

To **CENSORED**<sup>1</sup>

I decided to bite and to lay in plain sight  
My foray to the south of the border.  
And to further these ends, I expose my friends  
In a list, but not always in order.

First, my faithful flatmate, with her rent never late,  
Looks and smells of a blooming carnation.  
Even though sometimes I see flirt in her eyes,  
I politely avoid compensation.

My co-workers: a chick with a kick to her shtick,  
And her brother, who helps her to settle.  
At the end of each day they drop by and they stay  
To chit-chat by a bubbling kettle.

Once I have had a friend whom I loved to no end;  
Great to talk to, original, funny.  
But his tenure was up and we had to break up,  
Since I knew he was stealing my money.

I commune with a dude who is funny, but rude,  
Likes to party, but not very clever.  
More often than not he's a friend by default,  
And I hope he won't be forever.

When the summer is high, I meet up with this guy  
And we walk in the forest like deer.  
His appeal is so strong, I can't help but to long  
For his presence, while he is still near.

Last, my favorite friend—and more than a friend—  
Super-agent, intelligent bimbo.  
Her address is unknown, but when she's in my home  
She prefers to be done in a window.

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1 This is a cryptic poem, Sherlock, what did you expect?