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RENÉE ASHLEY

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*She Thinks about the Shapes Things Take*

She is her own apple her own various worm and wax She is  
easily distracted The obligatory head-shake—it's like when  
Hockney paints a chair you've got to walk around a chair  
It could be chair canted in no particular The idea you see  
is a place the logic of what had to be done Not aleatoric  
but divined *This There That* We become the same eye and  
there are more than two horizons in the mimical world In its  
rousing absences The space between us and the meaning the  
mind makes All the lyric complications of stile splat seat rung  
and rail Everything after a while