

Hypertunes, Baby: Seventeen Quiet Rap Haiku

(Mouth sounds throughout, in rhythm, in contrast to arhythmic tape.)

	(h-sound, wind whisper)	
	(hands tap-rub the mic anxiously)	
	(ready the rap, breath & hand)	
My hoof on the earth.	(sweet, unrhythmed still whisper)	
Water bleeding from once-rock,	(dry tubers here, anticipate)	1
No phosphors in sight.	(confused desirous whisper)	
Transformational.	(awake, aware, awide my thoughts)	
Hands reach the nether heart, for:	(stretching, tapping)	2
The Invisible.	(awake, aware, awide, again)	
Vast, populist haste —	(speak yr mind in whispers)	
Oooh, oooh, Shakespearean rag,	(tantric both lines, bluesy)	3
Eliot, my love.	(husky sexy tantrix, down & in)	
Network quandary,	(high falsetto, sweet-sing)	
A cavalry of machines:	(but it's angry à la <i>über schweine</i>)	4
Sonic fallacy.	(bitter sweetness, not bittersweet)	
Clipping clausulas,	(with clicking mouth sound & fat c's)	
I clone my sonic thinking.	(continue clone-click, oh yeah)	5
Endless <i>da capos</i>.	(clicking between words, many repeats)	
Transformation, hunh!	(low bumping & glunking hunh)	
Algorithm, rhythm, hunh!	(continue)	6
Flatulism, hunh!	(continue)	
Soft foam keyboard rest.	(ready the rap again, diss-gust)	
Bored, I transform it into	(humming after bored; recall above)	7
A fish-slapping tool.	(a hint of England)	
What am I slapping?	(nearly continuous with above)	
Thighs red not ready nor wide	(ooooh, baby, yeah-speak)	8
Vigorously, yow!	(& more)	
Oh, <i>córpus, córpus,</i>	(oh, body, gimme blood; hoo, slaps)	
<i>Dóna míhi ságuinem,</i>	(lessen the baby speak)	9
Hoo, hoo, <i>álape</i>	(false loving)	
Ágápé, false love —	(spread it out in sadness)	
Thoracic adrenal rush,	(take your time now)	10
Spread out in sadness.	(got to it; get to it)	
Lightly paint in blood	(feel the spread sadness; mic caress)	
A caravan of white death.	(real image; don't prolong it)	11

Touch my soul, my food.	(emphasize food; it's more important)	
Freddy, Freddy, yeah,	(slow! rough nooyawk, long sinister call)	
Catapult, capitate, yeah ...	(continue with big fat c's; mic drum)	12
Not in my backyard.	(high laurieandersonspeak)	
Dancing, hot dancing.	(you don't believe it; be cold)	
Fingers find insistent tunes:	(drumming that mic now!)	13
Sweat without raster.	(slippery — "raster" almost "rasta")	
Buns, bottom, bum, butt,	(big lippy b's, gleeful &)	
Behind, backside buttocks, ooooooh;	(dirty old man beeee-hind)	14
Bundle my software.	(soft — pause — big w into "wheaaaah")	
Hoo, hot, ooh, my hoof.	(still hot, transforming to confusion)	
Soiled in a curious way,	(imply asking what, how soiled)	15
I am electric.	(hold the confusion; remember the body)	
Back in the garden,	(simple, almost pitchless, jonihints)	
Roses boldly offer hips	(even simpler)	16
In soundless networks.	(returning to whispers)	
Electron slurry	(heavy up the rap)	
What, me worry, dear Alfred?	(down low, to mic)	17
Hypertunes, baby.	(big fat h — hold the baaay beeeee)	
	(get out with mouth sounds)	
	(emphasis on the h-sound)	
	(end in the wind)	

Clothing: All black (shirt, pants, socks, shoes, gloves, ski mask, fedora)

Stage: One black-shaded bare bulb from above on long cord.

Black stand if needed. Wireless hand mic.

Timing: Approximately 8½ minutes.

Dennis Báthory-Kitsz
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