

I was given my mom's prized pink orchid after she passed. The flower was cherished as it had defied all of nature's laws and survived for years, unlike its counterparts that only live for months. There was nothing more beautiful than a living thing fighting for life in this world that says it's time. I lived in constant fear of damaging this fragile thing, I never had that familial green thumb. Weeks passed since it was gifted to me, weeks filled with life's stressors that completely took my attention away. A fatal mistake, as when I realized what I had done I rushed over to save it. But it was too late, it's wilted petals drier than the summer pavement, it was gone. It had entrusted me with its life and I failed. That single moment will always replay in my mind, before I go to sleep and when I wake up in the early morning. Maybe one day the shame won't come back to send another sting to my heart. Or maybe one day that same fate will meet me, left to wither away in a lonely end.