

G. RAYMOND LEAVOLD

REMEMBER?

I was looking through some old photographs
When I was taken by a picture you had taken
Of me,
It was close, the background was dark,
& there I was, my head lowered, a smirk
on my face, unaffected, true,
I remember that night, we left home
Got drunk & fucked in the stalls of the only unisex bathroom in town,
Of our holy & blessed father, Saint Jerome,
we stayed in the city as though we had
no place else to go,
we'd been to the cemetery the week before,
& had no more money to go anywhere,
so we roamed the half-metre sidewalks
of Lt. Bourke in Chinatown,
a camera slung around your neck
like a crucifix,
everything you wanted & believed in back then,
when you asked me a strange question,
'Will you let me take a photo of you
where you're not smiling?'
'Why?'
'Because I want something that is genuine,
not a fabrication.'
'You think that my smile isn't real?'
'Not in photos, it isn't.'

I stood there straight-faced as you
Looked through the viewfinder, saying,
'Remember that day at the beach,
when you walked into the water naked,
& when people came & laid their towels,
you stood there, frozen, afraid to get out
til they were gone?'

I looked down at the ground, a faint reminiscence,
And tried to contain a smile when
The flash went off,
& this picture was the result,
I haven't seen you in so long,
When I look at this photo I see you,
Not me,
Or perhaps it's that I'm seeing through your eyes,
Your vision of the person you thought I'd be?