

# 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)