

## **Ashly N. McBunch**

### **Professional Summary**

Poet with over 7 years of experience reciting and performing poetry within Alaska, Iraq and Washington.

### **Skills**

- Strong background in guiding, teaching and instruction children and adults in new skills and concepts.
- Extensive knowledge of Microsoft Office and Google Drive.
- Ability to lead and motivate in a positive thinking, healing and diverse way through intuitive energy.

### **Work Experience**

#### **Freelance artist - 2014 to present**

- Performed for Radical Arts for Women on a recurring basis within Alaska during 2014 to 2017.
- Performed poetry at different local events around Washington during 2020.
- Collaborates with performing artists to incorporate poetry and graphic arts into their performance art.
- Member of The Artisan Guild, an organization dedicated to bringing art by BIPOC, LGBTQ+ and disabled persons.

### **Education**

- **Masters of Arts Procurement and Acquisition Management**-Webster University 2016
- **Bachelor of Science**- Troy State University 2014
- **Senior Leadership Course**- Army Logistics University 2012

### **Hobbies and Interest**

Performance Performs as a Drag Queen and Burlesque performer as Luna DeLyte, as a Drag King as Ra DeLyte. Explores additional creativity through intuitive digital art creations.

The information provided in this proposal refers to the current state of social distancing, however if circumstances provide a safe public location to hold any events everything could be adjusted and/or other events added. Every event would be inclusive of all ages, race, origin, disabilities, backgrounds, gender etc. and inline with promoting the theme of the current year.

### **Audience**

Focused on the multiple and varied lives of Olympians I think it is valuable to address the changing dynamic our youth have had to deal with during this last year. The choices made on how to fully express and further develop during these unprecedented times need to be addressed in a manner to allow for freedom in creative language, methodologies and techniques that foster a higher frequency in reality. This vibration of joy through the arts will radiate andr felt in a multitude of ways. Additionally, the ever growing uncertainty that lingers among the hearts of our communities essential workers and families needs healing. A visionary way to move forward. To understand that growth comes from discomfort and it is imperative to strive at this time more than ever to reinvigorate the arts within our communities. Often people say community and only see things from a separated view, not recognizing that in order to embrace the breadth of this journey we have to see others as we see ourselves and value our own growth as well as theirs.

The audience would be inclusive and diverse to show the beauty behind groups not often seen and voices not often heard. It will be about promoting and expansion and provide a safe space for everyone to find peace through expression.

### **Community Engagement Strategy**

Social media and virtual platforms are competing for the attention. Live performances, recorded shows and unknown future of in person events is what 2020 created. 2021 will have these same opportunities to expand within the community through a variety of different avenues. School age children can be reached out through the education system and speaking with school officials to virtually engage through their writing lessons or after school activities that occur. Hosting online poetry productions, free to the public and promoted via social media events using zoom, crowds ourselves or other, online/streaming platforms such as Twitch. Additional poetry focused roundtable hosting different interviews or podcasts with past Poet Laureates, authors or publishers can occur on a quarterly basis. These can be events that represent a different marginalized group within the community or provide fundraising or sponsorship to local organizations.

I'd like to integrate poetry into different performance platforms and performance artists. There are many local performers of all types looking for new and innovative ways to engage their virtual art and combining poetry may be one of the ways.

### **Workshop/Project Samples**

### **Daily**

Community growth and active engagement through social media platforms - reaching beyond Olympia to show what Olympia is in the eyes of the Arts.

Online growth and engagement is a varying tool that needs assistance from some time, however I feel that daily prompts in various writing styles and techniques create an environment of opportunities for feedback within the local community online.

### **Biweekly to Monthly**

A call to artists (name still To Be Determined.) Artists can collaborate and team up with other artist in different mediums by signing up to create something 72 hours this can be any medium or type of art, and then they are paired with someone who primarily does poetry of any type and they create something inspired by the first artist. This can go on and build from month to month or new people can be paired but it is something shared virtually and then eventually presented through an online exhibition.

### **Monthly**

Work with local musicians and poets (varied type) in either prerecorded or live productions combining music with poetry and observing the lyrical qualities that resemble Tiny Desk concerts.

Workshops that include guidance from myself on feeling the intuitive energy and frequency of your art, and other artists in different mediums within the area on a variety of topics from small video editing techniques, rhythm, descriptions, telling a story. These artists could be dancers, circus performers, producers, theater directors, video editors. The list is extensive and the ideas can definitely grow. The virtual world is dependent upon grabbing attention by having something to say.

### **Quarterly**

Host a podcast or zoom panel discussion with authors, publishers, musicians, performance artists about art in general, poetry as a method to convey art in different ways, tips for getting poetry published, or self publishing, Depending on the planning this could occur every two months with larger ones held on a quarterly basis. It could run through online platforms for a week at a time or be recorded and uploaded for additional viewers.

Similar to the Art call above a creation for a long distance art call showcasing a local artist (all types) and another artist from across the nation or globe. This would inspire working with international artists and while showcasing local talent.

### **Yearly**

Sponsor and hold a Chapbook poetry competition where a group of board members would judge, sponsor and support the printing of 2 winners per year in support of the current year's theme. The guidelines of the participants could be someone who hasn't been published or very

Proposal Olympia's Poet Laureate 2021 submission

Ashly McBunch

minimally, and is currently a student age 12 or above for example. This could be paired with art as well, theirs or locally sourced to fall in line with integrating art forms.

Online festival of poetry works placed to video and art submissions with a combination of live and/or recorded poetry involved within the festival.

The important mission of exploring equity and inclusion through the method of healing and creative expression starts with being open and not seeing the past year as challenges but abundant opportunities to expand our reach through the technology. We have this chance to learn and establish creative platforms and to bring the future of Washington Arts into focus.

#### 4 of 5 poems for submission (5th is separated)

##### Middle Ground

You look at me puzzled when I ask you, My darling, where can we meet?  
As if we are already standing with our pasts behind us-roads within towns,  
cities within states far from our current location.

But we're not.

You're on your shore- and I am on mine.

Our previous baggage beside us.

I see you across the fridged waves of existence  
embracing droplets of romantic logic splashing on your face  
as I close my eyes against them.

You accepting each tragic moment, respecting it's time and place  
as I mark the sand, counting ticks, opposing our success.

You step without knowing the intensity of the plunge, careless in your confidence  
in my willingness to

lay bare upon the emotional chopping block out in the middle of the reality's sea.

You swim towards loves assumption that my trust will forge a pathway to that  
platform

and my cynical perception of forever always happening,

hearts forever opening,

love everlasting,

is something you can't hear when I speak.

How can I be aware if I drown within that sea

Your loyalty can breathe me back into my presence

and even if you bring me into life  
Can you promise I will not have to survive on the taste of solitude  
remembering the smell of your bliss.  
So I ask you my darling, where can we meet?

### **Connection**

Look into my eyes  
I will always look in yours  
We will see our souls

Mystical secrets  
Lies disguised in truth and love  
Unknown desires

Amazing weakness  
Intoxicatingly real  
Vividly deep strengths

I connect with you  
And you connect with my soul  
Our eyes are gateways

Look in to my eyes  
I will always look in yours  
We will see our souls

I wish I could read

I wish I could read  
Not read the simple things,  
Like 1 plus 2 and 2 plus 3  
Not A, not B or C or D  
Or even deep within the pages of *Nightwood*, and  
metaphors of Emily  
But I wish I could read the way you look at me  
Speculation of your thoughts are combined with my purest  
fantasies  
and you and I are holding hands prancing down the street  
Well, not prancing cause this isn't a Disney movie  
And we aren't thirteen  
But somehow this feeling reverts me back to  
Awkwardly asking you to check the box "Yes"  
My senses awaken when you walk in the room, pants,  
skirt or dress  
And I prepare each thought to  
Express themselves freely,  
intelligently,  
Holding back just enough emotion to make you  
Find some mystery when I speak  
Praying you don't get turned off by my vulnerability

When you discover the depths of me  
I want to passionately display  
The makeup of our chemistry  
Warped in inside jokes and secret laughs  
Understanding of all the paths  
Which has guided us to our current position  
Without judgment  
Embarking to the conclusion  
That our lives rotate in this pre-dispositional rewind of  
outtakes  
With countless endings sparked by out of this world  
beginnings

Beginnings  
that could include you plus me  
Equating –with sufficient time  
Formulating  
Bodies intertwined between bed sheets  
Leading to overnight bags filled with minor necessities  
Since clothes are optional on our weekend spirit finding  
retreats

And after hours of phantasmal eruptions of  
Deep emotional and creative understanding  
Long talks begin and end in your eyes

You understand what I mean  
When I say my heart glows green  
And you make all the colors within me pulsate  
Between each breathe I breathe

Because of our connection  
We find a deeper commitment than something  
Held by rings  
We use our voices to symbolize our love and we  
Sing our compassion for another  
at a celebration of our devotion to our souls  
We have the ability to procreate  
Yet find comfort in forming our family with a rainbow of  
diversity  
Embracing yesterday's throwaway treasures  
For years we grow side by side, hand in hand  
Trust, love, peace and independence cultivating our  
foundation

And patching any cracks with the serenity in our spirit  
Acknowledging the hard times and storms  
Without letting them flood our existence  
Washing away memories of our  
Sweet by chance beginning  
Of the day you looked at me

However, our simple beginning  
Has been entangled in massive endings and times We've  
listened  
to the words-this time she's the one  
So we have yet to have the chance of meeting  
And I trust that  
You are not a make believe concoction of what someone  
else  
Thinks is best for me  
You are a manifestation of the exact embodiment of love  
prototype  
Not the replica of what love does not feel like  
You're the woman  
On the other side of the street or room  
You're the woman dancing off but preferably on that beat

Serving coffee, a warrant or mai tai drink

Handing out flyers for your cause your passion won't let  
die

Writing that line, singing that song, playing your Dad's old  
guitar

You're the woman drinking that beer at the bar cause you  
don't do fruity drinks

Walking her dog, jogging or living here or stationed afar or  
up the street

Perfectly parallel parking that car or landing that plane

Calling your mom just because that's the daughter you are

Watching that indie film, teaching that class of young kids  
or undergrads

You're the woman guiltlessly eating that ice cream

Sweating off all calories at the gym before it can be seen

Holding that conference or bouncing that ball

Watching that same old tv screen,

Reading that book, newspaper or magazine

You're cooking that meal, doing your taxes

Living your dream

You're the woman

Doing the same ordinary everyday things as me

Making them remarkable with your presence

You're on that first and last date, flipping your hair, trying  
to find them interesting

You're the woman In that convenient broken relationship  
searching for it's meaning

You're the woman

I wish I knew how to read

When you hear me speak.

I see

My divine spirit is naturally guided by my intuition,  
filled with potential growth of my transformative state.

Open to truth in recognizing my accomplishments,  
respecting the power of my consciousness.  
I am responsible in my progress in remembering the inner wisdom for my healing.

There is a vastness of my reach and through my inner eye, I see.  
I see the God in you.  
I see the God in me.

Within this reality,  
I am.  
Within the many realities that spark the light beyond myself, I see.

Visualization of my intentions beginning with  
I am.  
Visualizing the love that unifies my Godly connection, I see.

I affirm the truth,  
I am.  
I embrace my inner light's glow upon my declaration. I see.

Gratitude in joyful expression,  
I am.

Gracefully accepting Spirit's innate ability to flow within this life of good. I see.

Life energy floats within the essence of the infinite happiness,  
I am.

Life universally acknowledges the celebration of this release and oh how I see.

I see the God in all of you

I see the God in all of me.

## Atomic 22 (Originally named Story of You)

Growing up-- no one informs that being you is hazardous  
Your individuality -frail, powder soft like an alabaster alligator on a glass shelf  
Can be Broken  
And you, a genuinely extraordinary glass structure  
–Untouchable  
Transport your hazardous soul, shaping your glass frame along the way.

-----  
You, oh you are beautiful-but don't know it.  
You're strong- but don't see it- You're smart –but don't feel it.  
You speak softly- not to disrupt the presence of others  
And laugh loudly, enjoying everything.  
Young mind flourishing, feeding off secular morsels- thirsting for keys to locked doors of opportunities  
You dance, and you sing and you – little individual you- little hazardous you  
Volunteers your future for placement in a faux golden box of authority  
Where slight assertiveness is code for disobedience  
And where almost everyone is part plastic- part wood  
Hiding behind patriotic pride- defenders of freedom  
Individuality, not welcomed.

-----  
You fit- some days- other days you contemplate finding the exit  
After four years, you still thrive-careful not to scratch your hazardous glass surface  
You who are beautiful- but don't know it.  
Strong- but don't see it- smart –but don't feel it.  
Are the ideal diamond-  
In the eye of titanium creatures marching  
Some lurk within the faux golden box- waiting for beautiful hazardous glass life forms- like you  
To appear.

-----  
Leaders are made of titanium- ---leaders 20 years plus living daily in the faux golden box  
Limitless leaders camouflaged in compassion-  
Lying that they understand the fears of hazardous glass beings

## Atomic 22 (Originally named Story of You)

Lean closer, and peel your glistening glass layers-  
Compromising you integrity, exposing your uncertainty of the stability of your existence  
Leaving fingerprints on your surface-pilfering your bits,  
Converting you to plastic  
Converting you to wood  
Tossing your stolen glass chips in jars overflowing of glass pieces collected before you.  
Smashing you against the wall  
Disregarding your pleas to stop the blasts  
Suppressing your instinctive power to flee  
You disappear- somewhere inside yourself- somewhere safe  
It's cold where you are- You're freezing.  
Peering through your lashes- hoping what you're seeing isn't real  
Hoping what you're feeling is false  
Hoping to escape the cold before your thin glass frame shatters from the frost.

-----

Everything stops, and the titanium leader reminds you that you're just little hazardous you  
You who speaks softly, and doesn't know they're beautiful, or strong, or smart-  
Emphasizes that you are the subordinate to the titanium leader  
And no one believes subordinates  
Months pass, and you have replaced missing fragments of your surface with clay-hoping you're not  
noticed.  
The clay seeps into your glass plastic shell, your legs drag,  
Restricted by that frozen moment,  
You stay silent.

-----

One day, high gloss truth seekers of the faux golden box arrive to decipher fact within whispers  
You stand ready.  
Eager to reveal the jars filled with glass pieces,  
Explain the wreckage of your existence,  
And how glass can freeze within an instant.  
They listen-ask questions.  
Ask you to repeat it-

## Atomic 22 (Originally named Story of You)

To say it- relive it.

To create other conceivable causes glass may freeze,  
To convince them you did not beg to feel the intensity of that chill.

Your frozen moment now hot with suspicion

Your truth melting from their lips, tainted with

Twisted theories spawned from trusted wooden plastic creatures questioned surrounding you

Wooden plastic titanium disciples who claim you tell fantasies of glass mazes,

Grant entrance into your glass frame

and give layers upon layers of your precious glass to titanium leaders.

You sit, quietly recalling your status as a subordinate.

Refusing to give more ammunition to shoot at your transparent truth,

You gather your heavy glass-bulging of clay and plastic, full of splintered wood,

And bandage up your glassy structure, shatter-proof it for the road.

-----

Now you have twelve years of travel added to that four

Years spent isolating frozen moments into cubes of actuality

You indulge on nocturnal ice chips built from the residue of a hazy incubus

You pass the time, constructing models of worthiness from licentious appendages box participant of  
the box.

You polish your titanium armor, weapon and shield with salvaged bandages

While abiding regulated speech from unregulated sources

And intervene in the indoctrination of green glass souls from perverse conversion in to plastic- into  
wood.

You rise exquisitely hazardously, among the defenders of freedom, proud servants of patriotism

Prospering from your strength, intelligence and beauty,

You who speaks loudly and makes their presence known.

You are unbreakable.

~Xinart

## Summary of written submissions

Middle Ground -Poem written 2015

Connection - Poem written 2012

I wish I could read - Poem written 2014

I see -Poem written and performed in 2017 for  
Center of Spiritual Living

Atomic 22 -Poem written in 2017 performed for  
Alaska Standing Together Against Rape annual  
event