The Markov Chain

SAMPLER
Also by Ted Pearson

The Grit, 1976, Trike Books (San Francisco)
The Blue Table, 1979, Trike Books (San Francisco)
Soundings, 1980, Singing Horse Press (Philadelphia)
Ellipsis, 1981, Trike Books (San Francisco)
Refractions, 1982, Origin (Series 4) (Boston)
Flukes, 1982, Privately Printed (San Francisco)
Coulomb’s Law, 1984, Square Zero Editions (San Francisco)
Mnemonics, 1985, Gaz (San Francisco)
Catenary Odes, 1987, O Books (Oakland)
Evidence: 1975-1989, Gaz 1989, (San Francisco)
Mnémoniques, 1992, trans. Françoise de Laroque,
    Un bureau sur l’Atlantique (Royaumont)
Acoustic Masks, 1994, Zasterle Press (Tenerife)
The Devil’s Aria, 1999, Meow Press (Buffalo)
Encryptions, 2007, Singing Horse Press (San Diego)
The Coffin Nail Blues, 2016, Atelos (Berkeley)
After Hours, 2016, Singing Horse Press (San Diego)
An Intermittent Music: 1975-2010, 2016, Chax Press (Victoria, TX)
Ted Pearson

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Shearsman Books
Acknowledgements

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SAMPLER
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for Larry Price & Craig Watson
lambeaux maudits d’une phrase absurde

– Stéphane Mallarmé
SAMPLER
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1.

Early autumn blueprints

a new theogony.

Transcendental wasps build

nests of pure duration.

Neighborly aporia

serve topical drinks.

The streets are abuzz

with seasonal aperçus.
From deadbeat debutantes,

songs of ruination,
gritty murmurations

that spell the end of days.

In the province of wounds,

we anticipate scars.
The years between lovers

were spent on belay.
3.

We know of your cravings

for granular data.

You must trust your

reptilian brain for relief.

It’s clear that you’ve had

some synaptic misgivings.

Would a beautiful corpse

offer grounds for belief?
4.

A bitter wind assumes

the shape of a trumpet.

Utopian silence wants

a bright patch of noise.

As the sky in the window

grows dark on the page,

the Meistersingers enter,

singing “Tears of Rage.”
5.

A terror of typos

and dismal enclosures

alike trouble graphemes

and free-range composers.

Where the punctum encrypts

the site of transgression,

the studium backlights

a tale of repression.
6.

An aging magus

forages for fragrant dreams.
He is weary of sorting

through noxious extremes.

He cohabits with angels –

they’re far from extinct –
though the city of angels

is not where you’d think.
7.

A very few centaurs

survived their narration.
Now they labor as extras

in classical texts.

The scent of dead flowers

pervades the dead garden
where the Sun God

in arkestral majesty rests.