

NATHAN HOKS

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*I Love Lupe*

My robot is a challenged acquaintance. He wears blue in the morning, dreams of cigars, speaks often of the azure. To him people are pink and pukish and dull and distrustful. When we look at each other we squint and say “soup,” or “s’up?” though we never shake hands and absolutely refuse to call each other by name. I’ve been asking him to keep a diary or paint a picture. I try to explain the ecosystem but he only hears a squirting sound. “Are you unhappy?” he asks, and although I know he means it, I can only point to the ceiling and smile.