

laetitia marin desmarais  
photographic studies of three scenes

1989

raleigh, north carolina

under an arc of red-and-  
white balloons and in a circle of  
pretty modestly-garbed  
hooters girls (five blondes and three  
brunettes), your eleven-year-old  
spectacled eyes turn slightly to the  
left. with his teal jacket, your old  
buddy leans to your right, showcasing his  
pearly whites. arms folded  
in the front of your chest, you stand semi-  
akimbo in your très-cool-monsieur  
outfit: black baseball cap covering  
your superblond head, black sweater,  
some sort of black bracelet, and checkered  
greyish-green pants. one of the  
girls holds you on your left arm.

even at that age chicks seem to dig you.  
quite a casanova you are—having only two  
steady girlfriends all your life, your  
petty pickiness got rid of little  
old me and that vancouver gal.  
we two ladies who were almost yours.

**Edits:** *modestly garbed and bespectacled*

2000

capitol hill, washington, d.c.

on the steps, there sat cardboard propoganda of the extreme  
right wing: strains of 2 chronicles 7:14 to warn  
the clinton-gore cabinet of their evil empire, calling it  
hitler- and stalin-like.

all this endorsed by the mannequin saviour,  
keeping his three toy sheep close (one tucked in his right  
arm and two at his feet),  
standing shoulder-to-shoulder with  
you in your red-and-white sweat shirt-and-shorts combo, like  
the colors of my native land. hands in your  
pockets, squint-eyed under the visor of your cardinals cap  
(now recalling the night you fell asleep on your stomach in your  
favorite st. louis team tee as i looked on, almost voyeuristically,  
wishing for your nightly goldfish pucker blown kisses).

random visitors ran toward the steps, their  
thrown arms wrapped around  
the fiberglass redeemer and his plastic flock.

slipping your arms under and around mine,  
you, the namesake of the beloved disciple  
who leaned on the son of man's breast, buried my tear-soaked  
face on your chest as you planted a soft judas'  
kiss on my dimpled left cheek. i bled through the couch that we  
sat on.

2001

*café figaro on macdougall-bleecker*

sitting snugly on the  
homely flower-patterned old  
couch, we crack our more-than-a-  
thousand-mile smiles. three  
dimples, two on you and one on  
my left cheek. your blue-  
gray eyes turn red in the front of  
the shutter. our eyes are as  
alive as the flickering manhattan  
streetlights and the dimly but  
warmly glowing halogen lights  
hovering above us, washing out your  
ash blondness to brown. your right  
arm wraps loosely around my  
waist as your crooked long  
thumb sticks out against the back of  
the white half-sleeved cardigan that i  
put on top of my white and milky-  
pink flowered hawaiianesque sleeveless  
sundress. two strands of my  
curly pulled-up locks almost fall over my  
forehead. tips of my fingers perch on  
your left shoulder. you're decked  
out in your thrift store goodie: washed-  
out pale blue holed captain morgan tee.  
but you don't even drink at all. you spit  
out the iced mocha that we order that  
night. just like you spit me out  
three days later.