When the Caring role is over

Now my caring role is over.

I am lost in grief and waves of sadness.

My memories are like leaves on the grief tree.

A seed planted along time ago has grown inside me with new branches.

The end of the branches shed and drop into my thoughts.

Unexpectedly, just like a leaf dropping randomly from an Autumn tree.

I look at the beauty of the leaf and watch it blow away.

As I look up a new leaf of hope is growing in its place.