

## Side 1

WOMAN: They trusted that girl, yes, the one who got up early in the mornings, before the dawn, to catch the sun coming up, to thank the sun, because the sun just gives and gives and never asks for anything in return. Only that we thank it, that we should be like it. This is something I never told you. A mile or so up the hill, just before you leave the last houses, there were some cats. Kittens, really. And when the first one saw me, he—or who knows if it wasn't a she, in cats it's hard to tell, even in humans we don't always really know—when this little thing, male or female, would see me, he'd start to mewl, almost caw, sweetly. And run towards me and when I kept on climbing—I was looking for berries and leaves and flowers, preparing brews in my head, that early in life, that early in the morning, what can heal, what can kill, what can make you dream, what can bring the dead back to life, what can make a man love a woman forever or close to forever, and just in case, just in case, what can burn the skin and set it on fire if it's inside a dress, and that blade in the foliage will do, yes, that yellow one, say its name or give it a name before using it—so I kept climbing, and it would run ahead, the kitten. The poor thing though I was bringing it some food, its milk.

## Side 2

WOMAN: You don't own me. Not until I give you what you want. Not until I repent. But let me tell you something. If I do repent, it's not me. I would have to stop being myself. Whoever it is that repents tomorrow or the next day or a million years from now, it's not me, do you understand? I want you to remember this. Hey. You there. You people who are filming this with your stupid cameras. Listen to me, stuff me into your eyes and ears. The woman who says those words, kneels in front of you and you and you and says those words, that I'm sorry, I'm sorry I killed the whore who stole my man, that woman who confesses on her knees will be someone else. Not me. Remember that tomorrow.