

The Markov Chain

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) Planetary Gear, 1991, Roof Books (New Vork) Mnèmoniques, 1992, trans. Françoise de Laroque, Un bureau sur l'Atlantique (Royaumont) Acoustic Masks, 1994, Zaster Mess (Tenerife) The Devil's Aria, 199% Mow Press (Buffalo) Songs Aside: 1992-2002, 2003, Past Tents Press (Detroit) Encryptions, 2007, Singing Horse Press (San Diego) Extant Glyphs: 1964-1980, 2014, 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)

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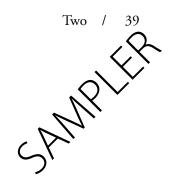
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SAMPLER

for Larry Price & Craig Watson



SAMPLER

lambeaux maudits d'une phrase absurde

– Stéphane Mallarmé

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SAMPLER

Early autumn blueprints

a new theogony. Transcendental wasps build

nests of pure duration. Neighborly aporia serve topic crinks. streets are abuzz C 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 by ween lovers ere spent on belay.

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?

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 pag the Meiste**r**sin ers enter, inging "Tears of Rage."

A terror of typos

and dismal enclosures alike trouble graphemes

and free-range composers. Where the punctum encry the site of transgression, studium backlights a tale of repression.

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 site of angels not where you'd think.

A very few centaurs

survived their narration. Now they labor as extras

in classical texts. The scent of dead flowers pervades the read garden where the Sun God in arkestral majesty rests.