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Proud Of Myself

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PROUD OF MYSELF

It's of no consequence to the grass that it withers, secure in its identity. I will take this thought into the world of elevators, crying, "Whether up or down, you are yourself always," and to a gunman, "You add nothing to yourself by pulling the trigger." The elevator rusts in its place, anxious, and the gunman replies, "I add myself to you, with this bullet." He fires. The victim falls. That's me, with a message brought from the woods. I am the message, watch me die, proud of myself.

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