

# Seeds

## Roanoke

Night, field of stars above us  
You pick one, we frame it with  
Our fingers intertwined  
Seeds of every generation  
Between our hands  
And the promise to teach you  
The little I have learned so far  
Child, what will you live to do?  
What have I left for you?  
What will we leave behind?  
You, learning as you're growing  
Not yet knowing the world isn't always  
Quite as beautiful as it is now  
Child, what will you live to do?  
What have I left for you?  
What will we leave behind?  
Child, what will you live to do?  
What have I made for you?  
What will we leave behind?  
Night, field of stars above us  
I pick one and name it for you  
And all who are to come

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