

Marilyn's beauty mark

by Darrell Petska

An island unto itself: sudden,
alluring, darkly mysterious.
Adventurers, exploiters, fools—
many flocked there. Once landed,
few cared to leave.

Tempestuous weather defined it.
Sun blazed one moment, ceding
in the next to drenching gales.
Through its shadowy interludes
weaved a plaintive Siren's song.

Geographers mapped it.
Poets extolled its wilderness
that missionaries hoped to tame.
Late came the seismologists
charting its fault lines and tremors—

The fatal quake one darkness came.
Morning dirges, not Siren's song,
marked the spot, sea-swallowed.
Fortunate the finny shoals which
daily kiss that fragile pageant's face.

