

## short cycle

“twenty dollars can buy many peanuts”—Homer’s Brain, *The Simpsons*, Season 5 Episode 8

In your right jean pocket, leather.

Stretching the bread we earn together, the leather of your arse stretching the leather of the sofa, idle to axe your stomach’s barrel to curve over the sofa, our time peels away as sweat soaked faux leather.

Our time as constant as you, leathered from a Wednesday night, imprinting the sofa, telling me you’ve disturbed language, spun grunts into new dream, drank til the floor spins like a washing machine underneath the leather of your jaundiced bare feet. You are here, so far from any early golden season, alien so far from alien, yearning for income, some spin for your yarn, peanuts for your wallet, your leather.

One of your episodes, fingers casting to coddle the nut of the nut retrieve the deep savings from the sofa; money too tight for steak but loose enough to spin to your desire. Commute, payroll, short cycle to keep fit, through thirty-four seasons, cycle through the years. Money too tight, the leather of your wallet in your jean pocket stuck in the spin of the washing machine, worn resin to show for cheap leather. What to show for the years on the sofa? Stupid poetic justice? You are losing purpose, cycling through snoring motion, through politics spinning like money laundering. You are Homer on untanned leather, Iliad on yellowed parchment, and Homer stepping to leather, yellow eye, Mr Burns. House sparrows flirting so far between hedges, nipping at the feed to feed, this pin of routine, set reset, the cycle.

You had not thought and had undone so many, lead the masses, not the masses, lead the sofa, not the sofa, no, nothing to lead or be done, which has not been spun before, that which holds more, character, good, the cycle of what came before. This. Anything at all cromulent. No, there is no start greater than no start; no cromulence. House sparrows flirting between houses spar over the leather of day-old apple peel, fleeting, so quick, no long cycle. Cultural flit. *No, no, no, now shoo, shoo off the sofa*— the cat hair clogging the throw, the cat hair spinning the wool, the cat hair clogging day-old crumble. Spin as your younger self in the grave, carpe diem cromulent as seizing a ten-year old’s neck, a life so constant so far from constant. *Yes, hiss, better you peel skin than leather, watch it watch it.* Lash out, lash out, there is no cycle without an expectation. *Homiee Homiee*, lost cycle of youth, your head of hair golden era. *Set to spin, no, no, we’ll hang it, tissue it, hairdryer the leather to stop its sweat*— a swollen, perfectly uncromulent, water bulged wallet. Cheap leather, resin worn softer than sex. Bottom of the barrel leather washed, suffice to say nothing of culture lost. Nothing to break, cycle the years, this is culture significant, wide, cromulent. Your tenure up, our ten-year old’s neck spinning in your hands, spinning, spinning to free his leather.