

## Bouncing in Blue

Pile

Bouncing in blue  
And becoming the screw  
It turns me around  
But never loose  
New ways to strip  
It of its use

My favorite illusionist  
Whether sleight of hand  
Or flick of the wrist  
I'll never know just what I've missed  
Snaps those fingers  
And I don't exist

Is it giving up  
Or my right to refuse?  
Perfectly obstructed from view  
Thought no one lived there but maybe I do

I built that house with only bones  
Shelters those dreams for which I've atoned  
A balcony to bask in the glow  
And furnished with things I control

All surrender to the flood  
If you lie down make sure face up  
Float out and bathe  
In luxury  
From what's owned my thoughts  
I've been freed

Is it giving up  
Or my right to refuse  
If I don't ask then how could I choose  
Then what I don't need I won't use