

Fugue States

music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz
text by Jane Boxall

A Andante (♩ = 72)
mf

mp elegantly



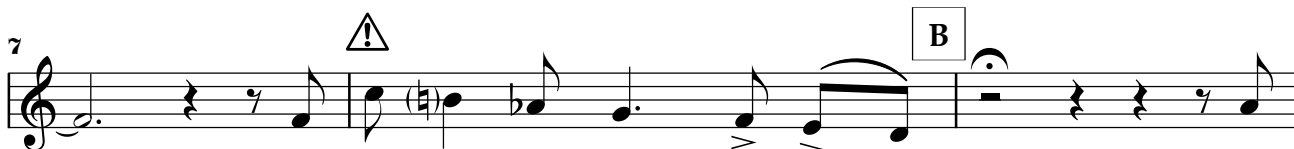
It comes down to this. The



pix - el - la - ting pa - ving - slab. Plump rain drops.

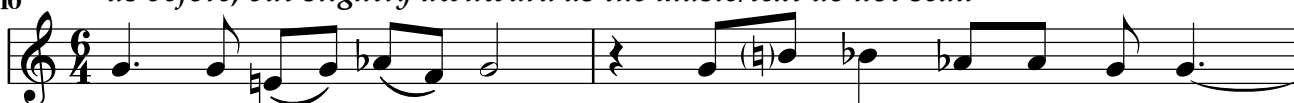


The jum - bo bee, — bumb - ling on the ris - ing pud - dle.



— The bat - tle a - gainst the flood. The

10 *as before, but slightly awkward as the music/text do not scan*



yel - low paintpool - ing on mud - dy wa - ter, pol - len. —

12 Adagio (♩ = 40)



— The wild - flow - ers stripped from the lawns. The sug - ar

14 Grave (♩ = 30)

Andante (♩ = 72)



wa - tered bees. The hives, the hives, in - fest - ed with mites. —

C



The old state cap - i-tol and its po - lice cruis-er



filth - y with must-ard pol-len. The sun-warmed stone, the



screen of a cell- phone, freck - led with dust. The



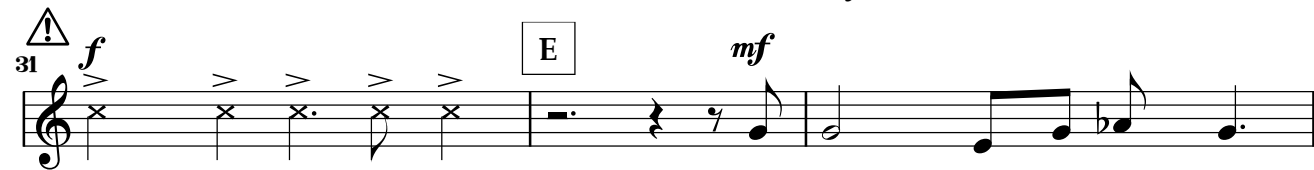
cher-ry- red Chev-ro-let on_ cruise in the right lane.



The lem - on- col-ored sum-mons on the dash,



wor - ried in - to creas-es. The ti - ny, ex-haust-ed town



named af - ter a man. The bright Dol-lar Gen'ral



and Georg-ian re-vi-val court-house, ob-so-lete in the sun.



The lawn where the old stocks were fixed, the sand - y

38 *pp* wistful, almost a plaintive whisper 3:2

trail out of here that once carried Freight and ad-ven-tur-ers.

F *mf* flat-voiced, almost unpleasant

The dir - ty U P S truck

43

in mud and mus-tard liv'-ry id-ling on an emp-ty

45

Main Street. The oth - er roads, in a flat

47 *f*

lit - tle grid, named for fight-ers a-gainst the Eng-lish.

G 5 7 **H** *mf*

The new court

64 *ugly words, dripping lips*

squat-ting like a strip- mall in a park-ing lot full

66 *f* *p*

to the gun-nels. The met-al de-tec-tor, the po-lice

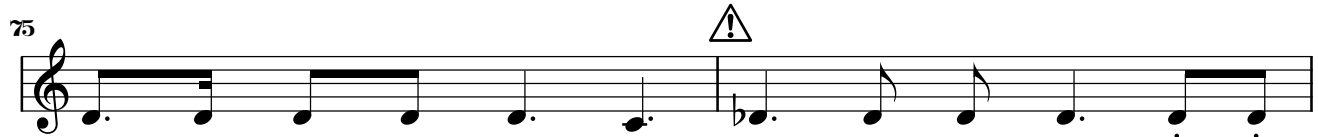
somber, dry, sad

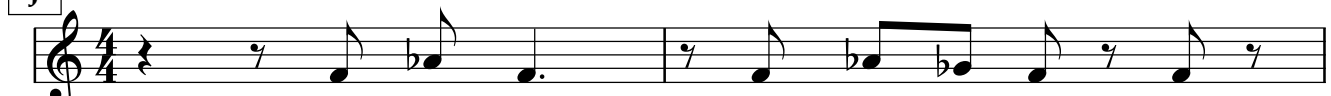
69

in fa-tigued tan u-ni-forms sit - ting to the Judg - e's

drop/slide from note to note

72  *3:2*
left. Their chat-ter, their sloped shoul - ders and

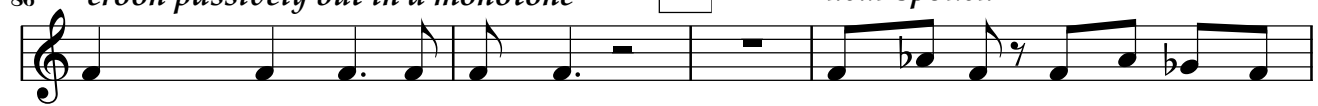
75  *!*
seat-belt-slack-ened stom - achs fight - ting once-crisp kha-kis


J *f accel. clarion!*

The right side, where each of us is

79  *3:2*
i-so-la-ted in si-lence and our own par-ti-cu-lar un - ease.

Andante (faster) (♩ = 84)
82 *mf accel.*

— The ear - worm of Mor - ris - sey croon - ing "I've

86 *croon passively but in a monotone* **K** *Andantino (♩ = 90) near spoken*

changed my plea to guilt-y." The oth-er un-rep-re-sent-
accel.

90 *croon again*

ed de-fend-ants roll - ing o - ver and o - ver

93 *Moderato (♩ = 108) drop/slide from note to note accel.*
ff

— In sur-ren-der The Span-ish-speak-ing wo-man Re-ceiv -

96 *pp* *pathos*

ing a drawled Eng-lish sen-tence and a fine.

L *mf* **Allegro** (♩ = 120) *notes explode!* *accel.*

The wild-haired man in a gold track suit

102 *ff* **Allegro Molto** (♩ = 132) *sweetly, coyly mf*

shrug-ging. Fined, guilt-y. And I'm up — in a

104 *accel.*

soft dress dot-ted like a dice. —

M **Presto** (♩ = 144) (or as fast as possible) *spit out* *ff*

def-er-en-tial and sun-burned and un-de-fend-ed — a -

109 **Andante** (♩ = 72) *fff*

- - gainst what comes down (to this)

113 *ppp*

(It comes down to this.)