

# “Forgive”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts  
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Day 19: “Forgive”

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Every year on her birthday, without fail, Ian visited his birth mother's grave. He visited at other times of the year too, usually infrequently. Once on Mother's Day, but that felt too grim. He went a few times on the anniversary of her death, but that only reminded him of how he'd lost her. A few years back, he visited on Christmas—that had been the worst of all.

Her birthday wasn't right either. He brought flowers—pink roses, which had been her favorites. They were plastic and silk so they wouldn't die. The groundskeeper here would inevitably get rid of them, after a time, but Ian still did it. January was far too cold for real flowers. His mother would understand that.

He crouched down and wiped the new snow off the headstone. He placed the flowers just so, then stood back up.

“Sorry, mom,” he said, voice carrying just a little too loudly on the wind. He continued in an almost whisper. “I know you weren't always the forgive and forget type but I'm hoping you don't hold it against me too much for not visiting at Christmas. Shit was—Ah, it just wasn't a good time.”

He felt foolish, standing here, talking to a gravestone, like he always did. His mother was dead. She wouldn't be able to hear him. It was ridiculous for him to think that it even mattered.

Still, he did it. Still, he kept coming back. And always, he found himself hating how he put so much hope into what his mother would think. Would she forgive him, too, for the awful things he'd done?

Ian turned his head up to the darkening sky and scrubbed a hand over his face. “Fuck,” he muttered under his breath. “Sorry. I'm so sorry.”