

Proud to Be

Moses Sumney

A black bunk bed
Once belonged to me
Body built of sticks and stones and potential energy
I laid alone
On the bottom sheets
So I kept a sense of absence above me when asleep

Singing oh
When I grow
The legacy left to me won't leave me low
Sweet seeds I sow
So memory's remedy's a crumb of hope

I'll be proud to be
Part of me
Probably proud of me
Proud to be
Part of me
Probably proud of me

As a grown clone
Can I be beautiful
Beige as Cali suburbs
Sameness is fatal
Sleep with no doubt
Of who's forgiven you
But can I forgive myself
For being myself, too?

Now
That I've grown
The legacies kept from me have left me low
My only hope's
That younger me is hungry for a sick joke

He's not
Proud to be
Part of me
Probably not
Proud of me
Proud to be
Part of me
Probably not
Proud of Me

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