

## Marilyn

The orphanage whipped you up.  
Strength? Solace? The scars powdered  
white, the loneliness held back: were  
the provisions your own?  
Yet, how exuberance still bubbled,  
a light, like hysteria, softened-  
(How often?)- by inner will.  
Could the cameras reveal that,  
the subtlety of introspection  
gathering radiance in waves?  
Acting tempers shyness, releases  
demons while heightening  
the rabble's weird pitch.

During bad times it was (Wasn't it?)  
like being put up on an auction block,  
fame a yoke for the wearing  
and the agent calling, "Higher! Higher!  
Come on! Lift your dress!"

If existence is a role that takes talent,  
if innocence disciplines this, it is  
only, in private moments, to break-----  
The yearning for eyes to be shared  
and arms like a citadel, the similar  
dreams that we have, Norma Jean,  
reading The Brothers Karazamov,  
thinking of Einstein, a respectful life  
of substance, of

quiet