

Trim

Rosie Tucker

Shaving my legs for the first time in ages
I'm smooth as a river stone, feeling amphibious
Creature of slime in a lake in the city
Watch children point fingers at fast-sinking currency
Your eyes sinking pennies, spinning in the deep
I wish I were the afternoon sun on your body
I'm shaving my legs for the first time in ages
I'm trimming the minutes 'til we're back on speaking terms