

# Marionette in D<sup>b</sup> Major

*With a raise of His hands, she begins.*

The music flows like life down stepping-stones  
A compound piece, yet part of His will.  
She smiles *poco a poco*, matching the tones  
Fingers skipping lightly, but sometimes still.

The music tides, she hears *diminuendo*  
The music always sways to His *insistendo*  
She's not in control, but the music sings on  
She knows that all she does is play His song.

A finger slips  
In hesitation  
He senses her frustration  
But He lifts her heart with His hands  
His eyes whispering – *it's 'a due'*  
And sitting by her side, still holding her heart  
Holding the strings that were given in trust  
He waits for her choice *encore*.

Comprehension dawns her eyes  
Like the *rinforzando* that flashes  
Suddenly across the sheet of music  
*Vivacissimo* springing her steps.

*En forte* now do her hands bound  
*Con brio* as her laughter graces each note  
She feels those seamless strings resound  
And *it's 'a due'*, they seem to quote.

*Da capo*, she begins each day anew  
*Dal segno*, each bar is different and  
*Deciso gaudioso* she carries on playing  
*Dolcissimo* He leads her throughout.

Before the closing *cadenza* knells  
Her audience, in their silent hells  
Ask her how she plays so well,  
And she smiles *poco a poco*

It's His song she tells.

*Play al fin.*

By Nicola Tsoi