

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

Night
Field of stars above us
I pick one and name it for you
And all who are to come