. It is inevitable – inescapable, and it will happen sooner or later," he said. He seemed to assume that I had ideas yet to consume the amount of greatness achievable. My sister used to think otherwise. "Do it if you must," she'd say, "If it hurts enough to know that it mustn't be withheld then do it." She would remind me that tomorrow would be better, still, "*What if it's not*," I'd ask her.

"Then I will say it again."

However, many tomorrows were left for me, I don't *just* exist. I exist as I am, because as told, surviving myself is inevitable.

(This story is not about deciding to die. It's about realizing something already died a long time ago. What dies is the part of him that realizes disappearing is resolution – hence “evanesce” He doesn't stop believing that disappearing is resolution, *he believes* “If im gone things will settle. Silence will make sense.” By the end it isn't corrected, just exposed. Instead of ending like, “I choose to live,” it's “I understand why I didn't *want* to live.”)