

A Father's Burden

People come, and people go. Some are temporary, but all are terminal.
Both yield sadness.

Relationships flower in bloom and recede with wilt.
Both are roots of change.

Our moral seed is planted as child, and harvested as adult.
Both grow consciously.

The road we travel is driven with familiarity and uncertainty.
Both fuel our fears.

Decisions we make bear fruit and bear rot.
Both bear consequence.

The light we project as advice shines brightly and dimly.
Both reflect a truth.

Acceptance is a trait that mends the given and the taken.
Both heal with grace.

An end is a beginning that began with an ending.
Both give birth to grief.