

## Indeterminacy

*for Morton Feldman*

Blank      the page as the city decays

swollen with ghosts      the tumid past

unengaged      ungathered strays

derelict of post      unmoored      held fast

Hours in this murk      each elusive mark

mocking pursuit      Their fleeing feet

goad me      smirk      merge with the dark

leaving me lootless in the still street

One in the hand      a few soon aligned

not many      The avenue      open      leaves

room to expand      to seek and to find

here      in this havocked city      what lives