

it wasn't me!
Lala took a bite from each cookie

was the one who drew on the walls
wrote my name on the closet floor

made me step in mud
got my Sunday socks all soggy

showed me how to do it
holds on tight

doesn't want dessert
would like another bowl of soup

wants new ribbons for her hair
needs the bathroom again

says it's her turn
isn't sleepy yet

wants to hear another story
kicked down the castle

runs the what-to-do circus
sometimes has to lie

got the answer wrong
takes her thoughts for a walk

can't get her stitches straight
has an attitude

lets me go first
will never leave me behind

wakes up and is not afraid
is careful with her money

doesn't need to floss
leans toward the unexpected

tells me secrets
keeps her anger in a jar

stays in tempo
wants to know if she can help

let go of being perfect
only eats her eggs fully cooked

would prefer not to tell
sometimes has one too many

is going to make it up to him
said some black and ugly words

brought it all upon herself
doesn't want to tell you where she's from

has yet to brush her hair today
feels inadequate on Wednesdays

suggests we break things
blurs the line between us

listens to the Russian composers
hid the vitamins behind the fridge

evolves from available content
takes a long time to do nothing

accepts donations of playtime
gives reality a thumbs-down

turns into a shadow after midnite
thinks it's time for a nap

had her license for language revoked
absorbs the details of my life

brings along a smile but not a song
put the crayon in the wash

goes down where it's dark
believes we'll be good to her

gets jealous of the others
knows we're looking at her

keeps sunshine in her pocket
didn't admit it

hates the wind in her hair
stews her moods and simmers

arrives on time with lipstick on
gives it one more try

stopped praying - started dancing
mirrors my mistakes

waits until the silence is over
practices her smile

peeks inside to see
takes it well when she gets caught

Aya Natalia Karpinska | text for performance piece *lala* | Spring 2007

is plagued by insufficient funds
pours out nouns

organizes thoughts by color
shakes sadness out of her clothes