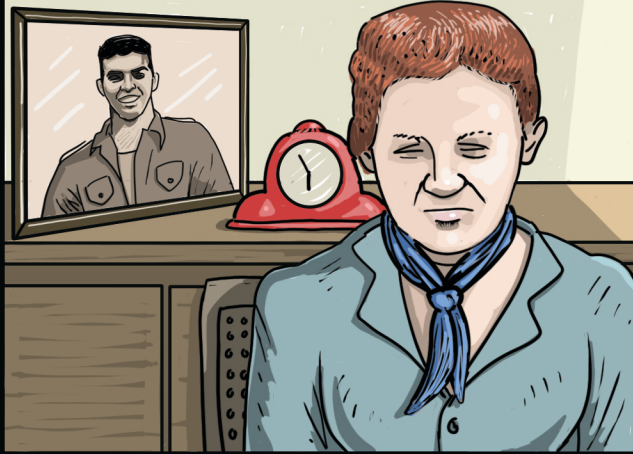
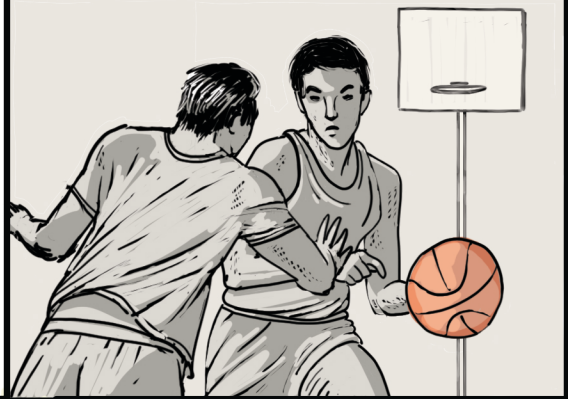


# A Frankofile

Pictures of my Uncle Frank and his brother, my father, on a bright Brooklyn morning, summer in sagging shorts, a basketball worn and leaking, turning into the wartime sky before it shudders the backboard, falls exhausted through a twisted hoop undressed of its net.



Here is a photo of Frank in army drab before beating up an MP, taking his gun. Leavenworth is washing dishes with scalded hands while my grandmother sits, a Bakelite clock ticking daylight down, pleading his release with good penmanship.

A Polaroid of Frank with his first wife Rima and their crazy German Shepherd dog posed for violence. Frank before taking a shot of vodka and the subway to work. Rima is preparing to dance the decades between mental illness and breast cancer.



## A Frankofile (Cont'd)

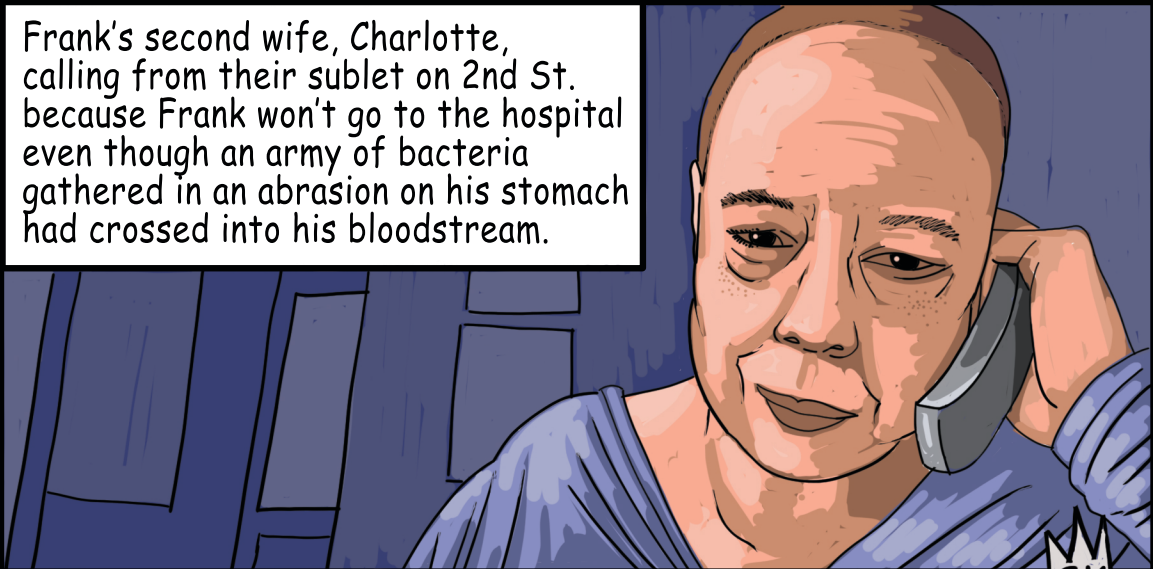
At the East 55th Street apartment  
A picture of Frank  
banging on his Smith-Corona,  
tearing pages out to see  
if he has roused words  
with half pencils he has gotten  
from placing small bets  
on long odds  
at the 1st Avenue OTB.



This photo shows  
Frank at Thanksgiving,  
lying on the carpet  
sipping Wild Turkey.  
He shuts his eyes,  
says he will die a Romani,  
sings "Rumania, Rumania"  
as cigarette smoke twists.



Frank's second wife, Charlotte,  
calling from their sublet on 2nd St.  
because Frank won't go to the hospital  
even though an army of bacteria  
gathered in an abrasion on his stomach  
had crossed into his bloodstream.



## A Frankofile (Cont'd)

A final shot shows him in the hospital his once broad chest diminished, dreaming of a basketball worn and leaking, turning into a wartime sky, shuddering the backboard as it hits before falling exhausted through a twisted hoop undressed of its net.

