

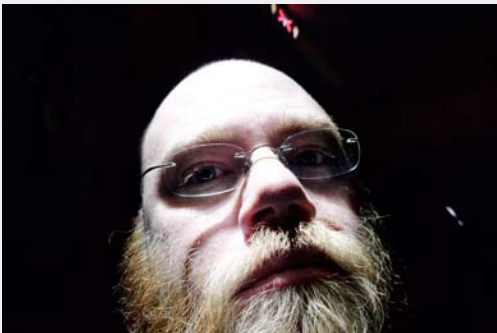
i like to tell stories

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I had just gone through the TSA check in San Antonio. I sat down, put my shoes back on and started walking to the food court to look for breakfast. That's where and when I first saw her. I saw her red hair and heavy makeup first, that's what got my attention, then it was her face, she was really cute. Honestly, that's what really caught my attention first, if we were to ever meet, a crush would be likely. She was leaning forward and eating a bagel or donut offered up to her by who I assumed to be her boyfriend. It was a simple yet intimate moment. It made me smile a little inside. I walked by them a second time after getting my food and that's when it caught my eye why he was holding her food out like that for her, both her arms were missing from just above the elbows down and the scars looked really new. She couldn't have been more then 25. Her boyfriend looked about the same age and the bags they had were mostly military. It hit me as I kept walking like a punch in the face. What I thought was a romantic and playful simple moment was in fact something else while still potentially being the same. My eyes started welling up with tears. I kept walking, trying to not let them out as I walked to my gate.

It was the second time in 24h I did this. While competing in clays, I noticed a trapper had a Segway. I walked over and gave it a bunch of close looks as I had never seen one like this or seen one up close. It was just sitting there, parked and ready for action. I wanted one instantly. The trapper was a young kid, shaved head, polite and speaking with my squad mate already about something else. As I got closer I realized I hadn't even noticed his left leg was entirely gone, it was simply a silver pipe with gold hinges for a knee. That's when I put it together with the news I had seen months ago about some new veterans getting Segway's during their recovery.

I felt really foolish at first but then decided I'd rather be a fool then live in a world where I assume people are missing their limbs from war because they have a Segway or a romantic boyfriend.

Now I was sitting in a rocking chair by the gate in San Antonio, waiting for my flight. She walked by with her boyfriend and I wondered where they were off to. Was it home, was it a vacation, was it her first time out of San Antonio and its hospitals?

Now sitting on my flight in the aisle seat, getting hit with bag after bag as everyone filed on, I looked up as one bag all the sudden had a cat in it I could see through the mesh. The cat was scared and starring at me, as I leaned in for a closer look at the poor cat, the next bag hit me, I looked up and there she was again. "Sorry," she whispered as she smiled at me when our eyes met and then down the aisle she went, cats in bags and boyfriend in tow.

I walked out of the bathroom at LaGuardia after being one of the first off the flight. There were people all around and it was really crowded in the terminal. As I stepped over some bags and through the crowd to get to baggage claim, I saw her again for the last time. I hadn't even realized she was on my flight to NYC as well. She was bent down and wrestling with her bags with what was left of her arms. I think she was actually just talking to the cat, but I'll never be sure. As I went down the last set of stairs, I tried to not let the tears out all over again.



Today was S's Birthday.



Today was S's birthday. She invited me over last minute to her rooftop for a small party. She too does not enjoy her birthday although I think it is for different reasons then why I have a hard time with mine. She randomly drops in and out of my life a few times a year, I can never make a plan to see her, I just get calls for last minute ideas of needed or wanted company. I went tonight because I had been wanting to take her photograph again for some time, she let me, no real questions or explanations needed when I told her I needed to photograph her on her birthday. You may not know it from these images, but she was full of joy, it was beautiful.

I made small talk with the strangers, the gallery owner and then lied there in the dark, staring at the sky, waiting for a moment to photograph her again. Then, after I took these, I walked back home.

9 months, 0 days, 22 hours, 21 minutes.

K & K had a baby:  
9 months, 0 days, 22 hours, 21 minutes after I made this image.





Max.



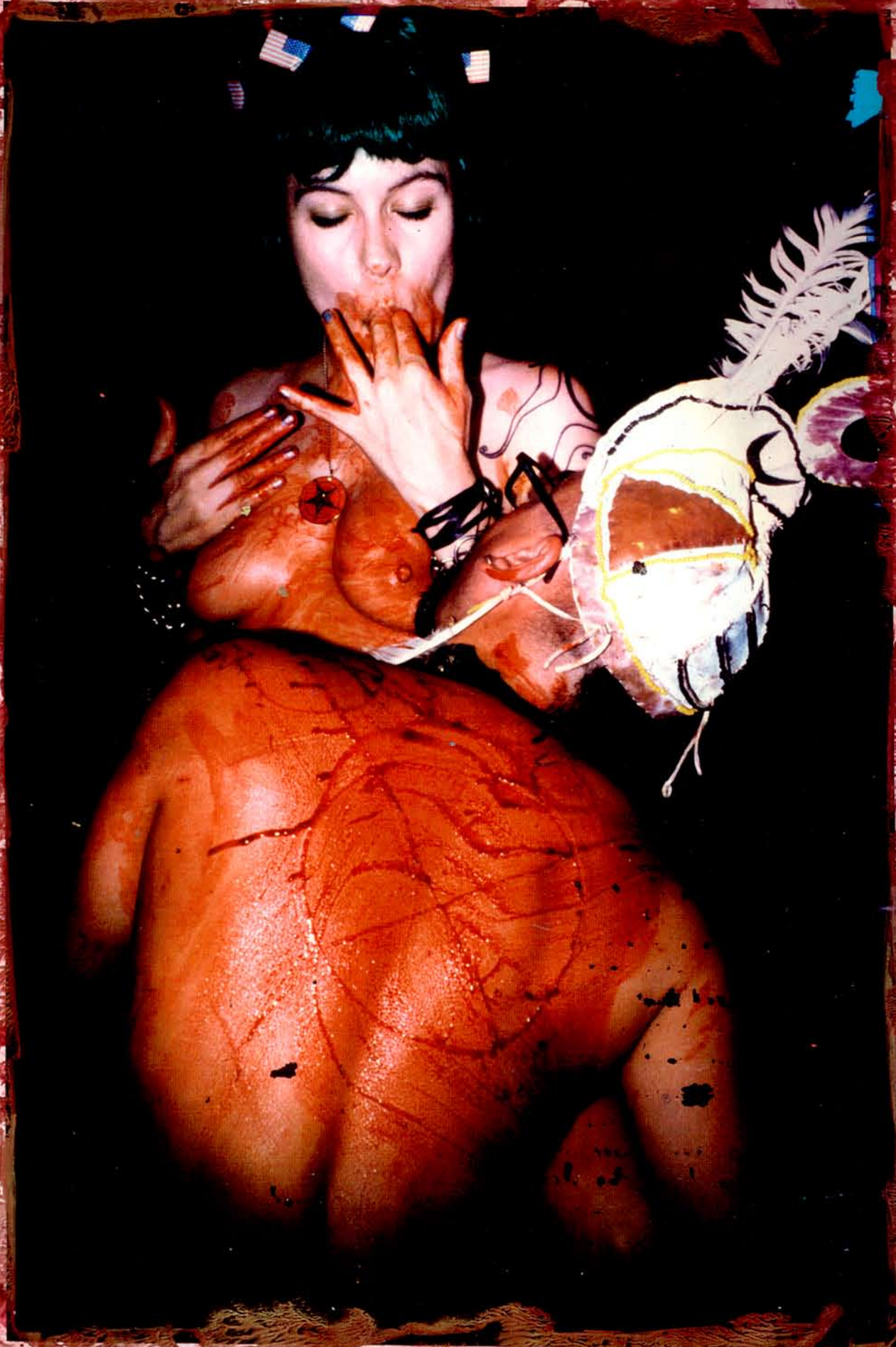
Los Angeles, CA | September 13, 2008 | 12:23:37 AM

Mark.



Los Angeles, CA | September 13, 2008 | 8:23:16 PM





I was standing next to them later backstage staring and wondering how you go about finding such a beautiful woman and then get her to curve your skin and drink your blood naked in front of a room full of assholes with cameras. They were cleaned up but still had small spots of dried blood on their bodies showing through their street clothes. She looked at him and smiled and he leaned over and kissed her neck. He then laughed and said "you taste like blood" she smiled and kissed with her tongue. I was on the subway on my way home from a job on the G train in Brooklyn. We stopped at Fulton. The doors stayed open too long just as we all looked down and saw an old man lying there face up blank face soiled pants with a woman kneeling over him crying. Everyone stared. Every one crowded. no one touched him. A homeboy said Yo that man is dead. A woman on the train said I'm a nurse but I won't touch him without my gear. Then the doors being barged the doors shut and the train pulled away inches from his head lying there on that fucking orange line. A week later I was waiting to get on a plane in Dallas. I was patiently in line staring ahead when I heard an odd noise. I turned and watched paramedics put things all over this fat man's chest as he layed there and stared at what I assume to be his family everyone seemed a little too calm. They put him on an orange stretcher and wheeled him off through ~~the terminal~~ the terminal. I sat there and stared at all the nearly naked women leaning against the wall. I counted my money and looked back at them. I stood up to leave and one ~~came~~ towards me and asked if I wanted company. she had Ivory white porcelain looking skin soft black hair a slender figure with few curves and a red thong and red bikini top. We went to the back and I stood against a wall as she rubbed against me as she faced me in the dark. I held her tight as my hands buck and forth from her hair to her ass and the muscular skin of her back as my face was buried in the hair that smelled as wonderful as nothing I can describe. One song pasted and then another. she had already gotten my money but continued with me song after song. I kept my face buried in all that hair and hoped that when my tears were hitting her skin she would just think it was sweat. She slowly held my hand and led me to the front door and told me to get home safe. I was ~~standing~~ in the shower years later ~~was~~ washing my penis. I had never realized just how much blood it was every month. I just stood there and watched all the orange water swirl and go down the drain. Years before I was in the south in a beautiful place with a beautiful girl watching the sun set over a pond. The mosquitoes were eating me alive. I sat on a bench next to her and took her picture. I tried to kiss her again in that orange light and she asked me again to stop trying.





I was waiting on the train platform playing with my camera, listening to music in my headphones and avoiding the group of teenagers hanging out nearby, hoping they'd leave me alone and not ask what I was doing photographing the bushes and rocks. They didn't.

My phone rang and I knew it was you. I had been hoping to hear from you and kind of hoping I wouldn't as I was scared of what you had to say. I knew you had another doctor's appointment today to take even more blood and do even more tests. I knew you received results from the last blood test today too. I could hear the fear in your voice when I answered. I could see you shaking a little, trembling and stuttering on the other end of the phone in my mind. Your voice never lost it's calm yet I could sense the panic just under the surface in your mind through it. The doctors had no answers, they didn't know what it was causing the problem, they only presented more possibilities of one dire thing or another. They could only take more blood and make you wait, again.

I didn't really know what to say to you to make you feel better, relax you or let you know how much I worried for you too, so I kept making pictures while I listened to you talk to me through my headphones. I thought all I can do is stay calm for you and not let you hear or sense the panic in my mind, so I calmly kept making pictures while we spoke.







I took countless pictures like these, you lying wherever as I stood over you, wherever we happen to be and only when I happen to have that one camera on me. I took the one above on what was I think our third date. I don't know how many I made over the years. I know there are more. They are lost in the binders of film I would process and put away. It's one of those things I think I'll always get to, yet never do. Now it's been so long since I looked through them or made one or made worthwhile scans or even had you in my life. Our lives are so different now I don't see the point, yet it's still one of those things I want to get done so badly because I know in my heart for some reason they still really matter, but I don't feel ready to go back into those binders looking for you.



1/3/06 - 3:09 AM. The last time I saw you before we moved on.



Sometimes I wish we could speak again so I could apologize for everything. Other times I wish we could speak again so you can apologize for everything, either way, I wish we could speak again. I wish we weren't so far away from each other, in every sense of the word away. You're in that state and I am in this one, somehow, that makes whatever this is easier.

As different as our lives are now, I never envisioned a day we wouldn't know each other anymore.



5/16/06 - 1:23 PM. The first time I saw you after we moved on.



CB.



Crash

CR.

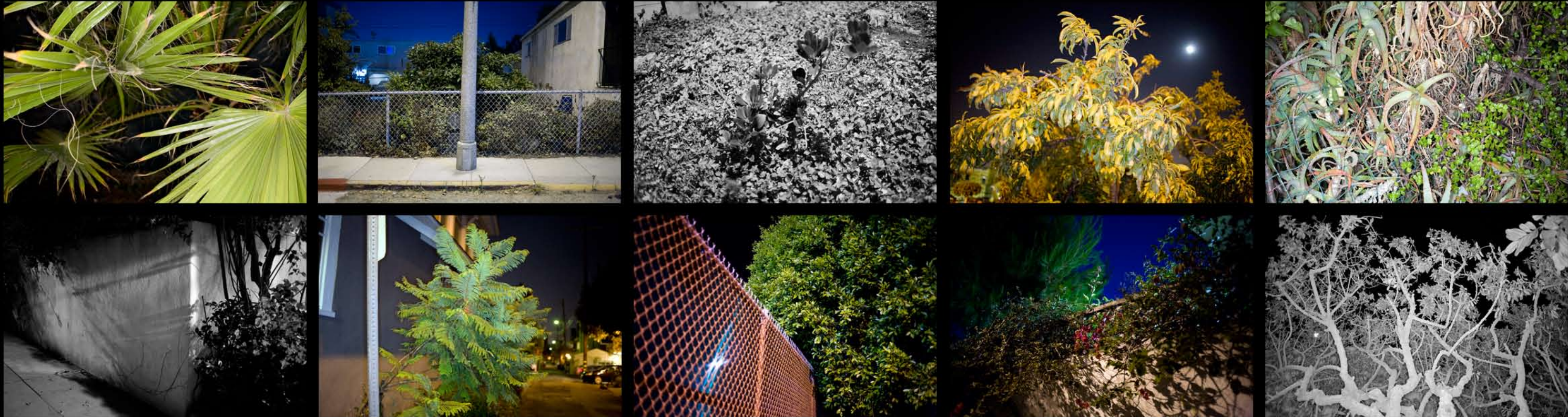


Scoliosis



YOL'S FRIEND  
JONATHAN

HELLO  
my name is  
Jonathan



1 hour 40 minutes 48 seconds | September 23 | 2007 | Los Angeles | Solar Eclipse [ Remembered ]



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