

For Marilyn Monroe in Niagara

Not yet the actress-Strasberg's method made her
nor the diva forcing directors to wait for hours.
Nor the legend books would fail to decipher
she is here a presence that somehow towers
over the falls themselves with callow ease
moving as if each false step carries an alibi
beyond a shady past she wants no one to see
through a primal allure of 1/2 smiles and lies.
Her cunning however is undone by wild fear
when she's hunted and becomes the prey
Monroe dazzles as she totally disappears
in the role till her violent end can't be delayed
Hands on her throat her mad husband gasps
"I loved you Rose- You must know that"

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