

I Could Make a List

by Kenita Gibbins

I could make a list about my favorite possessions, starting with my wedding ring. But I would rather reiterate the fact I love my camera with a favorite story of mine.

My assignment for an online photography class was to learn how to use a reflector. This is hard to do wandering the streets of Denver with just a camera, no particular subject and no one to hold the darn reflector.

Sitting on a bench minding his own business, I found the perfect person. I started talking with him and eventually said, "I'm taking a class. May I take your picture?" He nodded and I laid my reflector on the ground and began to shoot.

I asked Street Man, "How long have had that long beard?"

He replied, "Well, I've had this one about three years."

"What happened to the last one?" I questioned.

"It got burned off."

I'm curious so I asked, "How did that happen?"

Street Man said, "I was smokin' a cigarette and my oxygen tank blew-up."

"Wow, you could've been killed!"

"Yep."

I guess I wasn't very nice when I replied, "It has been pretty well documented not to smoke close to an oxygen tank. Why did you do that?"

"Oh I knew the danger, but my friends had been smoking while breathing the gas so I figured I'd be okay."

"I'm glad you're okay." He wasn't wearing an oxygen tank at the moment so I asked, "Do you still use a tank?"

"Still smoke, but I gave up the oxygen and just walk slowly."

I knew he still smoked. His fingers and around his mustache were an ugly orange. After our conversation, I decided I'd better keep trying to click on this guy.

On another bench sat a man with his backpack and sleeping bag. I asked, "Sir could you hold my reflector?" He got up and sauntered over to me. I tried to instruct him where to hold the thing and he tried.

I didn't get very good results with the reflector, but I had a whole lot of fun. I think the two men had a good time. I'm not happy with myself because I didn't ask Street Man to take off his glasses. I should know better since hats and glasses can mess up a picture, and certainly hide the person's true personality.

I hope my path crosses with Street Man again and I have my camera in hand.