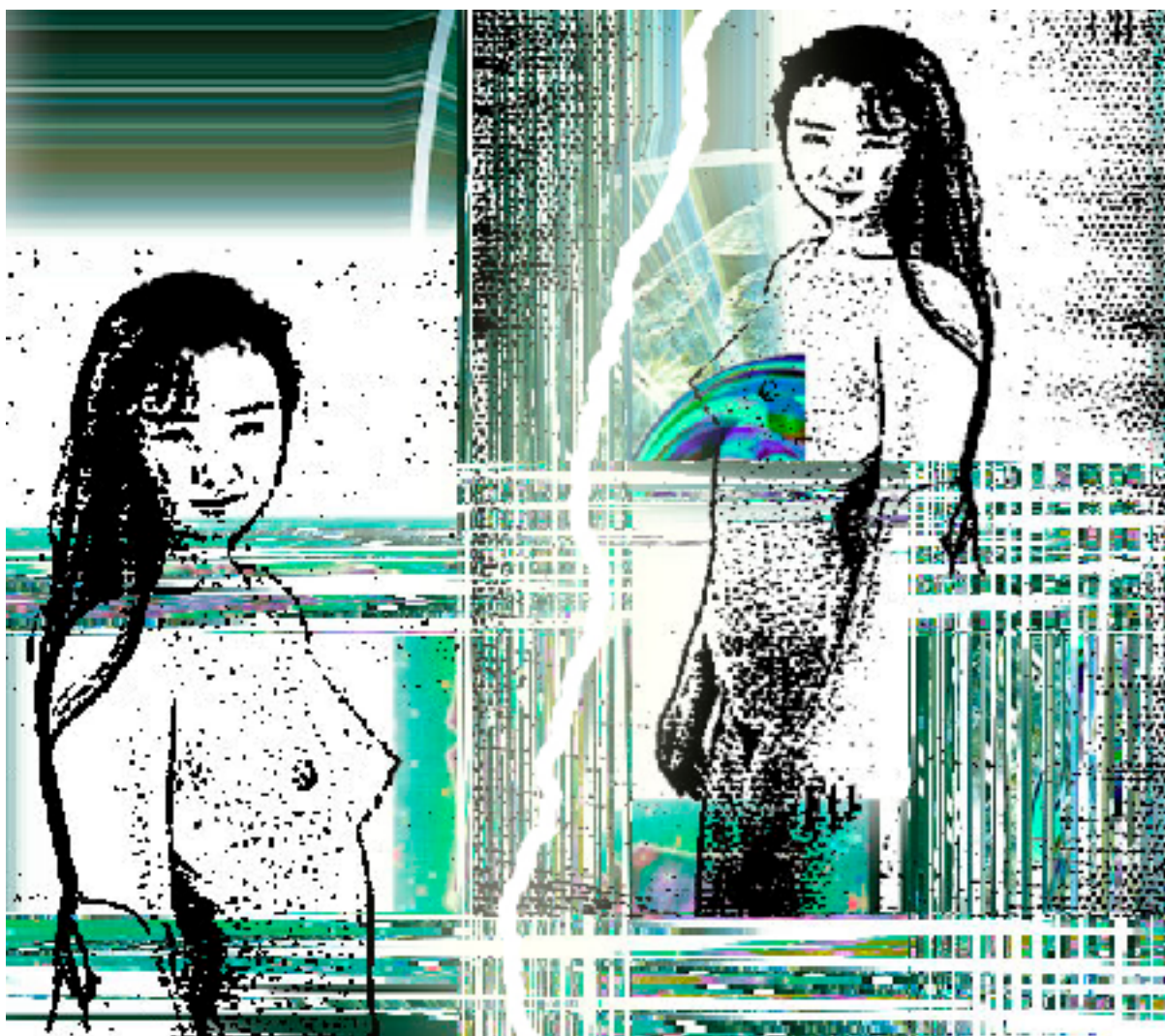


JES GOOD FRIENDS?
A Satire about Intimacy

**It's true I sleep with her sometimez
& we're intimate now 'n then
butt there's no need ta worrie –
most of duh time we're jes good friends.**

**Yeah, I find her attractive
& I luv duh smoothness ah her skin
butt our relationship 's more err less spiritual –
moist of duh taim we're jes friendzzz.**

**Sure, every so often we get intimate
& cumin in 'er feels sooooo goood
butt jenerr-ly supeakingu
my interest izz intellectual –
should anyone doubt
the two ah us
are jes'
just
fur-ends
:=?**



Miok : (frowning) Whoever wrote this is an utter scoundrel!

Chris : (nodding) The poem is cheap in every sense of the word. It ignores the blatant contradictions between standard social norms and the author's oversized libido.

Tim : Well, I regard this as self-satire! There's plenty to suggest that the writer realizes he's a fool.

Cantara : Indeed. Aren't only fools are capable of falling in love?

- **T Newfields**

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