The Laundry Bin

Mree

If the backseat
Makes you happy
Then I'm happy too

I'm kind to cross
Myself in knots
A bow made just for you

Pull me this way
That way, I sway
Witless figurine

Till I fell in
The laundry bin
Into a blue machine

When I awoke
From steam and smoke
My body stripped and clean

What silver sound
An empty house
Had ushered over me

Left foot, right foot
Newborn, I shook
Badly at balancing

But soon I found
A sound way out
A mouse had left for me

I have seen this
But not like this...
(Trust me, don't cover your eyes)

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