## **GERARD MALANGA** Robert Frank

He was not your vintage Cartier-Bresson raging. He lacked his stamina.

his temper, his temperament: All things scaring people 'round the bend, or he'd just be in your face for the fun of it.

He was your classic manic depressive par excellence.

with the hooded brow, the glassy eye gaze.

He'd simply mimic what he saw and turn away

consumed by demons, so many demons. So many limelights dimmed.

Not the candid compositions, the accidents; not the

arbitrary cropping of the frame.

None of these, not even when the rain

came drizzling, nor could he scramble or remain

invisible for long in the ancient New York streets,

the inky blacks & whites, that harbored his anxiety.

He staged too much by his intimidations of reality,

prearranging all those true shots from the false,

or shuffling from the Bouwerie to Bleecker, fearing he'd be noticed, oi, vai! by passing all those blessed hand-me-downs and underdogs.

The pathos of the past haunts his every movement in the snow

looking for the last elusive shot to make, and where to go, and where to go?