

# Seeds

## Brooke Fraser

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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