

# ASH (ley)

MICHELLE C.

PORTFOLIO  
OCTOBER 2024



**S C U M**

P O E T \ A / R T I S T

P O E T I C O B J E C T S

I N S T A L L A T I O N

" B O O K S "

W R I T I N G

# poetic objects

ASH(LEY)  
MICHELLE C. PORTFOLIO



*I get scared sometimes of being too much but I also fear that I will never be enough because  
who will die alone and Ashley's ashes will mix with dirt and rain will fall turning me  
finally I'll leave my mark but nobody will know that they stepped on the last human*

Sweat beads up on my mustache.

*so I live alive on earth and stain the jeans of those who tripped into my muddy path  
you clean it up now here we are maybe I could do a little dance for you maybe I could  
read you a poem I could lay prostrate at your feet and say a prayer then kneel and pray  
see I can't see but feel my way through does this seem right I think so right I don't know  
know the water is the sky and that every time I realize today is now I ride a fish for  
clouds*

My fingers are covered in cuts.

*FUCK IT THE DICK IS MINE what is so complicated I write with the same hand  
dead oak trees and Juniperus Ashei will take root where once there were shadows let  
present make it real I drive around the ranch a daydream of getting fucked by the  
return to my own and I'm already coming I'm coming oh yes the dick is mine my  
it is yours too if we are both pushing into the same hole*

I rub an oil stain into the wood.

*I laugh at the sky (which is water) when I turn away to look at a rock instead. It is  
with the come-along. Slow, slower, so slowly, a wet trail in the dry creek bed is unco  
there is an invisible spring that flows.*

*There are underground currents and sediment slides of powdered caliche and time  
juniper berries and fragrant wood where one could lie down and die in peace.*

I make a decision to think about anything I can't comprehend:

*Like why I fall in love so easily. Why I always leave. Why I run away from me. Why  
can't be aware of how I shape time. Why can't I shape time? Wait, why did I shape  
why I can't stop coming back.*

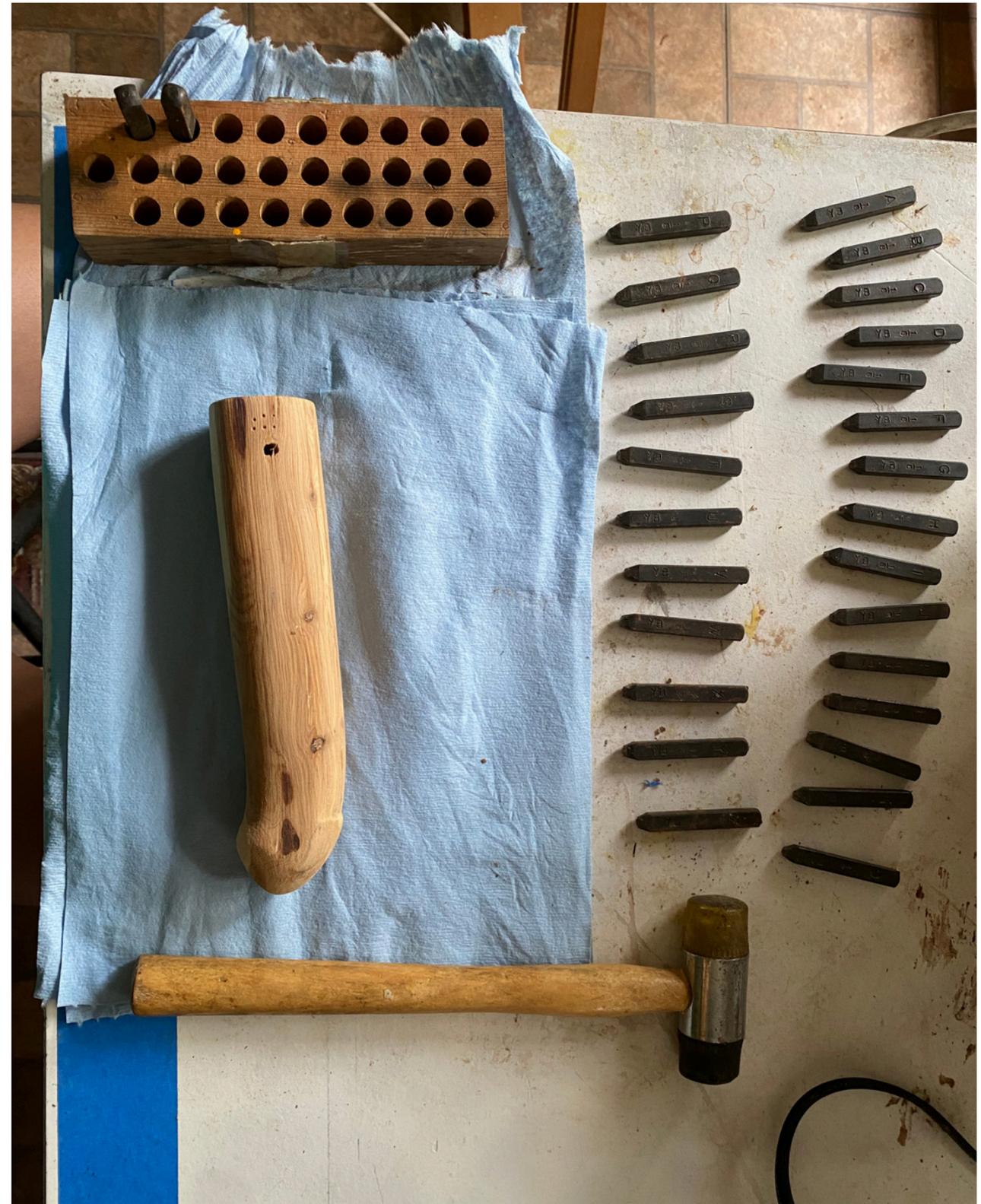
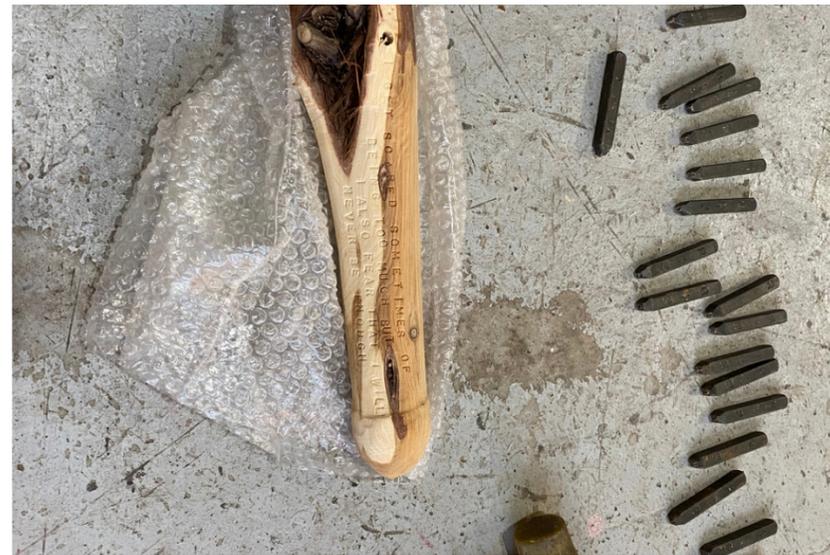
*I think about why I'm alone but make myself stop. I already know why and I had to  
about things I can't comprehend.*

*I think about running back to me and colliding into myself. A big bang.*

*I walk up the hill and find a fossilized clam.*

*I think about me.*





Stroking(My) Imaginary Dick (Processes + Collection)



Sweat beads up on my  
so I live alive on earth  
you clean it up now here  
read you a poem I could  
see I can't see but feel  
know the water is the sky  
clouds

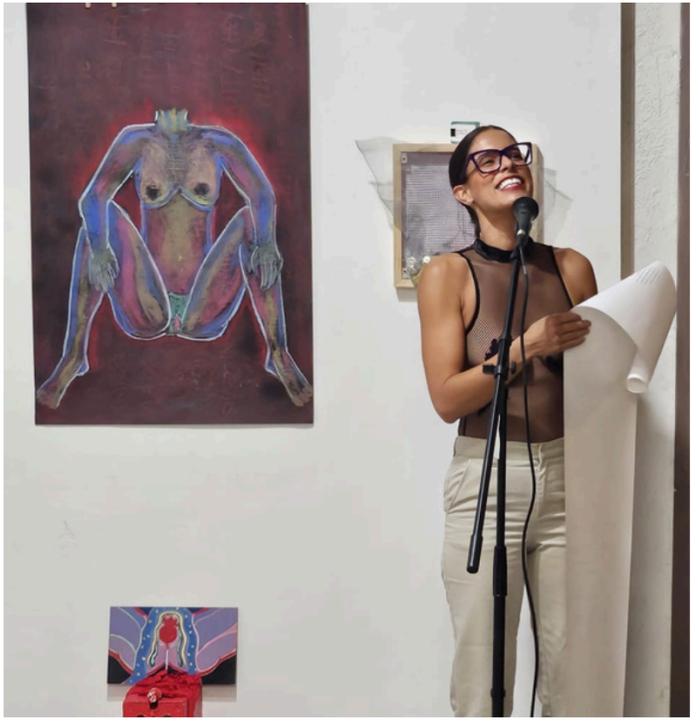
My fingers are covered

**FUCK IT THE DICK**  
dead oak trees and Juniper  
present make it real I do  
return to my own and  
it is yours too if we are

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I laugh at the sky (which  
with the come-along. She  
there is an invisible spr

There are underground  
juniper berries and frag



Stroking (My) Imaginary Dick

# CIELO AZUL, CIELO NUBLADO

A new New Testament of the liberation of the divorced woman in her pursuit of pleasure and power.

Created from erasure and a daily practice of aeromancy for a month.

August 2024  
JW New Testament newspaper  
Oil pastel  
4 sheets  
21 poems  
18" x 22"

ASH(LEY)  
MICHELLE C. PORTFOLIO



## SHITTY TIMES MANUSCRIPT

The worst of the lowest parts of life typed onto toilet paper as a healing art performance.

Goal: put in a gallery bathroom and have people use, flush, and move on.

July 2023

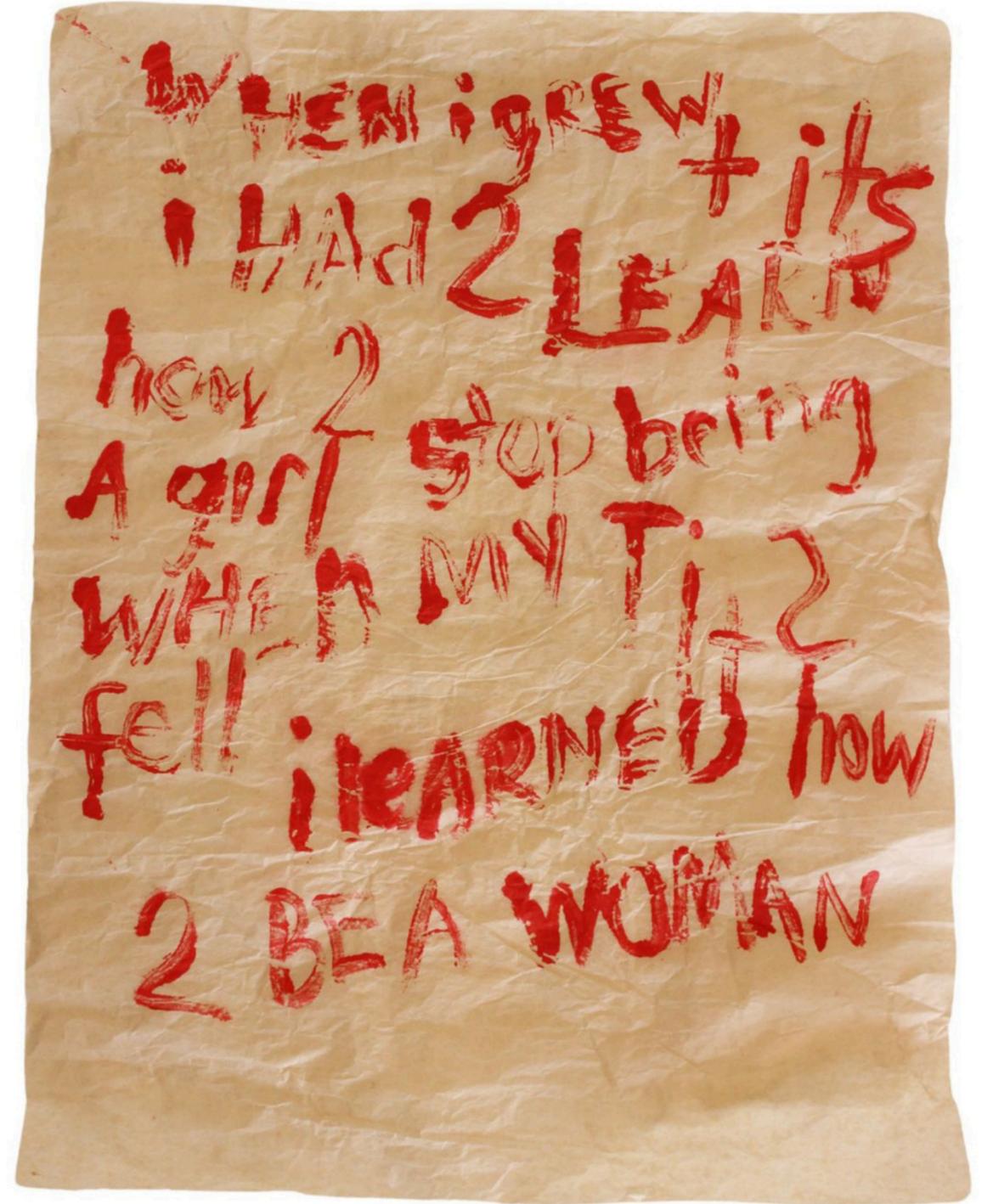
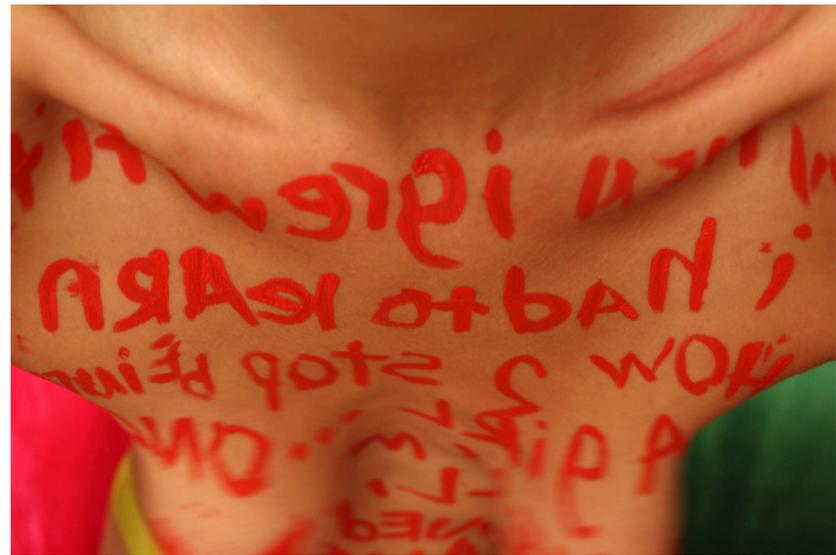
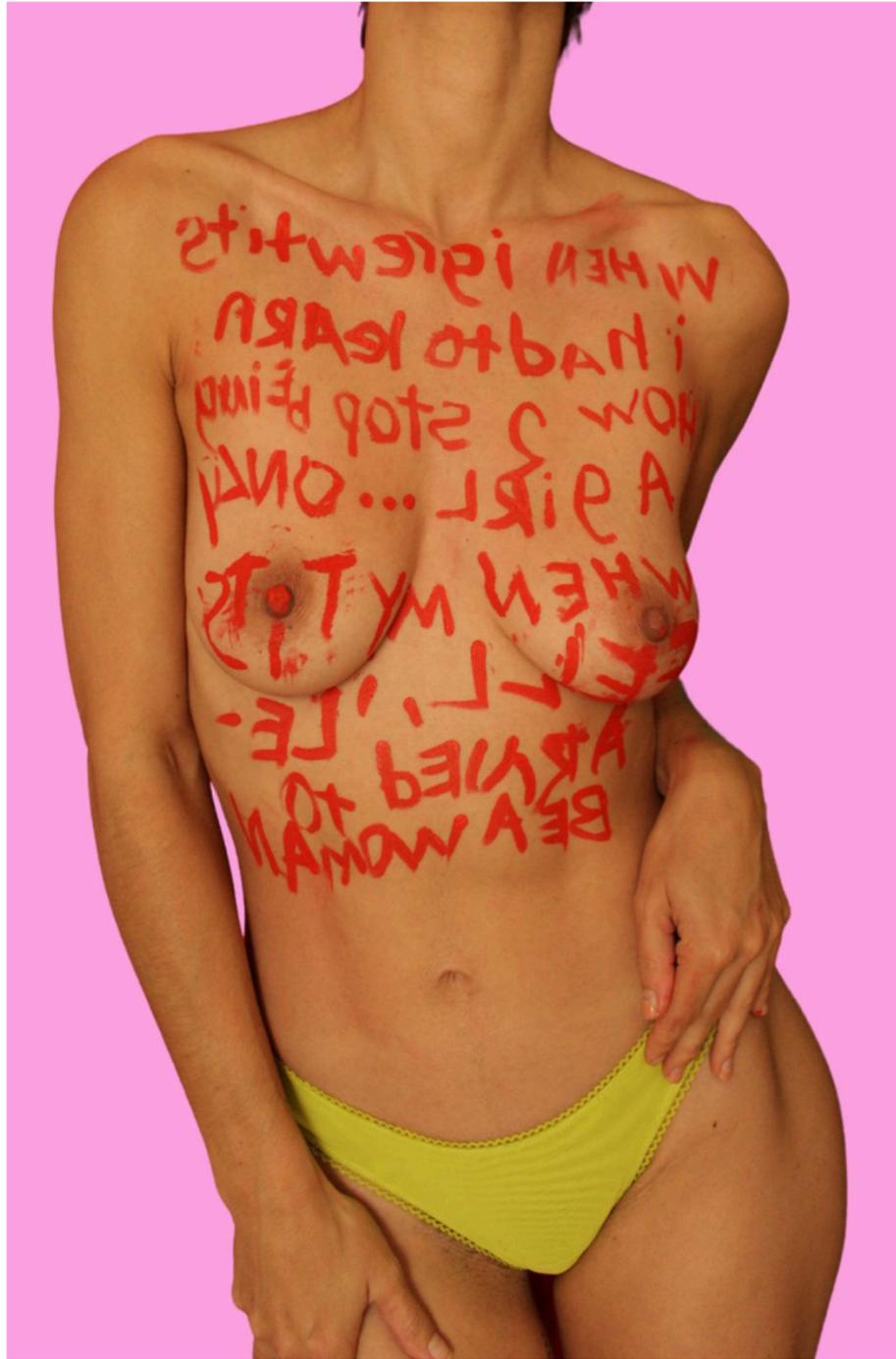
Regio toilet paper

Typewriter

45 page google docs manuscript

36 poems





Saggy Masas, 2024, tortilla paper, 15" x 17.5"

I saved M.E.  
2023  
plastic bag,  
permanent marker,  
typewritten poem  
ft. in Bullshit Lit



# installation



## COCA-COLA TRASH POEMS

Is it trash? Is it a poem? Is it art?

A poetified object for the streets  
written in Spanish with the  
intention to engage all kinds of  
audiences.

2023

Found Coca-Cola cans,  
Spray paint, permanent marker,  
Concrete  
1 poem  
Ongoing project (45 cans so far)



ASH(LEY)  
MICHELLE C.

OAXACA DE  
JUÁREZ, MÉXICO

poetry is trash



CIUDAD DE  
MÉXICO, MÉXICO

trash is poetry



# "books"

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nas dar sin esperar nada a cambio cosas buenas cosas buenas cosas bue  
osas buenas cosas buenas cosas buenas cosas buenas cosas buenas cosas  
verdaderos amigos cosas buenas cosas buenas uno tiene que cambiar co  
uenas toma un segundo para respirar cosas buenas eres la persona que



**BOOTY SNATCHER 2000  
I COME HOME ALONE.**

A container for 8 masturbation  
poems in which reader must stick  
fingers in pleasure in order to  
activate the "book."

July 2024

Paper

Typewriter

Copy machine

8 poems

Corresponding newsletter  
on Poetry Slut Rodeo



SAGGY TITS IS JUST A  
WAY TO SAY REMEMBER  
WHEN.

The poetry portion of the Saggy  
Tit experience which included an  
interchangeable filter, video  
performance and texts.

June 2024

Paper

Stamps

Acetate

Cardboard

Corresponding newsletter  
on Poetry Slut Rodeo



## NECKLACE POEMS

Poems on necklaces to wear, embody or hang from your bookshelf. Together, all necklaces form a collection of haiku.

June 2023

Beads

Fishing wire

Gold plated clasps

9 haiku

between 15-60 inches



# writing

## Works Featured In:

Divorce Slut. Womanwood 3  
Trash Poetics Bin 1. Poetry Society of NY  
Trash Poetics Bin 2. Poetry Society of NY  
Unsexed but well-fed. Taco Bell Quarterly  
Sin coger, mucho comer. Taco Bell Quarterly  
It's worth it, you worm. Don't Submit  
Mid afternoon and the sky goes dark. SWAMP  
somewhere/nowhere. SWAMP  
How to Kill a Country Girl's Ego. Roi Fainéant  
The Year of my Ankles. Sage Cigarettes  
Michael's Song. Bullshit Lit Anthology

Cielo de mis pensamientos. DISONARE  
Un poema para mi vecino. DISONARE  
A Maiden's Name. DISONARE  
The Other Woman. NYC Zine Club  
Homecoming (film). The Poetic Lens  
Saggy Masas. No Issue  
PSA Panties. Currant Jam  
Saggy Tits, a Reflection. Adult Groceries  
Coca-Cola Trash Poems. IILT 0003  
Shitty Times Toilet Paper. IILT 0003  
I did it for M.E./Mother Earth. Bullshit Lit  
Necklace Poetry. Tiny Spoon

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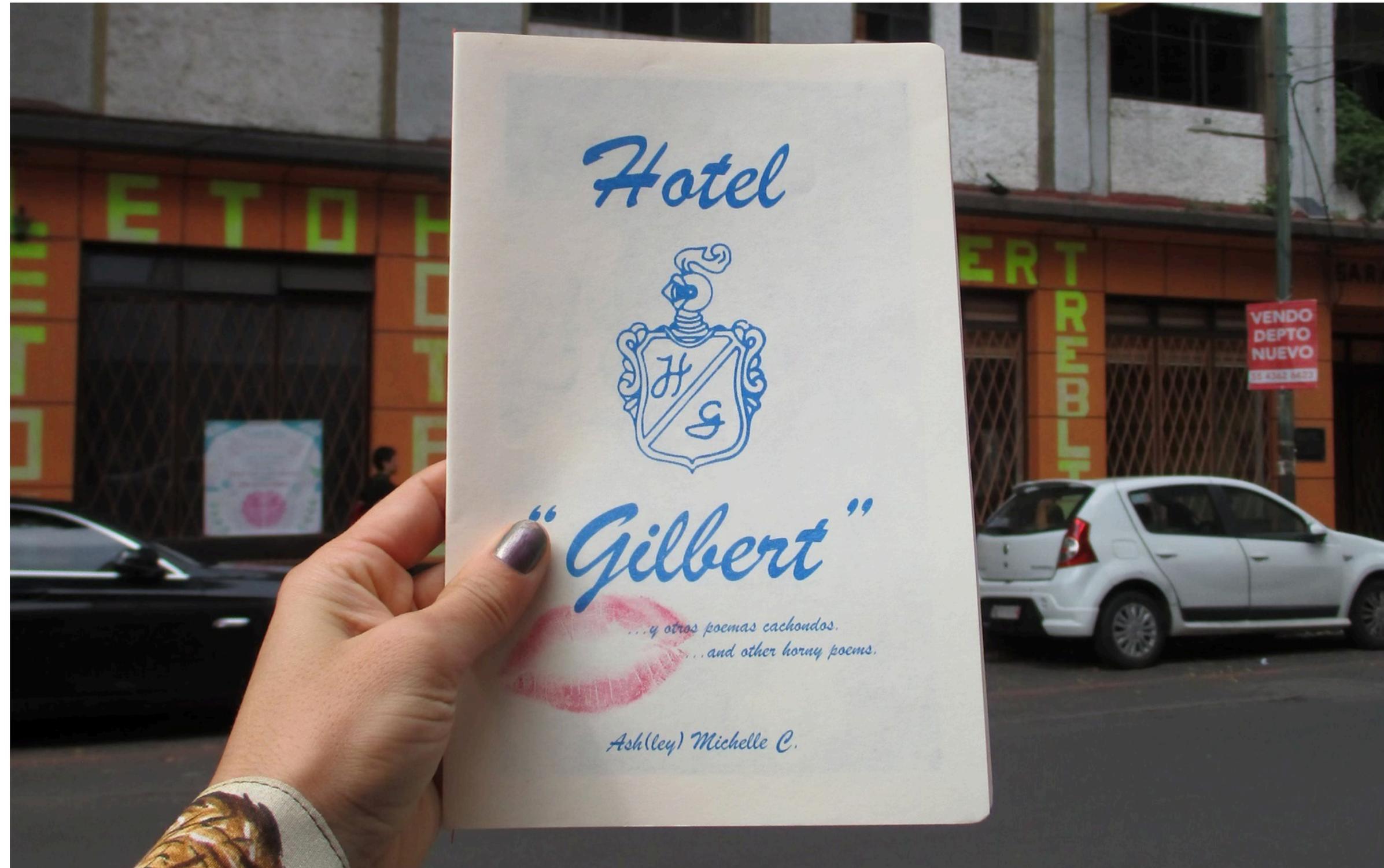


## HOTEL GILBERT & OTHER HORNY POEMS

Hotel Gilbert & Other Horny Poems is a lascivious collection of poetry inspired by a week-long stay in a sex hotel in Mexico City.

Through sensual processes of awareness, spontaneous and passionate acts of creation, and restrictions of time, Hotel Gilbert became the site and activator of an embodied poetic performance—writing on the sex sofa, design on the LED illuminated bed, downtime in the jacuzzi.

The printed books were left in the hotel lobby, and the address shared on social media, to bring the public to Gilbert as a final act in the site-specific activation of performative poetry.



# recent work



615-20  
**PROHIBIDO  
EL PASO**





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[Resume](#)

