



FINE TUNING  
By Marie

God has hobbled me,  
stripped and shorn me of all adornment.  
He has dragged me here naked and shaking.  
My friends have all fled, and I am his creature.  
I fall at his feet, his name on my lips.  
He plays as he pleases:  
my nerves are strings for his fingers to pluck,  
my skin a drum for his rhythm,  
my bones, drumsticks.  
He has made me craven, crying  
take me, have me, yes -  
and I hear the sound of  
my own soul, singing.