When we got back from being marooned, her father, for a moment, seemed happy. But before long he started in with his concerns about a young lady’s virtue. It was true. The ordeal had matured us, drawn us closer. To stay warm and sane, we abandoned certain conventions.

*But you were gone for only one night, and Dog Town has no islands.*

A single night was long enough. As for the island, in a certain light, in a certain mood, an uncertain and untamed world sprang and puddled around her body. Myth lay down with evolution, skin with fruit, survival with dalliance. Her legs flowered. Her flowers hardened to jagged rocks. Her ragged rocks gave way to the tide’s recurrent needs. There was nothing either of us could do.

—“Marooned” by Glen Armstrong

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