

# Hugo

*Paul South*

She doesn't want to see Hugo.  
She doesn't even know she doesn't,  
but I do and she doesn't.  
I tell her, 'You'll like it.  
It'll appeal to your inner child.'

But for reasons couched inside  
those squelchy pink hemispheres,  
she doesn't want to see it.  
She'll resist Hugo with silence  
until one of us finally dies.

I can't know, but I suspect  
it's because it's a boy's fantasy.  
Or maybe the title annoys her:  
too frenchy, too cliched?  
Some schmaltzy kind of shit.

That's what my mind thinks  
her mind is probably thinking,  
if she's thinking about it at all.  
She's probably thinking about  
choc-topped ice creams.

A year comes and goes.  
Hugo's probably all scratched up  
in the weekly loan section.  
We're now halfway through  
season three of Trueblood.

It's a chick thing really:  
slightly sado-masochistic,  
money shots in blood.  
Hugo seems far away now.  
I guess this must be love.